

Stay At home 1981

Chapter 1981: How Happy Are You?

Noah felt speechless. He looked at Mag silently for a moment before trying to alleviate the awkwardness. "Boss Mag, I am very happy to know you."

Mag looked at him, and seriously asked, "How happy are you?"

"Errr... very happy." Noah wanted to cry.

"Then, you are being happy too early. People who worked with me were usually very tired," Mag calmly said.

"I'm not afraid of tiredness. I like to work with you. I feel proud." Noah chuckled. It would be a very proud affair to tell people in the future.

Mag flicked a glance at him. "But I'm afraid you will be my burden."

"..." Noah.

Alright, there was no way to continue the conversation.

This was the first time Noah had felt a blow from a big shot. It was hurtful to him.

"Although my grandson isn't of much use, he can still act as bait." Merante, who had kept quiet, finally spoke up.

Noah's eyes widened, and he turned to look at Merante with disbelief.

Perhaps this was the reason that his grandpa brought him along?!

"Him? The devil most probably won't take to him." Mag shook his head.

"You're right. He's too ordinary." Merante nodded his head too.

Noah slowly moved to the back. He descended into silence, hugging his knees.

The purple-striped griffin was flying very fast. They could see the Twilight Forest in a distance in less than three hours.

Merante had dripped Annie's blood essence into the septaria oracle during the journey. The thin red lines on the septaria oracle changed to gold. The closer they got to the Twilight Forest, the more the golden light sparkled like the starry sky.

"He has indeed appeared here before, and he has stayed in more than one place." Merante looked at the hovering and spinning septaria oracle with an exceptionally grave expression.

"Let's take a look at the nearest marked point." Mag swept a glance at the septaria oracle, and drove the purple-striped griffin downwards diagonally.

The golden light spot got closer and closer, and ruins slowly appeared in their vision.

The once-prosperous middle-sized tribe was razed to the ground and reduced to white ashes. The orcs from the other tribes had to have already processed the scene. A tall mound of earth was in the center of the tribe's settlement, and a black, charred stone pillar was stuck on it. A cheetah was engraved on the top of the stone pillar. It should be the totem of this tribe.

After making sure that there was nobody around, the purple-striped griffin landed on the ground.

Merante walked one round in the ruins, and finally stopped in front of the earthen mound. He gravely said, "He stopped here briefly, and it was not too long ago. Judging from the aura, it wasn't the devil itself. However, the chap who sold his soul to the devil was in way too deep. His potential increased exponentially after absorbing so much blood essence and resentment. He will get harder and harder to deal with."

"How powerful is he?" Mag asked with a frown.

Josh had been only a mere 7th-tier magic caster. Although he hadn't really been helpless, he indeed hadn't been a threat.

However, his power had suddenly increased after causing this war and massacre, and absorbing all the resentment and blood essence. This wasn't a good thing.

Merante sat down, and crossed his legs. He made a seal with his hands, held a golden-red talisman between his two fingers, and started chanting. Next, he pointed at the earthen mound in front of him.

The golden-red talisman suddenly burned up, and drifted to that earthen mound before merging into it.

The ground began to vibrate suddenly. The tightly packed earthen mound also vibrated along with it, and soil began to fall off it.

"Zombies?" Mag instinctively took two steps back. The night was chilling, and so many orcs had just died. The earthen mound was trembling nonstop as if something was going to crawl out of it. It was indeed a little terrifying.

"Don't be nervous, Boss Mag. My grandpa is interacting with them," Noah said with a laugh. He didn't expect Alex to be afraid of ghosts.

"You can interact with ghosts?" Mag frowned.

"Yes, we are the Ghost Clan. Isn't it normal for us to interact with ghosts?" Noah nodded. "See, we don't really look like ghosts, either."

Mag was thoughtful. It seemed like he had to go back to find and read up on information about the Ghost Clan. He knew too little about them.

The ground suddenly stopped vibrating, and a broken face appeared above that stone pillar. It exchanged a few words with Merante in a strange tone, and it quickly disappeared.

Merante sighed, and then slowly got up. In a grave voice, he said, "Their bodies were burned, and their souls were snatched and devoured. Only a bit of residual souls was left. I can't get much information from them. That guy was in black robes, and his power was above the 9th-tier. He might have already reached the 10th-tier."

“If there are enough residual souls and resentment, you are able to extract more information, right?” Mag asked.

“Yes. The corpses can speak because the souls won’t disappear immediately, and the resentment can last even longer. The more complete the soul is, the more information we can extract.” Merante nodded.

“Let me bring you guys to a place.” Mag leaped onto the griffin’s back again, and brought Merante and Noah away.

Very soon, the griffin landed at ruins 160 km away.

Just like the previous tribe, this place had also been processed. The tall grave mound looked lonely. The occasional calls of the crows made it feel even more desolate.

This was the tribe that Mag had come by yesterday.

“The resentment is very heavy. It actually wasn’t devoured completely,” Merante said with surprise as soon as they landed.

“I came here yesterday. He should have left in a hurry when he sensed my presence, so he didn’t absorb all the resentment in time,” Mag said.

“Oh, I see. This will be easy, then.” Merante nodded. He didn’t waste time talking, and immediately sat down in front of that grave mound, and began to do his spell.

Looking at the whiffs of green resentment emerging from the mass grave, apart from feeling a little spooky, Merante reminded Mag of a Taoist priest performing an exorcism when Mag looked at his back.

This Ghost Clan was rather different from what he had imagined. They actually didn’t get their name from having ghostly abilities or having weird looks, but rather from having the ability to communicate with ghosts and spirits.

10-odd minutes later, Merante chanted an unintelligible and obscure spell after talking to those spirits, and those lingering whiffs of resentment slowly dissipated. The surroundings were clear again.

Merante got up, and said to Mag, “They said it was a young man who was devouring the resentment. They couldn’t see his face, but he had a terrifying presence on him. His power was 9th-tier. He hadn’t broken through to the 10th-tier yet. He appeared soon after the tribe was massacred, but somehow he left in a hurry.”

Mag nodded slightly, and said, “Seems like we are basically sure that it was Josh who did this. Chaos City is investigating the ministry of defense right now. He should have gone over Andre to start this war so that he could absorb the resentment of those innocent people who were massacred..”

Chapter 1982: My Wife, Kids, And A Warm Bed

Mag’s voice was cold, and his heart was cold too.

For his own selfish desire, Josh killed tens of thousands of people just to get more powerful. Such behavior was already no different from the devil’s.

Merante said to Mag, "We have to find him as soon as possible. Given his current power, he could easily annihilate a town without any powerhouses guarding it. The more he kills, the stronger he will be."

"It isn't just killing people. I'm afraid his motive is to trigger a new racial war. The devil and he won't be satisfied with just one or two villages," Mag said gravely.

"Do you know him very well?"

"I indeed know the enemy pretty well." Mag laughed self-deprecatingly. It was he who chose not to kill Josh, because he thought he knew Josh well. That was what caused the massacres today.

"Then where can we find him?" Merante asked.

"Let's comb through the Twilight Forest first. If he isn't here, then let's look around the Roth Empire's borders' area." After some pondering, Mag said, "Andre won't be starting a war in a hurry without straightening out the military first. He's someone who needs to have total control over the situation. But Josh won't be waiting. He will definitely create new troubles, and it is completely reasonable for the orcs to attack the Roth Empire in retaliation."

"Alright. We'll search for him according to your deduction." Merante nodded without any doubts about Mag's deduction.

Awesome. I didn't expect Alex to be such a strategist apart from being powerful. He's so admirable. Noah looked at Mag with adoration.

All of them boarded the griffin again. Mag let Ah Zi comb the Twilight Forest.

The detection range of 800 km made the originally difficult to achieve carpet search doable.

However, the Twilight Forest was very vast. It still took two hours to search it even with Ah Zi's speed.

"He only stopped briefly at a few suspicious locations. Judging from the traces of the evil aura, he has most likely entered into the Roth Empire's territory. He could also have gone to the remote north, which is off the beaten track," Merante said while the griffin hovered over the edge of the Twilight Forest.

"Let's go check out the border." Mag nodded. He rode the griffin into the Roth Empire's borders, and began patrolling along it.

The evil aura became much weaker after it entered the Roth Empire. It was scattered irregularly without any order before disappearing mysteriously and completely.

Merante's expression was a little complex. He said in a low voice, "He should have found a way to conceal the evil aura. I'm afraid it's no longer feasible to find him by tracking the evil aura. We can only continue to scan the area. As long as he appears within the septaria oracle's detection range, we can lock onto him."

Mag saw the sky slowly turning bright at the horizon. They still couldn't find Josh after searching for the whole night. This fellow's anti-detection ability was giving them a headache.

"I should be going back now. I'll leave this to you guys. Let's keep in contact at all times. If you find him, don't react in a rush. Contact me first, and I'll rush over as soon as possible," Mag said to the two of them.

"Yes. You must have very important matters to do. Please go ahead." Noah nodded with an understanding expression.

"It's nothing important. It's just that my wife, kids, and a warm bed are waiting for me at home. I can go back to sleep in for a while," Mag replied calmly.

"I..." Noah opened his mouth, and revealed a bitter smile. *Listen to that. Is he for real?*

"I'm going." Mag patted Ah Zi's back, and Ah Zi took off and flew towards Chaos City, while Mag closed his eyes for a rest.

"Grandpa, what do we do now?" Noah asked despondently. Only the two of them were left in the quiet mountains now.

"I saw a military camp over there earlier. Go get us a steel eagle, and we will continue the search. Now that we have a direction, and the detection range is greatly expanded, this is a rare opportunity for us." Merante looked excited. He didn't look tired even after not sleeping for the night.

"Alright. It's time for me, the bait, to start working." Noah turned around, and dashed towards the military camp. He was floating and drifting just like a ghost.

It was already 5.30 am when Mag arrived home. He went upstairs to take a bath and meditate for 15 minutes before getting up to prepare breakfast and the breakfast service as usual.

As a man who had stepped into the demigod realm, he wasn't tired even when he didn't rest for the whole night.

However, it was indeed a tad disappointing that he still couldn't find Josh when he had brought a giant live detector along with him.

"You didn't find him?" Irina came downstairs, and watched Mag, who was cooking the porridge in a daze, as she leaned against the door frame.

"He wasn't in the Twilight Forest, nor was he at the borders of the Roth Empire. I'm a little curious where this fellow is hiding." Mag stirred the porridge in the pot slowly.

"Andre has returned to the Roth Empire. It's not likely that Josh can go over Andre and start a war again. Unless he became the king of the Roth Empire." Irina smiled. "That is what he has always wanted."

"After absorbing all the resentment and blood essence, his power is above the 9th-tier, but he hasn't reached the 10th-tier yet. It's impossible for him to kill Andre and Sean, and suppress all to become the king of the Roth Empire." Mag shook his head. "Even I will have a hard time killing Andre when he is in the Rodu palace."

“But he is Josh, one of Andre’s favorite sons and the second prince who is very likely to become the next king of the Roth Empire. Moreover, he has sold his soul to the devil. The fact that he has gone over Andre to mobilize the army to invade the orcs and elves at the same time has already proven that we can’t use logic to judge his ability.” Irina looked very serious.

Mag turned quiet after hearing that as he considered Irina’s words seriously. The power that the Great Old Ones bestowed on Josh was unknown yet, and his identity was indeed very special.

“However, it isn’t really a bad thing if Andre dies. This sly old fox is bad, and he is even harder to deal with than Josh and Sean. On top of that, he is very ambitious.” Irina smiled. “Furthermore, as long as Josh ascended the throne, he would be in the open, and it would be much easier for us to look for and kill him.”

Mag nodded. “Perhaps I should find some time to go to Rodu. He will only become more and more powerful as this drags out. It will be too late when he is completely taken over by the Great Old One.”

“I will go with you, then. Only the Holy Light can purify the evil aura. I will send him to heaven personally.” Irina’s voice was cold.

“Oh, yes, do you know about the Ghost Clan? The two guys yesterday were from the Ghost Clan,” Mag said.

“The Ghost Clan? I think I have read some records about them in the library many years ago.. Didn’t this demon tribe go extinct a few hundred years ago in the racial war?”

Chapter 1983: Unfilial Son, Burden!

“Your Majesty, this is the statement by the officials in the military. Judging from the statement, it seems that the second prince used hypnotic magic on them to put them under control. That was how the northwestern allied forces were deployed under your name to start the war against the orcs and elves,” a courtier said respectfully after walking into the Royal Study with a thick stack of papers.

Andre flipped through the report on top, and smacked the table hard as he raged, “A bunch of useless fools!”

That courtier shuddered, and lowered his head even more.

“Keep those from the military locked up. Don’t release any of them, and none of this news should be leaked.” Andre regained his composure very quickly. He said in a deep voice, “Get all the magic casters Josh met in Magus Tower that day under control, and tell Richard to come to me.”

“Yes.” That official left quickly.

“Very well. After so many years, you’re finally coming up with something different. I do want to see what exactly you want to do.” The door to the Royal Study closed slowly, and Andre sneered.

He was the one who caused his two sons to vie for the throne. The road to the throne had always been filled with blood and thorns. This could increase a person’s strategic thinking and courage, therefore grooming a powerful, cold-blooded king.

That was how he got the throne back then. Therefore, he was giving Josh a chance, and also presenting Sean with a threat.

All these years, Sean had been managing the military, and had contributed a lot at the northwestern frontline. Therefore, he had gained support and respect from the army.

Meanwhile, Josh had become the disciple of the president of the Magus Tower, and had been shining brightly in that aspect, earning support from the courtiers.

However, despite the two being rather on par with each other, Andre did not think that it was enough. It was a far cry from how he defeated his older brothers one by one on his route to the throne as the sixth prince.

But Alex's assassination and Sean's arm being chopped off as well as Josh's plan did shock Andre.

Back then, Alex was overpowering him, and was rather close with Sean. Therefore, Andre was a little worried about Alex. This was why he did not stop Josh, and even secretly helped him remove some obstacles.

What he did not expect was that Sean actually became Josh's accomplice in that operation, and that was how the assassination on that rainy night happened.

This caused Andre to abandon his suspicion of Sean, and also discount Sean's bravery and strategic planning inwardly.

If, on that rainy night, Sean had saved Alex at all costs, he would probably have been the one sitting here now.

Josh did not kill Alex in the end. Instead, he maimed him, and allowed him to leave. This caused the situation they were facing today as father and sons against this strong enemy. It was also an utterly foolish move.

However, even if Alex was very powerful, he was not undefeatable.

As long as Josh stayed in the palace, Alex would not dare to barge in to kill. His death threat was not a checkmate to Josh.

But at this moment, Josh actually made use of the chance while Andre and Sean were in Chaos City for the peace meeting to wage a war on the orcs and elves, with the order to slaughter all of them at that. What was his reason for that?

Andre could not understand despite thinking about it for a day and a night.

Catching the orcs off guard was successfully grabbing the opportunity. If Josh had deployed the troops from the other military zones beforehand and come up with a better plan, they might really have been able to take down the entire Twilight Forest with this sudden attack.

But what was the reason for attacking the Wind Forest?

The elves were one of the Roth Empire's few allies, and they were the only ones with a good relationship with the Roth Empire for thousands of years.

But the attack on the City of Life this time had completely ruined this relationship, pushing the elves to the side of the Peace Alliance.

Be it war or negotiations, Josh had already thrown his best card out too early.

“Unfilial son, burden!” Andre let out a heavy sigh.

“Scoundrel! Scoundrel! Scoundrel!” Auster smashed a table after hearing the report on the number of deaths and casualties of the orcs.

Most of the tribes at the border were tribes standing with the Aug Tribe for war. They had had various exchanges with the Roth Empire for years, and had maintained their fighting ability.

However, with the Roth Empire’s invasion this time, tens of orc tribes were massacred, and that caused the number standing for war to decrease significantly. Even the Aug Tribe almost fell.

“We did not have powerhouses to guard the place, so we were unable to resist their cavalry...” an injured orc chief said softly.

“Shut up!” Auster glanced at him coldly.

The orcs in the tent all pulled a long face, hesitating to speak as they looked at Auster.

Auster was afraid of Alex. That was why he’d brought all the 10th-tier powerhouses and even some of the 9th-tier powerhouses with him to the peace meeting as his guards.

This caused the orc tribes to have insufficient powerhouses to fight off the Roth Empire northwestern allied forces’ invasion, and there was even no one to facilitate a fight, causing all tribes to be on their own, which resulted in their fall.

“Why don’t we join the Peace Alliance too? The Roth Empire is too strong, and we have suffered really heavy losses. We are no longer able to fight against them.” One of the chiefs broke the silence.

“I agree too. The orcs are currently split into two groups. The pro-peace group is stronger than us now. We might not be able to defeat the dwarves and goblins. What do we have to fight with the Roth Empire?” another chief quickly chimed in.

“I refuse! The Roth Empire has killed so many of our people, and massacred so many of our tribes. If we were to join the Peace Alliance, are we not taking revenge for them anymore? I won’t be able to take such humiliation lying down even if you can!”

“Exactly. We can also form a group of powerhouses to launch a sudden attack on the Roth Empire, and massacre tens of their towns to take revenge for our people!”

Voices of objection sounded.

The pro-war and pro-peace were quickly engaged in a fervent debate. Some even pulled out their weapons, as though they were going to fight it out if they did not have their way.

Auster knew he had a part to play in this, and his face darkened as he watched the chiefs slowly go out of control.

In the Falk Tribe, there were tens of horse-drawn carriages carrying different things parked at the central square.

“Bring these items to the Uto Tribe immediately. They have suffered great losses from this battle. I will get three healing magic casters to go along with some medicine,” Connie told the leading orc as they stood before one of the horse-drawn carriages.

“Yes, Chief. I will definitely ensure that the resources are sent over safely,” that orc said respectfully.

“Also, this batch of resources is for the Kila Tribe. Their settlement has been damaged, and requires rebuilding,” Connie said as she pointed at two horse-drawn carriages at the side.

“Chief, the Kila Tribe is a pro-war tribe, right? Why are we helping them?” The orc looked at Connie with bewilderment.

“When war comes, the enemy will only attack any orc tribe they can attack. They will not distinguish between a pro-war tribe or pro-peace tribe.” Connie looked at that orc with a shake of her head, and said, “No matter where we stand, we are firstly all orcs from the same race.”

That orc fell deep in thought before nodding in agreement..

Chapter 1984: Conquer Them

Very quickly, Connie had settled all the resources in the square, and watched the teams send them off to the various attacked tribes.

“The chief might be young, but she is a very logical thinker, and is very amiable, just like the old chief.”

“Yes. We of the Falk Tribe should count ourselves lucky that we did not fall into the hands of the devil, and even got ourselves such a capable chief.”

“The pro-war group has really suffered heavy losses because of Auster, that coward. I wonder if they will continue following that fellow.”

Some orcs were chatting softly amongst themselves. They were full of praises for Connie.

Connie walked past calmly, but her upturned lips revealed what she was currently feeling.

“Master, did I do a good job? I hear many people praising me discreetly,” Crease asked Rex excitedly after boarding the horse-drawn carriage parked nearby.

Rex nodded expressionlessly. “Mm-hmm. Not bad.”

“Hey~~ There isn’t even a hint of sincerity in that praise.” Connie pouted, but was still very happy.

“We need to go to the Hulk Tribe now,” Rex told Connie.

“Aren’t they Auster’s followers?”

“Their chief wants to join the pro-peace group, but there are differences internally.”

“Are we going to persuade them?” Connie asked.

Rex said calmly, “No. We are going there to solve their conflict.”

“Alright. This is very much like what the hairless powerhouse would do.” Connie gave Rex a thumbs-up.

The horse-drawn carriage moved out of the Falk Tribe, and very quickly disappeared into the night.

“This war happened because of the Roth Empire’s sudden attack and Auster’s foolish deployment. The pro-war group has suffered heavy losses, and people have started losing respect for Auster. There were many tribes thinking of leaving the pro-war group and joining us in the pro-peace group. We must take this opportunity to bring them over to the pro-peace group, which will allow the pro-peace group to represent the voices of more orcs,” Rex said.

“Mm-hm, mm-hm.” Connie nodded. “In that case, what should we do?”

“You’ll conquer them with your principles, and I will conquer them with my brawn,” Rex said seriously.

“Alright.” Connie nodded seriously.

The Wind Forest.

“High Priestess, the Quant Family’s and Basat Family’s leaders would like to see you. They have something to report to you.” An elf entered the Starry Cave, and reported to High Priest Helena, who was sitting on the elevated platform with her back facing the cave entrance.

“Arrest all of them, and hold a public execution in Life Square tomorrow. They can say anything they want to all the elves there,” Helena said coldly.

“Yes.” That elf shuddered, and left the cave quickly.

“High Priestess...”

“High Priestess, spare us...”

Very quickly, there were two voices shouting from outside the cave. The shrills and cries faded away quickly.

“High Priestess. More and more families in the City of Life have announced that they would be burning the slave contract and returning their slaves’ freedom to them. The situation has gone out of control.

“There are also many elves marching in the streets despite the obstructions imposed, saying that they want to abolish slavery completely so that all elves will be equal. Many of these elves are the nobles and highly regarded elves.”

Soon, Elliot rushed into the Starry Cave as he reported urgently to Helena.

Helena, who had her back facing the cave, finally got up and looked down at Elliot.

Elliot quickly said, "High Priestess, we should quickly deploy guards to arrest all of them. If things got even bigger, it would be difficult to clean up the mess. The foundation of the entire Wind Forest would be challenged. These people are so foolish."

"If everyone had been so clear-headed like you, the Wind Forest and the City of Life would probably have ended up with the Roth Empire," Helena mocked.

Elliot's face changed immediately. He felt his legs go jelly, and he dropped to his knees, shivering as he said, "High Priestess. I am absolutely loyal to the elves. I only suggested that because I was worried that the elves would be wiped out. I am really thinking for the elves wholeheartedly."

"I think you're just afraid to die. If your land had been in the north, the first thing you would've done would probably have been to run away just like those fools, or invite the Roth Empire's cavalry into the forest, right?" Helena smiled mockingly.

"H-how is that possible? I would've done my best to protect the forest, and would've never taken a step back." Elliot's forehead was filled with perspiration, and he lowered his head, afraid to look at Helena.

Helena watched the kneeling Elliot for a very long time.

Elliot's head hung lower and lower until it was buried in the ground. His body was shaking.

"Heh."

A scoff filled the cave.

"From today onwards, you will be stripped of all your duties and status. Return to your castle and lead your lonely life." Helena looked at Elliot and scoffed. "This is the lightest punishment I'm giving you on account of Sally. You should be glad you gave birth to a good daughter."

"Y-yes, High Priestess." Elliot felt as though all the energy in his body was sucked out. He clambered up, and staggered out of the Starry Cave.

"Here." Helena's voice rang from inside the cave.

Very quickly, an elf entered the cave.

"Disseminate my orders. Do not hinder the marching elves. I want to see if their choice this time is right," Helena said calmly.

"Yes." The elf left quickly.

"Helena actually did not deploy troops to arrest the marching elves. What does she have up her sleeves again this time?" Snarr stood at the window on the second floor of a two-story building. He watched as more elves joined the march, and observed the sparse dots that were the guards around the march as he frowned.

The Roth Empire's invasion had impacted the Wind Forest greatly.

The elves found out that the landlords, who had led a life of luxury, chose to flee or surrender the moment they faced the invaders, and it was the oppressed lower-tier elves who stood out bravely to protect the City of Life and the Wind Forest in the end, just like how they had a century ago.

The elves had a very long lifespan, so many of the elves who had taken part in the racial war were still living in the City of Life. When their memories of the war were awakened, and they saw that the brothers and friends who used to fight side by side with them were actually reduced to lowly slaves, they were so ashamed they could no longer enjoy everything they had in silence.

Therefore, there were noble elves burning slave contracts, and marching for peace and freedom.

This was a good thing to the Night Elves as well.

However, what Snarr found strange was that there was no action taken by the elven troops.. Helena, who always thought that freedom was a curse, actually silently allowed all this to happen publicly in the City of Life?

Chapter 1985: Amy's Request

In the office of the chief editor of Perfect Food, Garlan seriously said to the main staff of the editing department, "Although the current situation is tumultuous, it isn't a valid reason for us to delay the update. Add in Boss Mag's tutorial of the eggplant with garlic sauce after his interview script. Put it as the biggest headline on the cover. I want to see the sample issue today, and we will release the new issue as usual three days later. Tell the publisher to get ready to print additional copies."

"But Boss Mag said he hoped to release these two articles in two separate issues," Mylo spoke up.

Another supervisor in charge of typesetting said, "Besides, we have to do a lot of work if we add it at the last minute. It'll be very difficult to get the sample issue out by today."

"In the current situation, no one knows if tomorrow or an accident is to come first. If this is going to be Perfect Food's last issue, I hope it can leave a mark in the magazine's history." Garlan's gaze swept over everyone present. "I know every one of you loves this industry. As someone who loves Perfect Food, anything is possible, right?"

The eyes of all of them lit up, and they nodded before they got up, and threw themselves into work.

After everyone left, Mylo, who was still left, asked Garlan suspiciously in a soft voice, "Is that really so?"

Garlan closed the door, sat behind his desk, and softly sighed. "It's nonsense. The big boss wants to make a last killing because he's worried about the situation, so I push forward Boss Mag's article."

Mylo chuckled when he heard that. "Anyway, the truth isn't too far off. If this is the last issue, missing Boss Mag's tutorial of the eggplant with garlic sauce will definitely be my greatest regret."

"Yes. Boss Mag not only cooks well, he's also excellent at writing cooking tutorials. I even wonder if he has written food reviews before? Did he have another identity?" Garlan concurred.

At first, he even wanted Mag to narrate and Mylo to write it down before writing it into a script.

Then, Mag said he wanted to write it himself. However, he was also ready for Mylo to edit it.

In the end, they were both amazed when they received Boss Mag's script. The words flowed naturally, and the language was simple and lively. He made a recipe into an extremely beautiful essay. He had combined education and entertainment, which impressed Mylo.

If he hadn't witnessed Boss Mag's culinary skills and Mamy Restaurant's booming business, Garlan would have had the urge to ask Mamy Restaurant to become a professional food reviewer. It was a pity to waste that talent.

"Is the situation really going to deteriorate?" Mylo asked softly again. The people in Rodu felt a little uneasy too. After experiencing a long period of peace, although the Roth Empire was very powerful now, people were still afraid whenever war was mentioned.

Garlan sighed and shook his head. "What do we normal people know? However, I've heard that dozens of orc tribes were massacred by us. This is most likely not going to end well. Let's pray for ourselves."

Mag received a letter from the Perfect Food's editorial department, which notified him that they had published his eggplant with garlic sauce in advance.

Mag didn't have any opinions about that. Just as Garlan and his team had judged, the current situation was tumultuous. Nobody knew what could happen tomorrow. Whether it was for monetary benefits, or for the magazine's people's ideals, Mag could accept the early publishing of the tutorial.

Furthermore, he also hoped that the eggplant with garlic sauce's tutorial would bring him more religious points. After reaching the peak on the path of a knight, he could only attempt it on the path of a chef by spreading good food now.

A tumultuous situation was unfavorable to spreading good food. Who would care about good food when they could die at any time. The most important thing was to stay alive.

I still have to work harder to maintain the world's peace. Mag could hear the customers' worried conversations even when he was frying dishes in the kitchen.

Although Chaos City was a neutral city, once the racial war broke out, no party could remain absolutely neutral and stay out of the war completely.

"Father, when can we go out to play? Like the time we went to the island. I like the feeling of dressing up as another person." After the lunch service was over, Amy went over to Mag, who had just taken off his chef's suit and sat down, and looked at him expectantly.

"Does Little Amy want to go on a long vacation?" Mag looked at Amy smilingly.

"Mm-hmm. I do." Amy nodded her little head.

"Alright. Father will sort out our schedule, and see when I can bring you and Annie out for a holiday, or set up a small restaurant in another place for a short while." Mag nodded with a smile. The little one rarely had a school break. He should indeed bring her out to play.

Amy touched her forefingers together, and hesitantly said, "There's one more thing I wonder if Father will agree..."

"What is it, Little Amy?" Mag asked softly.

Amy looked up at Mag, and whispered, "I haven't seen my friends for a long time. Jessica said that Teacher Luna had prepared a lot of delicious food for them, and they also had a place to stay now. I would like to visit them. Can you make some scrumptious food for them, please?"

Mag looked at the gleam glittering in the little one's eyes, and couldn't help feeling touched.

Even though the little one had been busy with magical cultivation and the restaurant's matters recently, she was still the little cutie who cared for her friends.

"Of course. Father will go with you. I will take the kitchenware along and barbecue for the children." Mag nodded smilingly.

"Fantastic! I love you, Father." Amy jumped up happily, hugged Mag, and kissed him on his cheeks.

"Then I will go and prepare for it. You and Annie go and play first." Mag patted Amy's head smilingly before getting up to go to the kitchen.

Half an hour later, Mag carried two grills, one ice cream machine, and a food crate full of ingredients, and went out with Amy and Annie.

Amy told Annie about the time that she wandered on the streets along the way. However, the sad experience sounded fun and adventurous when Amy said it, as if all the dangers and difficulties were simply small issues not even as important as a pancake.

Annie listened quietly. She would sometimes smile, frown, or pat Amy's with sympathy. Although she still couldn't speak, she could already fully understand the common tongue.

The horse-drawn carriage stopped, and the coachman said, "We've arrived."

Mag flipped the carriage's covers, and walked out. Looking at the brand-new green house and walls that were covered in drawings, a smile appeared on Mag's face.

This orphanage looked just like a kindergarten. The bright but not glaring colors, architecture, and those childish wall murals gave people the sense of thriving vitality.

It was obvious that Luna had indeed put in a lot of effort into giving the children a new home.

Chapter 1986: Are We Allowed To Do So?

The orphanage was built for the children wandering on the streets by Luna's foundation in the north of the city. It was a huge two-story building for over 500 children. The walls encircled a big 500 square meters yard, and there were play facilities built in the yard. 10-odd staff members were in charge of the children's daily life.

Luna had told Mag about this before. Resolving the problem of the children's survival was the most important thing that came before letting the children attend school.

Meanwhile, the foundation also provided certain help to those children whose parents were still around. The city lord's castle provided them with cheap rental housing that was vacant, and let them stay almost free of charge. The city lord's castle was also solving the adults' employment issues enthusiastically, so they could at least survive.

"Thank you." Mag gave the coachman who helped him offload the kitchenware two silver coins. The extra silver coin was the tip.

"Thank you." The coachman kept the silver coins with surprise, and quickly expressed his gratitude. He couldn't even earn that much money in a day usually, so he helped to carry things into the orphanage before leaving.

"Amy, you are here!" A small figure ran over. It was Jessica.

"Mm-hmm. I brought Father along to make a nice barbecue for all of us." Amy nodded.

"Hello, Uncle Mag," Jessica greeted Mag.

"Did my little friend Jessica and Amy arrange to play here today?" Mag said with a smile.

Jessica nodded. "Yes. I haven't seen my buddies for quite some time too."

"Big Sister Annie." Jessica went forward to hug Annie. After playing together for a whole day, they had already become good friends.

All the children who were playing in the yard stopped, and looked at Mag and the rest standing at the door timidly. Their eyes held surprise and envy when they saw Amy and Annie.

"Is it Amy? I haven't seen her for a long time."

"Yes. Her little dress is so pretty, and she looks prettier too."

"I remember that uncle. He's Amy's dad. He brought us very delicious food previously."

"Is he bringing delicious food for us again?"

The children chatted softly among themselves. Their gazes landed on the shiny metal grills and the big crate at the side. Many children who had eaten Mag's braised chicken before already couldn't help salivating.

Mag saw two staff members walking towards them, and smilingly said, "Little Amy, go and play with children first. I'll go talk to the staff."

"Alrighty." Amy nodded obediently, held Annie's hand, and walked towards the children.

"Hello, may I ask who you are?" a staff member who came up asked Mag warily, sizing up the grills and the big crate next to him.

"Hello. I am Mamy Restaurant's boss, Mag. I hope to cook some food for the children today," Mag replied with a smile.

“Our children are provided with three meals a day, and they already had their lunch. Thank you for your kindness, but this is against the orphanage’s rules. Please return.” The middle-aged female staff member rejected Mag firmly, leaving no room for negotiation.

Mag wasn’t annoyed when he heard that. This meant that the orphanage’s rules and regulations were firmly enforced, and the staff members were very conscientious.

“Mamy Restaurant? The Mamy Restaurant on Aden Square?” The young staff member looked at Mag with shock.

“Yes.” Mag nodded.

The young staff member whispered in the middle-aged staff member’s ear before smilingly saying to Mag, “Please wait a moment. I’ll get the director over. We can’t decide on this matter.”

“Alright.” Mag nodded, and watched that young staff member strode away.

The middle-aged staff member looked at Amy and Annie, who were playing together with the children, with a smile on her face. She turned to say to Mag, “Are they your children?”

“Yes. Both of them.” Mag smilingly nodded.

“What kind children,” the staff member praised sincerely.

Judging from Mag and the two children’s clothing and temperament, it was obvious that they were wealthy people. Although there were often kind-hearted people visiting the children recently, those rich people’s children had an obvious difference and a barrier with the orphanage’s children. It was difficult for them to play together.

Mag watched Amy playing with the children with a smile. Who could have thought that she was once one of them. He would never let that happen again.

Right then, a lean middle-aged man strode over to Mag, and excitedly said, “Hello, Mr. Mag. I am the orphanage’s director, Aneurin. Teacher Luna always mentions you to me.”

Mag looked at Aneurin with a smile. “Hello, Director. I brought my children here today to make some snacks and play with the children. I wonder if we are allowed to do so?”

Aneurin nodded with a smile. “Of course. You are the foundation’s important investor. You have contributed greatly to the cause that allows the children to live here, and the children would definitely love to try the culinary skills of Chaos City’s top chef.”

“You are too kind. I just did a little something within my abilities.” Mag quickly shook his head. It seemed that Luna had been praising him to people outside.

That middle-aged staff member looked at Mag differently after she heard Aneurin’s words.

Aneurin went to the center of the yard, and loudly laughingly said, “Children, this is Mr. Mag. He’s a very formidable chef, and he’s going to cook for us. Are you guys happy?”

“Really?!”

“Happy!”

“I’ve eaten this uncle’s food before. It’s super delicious!”

The children immediately nodded happily. Some of them, who had eaten Mag’s dishes before, were even more excited.

“You guys play first. I will call all of you over when it’s done,” Mag said as he opened up the two grills and set up the ice cream machine, also smiling.

The middle-aged staff member brought a few female staff members over, and said to Mag, “Let us help too. Feel free to tell us what you need.”

“The ingredients are already prepared in advance, but I will need help to distribute the food later,” Mag said.

“Alright.” The staff members retracted their hands that reached for the ingredients.

Mag lit the charcoal up for the grills. Considering the fact that the children had just eaten not long ago, he took 30 minutes to light up the fire before opening the ingredient’s crate. He took out two sets of mutton kebabs and beef kebabs, and began to grill them skillfully.

Over 100 kebabs filled his hands. Mag flipped them up and down and scattered out, creating amazing curves over the grill with sparks flying around.

“Wow!”

“That’s so awesome!”

The children and staff members watched him in a daze. Such superb skills were just like a dazzling performance.

The beef kebabs and the mutton kebabs began to sizzle as they were grilled, and their aroma began to spread. After brushing on the sauce, everyone present made a gulping sound..

Chapter 1987: Blissful Kebabs

The kebabs’ aroma spread out in the cold, wintery yard. The rich meaty aroma together with the spices’ fragrance was irresistible.

Gulping sounds could be heard all around. The children stopped playing, and gathered around to watch the sizzling kebabs in Mag’s hands. They couldn’t help swallowing their saliva.

“This is simply too aromatic!”

“Why is the meat’s aroma so enticing? It’s different from the meat I had before!”

“Although I had three bowls of rice at lunch, I feel that I can eat again.”

The children were completely lost in the kebabs’ aroma.

Aneurin wiped the saliva away from the corner of his mouth, and softly lamented, "He's indeed the legendary Boss Mag. Just the aroma alone is irresistible."

The staff members' and children's expressions were no better. A few maidens already had little stars sparkling in their eyes.

This young and handsome boss had amazing culinary skills. He was simply too outstanding!

Amy stood at the side with a smile, and whispered, "I know everyone will like it."

"Nobody can resist the delicious food made by Uncle Mag." Jessica nodded in agreement.

Mag walked between the two grills. Both sets of mutton kebabs and beef kebabs were completed at the same time, and were placed on two long metal plates.

"Please give them to the children. Each child will have one beef kebab and one mutton kebab," Mag said to the staff members standing at the side with a smile.

"Alright." That middle-aged lady nodded, and yelled, "Children, line up like the meal times. Come and get the kebabs one by one."

The children, who were squeezing together initially, instantly formed six lines, and the staff members began to hand out the kebabs to the children.

Mag continued to grill the kebabs for the children. Leaving the distribution to the staff members allowed him to focus on cooking the food.

"Mmm... This beef kebab is so delicious! This is my first time eating beef... so yummy..."

"Ah... I bit my tongue. It's simply too delicious!"

"The sheep are so cute. They taste even better when they are grilled!"

"I'm going to cry... This is too delicious."

The children had already lost themselves to the kebabs. The orphanage made sure that they had three full meals a day. They were often given meat, which they hadn't dared to dream about in the past.

However, the children had never eaten such delicious food before. The scrumptious kebabs had subverted all their imagination regarding good food. They had never had such delicious food before, not even in their dreams.

Innocent smiles blossomed on the children's faces. That was the blissfulness that was rarely seen on their faces.

At least they are happy at this moment, Aneurin lamented inwardly. As the person in charge of this orphanage, he knew a little about each child.

Miserable backgrounds and the experience of wandering on the streets made these children more timid and self-conscious. They acted tough, and were guarded against the world like a porcupine. They wouldn't show their gentleness and emotions to the world.

Mag's grilling speed became faster and faster, keeping up perfectly with the staff members' distribution speed.

Very soon, all the 500-odd children received the freshly grilled beef kebabs and mutton kebabs.

The kebab's pieces of meat were quite substantial. Even though there were only two kebabs for each child, they were enough for the children. Although the children would like to have more, they still had a sated smile.

Mag gave the last kebabs to the staff members as a gesture of appreciation for their help.

After declining a few times, the staff members accepted Mag's good will.

After giving out kebabs after kebabs, and hearing the children's praises, they were already salivating. However, when they really tucked into the freshly grilled kebabs, all their thoughts were satisfied.

The fat parts of the beef looked like small crystals. The sauce was well distributed. The surface of each piece was covered with grease. It looked very tempting.

As soon as the beef entered their mouth, its slightly charred surface melted over their palate along with the garlic-flavored sauce. The garlic usually tasted sharp and overwhelming, but the flavor of this garlic sauce was very mellow and delicious.

As they carefully chewed into the meat, it immediately fell apart in their mouth, releasing even more potent flavors of beef and garlic. They felt as if their taste buds were rejoicing from the extraordinary flavor, and they simply were unable to stop eating!

"Th-this is simply criminal... It's too delicious!" Aneurin took a deep breath through his nose. His emotions were a little out of control.

"Mr. Mag?" Right then, a slightly surprised voice appeared from behind Mag.

Mag turned around, and saw Luna and Vivian walking in at the door. He smilingly greeted, "Teacher Luna, Miss Vivian."

Amy jogged over, looked up at Luna, and called out to her, "Teacher Luna!"

"Little Amy." Luna rubbed Amy's head smilingly as she looked at the unfinished kebabs in the children's hands and the two grills in front of Mag before saying to Mag, "Seems like you are making delicious kebabs for the children."

Vivian peeped into the empty food crate, and lamented, "Tsk, tsk. It's a pity that we came too late. We didn't even get to eat one."

"Teacher Luna, the kebabs made by this uncle are super delicious."

"Yes, yes. It's really very delicious!"

The children smiled when they saw Luna, and they didn't forget to heap praises on Mag.

“Amy said she wanted to see her friends, so I brought her over, and made some kebabs for the children as well.” Mag nodded while making an ice cream from the ice cream machine at the side, and passed it to Vivian. “The kebabs are just finished, but we still have ice cream.”

“Thank you, Boss Mag!” Vivian was as happy as a child. She took the ice cream from Mag, and licked it with an increasingly bright smile.

Meanwhile, the children’s gaze landed on Vivian’s ice cream. They began to feel curious about the thing that this pretty big sister was licking so happily.

“It’s been a long time since the children were so happy. Mr. Mag’s culinary skills are really amazing.” Aneurin walked over, and looked at Mag with admiration.

“You’re being too kind.” Mag felt that Aneurin’s gaze was a little gayish, and he instinctively moved closer towards Luna before continuing, “I didn’t prepare too many kebabs, but I still have ice cream for the children. Since we are all here, let’s distribute the ice cream to the children first.”

“Alright. Let us help too.” Luna nodded.

Mag turned on the ice cream machine, which had four choices, and began distributing the ice cream to the children.

Chapter 1988: I Have To Work Overtime Tonight

Vivian stood next to Luna as she watched Mag clear the barbecue rack, and softly said, “Boss Mag is a good man hard to come by. Are you sure you are not going to try harder and take him down?”

“Hush. Don’t talk nonsense!” Luna blushed and glared at Vivian.

“See how loving he is. Furthermore, he supports your work so much, and is so nice to children. He also isn’t clingy like those young men. He fits your mate’s requirements perfectly.” Vivian refused to give up.

Luna looked at the children who were eating the ice cream happily. It was rare to see such innocent smiles on their faces, and all this was given to the children by Mr. Mag. Moreover, if it weren’t for Mr. Mag’s support, these children would’ve still been begging on the streets.

Luna walked to Mag, and softly said, “Mr. Mag, thank you.”

“I’m only doing some small things for the children.” Mag placed the things at the side, and shook his head at Luna with a smile. He paused, and then continued, “The recent situation is rather chaotic. Is Teacher Luna going to return to Rodu?”

Luna shook her head slightly. “No. I have to be present for many of the foundation’s affairs. It’s more useful for me to be in Chaos City than to be in Rodu.”

Although her parents had been sending many letters to get her to return to Rodu for the past few days, and even made her brother set off to get her back, she had already decided to stay.

She couldn’t dictate or decide if the war would happen. It might be safer to return to Rodu, but many foundation’s projects would be in limbo if she left.

The Hope School was in the midst of construction, and the recruitment of the teachers was in process too. The rate of recruitment became much faster after the re-employment of the experienced teachers as they were in charge of it.

At the same time, she still had to check with the city lord's castle regarding the situation of the school-going-age children. She had to let the children who couldn't get into Chaos School enroll in the Hope School.

She could only be a young mistress who had nothing to do in Rodu, but in Chaos City, she was the bearer of many children's hopes.

Mag nodded, and said, "If there is anything I can help, please tell me, and I will do all I can to help you."

A young mistress from the Roth Empire coming to Chaos City to provide education for the poor. She even chose to stay at such a turbulent time. Her spirit was admirable.

"Alright." Luna smiled. She didn't know why, but the words sounded very comforting and reliable coming from Mr. Mag.

Then, Luna and Mag chatted about the Hope School.

Mag could sense that Luna had put great energy and hope into the Hope School. Compared to the Chaos School trying to expand its recruitment by a few hundred students, the Hope School was the real solution to resolve the problem of schooling for the children from the lowest rung of society.

Vivian came over, and said to Mag, "Boss Mag, I am already a teacher at the Hope School. You can call me Teacher Vivian in the future."

"Congratulations, Teacher Vivian," Mag said with a smile. He knew Vivian had intended to go be a teacher at the Chaos School. He didn't expect her to end up at the Hope School.

"Thank you. I will go to eat grilled fish as a celebration tonight." Vivian had a smug smile. She had just received the admission notice from Luna. She had passed the experienced teachers' interview, which had nothing to do with Luna.

The children were having a lot of fun, so Mag wasn't in a hurry to get them home. However, it was a little boring for him to stay in this orphanage, so he took the opportunity to make a trip to the brewery in the north of the city.

He heard the machine's humming as soon as he entered the factory.

He naturally couldn't let Hannah run such a big brewery like her private workshop. He got 100 elves from the Night Elves, and put them in different positions in the brewery. The elves guarding the gates knew Mag, so they let him enter the brewery right away.

"We need to brew alcohol scientifically. It's already outdated to brew alcohol based on experience. Only by brewing according to the scientific methods can we ensure that every single step is standardized, and every bottle that leaves the brewery is equally excellent. This is the so-called quality control. I have already come up with three different formulae for three types of rum with different textures..." Mag heard Hannah's voice as soon as he reached the brewery's workshop.

Mag retracted his steps slowly, and listened at the door with a weird expression. He didn't expect Hannah to behave exactly like a brewery director after receiving a couple of books on business management from him.

Mag didn't want to disturb Hannah's work, so he decided to tour around the brewery.

The system provided this brewery's blueprint. It was built exactly according to a modern brewery's plan. Only its architectural facade used this world's popular style, and looked a little like a European winery.

"Boss, what are you doing here?" Soon, Mag heard Hannah's voice coming from behind. She quickly strode forward. "I heard they said you were here. Why didn't you come look for me right away?"

Mag turned around to face Hannah in her blue overalls, and smilingly said, "I didn't dare to interrupt when I heard Director Hannah teaching about scientific discoveries, so I decided to walk around by myself first."

Hannah chuckled embarrassedly. "Hehe, I have only memorized a few paragraphs from the books, but it seems like the effects are quite good. They are looking at me differently now."

Mag knew that Hannah had the talent to manage this brewery, so he then asked, "How are the machines running? When can we start mass production?"

"The machines are super useful. Their output is so stable. I figured them out within one day. They are much easier to use than my previous rubbish." Hannah didn't conceal her love for the new machinery. "I have already debugged a few of my and my grandpa's rum formulae. The quality produced by the machines is even better. Furthermore, the quality is guaranteed. The probability of having a bad batch of rum is extremely low.

"However, to play safe, I will continue to debug and test in these two days. As long as the quality of the rum produced today is stable, we can officially start mass-producing big batches of rum tomorrow."

"Alright, I will wait for your good news then." Mag nodded. He was very satisfied with Hannah's efficiency.

"Wait a sec, Boss." Hannah went into the cellar at the side, and came out with two bottles of rum.

Hannah passed the rum to Mag, and said, "I brewed them yesterday. Take them back and try them. I made them with base liquor, so it can be considered as three years old rum."

"Alright, I will bring it back and try it out." Mag accepted the rum. Words alone were no proof. He indeed wanted to check if the rum produced by Hannah with the machine still retained a high quality.

However, many customers were still pining after the rum. Mag was waiting to give the customers one more choice after Hannah began mass production.

Speaking of that, he still hadn't let his customers try his Maotai and whiskey yet.

I have to work overtime tonight, thought Mag.

Chapter 1989: You Are Pretty, So Don't Harbor Too Pretty Thoughts

“Lord Bishop, this is the address of the little girl that you are looking for. This restaurant at the northwestern corner of Aden Square is very popular. You can find it easily.” A young missionary looked at the bishop with white hair and white beard, and hesitantly said, “But this little girl’s identity is a little special. She is the disciple of the legendary magic casters Krassu and Urien.”

“I already know that.” Bishop Seely nodded. “I came under the orders of the pope. I don’t have to care about anyone, but this little girl is extremely important to the church. I won’t harm her.”

“Alright, I’ll bring you there tonight.” That young missionary heaved a breath of relief, and had a relaxed smile on his face. Taking a look at the time, he said, “Why don’t I bring you over now? We can have dinner at Mamy Restaurant.”

“That will do too.” Seely nodded.

As the archbishop of the church, Seely came to Chaos City from Rodu under the pope’s orders. It was to search for the holy maiden, and bring her back to the Holy See as soon as possible.

Of course, the pope had already told him about the holy maiden’s special identity. As Krassu and Urien’s disciple and the youngest champion of the Magic Caster Tournament, this holy maiden had already displayed an unimaginable powerful strength at the tender age of four. She also had a background that the Holy See had to be wary of.

Krassu and Urien were complete lunatics. The only difference between the two was that Krassu restrained himself a little because of his status at the Magus Tower, while Urien always did as he pleased. It was completely impossible to use the Holy See to subdue them.

However, the Holy Spirit had already given the instruction. Chaos was going to descend upon the world. The Holy See needed the holy maiden to rescue this world that was going to be turned upside down any time.

Pining our hopes on a four-year-old child, is the Holy Spirit right this time? Although it was a little disrespectful, Seely couldn’t help thinking about that.

Canault was the Holy See’s person in charge in Chaos City. He was a young missionary, but was already able to take charge because he grew up in the Holy See.

The Holy See in the Roth Empire was gradually getting weaker. It even slowly lost its sense of existence outside the Roth Empire.

The Holy See’s branch at Chaos City was, in fact, only a small church. Including Canault, the Holy See’s personnel numbered only three. They were mostly responsible for the daily prayers of the devoted, which weren’t many people.

Canault had already been in Chaos City for three years, and this was his first time meeting someone sent by the Holy See. Even less expectedly, the person who came was actually the lord bishop!

The bishop’s status in the Holy See was just beneath the pope’s. His status was also very esteemed in the Roth Empire.

However, he actually came to Chaos City from Rodu for a little girl.

As a regular customer who occasionally went to Mamy Restaurant for his meals, he knew a little about the Little Boss who was pampered by many. This made him even more puzzled. How did this little girl get in touch with the pope and the Holy See?

However, as a marginalized person who was posted out, even though it was nice staying in Chaos City, Canault still wanted to have a good performance in front of the bishop so that he might have a chance to be reassigned back to Rodu.

“Lord Bishop, this Mamy Restaurant is our destination. Mamy Restaurant’s boss, Mr. Mag...” Canault brought Seely to Mamy Restaurant’s door. It was already time for the meal service, so long lines were already forming at the door.

The Holy See’s bishop’s identity wasn’t useful here. Fortunately, Seely didn’t mind, and he followed Canault to the end of the line as he listened to Canault talk about the interesting facts and rules of this restaurant.

Right then, the restaurant’s door opened a crack, and a roly-poly orange cat squeezed out, followed by a little half-elf with two high ponytails.

“It’s her?!” Seely’s eyes lit up. This little girl looked so exquisite as if she was carved out from a piece of jade. She was very tiny, but she already had a shocking presence of magic emanating from her.

The information was correct. The magical aura on this little girl was at least 7th-tier. A four-year-old advanced magic caster had never been seen on the Norland Continent before.

Furthermore, Seely even sensed a hint of the familiar divine power on her. That was the special energy that the Holy See’s unique cultivation system had described.

“She is indeed the holy maiden selected by the Holy Spirit. She’s indeed extraordinary,” Seely marveled softly.

“Yes. It’s already good enough that she is cute. Most importantly, she is even so outstanding. She’s not giving the ordinary people any chances.” Canault nodded in agreement.

“Little Amy’s hair is tied up so prettily today,” a young and beautiful maiden praised.

“Yes. Father tied it up for me. It’s really pretty, right?” Amy flicked her ponytails.

“Yes, indeed. I wonder if Boss Mag can tie my hair for me too...” the maiden said with a blush.

Amy looked at her for a moment before shaking her head seriously. “Big Sister, you are pretty, so don’t harbor too pretty thoughts.”

That maiden laughed gently, covering her mouth. Although she was rejected, she was in an excellent mood.

“Little Boss, what about me?” Harrison joined in the fun too.

Amy looked at him, and said, “You are such a big person. You’ve got to be more mature.”

“Little Boss, y-you have double standards...” Harrison was a little aggrieved.

"I can't chitchat with you guys, I gotta go walk the cat now." Amy gently kicked Ugly Duckling, which crouched on the ground as soon as it got out of the door, and softly lectured, "Move your butt quickly. You've got to run around Aden Square once before dinner, otherwise you're not allowed to eat."

~o(=nwn=)o~??

Ugly Duckling turned its head around in shock.

"A good ingred— duck is neither too fat nor too thin. Quick, move it. I will be watching you from behind." Amy had a serious expression. She wouldn't accept "no" for an answer.

"Meow, meow~"

Even though Ugly Duckling looked unwilling, it still got up, and walked to the square under Amy's intense gaze. It jogged to gain momentum before leaping onto a tree, and climbed to the tree's top agilely. It then leaped over to another tree easily before leaping from tree to tree.

"It's so cold out here. The restaurant is much warmer." Amy stood at the door for three seconds before going back into the restaurant, and closed the door, leaving the customers wide-eyed.

"Didn't the Little Boss say that she's going to walk the cat?"

"She even told Ugly Duckling that she was going to be watching. In the end, she only watched it for three seconds..."

"She's a little scheming. I like it!"

The customers discussed the scene laughingly. This little episode made the wait much more interesting.

Seely laughingly said, "The little girl is really popular."

Canault nodded with a smile, and replied, "Yes. The Little Boss is adored by the customers. She's cute and funny. She will also teach those unruly customers a lesson occasionally. She's like the guardian angel of Mamy Restaurant."

Seely turned around, and asked, "Seems like you know this restaurant very well. Do you often come here to eat?"

"Erm... I... will occasionally come here for my meals." Canault looked slightly embarrassed. Mamy Restaurant wasn't a restaurant which he could afford to frequent..

Chapter 1990: What's So Good About War?

Canault did indeed come to Mamy Restaurant for his meals occasionally. It was just two meals a day.

He was busy with the church's matters in the morning, and he couldn't come and line up, so he settled his breakfast simply.

As a missionary who was pursuing his interest, and had to inherit hundreds of millions of fortune if he quit being a missionary, he still preferred a carefree lifestyle. Chaos City was good. He could go home if he missed home, but he could keep a good distance normally. He was carefree and happy.

Everything was great in Chaos City, but for this picky chowhound from Rodu, his biggest torture here was that he couldn't get to eat great food.

This had once been one of the biggest reasons why he hesitated between going back home to inherit his family's fortune and staying put.

And the appearance of Mamy Restaurant was just like a ray of light in Canault's world. It gave him ample reason to stay.

Boss Mag was simply too formidable. As a man who had eaten in all the big and small restaurants in Rodu, Canault also thought that Boss Mag was the most impressive.

In his heart, no restaurant could compare to Mamy Restaurant, and no restaurant could make him eat at it for a few months without getting sick of it and give him a new surprise once in a while.

Even a pig would have feelings after being fed for a while, let alone a chowhound who had been fed for months.

Hence, when the Holy See sent the archbishop, and said they wanted to look for Little Boss, Canault had been a little worried.

However, the Holy See wasn't an evil organization, and the pope was obviously a very kind old man.

But the fact that the archbishop personally traveled thousands of kilometers to look for the Little Boss was still shocking.

"Mm-hmm." Seely didn't pay too much attention to Canault's personal life. This Holy See's person in charge of Chaos City had outstanding ability, but he had a lazy character. He didn't like to manage the Holy See's affairs. That was why he applied to come to Chaos City.

Canault was afraid that Seely would be bored in the line, so he introduced many Mamy Restaurant's interesting facts to him while they lined up.

Seely was also listening to him very seriously, especially to the parts about Amy. He would also ask questions occasionally.

After lining up for one hour, Seely finally couldn't help but ask, "Does this restaurant always have so many customers?"

"Yes. Mamy Restaurant is the most popular restaurant in Chaos City, but lining up is a very fair system to decide the sequence to enter, and the atmosphere when we line up is great, so many customers are willing to line up to enter." Canault nodded. He flicked a glance at the three customers in front of them, and smilingly said, "Don't worry, it will be our turn soon."

While he was speaking, a few customers came out from the restaurant in good spirits, and the customers lining up in front of them walked.

"We can go in now," Canault quickly said, and walked in with Seely.

The cold was kept out once they entered the restaurant.

Hundreds of customers were sitting in the intricately decorated hall. The anticipated boisterousness did not appear. What made Seely even more amazed was that the customers were sitting all together despite their differing races.

The elves were sitting together with the demons. The humans and the orcs were sitting together, and chatting away happily. The dwarves and the goblins were clinking their glasses, and drinking together. Everyone looked so friendly and harmonious.

If he hadn't clearly known what had happened in the Norland Continent's history, he would have even thought that the times had changed.

"There are empty seats there, but we'll need to share a table with those two customers over there." Canault found two empty seats next to the windows. They were vacated by the customers who had left earlier. However, two hunky orcs were sitting at that table too.

"Will there be any problems?" Seely looked at those two orcs, and frowned slightly.

Canault knew what Seely was worried about, and laughingly said, "There'll be no problem. This is the Mamy Restaurant's rule and tradition. All the customers have to obey it as long as they are in Mamy Restaurant."

"Hmm." Of course, Seely wasn't afraid of those two orcs. He just didn't want to have a conflict in the restaurant, and bring trouble to the boss.

The two of them sat down on the seats that had already been cleaned up.

The orc tilted his head back to gulp down a big mug of beer before burping. He looked to his side at Seely and Canault, and gave them a friendly smile.

Seely wasn't quite used to this. He nodded slightly.

"Are you guys the Holy See's missionaries from the Roth Empire?" The orc sitting next to Canault was also looking at the two of them curiously.

Although the Holy See had been trying to expand their influence outwards, even their influence in the Roth Empire had been deteriorating, so forget about expansion. The fact that the Chaos City's church only had five people had clearly demonstrated that.

"Yes. We are missionaries." Canault nodded with a smile.

"I heard that your Roth Empire has just launched a sneak attack on us orcs, and massacred many tribes. Is it true?" that orc asked again. His expression was obviously becoming a little more hostile.

Seely had already heard about this matter from the pope. The Roth Empire had dispatched its troops without any just cause, and started a war with the orcs. They had even done something as horrible as massacring the tribes. No matter how they looked at it, the Roth Empire was wrong, so he was hesitating as to how to answer this question.

"Why are you asking that? Can these two missionary friends affect and decide on such a matter? Most likely, they don't know what exactly happened, just like us." The orc sitting across from him patted his

shoulder, and then smilingly said to Seely, "My apologies. My buddy has a hot temper, but he didn't mean any harm."

"It's fine. If this matter is exactly as he said, then it should be the Roth Empire and us who should apologize." Seely shook his head. He was surprised that this orc was being so reasonable, and he showed his opinion on this war at the same time.

"What's so good about war? I think that the king of the Roth Empire is crazy," that orc mumbled, and downed his beer in one go. He then kept quiet sulkily.

"Excuse me, may I take your order?" Yabemiya came to Canault's table with a smile.

"Miss Miya, we want one helping of roast goose, one helping of red braised pork, one helping of the eggplant with garlic sauce, and one helping of the steamed fish head with diced hot red peppers, and please give these two gentlemen another mug of beer each," Canault said with familiarity.

"Thanks, bro." That orc smiled at Canault.

"You're very welcome." Canault shook his head, also smiling.

Seely flicked a glance at Canault, surprised at his familiarity.

However, Seely's gaze was quickly attracted by Amy, who was playing with the cat behind the counter.

It's the presence of divine power, and it's very intense. This little girl is indeed extraordinary. Seely observed Amy. The pope said he had given her the wings of god, but she had already concealed the divine power very well. If Seely had been from the Holy See's upper echelons, he unfortunately most likely wouldn't have been able to see it, either.

She could actually suppress the urge to summon the god's wings out to play at such a young age. This little girl's self-control surprised him too.

Soon, the dishes were served and placed in front of Seely and Canault.

Seely's gaze was soon attracted by the delicious food in front of him. He retracted his gaze from Amy.

Seely's nose twitched, and he couldn't help praising, "They smell so good!"