

Stay At home 2131

Chapter 2131 I'm Sorry. Did I Frighten You Guys?

Mag brought the two little ones around the complex alleys in the south of the city for over an hour. After confusing a few locals, they finally found the Black Cat Opera House in a completely different location than the application form's address.

Furthermore, it looked more like a dilapidated farm yard than an opera house.

There was a white sign on the cracked wooden door with delicate black charcoal words "Black Cat Opera House" and a little cat drawn next to them.

In fact, they had just passed by in their horse-drawn carriage earlier.

It was just that Mag couldn't link the dilapidated yard in front of him with an opera house.

Even the opera house where they went to watch opera for 50 copper coins per person looked proper.

Amy got closer to the cracked door, looked in, and whispered, "It can't be here, right? There seems to be no one here, either?"

"There are actually many people here." Mag smiled. Although there was no one selling tickets at the door, there were actually more than 10-odd people in the yard now. If they were all from the opera house, then it could be considered as a small opera troupe.

"Then, are we still going to watch the show? They don't seem to be performing yet?" Amy asked.

This was also why Mag was in dilemma. It took them so long to find this place, of course they would feel indignant if they returned without watching the show.

However, looking at their environment, Mag highly suspected that these people were into scamming rather than into opera.

"I'm very sorry, Maestro Pascal. Our Black Cat Opera has encountered some problems right now, but we still intend to continue performing opera, and have no intention to join your Maca Opera. Please go back."

Just as Mag prepared to leave, a gentle voice spoke up at the door.

"Maca Opera? Why does this name sound a little familiar?" Mag raised his eyebrows.

"Is it that opera troupe that makes one sleepy with its songs?" Amy asked.

"Oh, yes. It's that one." Mag nodded. He was sleeping so soundly previously that he even didn't remember that opera troupe's name.

Listening to their conversation, did the maestro of that opera troupe that sang sleepy songs come here to buy over the Black Cat Opera?

This had proven from another angle that this Black Cat Opera had certain potential.

“Maestro Vicki, I know you’re a sentimental person, but both you and I know very well about the Black Cat Opera’s current situation. Even survival is a problem for you now, let alone talking about the opera house and stage. The Black Cat Opera will collapse if this continues. “As long as you sign this contract, the Black Cat Opera and the Maca Opera will merge, and we’ll be one family in the future. I have already found a sponsor, and he’s willing to fork out money and build a big opera house for us. This is a rare opportunity.” The middle-aged man tried his best to talk her into it.

There was silence there for a while.

Suddenly, an arrogant and annoyed voice said, “You greasy fatty! How many times do I need to tell you before you understand me? How dare you call your flying monkeys an opera troupe? Don’t think you can call it a singing opera when it’s just standing on the stage and yelling a few songs. You guys are the ones who damaged the name of the opera!

“Get out of here right now! Otherwise, I’m going to give it to you! I think you need to be educated!”

There was a series of rod-whacking sounds along with some painful shouts. That rotting door was knocked open, and a fatty with blood on his face stumbled out. He mumbled something before he stumbled away.

Meanwhile, a petite maiden in a black lolita dress stood at the door with her hands on her waist. Her green hair was all over the place, and she looked like a crazy little lion.

Mag and his daughters stared at her with shock at the door.

The rotted wooden swung in the cold wind before falling to the ground.

And the green hair of that maiden at the door slowly fell down. Her angry red eyes slowly turned clear and bright, and her presence diminished instantly.

“Sigh... sigh... sigh...” That lady looked anguished as that middle-aged fatty disappeared at the end of the alley.

Then, her gaze landed on the three people at the door. She seemed to suddenly realize something as she blushed awkwardly and smiled at them. In a gentle voice, she said, “I’m sorry. Did I frighten you guys?”

She was a cute and sweet big sister with her gentle tone, sweet voice, and natural demeanor, okay?!

Although she was less than 1.5 meter tall, she was still super cute!

They simply couldn’t connect her with that lady maestro who taught that 1.9-meter-tall middle-aged fatty a lesson to defend her dreams and career.

Is this the so-called acting skill? I’m a fan. Mag couldn’t help but be impressed by the maiden in front of him.

The grumpy queen had seamlessly transformed into a gentle lady. This benefit... The ordinary men could never understand that.

“Erm... We’re here to watch the opera.” Mag pointed to the signboard that fell to the ground.

"Oh!" Vicki was shocked. She quickly picked up the signboard from underneath the door, and swept the dust on it away lovingly. Only then did she regain her wits, and said to Mag, "You say... you're here to watch the opera?"

"Yes." Mag looked at Vicki, who was hugging the signboard like a baby in her arms, and nodded with a smile. "We didn't come to the wrong place, right?" "Of course! This is the Black Cat Opera." Vicki quickly nodded, and a smile blossomed on her face, but looking at the door lying on the floor, she awkwardly said, "It was... an accident earlier, but our performance will never disappoint you."

"I certainly hope so." Mag nodded and followed Vicki into the dilapidated farmyard.

The yard was deserted but very clean. There was a little stage set up with wooden planks in the middle of the yard, which looked very miserable.

In front of the stage, there were a few old and broken chairs, and signs of mending could be seen on them.

And this should be the so-called Black Cat Open-Air Theater.

"Please come in, the opera will start soon." Vicki welcomed the three of them with a slight blush. They were the first batch of customers who didn't leave as soon as they walked in.

A few young heads popped out from the house at the side. They looked at the father-and-daughter trio with surprise and excitement, as though they were the opera singers.

"Go and do your things. You don't have to take care of us." Mag flicked a glance at the chair's leg that was bundled up with cloth with a worried expression.

Amy had already taken out her own folding chair. With it being a consumable, she had prepared a few more folding chairs smartly like her mother.

Hence, Mag and Annie were sitting safely on the folding chairs that she brought along.

Vicki had an embarrassed expression, but she was also very excited. At least the customers were sitting down, which was a good sign.

"Please give us a moment." Vicki quickly strode to the actors' resting room.

"This maestro doesn't seem very clever... Shouldn't she collect the tickets first?" Mag looked at Vicki's back with a frown.

Chapter 2132 The Tickets... Forget About It Then...

"Maestro, are these three people here to listen to opera?"

"This is the first time someone sat down in two weeks, right?"

"It's great! The opportunity for our Black Cat Opera to become famous is here!"

The actors in the opera troupe crowded around Vicki excitedly as soon as she stepped in.

They had received cold treatment that they had never experienced before in this period of time. Their enthusiasm had almost all been eliminated by the cold wind and loneliness outside of this house.

“Alright, everyone. Let’s prepare to go on stage. We don’t get a chance like this every day. If this performance is successful, perhaps this customer will bring us more customers in the future.” There was an ill-concealed excitement on Vicki’s face too.

“Maestro, did you collect their tickets?” Right then, an old voice spoke up from a corner.

The smile on everyone’s face froze, and they all looked at Vicki.

Vicki’s expression froze as well, and she looked awkward. With a blush, she shook her head and said, “Not yet...”

“Sigh...”

All of them sighed immediately.

It looked like this wasn’t the first time it happened.

A troupe member looked at Vicki with exasperation, and said, “Maestro, we haven’t had any income for two weeks. If this goes on, we might all die of hunger...”

Grrrr

Someone’s tummy made a series of rumbling sounds.

Everyone had ill-concealed worry on their faces.

“Alright! Let’s shut up!” Vicki suddenly changed her demeanor. Her red eyes swept over all of them like a king surveying his subject as she said in a low voice, “A good opera singer will never worry about food. As long as you do your best in your performance, everyone will have to pay for the tickets, unless he doesn’t want to step out of this yard!”

Everyone fell silent instantly, and began to make preparations to go on stage.

Mag and the two little ones had already taken out the small blankets to cover themselves in the cold yard.

The small blankets were finally used, but they didn’t expect they would be used to ward off the cold instead of sleeping.

An open-air theater that they needed to bring their own chairs and blanket, this was even a first for Mag, an amateur opera lover.

The Black Cat Opera singers were taken aback when they came out gradually and saw the three people sitting on the chairs, covered in blankets with a fire in front of them.

It was a little weird and a little... cute?

Especially the two little girls who were covered with a small blanket with just their heads showing. They looked pretty and exquisite. Their adorable looks were so cute.

“Ahem.” Vicki coughed once to remind her troupe members to behave more professionally. They had seen no audience for a long time, so the audience became unusual to them. Obviously, this looked too unprofessional.

All the actors retracted their gaze, and went onto the stage one by one.

They began their performance.

Mag threw a quick glance. This was a small opera troupe that only had 16 people. There were three musicians and opera singers of both sexes, both young and old. They all looked a little emancipated. It seemed like being an artist was indeed not easy.

This opera was named: “Miss Black Cat.”

The opera troupe was called Black Cat Opera, and their opera was named “Miss Black Cat.” This was obviously very clever for a little opera troupe that had just started.

If the opera became famous, then their opera troupe would be famous too.

The performance began. Without an orchestra as backup, the ambiance was obviously lacking.

However, what was beyond Mag’s expectation was that this opera troupe’s performance was actually quite nice.

Their emaciated looks didn’t affect their solid singing power and acting. The rich singing even went beyond this deserted stage’s limitations.

“Miss Black Cat” was a story about how a young mistress from a big family broke out from the constraints of the world, and was finally rewarded with love and career. She kept fighting and struggling, finally gaining her freedom.

It was a very conventional and simple story, but the opera singers’ performance made it full of tension, and triggered the audience’s emotions.

What made Mag the most impressed was the actor playing Miss Black Cat-Vicki.

This petite maestro had a shocking soprano. Her control over her voice was even more impressive. She was several notches above the other actors.

He finally understood why Vicki could be the maestro. She had great singing and acting skills, and was an all-rounder. No one was her equal...

The two little ones were also enjoying the show. Although they were covered with blankets and toasting themselves at the fire, they didn’t feel sleepy at all.

“Father, what is Miss Black Cat singing? Why can’t I understand her?” Amy asked curiously.

Right now, Vicki was singing a low and sad song in a language that Mag had never heard before.

Mag listened to it carefully for a while. The system didn’t change it into effective words. He simply felt that the tune was a little familiar.

“I don’t know. Perhaps it’s a dialect from somewhere.” Mag shook his head.

Although they didn't understand the language, the emotions could be passed on through the singing.

This "Miss Black Cat" opera was way beyond Mag's expectation with Vicki and the other actors' all-out acting.

Just taking Vicki's professionalism as an example, it was already far above the main actors of the few operas that Mag had seen before in his previous life. She was definitely a professional.

However, the opera in this world was just in its cradle stage. How could there be such an excellent maestro? Perhaps she was a

legendary genius? Or, perhaps she was a transmigrator just like him? Mag's curiosity was successfully piqued.

The performance ended.

Mag, Amy, and Annie stood up to clap, showing their admiration for this opera.

Annie even wiped the corner of her eyes. It was obvious that this little one liked this story very much.

"Thank you."

Vicki led all the actors to take a bow. It was obvious that they were in an excellent mood.

Receiving the audience's applause and praises was an opera singer's honor. It was also the motivation for their perseverance.

Annie turned to look at Mag, and gestured a question. "Can I draw this story down?"

"We'll have to ask Miss Black Cat's opinion. This is her story, after all." Mag smilingly looked at Vicki, who was walking towards them. "I can help you ask her later."

Annie nodded.

"The performance is excellent, and your singing is impressive and unforgettable," Mag said to Vicki with a smile. It wasn't an exaggeration. It was exactly how Mag felt after watching this show.

"Of course. This is the best opera performance on the Norland Continent." Vicki tilted her head up slightly like a proud little lion. There was a hint of arrogance in her red eyes. "It's your honor to be able to listen to such a performance."

"Erm..." Mag simply stared at her. Although she wasn't wrong, it was still rather inappropriate to say such things to the few customers that she had, right?

Vicki lowered her head, and the red glow in her eyes faded away. She looked up at Mag, who had a weird expression, went pale, waved her hands, and awkwardly said, "Ah... this... I'm sorry. She must have said something impolite to you, right? I-I-I meant, thank you for watching... The tickets... forget about it then..."

Chapter 2133 I'm Afraid You'll Start To Fight With Him

This maiden's sudden change in attitude had caught Mag unawares.

Moreover, he had caught a piece of important information, which was the “she” in Vicki’s words?

Who was “she”?

Initially, he thought Vicki was using her acting skills to protect herself, but looking at it now, it didn’t seem like that?

Such change might not be her acting skills, but another soul that existed in her body.

This was interesting now. Combined with his previous guess, perhaps a modern singer had to take over the whole body when she transmigrated. She was now sharing a body with the original host, so it caused her current schizophrenia-like condition?

It was a very interesting guess.

Mag looked at Vicki with interest. Shaking his head, he smilingly said, “Of course we have to pay for our tickets after watching such a marvelous show.”

The eyes of Vicki lit up, and she looked up at Mag. She couldn’t help showing her expectant gaze.

Their opera troupe was almost bankrupt now. The only valuable thing in the opera troupe was the clothes on her now.

However, this was her only clothes. It was her daily wear and also her costume for “Miss Black Cat.”

If she sold this set of clothes, it would be equivalent to declaring the Black Cat Opera disbanding

However, if this audience member could pay them for the ticket, even if it was just 10 copper coins, they could buy some rice to cook porridge and hang on for another few days.

The troupe members were also looking over here. All of them were disappointed when they heard the maestro was going to waive the tickets’ charge, but now they were excited again.

“This audience member looks rather loaded. He should at least give us 10 copper coins, right?”

“Wow. Looked at his two little precious girls. How nicely and adorably dressed they are. He should at least give us 20 copper coins.”

“I say you guys are really too unambitious. They are the first batch of customers that finished watching our performance in these two weeks. He’s not leaving this yard without paying us 30 copper coins.”

“I hope I get to eat a few more grains of rice in tonight’s porridge.”

The opera singers were chatting softly at the side. They were all thinking about how much Mag was going to pay them for the tickets.

Mag wasn’t in a hurry to pay. Instead, he looked at Annie, and said, “My child loves your opera. She asks if she can draw the ‘Miss Black Cat’ story into a picture book.”

“A picture book?” Vicki considered it seriously for a while before saying to Mag, “Is she just drawing it for fun? Or she intends to publish it?”

Aiyoh. The question is very professional. Mag was getting increasingly certain that this maiden wasn't an ordinary person. Her copyright awareness had far exceeded the majority of the people in this era.

"We'll consider publishing it." Mag nodded.

Vicki said to Mag, "I created the story of 'Miss Black Cat.' If this little sister wants to draw it into a picture book and publish it, I'll need to look at her work first. After making sure that it's up to my expectations, we can talk about the issue of splitting the profits then."

Vicki still explained in a gentle tone. "You might not understand, but the story of 'Miss Black Cat' is very important to me. It took me a lot of effort... I hope you can understand."

"I can understand." Mag nodded. "This is our tickets' money. The opera is marvelous. I hope I can see your performance again."

Mag took out three silver coins, and gave them to Vicki along with a piece of paper. "This is my address. Such a marvelous performance shouldn't be confined to such a place. If you are interested, you can come and look for me. I can provide a better environment for you guys."

"This..." Vicki was surprised when she saw the three silver coins in her hands, and then she became hesitant when she heard Mag's words.

"Don't worry. I simply like your performance, and you have the right to decide." Mag took Annie and Amy's hands, and nodded to the actors standing at the side before walking towards the door.

"Oh, yes. Perhaps Annie will have completed the story of 'Miss Black Cat' when you come. You may check if it's up to your expectations," Mag said to Vicki before leaving as he turned around.

Vicki held those three silver coins and the piece of paper as she stood there motionlessly for a long time.

The troupe members only started to crowd around Vicki after a long time. They looked at her, trying to speak up, yet couldn't.

"What are we standing here for? These are three silver coins!" Vicki regained her wits, and arrogantly said to the actors, "Tonight, let's eat meat!"

"Eat meat!!!"

Everyone cheered instantly.

They had been starving for this period of time. Their eyes lit up when they heard the word "meat."

"Honest Chap, take this money and go buy 1.5 kg of meat, 5 kg of rice, and some vegetables." Vicki gave one silver coin to one honest-looking middle-aged man.

"Alrighty." The man kept the money preciously and quickly left.

Vicki went into her room, and opened up that piece of paper.

There was only an address on it: Romo Street, Saipan Tavern.

She was very familiar with this address. It had still been very deserted one month ago, and she had thought of settling there once too. However, the money in her pocket didn't agree with her decision.

She went there again two days ago. She was surprised to find it full of people. She only found out after asking a few people that Romo Street was going to take off after two taverns won the gold awards on the liquor-tasting event.

She was regretting it a little now...

If only her money bag had been a little fuller, their Black Cat Opera would have been on the shortcut to success now.

However, she still wrote an application and filled in a rental sum that she couldn't afford as a last-ditch effort.

And now, this audience member was going to give her a chance.

Although she wasn't sure what place he had prepared to let them perform and what other terms there were, it would definitely be better than this dilapidated yard.

Furthermore, if she remembered correctly, this tavern was one of the taverns that won the gold award.

That man was loaded!

"What do you think about it?" Vicki suddenly asked.

"Isn't it just a discussion? I'll go if you're afraid," Vicki answered her own question.

"I'm afraid you'll start to fight with him."

"Why are you afraid when I'm not?"

"You always push me out whenever you can't win a fight... I'm really afraid..."

III

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After getting out of the yard, Amy looked up at Mag expectantly, and asked, "Father, that opera is so nice. Are we coming again?"

"Mm-hmm. If Little Amy likes it, we will come again." Mag nodded with a smile. It was rare for the little one to be so interested in something other than food.

"Then, can I draw 'Miss Black Cat'?" Annie asked with sign language. "If you want to, Annie, you totally can, but we can't publish and sell it before we receive Maestro Vicki's authorization." Mag nodded smilingly. He was prepared to impart some knowledge about intellectual property rights to the little ones.

The Black Cat Opera's performance had far exceeded his expectations, so he intended to give them a chance and let them perform in a more professional location.

And this would become a very important link in the Romo Street's ecosystem, perhaps even above Saipan Tavern and Titan Tavern.

Arts...

...still deserved to be looked forward to.

Chapter 2134 She Is Mine

"System, can you identify the language sung by the Maestro just now?" Maestro asked inwardly as he boarded the horse-drawn carriage he hailed.

Vicki's singing just now shocked him, and at the same time made Mag increasingly curious about her identity.

The System gave Mag a language pack that included all languages in the Norland Continent so that he could understand the languages of all races.

However, he could not understand what Vicki

sang.

Of course, it was normal that there were some languages he did not understand.

For example... yordles?

After hearing that, one could only exclaim: f*ck!

However, Vicki was not yodeling. The tone was deep and filled with sorrow. It had to be very meaningful

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"The language is not within the System's language bank. There is no way of ascertaining and translating. This is not a commonly used language by the races on the Norland Continent," the System replied very quickly.

Mag said softly, "Do you mean she is a transmigrator or from some hidden race? Or maybe she's like Xi, she came from underground?"

"50% hidden race, 30% transmigrator, 10% from the underground world, 10% an unknown existence." The System gave an analysis report.

"50% transmigrator, 10% hidden race, 30% underground world, 10% unknown existence. This is my conjecture."

Based on her awareness of copyright, Mag thought that she was not a hidden race like Noya. She should be someone who had lived in a place where copyright and patent protection were highly valued.

The Elder Things had high technological standards. Therefore, there also had to be an equal standard for copyright and protections.

If she was a transmigrator, the problem of language and the opera-singing standard surpassing that of Norland Continent's could be explained.

Of course, she should not be from Earth.

This lady is not simple. Mag thought about which shop he wanted to convert into an opera house.

Based on the current situation of the Black Cat Opera, they would not even have enough money to feed themselves, much less afford the rent of 50,000 copper coins.

II

Mag had decided, with the idea of getting a high return of interest, that if Vicki came to look for him, he would build them an opera house, but at the same time ask for a portion of the opera troupe's profits in return.

Judging from Vicki's abilities and the holistic standard of Black Cat Opera, Mag was very confident that this opera troupe would be able to make it big and profit.

"Mr Bobby, I regret to inform you that the Black Cat Opera still rejected our cooperation. On top of that, that darn woman even scratched me." Pascal held his face which was filled with bloody scratch marks angrily.

The young man standing in front shook his head, and said, "I am sorry for what you've encountered, but Miss Vicki is a very gentle lady. You should not malign her like that."

"I..." Pascal was full of grievance. "You have not seen her hysterical! She is a lioness..."

Black Cat Opera took out a bag of silver coins, and passed it to Pascal as he said calmly, "This is your pay. Deliver a part of it to Black Cat Opera. They are in a very difficult situation right now, but many of them are very excellent performers. You know it, such chances are hard to come by." Pascal received the bag of money, opened it, and his eyes lit up. He immediately changed his attitude and nodded respectfully as he said smilingly, "I do. I will make another trip to Black Cat Opera again to make most of them part of the Maca Opera."

"Remember. You can make Black Cat Opera land in a sticky situation, but you must not harm Miss Vicki. She is mine," Bobby said with a warning look.

"I understand, I understand." Pascal kept the money, and watched Bobby leave in his carriage before muttering to himself, "Heh, what's so good about that woman? She has neither figure nor good temperament. Why is he spending so much money on her willingly?"

Mag taught Mala how to make drunkard peanuts in the afternoon.

This was a relatively simple dish. However, it still posed a challenge to Mala.

Mag taught as he demonstrated how the dish was made step by step. Lastly, he used his golden finger to add the final touch, dispelling all her queries and confusion. After spending the entire afternoon on it, Mala finally managed to master the first steps of making the drunkard peanuts.

“Now, it is the time to become familiar with the steps. After that, take time to practice at home to quickly master the dish.” Mag grabbed a handful of slightly charred peanuts, and threw one into his mouth. The fire was still not controlled well, and the taste was a little off.

“Mm-hmm, mm-hmm.” Mala nodded hard with excitement.

This was the first dish she had learned from her master. Although it was still not perfect, she felt that she had already learned a lot.

“But Master, are these really peanuts made by drunkards?” Mala could not help but raise the question that she had been holding inside the entire afternoon.

Her master did not seem like a drunkard, either. Why did he give it such a strange name?

“No, this is peanuts that would make one turn into a drunkard.” Mag shook his head with a smile.

“Because it goes very well with alcohol.”

“Oh... I see.” Mala understood. It was very different from what she thought.

“Right, Mala. We’ll be going out tomorrow, and might be gone for several days. If a lady in a black dress comes looking for me, help me pass this to her, and bring her to shop 101.” Mag passed Mala a cowhide bag.

“What is her name?” Mala received the bag.

“She’s called Vicki.”

“Alright, I got it. I will keep a lookout.” Mala nodded seriously.

Mag did not make Mala stay for dinner. After all, there was still Eiffie back there waiting for her to feed.

Amy carried Ugly Duckling in her arms, looked up at Mag, and asked, “If we’re going back tomorrow, should we bring the big sisters some presents?” “Yes. If Little Amy hadn’t brought it up, I would have forgotten about it.” Mag nodded with a smile. They had already been out for two weeks. It was only right to bring some gifts back for the ladies.

In the evening, the four new employees came in advance.

Mag arranged for them to do work. Jones, who had the experience of being a cashier, had the most important job of manning the cash register. The other three ladies were in charge of ordering, serving, and cleaning up.

With the addition of new employees, Mag’s workload was lightened significantly.

However, after the end of the day, Jones looked at the exhausted colleagues, and could not help but suggest to Mag, “Boss... Perhaps we need more colleagues...”

Saipan Tavern’s business was way better than what they had expected, and it was not like what they experienced in their previous taverns.

It was really too difficult for four servers to handle such a tavern. Even if they were very experienced, they would still make mistakes due to the high volume.

“Yes. I will continue to look out for some potential candidates.” Mag nodded. He had also realized the problem.

He had still not adjusted from Mamy Restaurant mode, thinking that one employee could complete many jobs. This was really too much to ask of a normal server.

Chapter 2135 Only You Can Do It!

After the operation, Mag flew back to Chaos City overnight on the flying restaurant with the two children.

The flying restaurant shrunk and stopped at Mamy Restaurant’s balcony. The stairway was let down, and Mag carried Amy, who was already asleep, down while Annie followed after him with her picture albums in her arms.

The little one was obsessed with creating recently. She wouldn’t sleep until it was 11 pm or 12 am.

“Why did you guys come back overnight?” Irina came out from the room, and looked at Mag with surprise.

“I can’t sleep well when you are not around,” Mag answered with a smile.

“Ha.” Irina rolled her eyes at him. They wouldn’t really not sleep well tonight since he was here.

“Annie, go to bed after drawing this page,” Mag reminded Annie, and settled the two children in.

“Go and shower first. You smell of smoke and liquor.” Irina raised her hand and stopped Mag’s approaching body. “Together?” “No.”

Mag lay on the bed and stretched out lazily after a hot shower and exercise.

Speaking of it, Mamy Restaurant was indeed the most comfortable.

Mag lowered his head toward Irina, who was snuggling at his chest, and asked, “Do the Night Elves have any problems?”

“N-nothing...” Irina was panting slightly. “I’ve talked to Michael. I intend to take part in tomorrow’s meeting in the name of the Night Elves.”

“I’m afraid that witch Helena is going to act up.” Mag chuckled. He could already imagine Helena’s expression.

“This isn’t something that she can decide. At least I don’t represent the elven race,” Irina said nonchalantly.

“However, since we’re going to form an alliance and have allied forces, we’ll have to choose a leader to command the troops. What do you think about that?” Irina looked up at Mag with a serious expression.

Mag thought seriously for a while before shaking his head, and said, “Looking at it now, there is no one that can impress all the races. Even the dragons can’t choose a leader among themselves, let alone the allied forces.”

“If this is the case, I’m afraid even if we form the allied forces, we’re still in a state of disunity,” Irina said worriedly.

Mag also nodded gravely. They were facing Cthulhu and a fearless and obedient army of the dead.

If the allied forces were in a state of disunity, then they would have no chance to win this war at all.

There was already a clash of benefits among the races, and some of them even had feuds that couldn’t be resolved. It would be good enough if they didn’t stab one another in the back.

At such a moment, if there were no strict rules that could unify all the races and make them fight together and a strong commander that all the races were willing to take instructions from, this war would have been lost right from the beginning.

“I think that person can only be you.” Irina looked at Mag with bright eyes. “Me?”

“Yes. There’s no one more suitable than you right now.” Irina nodded. “Be it battling Cthulhu with lightning outside Chaos City, or the free man identity after breaking away from the Roth Empire, or your strong individual power and charm, you are the best candidate.”

“Am I really as good as you said?” Mag rubbed his chin and considered it seriously.

“This is also what Michael said to me today. This war will be an absolute disaster if the allied forces are in a state of disunity.” Irina looked into Mag’s eyes and nodded with conviction. “Now, the Norland Continent needs you.”

Mag was really deep in thought right now...

It wasn’t that he was afraid; he was simply worried that he couldn’t lead in a war of this scale. Furthermore, it even involved such a complicated situation.

And the experience Alex left to him was only restricted to small-scale battles with the orcs at the borders.

However, looking at Irina’s encouraging and expectant gaze and the current tight situation, he really couldn’t say no, either.

They indeed had no choice.

“Alright, I will stand out.”

Mag nodded.

Irina smiled and her red lips pressed onto his lips again.

“Again?”

Earlier next morning, Mag got Amy to go to the dormitory to ask Miya and the ladies over for breakfast.

Meanwhile, he had prepared a big table for breakfast.

Yabemiya carried Amy in, and stared at Mag, who was still busy in the kitchen, with a surprised expression, saying, “Boss, you guys are finally back!”

Angela followed her in, and excitedly said, “The familiar taste. Life with delicious breakfast. Is it going to begin right now?”

“Boss, Annie.” Jane greeted them with a smile.

“Boss, my rum is ready. Do you want to try it?” Hannah came in with a bottle of rum, and shook the bottle at Mag.

“Let’s not drink so early in the morning.” Mag came out of the kitchen with a row of steamers. He took the bottle of rum from Hannah, and put it on a counter at the side.

He had no doubts about Hannah’s brewing techniques. Since it was a bottle of rum that she deemed ready to be sold, it had to be good rum.

It seemed like the alcoholic beverage market was going to welcome a new savage now. A savage who could supply in bulk while maintaining its high quality.

Yabemiya looked at the soup dumplings in the steamers, and curiously asked, “What’s this? It’s round and looks so cute. Is this the new breakfast that you created, Boss?”

Everyone’s gaze was attracted by the steamers too.

“This is the soup dumpling, Father’s latest creation for breakfast. It’s super delicious.” Amy climbed onto her designated high chair. She took a plate and reached out to pick a juicy soup dumpling. “Let me teach you how to eat it.”

Mag placed a steamer in front of each of them. There were only three soup dumplings in each steamer. They were the focus of this breakfast.

All of them only felt relief after they watched Amy pinch that soup dumpling wobbly and put it onto her plate.

Then, they saw her bite a small opening at the upper corner and sip the soup before eating the dumpling together as a whole.

The whole seemingly ritualistic process befuddled all of them.

Amy licked the grease on her lips, and asked everyone, “Did you guys get it?”

“Oh well, let me demonstrate to you again.” Before they could answer her, the little one picked up the second soup dumpling, and continued to teach seriously.

All of them quickly followed Amy’s example with a smile. They picked up a soup dumpling gingerly, and put it onto their respective plates before eating it in small bites while it was still hot.

Yabemiya finished a soup dumpling, and couldn’t help heaping praises on it. “This soup dumpling is simply too delicious. We can drink its soup and eat the meat and skin. It’s simply perfect!”

“But... the soup is so hot... I feel I have lost the sensation on my tongue...” Hannah poked her tongue out sadly.

Angela finished a soup dumpling gracefully before reminding Hannah, “This is the tongue of a millionaire brewer. You have got to treasure it.”

“I can help you cool it down.” Amy extended her hand, and a cold flame rose up gradually.

“I’m alright now!” Hannah quickly retracted her tongue, and shook her head in rejection.

Chapter 2136 Alex Is Here!

The breakfast ended in a happy ambiance. As for Mag’s return and the restaurant’s reopening, Mag gave a negative answer to it.

“We are just resting for two days before we move onto our next destination,” Mag smilingly said. “So, the restaurant will not reopen for business for the time being. We will still follow our original plan of resting for a month.”

“Boss, you have no idea how much the customers miss you. There are dozens of people asking when the restaurant is going to reopen at the ice cream shop every day,” Yabemiya said with aggrievement.

“Yes, there are even perverts waiting for us below our dormitory.” Hannah nodded, and sadly said, “I thought they were lusting after our beauty, but I didn’t expect they just wanted to eat your dishes. Isn’t that too much?!”

Mag listened to the ladies talk about the funny incidents with the customers during this period of time. He was rather surprised that Mamy Restaurant had that special place in the customers’ hearts.

He thought a restaurant was just a place to eat. They could always go to the next one if this one was closed.

He didn’t expect so many people to stay and wait at his restaurant.

“It wasn’t just the regulars. Recently, there have been many customers who came from afar too. I heard they came because they had read a magazine called Perfect Food. They could only leave in disappointment when they saw that the restaurant was closed,” Miya said to Mag. “I read that magazine too. You wrote that article, Boss.”

“There are even people who come straight to the restaurant?” Mag was even more shocked. They even came just because of a magazine. He had indeed underestimated the chowhounds’ determination.

Yabemiya nodded, and said, “Yes. So, you’re really not going to open the restaurant in these two days? Even opening for two days can bring some consolation to the customers.”

“Forget it. They had just gotten used to life without me. It will only make them feel worse if they were to lose something again after getting it back.” Mag shook his head with a smile.

Mainly, it was because... he had to go save the world!

If this world ended, those chowhounds wouldn’t even get a chance to eat anymore.

Mag and everyone chatted for a while. He flicked a glance at the clock, and came up with an excuse to go out. The racial meeting was going to start soon. Of course, Mag couldn't miss it.

Chaos City. The representatives of the various races began to take their seats at the round table in the meeting hall.

The organizer of this meeting, the lord of Chaos City, Michael, sat in the central position as the host of this meeting.

The giant dragons' representatives were Louis and Douglas. The Golden Dragons and the Frost Dragons had buried the hatchet, and gained many supporters in the giant dragon race lately, so they gained the right to represent the giant dragon race at the dragon tribes' meeting

For the elves, it was Helena and Sally. As the new princess of the elven race, Sally became more and more dependable and steady. Furthermore, her power had exceeded 8th-tier. She could be considered as one of the outstanding ones in the younger generations.

The orcs' representative was also very eye-catching. Connie had become the only queen of the Twilight Forest. This was something that had never happened in the past hundreds of years in the orc race. Furthermore, the Hairless Monk was sitting next to her as her number one bald bodyguard. No one dared to underestimate this master-and-disciple duo.

The king of the dwarves came personally. He was chatting softly with the king of the goblins. Their topic was related to cannons.

The demons' delegation was still a little messy as before. The top 10 demon tribes had all sent a representative. They obviously hadn't reached a consensus yet.

Meanwhile, the most conspicuous of them was the new chief of the vampires: Camilla.

No one had expected the vampires to change their chief at such a time, even though it was a peaceful handover.

The new chief of the forest trolls sat in his seat demurely. After being taught a lesson by Mag, he had no temper at all.

As for Lantisde, High Priest Dexter and the king were both present. It was obvious how much importance they had placed on this meeting

As the power of the Lantisdeans slowly became obvious, they became the overlord of the sea. They could rival the disunited demons, and people couldn't ignore them at all.

"The Night Elves. Irina has arrived!" someone loudly reported outside.

Everyone's gaze moved to the door.

Irina walked in gradually. She looked around and eventually sat down at the position that had her name written on it.

Helena's expression went cold, and she turned to look at Michael. "City Lord Michael, I think this is inappropriate, right?"

"Irina and the Night Elves support a peaceful Norland Continent, and are willing to pitch in to stop the army of the dead. It is perfectly appropriate for her to take part in this meeting," Michael answered normally.

Irina smiled at Helena. Her gaze landed on Sally briefly before she looked away.

"Hmph..." Helena snorted coldly. However, the elves were getting weak, and today wasn't an occasion that she could simply walk away. She could only show her displeasure and remain quiet.

Dracula looked at Irina with shock and murmured softly, "Seems like this girl has become even more powerful?" She seemed different from before.

"She became even more powerful?" Camilla couldn't help sitting up even straighter to make herself look even more graceful. However, after flicking a glance at Irina, she still felt she was far inferior to that woman in front of her.

"Big Sister Irina is still as beautiful and powerful as usual." Connie looked at Irina with admiration. Even though she was already the queen of the Twilight Forest, she knew she had only learned bits from Irina.

The hall was quiet, and there were still two vacant seats at Michael's right. They belonged to the Roth Empire's delegation.

Meanwhile, there was also an empty seat next to Irina. It belonged to that man.

"The Roth Empire's delegation is here!"

Andre and Marshal Dominic strode into the hall.

Andre's gaze swept over all the representatives present, and halted on the position next to Irina before he and Dominic walked to the seats next to Michael under the staff member's guidance.

"Welcome, King Andre," Michael said with a smile.

"Thank you for waiting, ladies and gentlemen." Andre nodded slightly; his demeanor was no longer as proud as before.

No one could expect that the Norland Continent's situation could change so drastically in less than one month.

Josh was working for the devil, and the army of the dead had converged in the snow plain in the extreme north under the devil's lead, preparing to move southwards.

The arrogant Roth Empire could only shudder in front of the army of the dead and the devil.

The peace accord that had been rejected reappeared on the negotiation table, and it was still the same batch of people sitting here.

However, all of them knew the result this time round.

The negotiation was no longer the objective. How to resolve the army of the dead that threatened all the races and the Norland Continent was what all of them cared about.

“Alex is here!”

A man in a black light armor walked in from the door.

Chapter 2137: Is It Mamy Restaurant’s Special Performance Today?

That man had arrived.

Everyone’s gaze turned towards the door.

Alex.

The man who had done his utmost to stem a raging tide by resealing the devil that was about to break through the seal and stopped a catastrophe.

He was also the most powerful knight, or perhaps... the most powerful existence on the Norland Continent in the recent 10 years!

All the races quickly regathered at Chaos City because of that Photostone he brought back from the extreme north.

It was hard to imagine what would have happened if he hadn’t discovered the existence of the devil and the army of the dead as well as what a tragic situation all the unprepared Norland Continent’s races would be in when the army of the dead marched southwards.

Furthermore, Alex could also be the only one who really broke through the 10th-tier upper limit in the recent 1000 years with his power.

The tribulation lightning that looked just like an apocalypse had indeed shocked all of them.

Meanwhile, guesses about his power became the hottest topic in all races recently.

With any doubts, Alex had become an existence that could influence the situation on the Norland Continent.

Be it Irina, who had always followed him around, or Lantide, who was obviously loyal to him, people simply couldn’t ignore them.

Mag sat next to Irina and nodded slightly.

He didn’t deliberately arrive last to flex. It was because he had chatted with the ladies for a while longer earlier.

Moreover, he was punctual. It was these people who came too early.

Mag swept his gaze over the people present. The various representatives were almost the same as the previous meeting, just that only Connie’s voice was left

for the orcs.

The Moon Nation's great formation master, Jonas, was present too. He was taking part in this meeting with Babla as the Moon Nation's representative.

The Moon Nation's spell formation masters had been crucial in sealing the half of Cthulhu beyond Chaos City previously.

This was also the first time that Mag asked Michael to seek Moon Nation's assistance strongly.

Cthulhu couldn't be killed. Mag knew that very well.

Even the Elder Things couldn't do it, otherwise they wouldn't have just resealed it back then. They would have simply killed it.

And the people the best at setting spell formations were undoubtedly the spell formation masters under Jonas' command.

Jonas was also looking at Mag now. Their eyes met, and they nodded at each other.

"Master, I know Big Sister Irina. Alex is Irina's man, so it means that I know

Alex too," Babla said softly.

Jonas threw an exasperated and amused glance at her.

Michael stood up, and loudly said, "Since everyone is here, let's start the peace meeting now.

"All of you have the new peace treaty in your hands now. The content is the same as the previous edition and the one we signed 100 years ago. However, in the Boundless Sea Realm, beyond the territorial waters of the Demon Islands, there will be an area that belongs to the Lantisdeans."

The staff members placed a thick stack of documents into the hands of the participants sitting at the round table.

The representatives didn't rush to make their positions known; instead, they all began to read through the fine print. This concerned the interests of all the races, so they had to be serious about it.

The chief of the Flaming Demons angrily said, "The Boundless Sea Realm has already been our private plot. Why should we let them occupy a stretch of territorial waters? Furthermore, it's very close to our Demon Islands. Perhaps they might target our territory one day. I object to it."

"That's right. It's just a race that popped up from nowhere and tried to occupy our sea," the Abyss Demon chimed in, stating his displeasure on this clause too.

Camilla looked at the two of them, and said in a mocking tone, "Although this is a race that popped up from nowhere, they do have more than ten 10th-tier powerhouses, and they are a powerful race that has Alex's support. Moreover, they can survive in the ocean with a blessed racial superiority.

"If the army of the dead march southwards, Lantisde, who is able to survive underwater, is definitely going to be the race that would outlast all of us.

“Now, they are joining us to resist the army of the dead willingly, and all they want is a stretch of territorial waters that they are living in right now. Do you think you have the right to object? Or can you go underwater to chase them away?”

“You..”

The two chiefs were at a loss for words. They didn’t know how to refute her.

The Flaming Demons’ chief flared his nostrils, and said, “The vampires have indeed chosen a lousy chief! Maynard was at least more courageous than you.”

“No. Maynard was replaced by me because he was too cowardly.” Dracula, who was slumping in his chair, sat up gradually, and swept his gaze over the top 10 demon tribes’ representatives. “This is the attitude of the vampires. We prefer a friendly neighbor to a powerful opponent. Moreover, the other party might not even be interested in your puny islands.”

All the demons looked at one another. After a brief discussion, they reached a consensus: they agreed to acknowledge Lantisde’s existence.

This was a reluctant decision.

Just as Camilla said, no matter how unhappy they were, they couldn’t go fight it out with the Lantisdeans in the sea.

Moreover, the other party had Alex’s support right now. They might not be able to defeat them, either.

Mag looked at Camilla with upturned lips. This woman rarely displayed her smart side.

The demons had reached a consensus, so it saved them some trouble.

As for the fight for territory, the orcs had lost their will to fight after they changed their chief.

The Roth Empire was the closest to the threat of the army of the dead. They were still waiting for the other races to negotiate their terms and send troops to help them out. They had already lost their right to negotiate.

There were a few demon tribes that were ready to make trouble, but since they were having an internal conflict, they couldn’t do it even if they wanted to.

Therefore, this treaty had basically received all the tribes’ approval, which was expected.

Michael nodded, and was about to ask his staff to prepare the signing ceremony.

Right at that moment, Connie suddenly said, “Wait a minute!”

“Chief Connie, what would you like to say?” Michael asked.

“We orcs agree to sign this treaty, but before that, I have a condition for King Andre of the Roth Empire to agree to,” Connie said to Andre.

Everyone looked at Connie. The orcs and the Roth Empire had just had a tragic war. A feud like this couldn’t be erased so easily.

Andre's expression turned solemn too. He sat up properly, and said to Connie, "Please go ahead."

Connie stood up gradually, and said to Andre, "Even though the investigations showed that it was Josh who initiated the Roth Empire's war on the orcs after he sold his soul to the devil, this war has caused huge damage to us orcs. Dozens of tribes were massacred and annihilated in this war, and hundreds of thousands of orcs perished, leaving ruins everywhere in the Twilight Forest.

"Before we sign the new treaty, we orcs need the Roth Empire to address this matter formally. We have to resolve the damage and losses inflicted on the orcs by this war first.

"Otherwise, we orcs will never sign onto the treaty, and we will use our own methods to seek revenge for our dead tribesmen."

Is it Mamy Restaurant's special performance today?

Mag couldn't help thinking about it when he looked at Connie with a cocked eyebrow..

Chapter 2138: She... Is Simply Not His Match

Connie's stance was very forceful.

If the Roth Empire didn't respond right now to the war that invaded the Twilight Forest and make an appropriate compensation, perhaps another war between the Roth Empire and the orcs would happen before the invasion of the Army of the Dead.

This seemingly weak maiden was the first to challenge the powerful Roth Empire after she took the position of the orcs' chieftain.

Of course, a woman who could kill Auster and take over the Aug Tribe shouldn't be underestimated.

All of them looked at Andre. As the king of the Roth Empire, he could make any decision for the Roth Empire.

Meanwhile, everyone was also reminded of another matter. If the orcs were under Auster's control instead of Connie's, then the orcs would have missed today's meeting and invaded the Roth Empire suddenly, while the meeting was in progress as revenge.

In comparison, Connie was already considered a very calm and reserved ruler.

Mag looked at Connie with appreciation. She had made great progress in a short period of time and should be treated differently. This lass's ability at controlling the situation was not bad. She could already pull her own weight.

Andre also stood up and nodded at Connie. "I express my deepest regret and apology to the innocent orcs who died in vain. This matter was caused by the devil. My son, Josh, has lost his soul and many of my courtiers and their families were massacred too. It was obvious that the devil is very vicious and dangerous.

"Of course, our Roth Empire is undeniably responsible too. I'm willing to apologize to the orcs on behalf of the Roth Empire and make some compensation to the orcs who died.

“However, I hope the orcs can battle the devil and the Army of the Dead together with the Roth Empire to avenge your people who had died innocently and protect those who are still alive.”

“She... is simply not his match.” Mag was rather amazed.

Andre’s words were really smooth at pushing away his responsibility. Anyway, this matter had nothing to do with the Roth Empire. It was all the devil’s fault.

Because of the devil, he had lost a son, some of his courtiers and a batch of brave soldiers.

As a victim, he was even willing to give the other victim some compensation.

What was more important was, the two victims should work together to deal with the devil and seek revenge.

See, the party that started the war became the poor victim in a few words.

Moreover, he even sounded so reasonable, making people unable to refute him.

In comparison, Connie’s words seemed negligible and even a little unreasonable.

Connie was slightly taken aback and a hint of anger could be seen on her face.

If they were talking about negotiation techniques and saying respectable words, she naturally wasn’t this sly old fox’s match.

She even had to practise repeatedly in the past two days in order to say her earlier words so steadily.

Now, Andre had steered the topic away and shirked his responsibility with just a few words. Obviously, he didn’t want to take on too much responsibility.

However, to the orcs, this was unacceptable.

Although she was the orcs’ chieftain now, to really convince the orcs, she had to seek justice for her people even if they couldn’t start a war with the Roth Empire.

“The devil is our common enemy, but the butchers who have massacred hundreds of thousands of orcs have not repented even now,” Connie said in a low voice, “We only have three requests. One, hand the commanding officers of those three Northwestern troops that invaded the forest to us. Two, compensate the orcs with 1,000,000 copper coins per orc killed. Three, promise to hand Josh over to us for punishment when we catch him.”

Andre nodded and gravely said, “I can accede to your second and third requests.

Even a compensation of 1,000,000 copper coins per person is hardly enough to appease the orcs who had died innocently, and I will hand over Josh, who has lost his humanity and committed all these sins under the devil’s manipulation, to you orcs too.

“However, the soldiers only acted upon orders. This matter is solely Josh’s responsibility and not on the soldiers. The Roth Empire will amass all our troops to go up north to stop the Army of the Dead. The Northwestern Legion will be sent onto the battlefield as the vanguard to fight for the Norland

Continent.

“Therefore, I cannot accede to your request to give you those soldiers. I hope you can understand that.”

Connie looked at Andre in silence.

The meeting hall became silent too.

Both parties had made their stands, but they both wanted to insist on the other party conceding to their requests.

Mag frowned. It wasn't hard to understand why Andre wanted to protect the Northwestern Legion soldiers. Just as he said, the soldiers acted upon their orders and an obedient army was proof of strict military discipline. Moreover, fighting all the way in to reach the Aug Tribe was the proof of the Northwestern Legion's intrepidity.

It would definitely demoralize the soldiers and the troops if Andre handed them over to the orcs.

Even though Josh was under the devil's control, the one who gave the orders was the Second Prince, and he even did it in the king's name.

Hence, Andre would never back down on this matter.

As for the orcs, the accumulated anger needed a vent for release. If Connie couldn't resolve the internal conflict, her position as the chieftain wouldn't be stable.

It was an intractable stalemate.

But, this was all within his expectations.

However, they didn't have much time left. Xi had already sent him the information regarding the Army of the Dead and Cthulhu assembling. The Army of the Dead's number was rising rapidly and they might soon travel southwards.

If the orcs and the Roth Empire continued to argue over the war compensation, causing a delay in the signing of the treaty, the Army of the Dead could already have marched southwards while they were still in the meeting.

Mag stood up and gravely said to Connie and Andre, “We'll have to use many lives to stop the Army of the Dead from moving southwards and this number will far exceed the number of people who died in all conflicts and wars among the races in the past 100 years.

“We don't have much time left, so I hope both parties can put down your feud for the moment and work together to face the huge impending crisis.

“I know you all have seen the Photostone, but you may not know how powerful that devil is before you face it personally.

“But you guys have previously seen that devil that was sealed beyond Chaos City. The devil that has escaped from the seal is even stronger, at least I have no chance at all to defeat it. I can't even hold it back to buy time for the formation masters.

“As for the Army of the Dead that are in the millions, they can’t sense pain and are beings that have no life. They’re not afraid of death, they don’t tire and they don’t need replenishments. We have to stop them at the edge of the iceplain before they move southwards, or else we will pay a tragic price.”

“The orcs who died aren’t simply a number.” Connie looked at Mag.

Mag nodded and said, “I know, but if we don’t react fast, more families are going to lose their husbands, children or even every member in their families..”

Chapter 2139 Organize the Allied Forces

Connie pressed her lips together as she fell into deep thought.

Andre looked at Mag, feeling rather surprised. He did not expect Mag to stand up for the Roth Empire at this juncture.

Michael gave a slight nod. He was also thinking of how to mediate the conflict between both parties, so that the peace treaty could be signed quickly. Mag’s statement was more convincing than his.

“I agree with what Alex has said. The current issue at hand is resolving the devil and the Army of the Dead. If the Norland Continent falls, there would be no meaning to solving the loss of a city or a town.

“Chief Connie. I will arrange for the courtiers to quickly pay for the war losses. Please give those soldiers a chance to prove their worth,” Andre said to Connie sincerely.

Connie subconsciously looked towards Rex. Alex’s interception left her at a loss.

“That may be so but there are scoundrels within the northwestern army that have to be held accountable for their crimes, aren’t I right, Marshal?” Mag spoke again. This time, he was looking at Dominic, who was sitting beside Andre.

“A Knight’s principle is to not harm the innocent, women and children. That is also the basis of being human. No matter which official gave such an inhumane order, as a knight, one should still abide by their beliefs and principles.

“Those leaders who forced the soldiers to kill and imprison the innocent, burn and raid territories should be handed over too, for the innocent, shouldn’t they? What rights do they have to die on the battlefield like a soldier? Are they fit for such an honour?”

Andre’s lips moved. He glanced at Dominic and chose to remain silent.

Seeing that Andre did not speak, Dominic could only stand and after a moment of silence, he nodded and said, “They are indeed unfit to be called knights and neither are they fit to die on the battlefield as a soldier.”

Mag nodded and took his seat.

Dominic looked at Andre and said, “Your Majesty, please allow me to clear all the scoundrels within the army. They are not fit to stay within the army, nor are they fit to be called a knight.”

Andre said in a low tone, “Alright. After you find them, notify the entire army that these people are to be handed over to the orcs.”

“Chief Connie, what do you think?” Andre asked Connie.

“If you can keep your promise, I will agree to it.” Connie nodded. She looked much more relaxed.

Alex still left the orcs some dignity. This was the result that Connie wanted.

“Not a bad outcome,” Irina said to Mag telepathically.

Mag smiled calmly.

Actually, the result would have been the same. Mag just gave the Roth Empire a legitimate reason to clear out the scoundrels from the army.

In the northwestern army, most of them would be Sean’s men.

Look, this is killing two birds with one stone.

The conflict between the Orcs and the Roth Empire had been mediated and the signing of the peace treaty went on smoothly.

Connie and Andre signed a ceasefire and both parties confirmed the details that had been discussed. The Roth Empire would hand all the war criminals over to the Orcs in addition to a lump sum as a repayment for the war. At the same time, they also promised to hand Josh over to the Orcs if he could be caught.

Following that, the other races debated over the details of the peace treaty. After some minor adjustments to some of the clauses, the final version was set. The various representatives wrote their signatures and the new peace treaty was officially signed.

“The century-long peace will begin once again. Everyone seated here is incredible,” Michael said to the various representatives that were present.

Chaos City had been working hard for this for decades. To think that the peace treaty would be signed again under such a situation...

After all the miscellaneous processes were completed, the meeting was finally over, at around dusk.

As a witness, Mag was like an unimportant bystander. He took time out to return home to cook for the children. After that, he had a few rounds of drinks with Irina before returning to the meeting.

The peace treaty was finally signed and so next up would naturally be discussing how to build the allied forces to go against the Army of the Dead.

“According to the latest news, the number of the Army of the Dead is now in the millions, consisting of horrifying ancient giant corpses that are on par with 10th-tier powerhouses. There are also powerhouses exceeding the 10th-tier, like Rankster and the Devil, that are stronger than before.” Mag looked at everyone and said solemnly, “We need to build an allied force strong enough to stop the Army of the Dead at the northern ice plains.”

“Millions?!”

The various representatives were shocked to hear that.

This far exceeded everyone's expectations.

"Is the source of the news reliable?" Louis looked at Mag.

"I took a trip to the north last night. Ancient corpses were gathering on the ice plains, reaching more than a million in number. They could march down south any time." Mag took out a Photostone and played the images that Xi sent him yesterday.

The ancient corpses had covered almost the entire area of ice, their number stretching out with no end. They gathered in a clear direction, as though something was beckoning them.

The expressions of the various representatives turned grave. Alex would not have to lie about something like that. Besides, this image was very convincing.

What kind of concept was a million-man army?

In the Norland Continent, only the Roth Empire, after a century of reproduction, managed to reach a million-man army.

The other races would never be able to make a million-man army unless all their people joined in.

Besides, the manpower needed to run the logistics for a million-man troop would way surpass a million people. This was not something any tribe could do easily.

However, their opponent was the dead souls. They were ancient corpses that were tens of thousands of years old. They were controlled by the devil and did not need any logistical support. They were all aligned in their actions and were not afraid of death.

How do they face this?

The representatives who had the intention of just adding some men in for numbers were at a loss. They even thought of dropping out.

Andre frowned. The various representatives all had their own thoughts on this. If they refused to send their best troops out to support, the Roth Empire would be in danger.

"The Roth Empire will send out all our elite troops, a total of 600,000 soldiers and magic casters to the northern region to fight the Army of the Dead. At the same time, we will take on the majority of the logistical support for the allied forces," Andre said loudly, "This concerns the Norland Continent as a whole. I hope everyone will take a step forward."

Mag nodded. 600,000 elite troops on top of the allied forces' logistical support. Andre was bringing out almost the whole of the Roth Empire's manpower, showing his sincerity.

However, he had no choice either. The Roth Empire was first in line. If the Roth Empire did not show their sincerity, the other races would not send their elites to join the allied forces.

Michael said loudly, "Chaos City is willing to send out 30,000 of our most elite garrison to join the allied forces to fight the Army of the Dead and also take on the responsibility of logistical support as well."

Chapter 2140 We Need a Commander

Chaos City was considered on the lower-tier in terms of capabilities compared to the other races. Their garrison's manpower was at around 40,000. Sending out 30,000 men showed enough of their sincerity.

Michael knew very well the seriousness of this crisis. After several internal meetings, Chaos City had decided on sending out 30,000

men.

Louis said in a solemn voice, "The Giant dragons will send out 8000 giant dragons to fully support this battle."

"8000 giant dragons!" Mag's eyes lit up.

That was solid air attack capability.

Giant dragons had long-range attack capabilities and were mostly able to deal attacks to a wide area. This would form resistance to the Army of the Dead in the air.

The giant dragons had the smallest number in terms of population among the races in the Norland Continent. 8000 giant dragons were basically the core strength of the Giant dragons.

It seemed that the Giant dragons were still very bothered about the fact that the Devil escaped from Dragon Island.

Immediately, the various races all made their stand.

Lantisde would mobilize 10,000 troops to join the allied forces. Only Mag knew that this was already all of Lantisde's military force. They went all out.

The Goblins sent out 5000 soldiers and another 10,000 logistical support elite troops, who would be responsible for deploying logistics.

The Goblins were known for their logistics and planning abilities. After all, they still managed to be organized despite living in the complex underground caverns. On top of that, they were able to produce the most mined products in the entire continent, showing that they do have some talent in that.

The Trolls sent out 10,000 soldiers and 20,000 logistical support, who would be in charge of moving the logistics to the plains.

The Dwarves sent out 5000 soldiers and took on the responsibility of weapon maintenance, site building and other work. They were very excellent craftsmen.

The Orcs would send out 20,000 soldiers to join the allied forces. As a strong race that could take on the Roth Empire, the Orcs also had a large population.

However, the Orcs had requested that the Roth Empire would have to take on the logistical support for the Orcs and Andre agreed immediately.

Now that the various races had made their stand, only the Elves and Demons were left

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Everyone turned to look at Helena and the Demon representatives.

The various Demons looked around at the Elves. It was indeed difficult to make a decision.

“How many people from the Night Elves?” Helena was not in a rush to make her stand. Instead, she chose to throw the ball to Irina’s court.

Irina said calmly, “I have already sent out a voluntary battle recruitment. As of now, there are 3,500 qualified Elves joining the Chaos City’s army. Out of them, 1000 are soldiers and 2,500 of them will be in charge of medical and logistical support.”

“Very well. You are very similar to the Elf queen in this matter.” Helena nodded. After that, she declared, “The Elves will send out 20,000 soldiers and 10,000 medical support.”

Mag looked at Helena in surprise. The situation within Wind Forest right now was not looking good and he thought that Helena would leave most of their manpower in the Wind Forest in case there was a change in situation but she had deployed almost all her elite forces.

After Helena made her stand, the various representatives all looked at the representatives from the Top Ten Demon Tribes.

As there wasn’t a tribe that was strong enough to conquer the rest, there was also much internal debate on whether to join the allied forces. Now, the Demons had no unified voice and no one could represent them to make a stand.

“Since the situation has come to this, just do what you can. See how many people you can deploy before you come and how many your subsidiary tribes can deploy. All of you should know very clearly the number you have.” Dracula placed his wine glass down and said with a smile, “The Vampires can send out 1,000 people.”

1,000 vampires, based on their current population, was a lot.

“Since the various races are all doing this to protect the Norland Continent, we should not dilly dally. If we can’t stop them now, we might be in a sorrier state later on.” The Chief of the Spatial demons smacked the table and said, “The Spatial demons and our subsidiary tribe can send out 10,000 soldiers.”

The Vampires and Spatial demons had already made their stand, so the other demon tribes did not waste any more time.

Other than the Flaming Demons and Abyss Demons who had used up most of their resources due to the internal conflict previously, the other Demon tribes were rather sincere.

In the end, the Demon Islands sent out 100,000 soldiers, the third-largest number after the Roth Empire and the Orcs.

“Fantastic! This way, the races of the Norland Continent will also have a million-man troop to fight with the Army of the Dead. We will not be at a disadvantage!” Andre cheered.

The soldiers deployed by the various races far exceeded Andre’s expectations.

This scale and magnitude represented the current strongest fighting forces of the Norland Continent.

A century ago, the races were at war, but now a century later, the races were fighting together against the devil.

The various representatives all smiled.

They were frightened when they heard Mag say that there were a million of soldiers in the Army of the Dead.

Now that the various races had sent out their soldiers in support to form a formidable army like never before, they all felt the courage to fight on.

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Michael stood up and said, "The allied forces are formed. but this large troop has come from the various races. In order to fight effectively on the battlefield, we will have to decide tonight on how we should command the army and who should command the army. If we are not in unity, we will just be thrashed by our opponent."

After Michael said that, the various representatives all fell silent. After that, they started a fervent discussion.

"Command? Heh, the soldiers of the Abyss Demons only listen to me. I do not want them to listen to the commands of any Tom, Dick or Harry and die just like that," the Chief of the Abyss Demons scoffed.

"The Flaming tribe would not listen to the commands of others too. Aren't they just dead souls? A fireball would burn out a lot of them. Do we still need commands?"

"I'm afraid it would be difficult to choose a commander. If you choose someone that is not impartial, he would definitely protect his own people and put the other races in the front line," Helena said.

"War is not a game. This is a million-man elite troops' battle and something no one has ever experienced. Who could take on such an important role?" Louis asked with a frown.

The alliance that was just formed was still weak. Each race still had their own interest at heart. It was obviously not realistic to hope to find a commander that everyone could agree with.

The giant dragons were respected but they did not gain the respect from fighting battles. They did not have a talent that could command a million-man army.

Besides, after confirming the commander, it would mean that the person in control had the power to deploy the manpower of the various races. The various representatives would naturally all have thoughts on that.

Michael saw that everyone was arguing again so he said loudly, "The various races have come together to form an alliance and a strong allied force. If we do not have a commander, it would be akin to being inefficient with our capabilities. There is no chance of us winning.

"I think we should vote for a commander that everyone thinks is capable, so that the allied forces can become more efficient and harder for the Army of the Dead to deal with; that way, we can successfully attack the devil and Army of the Dead."

