

## Stay At home 1431

### Chapter 1431: That Man Had Finally Come!

Able to change its form at will was one of the mobile restaurant's iconic capabilities. This was also the first time Mag had tried to transform it into a tank form. He didn't expect it would move so well in this mountainous terrain.

Moreover, the metal giant that appeared suddenly also gave the pursuing elven troops a shock.

After making sure that this giant that had a metal gleam was here to stop them, the elven troops attacked the tank.

However, apart from creating some sparks on the tank's surface with magic and arrows, they didn't even leave a scratch on it.

"This armor is so fearsome!" the elven leader exclaimed.

All the elves stared at the metal giant beast that was rolling toward them in terror. Helplessness and fear took over them, and they scattered away with no intention to pursue any longer.

"These elves' psychological diathesis is worse than I expected," Mag mumbled as he looked at those escaping elves from the control room.

"Host! You are recklessly wasting god's good gift! You're thrashing this system's great invention!" The system's angry voice appeared in Mag's mind.

"System, your tank is just an empty shell, right? It doesn't even have a button to launch a projectile round, isn't it a little low-class?" Mag said disdainfully, and began searching through the control panel as he ignored the system's anger.

"No matter what form the mobile restaurant transformed into, it can function normally. The main cannon of this tank has a firing range of 150 km. The accuracy within 100 km is 100%!" the system declared proudly. "However, the Host does not have the permission to activate the main cannon. Hence, the firing button is concealed."

"Hoho. You don't have to bluff me. Don't tell me that it's concealed. If it is really so formidable, I will pay for 10 rounds myself to try if it really is as accurate as you said," Mag said with disbelief.

"Host, please do not doubt a meticulous system!"

"Ding! 10 rounds of projectiles are delivered!"

"Ding! 1,000,000 copper coins are deducted!"

Mag looked at the red button that rose up on the control panel and curled his lips slightly. However, he still said with a disdainful expression, "Ha, then I will see if it is indeed that interesting."

Mag drove the tank up a slope rapidly, and pointed the five, six meters long main cannon toward the Tree of Life. Following the closeup of the telescope, he could see all the elven powerhouses that were surrounding the Tree of Life.

Hundreds of elves surrounded the Tree of Life, and all kinds of spell formations and magical screens had engulfed the Tree of Life and Irina. It was obvious that they were bullying her with numbers, and all the people who were not involved in the battle had evacuated.

“They’re really very despicable. Then, I will try the cannon on you then.” Mag aimed the cannon at Helena, and then pressed the firing button.

Boom...

A loud bang and a huge recoil made the tank shake backward violently. A fireball exploded at the cannon’s opening, and the projectile flew toward Helena at a speed that couldn’t be traced by human eyes.

“Krassu?” Helena, who was holding up the crystal ball and preparing to launch the Starry Sky Domain at Irina, suddenly turned around. Her pupils constricted when she saw a red fireball fly over at a high speed. She raised her hands to set a few defensive barriers in front of her.

Boom!

As soon as the barriers were formed, that fireball immediately arrived and crashed into them. The rotating spiral tip had actually pierced three barriers before exploding.

A gigantic fireball rose up into the air. The huge power from the explosion crashed onto the Starry Sky Domain from the outside, and caused the stable Starry Sky Domain to shake violently. Signs of instability began to appear.

Meanwhile, the aftershocks of the explosion rushed outward, and sent those elves who weren’t prepared for them at all flying back. It almost cleared all the elves in that area.

Before those elves could react, another two fireballs exploded next to the elves, and they fell from the sky like dumplings dropping into a boiling pot. The ambush formation was instantly disbanded.

Right then, a holy light tore through the dark night and lit up the Tree of Life again. The tremendous Life Force transformed into Irina’s power, and shot out at the surrounding elves. The elves who were unprepared for it were seriously injured.

Mag retrieved his gaze from the messy battlefield, and focused at the elven troops which had begun to scatter everywhere. They should be under orders to suppress and arrest the resisting lowly elves.

Therefore, he turned the cannon around, aimed at the clusters that had larger numbers of soldiers, and pressed the firing button.

“How is it? Isn’t the power and accuracy of the tank produced by this system very powerful?” the system said smugly.

“It’s only so-so. There’s nothing fun about it,” Mag said calmly before keeping the mobile restaurant away and whistled. Ah Zi descended from the sky.

Mag leaped onto Ah Zi’s back, pressed the Tian Du sword at his waist, and patted Ah Zi’s back gently. “Ah Zi, it’s time for us to show our faces. Remember to strike a handsome pose.”

“Howl...”

Ah Zi tilted its head back and let out a howl that reverberated throughout the entire Wind Forest. All the magic beasts in the forest went mute, and the entire forest was plunged into a choking silence.

Terror appeared in all the elves’ eyes when they heard that roar. This was a griffin’s roar, and the only griffin that would appear in the Wind Forest now would have to be Alex’s purple-striped griffin.

That man had finally come!

After the earlier round of firing, the combat power of the elves in Life Square had basically been eliminated by Mag. The elven healers were trying their best to save the injured.

The purple-striped griffin’s gigantic wings glided across the sky of the Wind Forest, and those elves who were pursuing the escaped slaves instinctively halted in their footsteps. Meanwhile, those elves who were still continuing in their deadly pursuit were torn to shreds by the purple-striped griffin.

One human, one sword, and one griffin.

They were hovering above the elves in the sky, and the troops dared not continue their pursuit. It had the imposing manner of “one man can hold the pass against 10,000 enemies”.

On the other hand, with Mag breaking off the standoff and bringing great support to the Tree of Life, Irina managed to hold up Helena and the elves, and got them stuck.

The elven slaves were freed from the cellars, and then they followed those elves who craved freedom in their dash to the south.

The nobles’ handsome steeds and magic beasts became their transportation, and war broke out in the Wind Forest completely. A massive escape from the Wind Forest was happening in every single piece of land right now.

At the periphery of Life Square, the metal cages that held the Night Elves were smashed open, and young elves overpowered the guards. They carried those tortured Night Elves on their backs and quickly escaped.

There were also some noble elves who brought their families and joined the caravan southward in the midst of the chaos.

“A single spark has already started a prairie fire,” Mag lamented softly as he watched the scene.

### **Chapter 1432: Thank You For Waiting**

Irina borrowed the strength from the Tree of Life, and drew in all the elven powerhouses that were surrounding her.

And because they were afraid to hurt the holy Tree of Life, all the elves restrained themselves when they attacked. Even though Helena had ordered them to give it their all, nobody wanted to be responsible for the aftermath of destroying the holy tree.

That person would definitely become the sinner of the elves, and no one knew what punishment he would face after the queen came out of her seclusion.

The Night Elves rescued from the cages had successfully escaped with the help from the other elves. They rode horses and magic beasts, and joined the south-moving caravan.

This was an uprising on a massive scale that almost blazed through the whole Wind Forest. There were even many noble elves taking part in the action, providing cover and helping the lowly elves to escape.

And those private soldiers who attempted to pursue the elves stopped after Mag struck down the nobles leading them.

Who was that?

That was Alex!

Nobody had the courage to face him without a 10th-tier magic caster leading them.

The escaping elves began to converge, and their numbers had already exceeded 10,000. Under the arrangements of the Night Elves' core members, they began to get into a formation. The elves who had no combat abilities were protected in the center, with elites leading the way in the front and covering their backs. They were no longer in a disarray.

Although these lowly elves were mostly not too powerful, there were still plenty of 5th-tier and 6th-tier magic casters and archers among them. When there was a big number of them, the minor nobles who came with their soldiers had to stay away from them.

After making sure that all the elves who left willingly had joined the caravan, Mag hovered above them on the purple-striped griffin's back and escorted them out of the Wind Forest toward the goblins' territory in the south.

Yesterday, Irina wrote a letter to the goblins' chief, asking for permission to go through their territory. Although she didn't receive a reply, judging from their previous situation when they borrowed the underground cavern, passing through their territory shouldn't be a problem.

As long as the Night Elves entered the goblins' territory, they were basically safe.

The relationship between the goblins and the elves was not harmonious. Their friendliness toward the Night Elves was based on the idea of "the enemy of my enemy is my friend".

However, the goblins would never allow the pursuing troops from the Wind Forest to enter their lands.

"We've got to move faster." Mag looked at the sky above the Tree of Life that was dyed with all kinds of colors by magic with a severe expression. Although there was the reinforcement from the Tree of Life, he could still imagine the intense battle that Irina was experiencing right now.

After stopping three troops of elven soldiers from getting close, and making sure that the elven leader could lead all the elves out of the Wind Forest, Mag turned around on Ah Zi's back, and rushed to the Tree of Life.

The intense sounds of explosions got increasingly loud and clear. Life Square had already been turned into a ruin with rubble and craters everywhere, and many high-ranking elves were moaning on the ground.

And right at the center of that combat zone, Irina was standing just above the Tree of Life, holding her magic caster's staff. Holy Light erupted every time she swung it. It collided with countless crashing spells before exploding amid dazzling sparks.

The Tree of Life was emitting a dazzling green light as it formed an orb-shaped green barrier around Irina, and repelled most of the magical attacks, giving her a powerful protection.

However, the light of the green barrier was getting weaker rapidly, as if it was going to burst open any time.

Once the barrier broke, those countless magical attacks would land on Irina, and this battle would be over too.

Helena had already received the latest situation report. The slaves' riots occurred very suddenly, and they almost took place simultaneously. This was completely beyond her expectations.

Furthermore, Alex's obstruction had caused them to lose the chance to rectify the situation. Currently, the Wind Forest was in total chaos, so there was no way she could personally lead a troop into the goblins' territory to pursue those traitors.

"Irina, I was right about you. Compared to the other youngsters, your tactics and methods are already more mature than Her Majesty The Queen's then." Helena looked at Irina with regret in her eyes. She had once pinned high hopes on her, and even now she didn't announce the fact that she had a child with Alex.

"If the queen wants to blame someone, then let her blame me. In order to protect this forest from invasions happening ever again, I will have to kill you today," Helena said with a cold expression. She reached into the crystal ball in front of her, and slowly retrieved a pure black magic caster's staff.

Her presence instantly became as deep as the starry sky. The Starry Sky Domain that was torn apart by Holy Light began to consolidate again, and the stars started to light up and move across the sky.

Looking at Irina's fragile barrier, the eyes of the elves taking part in the combined attack lit up. Their efforts were indeed still effective.

"Helena has indeed concealed her power. Princess Irina may not be able to hold on any longer." Vincent at the periphery of the battlefield watched Helena draw out her black magic caster's staff, and then looked at Irina's barrier that was about to crumble. He grabbed Blour who was about to rush forward by his arm, and stuffed an amulet into his hands. He looked into his eyes, and said in a low voice, "Our people should be already in the caravan moving southward. I don't expect you to make them rich and prosperous, but I hope you can lead them to a life of freedom. Leave this to me. Go now."

"Father." Blour stared at the chief's amulet in his hands, and then looked up at Vincent as his eyes became red immediately.

"Let me be the one to leave our name in history." Vincent pushed Blour hard, and then retrieved the silver longsword at his waist. He leaped onto a white eagle that dove down, and then dashed toward Elliot, who was the closest to him. He was a rare 9th-tier knight in the elf race.

And at the periphery of the battlefield, dozens of elves that were hiding rushed toward the center of the battlefield, nocking their arrows and lighting up their magic caster's staffs as they attacked those elves that were attacking Irina.

Bam!

Right then, the barrier that the Tree of Life provided for Irina finally shattered after withstanding countless magical attacks.

"Thank you for waiting."

Right at that moment, a low voice exploded next to all the elves' ears as a purple lightning flew over from the sky afar, and dove straight into the Starry Sky Domain, aiming at Helena. It appeared in front of her in an instant.

The Tian Du sword was unsheathed, and the razor-sharp blade tore open the pitch-black Starry Sky Domain before swinging downward at Helena, who was raising her magic caster's staff above her head.

The purple-striped griffin also revealed its sharp claws and swiped at Helena.

An obvious hint of panic flashed across Helena's eyes. It was very dangerous for a magic caster to let a close combat knight get close to her. Numerous one-time magical barriers appeared around her, and the magic caster's staff that was pointing at Irina was retrieved, and then pointed at Mag as she shouted, "Falling Stars!"

### **Chapter 1433: Father**

The longsword landed on the magical screens, and dazzling sparks rained down as if it was striking against multilayered metal sheets. The layers of magical screens were disappearing at a visible speed, which made the attack look rather unstoppable.

The purple-striped griffin's golden claws were also grabbing hard at the magical screens, accelerating the annihilation of the magical screens.

Although it looked like a hot knife cutting through butter, nobody knew that Mag's hand that was grasping his sword was already trembling underneath his robe.

He only had a 9th-tier power now. Even though hacking 10th-tier magical screens had sparks flying all over, only he knew the pain within.

Hence, when there were only three thin but toughest layers of the screens left, he suddenly stopped and pressed gently on Ah Zi's back, and made it glide across Helena from the side.

Almost at the same time, three silver meteors crashed down on the spot where the griffin was at previously, leaving three big craters on the ground.

Meanwhile, after the purple-striped griffin avoided Helena, it dashed toward a 10th-tier elven magic caster who was consolidating his power nearby. It sent him flying with him watching it coming right at him with his terrified gaze. Even when he had set three, four magical screens in that very instant, he was still sent flying hundreds of meters backward. He was completely buried after he crashed into a big patch of trees.

The purple-striped griffin transformed into a purple lightning, and dashed amongst the elven magic casters like a wolf in a herd of sheep. With the purple-striped griffin's immense speed and power and Mag's talking down, they had completely disrupted the combined attack's formation.

The elves who were good at magical attacks panicked at entering close combat.

They couldn't even manage to protect themselves, so they could no longer attack Irina effectively.

"Vincent, are you going to betray the elven race with your whole family?" Elliot took a few steps back and smirked at Vincent, who was holding his longsword, with elation in his eyes.

"Princess Irina is right. The elven race doesn't need any power or ranks. What we truly need is to return to our true nature and freedom. Without them, elves would be no longer elves." Vincent grabbed his sword with both hands as his sharp gaze became fixed on Elliot. "I think what you all are doing now isn't right, so I am leading the Baibilly Family back onto the right path. This is not a betrayal. This is a correction."

"Ha. Since you chose to stand on Irina's side, that means you have declared the demise of the Baibilly Family. In this case, the betrothal between Sally and Blour naturally no longer stands." Elliot pointed his magic caster's staff at Vincent and smirked. "Then you shall die along with your family!"

The space was frozen immediately, and the Ice Burst Magic killed that white eagle instantly. Vincent landed on the ice lightly. He tapped on the ice lightly as he evaded the countless icicles and exploding ice orbs. He swung his sword to slash open the ice wall in front of him, and then closed up on Elliot rapidly.

Similar melees were taking place on the battlefield everywhere at the same time. Those elves that chose to support Irina attacked those elves ambushing her without any regard for their own safety. They were relentless even when they were not strong enough.

Blour grasped the amulet, and retreated with red eyes.

"Go." Sally suddenly appeared beside him. She grabbed his wrist and pulled him into the forest at the side.

"The princess will definitely find her way out of here. You have to leave right now. Otherwise, you won't be able to escape after the princess and Alex leave," Sally said to Blour. "A battle of this scale is already beyond our control. However, today will definitely be written into the history books of the elves."

Blour calmed down gradually, and said to Sally, "What about you? Are you coming with us?"

Sally shook her head. "I am going to stay. Although the slaves were liberated, there are still a lot of problems with the elven race. I'm still useful to Helena, so maybe I could still make some changes for the elves."

"Take care." After casting a final glance at Sally, Blour turned to leave.

"Oh, yes. Say hi to Boss and Amy for me. I rather miss the taste of the rainbow fried rice," Sally said softly.

"Alright." Blour didn't turn around, and swiftly disappeared in the forest.

Sally looked at the direction in which Blour had disappeared, and softly murmured to herself. "Perhaps... we can only meet again after a very long time."

She looked at Alex dashing in and out of the elven crowd on the griffin's back seven times. Would the one meant for her eventually appear? Or maybe all she wanted was a warm man who could cook?

Even though the battlefield was in a mess, Helena still had the upper hand. She quickly gained control of the civil unrest, and stabilized the situation with her advantage in manpower.

"Go now, Princess!" an aged elf shouted at Irina while he was pierced through the heart by many arrows instantly. He collapsed to the floor with his eyes wide open.

Similar scenes were happening everywhere on the battlefield. They weren't strong, but as they were determined to buy time for Irina to escape, they were prepared to sacrifice their lives heroically.

Mag chopped off an arm of a 10th-tier great magic caster with a swipe of his sword. He turned to look at those dead elves who sacrificed themselves heroically yet silently with a solemn expression. He looked at Irina, who was trying to assist those elves from the crown of the Tree of Life again. He turned the griffin around and flew toward her.

"Let's go!" Mag shouted as the griffin flew close to the Tree of Life.

Irina hesitated for a brief moment before leaping onto the griffin's back.

"We should go now." Mag looked at those elves who were surrounded again with a sunken heart. Darkness had descended again, and the starry sky magic was getting stronger.

"Mm-hm," Irina answered with a sorrowful expression.

"Ah Zi, let's dash out of here," Mag said as he grasped his longsword with both hands and slashed it forward. A tear was ripped in the black screen.

"Ow..." Ah Zi let out a long howl before spreading its wings, and dashing out from the tear.

Mag flicked a glance backward, and he saw an elven knight chop off Elliot's arm. He was also pounced on, bombed, and buried by magic almost at the same time.

He had read about this knight from the elves' information. Vincent, the patriarch of the Baibilly Family, a timid and overcautious elf, and Blour's father.

The purple-striped griffin burst out from the gap in the Starry Sky Domain, and swiftly flew southward.

The Wind Forest, with the smoke beacons burning all over, seemed to have just gone through a calamity. There were burned and damaged buildings everywhere.

"Change is never a simple matter." Mag tilted his head and softly consoled Irina, who was silent.

"Mm-hmm," Irina answered softly. She then hugged Mag gently from the back, and burrowed her face in his back.

**Chapter 1434: I Have Something That I Wanted To Say To You For A Long Time**



At the border of the goblins' territory and the Wind Forest, tens of thousands of goblin soldiers were lined up in front of the grand canyon.

A goblin general looked at the elves that were dashing over toward the canyon from afar. He narrowed his eyes before raising his hand, and said, "Remove the barricade and let them pass."

The giant rock that was placed across the canyon was shifted, and a smooth path was revealed.

The Night Elves who were right at the front had been already instructed by Irina. They led the caravan into the canyon, and went through it rapidly.

The caravan of almost 20,000 elves completely entered the canyon soon. The goblin soldiers swiftly sealed the canyon, and faced the direction of the Wind Forest alert and combat-ready.

A purple-striped griffin glided by above the canyon, and followed the elves southward.

"Boss, the person sitting on that purple griffin must be Alex, right?"

"Besides him, who has another purple-striped griffin? Who could make Princess Irina hug him?"

"Hey? Boss, you sounded a little jealous."

"Piss off!"

The elder goblin slapped the younger goblin's hand away, and retrieved his envious gaze. He grasped his longbow tightly and stared at the elves hovering on the other side of the border. The atmosphere at the border became rather tense.

However, this standoff didn't continue for too long. After 30 minutes, the elves seemed to have received the order to retreat. Although they looked very indignant, they still quickly left the border.

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After making sure that the Wind Forest didn't choose to continue the pursuit, Mag heaved a breath of relief. Looking at the elves below, he commented, "I wonder if Chaos City will take in so many Night Elves? Once they do, it will mean completely breaking off with the Wind Forest."

"This is Michael and Rolan's issue. If they're not willing to take them in, then I will find a place outside Chaos City to be the Night Elves' base temporarily. With these 20,000 elves, the Night Elves already have enough confidence to survive in this world," Irina said calmly. She wasn't worried at all.

"That's fine too." Mag nodded. The elves' field survival skills were incredible. As long as they stayed away from the Wind Forest and avoided going head-on with the main elven military force, their survival wouldn't be a problem at all.

"You will return to cook lunch for Little Amy and Anna first. I will follow them southward to prevent any trouble," Irina told Mag.

After some pondering, Mag nodded. "That's a good idea. Then I will leave Ah Zi to you."

The purple-striped griffin stopped at a nearby mountain's peak. Mag leaped off the griffin's back and watched Irina go away before summoning the mobile restaurant. He boarded the mobile restaurant that was in the flight mode, and clicked open the automatic return mode before he closed his eyes to rest.

20,000 elves was a big number, and it obviously wasn't practical to recruit all of them into the factory. He had to seriously consider how to make arrangements for them so that the Chaos City's residents wouldn't be annoyed, and the elves wouldn't feel aggrieved, either.

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"Where did Boss go?" A maiden with cat ears was looking very hard into the restaurant through the French windows, cupping her face with her hands. However, she couldn't see inside the restaurant through the usually transparent window at all, and nobody was answering the doorbell.

"What are you doing?" a voice said behind her.

"Woah..."

Connie got a shock. She turned around, pressed herself against the window and looked at Mag, who suddenly appeared, with a terrified expression. "Why did you suddenly appear, Boss?"

"I've already been here for quite some time. It's you who was too engrossed." Mag shrugged and helplessly looked at Connie, who had changed into a long cotton dress and was wearing a mask. "Isn't today an off day? Did you lose your sense of time together with your sense of direction too?"

"No, I knew today is the day off." Connie removed her mask and blushed. She swiftly shook her head as she looked at Mag with a hesitant look. After checking that nobody was around, she went up to Mag, and whispered, "There's something I want to tell you. Can we go somewhere alone for a while?"

"Hm?" Mag looked meaningfully at Connie who was blushing very hard. Was this lass really going to confess her love?

Although she was a cute cat-eared maiden, and her body was soft and easy to overcome, he was a married man, and was not in the least interested in little girls.

"Come on in," Mag said as he opened the restaurant's door.

Connie quickly caught up with him, and closed and locked the restaurant's door.

"Hmm?" Mag glanced at the locked door and then at Connie, whose embarrassed expression slowly evolved into a weird smile, and her shy gaze began to glow with enthusiasm. He had a bad feeling about this.

"Come on," Mag said, crossing his arms.

"Come? Where are we going?" Connie was stunned as she looked at Mag perplexedly.

"Ahem." Mag also realized that there was something wrong with his expression. Furthermore, didn't this lass want to...

He cleared his throat. "Did you want to tell me something?"

“Yes, I do have something to tell you.” Connie’s eyes lit up as she looked at Mag with glowing eyes and slowly got closer to him. “Boss, I have something that I wanted to say to you for a long time, but I never got a chance to. Today, I have to tell you...”

“You... try to talk in a proper manner. There’s no need to get so close. I can’t even see your face.” Mag was already forced into a corner unknowingly. He looked down at Connie, who hadn’t even reached his shoulders. Because she was so close to him, he could only see her pinkish-white cat ears.

Because Mag’s breath was too hot, that pair of pinkish-white cat ears twitched and then blushed.

“Can’t see me? Am I that short?” Connie was a little angered as she jumped up and placed both her legs and hands against the wall. She was now half a head taller than Mag, so she smugly said, “What about now?”

“I can see you now. Say it.” Mag looked at Connie who suddenly trapped him against the wall using a cicada block, and nodded with an exasperated smile. This maiden’s train of thoughts was indeed rather different.

However, this was such an intimate position. Could this maiden be thinking about...

Connie stared at Mag for a long as her face became redder and redder. Her limbs began to tremble after holding on for a long time. A drop of cold sweat slid down her forehead, and then landed on Mag’s shoe.

Mag was getting tired as he stood pressed to the wall, so he consoled her, “It’s alright, just relax. There’s a first time for everything. Just say it bravely.”

She was just a little girl, so he should be more considerate. He even placed his love letter in the wrong drawer when he confessed his love for the first time in the past. In the end, he was called a jerk for a whole year by the little fat girl who sat next to his love interest.

Life was always so unexpected.

“I-I forgot what I was supposed to say...” Connie’s arms lost her grip, and she fell off.

### **Chapter 1435: Ding! ‘Good Person Card’ +1!**

Mag quickly reached out to catch Connie, who then held onto his arm. He resignedly said, “Alright, don’t hang on me like a monkey. You’re not going to die even if you fall from this height.”

“Even if I won’t die, it’s still going to hurt,” Connie said confidently after getting off Mag.

“Alright, alright. You have your reasons.” Mag didn’t want to argue with this maiden. After all, this wasn’t the first time that she had forgotten her lines. He asked Connie, “Why don’t you sit down and wait for lunch, and then you think about it properly?”

“That’s a good idea.” Connie nodded before she went to find a chair. She sat down and began to ponder seriously.

Mag looked at Connie, feeling rather exasperated. He flicked a glance at the clock, and it was already 11am. It was time to prepare lunch.

He had already showered on the way back, so he simply went upstairs to change into his chef's suit before he went back to the kitchen.

"I remember, Boss!" Connie suddenly dashed to the kitchen's entrance and blocked Mag. Then, she raised up her right arm, and said, "Look at my hand."

Mag peered at Connie's right hand. Although her fair and chubby fingers were a little short, it still looked rather cute. He nodded. "The fingers are a little short, but it's alright. It shouldn't deter you from eating."

"No. It's this." Connie suddenly clenched her fist, and three razor-sharp white claws sprung out from her knuckles like daggers. They were about 20 cm long each.

"Wolverine?" An idea instantly popped up in Mag's brain.

Compared to Wolverine's black blades, Connie's white claws looked much gentler. In fact, they looked more like a cat's claws. However, the blades pointing downward were still very sharp.

Connie waved her claws, and smugly said, "Isn't this very cool?"

"Yes, this is quite cool." Mag nodded. This seemed like a new talent that Connie had just discovered.

However, she behaved so secretively by locking the door and trapping him against the wall. Did she do all that just to show off her little claws?

"Actually, what I want to say is, I am going to leave now." Connie retrieved her claws. Her expression became sullen as her voice lowered.

"Leave?" Mag was a little stunned.

"Where are you going?" he asked Connie, who was looking down.

"Actually, I've never told you all the truth. I came from the orcs' Falk Tribe. I'm the daughter of the Falk Tribe's chief. My uncle, Gary, started a rebellion. He killed my father and mother, captured my big brother, and took over the Falk Tribe. I am the only one who got out," Connie said to Mag apologetically. "I heard Gary is going to kill my brother eight days later and proclaim himself the new chief. I have to go back to save my brother."

Mag had already known about all this, including the fact that Gary was a powerful 10th-tier orc. He looked at Connie with a frown. "Can you even do it?"

"I am very formidable now. I could sneak into the 18th level of Bastie Prison without getting caught." Connie nodded.

"No. I'm just worried that you would get lost at home." Mag sighed.

"But I grew up there..." Connie glared, but she didn't look very confident. "Although I did get lost occasionally, that was rather rare."

"If you are going to rescue your brother, are you going alone, or is your master going with you?" Mag continued to ask.

“Of course I am going alone. Master said I have to do this alone. He is an outsider, so it’s not appropriate for him to get involved,” Connie replied as matter of fact. However, there was a hint of helplessness in her expression, and her shoulders stooped down unconsciously.

Mag placed his hand on Connie’s shoulder with a smile, and said, “I think we should discuss this matter with everybody. You’re a part of our restaurant, so I believe everyone would be willing to help you.”

“But...” Connie looked up.

“But today is an off day, so let’s discuss this when everybody is here tomorrow. Your opponent isn’t one single bad guy, it is a group of bad guys instead. If you choose to fight alone, we might not even be able to get your body back.” Mag shook his head, interrupting Connie’s words.

“Boss...” Connie looked at Mag, who had a warm smile on his face, and movingly said, “You really are a good man.”

“Ding! ‘Good Person Card’ +1!” The system’s voice sounded in Mag’s mind.

Mag pulled his lips, feeling a slight toothache.

“Then, let’s agree on this. I am going to cook lunch, and you will go to the ice cream shop to ask them to come back for lunch.” Mag went into the kitchen. He had been thinking about how to handle Connie and the Falk Tribe’s matter lately. He had come up with many plans, but he hadn’t decided which one to use yet.

However, Connie’s intention to return to the Falk Tribe to rescue her big brother had given him some new inspirations.

“Alright,” Connie answered, and walked toward the door.

Mag poked his head out to remind, “Turn left after you walk out of the door. You will get into the prison if you turn right and climb over the wall. So, don’t turn right out of habit.”

Connie, who was about to turn right after she walked out of the door, quickly halted. She touched her ears, and then awkwardly turned left.

Shortly after, Amy and Miya came to the restaurant.

Amy dumped Ugly Duckling onto a chair nearby, and searched through the restaurant before curiously asking Mag, “Father, where is Big Sister Irina?”

“Her? She might have gone out. We will have lunch without her first.” Mag smiled. It would at least take two days to travel from the Wind Forest to Chaos City, even if they were riding unicorns. Irina had to escort the Night Elves southward, so she definitely wouldn’t be back today.

“Oh.” Amy was a little disappointed, but she still went to wash hands obediently, and then sat at the table.

“Boss, the ice cream shop’s menu hasn’t been refreshed for a while now. Could we add some other things in? Something like a dessert?” Miya asked Mag when they were eating lunch.

“About this...” Mag pondered. He really didn’t have a dessert that he could add to the menu. However, he still hadn’t utilized a 100% chance to win a top-tier recipe at the wheel yet, and he had no idea what he would get out of that. Hence, he could only shake his head. “Currently, I don’t have any great ideas for desserts yet. Let me think about it first.”

“Alright.” Yabemiya nodded, and didn’t pursue the matter.

After lunch, Amy and Anna followed Miya to the ice cream shop again as there were many children they could play with. So, Mag was left in the restaurant alone.

“Alright. Let me see what top-tier recipe I will get from this wheel.” Mag closed the restaurant’s door and sat down on a chair. He went into the wheel’s interface in his mind, and looked at the one chance indicated there. He used his thoughts to push hard on the wheel.

The wheel began to spin, and the words on it gradually got clearer and clearer: Sichuan Mapo Tofu, West Lake Fish in Vinegar Gravy, Feilong Chicken Soup, Wuwei Smoked Duck, Dongpo Pork, Steamed Multiple Preserved Hams, Sichuan Style Spicy Chicken, Dong’an Chicken, Steamed Wuchang Fish...

### **Chapter 1436: A Classic Of The Sichuan Cuisine**

“Ding! Congratulations, Host, for drawing a classic of the Sichuan cuisine—sliced beef and ox tongue in chili sauce!”

The wheel slowly stopped, and the system’s voice sounded at the same time.

“No. System, didn’t you say it is a top-tier recipe? Could this sliced beef and ox tongue in chili sauce be considered as a top tier recipe?” Mag cocked an eyebrow. Although he didn’t mean any disrespect for the dish, compared to ‘Buddha jumps over the wall’, this didn’t seem to be par with it?

“Host, the cruelty level of this Sichuan cuisine classic ‘sliced beef and ox tongue in chili sauce’[1] is only second to ‘wife cake’[2]. It has an extremely high and unique status in Sichuan cuisine, and an authentic great ‘sliced beef and ox tongue in chili sauce’ is second to none...”

“Did you use real husband and wife?” Mag asked.

“...” System.

“Sliced beef and ox tongue in chili sauce,” Mag murmured softly when he opened his eyes. He wasn’t really disappointed. The restaurant didn’t have marinated dishes yet, and he could also show the chowhounds in this world the depth of Chinese cuisine.

However, whether this dish would trigger some bad associations, that would be beyond his control.

Mag looked up at his watch. It was still early, so he decided to do some reading upstairs. The mystery of the Great Old One still engulfed this world, so he needed to seek more inspirations from the Cthulhu Mythos.

Ding.

Right then, the bell at the door rang.

“Hm? Don’t the customers know that today is an off day?” Mag raised his eyebrow. Out of courtesy, he still went to the door. He looked out through the peephole, and then opened the door in astonishment—Gloria was standing at the door. He asked, “What are you doing here, Miss Gloria?”

Gloria presented a golden invite to Mag with both her hands and smiled. “Mr. Mag, I’ve specially come to give you the invitation. It’s the Chamber of Commerce’s year-end celebration the day after tomorrow. As one of the board members, I can invite some friends to join me. I hope you and everyone in the restaurant could come for the event.”

Mag received the invitation. He was so busy recently that he had forgotten all about that. Gloria had said before that she would like to invite him to join her, so naturally he couldn’t reject her now. He nodded. “Sure. If there’s nothing happening on that day, we will definitely go.”

“I look forward to your and everyone’s coming.” Gloria smiled before she bid her farewell and left.

“Miss Gloria is a commercial genius. However, I wonder how she is doing with the Board now?” Mag mumbled as he watched Gloria go away. However, he didn’t think too much about that, because he didn’t have the extra energy to help her now.

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“Young Mistress, the Dodges should be already plotting with Marquises, and they will be standing on Cyril’s side at the year-end celebration. They will vote to remove your seat on the board of directors.” Mars was sitting across Gloria with a black notebook. He continued, “We need to go see board members Thomson and Cassis in the afternoon. Our chances would be better if they chose to stand on your side.”

“Alright.” Gloria nodded before pondering. “However, I need to make a trip to Teacher Luna’s in the afternoon. I’ve promised to supply the second batch of winter wear, and I need to confirm the children’s garment sizes. I heard there was an increase in the number of children.”

“We should be able to meet all of them.” Mars nodded as he looked at Gloria. The business talent and growth rate that Young Mistress had displayed had amazed him, but it was most gratifying that she didn’t lose her kindness.

Gloria was silent for a while before she suddenly asked, “Mars, do you think we will fail?”

“No matter from which point of view, you’re already very successful. Even if you couldn’t continue to be the Chamber of Commerce’s board member and the heir of the Moreton Family, you and the Blue Suede Fashion that you founded would still become a great company. It could even surpass the Moreton Family’s current achievements in the future.” Mars smiled.

“Really?” Gloria looked at Mars with astonishment.

“The premise is that you have to maintain your current passion and serious attitude towards your career.” Mars nodded.

“I think I will.” A confident smile appeared on Gloria’s face.

Mars also smiled at Gloria. His father had assisted Master Jeffree in the past. Now, he might be on the same path.

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In a luxurious private room, the dim light shone on the faces of men and women drinking and fooling around.

Cyril was hugging a blonde girl as he raised his wine and gestured to everyone. "For our friendships. Cheers."

"Cheers!"

Everyone raised their glasses.

"Young Master Cyril, you will be the Moretons' only heir after Gloria is kicked out at the year-end celebration. You will be the patriarch of the Moretons and the president of the Chamber of Commerce. We will all have to depend on you in the future," a rotund middle-aged man said with a smile.

Everyone else in the private area was also trying to butter him up.

All the praises got to Cyril's head and he nodded. "Alright, alright. As long as we succeed two days later, I, Cyril, won't forget you all."

*Ha. You are still too young to fight with me, Gloria. I will chase your whole family out after I become the chief of the clan. You guys are nothing without the Moreton Family's protection.* Cyril smirked in his heart as he drank his wine and hugged the woman in his arms. He seemed to have seen the scene where Gloria was deposed in the year-end celebration three days later.

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Night had fallen, and Mag was telling Amy and Anna a bedtime story. After the two little ones were asleep, he switched off the lights and snuck out of the room. He was going to catch up on his reading.

"You have another woman's scent on you." A cold voice came behind Mag just as he closed the door softly.

"Woah!" Mag got a fright. He turned around, and saw Irina sniffing all over his body. There was a hint of danger in her beautiful eyes.

Mag was amazed with Irina's nose's sensitivity. He took out that invitation proactively, and explained, "Miss Gloria came by and gave me an invitation this afternoon. She was inviting me to take part in the Chamber of Commerce's year-end celebration on the day after tomorrow."

"You didn't join that Chamber of Commerce, so why is she inviting you?" Irina glanced at that invite. The woman's scent had come from that.

"Perhaps because I am her chief designer and business partner. As a board member of the Chamber of Commerce, she's entitled to invite some friends along."

"Ha. Maybe that's because she has no friends." Irina chuckled.

"Erm..." Mag actually didn't know how to refute that. He kept the invite, and asked, "Have the Night Elves arrived at Chaos City already?"



“No. I found a place for them to rest first. Because of the huge numbers, they will most probably arrive on the day after tomorrow.” Irina shook her head before seriously saying to Mag, “I’m starved. You, go make me some scrumptious food.”

“Alright. What do you want to eat? Tell me.” Mag nodded smilingly and walked toward the staircase.

“I will have a beggar’s chicken first. I saw many wild chickens on the road today,” Irina said without thinking.

“What a poor chicken.” Mag raised his eyebrow as he observed a minute of silence for the chicken that took the wild chickens’ place.

### **Chapter 1437: We Could Conquer the Wind Forest Within 10 Days**

One beggar’s chicken, one spicy grilled fish, and one 6-inch pizza.

Mag sat across Irina, and watched her munch on a chicken thigh gracefully. He smiled. “I want to buy the land next to the factory, and then build similar factories there to form a big industrial area that could accommodate 20,000 elves. Then, we will build a few more different factories. What do you think about that?”

“If we could let them settle down and earn their living through working at a dignified job, this is quite a good idea,” Irina said after a moment of pondering.

“Then, I will go take a look at the land tomorrow.” Mag nodded. Most of these elven slaves were not powerful, and neither were they good at fighting. Hence, it was obviously impractical to ask them to put on armor and fight against the Wind Forest. They couldn’t even be considered as cannon fodder on the battlefield.

“It’s fine. I will go to the city lord’s castle directly. I am very wealthy now.” Irina shook the space magic bracelet on her wrist. “I was bored on my journey yesterday, so I went back to clear two of their gold vaults. This is overstuffed now, so I gotta make some space for it.”

“You turned back?” Mag was amazed with his wife’s skills and guts. He simply wondered who was that unlucky lord. Not only did all his slaves escape, he lost his gold too.

“That’s good too. I will gradually finalize specific projects in the next few days. Let’s make sure they have a place to stay first.” Mag agreed on the second thought. People were going to be suspicious if he got too deeply involved.

Furthermore, the most important aspect of this matter was whether the city lord’s castle would agree to it. After all, the number of elves was huge this time round.

Irina went upstairs to wash up after dinner, and she quickly fell asleep as she was exhausted.

Mag went to read in the study before returning to his room, and lay on his bed.

He intended to master the sliced beef and ox tongue in chili sauce tonight. He clicked open the shiny experience bag, and all the experiences of making sliced beef and ox tongue in chili sauce went straight into his mind, and were rapidly absorbed and digested by him.

About 10 minutes later, Mag pushed open the door of the test field for the God of Cookery.

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“Royal Father.”

At the top of the tower, Sean, who was in his military gear, bowed as he greeted Andre, standing at the window.

“You have just returned from the northwestern border, so have you heard about the elves?” Andre asked as he turned around to Sean. His gaze was still fixed on his dusty armor.

Sean nodded. “I have already heard about it on my way back to the palace. There’s a civil strife in the Wind Forest, and the slaves have rebelled. They are already travelling southward under Irina’s protection.”

“What do you think about this matter?”

“The elves’ constitution must be greatly undermined by this event. What’s even more important is that they’re no longer united. Irina has a unique status among the elves, and she has fallen out with Helena publicly while gaining the support of many lowly elves. After this battle, she already has the capital to go head-on with the Wind Forest,” Sean said to Andre in a low voice. “Your son believes the elves no longer have the capability to be Roth Empire’s ally. Maybe we could invade the Wind Forest with our cavalry during their civil strife now, and then rule over the elves.”

“Oh?” A hint of surprise appeared in Andre’s eyes.

“Royal Father, please forgive your son’s recklessness.” Sean panicked as he realized he had made a wrong comment.

“It’s fine.” Andre lifted his hand, and instead smilingly asked, “How many troops does the Roth Empire need to send to take over the Wind Forest if we are going to invade the elves?”

“If we take advantage of the Wind Forest’s state of anxiety now, we only need 100,000 of the northwest’s elite cavalry along with five 10th-tier knights and five great magic casters to launch a surprise attack on the Wind Forest. We could conquer the Wind Forest within 10 days,” Sean replied after a moment of pondering.

“Haha. You’ve vastly underestimated the Wind Forest.” Andre chuckled, but he was looking at Sean with an increasingly satisfied gaze. “The demons sent 300,000 allied troops to invade the Wind Forest then, and yet they couldn’t even reach the Tree of Life. Although the elven queen has gone into seclusion, you shouldn’t think she is already dead.”

Sean lowered his head, and humbly replied, “Yes. I didn’t consider every aspect well enough.”

Andre turned back to look at the starry sky out again before he suddenly chuckled. “But that is possible if we double the number of people.”

Sean suddenly looked up with a gleam in his eyes.

“However, why should we act against them? They’re simply a bunch of people who have learned a tiny bit of our stuff. We will let them entertain themselves in normal times, and use them as cannon fodder when we need them. Isn’t that better?”

“Yes,” Sean replied thoughtfully, and nodded respectfully.

Andre lifted his hand. “You’re exhausted too. Go back and rest now. When you’re free a couple of days later, go to Chaos City to fetch Vanessa.”

“Vanessa is in Chaos City?” Sean was a little taken aback, but he soon regained his composure and agreed respectfully. Then, he left this tower that was on par with the Magus Tower.

“Sean does indeed resemble me more, but he’s still too overconfident and needs to be polished,” Andre said softly after Sean left as if he was murmuring to himself or talking to a person.

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The president’s office at the top of Magus Tower.

“What do you think I should do now, President? This b\*tch Helena didn’t listen to me, and now Irina has already gained 20,000 elves, and is no longer fighting alone.” Josh smashed the crystal glass in his hand in a fit of anger as he talked to Richard, who was sitting across him. His complexion was sickly pale, and his eyes were bloodshot as if he hadn’t had a good rest.

Richard cleared the crystal shards on the floor with a wave of his hand, and then said to Josh in a low voice, “Your Highness, you should remain calm, especially during a time like this. Otherwise, how are you ever going to achieve anything great? You must remember that you’re the one who is going to be the king of the Roth Empire. How could you lose your cool over a woman?”

“But I feel indignant! Why does Alex, that useless freak, get to have her? I’m obviously better than him in every aspect, but she kept slipping through my fingers! And I have already maimed him!” Josh said through clenched teeth with indignation written all over his face.

Richard snapped his fingers, and a water droplet flew toward Josh. It exploded on his face just as if a glass of cold water was splashed over his face. He said in an icy cold voice, “Your Highness, you have to know that everything in this world will be yours if you become the king of the Roth Empire. If you fail, you will not only lose Irina, but everything you own now, including your life. And people like us who are following you have pinned our hopes and lives all onto you.”

Josh shivered after being splashed by the cold water. He suddenly became sober after looking at the somber Richard. He quickly stood up and bowed respectfully like a student as he sincerely said, “Master, your student knows his mistake now.”

### **Chapter 1438: His Arguing Skill Is Comparable To Three 10th-Tier Great Magic Casters**

The Orcs’ Falk Tribe.

“Chief, all the arrest teams reported that they haven’t found Princess Connie.” An orc strode into a cave, and respectfully reported to a tall and lanky orc sitting on the throne.

“Trash!” Gary threw the plate next to him at that orc after hearing that, and furiously said, “A bunch of useless fellows. You all can’t even catch a little girl! Of what use are you all to me?!”

That orc’s head was smashed by the stone plate, and he bled profusely. However, he didn’t dare to hide or move back a single step. He simply knelt on the ground nervously and motionlessly.

“It’s fine that we failed to catch her. She is just a useless girl. What could she do?” Gary soon calmed down, and revealed a smug smile on his face. “I will be the real chief of the Falk Tribe in a few days’ time. After killing that lovely nephew of mine, I will be the only heir.”

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Early in the morning, Mag woke up and switched off the ringing alarm clock. He swiftly went to wash up and change into a clean chef’s suit. He then arranged his hair in front of the mirror. After making sure that he looked clean and neat, he went downstairs to make breakfast for everyone.

Everyone began to arrive at the restaurant. During breakfast, Mag told all of them, “Before we start eating, I would like to discuss something with you. I would like to see what suggestions you all have.”

“Is Father going to make something nice again?” Amy asked curiously.

Everyone looked at Mag curiously. Recently, he had been frequently releasing new items.

“No. It’s about Connie.” Mag shook his head with a smile, and gestured to Connie sitting at a side.

Connie stood and waved to all of them awkwardly before sitting down again.

Mag was also rather befuddled by her awkward gesture, but he decided to continue, “Connie told me yesterday that she is going to leave.”

“Leave? Where are you going? Are you going home?” Babla looked at Connie nervously. They had gotten along quite well lately.

“Yes, Connie. Where are you going?” Miya and the rest were all looking at Connie too.

“I...” Connie opened her mouth and looked at all of them, but she didn’t know how and where to start at that moment.

Mag raised his hand to gesture for them to quiet down first before he continued, “Let me say it. This is what happened...”

He told all of them about what happened to Connie briefly and her intention to return to the Falk Tribe to rescue her big brother and kill the enemy who killed her father.

After hearing Mag’s words, the restaurant fell into silence instantly. Everyone was looking at Connie with a sympathetic gaze, but they didn’t know how to console her in that moment.

“I thought it was something big. Since you already have a target, plan, and time, just fight your way back.” Irina ate a spoonful of tofu pudding before saying to Connie, “You’re not their match? I will help you.”

Connie looked up at Irina with glowing eyes. She had the urge to call her “boss”.

“Don’t, don’t. Such actions are not popular now. We want to be harmonious now.” Mag quickly stopped her. She almost spoiled the whole plan.

“Yes. Isn’t it simply a prick uncle? He has a lot of men, our restaurant has a lot of people too.” Babla nodded too. She placed a hand on Connie’s shoulder, and seriously said, “I will help you beat him up too!”

“I-I want to go too.” Gina put her hand up.

“If you are all going, count me in then,” Camilla said calmly, picking up her bowl of congee with pork and century egg.

Miya put up her hand. “Although I’m still not very formidable now, I can still carry all of you there.”

“Count me in too,” Elizabeth said coldly. She had long wanted to beat up a bad uncle, and she could take this as a practice.

Amy put up her little hand, and seriously said, “Ay the Assassin is prepared!”

“Everyone...” Connie looked at all of them who had pledged themselves with red eyes. Tears were already glistening in her eyes.

Mag said to all of them, “Since everyone has already declared their intentions, our Mamy Restaurant will send out a special operations team for Connie’s brother’s rescue mission. Jane, Rena, and Anna belong to noncombat personnel, so they are excluded from the combat unit. We have to come up with an operation plan for the rest of us to complete the rescue mission with the premise of protecting ourselves first.”

“Boss, shouldn’t you be considered as part of noncombat personnel too?” Miya asked.

Everyone began to look at Mag. Although Mag had always given them the impression of wise and strategic, if considering his combat abilities, he was indeed just an ordinary man who knew how to cook.

“Erm...” Mag lamented. It was all because he had been concealing his abilities all this time. Now, it became a problem to prove that he could be of help. He couldn’t be telling them that he was Alex, right?

“Even though he can’t fight, his arguing skill is comparable to three 10th-tier great magic casters.” Irina chuckled softly.

Everyone nodded after thinking about that for a moment. If it came to reasoning, nobody was the boss’ match.

“...” Mag.

What could he do? He was in despair too.

His eligibility to participate in the battle was actually obtained with his arguing skill.

“The Falk Tribe is the number two tribe among the orcs. Although their power has decreased because of the coup, they still have three 10th-tier powerhouses. We only have a few days to prepare, and we need to set up a complete plan. Don’t say a word of this matter to anyone else. I hope all of you remember that,” Mag said to all of them severely.

After the breakfast service was over, Mag rode his bicycle to the city lord's castle.

After the guards made his presence known, he was swiftly invited into the city lord's castle and brought to Michael's office.

"Princess Irina just left, and then you arrived, Boss Mag." Michael got up from behind his desk and chuckled at Mag.

Mag's mouth twitched. This wily old fox's words had a hidden meaning. However, he continued to speak with a calm demeanor, "Oh, really? I didn't hear the princess say that she was going to come to the city lord's castle at breakfast."

Michael made a gesture for Mag to take a seat before he smiled. "You still may not know, Boss Mag. Princess Irina did something great yesterday. She came to purchase a piece of land from me this morning, preparing the base for 20,000 elves to settle down in Chaos City."

"This is good news for Chaos City. After all, quality talents like elves are rare. The other cities don't even have the chance to attract them there, and yet they came to Chaos City of their own accord. They even buy their own land to build their housing. That is rather rare." Mag was smiling too.

"I agree. The city lord's castle happens to need money after building the railway. Princess Irina is offering us timely support." Michael nodded in agreement.

"City Lord, I didn't come here to buy land today. I came to discuss the Falk Tribe's matters with you." Mag didn't continue to joke with Michael, and got straight to the point.

Michael, too, stopped smiling, and asked, "Has Boss Mag come up with a good idea about this matter?"

"I need a proper excuse for the employees of Mamy Restaurant to appear at the Falk Tribe's chief's conferring ceremony," Mag said.

### **Chapter 1439: The Elves Who Burn The Boiler**

After coming out from the city lord's castle, Mag immediately went to the factory in the north of the city.

All the machines had been assembled according to his requirements. Steam spinning machines had been set up in the spacious workshop. Although they looked very humble and shabby when compared to the modern machines, it was the second combination of steel and steam engine in this world. It had an epoch-making significance.

Mag was certain that this batch of machines could complete their spinning mission, and their efficiency was at least 100 times that of the normal weavers'.

However, because the elves had no idea how to use these machines, they left them idle. They were currently practicing their archery and magic under their captain's, Ashley's, lead.

Mag found Ashley. The captain was rather storky when compared to the normal elves. She was one of Irina's most trusted elves, and was also the existence that restrained the Night Elves' behavior and trained them whenever Irina left them on their own.

“How can I assist you, Mr. Mag?” Ashley asked. She was always very respectful to this human who had given plenty of assistance to the Night Elves.

Mag smiled. “It’s like this. I plan to teach you all how to use the machines in the factory today so we use the machine to spin efficiently. Then, the factory will be able to start its operations.”

“Please give me a minute to gather the Night Elves.” Ashley turned to walk away.

“Wait a sec.” Mag quickly stopped. He took two steps forward and shook his head. “There’s no need to assemble everyone now. Because the restaurant is rather busy now, I would like to teach 10 elves who are nimble and have good memory in a small group first. They will then teach the other elves after they are familiar with it.”

“Alright. Please wait here for a moment, Mr. Mag. I will go get 10 elves right now.” Ashley nodded and strode away. Soon, she returned with 10 elves.

Mag took a closer look at those elves. There were five males and five females, and their power was all above 6th-tier. They were considered rather exceptional as the Night Elves in the factory had rather low power, after all.

“Do you think they are suitable, Mr. Mag?” Ashley asked.

“Of course. Ladies and gentlemen, please come with me.” Mag swiftly nodded. It was just spinning fabric, and if a group of 6th-tier and 7th-tier elves were not good enough, wouldn’t his requirements for weavers be a tad too high?

Mag brought them into the manufacturing workshop. They went to the boiler room first. Mag introduced the steam boiler, and explained the steam engine’s principle of operations that drove the boiler to them.

“May I ask, can we really make those metal monsters out there move by burning a fire in here?” a female elf asked curiously. They had seen how humongous those machines were earlier.

“Yes. This is the wonder of the steam engine.” Mag nodded with a smile. However, he didn’t explain too much of the scientific fundamentals to this group of magic casters. After making sure that the three male elves who were in charge of burning the boiler were taught how to operate it and given a boiler manual each, he brought the rest of the elves to the manufacturing workshop.

Mag was just like a teacher. He explained to the elves how to use the textile machine to turn the cotton wool into bales of complete cotton cloth.

Mag didn’t show any emotions outwardly when he sensed all their gazes of admiration, but he was still a little smug.

Although he was standing on the shoulders of giants, it showed that he hadn’t forgotten all that stuff that he had learned earlier.

“The operation and explanation are roughly like this. I hope all of you have remembered them. However, if you all want to be qualified weavers, you will still need to be continuously honed on the assembly line.” Mag smiled at all the elves. “Hence, we will start a formal operation now.”

Although the elves were rather surprised that Mag let them try it out so soon, they still quickly returned to their respective positions according to their previous arrangements.

“Can I bother you to start burning the boiler in the boiler room first?” Mag said to the elf in charge of the overall planning.

That elf quickly left, and black smoke soon began to appear from the boiler room’s chimney. Steam poured into the workshop through the pipeline and into the cylinder of the textile machine. Accompanied by the sounds of the catching of gears, the steam spinning machine began to move. The cotton wool that was tossed into the spinning machine’s mouth was swiftly swallowed up. The sophisticated and complicated machine moved back and forth, and fine cotton yarns began to appear. They spun around a spool themselves, and they soon filled up one spool fully.

All the elves present were staring at this scene with their eyes wide open. It was only after some time that an elf reacted and went forward to remove the spool of yarns that was done, and wrapped the cotton yarn around another wooden spool.

“Oh, this is so incredible. We just have to toss the cotton wool into that opening, and the machine will spit cotton yarn by itself. Furthermore, it is much more delicate and softer than the cotton yarn spun by ordinary female workers!” An elf drew out a cotton yarn, and was amazed by it.

“Yes. Such yarns could make very good cloth, and they should sell for a very good price, right?”

“What’s most terrifying is its spinning efficiency. Even the most skilled textile worker isn’t 1% as fast as this machine. Furthermore, we don’t have to do much. All we have to do is to toss the cotton wool in, and change the spool after it is full of yarns.”

All the elves were discussing excitedly. At first, they were wondering what these metal chunks were for, and they finally saw these big guys in action now. These machines could actually spin even more delicate cotton yarn than female workers. All the elves had abandoned their doubts, and all they had now was admiration for Mag.

What kind of amazing machine was this?!

With them in existence, were those textile workers going to lose their jobs?

Mag picked up a spool of yarn to have a closer look. The quality of the yarn was indeed rather excellent, with an even thickness and a soft texture. He could see that the machine was very stable.

Watching the machine spin out spools of cotton yarns, Mag suddenly realized the introduction of these yarns might have a devastating impact on the textile industry in this world.

This world was still in the state of the low efficiency of the primitive single cotton yarn spinning. The steam spinning machine was equal to jumping two big steps forward by leaps and bounds, and leaving the entire world behind them.

*While the production efficiency is improving, the labor costs have dropped sharply. This is going to have a disruptive impact on this industry. This seems to be a rather good dagger for that unassailable empire. Maybe I could try giving it a stab.* Mag pondered with a smile on his lips.



The Roth Empire was this world's largest textile producer. 70% of this world's cotton yarns were manufactured in the Roth Empire. Those landowners who controlled countless weavers and textile workers had relied on this to amass a great deal of wealth.

#### **Chapter 1440: Tonight I Am Playing With My Daughter, Closed For The Day!**

After coming out from the factory, Mag returned to the restaurant on his bicycle. He changed into his chef's suit, and started the lunch prep straight away.

He already had an idea what the rest of the 20,000 Night Elves could do after they arrived at Chaos City. He could start to prepare the weaving factory that supported the spinning factory now, and after the train entered into commercial use, they would have to invest a great deal of manpower to build trains and tracks. Scheer and he could build a steam train processing plant together, and place the 20,000 elves as workforce there.

Irina didn't return for lunch at noon. She should have gone to the north to continue escorting the elves on their journey southward.

After lunch, Amy went to Mag, and softly asked, "Father, can you bring me to a place tonight?"

"Where to?" Mag asked.

"To Jessica's. It's her birthday today. I want to bring an ice cream cake to her house to celebrate her birthday and give her a surprise," Amy whispered into Mag's ear secretively. "I told this only to you."

"So it's Jessica's birthday today." Mag suddenly realized. Mag rather liked that pretty little girl with short hair. She was also one of Amy's good friends. Looking at the expectant Amy, he nodded after thinking for a brief moment. "Alright. Then we will go give her a surprise with an ice cream cake tonight."

"Father, you are fantastic!" Amy hugged Mag around his neck, and gave him a kiss hard on his cheek. She ran around the restaurant with her arms open, and then sent Ugly Duckling, who jumped at her excitedly, flying through the air with a kick.

"Meow~"

Ugly Duckling stuck onto the wall with a splat before it slowly slid down. It looked at Amy with an aggrieved expression.

"You can't blame me for that, Ugly Duckling. I didn't see you coming at me." Amy shrugged innocently before disdainfully saying, "However, I really think you should slim down. You seemed heavier than usual when I kicked you."

"Meow." Ugly Duckling covered its eyes with its paws before flipping backward, and lay on the ground flat.

Even though it was a little abrupt, as a father, of course Mag would try his best to accommodate all his daughter's wishes.

Hence, before the lunch service started today, Mag wrote a notice and then put it out.

"Tonight I am playing with my daughter, only the designated hot pot area is open."

The customers were staring at the notice hanging on the door with a weird expression.

“Although it seems alright, I still feel something isn’t very right?”

“That is the Little Boss. You know nothing, nor do you dare to ask about anything.”

“That’s a very super adorable daughter. If she was mine, I wouldn’t be opening a restaurant. What’s wrong with playing with her every day?”

Although the customers felt a little aggrieved, they couldn’t say anything when they thought about the adorable Little Boss.

“But... I want to eat grilled fish...” a weak voice said, but it was soon ignored.

In the afternoon, Mag custom-made an ice cream cake for Jessica personally. The figurines in the center were based on Jessica and her mother, and they were both smiling.

“I’m back.” Amy pushed open the restaurant’s door, and placed her school bag behind the counter. She immediately ran to the kitchen where Mag was putting the ice cream cake into the box, and she expectantly asked, “Father, is the ice cream cake ready?”

“See, it’s already packed. We can just bring it along with us.” Mag raised the ice cream cake box up to show her. The pink box was tied with a very cute big bow.

“I saw it earlier. It’s a very adorable ice cream cake.” Miya joined in with a smile.

“Why don’t you hold the birthday party in the restaurant? Then we could have the pretty and delicious ice cream cake too.” Connie stared at the cake in Mag’s hands regretfully.

“I will make a cake for all of you tomorrow.” Mag smiled before he picked up the cake, and took Amy out.

A long line had already formed in front of the restaurant’s entrance. Everyone was looking with an aggrieved expression at Mag who came out with a cake, especially those ladies who failed to have their tofu puddings.

“Enjoy your meal, everyone. Father and I are going out to play.” Amy followed Mag out of the door. She grabbed one of Mag’s fingers, and waved her right hand at the crowd with a smile.

“She’s so adorable!”

Everyone was looking at Amy, who was wearing a small magician robe with two buns on her head and two dimples on her face, with glowing eyes. Their tiny bit of resentment toward Mag also disappeared instantly at that moment.

*Well, such a cute little precious. What’s wrong with spending time playing with her? Isn’t this what he should do?!*

Hence, Mag flagged down a horse-drawn carriage very smoothly, and went away with Amy.

“I finally got it. Boss Mag already began to use Little Boss’ cuteness to stop us from blaming him,” Harrison lamented with a sigh. What else could he do? He could only eat the hot pot tonight.

The carriage stopped in front of the miners' families settlement. Mag paid the coachman, and then alighted with Amy with the cake in his hand.

"Did you prepare a present for Jessica, Amy?" Mag asked as he took Amy's hand in his.

"Mm-hm. I did." Amy nodded. She took out a gift box that was simply wrapped from the magic caster's staff.

Krassu and Urien had designed and added in a storage function when they made the magic caster's staff. Therefore, the magic caster's staff also became Amy's giant pocket.

"Let's go." Mag smiled as he looked at Amy who was hugging her gift seriously. He, too, was a little curious about the gift that the little one had prepared for Jessica.

The houses and roads in the miners' families settlement had been rebuilt. The environment and the people had been rectified too. He could finally see smiles on the people walking on the road.

Mag and Amy stopped in front of a house whose door was tightly shut.

"It's here," Amy said as she went up to knock on the door gently.

After a while, a little hole opened on the door, and a bright eye flashed across it. Then, the door was quickly opened, and a surprised Jessica with her mushroom-shaped bob hair said, "Amy! What are you doing here?!"

"Happy Birthday, Jessica." Amy walked up, hugged Jessica, and smilingly said, "I remember today's your birthday, so I brought Father here to celebrate your birthday."

"Happy Birthday, Jessica." Mag smiled at Jessica, who was tightly hugged by Amy.