

Stay At home 1991

Chapter 1991: Mamy Restaurant's Holy Child

As a highly respected archbishop of the Holy See, Seely didn't have much desire for delicious food. He was already used to a simple life, but he still couldn't help gulping when he faced the dishes.

This thing that was cut into pieces but still maintaining its goose form... was the roast goose? The rich aroma was tempting.

The big fish head on the plate was covered by red and green chopped chili. The spicy umami aroma already assaulted his nose. Even though he was surprised that the fish head was being eaten alone, that didn't affect his urge to try it.

The red-colored meat in the terracotta bowl was pork with layers of fat in it. Such meat with mainly fat was usually too greasy in Seely's eyes. However, he didn't know if the chef colored the fatty meat with a red glaze. The rich meat aroma was so pure that it was irresistible.

Seely heaved a breath of relief when he didn't see Mapo1 in Mapo Tofu, but failing to find fish in the eggplant with garlic sauce made him feel cheated.

"Please try them. They are very popular dishes in Mamy Restaurant." Canault looked at Seely respectfully. As part of the marginalized personnel of the Holy See, he usually didn't have many chances to dine together with an archbishop.

"Mm-hmm." Seely nodded, and popped a piece of the roast goose into his mouth with the chopsticks.

Crunch.

He could hear the cracking sounds when he bit into the crispy goose's skin, and underneath the goose's skin was the tender and juicy goose's meat that was soaked with the marinade. He could feel the meat's juice bursting in his mouth when he chewed.

The taste buds were awakened immediately, and they began to welcome the crazy storm of scrumptiousness.

Roast goose, steamed fish head with diced hot red peppers, Mapo Tofu...

Seely was slowly getting lost helplessly in all the delicious food.

He couldn't imagine how someone could make food taste so delicious. These things that only were used to fill the stomach and replenish energy actually became a form of enjoyment.

As someone who had gone through this, Canault watched Seely tuck in with a smile. He had behaved almost in the same manner when he had first discovered Mamy Restaurant.

After some time, the two of them finished the food in front of them, and let out a satisfied burp before stopping.

I didn't expect that we could finish all that food! Seely, who looked at the empty plates in front of him, thought in a shock. He had just been worried that they wouldn't have been able to finish that food, and would have wasted it.

"Are you satisfied with your dinner?" Canault asked Seely nervously.

"Erm, it's good." Seely nodded. His gaze swept across the several servers in the restaurant, and he said with surprise, "This restaurant's service staff are rather special."

A pure-blooded golden dragon, a pure-blooded frost dragon, a great spatial magic caster of an unknown race, an 8th-tier magic caster of an unknown race, a 7th-tier elf...

He couldn't imagine that this was actually the power of this restaurant's service staff.

"Yes. Mamy Restaurant's service staff are all so beautiful." Canault nodded in agreement.

Seely flicked a glance at Canault.

Canault awkwardly explained, "Erm... I was saying that Boss Mag had great taste."

Trying to alleviate his embarrassment, Canault suggested, "It's about an hour more before the restaurant closes, why don't we go out for a walk first?"

"Alright." Seely threw a glance at Mag, who was busy in the kitchen. He had to get Mag's permission if he wanted to bring Amy away. This could also prevent a confrontation with Krassu and Urien.

The archbishop from the Holy See? What's he doing here? In the kitchen, Mag looked up at Canault and Seely, who were paying their bills, and were about to leave. It was easy to deduce their identity from their clothing.

Ever since they had met the pope at Rodu, and Amy had been given that pair of invisible wings, Mag had spent quite some time collecting information related to the Holy See.

This old missionary with white hair should be Archbishop Seely, who was the number two figure in the Holy See and someone ranked just under the pope.

Given the archbishop's status, he shouldn't have appeared in Chaos City, and even lined up to eat at Mamy Restaurant.

Perhaps he has come for Amy? Mag frowned.

The Holy See had existed for eons in the human race. Before the Roth Empire had been established, the See had even once been the guiding light for the human race in the dark ages. It had been the symbol of light and justice.

After the Roth Empire was established, the royal family intentionally diminished the Holy See's influence to truly grasp power, and that caused the Holy See to deteriorate as time went by.

However, a starving camel was still bigger than a horse. The Holy See still had a very deep foundation in the Roth Empire. It even had a few 10th-tier powerhouses.

Judging from the various resources, the Holy See had always had a very positive image in the human's history.

However, what Mag couldn't understand was why the pope thought that Amy was the holy maiden chosen by the god.

The Holy See was the human race's holy center, and Amy was a half-elf. This obviously wasn't reasonable.

Indeed, after the dinner service was over, Canault brought Seely over, and knocked on the restaurant's door.

Seely looked at Mag, and said, "Mr. Mag, I am Archbishop Seely of the Holy See. I have something to discuss with you about your daughter Amy. May I?"

Mag looked at Seely, and pondered for a moment before he opened the door, and said, "Come in."

Amy was about to go upstairs with Ugly Duckling in her arms. When she saw Seely and Canault come in, she curiously asked, "Father, who are they?"

"They have something to discuss with Father. Little Amy, go upstairs with Annie first," Mag said.

"Alright." Amy nodded and followed Annie upstairs.

Seely watched Amy go upstairs, and praised, "What an obedient child."

Mag poured two glasses of water for them before sitting down across from them, and calmly asked, "May I know the purpose of your visit here today, Archbishop?"

Seely looked into Mag's eyes, and said, "I know Mr. Mag has already met the pope in Rodu. I came to Chaos City under the pope's orders. My purpose is to bring the holy maiden to Rodu for her to accept the Holy See's canonization and baptism."

Mag frowned after hearing that. "There is no holy maiden here. Seems like you guys have to come to the wrong place."

"Mr. Mag's daughter, Amy, has accepted the god's wings. She is the one chosen by the Holy Spirit and the holy maiden of the Holy See. It's the best choice for her to return to the Holy See. She will be the next pontiff."

Mag looked at him, and mockingly laughed. "Why should I believe your words? What if I say that your pope is the one chosen by the God of Cookery, and is the holy child of my Mamy Restaurant, so it's best for him to come and serve dishes in my restaurant, and he will be the next manager if he does the job well?"

"You..." Seely's face tightened with anger.

"Boss Mag..." Canault, who was standing at the side, looked at Mag worriedly. Boss Mag was being too fierce. He even dared to make such comments.

"If there's nothing else, I will have to send you guys away now." Mag got up, and looked at Seely and Canault boldly.

Chapter 1992: Don't Doubt This System's Professionalism

Mag didn't care who the hell the Holy Spirit was. He only knew that anyone who attempted to take Amy away from him was no good.

Furthermore, he had never quite liked religion-related con artists. It was fine when Amy liked that pair of wings in Rodu. However, if the Holy See wanted to use that as a threat, and made Amy go to Rodu to be whatever holy maiden, he wasn't going to take that lying down.

As for the so-called pontiff, Mag didn't believe that Andre would let a half-elf become the pope, and make generations of royals kneel under her feet when they ascended the throne.

"Mr. Mag, we don't mean any harm. This is the letter written to you personally by the pope." Seely also got up, retrieved a letter from his space magic ring, and passed it to Mag.

Mag didn't accept the letter. He looked at Seely, and calmly said, "I have just said that Amy isn't whatever holy maiden. She's just a four-year-old child. I want her to grow up happily, and that has nothing to do with the plan of becoming the pontiff."

The ambiance in the restaurant became tense instantly.

Canault's gaze jumped between the two other men. He secretly admired Boss Mag for having the powerful presence to go against the archbishop as an ordinary man. At the same time, he was worried that the archbishop would lose his temper.

Seely looked at Mag quietly for a long time before putting the letter down on the table, and said in a grave voice, "I shouldn't tell you about this matter, but you are being so stubborn. This world isn't as peaceful as you see. The devil has already crawled out from the abyss. Darkness is going to descend soon. The world needs light, and she is the one who can bring light to this world. The Holy Spirit has chosen her, and she has to undertake that burden."

"Ha." Mag laughed disrespectfully.

"If this world needs saving, let your so-called Holy Spirit do it personally. If your so-called Holy Spirit can only talk sh*t behind the scenes, let you guys, the so-called spokespeople of the Holy Spirit, do it. Don't you feel ashamed and ridiculous by asking a four-year-old child to save the world, and placing this burden on her?" Mag didn't bother to disguise his contempt in his smile.

Canault turned his face to the side with a blush after hearing that. He also had no idea that Seely came to look for Mag and Little Boss for this.

Although the Little Boss was powerful and talented, just like what Boss Mag said, it was unbelievable and ridiculous to let a four-year-old child undertake the burden of saving the world even if the Holy Spirit had indeed chosen her.

Seely went quiet. Surprisingly, he wasn't furious.

"You are a good father. I can understand your anger, but this matter concerns the Norland Continent. I hope you can consider it properly." After saying that, Seely turned around, and walked to the door.

Canault nodded at Mag apologetically before quickly turning around to catch up with Seely.

“There’s no need for consideration. Amy will never go with you.” Mag looked at Seely’s back, and calmly said, “If the Norland Continent needs to be saved by a child, then there will be no point saving it.”

Seely’s steps faltered before he pushed open the door and walked out.

Canault followed him out before closing the door gingerly.

He followed after Seely. Even though he was just an intermediate magic caster, he could clearly sense Seely’s rage and the unstable magical elements around him.

Canault had never expected that as an ordinary man, Boss Mag would have such courage when facing a great magic caster, and he rejected the chance of letting his daughter become the pope in the future without any hesitation.

“Boss Mag is known for doting on his daughter. He most probably just doesn’t want Amy to leave him...” Canault said softly.

“Foolish. Ignorant.” Seely blurted out two words solemnly.

“Lord Archbishop, what do you plan to do now?” Canault carefully asked. He was a little worried that Seely would snatch the child. After all, they were in Chaos City, and Urien was living close by.

“I will stay in Chaos City for a while. The holy maiden’s matter is important. We’ve got to bring her back to the Holy See,” Seely said in a low voice.

“Yes.” Canault nodded. He didn’t ask any more questions that someone at his level shouldn’t ask.

Mag tossed the pope’s letter into the trash can casually. No matter what flowery words that fellow said, he would never send Amy to the Holy See.

The Holy See might pour more resources into Amy, but Amy would also most likely become an emotionless messenger of their god. This was what he couldn’t accept.

Furthermore, he was already a demigod now, and only lacked a recognition from God to become a complete god. Hence, the so-called Holy Spirit had already lost its mystery and unattainability in his eyes.

He would even kill a god if they had designs on Amy.

Mag kept the two water glasses, and was going to go study up on the brewing when the doorbell rang again.

“Again?” Mag frowned. He opened the door to take a look. It wasn’t Seely and Canault at the door, but Elizabeth in a frost long dress.

“Elizabeth? Did you leave something behind in the restaurant?” Mag looked at her with surprise.

“No, I came to resign and bid farewell,” Elizabeth said to Mag in a cold voice.

“Resign?”

“Yes. Thank you for taking care of me. I’m leaving Chaos City to look for my father.” Elizabeth nodded.

Mag looked at Elizabeth. He had saved her from Dragon Island, and it was purely an accident that she ended up working in the restaurant. However, after working and eating together for this period of time, they definitely formed a friendship.

Besides, Rankster might not be alive. He disappeared in the place where the Great Old One had escaped from its seal. The probability of him surviving wasn’t high.

However, after interacting with each other during this time, Mag knew a little about Elizabeth’s character. She wouldn’t change her mind once she made it up. Furthermore, this had been her obsession for years.

“Have you talked to Miya and the rest?” Mag asked.

“I left a letter to Miya. I didn’t tell the rest.” Elizabeth shook her head. “I’m not good at saying goodbye.”

Mag said to her smilingly, “You don’t have to resign. Mamy Restaurant’s doors will always open for you. Come back whenever you want. All of us will miss you.”

Elizabeth looked at Mag. That warm smile reminded her of her father again. She nodded and answered before turning around to leave.

“Wait a sec,” Mag called out to her. He took out a silver ring from his pocket, and passed it to her.

“This is?”

Mag smilingly said, “I didn’t prepare any gifts. I made this ring personally with Amy and the rest a few days ago. It’s not very pretty, but it’s a token of my well-wishes. I hope you will think of us when you see this ring.”

“Thank you.” Elizabeth wore the ring on her ring finger when she heard that before saying goodbye to Mag, and turned to leave. A giant snowflake appeared under her feet, and she disappeared from the dark square.

“System, are you sure that thing can locate her accurately? What if the battery died?” Mag murmured inwardly.

“Can the Host not doubt this System’s professionalism? The ring has a basic solar-powered charging system. That ring not only has a tracking function, it also has an alarm that warns about low blood volume. If it weren’t for the fact there was no internet here, it would have had all the functions of a watch phone.” The system’s smug voice sounded..

Chapter 1993: A Hidden Mission: Open A Famous Tavern!

Mag was neither a pervert nor a stalker, but this world was too messed up. He was worried that Elizabeth would be in danger alone in the outside world. They wouldn’t know where to look for her if she disappeared like her father one day.

This ring had a GPS tracking function and a crisis status alert function.

The former was to locate Elizabeth when they needed to look for her. The latter was for him to receive an alert if Elizabeth was in a dangerous situation so that he could get there in time to save her life.

Mag turned around, and walked into the restaurant as he thought, Elizabeth left, and the Holy See came looking for us. Why don't I bring Amy out to play for a period of time?

Mag was about to close the door when a sharp whistle sounded, and a letter flew over from afar. It flew in through the door's crack, and Mag caught it.

Mag flicked a glance at the Gray Temple's wax seal before closing the door, and opening the envelope.

After a while, Mag put down the letter that was delivered urgently by the Gray Temple at night, and his expression changed slightly.

A golden light flashed in the restaurant, and Irina, who just returned, looked at Mag's grave expression, and asked, "What's the matter? Did something happen?"

"News from the Gray Temple. Some of the military's senior courtiers were attacked. Their entire families were massacred and then burnt." Mag passed the letter to Irina.

Irina skimmed through it before looking up at Mag. "Is this the orcs' revenge? Or is Josh creating trouble again?"

"Auster almost lost his home this time. He most probably didn't have the guts to go to Rodu to kill and burn. Apparently, the pro-war faction of the orcs is rapidly shrinking now, and more and more people are joining Connie's pro-peace faction. They cannot even take care of their own problems, so they definitely aren't going to intensify the contradictions right now," Mag said with a grave expression. "It's either Andre trying to find an excuse to start the war, or Josh deliberately creating trouble by exacerbating the situation."

Irina put down the secret missive, and shook her head. "The giant dragons and the Peace Alliance's joint statement should have arrived at Rodu by now. I don't think Andre would risk getting attacked by all the races by continuing his plans to start a war. That is unbearable to the Roth Empire."

Mag looked at Irina, and said, "Seems like we need to make a trip to Rodu. I decided to close the restaurant for a month, and bring Amy and Annie to Rodu to look for Josh."

"Then, can I be the lady boss again?" Irina looked at Mag smilingly. "The kind that manages the money."

"If you are willing to, I don't mind setting up a small tavern at Rodu." Mag nodded smilingly.

"It's not good to go undercover every day with children. It's easy to move about with a proper identity. I think it's feasible."

"Alright. We'll set off tomorrow. I'll go pack up." Mag nodded. He already had a rough plan for this Rodu trip.

"Ding! A sudden event has triggered a hidden mission: open a famous tavern! Could the Host please open a tavern famous with the alcohol connoisseur in Rodu, and become the most famous tavern in Rodu!"

“Mission advance reward: one recipe of the secret drunkard peanuts and one recipe of the pig ears salad have been released!

“As the mission proceeds, more rewards will be given!

“Congratulations for taking the first step to expand the restaurant, Host!”

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

Looking at the two gleaming recipe experience bags in his mind, Mag was slightly taken aback.

“System, you have changed!

“You actually learned how to give a mission advance reward?!

“Excellent, maintain this!”

Drunkard peanuts and pig ears salad were two great dishes that went well with alcoholic drinks. They were a perfect match with the tavern.

Selling alcoholic drinks was, of course, the most important aspect of a tavern.

Mag didn’t want to open another Mamy Restaurant. He wanted the customers to love the tavern because of its alcoholic drinks, and not because of the dishes, so he wanted the drinks to be the main focus.

Were two dishes too little?

No, it was already more than enough.

Irina asked Mag, “Oh, yes, help me analyze this. Protests and a movement to burn the slave contracts have exploded in the Wind Forest in the past two days, but Helena didn’t do anything to stop this movement. She isn’t being her usual self. What do you think she is thinking?”

After pondering briefly, Mag said, “There are two possibilities. The first is that Helena has already realized her direction and policy are wrong, and she decided to rectify her mistakes. She is going to be a good person from now on, and slowly turn the policy around.

“The second is that Helena deliberately loosened the policy, and allowed all the rebels to show themselves before she would give them a deadly strike and eliminate all opposing voices once and for all.”

“Helena isn’t that kind of person who will turn over a new leaf. I know very well how stubborn that old woman is. She’s never going to admit that she was wrong.” Irina shook her head with a frown, and said, “Then, she’s most probably going to go after those protesters after the movement dies down a little.”

“What she’s going to do isn’t important. What’s important is what the Night Elves are going to do. In these times of upheaval, most of the elves are starting to lean towards the Night Elves emotionally. What’s the most important is if we can expand the Night Elves quickly, and even topple Helena’s ruling system,” Mag said.

Irina was thoughtful. As she walked to the staircase, she said, “I’ll go write a letter.”

Mag didn't rush to go upstairs. He still had many things to do tonight.

Closing Mamy Restaurant for one month was unprecedented since it had been open for business. The customers would definitely be in uproar.

He also had to consider how to arrange the employees' leaves.

Mana Hot Pot Restaurant had already become many hot pot lovers' favorite, and could replace the customers' need for hot pot.

Miya's ice cream shop had become another children's wonderland. The ice cream shop could operate all day long when Mamy Restaurant was closed.

During the period that the Mamy Restaurant was closed, Mag intended to give all the employees a long break. If they didn't have anywhere to go, they could stay at the ice cream shop or help out at Mana Hot Pot Restaurant.

The restaurant would be closed, but it wouldn't be sealed completely. After all, it was the entrance to the only teleportation portal between the Moon Nation and the Norland Continent.

Mag prepared to leave a set of keys to Babla and Yabemiya each. First, it was to allow the Moon Nation's people to come and go; second, it was to allow them to enter Mamy Restaurant if they encountered an unexpected situation. Mamy Restaurant had a 9th-tier defensive ability now. Usual attacks couldn't threaten the people in the restaurant at all.

Mag took out the notice board from the back of the counter, and wrote a notice of a business break.

The reason was very proper. "Bringing the children out for a vacation and searching for ingredients during their term break. Be back in a month!"

Then, Mag took out a photostone, and went into the kitchen.

Early on the next morning, before any customers came to line up, Mag already hung the notice onto the door.

Then, Mag hung a giant screen at the door, and began to play the cooking tutorials in a loop.

Chapter 1994: I Really Have To Thank You

Mag wasn't in a hurry to leave. Instead, he prepared a sumptuous breakfast, and announced the news of the restaurant's one-month break after everyone arrived.

Of course, all of them had seen that news at the door.

"Boss, w-will the ice cream shop still be open?" Yabemiya's eyes were a little red. Obviously, she didn't sleep well last night after receiving Elizabeth's letter.

Mag smilingly replied, "Taking a break for one month is giving all of you a holiday for one month too. All of you can return home or go out to play. Miya, you can decide for yourself if you want to keep the ice cream shop open."

"I will return home for a month, then. I happen to have some matters to handle back home." Camilla stretched out lazily. She felt very light-hearted when she realized that she didn't have to wake up early every day to chop ingredients, and could sleep in for a period of time.

"I'm also busy saving the world recently. It's great that I don't have to run around." Babla nodded with similar sentiments. The city lord's castle had been looking for her frequently to discuss spell formations recently. As the number one contact person of the Moon Nation, she had been worried sick for this world.

"I..." Jane hesitated for a moment, but she didn't say anything in the end.

"Then, I will keep the ice cream shop open. The children like it, and the ladies who are not busy can help out at the shop," Yabemiya said with a smile before looking at Jane. "Jane, come and help me at the ice cream shop."

"Mm-hmm." Jane nodded with a smile too.

"Anna and I can go help out at the ice cream shop too," Shirley said.

"And me." Gina raised her hand, and revealed a gentle smile. "The children seem to like me."

"I'll go over whenever I am free," Angela said smilingly. She had already made her plan for this month. Her research was done, and it was time for her to formally approach the succubi in Chaos City.

"What about me?" Hannah asked, biting into the youtiao.

"I'll give you one month's time. When I return, I hope the rum from the brewery can be ready for sale," Mag replied smilingly.

"I'm talking about my meals..." Hannah stopped chewing and blinked.

"Solve it yourself." Mag took out a money bag, and pushed towards Hannah.

"Sigh... It's hard to go one month without soybean milk and youtiao." Hannah sighed, and continued chewing the youtiao.

Firis looked around her, and asked perplexedly, "Oh, yes, where's Big Sister Elizabeth?"

"Yes, we didn't see her from the start," Gina added.

Mag smilingly replied, "Elizabeth started her holiday mode in advance."

"Seems like she has received the notice in advance," said Camilla.

Everyone was thoughtful. They just took it that Elizabeth had something on, and went on leave in advance. They didn't pursue it.

Yabemiya flicked a glance at Mag with surprise.

All of them bade their farewell, and left after breakfast. Mag gave the restaurant's keys to Babla and Miya.

"Goodbye, Big Sisters. I will miss you guys." Amy stood at the door, and waved goodbye to all of them.

“Boss, did she come to bid farewell to you?” Yabemiya stayed back to ask Mag.

“Yes. She came to resign, but I didn’t accept it. I kept her position, and she can come back whenever she wants to.” Miya nodded and patted Yabemiya’s head. Smiling, he said, “Don’t worry. She’s only going out for a break. Someone like her is never going to stay put in one place. She belongs to the world out there.”

“Mm-hmm.” Yabemiya’s twisted expression relaxed, and a bright smile reappeared on her face. “She said she would come back to visit us frequently.”

Mag smilingly said, “That’s right. Pace yourself with the ice cream. Don’t tire yourself out. Take one day off every week, and give yourself and the girls a break.”

“Don’t worry, Boss. I will do a good job.” Yabemiya nodded with a serious look.

“Goodbye, Amy and Annie.” Yabemiya hugged Amy and Annie before leaving.

“So, Father, where are we going now?” Amy shut the door, and looked at Mag expectantly.

Annie also had an expectant expression. She had heard a lot from Amy about their previous trip, such as setting up a new restaurant.

“This time, we’re going to Rodu. Go upstairs and pack what you would like to bring along with you. Then, we will get ready to set off,” Mag smilingly said.

“Fantastic. Rodu is fun, but I haven’t gotten to play everything even after visiting twice,” Amy said happily before she ran upstairs to pack her stuff.

Annie stood at the floor-to-ceiling, and looked out for a while before she turned around, and gestured to Mag about the situation out there.

Mag walked over to the floor-to-ceiling windows to look at those sighing customers, and smilingly consoled Annie, “It’s fine, Annie. The customers might have some trouble getting used to it at first, but they will look for somewhere else to eat when they are hungry.”

Of course, he did feel a little guilty.

He could completely understand the customers’ unease when their meals were cut off suddenly.

However, things happened out of the blue, and to make sure that these customers could have more time to enjoy their food in the future, this Rodu trip was inevitable.

If Josh was indeed in Rodu currently, and was attempting to escalate the situation and cause a big racial war, Mag had to stop him and kill him.

Annie nodded thoughtfully.

Irina came downstairs, and asked Mag, “Are we setting off right now?”

“Yes. We still have to find a venue after we arrive at Rodu. If things go smoothly, we can finish all the preparation by today.” Mag nodded.

“Meow~” Ugly Duckling, which was lying on the countertop, got up and stretched before flipping over to lie on the countertop again. It revealed its round tummy, and started to snore comfortably.

“Ugly Duckling, are you going to stay in the restaurant alone by yourself?” Amy said to Ugly Duckling, which was still sleeping on the countertop, as she came down.

“Meow!”

Ugly Duckling jumped up in a shock. It lost its footing, and fell to the floor.

Fortunately, Amy reacted quickly. She kicked it toward the wall, and successfully prevented it from falling to the floor.

Ugly Duckling flipped over, and got up on the floor. It shook its head, and called out to Amy, “I really have to thank you.”

“You don’t have to be so polite.” Amy reached out and rubbed the cat’s head.

“Let’s go. Come over, I’ll bring you all away.” Irina waved to the three of them. A golden light flashed underneath their feet, and they all disappeared from the restaurant.

Soon after, a purple-striped griffin took off from the north of the city, and flew out of the city. After picking up four people at the top of a mountain beyond the city, it continued to fly north—towards Rodu..

Chapter 1995: Princess, You Are Not Thinking Escaping Again?

Mr. Mag should have closed for business. I wonder if I will disturb him if I go over now? Gloria, who was resting in the horse-drawn carriage with her eyes closed, thought.

There was an ill-concealed tiredness on her beautiful face.

Jeffree had officially declared her the Moreton Family’s only successor a few days ago, and started to give her complete control, and let her take over the family’s business.

Furthermore, Jeffree groomed her personally, and gave her support in all aspects, which allowed her to quickly establish her authority in the family’s business and swiftly take over.

However, as a newbie who had just started on business management in the past few months, even though she had tried very hard to digest this information, she still felt inadequate.

She didn’t sleep for the whole night. After settling some matters in the morning, she decided to go to Mamy Restaurant to chat with Mag. Even just drinking a cup of tea with him could make her feel a little better.

The horse-drawn carriage stopped, and the coachman informed, “Missy, we have arrived at Mamy Restaurant.”

“Alright.” Gloria alighted from the horse-drawn carriage.

“Taking a one-month break?” Three minutes later, Gloria stood at the restaurant’s door, and looked at the notice at the door with a shocked and disappointed expression.

Mamy Restaurant closed for business without any warning, and for a whole month at that.

Gloria felt an unexplainable disappointment, as if a very important person had suddenly embarked on a long journey without saying goodbye to her.

After standing at the restaurant's door for a long time in silence, Gloria sat down at the bench outside the restaurant for a long time too.

About 30 minutes later, Gloria suddenly stood up, and turned around to look at the Mamy Restaurant's gleaming signboard under the sunlight with a bright smile on her face.

"Mr. Mag said before that only we ourselves could decide how to lead our lives. Since I have chosen this route, I will just continue on it." Gloria turned to walk to the horse-drawn carriage. She looked relaxed and confident again, and the tiredness on her face went away.

Gloria got onto the carriage, and instructed, "Go to the Blue Suede Factory."

Abraham stood next to a horse-drawn carriage, watched the servants carry all kinds of stuff onto a flying steed, and sighed, "Sigh, what's going on? Why are we having a war when we are having such good times?"

A steed came from afar.

"Here it is!" Abraham's eyes lit up, and he looked at the knight rushing over from afar expectantly. The knight stopped in front of him.

Abraham looked at the empty-handed knight and frowned. "Where's the breakfast?"

"My lord, Mamy Restaurant is closed. The notice hanging on the door said the restaurant was closed for one month because his children were having a term break, and they were going away for a vacation and looking for ingredients," that knight replied nervously.

"There's something like that!" Abraham's eyes widened. He didn't expect that the last breakfast before he left Chaos City would simply be gone like this.

"However, Boss Mag dotes on Little Boss the most. It's natural that he would bring the children out during the term break. We just have to pity those customers who are addicted to Mamy Restaurant." Abraham sighed, but he couldn't hide the smile on his face.

"Hehe. I can't eat it, but neither can any of you. I feel better when I think like that." Abraham got into the horse-drawn carriage, and said, "Let's go!"

"My Lord Duke, what about your breakfast?"

"What other food in Chaos City is worth eating other than Mamy Restaurant's? I'll eat when I return to Rodu." Abraham's voice sounded from the carriage.

“My Lord, Mamy Restaurant suddenly declared that it would be closed for one month. Boss Mag is bringing the Little Boss out for a vacation and searching for ingredients,” Dicus mentioned after he finished reporting to Michael.

“Closed for a month?” Michael looked up from the stacks of information, and looked at Dicus with surprise.

“Yes. This is the first time that Mamy Restaurant is closed for such a long time.” Dicus nodded before saying with admiration, “Only a highly skilled chef like Boss Mag would dare to close for one month during the restaurant’s most popular period just to bring his children out for fun.”

“Mm-hm.” Michael’s gaze went back to the stacks of information in front of him again. He believed that Mag didn’t just bring the children out for fun. Mag closed for business today after Michael received the news of the massacre of the Rodu’s military’s officials’ families yesterday.

However, Michael didn’t pursue it. It wasn’t up to him to dictate how Alex and Irina do their jobs, let alone ask them to report to him.

“Oh, yes. My Lord, the morning report from the Twilight Forest today. Auster declared that the Aug Tribe had caused the Rodu massacre, and issued a stern warning to the Roth Empire. If the Roth Empire dared to invade the Twilight Forest again, they would suffer an even more deadly attack.” Dicus took out an expedited letter from a stack of missives.

“That moron?!” Michael took the missive, and read it with a frown.

“You don’t think that the orcs have done it?” Dicus was surprised with Michael’s reaction. The orcs had the most motivation and ability to do this, and Auster had admitted to it himself.

“Although Auster isn’t too bright, in the current circumstances where he couldn’t take care of himself, how could he have the ability to organize a massacre in Rodu?”

“Then, why did he admit that?”

“This moron most probably wanted to reabsorb those tribes that had left the pro-war faction, so he forced himself to proclaim that. Anyway, looking at the current situation, the Roth Empire most probably wouldn’t take the risk of being attacked by all the races to start a war on the Twilight Forest again,” Michael said gravely.

“However, with this proclamation, the Roth Empire’s people will be agitated, and Andre will have a legitimate reason to deploy troops. It won’t be difficult to take down Aug Tribe if the Roth Empire strikes again.” Dicus also frowned after hearing that.

Michael put down the missive, and said to Dicus, “Make some preparations. I want to write a letter to the Falk Tribe. All the pro-peace factions have to handle matters calmly now. The Norland Continent will descend into a new racial war once the situation goes out of control. By then, nobody will be able to do anything to salvage the situation.”

Vanessa, who was sitting by the window, put down the gourmet magazine, picked up a hand warmer, and looked at the bare branches as she worriedly said, "I heard that something big happened out there. I wonder what the situation is now? It's so worrying..."

Lola placed a small plate of snacks in front of Vanessa, and whispered, "Princess, you are not thinking of escaping again?"

"Nonsense. Do I look like such an insensible person?" Vanessa widened her eyes, and pretended to look fierce, but only her eyes looked bigger, and she looked cuter instead.

"Of course not." Lola nodded.

"Lola, this snack box is big and round.. Doesn't it look like a hot pot..."

Chapter 1996: Buying Half A Street

Rodu was a magnificent city and the largest on the Norland Continent.

After the racial war, the Roth Empire built this huge city between the ruins and the wasteland. Crisscrossing straight boulevards cut the city into dozens of city squares equal in size, and the palace was situated right in the center of the city. Its layout was similar to Chang'an during the Tang Dynasty.

However, there were no walls between these squares, and their functions weren't drawn out reasonably. Apart from the few areas where the rich and powerful lived, the other places looked a little messy.

Romo Street was a food street near the palace and all government agencies' offices. However, it was also rather miserable to describe it as a food street when it had just a few scattered restaurants and taverns.

A rotund boss stood in front of the restaurant's door with his back leaning against the door's pillar, yawning, and said, "The lords didn't come and eat recently. Our business is bad."

"Don't talk about that. I heard something huge happened at the court recently, and all the lords are terrified. How can they be in the mood to come and eat? They don't even come to drink." The seductive lady boss of the tavern next door took a puff of white smoke from a silver tobacco pipe, and then blew the white smoke out with a glazed gaze.

"Isn't it so? This year's business is bad. The tavern next door has switched hands again. Is that already the fifth owner?"

"It's all because of those newly opened restaurants, taverns, and brothels on Lambay Street that lured all the lords away. If this goes on, our Romo Street will be over."

The bosses of the other shops came out to vent their frustrations too. Business was bad, and the bosses were worried, but they couldn't do anything about it.

Not too far away, two people walked over slowly.

"Mr. Hades, Lambay Street is the most popular in this area. Its location and business atmosphere are the best too. Especially in these two years, Lambay Street has become the first choice for the lords in the

court for entertainment. Are you really not going to consider those several shops that you saw earlier?" An agent with a beard strongly encouraged Mag, who had disguised himself.

"The location is good, but the layout and size are not what I require," Mag rejected calmly.

Mag began to look for the shop to establish the tavern in as soon as they arrived in Rodu.

They didn't really come to set up a shop here. Their most important objective was to look for Josh and gather information, so Mag chose the area where the court officials gathered.

If Josh returned to Rodu, he wouldn't continue to stir trouble after his first plan failed.

Compared to the ordinary citizens, it would be easier to create bigger trouble when he targeted the court officials.

Moreover, judging from the methods he used to control the military and start the war, he might have more hidden methods.

Let the professionals do what they are good at. Mag immediately went to an agency, and began looking at shops.

Lambay Street was indeed very boisterous, but it was also eliminated by Mag because it was too boisterous. In contrast, Romo Street behind Lambay Street was much quieter, and there were more shop choices. Mag was satisfied with it.

Seeing that Mag was indeed not interested, that agent stopped promoting the shops on Lambay Street. He switched his focus, and smilingly said, "This is Romo Street, which is also a very famous food street in this vicinity. There are a lot of restaurants and taverns on this street..."

Mag listened to his introduction, and nodded every now and then to indicate that he was indeed listening while his gaze was sweeping the shops on the street.

He could see that it had indeed been prosperous before. Yes, in the past.

There were many shops on both sides of the streets that were closed or being let out, and it was obvious that there was no one to take over them for a long time.

Meanwhile, the bosses and employees were chatting and sunning themselves at the doors of those shops that were still open.

Judging from the employees' relaxed attitude and the bosses' ill-concealed worried looks, the business atmosphere here had deteriorated to the point where it was already very difficult to continue their operation.

"See, Big Head is bringing another idiot here to look at the shops. I wonder if he will be swindled." The tavern's lady boss looked at Mag with a glazed gaze and a mocking smile.

"Look at his silly look, and you know he is a noob. He will definitely pay in a hurry as long as you say some flattering words to him, and he will get himself in deep trouble from that point onwards."

"Hehe. We'll have another buddy-in-trouble soon."

All the bosses were also looking at Mag laughingly. Although there was a hint of schadenfreude, they didn't have too much malice.

"Mr. Mag, there is a tavern looking for a new owner in front. Let's go over there to check it out. The furnishing and layout fit your requirements perfectly." Fitch, the agent, brought Mag to a nearby shop that was named "Linxe Tavern."

Mag stood at the door and looked in. It was a two-story building; it was tall enough, and it had some space between it and the shops at its side.

Its signboard and the rest were all very ordinary. Of course, all this was not important to Mag.

"Business was excellent for this tavern, but something happened to the boss at home, and he couldn't carry on with the business, so he had to give up the tavern. If you want, you can simply buy it right away and do a simple renovation. Your business will definitely thrive." As Fitch spoke, he took out the key, and opened the door. It had been a long time since a shop had been rented or sold on Romo Street. More and more businesses had moved out from here, and Romo Street became more and more quiet. He was simply trying to promote it to Mag.

As long as he wasn't a noob, he wouldn't come to rent or buy a shop at a place like this.

Of course, Mr. Hades looked rather noobish, so Fitch decided to try and see if he could make his first business deal this month.

"Mm-hmm." Mag let him boast, and only gave him a courtesy reply. One couldn't even trust the punctuation marks in a property agent's words.

Pushing the doors open, they saw an ordinary tavern. The tables and chairs were casually laid around. There were a few empty liquor bottles on the shelves. It had nothing special, but it had nothing particularly bad, either.

Of course, being ordinary was a restaurant's original sin.

Mag scanned around before turning to Fitch, who was about to continue his recommendation, and said, "This one will do. Get the owner here to discuss the price."

"Huh?"

Fitch was stunned, but he quickly regained his wits, and said with uncertainty, "Mr. Hades, do you mean you want to buy this shop?"

"Yes, I think it's very appropriate." Mag nodded.

"A-alright. Please give me a moment, I will go get this shop's owner right now. We can get the contract done today." Fitch tried his best to control his expression, and quickly used his sleeve to wipe clean a stool. He invited Mag to have a seat, and then swiftly strode out of the door.

I didn't expect to really meet a fool! Fitch was ecstatic. As an agent trainee who had been practicing for two and half years, he still hadn't gotten the grasp of the golden lying skills in the agents' world. His deals were all closed based on luck.

This customer didn't seem to know the trade very well, yet he was extremely picky. He belonged to the difficult to handle type.

Even though the shops on Romo Street weren't as expensive as the shops on Lambay Street, they weren't cheap, either. The commission could last him half a year..

Chapter 1997: Saipan Tavern

The purchase was very successful. Mag used all his bargaining skills, and every strike hit the seller right at the heart. Finally, Mag bought this property in the Rodu's city center with 1,051,200 copper coins.

"You really got yourself a bargain." The seller walked away with a banknote with a pained expression. If he hadn't seen that Romo Street had been going into a decline completely, and nobody had been coming at all, he wouldn't have sold the property while making a loss of 1,000,000.

"Wow." Fitch gave Mag a thumbs-up with admiration. He still got his commission, but he had indeed underestimated Mr. Hades. This was no noob. He was an experienced, wily old fox.

Mag looked at the title deed in his hands, and thought deeply, This place is much cheaper than Chaos City. Why don't I buy the entire street?

"Mr. Hades?" Fitch took his money, and was about to make his escape.

Mag looked up, and asked Fitch, "How many properties on Romo Street do you have?"

"Huh?" Fitch gaped.

Within half a day, the news of a mysterious fool buying up half of Romo Street spread throughout Romo Street's shops.

"Mr. Hades, you really have the outlook. I believe Romo Street will prosper and earn you tons of money under your brilliant operation." Fitch looked at Mag with a glow. He had sold more properties in this half a day than in his entire career. It was a total of 100 properties. Just his commission alone was over 2,000,000 copper coins. He could quit, return home, build a house, and get a wife right now.

"I believe so too." Mag tidied up that big stack of title deeds, and placed them in the box at the side.

Of course, he didn't need to have so many properties to open one tavern. However, the incident of the prices of all the properties at Aden Square's southwestern part skyrocketing after Mamy Restaurant became a raging business was still fresh in his mind. He wouldn't be him if he didn't buy the entire street when the prices were low now.

"Then, I wish you all the best. I will make my leave now." Fitch bowed deeply to Mag, and then skipped away happily, feeling as joyful as a little deer.

Of course, the first thing he was going to do was to quit. This was to prevent this idiot from suddenly regretting, and coming to look for him.

"Interesting." Mag smiled as he watched Fitch go away. Then, he turned around and closed the door.

The nearby tavern's lady boss, Effie, removed her pipe, and said with disbelief, "I-is he that idiot who bought up half of the street?"

"Although his brain isn't really functional, he is truly loaded... Over 100 properties. It would have cost over 100,000,000 even if they had been cheap," the fat boss munching on sunflower seeds at the side said with envy.

"Tsk, tsk... I wonder, why did he buy so many properties? I'm really curious about that."

All of them were having discussions, expressing their great interest in their new neighbor.

Mag didn't stay in the tavern for too long. He was mostly discussing with the system about the tavern's renovation. The 500 square meters big tavern didn't need a big kitchen compared to a restaurant, and its cellar could be placed on the second floor. That layout could accommodate many customers.

"Let's do it that way. Keep it simple and rugged so there's an ambiance when they drink hard liquor." After Mag ascertained the renovation style, he went out to look for a construction team.

Of course, the renovation was left to the system. However, since there were so many neighbors around him, he had to pretend to go look for a construction team.

"Hi, hello. It's a pleasure to meet you, new neighbor." As soon as Mag walked out, a beautiful young woman came forward smilingly, and extended her hand to him. "I am Eiffie, the lady boss of that Titan Tavern over."

"Eiffie?" Mag threw a glance at Titan Tavern opposite—which had a giant's renovation style—and shook the lady boss's hand courteously. "Hello, I am Hades. I intend to open a tavern too."

The smell of perfume and tobacco mixed together was surprisingly nice.

However, he still preferred the natural smell of young maidens' bodies.

"Oh. You can ask me if you want to open a tavern. I have very good techniques." Eiffie got closer, and her voice became softer. She was about to blow air into Mag's ear.

"Alright. Let's have a good chat whenever we are free." Mag moved to the side to avoid it before saying his farewell and leaving.

Ah. Do you think you can escape from my grasp like this... Eiffie watched Mag's retreat, and her gaze lingered on his butt for a while. Her smile got brighter, and she whispered to herself, "His figure is not bad."

The construction quickly entered, and removed everything from the tavern.

Then...

Then, there was nothing.

That very night, Mag moved into the tavern that was completely renovated by the system.

The main color of the tavern was brown, and it was basically decorated with natural wood. Its style was simple and rugged. There was very little separation, and there was a big liquor cabinet behind the bar.

Next to the bar was a small kitchen that was a few square meters big. It was used to make dishes to go with the drinks.

Apart from a cellar, the second floor was their living area as usual.

Mag didn't make any changes to the property's exterior, but he removed the original signboard and some over-the-top decorations, and put up the new signboard: Saipan Tavern!

There was no meaning. He simply felt that this name was catchy.

Saipan...

Saipan...

Right, here came the feeling.

He felt it would get really popular.

As for a refreshing name like Ayi Tavern, it was best not to give people any chances to make a connection in such a dangerous place like Rodu.

Irina sized up the completely redone tavern, surprised, and said, "It's all done in one day?"

"I am rather talented in this aspect," Mag said smilingly.

"Shameless!" A row of small words drifted across his mind.

"It's rather nice. This position will be mine in the future." Irina sat on a barstool behind the bar counter. This place was in charge of the tavern's finances, and she could see the entire tavern from this position. This was, without a doubt, the center position.

"Ugly Duckling, you will crouch here, and be the Lucky Duck¹ without any emotions." Amy placed Ugly Duckling on the bar counter, and nodded with satisfaction.

Meanwhile, Annie was extremely interested in the utensils meant for mixology on the bar counter. She handled them carefully with curiosity in her eyes.

"Do you want to learn about mixology, Annie?" Mag asked smilingly. This set of mixology utensils was strictly for display. He was only going to sell finished alcohol. He wasn't going to sell cocktails, nor would he perform bartending for the customers.

Annie nodded before pointing to that mixology set, and used hand gestures to signal. "I have seen bartenders on the tablet. They are very suave."

"I see. Then, you can learn it for fun," Mag said with a smile. He bought a set of raw ingredients and liquors for mixology from the system, and found some bartending tutorial videos for Annie to learn from.

The other children played with mud, while their children played with liquors, but there didn't seem to be a big difference. Both were a kind of playing, and were what the children were interested in.

Mag looked at the two little ones, who couldn't wait to try out mixing the cocktails, and reminded them, "You may play with them, but you cannot drink the finished cocktails. Of course, I can be the tester to try the taste for you. I'm still the professional in this area."

Knock! Knock!

Right at this time, a knock came at the door.

Chapter 1998: Honey, Listen To My Excuses...

"Who is it? It's the middle of the night, and they're here the moment we move in?" Irina commented in bewilderment.

"It might be the neighbor. Let me take a look." Mag did not know who was at the door, but he did not feel any murderous intent or a powerful aura. That person was just an ordinary human being.

Mag opened the door, and a weak and delicate body fell into his embrace. She even wrapped her arms around his neck, and said coquettishly, "Mr... Hades, you're so naughty. You opened the door suddenly to make me fall into your embrace. But I like it."

The air in the tavern froze suddenly.

"Father. Dang..." Amy's eyes widened, wondering if she still had to write today's diary.

Mag looked at Eiffie, who was in his embrace, and his neck turned stiff. He could already feel the cold murderous intent from behind him.

"Honey, listen to my excuses..." Mag was about to go crazy. He quickly propped Eiffie up straight, and said, "Miss Eiffie, please watch your behavior."

"Eiffie? Nickname?" Irina was already holding a stool in her hand.

"Aiyo, Mr. Hades, why are you behaving like that suddenly? Aren't I here because you invited me over for an exchange..." Eiffie's eyes were glassy, and she twisted around, wanting to pounce into Mag's embrace again.

Mag quickly took two steps back.

Eiffie missed. She lifted her head up, and her flirtatious gaze happened to meet with the five pairs of eyes in the tavern.

An elegant woman, a cute little lolita, a beautiful young lady, a plump orange cat, and Hades, with a face of despair.

It was apparent that this was a family.

Eiffie was stunned for quite a while. Suddenly, she shuddered, and came back to her senses. She retracted her arms which were reached out, and almost stood in salute. She smiled awkwardly, and said, "Ahahaha... I am the owner of the tavern across the street. I came over specially to greet everyone. I've had a drop too much with the customers just now, so I'm a little drunk, and I almost fell. Thank goodness Mr. Hades helped me. Hi, everyone."

"Maybe he wants to help you the entire night," Irina said with a seeming smile. The air around seemed to have gotten a little colder.

This woman is not to be trifled with! Eiffie glanced at Irina, who was grabbing a chair. She had seen many things, and the moment she felt the cold murderous intent, she felt the urge to run for her life.

"Have a good rest, then. It must be very tiring on your first day moving in. See you tomorrow." Eiffie pretended that she did not understand what Irina was implying, and turned to leave, even closing the door behind her.

"Whew..." After leaving, Eiffie let out a long sigh of relief while leaning against the door. She stomped her feet, and felt utterly embarrassed. "Wasn't he supposed to be an eligible bachelor?!"

Mag locked the door from the inside, and turned stiffly. He squeezed out a smile as he looked at Irina, and said, "This neighbor is rather friendly..."

"Yeah, there aren't many neighbors who start hugging, using nicknames, and even invite the other over for an exchange," Irina said with a smile.

The smile on Mag's face stiffened gradually. He said guiltily, "It's not what you think it is..."

"What do you think I think it is?" Irina asked with a smile.

"Er..." Mag felt terrible, and felt very wronged. He glanced at the two kids, and said, "Look, the children are still around."

"Father, we're going upstairs to play." Amy and Annie cleared up, and left the adults with enough space.

"Now it's just the two of us." Irina raised the chair.

"I think we can talk things through nicely." Mag swallowed.

Smack.

The chair landed on the floor, and Mag retracted his foot instinctively. He looked at the chair in front of him, and then at Irina, who had a seeming smile.

"Don't be nervous. Take a seat, we'll talk it through nicely." Irina sat on her barstool as she looked down on Mag.

Mag sat upright and glanced at Irina, who was on the barstool. He felt as though he was interrogated.

"I actually don't know her. We just met in the morning and exchanged greetings. She's probably here to find trouble after seeing how talented I am," Mag explained.

"Go on." Irina wrapped her arms in front of her chest.

"You have no idea. It's getting more and more dangerous for a man outside. There will always be women with bad intentions trying to prey on us and take advantage of us with whatever means they have. Although I've already tried my best to protect myself, sometimes, there are still some things I could not prevent," Mag explained.

"Really?" Irina did not seem to believe it.

Mag was on the brink of tears. If he'd known, he would have subdued that demon the moment he opened the door, and there would not have been so much trouble.

"Oh, right, honey. I bought the entire street for you. From today onwards, not only are you the lady boss of this tavern, but you're also the prettiest landlady of this entire street." Mag suddenly thought of a very important matter. He stood up and took out a chest from behind the counter, and placed it on the bar counter with a loud thud. After that, he opened the chest to reveal the whole chest full of title deeds.

Usually, at this time, women would go: Hubby, you look so suave pulling that chest out.

However, Irina only glanced at the chest and squinted. After that, she asked Mag, "Where did you get the money from?"

Danger! Mag thought to himself. After so much calculation, he forgot that the family finances had already landed in Irina's hands. Right now, every single cent he spent would be considered his secret stash.

"If I said I found it... would you believe that?"

"Do you think I will believe that?"

"I just collected some payments a few days ago. It's not much."

"How much?"

"Just this much. Please keep it." Mag dug out a mountain of gold from the empty space in the tavern.

"No more?"

"None."

"Are you sure?"

"Not a single drop left..."

"Grandpa, we've already been walking around this mountain for two days, and we didn't even see a single shadow. Are we walking in the wrong direction?" Noya, who was sitting at the steel eagle's neck, said while munching on some dried goods.

"Judging from the weak reaction on the septaria oracle, there isn't a mistake in the direction. It's just that the trails are a bit messy, so it won't be easy finding him," Merante said calmly with his eyes closed. The septaria oracle that was suspended before him spun gently.

Just then, he opened his eyes, reached out, and grabbed a little talisman with two fingers.

"There's news from Boss Mag?" Noah asked excitedly as he turned his head back.

"Let's go to Rodu." Merante glanced at the white talisman in the shape of a person. The talisman was quickly engulfed in a ball of neon green flame.

“Really?!” Noya’s eyes lit up. After staying in the mountains for two days, without eating well or staying warm, he was excited to finally be able to go to a big city like Rodu..

Chapter 1999: Don’t Understand... Don’t Understand...

“Find me the murderer! No matter who it is, I want him dead!” Andre’s furious howl rang through the royal study.

The courtiers were all shaking with fear, afraid to speak.

They could understand His Majesty’s wrath. The military generals’ cases were still undergoing investigation, and before there was even a result, these generals, including their families, were all murdered. On top of that, it happened in Rodu.

This was akin to giving the king of the mighty Roth Empire a tight slap.

In addition, this also made all the courtiers a little worried and fearful. They thought that they would be very safe in Rodu, but they never expected that someone would actually dare to murder generals and their entire families. That meant that they might very well be the next ones dead.

Andre calmed himself down, and told the other courtiers, “From now on, the Empire will be going into 1st-tier battle preparation. Start sending resources and soldiers to the front lines to prepare for war anytime.”

“Yes!”

The courtiers bowed to accept the order.

“Dismissed.” Andre turned to leave as the courtiers bowed to see him off.

“Did you find out who did it?” Andre asked softly when he got up to the observatory.

“Your Majesty, based on the tracks left behind, it should’ve been an orc. To be capable of that, it must be at least a 10th-tier orc. But according to our investigations, the orcs’ 10th-tier powerhouses were all in Twilight Forest that day. These tracks could be fake,” a man in a black robe replied with a slight bow as he appeared from the darkness behind Andre.

“That coward Auster is still putting up an act. With that kind of guts, he would never dare to provoke me now,” Auster scoffed coldly.

The man in black remained silent.

“Continue with the investigations. I want to see who exactly dares to do something like this in my Rodu,” Andre ordered.

“Yes,” the man in black replied, and his body faded into the darkness.

After handing over more than half of his secret stash, Mag still did not manage to escape death.

“Chip off the old block,” Mag said with a resigned expression as he watched Irina count the amount of the mountain of gold happily.

However, today’s incident also reminded Mag that he should not say anything about exchanges with a stranger. Otherwise, it would be difficult to explain himself if the girl turned up in the middle of the night for an exchange.

“Are you still going out tonight?” Irina looked up at Mag.

“Yes. I’m meeting someone. I intend to go to take a look around the houses of the generals who were murdered to make sure if it was done by Josh.” Mag nodded.

“I’ll go with you, then. I’m more sensitive to the black fog,” Irina said as she kept the pile of treasures with a wave of her hand.

“Okay. With you around, it’ll be easier to find him.” Mag dropped a bootlick at the right place.

“Of course.” Irina smiled. This worked very well on her.

Not long later, someone knocked on the door.

Mag jolted first. He thought carefully about whether he said anything about exchanges to other women.

However, the nine short knocks and one long knock quickly calmed him down.

He opened the door. Indeed, standing outside were Merante and Noya.

The two were stunned when they saw Mag at the door. After that, they put their guard up.

“It’s me. Come on in.” Mag used the face-altering mask to change into another face. It was only normal that the two could not recognize him.

When they heard Mag’s voice, they understood, and went into the restaurant.

The warm tavern made them a little more relaxed.

Noya quickly noticed Irina, who was standing by the counter. He was shocked, but quickly retracted his gaze courteously. He turned to look at Mag, and said sorrowfully, “Boss Mag, do you have food? I’m starving from flying around the mountains on the back of a steel eagle.”

Mag looked at the two of them. It was indeed tough to fly in the mountains for two days on a steel eagle with no wind-blocking abilities in this weather.

“You can wash up there. I’ll make you some food.” Mag pointed to the washroom at the side as he walked towards the kitchen.

“Sister-in-law, how do you do?” Noya greeted Irina courteously. Although such a beautiful and elegant woman was a rare sight, he could still feel her strong presence.

That was what he felt only in front of his grandfather. This meant that this beautiful woman was already a 10th-tier powerhouse, and killing him would be as easy as killing an ant for her.

As for Boss Mag, his grandpa said that he had no confidence in defeating Boss Mag.

Mag still used whatever ingredients he had. However, he did not intend to sell any dishes that were sold in Mamy Restaurant.

In no time at all, Mag made a bowl of Yangzhou fried rice each for the two of them. It was a simple and quick dish.

“Thank you, Boss Mag. I’ll dig in then.” Noya picked up his spoon, and wolfed down the Yangzhou fried rice as he immersed himself in its deliciousness.

“This is... too good?!” After licking the plate, Noya exclaimed unsatisfactorily. He felt his entire body become warm and fuzzy, and the exhaustion from the past two days was completely gone.

“Don’t understand... Don’t understand...” Merante, who had also just placed his spoon down, was puzzled.

“Grandpa, what don’t you understand?” Noya asked curiously.

Mag and Irina also looked at him in bewilderment.

Merante said, “How can a powerhouse make such good food?”

Mag was very satisfied with this kind of unexpected bootlicking. If he did not have something important tonight, he would make a couple of dishes more, with a few glasses of drinks.

“Let’s start on the important things now that you’re done eating. Have you discovered anything on your way north?” Mag asked the two.

“We discovered some dispersed evil aura, but it was very difficult to tell its traces.” Merante shook his head. He looked at Mag, and said, “You told us to come to Rodu, did you find anything?”

Mag said, “There were a few family murder cases last night in Rodu. The victims were all the generals related to this campaign against orcs and their families. The murder means were very cruel. In addition, the murderer set everything ablaze to end off. I suspect that this incident is related to Josh. He might have returned to Rodu.”

“Let’s take a look at the scene.” Merante stood up with a serious expression.

Mag was not in a hurry to leave. He looked at Merante and Noya as he said, “This is Rodu. It might be an exaggeration to say that the roads are filled with 10th-tiers, but there are definitely more of them than in the mountains. Be careful in whatever you do. If they set eyes on you, things would be difficult.”

“In terms of stealth and invisibility, there is no race that does it better than us, the Ghost Clan.” Merante smiled confidently.

“Let’s set off then. We’ll go to the site to understand the situation.” Mag nodded.

In the darkness, the group disappeared from Romo street in a flash.

“The septaria oracle is very active. He has been appearing in Rodu recently indeed..” Merante looked at the spots of golden glow as his expression turned grave.

Chapter 2000: Eyeing My Wife

"This is the mansion of one of the military generals. I heard that all 100 to 200 of them died, leaving only the general locked up in prison. Last night, after hearing about this incident, he knocked his head on the wall and died." Mag and the rest stood on a rooftop as they looked out at a distant large courtyard that had been burnt to the ground.

"There's an evil aura there. A very strong evil aura," Irina said seriously as she squinted.

"You can see the evil aura too?" Merante looked at Irina in shock.

"Do you think this is a special ability that only the Ghost Clan has?" Irina pressed her lips together.

"It's just that it is too rare for people to have this ability." Merante shook his head. He looked back at the burnt mansion, and said seriously, "I can confirm that this was done by the same person that wiped out the Twilight Forest tribes. They have the same source of evil aura. However, he was probably in a rush when he committed the crime, so he could only absorb part of the resentment and souls. If we could enter the ruins, we should be able to get more information from the spirits."

"There are guards there. Look, two there and one hiding on the roof. And all around, there are other guards. When something like that happens, they will definitely increase patrols, with tens of patrolling troops overlapping. Any sound will attract them over. If you've got what it takes, you can go over and take a look," Mag said calmly.

"They're just a 7th-tier and two 6th-tiers. Easy." Merante smiled, took a step out, and disappeared into the night like a phantom.

In no time at all, the three knights at the rooftop and the distant entrance fell into a trance. In the middle of the ruins, an inconspicuous spell formation appeared, making it difficult for anyone to see what was happening inside.

"Stealth and deception are one of the talents of the Ghost Clan," Noya explained with a smile proudly.

"Just this?" Irina smiled.

"This is already very impressive." Noya nodded.

"Kid, you've got to see the world." Irina shook her head, and did not speak further.

If it were not because Noya could not defeat her, he would definitely say something.

Not long later, the inconspicuous spell formation within the ruins disappeared, and Merante returned.

The three knights also returned to their senses. They looked around, puzzled, and did not seem to have realized what happened to them.

"How is it?" Mag asked.

"It was the same black-robed person as the one in Twilight Forest. I couldn't see his face clearly, but his habits and silhouette are exactly the same. On top of that, he set up the place to frame the orcs," Merante said with a grave expression.

Mag nodded slightly. It was exactly as he thought. "In that case, let's start looking for him. Perhaps he's still in Rodu."

"Okay." Merante brought out the septaria oracle once again. This time, it was slightly different. He added a soul fragment into the septaria oracle.

"This is a soul fragment from one of the victims. It is filled with resentment, which will allow us to trace the evil aura back to the origin and lock our search boundaries on the man in black," Merante explained.

"That is a very advanced skill." Mag could not help but praise it.

As the soul fragment entered the septaria oracle, a twisted ghastly face appeared on the septaria oracle, and a blood-red light started darting around within the septaria oracle.

On top of that, the faint flickering golden glow started moving.

Three minutes later, Merante looked up. He shook his head slightly, and said, "I'm afraid he was alarmed and left Rodu."

"Is there a way to conceal his evil aura and go into hiding?" Mag asked.

"Theoretically, this should not happen. The septaria oracle is a divine object, and it is very sensitive to the evil aura. Right now, with the resentment, it would definitely detect the evil aura unless he was already so powerful he could ensure that he would not leak out any evil aura at all." Merante shook his head.

"It would be troublesome if he started to play hide-and-seek." Mag frowned. He thought that there would be a chance to find Josh after coming to Rodu, but this fellow had become even craftier than before.

"The closer he is, the better the septaria oracle will be able to detect him. For the next two days, we will be going around the different towns near Rodu to see what we can find," Merante said.

"Alright. Do be careful. If there's any trouble, you can look for me at Saipan Tavern." Mag nodded. Splitting up could narrow down their search targets.

After watching Merante and Noya leave, a frowning Irina asked Mag, "Say, what do you think Josh is doing all this for?"

Eyeing my wife. Mag looked at Irina, who was still as elegant and beautiful even though she had changed her appearance to look like a human being. He thought to himself, He probably got way too ahead of himself, and wants to become the king and control everything."

"He had been enduring for so many years. Although he's the second prince, he was still a very strong contender for the throne. Even Sean would not have the confidence of defeating him. Doing this suddenly at this time would disqualify him. This is bewildering."

"Maybe my death threat had triggered him." Mag thought that this was the only probable reason.

"In that case, what else should we do?" Irina asked Mag.

Mag smiled. "Go home, sleep, wait for news, and avoid alarming the enemy."

“Look, that tavern seems not bad.”

“That’s not very appropriate... The two kids are still at home...”

“They should be asleep. I’ll set up a defense spell formation outside the tavern so no one can enter.”

“Alright, let’s eat and drink a little.” Mag nodded.

Two hours later, the two returned to the tavern, slightly intoxicated. The moment they opened the door, they saw a resentful Amy, who was at the table with her arms akimbo, and a sleepy Annie.

The four pairs of eyes met, and the atmosphere was awkward.

“Father, Mother, did you two go out for good food behind our backs again?!” Amy said begrudgingly.

“Er... we actually only went for a stroll... burp...” Mag was already trying very hard to control himself, but he could not stop the burp.

“Yes, we went to have roasted lamb shanks. It was delicious,” Irina said with a smile.

“Ah... you’re too much. You went to eat roasted lamb shanks without us. I’m going to cry...” Amy pouted, and tears started welling up in her eyes immediately.

“Meow, meow~” Ugly Duckling stretched lazily, meowing casually as a form of support.

Mag smiled and went up to Amy. He stroked her head, and consoled, “Alright, if you want to eat, I’ll make it for you right now. Spicy crayfish, roast mutton, roast beef kebab, grilled fish... whatever you want to eat.. Name it away.”