

Stay At home 1401

Chapter 1401: The Correct Posture To Choose A Durian

“Haha. You don’t have a weiner,” Mag replied with a smirk.

“This System doesn’t need something like that to be a system.”

“Haha. I bet a eunuch consoles himself like that too.”

“Host, please respect this System!” the system said sternly.

“You don’t have it, while I have it. Hence, this is the perfect proof that I am your father.” Mag smiled.

“...”

Mag went downstairs to clear up the mess left behind by the two drunk women before going upstairs to wash up. He then lay on the bed, and took out the Photostone to have a look.

The little black hut, whip, candle...

Oh dear. Mag only realized he took out the wrong photostone after watching it halfway. He kept that “nasty” photostone, and took out the other one, in which Camilla was happily eating the lettuce in her hand and nodding her head with satisfaction. The picture was very clear, and her expression was very on point. It was indeed a worthwhile souvenir.

If Camilla had really become a Vampire Ancestor many years later, Mag could give her this Photostone as a present.

Her first grass-eating experience.

After keeping the photostone away, Mag closed his eyes to calm down for a moment before clicking on the durian pizza experience bag.

Mag’s attitude toward durians was accepting, but not really being a fan of it.

The durian had a unique scent that was incredibly stinky and intolerable to many people.

However, after one accepted the scent and tasted the durian itself, most people would be amazed by that astonishing texture and taste.

This experience was rather similar to the stinky tofu.

The combination of pizza and durian should be rather new as he couldn’t remember if he had ever criticized durian pizza before. Why did the system reward him with its recipe?

Tons of information flooded his brain, and he obtained the skills of a top pizza chef within a short period of time.

“I wonder, will Amy like this?” Mag murmured. It wasn’t easy to obtain this recipe, so there was no way he would put it aside. It looked rather easy, so the rest of the time could be used to fortify his strength.

Mag concentrated hard, and then pushed open the test field for the God of Cookery. He felt nothing under his feet, and fell straight into a pile of durians. The spikes of the durians made Mag leap up high

into the air. He then landed onto the spikes again with his naked feet. He was, in fact, dancing a waltz on the pile of durians.

“Holy f*ck!”

Mag couldn’t help swearing as he tried his best to locate an empty space at the edge and stood on one leg. He roared, “System, are you trying to murder your father?”

“The most important step of making a durian pizza is to choose a durian of excellent quality. The quality of the durians dictates the quality of the durian pizza. Hence, in order to let the host understand how to choose a good durian, this System has prepared 10,000 durians of varying quality for the Host to select. Only 50 of them are able to meet the standard of use. Could the Host please pick up at least 10 excellent durians out of them?” The system’s voice sounded.

Picking 10 out 10,000, with 50 correct answers.

Mag stared at all the durians on the ground as 10,000 alpacas[1] ran across his heart.

He was almost sure that the system was taking revenge for its private grudge.

However, the system became completely silent after it finished speaking.

Mag had already received the methods of choosing durians in the information that he had received previously, and it didn’t seem to be very difficult.

Choosing durians in simplified terms was to look first, smell second, and press lastly.

Look: it was to see if the durian was round and supple in shape. Also, was the color bright and the size not too small?

Smell: it was the scent of the durian from its naturally open gap. The ripe durians usually had a rich and enticing aroma.

Press: it was to press two neighboring spikes on the durian shell together and see if one could easily press them close together. A ripe durian would have a soft shell.

Was it easy?

It sure looked very easy.

But you wouldn’t think that when you were facing 10,000 durians.

Mag took a look around him. This was an enclosed space. Just like in his previous missions, he wouldn’t be able to get out if he didn’t complete the mission.

“Alright, it’s just selecting 10 durians. It’s no big deal.” Mag brought the durian at his feet to his face. Half of the durian was sunken in, so he tossed it to a corner straightaway.

Durian selecting was a tough job. He was pricked by the spikes and trapped in a completely enclosed space with 10,000 durians; the smell was almost suffocating.

If a durian lover was trapped here, he would probably faint with happiness.

Mag ruled out more than half of the durians with the observation method. Then, he began to press the spikes together, and ruled out all those durians that were too soft or too hard.

Mag had no idea how much time had passed when there were finally just about 500 durians left in front of him. They were all big and supple. In the corner behind, there was already a big pile of durians, and some were even smashed onto the wall.

“Alright, now let me smell you little devils. Which one of you is suitable?” Mag picked up a durian randomly and smelled it. The aroma was very rich, and it was the scent of a mature durian.

“Pass?” Mag frowned. Wasn’t it too easy when any durian that he randomly picked up passed? After a moment of hesitation, Mag moved the durian in his hands to the pending area.

Then, he picked up a second durian.

This durian smelled even better than the previous one, with a tinge of sweetness in the aroma. However, there wasn’t a very obvious difference. He had no idea which one would taste better after they were opened up.

“Pending.” Mag placed that durian in the pending area too before picking up the third durian.

“Pending.”

“Pending...”

Mag went one round and placed 499 durians in the pending area while eliminating one durian.

“Haha.” Mag stared at those durians in the pending area and smirked. There wasn’t any f*cking difference at all, okay!

How was he going to differentiate between a stronger scent, lighter scent, grassy scent... in such a small space where there were 10,000 durians? The scent was overwhelming, and he was not Connie!

After taking a moment to ponder life, Mag suddenly realized something, and asked, “System, the durians that you supplied to me are the best, right?”

“Of course, the durians provided by this System all came from the Durian Islands in the Boundless Sea Realm, where the land is fertile and there is plenty of sunshine. The durians there are way better than the Musang King durians. They are all allowed to mature and fall off the trees in their own time, and all the durians have gone through many selection procedures to select the best and then delivered to the Host,” the system replied confidently.

“Then why the hell are you still asking me to choose here?”

Mag rolled his eyes as he considered tearing this system apart.

Chapter 1402: A Letter From Wind Forest

After getting the acknowledgement from the system, Mag simply lay down on the spot and refused to look at that pile of durians no matter how the system coaxed him. Anyway, there was no point for him to learn this skill, as he would never get to use it.

After a while, the durian space disappeared, and Mag appeared in the kitchen.

Ha. You're still too inexperienced if you want to challenge your daddy. Mag curled his lips and walked toward the kneading table. All the ingredients were already prepared, and there was a giant golden durian at the side. He could smell a rich durian aroma as soon as he got close to it. Even though Mag had just come out of the durian space, he was still amazed by this aroma.

Mag had eaten the Musang King durian before, and it was indeed way better than the normal golden pillow durians in terms of texture and taste. However, its aroma was still not comparable to this durian's.

Mag washed his hands and changed into his chef's suit. He flexed his fingers, grabbed that durian, and cracked open a gap with minimum strength.

The rich durian aroma tickled his nose immediately. The yellow flesh was supple and ripe. It made him want to bite into it right away.

"It's indeed very much perfect." Mag nodded as he suppressed his urge to eat the ingredient. Such unprofessional behavior couldn't manifest on such an exceptional chef like him. He removed the durian flesh with his knife and set it aside. The knife sliced across the flesh, and the seed that was about the size of a coin was removed. The flesh had almost taken up all the space.

The most difficult part of making the pizza was kneading the dough. Making the dough that fulfilled all the requirements was a test on the chef's skills and techniques.

Therefore, Mag decided to use the kneading machine.

Pour in the flour, add in the water and dry yeast according to proportion... then press the start button.

Mag had completely ignored the system's instruction of having him knead with his hands.

As time advanced, machines became good assistants for humans, and had the advantages of high efficiency and stability. Even though this was a backup plan, it was obviously much favored by Mag.

Mag had done a test before. The results of using the system's kneading machine and kneading with expert hands was 99% similar.

Although he insisted on kneading with his hands for youtiao, he decided to use the kneading machine for the pizza. He decided to use a more Westernized method for this dessert which was leaning more toward a Western style dessert.

Baking a delicious durian pizza was also very demanding on the control of heat. However, since he would be using an oven, he only needed to control the time and heat, and he could make a good pizza accurately.

Mag began to practice making the pizza according to the steps in his brain. He could already foresee that it would be a sleepless night of durians.

Rodu. The Royal Palace.

At the top of the tower, Andre, who was in opulent clothes, was staring to the southwest with furrowed brows.

“Your Majesty, the Demon Islands are already in a mess with internal conflicts arising everywhere. I’m afraid they can no longer unite against external forces and continue their alliance with us. As for the Wind Forest, there are uprisings everywhere, and just handling their internal upheavals alone is enough to keep them busy. Do we need to look for reliable allies again?” an old courtier said respectfully behind him.

“Those who are not our kin are sure to be of a different heart. The Roth Empire never had a reliable ally. All we ever had are fake friends who used one another.” Andre smiled sarcastically. “However, I am really quite curious who are the ones that stir up the situation. Are they Alex and Irina? Or those discontented fellows in Chaos City?”

“According to the investigations, Alex and Irina did appear on the Fear Islands that day. Furthermore, Alex even killed Bashir with a weird lightning magic. However, they should’ve been there to rescue the elves as the latter were brought back to Chaos City. There isn’t any evidence proving that they were linked to the battle between the abyss demons and flaming demons,” that courtier replied.

“Since they were at the Demon Islands, given Irina’s character, how could they not get involved? No evidence is the most suspicious evidence.” Andre smirked.

“This...” That courtier was stunned. After some thoughtful consideration, he replied, “Then, shall we inform the abyss demons and flaming demons? If they stop their war, there is still a possibility that the pro-war faction could be reorganized.”

Andre turned around, and sarcastically asked that courtier, “As there is no evidence, how do you plan to tell them? Moreover, the two tribes are already deeply entrenched in their war. It’s already meaningless for them to know who started the war. They only need to know that their chief died in the hands of the other party, and that is enough to keep them fighting for years.”

That courtier lowered his head in fear.

“The Roth Empire doesn’t need any allies. As long as the giant dragons do not leave Dragon Island, this world will be mine sooner or later,” Andre said coldly.

The elven embassy in Chaos City.

“This is the letter that the chief asked me to pass to you. Our clan is already standing at the crossroads of destruction. We hope you will make an appropriate choice.” Yngwie gave a letter to Blour, and then turned to leave.

Blour stared at the familiar handwriting on the envelope as he stood at the threshold for a while. Then, he went in and closed the door.

There was a lit oil lamp on the desk in the room. There were two beds—one big and one small—in the bedroom. Anna was already asleep on the small bed.

Blour walked to the desk quietly, and tapped on the envelope lightly. A light golden beam flashed, and the golden light shield on the exterior of the envelope disappeared.

He opened the envelope, and took out the light yellow paper from inside.

“Blour, I haven’t heard from you for a long time...”

15 minutes later, Blour put down the letter in his hands, and frowned a little as he sunk deep in thought.

A gust of cold wind suddenly blew open the window and came right in.

Blour waved his hand, and the windows were shut up again. He also crushed up the letter, and then reduced it to shreds which fell onto the desk.

A letter from home and a commission.

The fate of his clan had landed on his shoulders.

Blour laughed at himself a little. When did he start to have such capabilities? He was that useless son his father was ashamed of.

The elves’ territory. The Brewster Family’s domain.

In a castle, Elliot was talking to Sally, who was wearing opulent clothes and standing in front of the windows, in a low voice. “Sally, you should take High Priestess Helena’s advice and cancel your betrothal with Blour. The elven queen doesn’t need a husband. It would dilute your power.”

Sally turned around, and replied, “Really? I remember this betrothal was made on my behalf by you, Father. You said Blour was quite a good choice, and I would be happy if I married him.”

Elliot choked, and said with an unnatural expression, “That... That’s because the family was in a difficult situation then, and we had no choice but to betroth you to Blour. He is just a weak and useless fellow. He’s simply not good enough for you. We will go to the Baibilly’s tomorrow to annul this betrothal. We have to distance ourselves from them before you are officially conferred with the title of princess. The high priestess will help us eliminate them if they dare to resist. Anyway, they are already on the list for elimination.”

“No. I will never annul this betrothal. I think that Blour is a brave elf, and I am willing to marry him,” Sally said to Elliot calmly.

Anger flashed across Elliot’s face, and he spoke in a harsher tone, “Sally, for the family’s benefits, you have to annul the betrothal with Blour. The two of you belong to two different worlds.”

“You don’t get to decide my affairs.” Sally’s voice turned cold too.

“You!!” Elliot raised his hand.

Sally simply looked at him coldly, and said, “I will be the elf princess in three days. Remember your identity, Father. I will never annul this betrothal.”

Elliot’s raised hand trembled in the air before he finally lowered it.

Sally walked by him and disappeared at the threshold.

Chapter 1403: Jerk!

“Who am I? Where am I? This floor... why is it so familiar???”

Camilla opened her eyes with a spinning head. She looked around her in a daze before her gaze landed on the floor, and she felt a sudden familiarity.

Then, last night’s memories began to flood Camillia’s mind like a tide. She, who couldn’t sleep, came to the restaurant to drink with Mag. Irina was present, so she ended up drinking with Irina.

“Drinking...” Camilla patted her drowsy head lightly. The hangover was indeed uncomfortable. She usually only had a small glass of red wine as a nightcap, but she seemed to have drunk many mugs of beer yesterday.

“Wait a sec... Did I do anything weird when I was drunk?” Camilla began to widen her eyes slowly. She seemed to have eaten grass?!

The young and tender lettuce leaf wrapped over the freshly roasted beef cubes...

Oh my heavens!

As a vampire aristocrat, she had actually eaten grass! Moreover, she asked to eat it herself!

Camilla wanted to burrow into the ground to escape from her embarrassment. This was really humiliating to her status!

She was going to lose face if this got out.

However, why did this floor still look so familiar?

Camilla’s gaze was fixed on the floor again, and she suddenly realized she couldn’t remember a single thing after she was drunk last night. Perhaps this was what the humans called blacking out. Then... then... she could vaguely remember that she was being carried.

“Could it be the Boss?!” Camilla’s expression tensed up, and she looked under the blanket. Her clothes were all in place. Apart from being wrinkled as they were slept in, there weren’t any signs of being undone and torn apart.

“Ha. He really couldn’t get it up.” Camilla felt a relief. However, she felt an inexplicable sense of disappointment at the same time too.

She already recalled why the floor was so familiar—she had spent a night on this floor before. In the same position, in the same angle, and on the same floor.

“A**hole. How dare he let me, a countess, sleep on the floor again?!” Camilla sat up angrily. Just as she wanted to unleash her fury on Mag in the bed, she came into contact with two pairs of bright blue eyes.

“You’re awake, Big Sister Camilla,” Amy, who was crouching on the bed, smilingly said to Camilla.

“You slept rather well on the floor too.” Irina leaned against the head of the bed lazily with a smile on her face.

Camilla was dazed for a while before she instinctively asked, "Then, why could you lie on his bed?!"

"Because those who are good-looking get to lie on the bed," Irina replied with a smile.

"Then why am I lying on the floor?" Camilla asked perplexedly before she suddenly realized something, and her expression changed slightly. She said through clenched teeth, "That fellow actually thought I should be sleeping on the floor with my looks!"

"However, Big Sister Camilla, why are you sleeping on our room's floor again?" Amy was confused.

"Hmm?" Irina and Camilla looked at Amy simultaneously.

Camilla got a little panicked. She didn't want to reminisce... that particular night.

A hint of danger appeared in Irina's gaze. "Again" meant this wasn't the first time. It seemed like such a late-night date wasn't the first, and it had already proceeded to the bedroom.

Knock, knock.

There was a knocking on the door, and Mag's voice appeared on the other side. "Are you all awake? It's time for breakfast."

"Ah, I suddenly feel so hungry. Let's go have breakfast." Camilla got up from the floor agilely. She pulled down her skirt that had ridden up and strode to the door.

Why is she feeling guilty? Irina narrowed her eyes in curiosity.

Camilla opened the door, and saw Mag standing at the door. She glared at him before walking past him and stomped at his foot.

"???"

Mag removed his foot in time and stared at Camilla's back in confusion. Did this woman get up on the wrong side of the bed? He simply came to get them down for breakfast.

As soon as Mag turned around, a pillow landed right on his face.

He removed the pillow from his face, and Irina was standing right in front of him. She asked him with a weird smile, "How many times have you done it?"

Amy popped her head out, and solemnly said, "Leniency to those who confess, severity to those who resist."

Darn it. Mag panicked. He didn't expect trouble would come looking for him so soon. He thought he'd made an excellent arrangement, but never expected it would backfire. The previous incident of Camilla staying over must have gotten out of the bag.

"Twice. She was drunk previously, and I let her sleep on the floor too," Mag confessed. Anyway, he didn't do anything wrong, so his conscience was clear.

Irina stared into Mag's eyes for a while before keeping away the folding chair in her hands. After stretching, she asked, "What are we having for breakfast?"

Mag's eyes roved over Irina's curves under her pajamas, and he heaved a breath of relief. Leniency was indeed given to him who confessed. Smiling, he said, "As long as I know how to make it, I will make whatever you like to eat for you."

Irina curled her lips. After thinking for a while, she said, "One helping of sweet tofu pudding, one helping of Yangzhou fried rice, one bowl of soybean milk with one piece of youtiao."

"I would like to have whatever she is having." Amy raised her hand.

"Alright. You two go and wash up first." Mag nodded before going downstairs.

Mag walked to the kitchen's entrance, and he saw Camilla holding a glass of water as she pondered life with her hair down.

"Are you still alright?" Mag asked. Listening to her experience of being forced to marry twice made him a little sympathetic to this countess who had a tough exterior.

Camilla suddenly looked up at Mag when she heard him, and nervously asked, "What should we do now? Irina knows that we have slept together."

"???" Mag.

"No way. When did we ever sleep together? You have to take responsibility for your words, Miss. You cannot smear my clean reputation like this." Mag's eyes twitched. Why was she scaring him like this so early in the morning?

Camilla also realized there was a problem with her phrasing. She quickly waved her hands. "No... I meant she knew that we have slept in the same room before. I am a chaste vampire, alright."

"And I am a chaste man." Mag rolled his eyes as he was astonished at this girl's train of thoughts. He reached out to press down on her quivering shoulders and gazed into her eyes. "Remember, nothing happened between us. You only spent a night on the floor. Hence, if you keep quiet and she keeps quiet, nobody will ever know about it."

Camilla looked at Mag while she calmed gradually. Then, she angrily said, "Jerk!"

"Huh?" Mag looked at Camilla with a confused look. Why was he a jerk when it was the floor that spent the night with her?

Chapter 1404: Only Children Choose

"Why is Irina sleeping on your bed?" Camilla turned around to question him with a recalcitrant look. Although Irina was as beautiful as a goddess, she was also very beautiful. So, why was she sleeping on the floor, while Irina was sleeping on the bed?

"Furthermore, you have slept with Alex's woman. Are you not worried that he would hack you?" Camilla lowered her voice as she felt she had grasped a very important matter. Even her expression tensed up.

"What do you mean by I slept with Alex's woman? I didn't, okay!" Mag rolled his eyes. Moreover, how was Alex going to hack him? By cutting away his own weiner?

Looking at Camilla's sneaky expression, Mag could already guess what she was thinking about. Helpless, he said, "Princess Irina has been staying in the restaurant for days. Because she doesn't have an appropriate place to stay in Chaos City at the moment, she is staying in the restaurant temporarily. Taking her identity and status into consideration, she is occupying the master bedroom, while I slept in the small bedroom next to it."

"Hmm?" Camilla was a little dazed. Why didn't she know about that?

"You guys are awake, Boss." Gina yawned and came down the stairs right at that moment. Seeing Camilla at the kitchen's entrance, she said with surprise, "You came so early, Big Sister Camilla?"

"Is Princess Irina staying in the restaurant, Gina?" Mag asked.

"Oh, yes. Aren't Princess Irina and Amy staying in your room?" Gina nodded before continuing, "Boss, if you're feeling lonely, you can move to my room."

Camilla, who was a little embarrassed initially, glared at Mag again. "Jerk."

Mag: "ㄱ(͡ ▽ ͜) ㄷ"

What could he do? The mermaid princess from Lantide was just that friendly and hospitable.

Irina brought Amy downstairs, and Miya and the rest had arrived too. After sending the piping hot congee with pork and century egg to the cleaners and eating their own breakfast, Mag was about to send Amy to school.

"Boss, I would like to apply for a long leave of absence." Shirley caught up with Mag at the door.

"Hmm?" Mag looked at Shirley in surprise. The Night Elves and Irina were both in Chaos City, so why did he need to apply for a leave?

"I need to go home to settle some matters." Shirley looked at Anna, who was standing nearby, with an apologetic look before saying to Mag, "I will bother you to take care of Anna."

Mag didn't pursue it, since he saw that Shirley didn't want to say too much about it. He nodded after a brief consideration. "Sure. I will take care of Anna. You take care of your safety too."

"Sure." Shirley nodded before walking over to Anna. She crouched down and hugged her gently as she whispered into her ear. Then, she went over to talk to Irina privately before saying her goodbyes to everyone, and left right away.

"I will be waiting for you to return. Please, you've got to come back," Anna said with reddened eyes as she rushed to the door and stared at Shirley, who was already on her horse's back.

"Don't worry, I will return. I promise." Shirley turned around to smile at Anna, and that was a breathtakingly beautiful smile. Then, she rode away.

"Miss Shirley, are you leaving again?" Constantine, who dashed out from the lines, shouted at Shirley's back. However, the one he loved was already gone.

"That's a sad story." Mag gave Constantine a piteous look, and then rode off to send Amy to school.

The Wind Forest was going through a reform right now. Mag had already found out Shirley's, or one should say Blour's, identity from the Gray Temple's information. Being the young master of the Baibilly Family and having a betrothal with Sally, he must have his reasons for choosing such a tumultuous time to return to the Wind Forest.

Blour chose to return, and Mag would respect his choice.

However, since Blour had decided to be a member of the Night Elves, they would definitely meet again in the near future. Or, he should say that they would be fighting on the same side.

On their way to Amy's school, the little one hugged his waist, and curiously asked, "Father, do you like Mother or Big Sister Camilla? Or Big Sister Gloria? Whom would you choose if you got to choose from one of them?"

"Only children choose." Mag chuckled with contempt. "And for me, besides your mom, whom else do I dare to choose?"

"If you choose others... you might get beaten to death," Amy said after some thought.

Mag sighed, and gravely said, "It's good that you know this. Don't ever use the word 'again' in the future."

"Okay." Amy answered before continuing, "But Big Sister Camilla was really sleeping on the floor again?"

"Okay, okay. Let's not talk about this." Mag shook his head helplessly. He returned to the restaurant after he sent Amy to school.

The doorbell rang soon after the breakfast service was over.

Mag, who was about to drink a cup of tea and take a break, went to open the door. He was shocked by the hundreds of lava demons standing at his door.

"Errr..." Mag's gaze landed on Sargerass, who was standing right in front, and he asked, "Chief Sargerass, is the Burning Legion recruiting again?"

Sargerass answered, "They are all my people, Boss Mag. They're also members of the Burning Legion. From today onwards, we would have to bother you, Boss Mag."

Mag noticed that there were both young and old, male and female among the lava demons. It seemed like Sargerass had brought the entire Lava Demon Tribe to Chaos City.

However, the lava demons who used to rule over a territory only had such weak members left. It made him feel a little emotional.

Furthermore, Mag could also sense something different from Sargerass. Apart from breaking through 9th-tier, there seemed to be a change in his presence. Perhaps he began to look more like a ruler.

"Please don't say that." Mag nodded with a smile. He seemed to have seen a group of roujiamo fanatics.

Sargerass had told him frankly about the benefits roujiamos brought to the lava demons.

Sargeraz had a straightforward personality, and was very dependable, so Mag appreciated him very much. If the roujiamos could help this declining tribe and let them rise up again as the Burning Legion, he would be very happy to assist them within his capability.

“However, there’s no need for so many of you to come personally if you want to buy the roujiamos in bulk. It would be more convenient for you, and also wouldn’t affect the other customers in the line,” Mag reminded him again. Otherwise, the restaurant would be full of the Burning Legion members in the future.

“Alrighty. We will at most have 10 people lining up in the future.” Sargeraz nodded with a humble smile. The rise of the Burning Legion was no longer a dream after obtaining Boss Mag’s acknowledgement.

After sending the Burning Legion away, Mag could hear the sounds of striking iron from next door. He suddenly remembered the machines that he had ordered from Mobai. The Night Elves had nothing to do at the moment, so why not put them to work. They could support themselves while making some contribution to the Burning Legion.

Chapter 1405: Glorify The Humans!

“You came, Boss Mag.” Mobai came out from his workshop after he heard some sounds. He used a towel to wipe his face as he smilingly asked Mag, “The machines are almost done. When do you need them? I’ll get someone to deliver them to you.”

“Of course the sooner, the better if they’re already done. The factory can start its work as soon as the machines are ready,” Mag replied smilingly. He was very satisfied with Mobai’s work process.

“What kind of machine are these spare parts going to make up? It looks like something formidable?” Mobai asked curiously.

“A spinning machine, but it would be operated by a steam engine. It’s much more efficient than spinning with hands.” Mag smiled. Scheer had already delivered the steam engines, and after these spinning machines were installed, the factory could start its operation.

“Spinning machine?” Mobai scratched his head as he didn’t quite understand Mag.

The two of them discussed the delivery of the spare parts, and after confirming that the spare parts would be delivered in the next two days, Mag returned to the restaurant.

Irina went to the factory to train the Night Elves, while Gina followed Miya and the rest to the ice cream shop. Hence, Mag was alone in the restaurant.

Mag made himself a cup of green tea, brought it upstairs, and placed it on the study desk. He opened the box that Rolan had given him, and continued to read through the information.

The threat of the Demon Islands was temporarily removed, and Mag’s expectation was basically achieved. At least they wouldn’t be able to unite and make trouble before the next peace negotiation.

However, the demons were not the only pro-war race. The most powerful Roth Empire was still getting ready to strike, and the orcs were expanding and reorganizing rapidly. They were prepared to stir up trouble during the peace negotiation. The forest trolls could no longer stand rotting away in the dark forest, and planned on expanding their territory.

Mag knew the Roth Empire best out of all of them. Although the situation of Josh and Sean fighting to be the heir was getting tenuous by the day, as long as Andre was alive, the Roth Empire would remain unified.

Killing Andre was a good idea to split up the Roth Empire, but Andre was perhaps the most difficult person to kill in this world. The Magus Tower was situated close to the palace, and nobody knew how many 10th-tier powerhouses were incognito around him.

In the past 100 years, the speed of the Roth Empire's advancement had exceeded everyone's expectations. Whether it was the number of 10th-tier knights or the number of 10th-tier magic casters, it had reached a very terrifying number.

Even though the humans didn't have very powerful physical gifts, their exceptional abilities to learn, their continuous efforts to optimize training methods, and the large-scale cultivation mechanism for producing powerhouses allowed the number of powerhouses in the Roth Empire to grow rapidly in the past 100 years.

If one wanted to advance to the 10th-tier, apart from cultivating correctly, natural talent was very crucial. Hence, there was a maximum limit to the number, after all.

However, the Roth Empire's mid-range and high-end combat power that was overlooked by the other species was, in actuality, the existence that all the other species should be afraid of.

Alex had once been a senior commander in the Roth Empire's army, so Mag knew the exact numbers of 6th-tier to 9th-tier knights and magic casters from his memory. This huge number of mid-range and high-end combat power was sufficient for the Roth Empire to annihilate any of the species.

As for why the orcs seemed to be well-matched in strength at the borders with the Roth Empire, the orcs didn't know that all the military zones in the Roth Empire would secretly rotate every single year for the past few decades. The never-ending border conflict with the orcs was simply an actual combat training ground for the Roth Empire.

Andre's diplomatic policies had always been extremely restrained ever since he ascended to the throne. His focus was on development.

Even the giant dragons had never expected that the once weak humans already had the power to challenge their position as overlords of the sky when Krassu used a fireball to strike a dragon off the sky and Alex chopped off a dragon's head with his longsword.

As a human, Mag felt extremely proud and honored for that.

The history of the humans' survival was a heart-wrenching story, just like every weak species: some disappeared in the long river of history, while others became vassals to others.

The humans had paid an extremely heavy price to survive in the racial war and flourish.

They would be truly respected only when they were powerful enough, and only then could they survive in this harsh world.

Till now, Andre had displayed all the attributes and capabilities that a proper king should have. Even if there were some maneuvers that were stained with blood and conspiracies, the Roth Empire already had the power to withstand any war.

But what made Mag unsettled was that after obtaining such a powerful strength, this ageing king was no longer satisfied with his own territory. He was prepared to set out on the journey to conquer the world.

The victims then had turned into the perpetrators. Such behavior made them no different from those species who mutilated the humans in the past.

100 years had already passed. To the ordinary humans, it was cruel to start a war in which they were destined to lose for just the king's ambitions and old grudges.

Even if the humans managed to rule this world in the end, nobody knew how many years it would take to heal the scars of this war and how many innocent species would perish in it.

Mag hated war. He hated a world that was about to be plunged into a total war.

He wanted to popularize the model of Chaos City to the whole world. If all the species could open their borders, co-exist peacefully, and diminish the barriers and boundaries in between them, the sword of Damocles that was hanging over the world's head would then really disappear.

"The Roth Empire is indeed unassailable if Andre doesn't die." Mag sighed as he closed the file in his hands. However, once Andre died suddenly, regardless if it was Josh or Sean who ascended to the throne, it would most likely accelerate the current developments. Neither of them were peace-loving rulers. Sean was even ready to move on the orcs for a long time.

Putting the information on the Roth Empire aside, Mag took up the information on the orcs. The most conflicted and urgent matter that needed to be settled right now was the orcs.

The orcs' power was equally strong. Even though they were formed by many separate tribes, they could unite together rapidly in times of war due to their totem belief.

Mag's next target was the orcs. Once the Aug Tribe gained control over the Falk Tribe, the orcs would become a race that was completely controlled by a pro-war tribe, and they would pose an imminent danger to the dwarves.

The Falk Tribe's internal integration had entered the final stage. The people who were loyal to the former chief were mostly imprisoned in the dungeons or killed. 10 days later, they were going to publicly execute the chief's son, and then officially coronate Gary as the new chief of the tribe.

"10 days," Mag murmured. That assassin who was still looking very hard for her directions most likely had no idea about that.

Chapter 1406: I Would Rather Die Than...

"What's going on, Connie? Didn't we simply ask you to return to the restaurant to get an apron? Why are you so sweaty?" Miya asked Connie, who just walked in all sweaty, with amazement as she passed the ice cream cone to a child.

Elizabeth and the rest were also staring at Connie, puzzled.

Connie urgently spoke, "Do you all know that the restaurant is missing? I walked along the square, and I couldn't find the restaurant even after walking around many times. I only saw a shop that sells pots. Did our restaurant disappear?"

"Disappear?" All of them were shocked to hear that. How could a restaurant disappear? Moreover, next to the restaurant was a blacksmith shop, and not a shop that sells pot.

"Connie, did you turn right after you got out of the door?" Babla asked after some thought.

"Wasn't I supposed to turn left?" Connie nodded with conviction.

All of them began to look at Connie with an increasingly complicated expression.

"I'm sorry, Connie. I shouldn't have given you that mission. It's too difficult for you," Yabemiya said apologetically.

"It's hard to imagine how difficult it is when you go out for delivery," Babla said with a sad look.

"Therefore, it is indeed her limit to deliver one meal a day." Rena chuckled and everyone else smiled too.

"Did I get the directions wrong again?" Connie tapped her fingers together with a blush.

"How about we have durian pizza for lunch today?" Mag murmured to himself as he went down the stairs after he came out of his study. He still hadn't tasted the durian pizza that he learned last night. However, he wondered if Amy and the rest could accept the taste of it.

As for the official release, Mag had decided to delay it for another one or two days. He needed to consider how to release such a dish with an acquired taste. Should he set up a designated area like the stinky tofu, or simply release it in an open area? It was a problem that he needed to consider.

Firis and Camilla arrived just as Mag went downstairs. Because they were responsible for preparing the ingredients, the two of them always arrived earlier than the rest.

"Boss." Firis greeted Mag with a smile.

But Camilla only glared at Mag before walking past him to get into the kitchen.

Mag cocked an eyebrow. He had no idea how he angered this madam. She came asking for a drink, and it was Irina who got her drunk and made her eat grass. He even carried her upstairs, and let her spend a night on the floor.

She was not going to find another man who was as kind as him anywhere else, right?

"Boss, did you anger Big Sister Camilla?" Firis asked softly as she threw a glance at Camilla who was chopping the ingredients while she tied her apron.

"Maybe she's a little heated up. She should eat more vegetables to help her cool down." Mag smiled. He said it just loud enough for Camilla to hear.

This fellow must have seen me eat grass last night! A blush rose up on Camilla's face. A cucumber was cut into shreds instantly.

Mag looked at that cucumber that ended up in a pathetic state and immediately shut his mouth. He slowly walked past Camilla with his back facing her.

The durians were already delivered into the corner partition of the fridge. The durians were indeed of excellent quality as they were golden, round, and supple.

A rich aroma of the durian was released as soon as Mag opened the fridge's door.

"What's that weird smell?" Firis, who was about to start cutting the ingredients, looked around. The strange smell that suddenly appeared went straight into her nose, and it was a little pungent.

"It's so smelly!" Camilla covered her nose right away as her face turned green. She retreated toward the entrance while pointing at Mag, who was standing next to the fridge and holding onto a round and spiky thing, and said with horror, "What are you holding in your hands?!"

"Durian. A very expensive and delicious fruit," Mag answered honestly. As an evolved durian fan, he was already salivating at that fabulous aroma.

Camilla backed all the way out of the kitchen. She only removed her hand from her nose and took a deep breath after the scent was segregated. She stared at that weird-looking durian in Mag's hands with lingering fear.

As a noble vampire with mysophobia, she absolutely couldn't tolerate any stench.

For example, the stinky tofu. She always felt like vomiting whenever she smelled that stench. Therefore, she would always leave the kitchen in advance whenever Mag was about to make the stinky tofu.

And the stench of this durian was almost as bad as the stinky tofu's. Just a sniff of it was enough to suffocate her.

Although Firis' reaction wasn't as exaggerated as Camilla's, from the way she tried to suppress her expression and her slowly scrunched-up face, she, too, couldn't accept the durian's smell.

She had accepted the scent of the stinky tofu after a period of time, and her resistance toward that stench had completely disappeared after tasting it.

However, would this fruit that was equally bad-smelling be as tasty as Mag described? She couldn't help having doubts about it.

Mag had already anticipated their reactions. He could imagine how the customers would react after they smelled it. It was indeed better to be cautious about this new product. There would be extremes in their likes and dislikes.

"This is an important ingredient for a new dish. It's called durian. We will be having this for lunch." Mag smiled.

"Eat this?!" Camilla glared as she realized that the situation was a little off. Just the stench alone was enough to put her off. Let alone asking her to eat this, he might as well kill her.

Mag threw a look at Camilla before putting the durian on the stove at the side. He pressed on the shell, and it was split open. Two full sides of the durian flesh were revealed.

The durian's smell got richer and richer. The supple durian flesh had just ripened.

"How should we eat this?" Firis asked curiously as she came up, already a little used to the smell. She was rather interested in the new product that Mag was talking about because he always had astonishing ideas but presented amazing delicacies.

Mag took a spoon, dug out a big piece of the durian flesh, and passed it to Firis. Smiling, he said, "You can eat it right away."

"Eat it right away?" Firis received the spoon with doubt as she hesitated about eating it.

"It's sticky, yellow, and soft... Such a horrible shape and outlook, and that weird smell. Can this really be eaten?" Camilla stood at the entrance and stared at that scoop of durian flesh in Firis' hand. She thought with conviction, *I would rather die than eat that durian or anything that contains it!*

Chapter 1407: Whoever Had Eaten It Before Would Definitely Have Lingering Feelings For It

"Yes. Just eat it straight away like an ice cream cake," Mag said to Firis in a gentle tone of voice as if he was the snake that was enticing Eve to eat the forbidden fruit.

Firis still thought this scent was a little weird. However, after smelling it for a while, it didn't seem as pungent as before. But she still wasn't able to describe the scent. It was rather special and different from all the scents that she had smelled before.

Firis hesitated for a moment after hearing Mag's words. She looked up straight into that pair of gentle eyes, and everything seemed to melt in them. A blush appeared on her face, and then she fed the spoonful of durian that she was holding into her mouth.

Firis actually ate it! Camilla, who was standing at the kitchen's entrance, stared at Firis in shock with wide eyes.

She couldn't even stand the smell, and Firis actually put that weird durian's flesh into her mouth.

"Ugh!"

Firis was shocked too. She only wanted to take a small lick to taste it to give Mag some face. However, due to her nervousness, she fed herself the whole spoonful of durian.

However, the anticipated weird taste didn't explode in her mouth, and a sweet taste blossomed gradually.

She pressed her lips together gently, and the durian flesh simply melted away. The smooth texture was comparable to the tofu pudding.

And there was a rich sweetness that followed after, which filled up each and every taste bud.

That kind of sweetness was different from the sugar syrup's. It seemed to have constructed a scrumptious seal with the taste, which was then suddenly slapped onto her.

She could accept the scent of the durian suddenly. It was no longer a weird scent, but an extremely exquisite aroma!

The aroma was so rich that it was pungent, but after you tasted it, the aroma that was within and out of your body seemed to have reached a certain kind of balance, and applied some kind of filter on you, which allowed you to suddenly feel that sweet aroma.

She swallowed the durian's flesh, but the aroma still lingered on the tip of the tongue.

Firis closed her eyes, and her tongue flicked across her lips instinctively with a satisfied smile on her face.

Irina walked into the kitchen and then backed out, covering her nose. She looked at Firis, who was still reminiscing about the taste, with a dreary look. "Did you eat poop, Bean Sprout?"

"Huh?" Firis opened her eyes and looked at Irina, who was standing at the entrance with a disbelief look. She then looked at the spoon in her hand, and swiftly wiped away the tiny bit of the yellow durian at the corner of her lips. She shook her head. "No... oh no... Princess, you're mistaken..."

Irina sighed, and piteously said to Firis, "Even though the Night Elves are having a tough time now, you don't have to force this on yourself. How am I going to face you after you did that..."

"Princess, I really didn't eat..."

"Alright. I will pretend I didn't see anything today. Remember to brush your teeth. You still have to cut the ingredients for the customers." Irina waved her hand and then glared at Mag. "Why didn't you stop her?!"

"I..." Mag had an innocent expression. What was that?

Irina didn't give them a chance to explain themselves. She walked toward the stairs as she said, "I'm tired, so I will be taking a nap. You three enjoy your food. Wake me up for lunch later."

Then, the three of them were left staring at one another, at a loss for words.

"Ahem. She didn't understand what was going on, so let's take it as nothing has happened." Mag cleared his throat to alleviate the awkwardness before asking Firis, "So how's that, Firis? What do you think about the taste of the durian?"

Camilla was also staring at Firis curiously. The feeling of eating something with such a gooey texture had to be horrible?

"I've never eaten a fruit like this. It's so shockingly scrumptious. The extremely rich aroma, smooth texture, and sweet taste are all unbelievable. I could say it was the most delicious fruit I had ever eaten, even all the fruits in Wind Forest aren't comparable to it," Firis replied honestly. Now, her throat already couldn't help moving, and her body craved another bite as she smelled the aroma.

"H-how could that be?" Camilla, who was expecting Firis to describe some horrible experience, stared at Firis in disbelief.

Firis turned around and smiled at Camilla. "Big Sister Camilla, do you want to try? This durian is really very delicious. It's just like stinky tofu. You can only appreciate its scrumptiousness after you taste it for yourself."

"I... I reject." Camilla crossed her arms. Stinky tofu was also a food that she couldn't accept. No matter how many people said how delicious it was, it was a food that she wouldn't want to try.

As for this so-called durian, it was a food that was on the same level with the stinky tofu to her. Don't even think of asking her to try it.

Mag didn't want to force Camilla, since she really didn't like the durian. He placed the durian on the workbench before turning on the kitchen's regional scent segregation system, and purified the air in the kitchen at the same time. Then, he said to Camilla, "You may come in now. I've already controlled the scent within the workbench's area."

Camilla stretched out an arm into the kitchen, grabbed a handful of air, and smelled it. After making sure there was no weird stench, she returned to the kitchen and continued preparing the ingredients with Firis.

Mag shook his head rather helplessly. As expected, durian was a food whose fans praised as fragrant, while its haters said it stunk.

However, he still had to make the durian pizza, or else how were the people going to know about the scrumptiousness of the durian?

He took out the pieces of durian flesh, removed the seeds, and crushed them into a paste before taking out all the other ingredients to make the durian pizza.

Firis kept looking over at Mag. She was rather curious. The durian itself was already so delicious, why did they have to process it? Also, what was a pizza?

Mag placed the durian pizza in the oven, and Miya, Amy, and the rest soon returned to the restaurant one after the other. They were all rather expectant when they heard Mag was going to make a new product for them at lunch.

Amy went into the kitchen. As she pointed at the durian on the workbench, she curiously asked, "Father, what is that thing that looks like a porcupine?"

"That's the shell of the durian," Mag, who was making the tofu pudding now, answered without even looking over.

"Durian? Lingering feelings[1]? Who would have lingering feelings for such a weird ugly thing?" Amy was puzzled.

"Whoever had eaten it before would definitely have lingering feelings for it," Firis said softly as her throat moved.

Chapter 1408: A Real Tip-Top Durian Pizza!

"Oh?"

Everyone's eyes lit up when they heard Firis give such a high review. The new product that Mag was making seemed to be very delicious.

"It's indeed an unforgettable smell." Camilla diced the last green beans into rice grain-sized pieces before removing the short and narrow blades on her fingers, and said to Mag, "My work is done. I'm leaving now."

"Why don't you leave after lunch?" Mag asked.

"No. I don't think I will like the taste," Camilla answered very decisively, and began to remove her apron.

"Huh?"

Everyone began to look at Camilla with a perplexed look. Firis was heaping praises on the new product, but Camilla didn't seem to like it. She was even unwilling to stay for lunch. An incident like this had never happened before.

Such a huge contrast was befuddling.

Ding!

Right then, the reminder chime of the oven sounded, and Mag opened the oven's door.

A strong aroma rushed out together with the heat, and went toward the restaurant's entrance.

"Wow! It smells great!!!" Amy's eyes lit up, and she stared at the oven in surprise.

"What a weird smell. I can't describe it, but it's just so weird." Babla covered her nose and frowned.

All of them had different expressions. Although they weren't too exaggerated, they were all staring at the oven with a mildly shocked face. What was this smell?!

Meanwhile, Camilla instantly disappeared from the kitchen. Only the apron was falling to the floor gradually. She was already standing at the restaurant's door and prepared to leave.

"Wait a minute," Mag called out and walked toward Camilla.

Camilla halted her steps as she turned to look at Mag with furrowed eyebrows. She held her breath at the same time.

Mag came to Camilla, and smilingly said, "Leave after you have lunch."

"Ha. I will never touch that weird stuff." Camilla had a "I would rather die than submit" expression.

Mag got close to Camilla, and whispered next to her ear, "Last night, as I was recording my handsomeness with the photostone, I accidentally recorded some weird images too. The taste of beef cubes wrapped in lettuce should be rather good, right?"

Camilla's eyes immediately widened, and she stared at Mag who was smiling. But in her eyes, there was a hint of treachery in his smile.

"Leave after you have your lunch. I have included your portion for lunch," Mag asked again with a smile.

“Despicable! Shameless! Jerk!!!” Camilla whispered and stomped her foot angrily as she clenched her teeth. She walked back to the kitchen reluctantly.

She hadn’t expected Mag to take advantage of her moment of weakness. He even took pictures of her eating grass with the photostone. If that got out, her reputation would be destroyed.

Why is she so stuck on the ‘jerk’ part? Mag cocked an eyebrow. It was fine she skipped the durian, but she got to try the durian pizza.

Everyone could sense that weird smell. Even though it wasn’t very strong, it was indeed very weird and very dissuasive. They were all puzzled why the new product was giving out such a weird smell.

“Have a seat,” Mag said to everyone before walking to the kitchen. He put on the gloves, and then removed four 12-inch pizzas and one small 6-inch pizza. He cut them up equally with a knife.

Then, he carried the tray over to the big circular table, and placed the pizza in the center.

There was a layer of golden durian on the giant pizza. Its surface was a little crusty and golden brown due to the baking. The aroma of the butter, together with the aroma of the durian, was spreading everywhere along with the heat.

“Gulp.” Amy swallowed. She was already salivating.

Firis was also staring at the durian pizza in astonishment. She didn’t know that the delicious durian could be made into such an exquisite and beautiful food. It looked just like a cake but much shorter.

Everyone was amazed by the look of the durian pizza. The aroma of the durian and butter mixed together was much milder than the aroma of the durian alone. To everyone present, the aroma was only mildly weird.

“Are we eating this for lunch today?” Irina came down and looked at the five durian pizzas on the table. She frowned a little as she looked at Firis with doubt.

“This is the durian pizza, my new product. Please appraise it.” Mag nodded with a smile.

“Princess, this is the durian pizza,” Firis repeated to Irina again.

“Therefore, you were eating this durian earlier?”

“Yes.” Firis swiftly nodded, feeling acquitted.

“It was indeed a very weird smell.” Irina sat next to Amy with furrowed brows.

Amy tilted her head and asked Mag with glowing eyes, “Adults eat the big pizzas, while the child eats the small pizza, right?”

“Yes. This small pizza is specially prepared for Amy.” Mag nodded. He reached out to place that small 6-inch pizza in front of Amy.

“This is fantastic. Then I’m going to start eating now.” Amy’s eyes lit up as she reached out to grab a piece of triangular-shaped pizza. Long strings of cheese were pulled out as she grabbed the pizza. The durian’s flesh was almost fused together with the pizza.

Amy lifted that piece of pizza up high as she used her mouth to catch those long strings of cheese. She was eating the stringy cheese like a lamb before taking a big bite of the pizza.

“Mmm!”

Amy let out a soft sigh, and then continued to chew on the pizza happily. She had a blissful smile on her face as if she was eating sweets. She immediately took another bite after she swallowed. The long strings of cheese were pulled out again, and it was tempting to sever them. Amy’s eyes lit up. She quickly swallowed the pizza, and continued to nibble on the cheese as if she was playing an interesting game.

Everyone’s throats couldn’t help but move when they watched Amy eating the pizza happily.

As expected, Amy was Mag’s best partner. No matter what food it was, as long as she tried it, it would feel very scrumptious.

“Help yourselves.” Mag put on the disposable gloves and picked up a piece of pizza. The long strings of cheese looked very enjoyable, and the shape and color had both reached the stage of perfection.

This was a real tip-top durian pizza!

Mag opened his mouth and took a big bite of the pizza.

The aroma of the durian and the butter filled up his mouth instantaneously.

The slightly toasted crust collided with the smooth and soft durian fillings in between the teeth. They seemed like a perfect match in that instant, and brought upon an extremely decadent feast to the brain and the taste buds.

Mag felt as if he had fallen into a durian’s encirclement. That was a swamp which had a boundless attractive force that made one want to remain submerged in it.

Chapter 1409: I Think All Of You Are Playing Me

The durian’s texture became softer and smoother after it was baked. People simply couldn’t ignore it and its scrumptiousness.

The slightly crispy pizza was excellently paired with the durian. As a non-lover of the durian pizza, Mag felt that he was falling in love with that delicious dish.

Mag continued eating one mouthful after another. He didn’t want to waste any time giving comments, because even pausing was disrespectful to this dish.

Looking at the father-and-daughter duo enjoying the pizza, Firis, who was still thinking of the durian, took the lead and picked up a piece of durian pizza. She was still very curious about how the durian would taste after it was made into a pizza.

Firis’ eyes widened as soon as she took a bite. The durian’s exquisite texture didn’t disappear because it was heated, and it felt as if it was catalyzed by the heat instead. The texture was sweet and mild yet very impactful. The mouth was completely submerged in the durian’s aroma.

Meanwhile, the pizza crust that was underneath the durian served as a perfect foil with the crunchy texture and the rich butter aroma. This mouthful of durian brought upon a very robust texture.

“Although it looks very weird, it seems quite alright.” Irina also reached out to grab a piece of pizza. She took a bite with furrowed brows before slowly unraveling them. Then, she showed an astonished and mesmerized expression.

Compared to the smell, this so-called durian pizza’s texture and taste were extremely unique and scrumptious.

“Mmm. I didn’t expect that it would be so tasty. Moreover, after eating it, this smell feels completely different. I’m able to feel this scrumptiousness suddenly.”

After getting the verification from four people, all of them, besides Camilla, could no longer wait. They all reached out for a piece of pizza, and then took a big bite.

Sighs and laments began to appear. The durian pizza’s scrumptiousness was even more direct than its aroma. The sweetness that melted straight away in the mouth was unexpected and yet irresistible.

Can that thing that gives out such a weird smell really be so delicious? Camilla thought doubtfully as she looked at all of them who were already mesmerized by the durian pizza with a frown, but she quickly smirked in her heart. *Ha. I think all of you are playing me.*

“Camilla, everyone is eating. Why don’t you try it out?” Mag smiled at Camilla. With curled lips, he continued, “Or maybe I should go make a salad separately for you? With lett—”

“No need. This is fine!” Camilla interrupted Mag as her voice rose a few pitches higher. At the same time, she swiftly grabbed a pizza in front of her, and swept a murderous look across Mag’s neck. If looks could kill, Mag’s neck would have been severed for at least 18 times.

Threatened with the exposure of her grass-eating incident, Camilla stared at the durian pizza in her hands, and smelled that scent that assaulted her nose together with the heat...

On second thought, it didn’t seem too bad?

No, no! I have sworn earlier that even if I die... Camilla shook her head with conviction, and then paused. But if the grass-eating incident got out, it would be worse than death.

Furthermore, Mag had deliberately kept the images of her eating grass, so he had to be plotting something. He wanted to keep her with him with the stuff in the photostone even if he couldn’t get it up. Her boss wanted her to be a decoration or something even worse.

She had heard before that those people who couldn’t get it up would have some weird hobbies. Judging from the perverted smile on his face when he was playing with the whip, he definitely wasn’t a good man.

Ah. Isn’t it just a piece of terribly smelly durian pizza? I would rather seal my sense of smell and eat it with my eyes closed than allow your evil plan to succeed! Camilla said in her heart and clenched her teeth before taking a big bite of the durian pizza.

The smooth durian flesh and the crispy and slightly chewy pizza skin brought on a completely different sensation in the mouth.

And the durian's flesh even melted away right on the tongue, and the sweet taste blossomed instantaneously.

The intense aroma and taste made her brain crash, and she lost her ability to think in that instant. She couldn't fathom how such a sweet and exquisite taste existed in this world.

How is it so delicious? Camilla's brain was in a daze, but the taste buds on her tongue were extraordinarily sensitive and clear.

They began to welcome that beautiful and sweet taste hungrily. The sweetness of the durian, the fragrance of the cheese and butter, and the chewiness of the dough, and her soul and promise were all lost in her chewing.

"Phew~"

Camilla couldn't help sighing after swallowing the mouthful of pizza. She felt she had almost died of suffocation because she had forgotten to breathe.

"It's so divine!" Camilla lamented sincerely.

"That's right. It's a good thing that Father made you stay. Otherwise, you would have missed a scrumptious dish, Big Sister Camilla." Amy smiled. She was already working on her third pizza.

"I..." Camilla was stunned. She didn't expect her psychological defense line to be destroyed by this heavenly pizza so easily, and she even made such a heartfelt comment.

She got increasingly annoyed as she looked at the smile on Mag's lips, and a blush began to creep up her face gradually. *This fellow has done it deliberately! He deliberately used that weird scent to make me misunderstand and then prove me wrong.*

However!

This durian pizza was really too scrumptious!

Moreover, after tasting the pizza, the scent instantly felt completely different.

It indeed wasn't putrid, but was a fragrance that was so concentrated that people simply couldn't accommodate it.

Looking at the pizza with the crescent-shaped bite in her hands, she couldn't resist taking a bite again.

"Mmm..."

Whatever grass-eating, whatever rather die than submit, whatever sleeping on the floor... she no longer cared about them. She simply wanted to soak in this marvelous taste and wish that time would move slower.

As expected. No one is able to resist the scrumptiousness of the durian pizza. Mag retrieved his gaze and continued to enjoy the delicious pizza. Judging from everyone's reactions, they were very receptive of the durian pizza. However, the biggest problem was getting everyone to accept the initial taste.

Of course, Mag didn't really mind if one or two dishes weren't selling very well. He could keep them for himself.

"Ding! The Host's pessimistic attitude toward food was detected, and a secret mission was triggered: could the Host please sell 100 durian pizzas within three days!

"Mission success: you will receive the title 'Durian Popularization Ambassador' and a chance to spin the God of Cookery's wheel.

"Mission failure: all the ingredients and utensils for the durian pizza will be taken back!"

The system's voice sounded in Mag's mind.

Chapter 1410: Durian Popularization Ambassador

What? Durian Popularization Ambassador? Mag cocked his eyebrow, and almost blurted it out loud.

"The popularization of every single type of food is a step toward greatness, especially for the kind of food that is as controversial as durian. Making the public accept it is a very difficult matter, but every kind of food is worth to be tried and loved. This would need the ambassador to promote it tirelessly—"

"Shut up. It's not as if these useless titles could be collected and exchanged for gifts. Why do I need to collect them?" Mag interrupted the system. He was completely uninterested in the useless titles. However, he was very interested in the chance to spin the wheel. He remembered he hadn't used his previous two chances, and now he could save up for the third to exchange all three chances for a high-end dish.

He had no idea what the system meant by a high-end dish, but it should be rather good if it was on the same level as the 'Buddha jumps over the wall'.

"A chef's title represents the crowning glory. How could you measure it with gifts!" the system said severely. After a pause, it continued, "I've flipped through the manual. After collecting 10 titles, you could claim a big mystery gift from the system..."

"Hey? Really?" Mag's eyes lit up upon hearing that. Although he had no idea what was in the mystery gift, since it could only be claimed after collecting 10 titles, the things in it shouldn't be too bad.

However, these titles only appeared after the hidden missions were triggered, so they were very random. Those he already had were: "You Are A Good Person", "Guardian of the Base"... etc. He was still far from collecting 10 of them.

100 pizzas within three days. If he introduced it formally tomorrow, he would only have two days time.

Selling 100 durian pizzas within two days...

Mag accepted this mission confidently after some pondering.

At most, he would do it mysteriously. He would only tell the customers after they ordered it.

He wasn't afraid of the customers making trouble in the restaurant, because there were a bunch of experts present in the restaurant now. They would have to eat it obediently after they ordered it.

As long as it made its way into their mouth, Mag was confident about their satisfaction.

Camilla, who was licking her fingers and eyeing her second piece of pizza, was the best proof.

Whoever ate it would love it. How difficult could it be to sell the durian pizza which inspired lingering feelings?

The five durian pizzas were soon finished. Everyone was licking their lips, still not feeling satisfied.

Mag served each of them a helping of tofu pudding according to their preferences. The lunch was considered completed.

"Boss, this durian pizza is very delicious. Is it the new item that we are introducing today?" Yabemiya asked curiously while clearing the table.

"Mm-hmm... Yes, we're introducing it today." Mag nodded. He suddenly remembered that he had to go to the Wind Forest with Irina the day after tomorrow. If he delayed the release of durian pizza to the next day, he would only have one day to complete the mission, and the mission would get much more difficult.

After clearing the dining table and taking a small break, the busy lunch service started again.

"It was so comfortable to stay on the island with the gentle sea breeze, but now I have to come to Chaos City to wait for the incident to blow over before I could return to redeem myself." Tony pressed his straw hat down, and then leaped off the flying steed. He walked toward Chaos City's gates with a luggage and a helpless expression.

Damn that Boss Hades. Don't ever let me see you again! Tony thought angrily, but a hint of grievance soon appeared on his face again, and he sighed. "But I really do want to see him again. No one apart from him could make such an exquisite taste like the crayfish.

"Chaos City, here I come. I hope you won't disappoint me in the coming few months." Tony pressed his hat down and hastened his steps. He had heard of a very popular restaurant in Chaos City recently. It appeared in gourmet magazines repeatedly. That magazine, "Vegetarianism", even created a sales miracle because of it.

He wasn't very interested in vegetarian food and meat, as he only liked seafood. However, since he had come to Chaos City, he had to go try out that restaurant.

He had serious reservations about the capability of that colleague of his. What was there to boast about a vegetarian dish? Eggplant with garlic sauce[1]. Wasn't fish a kind of seafood? Why did he insist that it was a vegetarian dish? The threshold to enter the industry was getting lower and lower. What was wrong with this world that even a magazine of such low standards could break the sales record?

He hailed a horse-drawn carriage after he got into the city. Since he was hungry, he straight away told the coachman, "Bring me to your best restaurant."

“Do you mean Mamy Restaurant? They should be closed if we go there now, and you’re not going to make it.” The coachman smiled.

“Do they close so early? Is this how they run their business?” Tony was stunned. It was only noon now, and he was starved after getting off the flying steed.

“It takes 30 minutes to get to Mamy Restaurant from here, and they close at 1 pm sharp. Hence, we are not able to make it,” the coachman replied.

“You seem to be their regular customer? You know a lot about them?” Tony looked at the coachman with surprise.

“How could that be possible? Their food isn’t something that people like me can afford daily. I could afford to buy a roujiamo secretly after I saved up 300 copper coins. However, that taste is truly unforgettable,” the coachman described excitedly as he gulped secretly. He patted his pocket and chuckled. “I will be able to go and have it again in two days’ time.”

The coachman’s reaction made Tony very curious about Mamy Restaurant. He gave a gold coin to the coachman right away, and said, “Keep the change. Just send me to Mamy Restaurant. Since they’re running a business, they wouldn’t reject their customers. Moreover, I am To... To...”

“To... what?”

“I have towed such a big luggage here with me.” Tony squeezed out a smile forcefully. This feeling really sucked.

“Alrighty. I’ll send you there right now. If they’re closed, I will send you to somewhere else.” The coachman didn’t bother to dissuade Tony anymore since he was so generous. He kept the gold coin and drove the carriage away.

About 30 minutes later, the carriage stopped at Mamy Restaurant. The coachman lifted up the curtains, and said to an almost-dozing-off Tony, “See, isn’t it already closed? Should I send you to other restaurants for lunch?”

Tony shivered in the cold wind. He looked out after he heard the coachman’s words. He could see a big restaurant with an exquisite facade and decor that set off its uniqueness and chicness perfectly.

However, the restaurant’s door was tightly shut with a wooden plaque hanging on the door that said: “Closed”.

“I don’t believe that they won’t receive customers who are already at their door.” Tony jumped off the carriage, strode to the restaurant’s door, and tugged on the bell.