

Stay At home 1521

Chapter 1521: Queen Of The Hot Pot

“Half of the equity rights?” Rena was shocked to hear that, and she quickly shook her head. “No, you created the hot pot and provided the funds. I didn’t do anything, so how can I take so many of the equity rights? I simply want to let the ordinary people try the scrumptious hot pot.”

“Allowing more people to try the scrumptious hot is a good idea itself. It’s also the spirit that a chef should have. Moreover, how could you say that you have done nothing. It’s not easy to open a hot pot restaurant. You have to choose the location, renovation, and the ingredient suppliers, and manage the daily operation. You need to invest a great deal of time and energy into every aspect of it.” Mag smiled at Rena. “To me, this is an investment of money and skills, and Rena, I feel you’re a very suitable partner. Half of the shares is the foundation of our collaboration and what you deserve.”

“But...” Rena was still hesitating.

“I hope your hot pot restaurant will not be confined to Chaos City. Why not let everyone in the world fall in love with eating hot pot?” asked Mag.

“Let everyone in the world fall in love with eating hot pot...” Rena’s eyes slowly lit up as she felt the world in her mind suddenly expanded.

The world beyond Chaos City was once very far for her, as she had to work hard for her survival, but now her boss was putting the whole world in front of her.

Let the hot pot get out of Mamy Restaurant, get out of Chaos City, and make everyone in the world fall in love with eating hot pot!

Rena felt her heart begin to race just thinking about it.

“We can plan this slowly. There’s no need to rush. I will go prepare breakfast for everyone first.” Mag got up to walk to the kitchen. He knew that Rena could grow into a very good manager. Of course, his expectation for her was to become the Queen of the Hot Pot.

As for him...

He would be the man behind the Queen of the Hot Pot.

Just thinking about it, Mag felt it was a very cost-effective angel investment.

This was a completely empty area, and the extreme popularity of Mamy Restaurant’s hot pot area had already proven this market’s extensity.

Rena sat on her seat, and considered Mag’s words seriously. Although she felt that the terms that the boss had given were too wonderful, she didn’t want to miss this opportunity to change her life.

Opening a hot pot restaurant with Boss and being forced to join Bennett brought two completely different feelings. She didn’t have to bear the name of a traitor, or go against her principles. Furthermore, they even had the exact same goals and purposes.

As a person who had dreamed of becoming a chef and offering her customers delicacies since she was young, Rena was indeed very tempted by Mag's suggestion.

Constrained by its ingredients, the restaurant's extremely exquisite hot pot was destined to be unable to achieve a large-scale promotion.

How to create a down-to-earth hot pot was to be what she and the new hot pot restaurant got to do.

But if I don't do it... then nobody is going to do it. Rena turned to look at Mag who was busy in the kitchen. Boss was a chef who sought perfection. Apart from the restaurant's daily operation, a lot of his effort was spent on developing new products.

Boss was the most talented chef that she had ever met. The speed of his releasing the new products was astonishing. His new and creative methods of cooking always gave a shock to the industry.

If a person like him wasted his energy on hot pot, that would definitely be a loss to the culinary world.

As for her...

She liked hot pot, and also knew that her capability was limited, so she could only focus on the hot pot. Making it affordable and retaining most of its taste was already not an easy feat. Her gaze gradually became resolute as she thought of that.

After the breakfast was over, Mag had nothing else to do, so he continued to teach Harris and Chapman how to make "husband and wife lung slice".

Chapman's "husband and wife lung slice" had already reached 80-90% of Mag's standard. His control of the details was also getting more and more mature.

Meanwhile, Harris forcefully closed the gap between him and Chapman that was created by Mag's tapping with his rich experience and culinary skills that far exceeded normal chefs'.

"When do you intend to leave Chaos City?" Mag asked curiously after tasting their "husband and wife lung slice".

"Chaos City is an interesting place. We don't mind staying here for a while longer." Harris smiled at Mag as he buttered him up. "If Master doesn't mind, you can also teach us a few more dishes. I have very great respect for that 'Buddha jumps over the wall'."

Mag couldn't help laughing at Harris after looking at his luscious black hair. "Your hair has almost all grown out, so why are you still looking at 'Buddha jumps over the wall'?"

"Isn't this once bitten twice shy? It's one thing that it has grown out, but it's another matter to prevent it from falling out again." Harris chuckled.

Mag rolled his eyes. It wasn't that he was unwilling to teach, but this dish was so complicated and demanding on its ingredients that it was destined that nobody else could replicate this 'Buddha jumps over the wall' exactly once it left Mag's kitchen.

As for the hair-growing effect, Mag guessed it was most probably due to one or a few of its ingredients' characteristics. This effect might disappear if they changed to ingredients that came from another location.

However, he, too, had gained a great deal after spending these few days with Harris, especially on the cutting skills. He learned many practical techniques from him. Harris' understanding of the ingredients' characteristics had also amazed him.

"Mother, Boss is letting me..." Rena returned to the dormitory and repeated Mag's suggestion to her mother.

Clarince shook her head after pondering. "Boss Mag is a nice person. He just saved you yesterday, and he's going to help you set up a restaurant now. He is providing the techniques and the skills, and you're taking half of the shares simply by doing some stuff. We will be ashamed to accept that."

"Mm-hmm." Rena nodded. After a moment of hesitation, she continued, "But, if I don't do it, then nobody is going to promote the hot pot. Boss has more important things to do, and the others are busy too. I really want to let more people try the hot pot. People in Chaos City, and even beyond Chaos City, could try the affordable hot pot."

Clarince looked at the spark in Rena's eyes, which resembled a tiny sun, and smilingly nodded. "Then, you will go and do it. Boss Mag supports you, and I support you too."

"Boss, I'm done thinking. I am willing to go and open a new hot pot restaurant." Rena stayed back to talk to Mag after the lunch service. Mag was removing his apron as she gravely said, "But I only want 10% of the hot pot restaurant's equity."

Chapter 1522: The Apology Gift From The Gray Temple

Mag looked at a determined Rena silently for a while before nodding. "Alright, if you only want 10% of the shares, then I will not force you. I will take out 40% out of my 90% shares to set up a hot pot foundation in both our names to help women and children."

"Alright." Rena heaved a breath of relief, and a smile returned to her face.

Even though she didn't know if the new hot pot restaurant could bring in profit and expand, she completely agreed with Mag's suggestion. The women and children were the vulnerable ones. Their survival was even harder in the slums. It would be very meaningful for her to do something for them.

Mag went to the counter, and took out a stack of banknotes from the cashbox. He put them into a small money bag, and gave it to Rena. "These banknotes are worth 2,000,000 copper coins. Take them first and tell me if they are not sufficient."

Rena stared at that money bag, and hesitantly said, "I-I will take the money from you in installments. I will also report to you about the spendings at all times."

Mag shook his head. "No. You don't have to report to me about anything as long as you invite me over for a meal after the restaurant is up and running. This restaurant's management rights belong to you completely, including how to use this initial investment of 2,000,000 copper coins."

"But..." Rena hesitated as she met Mag's trusting eyes. She eventually accepted the money bag and solemnly nodded. "I will use every single coin properly."

"Just go ahead. There's no need to worry about the budget. I can add onto it if it isn't enough. I'll also help you if you encounter problems in selecting the restaurant's location. As for the other matters, you will have to do them yourself." Mag smiled. He didn't know if Rena wanted to open a big restaurant. If it was meant for 1,000 diners, then it would cost more than 2,000,000 to buy the shop alone.

Of course, given Chaos City's population of 1,000,000 people, and being the one and only affordable hot pot restaurant, they wouldn't have to worry about filling up those 1,000 seats.

If Rena could control the taste well, she could even attract some of the high-spenders from Mamy Restaurant.

"About the shop..." Rena frowned as she pondered. It would naturally be the best if the restaurant could be open in Aden Square as the location was convenient, and there were plenty of restaurants.

However, the rent of commercial properties in Aden Square was extremely high. She wanted to open a huge hot pot restaurant that could accommodate more than 1,000 people so that the customers wouldn't have to line up and eating hot pot would be an easy and relaxed affair.

Mag also began to seriously consider. Mobai, his neighbor, had reserved a few shops for him. They were rather big, and could accommodate a hot pot restaurant.

However, it would be rather weird to have the new hot pot restaurant next to Mamy Restaurant.

Ding!

Right then, the bell at the door rang.

"Who is it?" Mag walked to the door puzzledly. He opened the door, and saw a man wearing a black hat and black trench coat standing out there. Although the man wore his hat low over his face, Mag could recognize who he was.

Borg looked up at Mag, and said in a low voice, "Boss Mag, I would like to explain to you yesterday's matter and resolve the issues."

"Come on in. Rena's here too." Mag stepped aside to let him in.

"Boss, I will leave first since you have matters to discuss." Rena prepared to leave after she saw Borg who was dressed rather mysteriously.

Borg removed his hat, and said to Rena, "Miss Rena, right? I'm from the Gray Temple. Today, I am here to apologize to you and Mr. Mag on behalf of Gray Temple, and to discuss the matter of compensation."

Rena was taken aback. She recognized the man as the official from Gray Temple who'd brought his men to arrest the bad guys last night, and swiftly nodded. "N-nice to meet you."

Mag closed the door and shook his head. "I don't need compensation, but the Gray Temple should really apologize to Rena, and compensate her for the shock and harm that she had suffered. Such an incident shouldn't have happened."

"Miss Rena, on behalf of the Gray Temple, I solemnly apologize to you for what happened yesterday," Borg sincerely said, and gave Rena a 90-degree bow.

"I-it's fine..." Rena waved her hands in panic, and looked at Mag for help.

Mag was also staring at Borg with surprise. He knew very well that Borg was the department head of the Gray Temple's Intelligence Department, and could be considered a big shot in Chaos City too. He was actually willing to humble himself and apologize to Rena.

Borg straightened up, and continued to Rena, "Yesterday's events happened due to our negligence, and we have also failed in our duty to discover and eradicate the deprivation and corruption of the Gray Temple's personnel. Being the law enforcement agency of Chaos City, the Gray Temple had failed to perform our duty to protect the residents, so we had to reflect on ourselves and apologize."

Feeling slightly overwhelmed, Rena quickly nodded, and said, "Mm-hmm. Thank you for coming to rescue us that day and heal me."

"What about the compensation?" Mag asked smilingly. He was rather curious what compensation Borg would offer after coming here to apologize personally.

"No need. There's no need for compensation... That lady has already cured me completely yesterday." Rena swiftly shook her head.

"Regarding our mistake yesterday, the Gray Temple decided to compensate you with a commercial property under the perpetrator's name. This is the full set of documents, including the property and the land's title deeds. After the verification of the Gray Temple and the city lord's castle, from now onward, that shop belongs to you." Borg took out a thick kraft paper envelope from his trench coat, and gave it to Rena with both his hands.

"This..." Rena panicked and looked at Mag.

"Take it. This is the price that bastard should rightly pay for what he did to you. The Gray Temple is simply passing it onto you," Mag said with a smile.

He was rather curious which commercial property the Gray Temple gave to Rena. However, as long as it was situated in Aden Square, it would be worth hundreds of thousands of copper coins. It was quite a big sum to Rena.

Rena accepted that envelope, and then said to Borg, "Thank you."

"You deserved it." Borg was also smiling. Then, he bade his farewell and left.

Borg pressed his hat down, and said to Mag in a soft voice, "That was the apology gift that the Lord of the Gray Temple meant to give you."

"You know I do not need a commercial property like that," Mag replied with a smile.

“Perhaps you might regret it.” Borg smiled and strode away.

“Regret?” Mag raised his eyebrows. He turned around, and immediately saw Rena staring at the title deeds in her hands with shock on her face.

Rena looked up at Mag, and said in a quivering voice, “Boss, this is... this is a 3000 square meters commercial property...”

Chapter 1523: If Erguotou Is Available Too

“3-3000 square meters?”

Mag was also stunned to hear that, and then he suddenly understood the meaning of Borg’s words.

Mamy Restaurant, including the designated hot pot area, was only about 500 square meters, while this property that the Gray Temple used as the apology gift was actually 3000 square meters big.

“Furthermore, it’s situated right in Aden Square, about 300 meters to the left of our restaurant,” Rena continued.

Mag did a rough calculation. This apology gift was worth more than 30,000,000.

Mag couldn’t help chuckle. “The Gray Temple is really very generous.” Apart from being astonished, he didn’t have any jealousy and regrets.

“T-this is too valuable...” Rena finally regained her wits. The stack of title deeds in her hands felt like a hot potato. She couldn’t wait to toss it away.

“No. You deserved that.” Mag smiled at Rena. “Furthermore, with this commercial property, you don’t have to look for a place to set up the hot pot restaurant anymore. If I remember correctly, a rather big restaurant has been undergoing renovation over there for a long time. It could be the hot pot restaurant that Bennett wanted you to be the manager of.”

“But...” Rena was still feeling a little uncomfortable.

“Even if you decline and return it to the Gray Temple, it will end up in someone else’s hands in a minute, so why don’t you just accept it and just set up the new hot pot restaurant,” Mag said to Rena solemnly. “Maybe you’re not sure about the value of this property. Due to Mamy Restaurant, the commercial properties’ prices in the northwestern corner of Aden Square have been shooting up. The price per square meter is already above 10,000 copper coins, which means that property’s value is above 30,000,000 copper coins. Even if you don’t want to operate a restaurant in the future, your mother and you could have a carefree life with the annual rental alone.

“30,000,000!”

Rena’s eyes widened as she couldn’t imagine what a huge number that was.

Furthermore, such a valuable commercial property was now hers?

Mag smilingly continued, “Of course, if you could open hot pot restaurants all over the Norland Continent, the 30,000,000 store would just be the beginning. The world beyond Chaos City is very huge.”

“Mm-hmm.” Rena looked at Mag as she solemnly kept the title deeds in her hands and nodded. “I will put it to good use.”

“Let’s go. Since we have nothing to do now, let’s go and check out your new property.” Mag put on his jacket and walked to the door.

Rena hugged the title deeds in the kraft paper envelope tightly in her arms, and quickly caught up with Mag.

The shop that Rena received was indeed very big. It had two stories. Apart from putting up the signboard, the renovation was basically completed. Marbles were inlaid on the walls, giving out an opulent glow.

However, it was in complete silence, and the workers seemed to have evacuated overnight. The door was ajar and unlocked.

“Let’s go in to take a look.” Mag straight away pushed open the door and went in.

The spacious hall was set up with many custom-made hot pot tables which were based on the Mamy Restaurant’s hot pot tables. This made Mag suspect that this world also had measuring tapes.

The restaurant’s interior renovation was basically completed, and only some building materials were left behind.

The resplendent decor style suited Bennett’s style to a T. It should have been designed by the same designer as his teahouse. It stunk of the nouveau riche.

There were two rows of private rooms at the two sides apart from the spacious hall, and were even more opulently decorated.

If they counted by the numbers of seats alone, just the first floor alone could accommodate about 1,000 people at the same time.

“Is the kitchen on the second floor?” Mag walked one round on the first floor, and he couldn’t find the kitchen. Hence, he went up to the second floor.

There weren’t any private rooms on the second floor. It only had a 500-square-meter-big great hall which was also filled with custom-made hot pot tables.

Passing through the great hall, he came to a super huge kitchen that was about 1,000 square meters big.

The renovation was already completed. They only needed to install the kitchenware.

Mag walked one round, and then smiled at Rena whose mouth was agape the entire time till now. “It is a giant hot pot restaurant that is ready to open any time. This saved you quite a lot of trouble.”

“I-it’s huge. Can I really open such a huge hot pot restaurant?” Rena shrugged, but her gaze began to fill with anticipation.

“I think there will be no problem at all.” Mag smiled. If this restaurant could run smoothly, even if they only charged 100 copper coins per customer, the daily sales could match up with Mamy Restaurant’s.

Rena stayed back in the restaurant to take note of the items that they needed to add or take away, while Mag returned to the restaurant first.

He decided to wash his hands completely from the new hot pot restaurant and be a good investor.

Bennett was never going to get out for the rest of his life. It could be considered that Mag had removed one menace from Chaos City.

As for how the Gray Temple handled their internal affairs, that wasn't his business. He believed Rolan wouldn't let the maggots survive in the Gray Temple.

What he needed to prepare now was the trip to the Twilight Forest tomorrow, and how he could complete the mission, and ensure everyone from the restaurant could get out of there safely.

The Falk Tribe was still the second-largest orc tribe. Even though their power had greatly diminished after going through an internal strife, they still had dozens of 10th-tier powerhouses and a group of 8th-tier and 9th-tier powerhouses.

Mag received the latest intel about the Falk Tribe and the orcs from the Gray Temple soon after he reached the restaurant. He also got a name and a rendezvous location.

"If you encounter an emergency at the Falk Tribe, you could go to the Stone Alley to look for Old Sim, the boss of Sim Tavern. He will provide you with assistance." Mag stared at that piece of paper for a while, and then he rubbed the paper between his fingers, and reduced it to dust.

"Ding! Old Sim, the boss of Sim Tavern in the Stone Alley, is the top master brewer of rum. The Host has triggered a hidden mission. Please ask Old Sim to take you as an apprentice, and learn how to brew rum.

"Mission reward: master the brewing techniques! You will receive three new alcoholic beverages' brewing techniques.

"Punishment for failing the mission: becoming allergic to alcohol!

"Mission time limit: complete it within three days!"

Just then, the system's voice rang in Mag's head.

"Learn to brew rum?" Mag was taken by surprise. This mission was rather interesting. After pondering, he asked, "System, am I able to choose the brewing methods of any alcohol beverages? Including Maotai and Erguotou?"

"Yes. You could choose any three from all the alcoholic beverages."

Mag cocked an eyebrow, and murmured to himself with a smile, "If Erguotou is available too, then I have a new idea."

Next morning, Mag hung a notice on the door. "Out to obtain ingredients. The restaurant will be closed for a few days."

Then, he brought everyone along from the restaurant, met up with the orcs who were sent to bring them to the Falk Tribe, and left on the flying steeds.

Chapter 1524: Who The Heck Do You Think You Are?

The Gray Temple.

Rolan kept the secret missive, and said to Borg, "Give him the highest level of authority, and tell all the informants in the Twilight Forest to accommodate his actions. Make sure he and his entourage are safe."

"Yes." Borg nodded and then left.

"The demons in the Boundless Sea Realm are still in a mess and disarray. I wonder what kind of mess this pair of husband and wife could create on their current trip to the Twilight Forest. They really make me rather expectant," Borg murmured to himself as he walked to the window.

"Holy f*ck!"

"Without any warning, Boss Mag is out to look for ingredients again!"

"I specially traipsed over half of the city to have a helping of soybean milk and youtiao here, and it's closed!"

At Mamy Restaurant's entrance, the customers were all whining when they saw the notice.

"Ha. Such an irresponsible boss. Even after he comes back and releases a new item, I will never..."

"If it's very delish?"

"I will also never... just have a small portion!"

Everyone consoled one another before they went on their own ways.

What else could they do?

The scrumptious new products deserved to be patiently waited for.

This had become a kind of common consensus.

Amy lay in Mag's arms, and curiously asked, "Father, do we really not have to apply for leave from Masters? Will they be angry?" However, she didn't look worried at all.

"It's alright. I already asked the delivery courier to send the written request for leave to the school. Master Krassu should have received it by now," Mag smilingly replied. As they had applied for too many leaves of absence, he was too embarrassed to see Krassu personally, so he asked Connie to send a written request for leave over before they left. It could be deemed as making good use of resources.

"Then... what if she gets lost?" Amy worriedly asked.

“Chaos School is such an easy place to find. She shouldn’t get lost, right?” Mag cocked an eyebrow.

“But the Bastie Prison is just next door, and she can still lose her way,” Amy continued.

“Hmm...” Mag was actually lost for words.

“Didn’t that master say that to go to Chaos School, I have to go straight, turn left, and then turn right? In that case, wouldn’t I be back to the same place again?” Connie seriously pondered as she stood at an alley.

That was already the 15th pedestrian that she had asked. Unfortunately, it seemed like she was getting further and further away from Chaos School.

However, she had obviously followed those pedestrians’ instructions, so why was she getting further and further away?

“Those fellows must have given me the wrong directions, and I’ve trusted them.” Connie stomped her feet in annoyance. She simply went into the alley on the right without thinking. She had initially intended to go to the west gate as planned to leave Chaos City on a flying steed after she delivered the request, but now the problem was that not only did she fail to find Chaos School, she also didn’t know how to go to the west of the city.

“Sigh. Why did I accept a disciple who can’t even locate the north, and even try to groom her into being an assassin...” Standing on top of a wall, Rex sighed deeply before looking toward the sky.

The black giant eagle’s wingspan was over 50 meters. Rows of seats were secured on the eagle’s back, which allowed the passengers to enjoy their journey in comfort. The windshields that were installed kept off the cold wind, and made the winter travel feel less chilly.

Everyone from Mamy Restaurant, apart from Rena, was invited to the Twilight Forest.

Of course, Camilla chose to make her own way there because of her status and ego. She would get in touch with them secretly after they reached the Falk Tribe.

Firis had to stay back to train more elven chefs for the Night Elves, so she didn’t make the trip, either.

Hence, the spot that she left vacant was filled by Irina who had disguised herself.

Miya, Elizabeth, Babla, Gina, and Anna, together with Mag, Amy, and Irina. The eight of them, plus one fat cat, were prepared to go to the Twilight Forest to create a big mess.

Apart from the beastmaster on the eagle’s back, that envoy from the Falk Tribe, Klaur, was present.

The black eagle took off, and soon left Chaos City behind very quickly. Klaur, who was sitting in the first row, stood up with a lecherous expression. His slightly cocked eyes were roving all over the ladies as he began to grin lecherously.

“Hey, Mister. Your saliva is going to drip,” Amy reminded him with kind intentions.

Klaur glared at Amy, and coldly said, “Hey, imp, you’ve got to call me Lord Klaur!” Then, he haughtily told everybody, “Let me tell you all this. Chaos City’s rules don’t work once we’re out of it, and the Falk Tribe has Falk Tribe’s rules. From now on, you all have to serve me. You will only have a chance to return home if you please me, otherwise...”

Klaur sneered. He didn’t finish his words, but the hidden meaning was very clear.

Mag looked at Klaur piteously. Who gave him the courage to say such big words?

One had to know that everyone sitting on the eagle’s back, including Amy, could toss him down 100 times.

Everyone was also staring at Klaur with befuddlement on their faces.

These fellows are not following the plot? The weird silence and all their unexplainable gazes made the expression of Klaur, who was preparing to take in their fearful expressions, slowly freeze. He couldn’t help but angrily say, “Let me tell you. I am the real master on this eagle’s back now. All you fellows are going to stand up for me right now—”

“Meow~”

Ugly Duckling suddenly jumped out from Amy’s arms, and launched a back kick to Klaur’s face.

Klaur wasn’t on guard, and was sent reeling back a few steps by Ugly Duckling’s kick. He fell onto his seat with a bloody scratch on his face.

Ugly Duckling flicked a backward glance at Klaur disdainfully before it sashayed back to Amy gracefully. It purred at her as if it was asking for praises, and then rubbed its head against her calf.

This funny scene made everyone burst out in laughter.

Amy smilingly said to Klaur, “Mister, even Ugly Duckling doesn’t accept what you are talking about.”

“Y-you damned fellow! I’m going to kill you!” Klaur stared at Ugly Duckling furiously as a dagger appeared in his hand.

“Lord Klaur, that is a holy beast. You cannot hurt it.” The beastmaster at the side quickly stopped Klaur while looking at Ugly Duckling reverently.

“It...” Klaur stared at Ugly Duckling with a rapidly changing expression, and he eventually kept the dagger angrily. His gaze turned onto Mag, and he coldly ordered, “I order you to make them serve me!”

“We’re invited to the Twilight Forest to prepare for the banquet for the conferring ceremony of the new chief of the Falk Tribe. There isn’t any content about us serving anyone.” Mag smiled at Klaur. “Who the heck do you think you are?”

Chapter 1525: Little Amy Has Protected The World’s Peace Once Again

“Y-y-you... I-I-I...” Klaur stared at Mag as he almost couldn’t believe that he dared to speak to him like that.

What rights did he have to be so arrogant in front of him after they were out of Chaos City?!

What made him even angrier was the beauties' unfazed expressions. They simply had no reaction to his warning and order!

"Mister, don't be nervous. Just say whatever you want to say quickly before you go down," Amy smilingly said.

"We will not be responsible for passing on your last words." Irina flicked a glance at Klaur, and then calmly said, "Therefore, don't bother to say too much. Anyway, it will be a waste."

"I..." Klaur choked on his words, but he soon smirked coldly. He removed a long whip from his waist, and cracked his neck as he told all of them, "Seems like you all won't know who is in charge here if I don't make you suffer."

Miya and the rest all looked toward Mag. They would be going to the Falk Tribe to save Connie's brother. Whether they should tolerate this chap's humiliation depended on Mag's plan.

Amy looked up, and asked Mag, "Father, do we still need to keep this baddie here?"

"His use here is not even bigger than this stupid eagle's underneath us." Mag shook his head with a smile.

"So, he's useless then." Amy pondered, and her gaze turned toward Klaur as she revealed a brilliant smile. "Mister, in what posture would you like to crash-land?"

"I think I will teach you a lesson first, sharp-tongued imp!" Klaur raised his whip in preparation to strike at Amy.

"Since this is the case, I will have to choose a fancy spiral face-landing for you then," Amy said seriously. She tapped gently on the eagle's back with her toes, and the eagle, which had been flying smoothly, suddenly dipped a little.

Amy's tiny figure shot out. She did a half-turn in midair, and her right foot kicked Klaur's face almost with the exact method and angle as Ugly Duckling.

Klaur glared with wide eyes, and a fearful expression appeared on that ugly face before swiftly changing shape under that dainty foot. He had just lifted the whip up.

Whoosh...

Klaur almost instantly disappeared from the eagle's back, and fell with his head down first like a spinning top.

The giant eagle was about 300 meters in the air, and about 10-odd seconds later, a dull thud could be heard from down below together with the echoes of rocks rolling off.

The beastmaster controlling the giant eagle exclaimed, "Lord Klaur!!!"

"Phew... I wonder if Uncle Baddie is still alright?" Amy landed back on the eagle's back gently, and poked her head out to look down below.

Irina flicked a glance downward, and then calmly said, "The life aura is slowly diminishing. He's not going to be alive for much longer."

“Little Amy has protected the world’s peace once again.” Mag also gave her a thumbs-up calmly.

He didn’t want to butter up that fellow during the journey, and there was no way he would let Irina and the rest serve him. As Klaur was one of Gary’s not very trusted cronies and a participant in the rebellion, getting rid of him before they arrived at the Falk Tribe wasn’t going to affect the plan from moving onward.

They simply needed to find an excuse to explain this after they arrived.

That beastmaster was staring at Mag and the gang with shock and fear as he said in a trembling voice, “Y-you all killed Lord Klaur!”

“He fell off himself. You should have seen it with your own eyes.” Mag stood up and smiled at that beastmaster. “Wasn’t that so?”

The beastmaster shivered, and cold sweat beaded on his forehead immediately. As if he was looking at the devil, he nodded at Mag, “Y-yes... I saw it. It’s Lord Klaur... he jumped down himself.”

Mag continued to smile as he nodded. “Now, we’re going to continue on our journey to the Falk Tribe. Are you able to bring us there?”

“Yes! I will definitely bring all of you lord and ladies to the Falk Tribe before the sun sets.” The beastmaster swiftly nodded.

“Very well. Let’s continue on our journey.” Mag nodded.

“Yes.” The beastmaster quickly turned around, and continued to navigate and accelerate the giant eagle forward. He didn’t dare to turn his head around.

Irina threw a glance at Mag.

Mag shook his head slightly, hinting at her to stay still and not act rashly.

Without Klaur around, the beastmaster just became their sole means of travel. The atmosphere on the eagle slowly became relaxed. It almost transformed into another one of Mamy Restaurant’s group outings. Mag even took out his kitchenware, and began to cook in the open air.

The Twilight Forest.

In a resplendent tall, great stone hall, a strapping orc with an obvious scar on his right eyebrow was sitting on the throne. With a dark expression, he said to the orcs standing below, “You all still failed to catch that girl Connie?”

A stocky orc said, “Chief, we have searched through the Twilight Forest, and also sent many people to search in Chaos City, but we still couldn’t find a trace of her. According to our estimation, she most likely has died during her escape. After all, she is famous for losing her way. There’s simply no way for her to reach Chaos City safely.”

Another tall and lanky orc continued, “Yes, Chief. She doesn’t know magic, nor is she good at cultivation. Even if she is alive, there’s no way she could affect the invincible you and your status and disrupt the

conferring ceremony. If she dares to appear at the conferring ceremony, we can even execute her together with her big brother, and completely dash the hopes of those fellows.”

Gary—who was sitting on the throne—remained silent for a moment before curling a corner of his mouth and revealing a sinister smile. “Then we will get the news out there. I really want to see if she will bite the hook for her beloved brother and the few of her remaining relatives.”

“Yes,” the three orcs acknowledged, and felt relieved at the same time.

Gary then continued to ask, “How is the preparation for the conferring ceremony? All the orc tribes will send envoys to participate in my conferring ceremony, so we have to make sure nothing goes wrong. Don’t disgrace me.”

“The venue of the conferring ceremony is already all set up according to the conferring ceremony of Chief Auster of the Aug Tribe. I have let Klaur go and invite Chef Mag from Mamy Restaurant in Chaos City to take charge of the banquet on that day. They should already be on their way here now,” the stocky orc quickly replied.

“A chef from Chaos City?” Gary furrowed his eyebrows.

“Yes. That chef has received the title of the best chef at the king of the Roth Empire’s court banquet. He is one of the world’s top chefs now. It certainly looks good for us having him in charge of the banquet.” The stocky orc smiled happily. He had spent a lot of effort trying to collect this information. It was not easy to find a good chef like him.

“You all will be duly rewarded after you do a proper job.” Gary’s gaze swept across the orcs who were already smiling excitedly, and then coldly said, “You know what would happen if you messed up.”

“Yes!”

The three orcs shivered together and quickly acknowledged.

Chapter 1526: There Are No Tigers In The Mountains, And The Orange Cat Calls The Shots

The journey to the Twilight Forest was long, and although the giant eagle was not flying slowly, it was still only a 3rd-tier magic beast. Therefore, the group of people only saw the tribe appearing on the horizon when the sun was about to set.

The valley was very wide, and the tribe was right in its mouth. Two 200-meter-tall columns stood in the mouth of the valley with several big and small caves in it.

There were big and small stone huts scattered across the valley, and in the center of the valley was a square stone city. The city walls stood at more than 10 meters tall, and there was a stone temple within the stone city.

On the way here, Irina had already altered the beastmaster’s memory. She erased the part where Amy kicked Klaur off the eagle’s back, and substituted it with a memory of Klaur not returning to the tribe for a while because he had something on.

That beastmaster was just an ordinary orc, so doing such things for a magic caster of Irina’s level was a piece of cake. Besides, it would save them a lot of trouble explaining things.

“Sir and Ma’ams, the Falk Tribe is right ahead. The sacred city in the center is where the chief and the nobles live. The ones living on the periphery are ordinary tribesmen,” introduced the beastmaster with a smile. As they got closer to the valley, he even lowered his voice as he said, “Those two stone columns are where the sacred beasts live. We must not be loud when we pass by in case we alarm the sacred beasts and cause them to attack us. The Falk Tribe sacred beasts are all very ferocious. Once they set their eyes on you—”

“Meow...”

Ugly Duckling suddenly leapt out from Amy’s embrace, and stood on the eagle’s head as it let out a long meow.

Just then, several pairs of eyes of different shapes and colors appeared in the caves on the two stone columns. Then, they started meowing together as though they were replying to their leader.

“What’s that?”

The orcs on the ground all looked up when they heard the noise, and their gazes landed on the orange cat standing on the eagle’s head. As the setting sun cast its golden rays on the cat, it looked as though it had a golden layer over its coat, making it even more eye-catching.

On top of that, the meowing coming from the two stone columns made the cat appear even more mighty.

“Could this be the one in a million, golden legend, the heavenly beast!” an old orc called out agitatedly. He bent his knees and knelt on the ground.

“It’s the heavenly beast!”

The orcs all started kneeling on the ground as they looked up at Ugly Duckling, which was standing on the eagle’s head, passionately.

Mag looked at the orcs kneeling on the ground, and mumbled to himself, “C-could this be the cat slave phenomenon of the alternate world?”

It’s true: there are no tigers in the mountains, and the orange cat calls the shots.

Those animals coined as sacred beasts were just feline animals of various types and species hiding in the caves. There were indeed very ferocious felines among them.

“Why are these orcs so agitated seeing a duck that’s a little plump?” Amy looked down with bewilderment. It was the first time she saw Ugly Duckling so popular.

“That’s because we have been taught to look at the big picture,” Mag said with a smile.

“Meow~”

Ugly Duckling meowed at Amy proudly as though it was trying to boast about its popularity.

“Ugly Duckling, stop boasting. Look, the little eagle’s head is already swaying because you’re standing there. Its neck is going to break because of you,” Amy said with contempt.

The giant eagle's head was swaying a little unnaturally for some reason. It might be due to the shock, or because it just couldn't handle the weight.

"Meow!" Ugly Duckling let out a cry of grievance before going down from the eagle's head and returning to Amy, albeit unwillingly. It rubbed its head against her calf, and then lay by her feet.

"You must be an extraordinary person to have the heavenly beast's trust and love." The beastmaster quickly started bootlicking Amy.

Ugly Duckling's meow caused quite a commotion at the Falk Tribe. Most of the orcs came out upon hearing news about the heavenly beast to take a look.

However, the giant eagle landed right in the city center after gliding through the sky.

"Mr. Mag, ladies, this is the end of the journey. Thank you for riding with us. Remember to bring your luggage down. We welcome you to ride with us again," the beastmaster told everyone with a smile as he stood beside the laying giant eagle.

"Thank you." Mag nodded slightly. He led the group down, and a big orc led a group of orcs towards them from not far away. Based on the information Mag got beforehand, this orc was Jeremy, Gary's trusted aide and a 9th-tier orc. On the day of the rebellion, he was the one who opened the inner city gates for the rebel army.

This orc was one of the top few on Mag's to-kill list. However, he was the one who allowed the people from the Gray Temple to come over openly.

Jeremy looked at Mag, who was walking in front, before looking past him, at the ladies from Mamy Restaurant. His eyes lit up, and he gave a perverted smile. He glanced over everyone before frowning, and loudly saying, "Where's Klaur? Why don't I see him?"

"Lord Jeremy, Lord Klaur had some personal matters to handle, so he stayed back in Chaos City. He said he would come back a little later, and told me to bring Mr. Mag and the rest over first," the beastmaster quickly answered with his head hanging low, afraid to look at Jeremy.

"That rascal. How dares he be so sloppy with the mission I gave him. You. Go get him to come back immediately!" Jeremy shouted coldly.

"Yes..." That beastmaster quickly hopped onto the giant eagle and rode off.

Jeremy looked back at Mag and sized him up. He looked just like an ordinary human. Jeremy asked, "You're Mag from Chaos City?"

"Yes. I am Mag. I was invited to prepare the banquet for the coronation ceremony of the Falk Tribe's new chief," Mag said calmly.

"Do you really cook that well? So well that the king of the Roth Empire had nothing but praises for you?" Jeremy looked at Mag with doubt. He was just a normal human, and even looked very young. Could he really cook up a feast?

"He didn't have praises for me." Mag looked at Jeremy with a smile, and said, "Because the king of the Roth Empire was so busy eating he had no time to praise me."

Jeremy's lips twitched. *This fellow is so shameless when it comes to self-praise.*

"Alright. This banquet is very important. As long as the chief is satisfied, you won't need to worry about the pay." Jeremy looked at Mag and walked two steps closer to him. He lowered his voice, and said, "But if you ruin it, you will know what it means to live a life worse than death."

Chapter 1527: That's The Symbol Of Nobility

"I am a chef with professional ethics. I will naturally do my best since I am paid to do so," Mag said with a smile.

"Very well." Jeremy took a step back. He glanced over the ladies from the restaurant before turning around to leave. He instructed the orc beside him, "Bring them over to the main kitchen. Give them whatever they want. Remember, nothing is more important than the banquet tomorrow."

"Yes." That orc nodded and watched Jeremy leave before turning back to say to Mag and the rest, "Follow me."

Mag nodded slightly, held Amy's hand, and brought everyone along.

If one would describe the valley outside the city as a litter of orc tribes, the inner city would be a small yet bustling city.

The ground was paved with flat black stone. The street, which was around 10 meters wide, had black buildings lined neatly on both its sides, forming a stone temple that stood tall, with scriptures and cat-like statues everywhere.

"This really is a tribe full of cat slaves," Mag lamented to himself after looking around. He swept a glance at the right hand of the orc walking in front. As the orc walked, Mag could see a blackened hemp rope on his wrist as his hand swung. Mag raised his brow, and retracted his gaze naturally.

The coronation ceremony was the most prestigious event of the entire tribe. There were orcs decorating the streets everywhere, bringing up the festivity there.

Mag and the gang attracted quite a lot of attention, especially the beautiful ladies, who attracted it even more.

"This is the chef in charge of tomorrow night's banquet. All of you better be more respectful," the orc walking in front said sternly, making the other orcs with a nasty grin back off.

When they heard that these people had to do with the banquet, the orcs immediately backed away embarrassedly. None of them dared to ruin the chief's joyous event, because that might cost them their head.

"These people have cat ears." Amy looked around curiously, and softly said, "Big Sister Connie's pink ears look way better than theirs."

"That's the symbol of nobility," Mag said softly with a smile. The breeds of orcs from the Falk Tribe could be distinguished by their ear colors. Black and gray were the most ordinary and common, while pink ears belonged only to female orcs from the royal family.

"I see." Amy nodded thoughtfully. She looked at Ugly Duckling, which she was carrying in her arms, and curiously asked, "Then what about Ugly Duckling? Its ears are uniquely orange."

"I guess it signifies the weight of its existence." Mag raised his brow. The feline magic beasts were behaving a little strangely just now. Ugly Duckling was just a magic beastling of a few months old, but those magic beasts appeared willing to bow down to it. It seemed like Ugly Duckling was really quite special.

"Oh." Amy nodded. She put Ugly Duckling on the ground, and disdainfully said, "No wonder it's so heavy."

"Meow~"

Ugly Duckling looked up pitifully at Amy, and meowed with grievance.

"Haha, then let me carry Ugly Duckling. It's so soft and cuddly. I feel so warm when holding it," Yabemiya picked Ugly Duckling up happily, and carried it in her arms happily.

"Meow~"

Ugly Duckling closed its eyes, and lay in Miya's embrace comfortably.

That orc probably had some status around here. He led them through a gantry, and finally stopped in front of a door to a large yard. He turned around, and sternly told Mag and the rest, "This is the main kitchen. All of you have to stay here for today and the subsequent days. No one is allowed to leave the premises. Otherwise, we won't be able to guarantee your safety."

"May I ask what's the most dangerous place here?" Mag asked with a smile after looking around.

"For you all, the most dangerous place has got to be the chief's palace and the prison in the north of the city. You are not allowed to go near these two places," the orc said even more sternly.

"If that's the case, we'll just act according to the agreement." Mag nodded.

The orc brought them into the main kitchen. The yard was very spacious. There were several large and small kitchens on both sides, with many orcs hurrying in and out busily while holding ingredients or cooked food.

Mag watched the scene, and thought of the royal kitchen in the Rodu's palace. The royal kitchen was way larger in scale, and they had even more chefs. However, both had the similar role of providing food for many people.

"Wow, what a huge kitchen. Are they making food for the entire city?" Amy looked around in shock.

"Yes. I think this is the kitchen of this city," Mag said with a nod.

The orc shouted for the gatekeeper, and a greasy-faced orc with a potbelly very quickly came over. He looked at the orc, and said, "Lord Kernen, you're here."

The orc, called Kernen, pointed at Mag and the rest, and said, "This is the chef, Mr. Mag, and his helpers that Lord Jeremy personally invited from Chaos City. They will be in charge of the most important main

banquet for tomorrow. All of you have to do your best to cooperate with them, and do what they order as much as possible.”

“Yes, yes.” The greasy orc nodded quickly, and smiled at Mag and the rest.

“Settle their accommodation and give them the best,” Kernen said. After that, he turned to tell Mag, “Mr. Mag, the main kitchen will settle your accommodations and food. If there’s anything you need, you can tell them to look for me.”

“Alright. Thank you.” Mag nodded and watched Kernen leave.

“Are you Mr. Mag, the one who was titled the best chef by the king of the Roth Empire during his banquet? I’ve been seeing news about you and your restaurant in magazines recently. I didn’t think that we would manage to invite you over to helm the banquet. It’s such an honor to be able to see you.” That orc looked at Mag with gleaming eyes. He quickly introduced himself. “I am the person in charge of this main kitchen. My name is Heyman, and I am in charge of managing the main kitchen, and providing the meals for all the royals in the inner city.”

“Hello,” Mag answered with a smile. This plump orc, who seemed to weigh at least 150 kg, didn’t sound like he was bootlicking him on purpose, and also did not seem very arrogant. He was the first person Mag felt good about since arriving at the Falk Tribe.

“All of you must be tired after traveling such a long distance over here. I’ll bring you all around first before getting the kitchen to prepare your dinner.” After saying that, Heyman brought Mag and the rest over to their accommodations.

There was a little independent yard beside the main kitchen. It was not lavish, but it was still considered clean and elegant. There were four rooms where Mag and the rest would split up to sleep in.

After that, Heyman brought them back to the main kitchen and towards the dining area.

“Have you heard? Although the main kitchen would be in charge of the banquet for this conferring ceremony, the main banquet would be done by a chef from outside. It seemed like we were abandoned,” a short and skinny chef began in the dining area.

Chapter 1528: Only Real Delicacies Can Conquer A Chef

“Were we?” The orc’s words attracted a lot of attention from the other chefs who were eating.

“The main kitchen has always been in charge of all the banquets in the tribe regardless of scale. This has been the rule for so many years. How could it change just like that? We have so many impressive chefs in the main kitchen. How can those from outside be better than us?!” a middle-aged chef said furiously.

And that aroused a wave of angry agreements.

The chefs’ ego made it difficult for them to accept such an arrangement.

“What’s this ruckus about? Don’t you know yourself? If the things you make could be put on the table, Lord Jeremy wouldn’t have to go through all the trouble to invite Mr. Mag over from Chaos City.” Heyman walked into the dining area, and looked at the chefs with exasperation. Heyman took a step to

the side, and introduced, "Let me introduce to all of you. This is Mr. Mag from Mamy Restaurant in Chaos City. He will be in charge of tomorrow night's main banquet."

"And why was he chosen? It's because Mr. Mag's dishes were titled the best at the Roth Empire's royal banquet, and he was even praised by many well-known gourmets. Are you all convinced?" Heyman swept a glance at all the chefs in the dining area.

The dining area suddenly fell silent. The chefs all looked at Mag with a complicated mix of resentment and skepticism.

Mag glanced across the dining area. It seemed like no one prepared dinner for them. He couldn't be bothered to be calculative with them over that, so he said, "We'll settle our own dinner. May I know which kitchen we can use to prepare our food?"

"Mr. Mag, this way, please. Your kitchenware has been transported to Kitchen One. If you need to make dinner, I can bring you over," Heyman said with a smile before bringing Mag over to Kitchen One.

"Let's go take a look too. We'll see if this guy is really that impressive and has what it takes to replace us." The short and skinny chef, who incited the anger, put his bowl down and followed them out.

"Let's go, let's go take a look."

The other chefs also followed along.

The news of Mag's arrival had spread across the main kitchen. The news that they were going to be replaced caused quite a commotion.

More and more chefs started gathering at Kitchen One the moment they heard the news because they all wanted to see for themselves if this newly invited chef was that impressive.

"Father, why do all these chefs seem so unfriendly towards us? Are they baddies?" Amy asked softly because she could not understand why the chefs were so hostile.

"I don't suppose they are considered baddies. Every chef has their pride. If you cannot convince them, they will not be happy about it." Mag shook his head with a smile. He could understand the reason behind the resentment.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Mag. I didn't manage them well," Heyman said apologetically.

"It's alright. As a chef, I can understand what they're feeling." Mag shook his head. Of course, understanding didn't mean that he should just let them do whatever they wanted to.

Kitchen One had the largest area in the main kitchen. It had the most complete and the best kitchenware. Other than the existing facilities, Mag's kitchenware was also moved to the kitchen. The other chefs had not seen most of it, so the kitchenware was not arranged.

Mag confirmed that all his kitchenware was around before instructing Miya and the rest to put it in places that would be convenient for them to use.

"So this is the new chef? He looks so young, just like an apprentice."

“Yeah. He doesn’t look like he can cook up any delicacy. All our chefs have decades and even centuries of experience in cooking. How can such a young human whip up anything good?”

“Is the kitchen a place for women? He actually got a group of women as his helpers. How lavish.”

“I’m just curious how a chef can find so many beautiful ladies...”

There were more and more chefs gathering inside and outside the main kitchen, conversing softly. There were voices of doubt, jealousy, and envy.

Mag ignored the noise calmly, and asked Amy, “What do you want for dinner, Little Amy?”

“I want grilled fish and rattle off,” Amy answered without even thinking.

“What about the rest? Any other dishes you want?” Mag asked as he looked around.

“I want eggplant with garlic sauce,” Miya said.

“I want beggar’s chicken,” Gina replied softly.

“Actually, I’m not really craving for beef kebab,” Babla said arrogantly.

“Alright. Hold on for a while. I’ll make dinner,” Mag said with a smile. He took out the ingredients from the fridge, and got started.

The chefs started to quiet down as they watched Mag.

Mag started by preparing the ingredients. He washed, cleaned, and cut them in a series of smooth actions. Although he was cooking alone, he was highly efficient, and was not flustered. That made the other chefs start to see him in a new light.

Efficiency was important in the main kitchen. The different chefs were in charge of the different parts of the cooking process. Although those were all very basic work, it was from the details that one could tell how strong a chef’s basics were.

The fish was sliced into even slices of identical sizes, and the preparation of the side dishes made the chefs in charge of cutting ingredients shut up.

Firis stayed back in Chaos City, while Camilla was not involved in the mission, so Mag could only do the cutting and chopping himself.

Mag first put the red braised pork into a pot to stew before putting the cleaned fish into the oven to grill. After that, he put the beggar’s chicken, which was covered in mud, into the other oven to bake in medium-high heat. Then, he started to skewer the beef in preparation to grill it.

“Why did he put the fish into that rectangular container? What kind of kitchenware is that? Does he really not need to heat it up with fire?”

“He wrapped the chicken up with mud. Can the chicken still be eaten? It doesn’t look clean. How can the food we serve to our distinguished guests be so dirty?”

“Just look at the stewed meat. Most of the chefs in our kitchen can make a dish of that standard. His meat is chopped in such huge chunks. The food that our royalty eats is way more exquisite.”

After Mag started cooking, the chattering from the chefs increased. They were all critiquing Mag's strange way of cooking, and they did not even try to hide their disdain.

"These fellows are so noisy," Irina said as she pulled out a high stool from somewhere, and glanced at the chefs.

"Do you need them to shut their mouths?" Amy rubbed her hands together excitedly.

"Only real delicacies can conquer a chef." Mag shook his head with a smile as he placed the skewers on top of the flaming charcoal grill.

Ding!

Just then, the oven rang to signify the end of the cooking.

Mag put on a pair of thick gloves, and opened the oven.

The strong scent of the spicy grilled fish suddenly wafted out.

Chapter 1529: No! Shut Up! It Was Not Me!

The moment the oven was opened, the tangy fragrance of the spiciness spread across the entire Kitchen One.

"Smells so good!"

The chefs in the kitchen all opened their eyes wide.

"It's the smell of spiciness, but it's such an irresistible smell. I can't believe that a fish could smell so good after staying in this rectangular container for a while. What magical apparatus is it?"

"This is grilled fish? Why don't I see the grill or the charcoal? How was this fish grilled? And how can it have such a rich and delicious smell?"

Gulp.

The moment the smell of the grilled fish wafted out, it caused a sudden uproar and exclamations.

This smell was so irresistible that even the old chefs that had been in this kitchen for decades could not resist it.

Of course, what made them even more surprised was Mag's cooking style, and also this intrusive fragrance that totally changed their perception of how a grilled fish should be.

"This fragrance..." Other than shock, Heyman was also filled with admiration. As he looked at Mag's back, he muttered to himself, "Indeed, he is the man who is worthy of claiming the title of the best chef at the Roth Empire's royal banquet."

"Put this aside first." Mag pulled out the grilled fish from the oven, and put it on the lit charcoal grill at the side. The plate was already furnished with various vegetables and hot pot soup base powder. Grilling the fish on the grill for a little more could enhance its smell, and the vegetables also played an important part in creating the grilled fish's delicious taste.

The orc chefs swallowed their saliva several times as they watched the grilled fish steaming and sizzling on top of the grill.

“It looks like grilled fish, but why does this grilled fish contain gravy? Shouldn’t grilled fish be as dry as possible?” one chef questioned softly.

“Hmph. This isn’t a professional grilled fish. A real grilled fish should be crunchy and taste a little burnt. A fish that’s soupy and watery like this isn’t even fit to be called grilled fish,” a big-sized senior chef said with disdain. He was the master chef in charge of grilled fish in the main kitchen.

Several other orc chefs agreed with him because that grilled fish was different from what they knew.

Mag walked to the stove, and started the fire to cook the eggplant with garlic sauce.

This dish was the easiest one out of the rest for tonight. After stir-frying the spices in an iron wok, the fragrance came out quickly, drawing all the chefs’ attention.

Stir-frying wasn’t a common technique in this world, because humans tended to stew their food, while orcs loved to grill.

It was the first for most of the chefs to see the ingredients being cut into such tiny pieces, and then thrown into a strange-looking iron wok to stir-fry.

What was frustrating was that they actually could not tell what were the spices Mag threw into the wok. The dish had a rich smell of meat, not losing to the grilled fish.

The eggplants were put into the wok to stir-fry for a while until they became a little burnt, and had a thick and shiny layer of red gravy covering them. After that, they were scooped out and plated. It was a dish with aesthetics, taste, and smell.

Mag passed the eggplant with garlic sauce to Miya before turning off the fire under the high-pressure stewing pot beside him. Then, he poured the red braised pork in the pot into a black stone pot.

The rich fragrance of pork wafted out. The smell of pork was something orcs were very familiar with, but no one had ever made pork smell so enticing.

“Oh my God... Although I have no idea what he made, I have never seen any food that smelled this good,” a young chef muttered involuntarily as he swallowed his saliva.

“The smell is so enticing, so I’m sure the taste wouldn’t be any worse. This is what my master taught me,” a young apprentice agreed with a nod.

“No! Shut up! It was not me!” a middle-aged chef behind shouted with a blush.

Although he did not want to admit it, the fragrance filling the whole Kitchen One made most of the orc chefs who came over to watch the show change their perception of Mag.

As chefs, they naturally understand how difficult it was to make food with such an enticing smell, and food that smelled this enticing would have no reason to taste bad.

Everyone looked at Mag complicatedly. The man in front of them was a young human chef who held several titles and glories. He was the one who was invited by the chief to helm the banquet.

He could make such delicacies for just a simple dinner.

Miya took out the beggar's chicken, which was baked until the outside was golden red, and placed it on a tray. She took out a little hammer which she brought with her everywhere, and gently hammered the mud casing at the center. Thin lines of cracks soon spread throughout the casing, and the casing opened up like a flower with a soft and crisp crack, revealing the beggar's chicken which was baked to a nice golden brown within.

"The mud and chicken separated perfectly, just like an eggshell. I didn't think that there was such an extraordinary way of baking chicken!"

"I can't believe that you can make chicken taste so delicious with mud. I am going to give it a try later."

"Every dish smells different, but they are all equally enticing... This fellow is showing off too much!"

After the fragrance of the chicken wafted out, it caused another wave of commotion.

The voices of skepticism slowly faded away. Even the most stubborn and traditional old chefs could not say anything negative with all these fragrances enshrouding them.

"Supervisor Heyman, have you had dinner? Do you want to join us?" Mag asked with a smile as he looked at Heyman who was secretly swallowing his saliva at the side.

"I was too busy today. I just realized that I haven't had din— burp." Heyman covered his mouth and laughed awkwardly. "I haven't had dinner. I'm so hungry I burped. If Mr. Mag and the other ladies don't mind, I will be thick-skinned and have just a little."

"Uncle Crayman, you must mean what you say. You said you were going to have just a little, so it's just a little. Don't eat too much. Otherwise, we're all going to go hungry," Amy said seriously as she looked at Heyman with a slightly worried look.

"I'm Heyman, not Crayman..." Heyman corrected Amy with a laugh. He had long heard of this adorable little mistress who appeared harmless. She was the precious disciple of both the Lord of Ice and the Lord of Fire, as well as a genius magic caster. With all those identities, she was far more precious than her father.

Even the Falk Tribe wouldn't want to enrage the two legendary magic casters.

"Mm-hm. I will control myself." Heyman nodded seriously. He actually had his dinner, but the smell was so enticing. Besides, he would never get the chance to try Mag's culinary skills without leaving the Falk Tribe, so he would never let such an opportunity slip even if he only could have one mouthful of each dish.

There was a set of tables and chairs in Kitchen One, and Mag could not be bothered to bring the food out to the dining area, so they made do with eating in the kitchen.

The group sat around the table, and Heyman got someone to pass him a little stool as he sat cautiously at the corner of the table.

"Let's eat." Mag picked up his bowl, and ate a mouthful of piping hot rice first. He felt the soft rice become sweeter in his mouth as he chewed, and that made him happy.

“This grilled fish...” Heyman picked up his chopsticks. He had set his eyes on the grilled fish.

The other chefs all looked at Heyman. It already looked and smelled good. As for the taste, they would only know after Heyman tried it.

Chapter 1530: May I Ask, Do You Still Take In Disciples? The Kind That’s A Little Older

Heyman had spent his life in the main kitchen. He came in when he was 11, and the first time he got to touch the knife was at 18. Afterward, he spent 30 years to become the head chef of Kitchen One. He spent another 100 years in the main kitchen, and took over the role of the supervisor from his master. That made it 120 years in total.

The chief and nobility had an exceptionally high expectation for their everyday meals, so he could not afford to make any mistakes. The lives of hundreds of chefs from the main kitchen depended on him.

Entering the main kitchen was akin to going to jail. Unless you died or lost the chief’s favor, there was no going out.

Heyman had been trying to innovate and create new dishes to come up with new flavors to satisfy the chief and nobilities’ taste buds so that they did not get tired of the food.

All the well-known chefs in the Falk Tribe were in the main kitchen. In addition, Heyman even searched around the other tribes in the Twilight Forest for chefs. However, because the tribes were all close by, the dishes that these chefs made were similar.

Therefore, Heyman turned to the gourmet magazine and the trends in the culinary world for inspiration.

Mamy Restaurant was no doubt the one all gourmet magazines vied over to feature in their series. Whether it was the eggplant with garlic sauce that revived the vegetarianism trend, or the red braised pork that made a hit in *Meatatarianism*, Mamy Restaurant had already shown its prowess in the culinary world. Moreover, it had even attracted a group of gourmets to plan or make their way to the restaurant.

Mag’s creative way of cooking could make one look forward to the dish’s taste with just the description of the dish. There were rarely any chefs in this world that could achieve that.

Besides, Heyman even heard that the legend of the culinary world, the Invincible God of Cookery, Harris, lost to Mag from Mamy Restaurant just a few days ago, and even became his disciple according to their agreement.

That really shocked Heyman.

It was important to note that Heyman’s idol had always been Harris. The one who had always been leading the trend and conquering peaks actually fell in defeat at Chaos City.

It was something the world did not expect.

The man who caused all this was sitting right in front of Heyman right now. He made a table full of food, and even invited him to join.

To be honest, other than feeling a little agitated, Heyman also felt slightly nervous.

When he brought a piece of the fragrant fish in front of him, he could see the slightly charred fish skin and the soft meat. Heyman watched it for a while as though he was looking at a rare treasure. It was difficult, even for the best grilled fish chef, to create two entirely different textures separated just by a thin layer of fish skin. It really displayed a shocking level of skill and heat control.

“The supervisor is very picky. Can this grilled fish satisfy his taste buds?”

“The supervisor started as an apprentice in Kitchen One’s grilled fish section back then. In the Falk Tribe, no, even the entire Twilight Forest, no one can make grilled fish as good as his.”

“In that case, since no one knows grilled fish better than the supervisor, this fellow won’t be able to make it, either.”

The chefs started conversing softly in the kitchen. Their expressions and gazes all had a hint of nervousness and anticipation.

Everyone watched Heyman intently as he cast all the noise aside, and put the piece of fish into his mouth.

The moment the numbness and spiciness hit his tongue, Heyman couldn’t help but shudder.

It was a shudder that shook even his soul. *What were the spices? That’s extraordinary!*

But before Heyman could taste it in detail, the fish had made its grand entrance.

After biting into the slightly charred fish skin, beneath it was the tender meat. The taste of the spices and gravy was already infused into the meat. The spiciness and the freshness of the fish complemented each other perfectly to give the taste buds layer after layer of scrumptious attack.

Heyman was indeed the one who made the best grilled fish in their village, their tribe, and even the entire forest.

Back when he was young, he thought that no one could make grilled fish better than him, and he merely stopped saying so all these years, but he still thought so.

Until... today.

This piece of grilled fish had flung him into the ground.

Even for an old chef who had grilled fish for 120 years, and was constantly coming up with new ways and improvements, he had to admit that this was the best grilled fish he had ever tasted.

This was a completely different way of making grilled fish. It beautifully infused grilled fish and stewed fish together, and the outcome was exceptional.

Rip!

The sound of cloth ripping caught everyone off guard. Heyman’s shirt actually ripped, revealing his jiggling fat.

“Ah... this is such an incredible taste! It’s not too much to call it the best grilled fish in the world!” Heyman complimented. He looked at the grilled fish as though it was a shining gemstone. He could not help but reach his chopsticks out for another piece.

This time, he closed his eyes to feel the deliciousness explode on the tip of his tongue in detail. He could not help but smile with happiness.

It was indeed a form of happiness to be able to enjoy such a delicacy.

Moreover, Heyman could not wait to try this innovative way to grill fish. Just one little stove, and the way the grilled fish was eaten changed entirely.

On top of that, he finally understood the reason behind Harris wanting to become Mag’s disciple, a story that shook the entire culinary world. It was because... he also wanted to become Mag’s disciple right now!

It was impossible to learn how to make grilled fish so delicious anywhere else!

“The supervisor actually praised him so highly!”

“The world’s best grilled fish! In that case, the supervisor has already admitted that his grilled fish isn’t better than that fellow’s?”

A commotion suddenly exploded in Kitchen One. The chefs were all shocked.

As the figure of power in the world of grilled fish, the Twilight Forest’s grilled fish set the bar for how the dish was made. Even Heyman, who was very picky, gave such a good review. It was difficult to imagine how delicious this grilled fish actually was.

At this moment, the chefs standing in front had already swallowed their saliva umpteen times as they watched Heyman try the dish with happiness written all over his face.

“Uncle Crayman. You can try the vegetables under the fish. It’s super good,” Amy suggested.

“Aye, alright,” Heyman replied. He looked at the vegetables all around the grilled fish. There were cucumber slices, translucent cellophane noodles, and a vegetable that he did not know of which was sliced thinly and had many small holes in the middle. He thought for a while, and picked up a strand of cellophane noodle.

The slippery cellophane noodle slid into his mouth. It was submerged in the gravy, so the chewy cellophane noodle became exceptionally delicious as well.

Spicy and refreshing with a lingering fragrance in his mouth!

Heyman tried very hard to control his hand. He put his chopsticks down and stood up, looking at Mag, and saying, “Mr. Mag, I really admire your culinary skills. It is really the best choice to have you in charge of the banquet.”

“Thank you,” Mag said humbly.

“I still have a question. I don’t know if I should ask you.”

“Please do.”

“May I ask, do you still take in disciples? The kind that’s a little older.”