

Stay At home 2141

Chapter 2141 I'll Take Part

Michael's words made everyone present quieten down.

They had all experienced the racial war a century ago and survived. They knew very clearly deep inside how important it was to have an outstanding commander and combat cooperation.

Back then, the Elves lost almost the entire forest but Helena and the Elf queen managed to drive the Orcs and Demons out of the forest with their outstanding commanding abilities and strong personal charisma.

On top of that, when the 100,000 cavalry from the Roth Empire attacked the Twilight Forest and split up to tear the entire place apart, it was as though nothing could stop them and that proved the importance of good combat cooperation and commanding capabilities. The Orcs were not a weak race but the tribes that only fought for themselves could not form a strong enough combat power and would only be thrashed.

"I agree with that. The current situation concerns the security of the Norland Continent. If we only care about the personal interest of each race, we would only end up in complete defeat," Douglas said with a nod.

"We agree as well. There is no point engaging in a battle that is without order," the Dwarf King said loudly.

"We do not have any issues with it either. Let's take a vote and choose someone to be the commander," the Goblin Chief said.

candidates?" Helena asked.

Everyone turned to look at Michael.

Michael looked around and said, "Everybody here are highly respected individuals and are also some of the top powerhouses of the Norland Continent. Everyone is a potential candidate.

"This concerns the survival of the Norland Continent. I am very touched that everyone is willing to play a part. The role of the commander is very important and I wish that any capable person could step up and take on this responsibility to volunteer as a candidate.

"Every race here will have one vote each. The candidate with the most votes would become everyone's commander."

The rules were simple.

Everyone present was eligible to take part and could volunteer to be a candidate. After that, each race would vote for the ultimate commander.

The candidate with the most votes would become the commander.

Everyone was agreeable to this way of choosing the commander. This was naturally not the time for a martial arts competition styled election.

"In that case, I will not hold back. We, the Abyss Demons, are experienced with battles and I have commanded hundreds of battles be it the racial war back then or the other big and small battles throughout the years. I would naturally be the best fit as the commander," the Abyss Demon Chief said confidently with a smile as he stood up.

"Heh, haven't you lost enough back then in the Wind Forest?" Helena scoffed.

"You can't even defeat the Flaming Demons. Counting on you to fight the Devil is akin to getting the elites of the various races to fill up the hole in the ice," Irina mocked him as well.

The two of them naturally could not stand how the Abyss Demon Chief boasted about the crimes the Abyss Demons committed in the Wind Forest back then.

"You... The both of you..." The Abyss Demon Chief's face flushed red but he was stumped for words and could only sit back down angrily. The Flaming Demon Chief, who was sitting at the side, wanted to boast as well but did not expect himself to be implicated too. He clenched his fists and forced himself back into his seat.

That also made the other passionate Demon Chiefs, who were about to stand up, calm down.

They were unable to win over even the tribes of their race, much less the other races in this situation.

"Uncle, why don't you give it a try?" Camilla muttered.

Dracula sighed with a shake of his head, "Although I know that I am very charismatic, I am someone who hasn't commanded even a thousand-men battle. I really can't hold the fort for a million-men war."

Camilla pressed her lips together. "It was just a casual suggestion. you might not even win the Demons' vote."

"I would believe that too." Dracula nodded honestly.

If the Demons could unite, they could actually be even stronger than the Orcs. It was a pity they were divided.

There was silence for a moment. Louis stood up and said while looking around, "Count me as a candidate. The Giant dragons are capable of managing the big picture and we, the Golden Dragons, have also taken part in various battles back then during the racial war."

Louis was known to be a powerhouse for a long time and it was indeed convincing given the Giant dragons' capabilities. Andre nodded at Dominic.

Dominic stood up and said, "I am Dominic, the Roth Empire's marshal. I've commanded the empire's million-men cavalry and I have decades of experience be it in the arrangement of battle tactics or troop management. This is a difficult battle and coordination between the races is very important. I think I can be a good commander."

Everyone could not help but take a second glance at Dominic. It was as he said. Dominic was the only one who had experience managing a million-man cavalry.

Although Dominic was not the one commanding the Northwestern Legion's battle against the Orcs, it was said that Dominic was the one who came up with the attack plan. The Northwestern Legion merely acted according to plan and they almost took over the Twilight Forest.

The humans were indeed better than other races in terms of the use of battle tactics.

Otherwise, it would not be easy for the humans to survive in the Norland Continent among the other strong races, given their weak physique and strength.

"I've led the Elves to an epic comeback during the racial war back then, chasing the Orcs and Demons out of the Wind Forest and have created many battle miracles. I think I would be able to lead this war," Helena said calmly as she stood up.

Everyone was shocked that Helena would take part in the candidacy. However, what she said was the truth. The Elves did make a comeback in the racial war.

The Orcs and Demons were two strong races but they lost badly.

Helena, who was the High Priestess of the Elves, played an important role in the battle.

There were more people taking part and after the representatives present volunteered themselves, everyone turned to look at Alex.

"Will he take part?" Connie asked softly.

"Maybe. Actually, there's no better person than him," Rex said as he looked at Mag.

Dexter was also looking at Mag expectantly. Mag stood up and said calmly, "I'll take part."

It was simple and clear.

"I don't think anyone would know the devil and Army of the Dead, as well as how to deal with them, better than me," Mag said.

It was a straightforward reason that no one could refute.

Mag knew that he had already won when he saw the expressions of the various representatives.

Chapter 2142: Alex!

Everyone present looked at Mag.

However, no one could come up with a word to refute him.

Who was he?

He was the man who attracted the ordeal lightning to suppress the devil and buy time to reseal the devil just as everyone was about to give up. He was the whistleblower of the Army of the Dead's incident.

The promoter of world peace!

And... undoubtedly the number one powerhouse on the Norland Continent right now!

Now he has taken part in the election.

A smile appeared on Dexter's face. His vote would naturally be given to Lord Alex.

Irina was also looking at Mag with a smile on her face.

He was indeed her man. The way he stood out was simply too suave.

"There should be no suspense now." Camilla looked at Mag and shrugged. "Unless I take part, otherwise there is no suspense." Dracula nodded.

Connie flicked a glance at Rex.

"You are the chief, you should make the decision," Rex said with a smile.

Connie nodded. She had already made a decision inwardly.

After Mag entered the election, no one else stood up to take part in it.

"Is there anyone else who wants to take part in the election?" Michael asked.

No one spoke up.

"Alright, all the races will now vote on the few candidates who stood up earlier and the one who receives the most votes will become the supreme commander of the allied forces!" Michael declared loudly, "Does any one of you have any other suggestions?"

Dracula put his hand up and seriously asked, "I have a question. We demons can't reach a consensus, so how do we cast our vote?"

After a brief pondering, Michael said, "Why don't you 10 tribes vote internally first? The one who receives the most votes will get the vote from the demons?"

The chief of the Abyss Demons patted his chest and said, "Vote for me if you are my bro."

"Alex." The Flaming Demons' chief was the first to state his vote.

"Alex." Dracula stated his vote on behalf of the vampires.

"Alex."

Finally, Alex had defeated the Abyss Demons' chief with 9:1 votes in the demons' internal voting and received the very first vote.

"None of them are dependable..." The Abyss Demons' chief had a sullen face. He was really humiliated.

The other races chose to vote anonymously. The staff members passed the voting slips down and all the representatives wrote their choices on the slip before passing it up and letting Michael announce and count the votes right on the spot.

Chaos City, the giant dragons, the Roth Empire, the Orcs, the elves, the goblins, the dwarves, Lantise and the trolls. There were a total of nine votes and in addition to the demons' vote, whoever received the most votes would become the allied forces' supreme commander.

All the representatives stared at the crystal box in front of Michael. It was transparent, so there was no chance to tamper with it.

Of course, Michael wouldn't try such tricks in front of a bunch of 10th-tier powerhouses.

"Now, all the votes are here. I will conduct the counting right now." Michael opened up his hands to show everyone present before he put them into the ballot box. He took out the first vote and opened it in front of everyone.

"Dominic!" Michael read out the name on the voting slip.

All the representatives looked solemn as they quietly waited for the results.

Michael took out the second vote.

"Helena." Michael read out the name on the second vote.

"Dominic."

The third vote was still Dominic.

Many people's gazes landed on Dominic. It seemed like there were still people who trusted this experienced old marshal.

Mag also flicked a glance at Dominic. Technically speaking, Dominic was the best candidate for the allied forces' supreme commander.

However, this battle was different from any other battles that the Roth Empire had with the other races before. Mag had to be the supreme commander in order to control the situation. Cthulhu couldn't be killed.

They could only reseal it.

Fighting the Army of the Dead wasn't their objective. The threat of the Army of the Dead would be eliminated as soon as Cthulhu was resealed.

Of course, given Cthulhu's craftiness and unparalleled power, the allied forces definitely would have to pay a great price to stop the Army of the Dead's Invasion.

Andre's eyes lit up too. It naturally would be the best if Dominic could become the allied forces's chief commander.

"Alex!" Michael took out the fourth vote and read out the name on it.

Dominic and Alex had both received Ovo votes, so the results were still unknown right now.

All the representatives had a thoughtful look. They began to consider what the situation would be if one of these two people became the allied forces' chief commander.

Michael took out the fifth vote.

"Alex."

"Alex."

“Alex.”

Votes after votes with Alex’s name on them eventually killed all the doubts.

Alex received seven votes and became the allied forces’ chief commander with an absolute majority.

This was a world that idolized might after all.

Furthermore, compared to Dominic, who was loyal to the Roth Empire, Alex, who had left the Roth Empire, was indeed a safer choice.

Besides, just as Alex had said, no one knew the devil better than him in this world.

He was the only man who could fight with the devil.

And, also the only being who could repeatedly retreat safely from the devil.

Alex also came from the military. He was the chief commander of the Northwestern Legion back then and was deemed to be the next Roth Empire’s marshal.

“Alex receives seven votes, so he will be the allied forces’ supreme commander.” Michael declared loudly.

“It’s indeed him!” Camilla looked at Mag with amazement.

“He has received almost everybody’s trust. He’s simply too formidable.” Connie was also looking at Mag with adoration.

All the various representatives congratulated Mag too.

Mag stood up and said to all of them, “Thank you for putting your trust in me. I hope we can trust one other and cooperate to eliminate the devil and the Army of the Dead.”

“Relax. I’ll make sure the giant dragons follow your orders,” Louis chuckled and said.

Dexter got up and respectfully said, “Lantisde is loyal to you.”

Connie also stood up and respectfully said, “The orcs will obey all your instructions. ”

“The Roth Empire respects all the races’ choices and will follow your command.” Andre stated his stance too.

The concentration of power was smoother than what Mag expected.

Mag said to all of them with a grave expression, “This is destined to be a very difficult battle. We need immense courage and wisdom, so I hope Marshal

Dominic can be my assistant. He has a wealth of command experience and a great military simulation ability. He’s a great military strategist.”

Everyone’s gaze landed on Dominic.

Dominic stood up and cupped one fist in his other hand as he said to Mag, “I’ll definitely do my best..”

Chapter 2143 I- I Know The Way!

The new peace accord was signed. Mag became the allied forces' chief commander with an absolute majority.

According to the races' negotiation, the allied forces signed a pact, including the exact number of soldiers that each race was supposed to send and some details about the logistics.

In this area, Dominic, who had been a chief commander for decades, was obviously much better than Mag, so Mag easily threw that responsibility to him.

Meanwhile, he met with the Moon Nation's formation master, Jonas, and Babla alone.

This war's crux was how to reseal Cthulhu again, so the seal spell formation became of utmost importance.

There was no damaged spell formation for them to repair this time, and they could even pinpoint Cthulhu's location but they had no way to make it stay put in one place for them to seal it up.

When faced with absolute power, many plans looked feeble.

Jonas looked at the three spots Mag drew on the map and pondered for a while before seriously saying, "I need to go there personally to ascertain which spot is the best to set up the spell formation. According to the attack timing that you deduced, we can only finish setting up one spell formation."

"Alright. I'll get Michael to send someone to bring you there." Mag nodded.

Babla looked out distractedly a few times. Finally, she couldn't stay put. She stood up and said before she slipped away, "Ha, I'm sleepy. Master, you guys take your time to chit chat. I still have something else to attend to, so I won't keep you company here."

"The princess might have some matters to attend to." Jonas explained embarrassedly.

"The youngsters are all like this." Mag smiled. He knew why Babla was in such a hurry.

The alliance was already formed, but there were still many issues to straighten out. For example, the various territories that the allied forces needed to march through and the logistics replenishment etc.

Even though Mag was the chief commander, he didn't intend to do everything himself, so Irina and he left early.

"Master, I'll leave these matters to you guys. I'll go back to sleep first and have a meal," Connie yawned and said to Rex before leaving right away.

"Uncle, you go back by yourself later. I have something else to do. I'll go first." Camilla informed Dracula and then slipped away too.

"Hey! Wait a sec..." Dracula watched Camilla disappear at the door and raised his eyebrows. "This girl. Didn't I choose you to be the chief to do all these things?"

Camilla came out from the city lord's castle and smilingly said to Connie, who was sitting on the stone lion in front of the door and swinging her legs, "Tsk tsk tsk. Our little Connie has become the queen of the Twilight Forest."

Babla also looked at the two of them smilingly and said, "Oh ho, isn't it so? I thought I would become the queen of the Moon Nation first, but looking at it, both of you are faster than me."

Connie looked at the sky with her head tilted back at a 45 degree angle and sighed gently. "Actually, I only wanted to be an assassin at first."

"Alright, stop acting." Camilla reached out to pat Connie's head and laughingly said, "We haven't had dinner yet. Our most important mission now is to fill our stomachs!"

"Grrrr-!"

Connie's stomach grumbled in coordination with Camilla's statement.

"Yes! I'm starving. Let's return to the restaurant now!" Connie patted her stomach and nodded in agreement before walking forward quickly.

"This restaurant is this way." Babla quickly reached out to stop her and then pulled her towards the opposite direction as she lamented, "Only you can be a queen like this."

"Let me go... I know the way..." Connie tried to struggle.

"However, with your sense of direction, how did you manage to kill Auster? Although he had lost an arm, he was still a 10th-tier powerhouse after all," Camilla asked Connie curiously.

There had been many versions of rumors on how Connie killed Auster, because it signified the passing of power in the Twilight Forest and Connie taking over from Auster.

However, many more people suspected that Auster wasn't killed by Connie, but by Rex.

But Rex gave the credit to Connie, which allowed her to take over the position firmly.

Even Camilla and the ladies who knew Connie well, were quite curious about it.

After all...

Connie was someone who could even lose her way when she was making a delivery.

It sounded rather fantastical to listen to her being an assassin and kill a 10th-tier powerhouse two tiers above her. Just getting into the Aug Tribe and finding Auster's bed chamber were already a huge challenge to her. Perhaps, it could even be described as an impossible task. "Wow. You girls mistrust my power to this extent?" Connie looked at the two of them with aggrievement and hurt.

"It's not that we don't trust you." Babla shook her head and gravely said, "It's simply too hard to believe it."

Camilla nodded with a smile too.

"Alright. Although I didn't find his room by myself, he was indeed killed by me. I used three strikes while he was sleeping." Connie extended three fingers and waved them. "Aren't I formidable?"

"It was really you who killed him?" Babla stared at Connie with shock.

Even though she was an 8th-tier spatial magic caster, she had never imagined someone could go two tiers above and kill a 10th-tier powerhouse.

“Please call me an assassin.” Connie looked up to reveal her proud chin.

“You’re formidable.” Camilla gave her a thumbs up. She had already believed Connie.

Crossing over tiers in a formal battle was rarely successful.

However, it was another matter if it was an assassination.

Even a 10th-tier powerhouse couldn’t stay vigilant and defensive at all times.

And an assassin was meant to find the moment where one was most relaxed, launch a full-powered attack and end the battle.

For example, even a normal human being with a dagger could kill a magic caster when he was sleeping.

Connie, whose master was the Hairless Monk, had mastered many assassination techniques. It was reasonable for her to assassinate Auster in his sleep and succeed.

“Cool!” Babla’s eyes lit up and she looked at Connie expectantly. “Why don’t you teach me how to be an assassin too?”

Connie looked at Babla and shook her head. “No, you can’t do it.”

“Why can’t I do it?” Babla puffed out her chest and said with indignation, “I’m the famous genius from the Moon Nation.”

“But you’re a magic caster. You’ll expose yourself as soon as you draw out your magic wand. You’ll be killed before you can finish chanting a set of spells, so how can you be an assassin?” Connie patted her flat chest and suggested, “Why don’t you learn melee magic from Little Amy first?”

“No.” Babla pushed away Connie’s hand and shook her head in rejection.

It wasn’t that she didn’t want to learn...

She was simply too embarrassed to ask.

Connie continued speaking, “Think about it. If you mastered melee magic, together with your spatial magic, you will definitely be the best among the assassins. You can appear anywhere without any signs and you’ll also have the ability to strike in an instant.”

Chapter 2144: Let’s Begin Our Feast!

“High Priestess, I’m a little tired. I’d like to go back to rest,” Sally whispered at Helena’s side.

Helena flicked a glance at her before nodding. “Go ahead.”

Sally got up and left the boisterous meeting hall. Then, she left the city lord’s castle.

Walking in the cold winter wind, there were no pedestrians on the street and the long streets looked rather desolated.

A familiar yet strange city.

That day, she gathered all her courage to leave the forest and ran all the way to this city.

She had wanted to travel around the continent initially, but she stopped at a small restaurant.

Thinking back about it now, that time seemed to be the only time she was living for herself in her whole life.

"I wonder... if they are alright?" Sally looked towards the south of the city with a hesitant look on her face.

After a long time, she still walked towards the south.

Mag returned to the restaurant in advance and prepared all sorts of ingredients. Soon after, the ladies arrived one by one.

"Uncle Mag." Anna ran into the restaurant and leaped straight into Mag's arms.

Mag carried the little one and turned around twice. Looking at Anna, who had grown taller, he asked with a smile, "Did you have a good time, Little Anna?"

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"Mm-hm." Anna nodded obediently. "I simply missed your cooking, Little Amy and Big Sister Annie."

"Mm. Then have some more to eat later. Little Amy and the rest should be back soon too." Mag swiped the little one's nose with a smile. She was still as understanding as ever.

"Boss." Shirley nodded at Mag with a beautiful smile on her face.

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"Please take a seat first. We'll start eating once they are back." Mag nodded with a smile. He was rather surprised at Shirley's aura. She had successfully advanced to the 9th-tier in a short period of two weeks.

"Mmm." Shirley nodded and sat down at the side.

Anna followed after Mag to help him out. She was a qualified little chef.

"Princess, is Boss really back? Is Little Amy back too?" Firis' voice sounded at the door as she followed Irina in.

"Your Highness." Shirley got up and bowed to Irina.

Irina also looked at Shirley with a surprised gaze as she said, "You have advanced."

"I did it last night with a stroke of luck." Shirley nodded.

"Wow. Are you a 9th-tier magic caster now, Shirley? That's formidable!" Firis, who followed Irina in, looked at Shirley with amazement.

Among the younger generations of the elves, Shirley was the most powerful apart from the princess.

Even Sally, who had become the elven princess, was only an 8th-tier magic caster now.

“Compared to the princess, I’m still too weak,” Shirley humbly said.

“Boss, you guys are finally back!” However, Firis’ attention was already attracted by the food on the table and Mag who was busy in the kitchen. She picked up her skirts and ran towards the kitchen.

Looking at Firis, who was about to give him a hug, Mag flicked a glance at Irina who had a mysterious smile on her face. Mag quickly picked up the pot at the side and said, “Be careful, the pot is hot!”

Firis quickly applied her ‘brakes’.

She looked at Mag with a blush that was 30% excitement and 70% shyness.

She didn’t expect that she almost ran over to hug Boss in an excess of enthusiasm.

Mag drizzled the hot oil over the steamed fish head with diced hot red peppers and casually asked, “Firis, have you been cooking recently?”

The red chopped chili sizzled in the hot oil and infused soul into the fish head. A fresh aroma spread everywhere.

Firis nodded and said, “Mmm. I’ve been responsible for improving the Night Elves’ food recently. The canteen is supplying the eggplant with garlic sauce and Mapo Tofu everyday now. They are everyone’s favorite dishes. Furthermore, they get to eat piping hot congee with pork and century egg every morning too.”

“Hmm. Not bad. You brought the scrumptious dishes to more people. Well done.” Mag looked at Firis with praise. This was why he taught Firis to cook back then.

“Mm-hm.” Firis’ blush turned even redder, but she couldn’t hide her smile no matter how hard she tried.

There was nothing that made her happier than receiving Mr. Mag’s praises.

Anna put up her hand and said, “I have been helping Big Sister Firis out at the textile factory recently too, and I even taught them how to chop the ingredients.”

“Mmm, then Little Anna is awesome too,” Mag nodded and said.

Anna said with a smile, “It’s Uncle Mag who is awesome. I learned everything from Uncle Mag.”

“Oh yes. Boss, is there anything I can help you with?” Firis asked Mag. She hadn’t been to the restaurant for a long time. She would have come to help out early for the gathering tonight, if it wasn’t for the fact that the princess had just told her that Boss was back.

“I’m fine. Just bringing this steamed fish head with diced hot red peppers out will do. The dishes are all done. We just need to wait for everyone to arrive.” Mag shook his head with a smile.

“Mr. Mag, you’re finally back.” An excited voice spoke up as soon as Mag removed his apron and came out from the kitchen. A figure dashed over and then jumped onto Mag before he could react, and wrapped her legs around him.

Oh, this darned softness... they seem to have grown bigger again?

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Judging from the familiar softness on his face and the faint fragrance, Mag also knew who the person was.

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"It's not suitable for children to see." Babla, who had just walked in, reached out to cover Connie's eyes before staring at Gina's voluptuous figure enviously.

"I'm already an adult." Connie shrugged her head downwards, trying to see what was going on.

Gina, don't...

Don't stop.

Mag quickly pulled Gina off him and made her stand properly at an arm's length before Irina exploded.

"Mr. Mag, I missed you guys." Gina looked at Mag with a blush. Happiness and excitement filled her face.

Everything was fine with Gina. She was an innocent and simple girl, it was just that her way of expression was too direct.

Oh well, a girl who grew up deep under the ocean was just so sweet and naive.

Fortunately, she met an upright man like him.

Otherwise, she would have long been taken advantage of.

"Hmm. I missed you guys too." Mag nodded with a smile. His gaze did a quick sweep inconspicuously. *Hmm... they have indeed grown bigger.*

Then, he looked at Babla who had just come in.

She was still as flat as ever.

It seemed like... the moon's gravity was indeed a little insufficient.

Why did they say children who ate seafood when they were growing had more proteins?

"Are we having grilled meat tonight?" Babla's gaze was already attracted by the kebabs that were stacked up like tiny mountains at the side. There was a glow in her eyes.

"Why is she here too?!" Camilla came in and immediately became nervous when she saw Irina.

She was with Alex today at the meeting, but why did she suddenly appear at Mamy Restaurant? Perhaps, she came for the free food?

"We're back!" Amy skipped in and then skipped into all the big sisters' arms one by one. She kissed them on the cheeks before declaring with satisfaction, "Let's begin our feast!"

Chapter 2145 This Warm Place

This was indeed a feast. The restaurant's recipes had almost all appeared on the table full of dishes.

Meanwhile, the kebabs that were piled up at the side filled people up with anticipation too.

Amy and Miya returned from the ice cream shop and everyone from the restaurant was now present.

Everyone had been apart for quite some time, so they naturally did a lot of catching up.

Connie, who had become the chieftain of the orcs, became everyone's teasing target.

After all, this little girl was soft and cute when she arrived at the restaurant. They didn't expect that not only did she become the Falk Tribe's chief, she even became the chieftain of the orcs now.

"Big Sister Connie, if I just tell them your name, am I able to walk sideways like a crab and do anything I please in the orc race in the future?" Amy looked at Connie curiously and even imitated a crab by walking sideways.

"Could anyone stop Little Amy from walking sideways even if you don't tell them my name?" Connie asked with a smile instead.

Everyone laughed too after hearing that. Speaking of this, Little Amy was the real little genius. "Alright, let's sit and slowly chat as we eat," Mag said. He was the first to take a seat.

Irina sat down next to him. Although she didn't interact with him, she acted just like the lady of the house.

Amy climbed onto her high chair and the ladies all took their seats. The big roundtable was soon fully occupied.

This was a boisterous scene that hadn't appeared in Mamy Restaurant for a long time now. After all, the restaurant had been closed since Mag and his family left Chaos City for Rodu.

With good food and drinks, everyone enjoyed their meals. No one talked about the events that happened at the city lord's castle today.

"Is the restaurant going to reopen for business again?" Camilla asked Mag.

All the ladies quieted down and looked at Mag.

The restaurant had been closed for two weeks. This was a long break that had never happened before.

All the races would announce entering into the state of war soon. They would soon put in all their efforts to support the allied forces to go north but obviously, it wasn't suitable to bring children out for travels again.

"No. There are still two weeks before Amy's holidays end. I intend to reopen the restaurant after she starts school." Mag shook his head with a smile.

Speaking of this, it was rather interesting that the employees of Mamy Restaurant were tightly entwined with the Norland Continent's fate now. Be it Connie, who was going to lead the orcs to the north, or Camilla, who had become the chief of the vampires, or Babla, who was responsible for building the seal spell formation, they all played an important part.

Babla chewed on the kebab and mumbled, "Oh I see. That's good. I want to apply for some time off too."

"However, it hasn't been peaceful out there recently. Boss, you'd better not bring Little Amy and Annie out for travels now. It's not safe," Connie said to Mag seriously.

Camilla nodded too. "It really is so."

Although Mag was despicable for watching her photostone at night, this man was not bad apart from that. He was a great cook and got along well with everyone...

Yabemiya put down her bowl and asked Connie with concern, "What happened?"

"It's better for everyone to stay in Chaos City and not travel far now," Connie said.

Yabemiya hesitantly asked, "Then... will Elizabeth be in danger?"

Connie flicked a glance at Camilla unnaturally. Rankster's news had been brought up many times at the meeting today.

Elizabeth was still not found yet. This was the information shared by the Frost Dragons' great elder, Douglas. He also hoped that all the races would help them find her.

As colleagues and friends, they naturally cared about Elizabeth's safety.

Yabemiya was closest to Elizabeth. She would be worried sick if she knew about Elizabeth's situation now.

"She's a smart girl. She will be alright," Irina said.

Yabemiya was visually more relaxed when she heard that. She smiled at Irina. "Thank you."

"It's rare that we can get together today. Everyone is beginning to move out of the restaurant, which is a small place. We don't know when we will get together again. Come, let's eat and drink to our hearts' content." Mag raised his glass with a laugh.

Cheers!

Everyone raised their glasses and clinked them laughingly.

At the square, a figure stared at the brightly-lit Mamy Restaurant in a daze.

Even though she couldn't see the figures in the restaurant clearly, nor could she hear their boisterous sounds, that warm lighting still made her feel warm on this cold winter night.

A smile appeared at Sally's lips. Even though she couldn't go in, she could sense the energy just by looking at it from the outside.

She turned around and prepared to leave.

However, the restaurant's door opened.

“Since you’re here, why don’t you come in for a drink?”

A warm voice spoke up and Sally’s footsteps halted.

After a moment of hesitation, Sally turned around to look at the figure at the door.

The warm smile was still as heartwarming as ever. That pair of clear eyes was irresistible.

A smile blossomed like a flower on her cold face.

So, there were still people waiting for her to come back.

This feeling... was great.

“Aisha!”

Yabemiya walked to the door and her eyes lit up when she saw Sally standing outside. Then, she ran over, hugged her and happily said, “You’re finally back!”

Sally felt slightly awkward about Yabemiya’s enthusiasm, but her heart felt warm instantly when she was hugged by her.

“Big Sister Aisha!”

Amy also ran out with a chicken thigh in her hands. She ran to Sally with open arms, but looking at Sally, who was wearing a long white dress, she looked at her oily hands and stopped herself in time.

“For you. A freshly cooked beggar’s chicken thigh.”

Sally looked at the chicken thigh that the little one had just torn off and felt touched. Food was the most precious thing to the little one.

Smelling the enticing roast chicken’s aroma and looking at the glowing chicken thigh, she gulped. Only then did she remember that she hadn’t eaten anything for the whole day yet.

“It’s super delicious. That’s the only one. All for you.” Amy tiptoed, trying to raise the chicken thigh even higher.

“Thank you, Little Amy.” Sally took the chicken thigh and bit into it right away.

The crispy skin wrapped around the chicken flesh. The aroma only spread in the mouth after she bit into it. The tender chicken meat already leaped out urgently and her taste buds descended into a revelry.

She hadn’t had food that could be described as scrumptious for a long time now, and this chicken thigh aroused all her memory for Mamy Restaurant.

This warm place was a place that produced delicious food at the same time.

Oh...

There was also a person who was great at creating delicious food.

And a group of warm people. She looked at all the familiar and unfamiliar people standing at the restaurant’s door. They felt like family when they were standing together.

Chapter 2146: Marshal, You're Not Good At Lying

Sally, who had eaten a chicken thigh, couldn't say no to everyone's enthusiasm and went into the restaurant.

Then, her gaze landed on Irina, who was sitting in front of the table, and halted her footsteps. Sally looked surprised and slightly awkward.

Camilla looked at both of them with a weird expression.

Babla and Connie's expressions were similar too. They knew their identities and it was indeed a little awkward for them to meet in a situation like this.

"I'll add a seat for you." Irina took out a folding chair and put it at a place that was slightly more spacious.

"Thank you." Sally nodded. She looked relaxed immediately and she sat down on the folding chair gracefully.

"Big Sister Aisha." Anna came over and looked at Sally happily.

Sally patted Anna's head and said with a smile, "Little Anna has grown taller too."

"I still haven't thanked you for the previous incident." Shirley sat next to Sally and sincerely said to her, "Thank you."

"You're welcome." Sally nodded. Looking at Shirley, Sally opened her mouth but she didn't say anything.

"This is Aisha, the restaurant's second employee and also the restaurant's second customer." Mag introduced Sally to the employees that were hired after she left and also introduced them to Sally.

In Mamy Restaurant, she was still Aisha. At least, she was tonight.

"They are indeed women who can become princesses. They're all not simple."

Camilla was secretly amazed by these two women's generosity. They could actually put down their feud and sit down for a meal together.

This feast lasted until midnight and only ended after all the kebabs were devoured.

Mag stood at the door and watched them leave. With a smile, he said, "I hope all of you will have a bright future and you can be happy and blissful too. No matter where you are, or who you become, Mamy Restaurant will always be here and its door will always be open for you."

The ladies looked at him, and they all smiled.

All the smiling faces shone brighter than the starry sky. They even looked prettier too.

Mag stood at the door and watched the ladies leave.

"Seems like you are really well-liked by the ladies." Irina's voice sounded from behind him.

Mag turned around and sighed gently. "If you're talking about my culinary skills, then I'll admit that it is indeed an inconceivable talent."

“What if I said it’s your mouth?”

Mag frowned and shook his head as he said, “That is a little unreasonable. Apart from you, no one else would know that I’m very good with my mouth.”

Irina was stunned and then she suddenly realized something. She blushed, slapped him across his chest and said with a pout, “Smooth-tongued.”

“That’s a very apt description.” Mag nodded and closed the door.

This was a farewell dinner for those that were going to the battle, including Mag himself.

This was a war that was beyond Mag’s control. They would have to face the powerful Cthulhu and Rankster and the Army of the Dead that was under his control.

Many people would die in this war and no one could guarantee who they would be.

Connie would bring the orcs’ legion to the north personally. Camilla was also among the vampires’ fighting forces. Babla would follow her master to the frontline to set up the seal spell formation. Shirley had already applied to join the Night Elves’ combat forces. Gina would go into battle with Lantisde and Sally would also go into battle with the elves’ legion.

Mag would fight alongside them. But this time, he wouldn’t use the identity of their boss.

How amazing this situation was.

When he first came to this world, Mag was only thinking about how to survive in this damned world with Amy, with his wretched body.

But now, he was going to save this world together with his companions from the restaurant.

“Are you confident?” Irina looked at Mag, who was daydreaming next to the window and asked him softly from behind.

Mag turned around and smiled at Irina. “I’ve promised to make the Manchu Han Imperial Feast for Little Amy, but I’m still far from making it.”

“What about me?”

Mag reached out and hugged her waist gently. “I think Little Amy is old enough now. Let’s give her a little brother or a little sister when we return.”

Irina blushed with a mild anger. She looked up into his affectionate and tender eyes and her heart trembled. She nodded with an unexplainable emotion.

“You look like you have had a good rest.” Helena’s voice came from the room with the open door as soon as Sally returned to the city lord’s castle’s yard, which the elven delegation was staying in.

The expression on Sally’s face faded away. After a brief hesitation, she still walked into Helena’s room.

Helena looked at her and got straight to the point. "Do you want to stay in the forest or go to the north?"

"To the north," Sally replied without any hesitation.

"I need someone to take care of the rear."

"That someone cannot be me."

"Great. Your father wouldn't have ended up like this if he had half of your courage." Helena nodded with satisfaction.

Sally was silent. She didn't want to be reminded of that man.

In the yard next door in the study with closed windows and doors.

Alex looked at Dominic who was sitting across from him and gravely said, "Alex chose you as his assistant, so he will definitely ask you about the battle techniques. You have preserved the Roth Empire's power as much as you can. 'People of a different race can not be trusted.' This is an ancient saying."

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After a moment of silence, Dominic nodded and said, "Your Majesty's wish is my command."

Andre was also quiet for a long time before he said, "If you meet Josh on the battlefield, kill him. Don't let him live."

"Your Majesty..." Dominic was shocked, but he quickly nodded. "Yes."

Early the next morning, Mag came to the city lord's castle and met up with Dominic.

Just as Mag expected, the Roth Empire had already prepared two sets of war plans for the north before the meeting.

One war plan was for the Roth Empire to fight the war alone if the negotiation failed and the other was a detailed coordination of military operations and tactical plans after all the races united their efforts.

The Roth Empire had very detailed information about the iceplain at the extreme north, including a recently drawn topographic map with every mountain and ravine marked out carefully.

Mag read through the detailed tactics carefully before putting it down.

"You and I both know very well that this isn't the best plan." Mag looked at Dominic and shook his head in disappointment.

Dominic was silent. Then, he nodded. "This is the plan that we have prepared."

“Marshal, you’re not good at lying.” Mag chuckled. “This is the plan that you’ve just changed last night, right? To prevent the loss of the Roth Empire’s cavalry, many loopholes are added in. Loopholes that are fatal to the allied forces.”

Dominic’s expression froze on his face.

“I’m very disappointed.” Mag shook his head. “You should know very well that you’re no longer the Roth Empire’s marshal when you wrote this plan. You are the marshal of the entire allied forces. No matter which race they come from, they are all your soldiers now. They’re all fighting for this world.”

Chapter 2147 Have You Seen Our Performance?

There were only two people in the spacious meeting room but the current atmosphere was very suppressive.

Mag watched Dominic calmly. The empire’s marshal had his head hanging down.

“I know this is his intention. As the empire’s marshal, you cannot refuse this request.” Marshal broke the silence. He looked at Dominic and said, “But, Marshal, you are now the deputy commander of the allied forces and you have the responsibility of leading the allied forces to protect the Norland Continent. You’re no longer just a marshal for the Roth Empire.”

Dominic looked up at Mag.

“Before becoming a soldier, we first swore to become a knight. The people we should protect are the weak. This was what you told me when we first met back then.” Mag looked at Dominic. “Now, the various races are very sincere in sending out reinforcements to aid the Roth Empire, forming the allied forces to go northward. I am unable to accept it if you are still going to abide by your principles of putting the Roth Empire first.”

“It’s quite an irony that I am unable to put into action the words that I’ve lectured you all with.” Dominic laughed at himself. After that, he had a serious expression as he stood up straight. “I will resign from my duties as the Roth Empire marshal and join this war as the deputy commander of the allied forces and do my very best.”

Mag stood up too. He looked at Dominic and said, “Happy working together with you, Marshal.”

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Rodu, Romo Street.

“Saipan Tavern...” A young lady dressed in a black lolita dress stood in front of the tavern door as she looked up at the signboard, then at the tightly shut door in disappointment.

Three silver coins. After pulling through two days, Vicki finally came over to Romo Street with the paper. One would only know how costly the living expenses are if they are supporting the family. Vicki only understood this recently.

There was no other choice. The people of Rodu did not know what Opera was, so they would not spend a few copper coins to watch an opera performance.

Of course, one of the reasons was also that the opera house was too rundown./ please keep reading on MYBOXNOVEL(dot)COM.

When she recruited the troupe members, she had huge ambitions and painted a beautiful picture for them.

Now, they could barely feed themselves and were all hungry and skinny...

There were five troupe members who left a letter behind this morning. They left without a word.

They had gone to Maca Opera as they could have a full meal and sleep properly there. That was attractive enough.

Right now, Pascal was using money to humiliate her and to attract the other troupe members. This had made Vicki decide to come

here.

When had she ever suffered such humiliation before...

Compared to Pascal and that perverted young master, this uncle who could appreciate their performance was simply too amiable.

If she had to make a choice, it would be this uncle.

She could tell, judging from his attitude towards the two maidens, that he was not a bad person.

However, the tavern was closed and there was even a sign hanging on the door that said that it would be temporarily closed.

“Sigh...”

Vicki sighed. She put her hand in her pocket and felt the few copper coins that she had leftover after buying breakfast for her troupe members. If she only had porridge, it could last her a few more days.

However, if five had left today and another five leave tomorrow, within days, she would be all alone.

All her hard work within the last year would go to waste.

She would not be able to face those members who had gotten their dreams and hopes up because of her.

“Hi, are you here for a drink?” A voice came from behind Vicki.

Vicki turned and saw a beautiful lady who was around 15 to 16 years old.

“I am here to look for the tavern uncle. It seems that he’s not around,” Vicki said disappointedly as she shook her head.

“Are you Vicki?” Mala asked.

Vicki's eyes lit up. She sized Mala up and asked, "You know me? Have you watched our performances?"

"Performances? I've not seen them." Mala shook her head.

"I see..." Vicki was a little hurt. "In that case, how do you know my name?"

"It was Master. He told me that a young lady might be looking for him during these couple of days." Mala said with a smile, "I saw you standing at the door for quite a while and it seemed to me that you had something to sort out, so I came over to ask."

"I see." Vicki nodded. She did not expect that uncle to remember what had happened.

"In that case, when is he coming back? I do have something important to talk about with him," Vicki enquired.

"He said he would be out for a few days but did not say when exactly he would be back."

Vicki was slightly disappointed upon hearing that. Her troupe members would probably all be gone in another couple of days time.

"Thank you." Vicki nodded to Mala and left.

She had to go walk around the streets to see if there was any way to earn money. Perhaps she could sell a few things she brought from home.

But she had already sold those things that could be sold and that which were left were what could not be sold.

Aye...

Money is a problem!

"Hold on!"

Mala called out to Vicki.

"Huh?" Vicki looked at Mala curiously.

"My Master told me to pass something to you before he left and even told me to bring you somewhere," Mala said.

"What's it?" Vicki's expectations grew.

"I'm not sure either. Hang on for a while." Mala ran back to Titan Tavern and in no time at all, she brought out a paper bag and handed it over to Vicki.

Vicki received the rather heavy paper bag and looked at Mala. She opened the bag immediately.

There was a black money pouch inside, a bunch of keys, and a letter.

Vicki opened the money bag. There were 50 glittering silver coins shining brightly at her.

After that, she picked up the bunch of keys and was a little confused.

"Let's go. I'll bring you to a place," Mala said as she walked off.

Vicki quickly put away the things and followed behind her.

Very quickly, Mala stopped in front of a house.

This was a two-storey house that was almost as twice as large as the houses beside it. It was also slightly taller, being a two-storey house that was almost as tall as a three-storey house. The signboard was removed and the old-looking door was covered with dust. It must have been vacant for a very long time.

“This is?” Vicki looked at Mala with confusion.

“Master did not tell me anything.” Mala shrugged. She looked at the keys in her hand and said, “But you can try to see if it opens

up.”

Vicki went up, picked up the dusty lock and inserted the key. She turned the key gently.

“Click.”

The lock sprung open.

Mala reached out and pushed the door open. Light shone into the place.

A spacious hall appeared in front of her and there were dusty benches stacked in the corner.

But Mala’s eyes were fixed on the stage in the hall.

Rays of light shone in from the windows onto the stage. The dust danced in the light, but that light shone a brilliance onto her dreams.

Chapter 2148 Black Cat Opera House

Vicki stood at the door in a daze and her big bright eyes were filled with surprise.

Mala poked her head out to look at the circus theater that had been closed for a long time. Miss even brought her before when she was young, but it had been closed for two to three years now.

However, why was this beautiful big sister so happy to see this old theater?

“Can I go in to take a look?” Vicki turned around to ask Mala.

Mala nodded. “Master has already given the key. I don’t think he would prevent you from entering.”

“Thank you,” Vicki said and quickly walked into the theater.

The black boots stepped on the floor and stirred up a layer of dust, but Vicki didn’t seem to care. She surveyed her surroundings as if she had just discovered treasure.

The spacious hall was about 300 square meters big and the ceiling was about six meters tall. It looked very spacious.

There were many windows at both the front and the back, which allowed the light to shine into the theater.

The stage was even extended upwards to the second floor. It even received more light and was rather spacious.

There were even a few ropes left on the stage and claws marks could be seen across the floor.

“This should be a circus theater and it was specially built for it. It doesn’t seem bad!” Vicki was ecstatic. This was almost the theater of her dreams.

Of course... It was the deformed dream that was battered by reality numerous times.

It could shelter them from the weather, a respectable stage, designated seats for the audience and a small window to sell the tickets...

That was enough.

This place could satisfy all her requirements.

Although it looked very dusty now, it was already glowing in her eyes.

“Did that gentleman want to let this place out to us?” Vicki turned around to ask Mala at the door.

“Perhaps he mentioned it in the letter?” Mala reminded her.

Vicki quickly dug out the envelope from her pocket and took out the letter.

Dear Miss Vicki,/ please keep reading on MYBOXNOVEL(d0t)COM.

I’m very happy that you can read this letter as this means that you have considered my suggestion.

It’s a pathetic era when artists cannot live and perform with respect.

There are 50 silver coins here. It is a token sum from me and I hope it can resolve your current situation.

I have even prepared Building 101 for you. If you and your troupe are happy with it, it can be your performance venue.

Of course, as a businessman, I hope to invest in your future.

I will take 10% of the Black Cat Opera House’s annual profit as my return. I won’t interfere in the other matters.

I hope you can consider it.

If you agree, you can move into Building 101 right away.

If you cannot accept this condition, you may return the key to Mala.

—Hades.

It was a short and concise letter.

Vicki read through it twice, feeling a little conflicted.

“Are you stupid? Do you still have to consider such an angelic investor?! Compared to that jerk who was after our body, isn’t he much better?” Vicki suddenly said in a rage.

“Huh?” Mala was stunned and she looked at Vicki with shock. Did she scold herself whenever she got angry?

Vicki immediately clutched the key in her hands tightly as though she was grabbing onto a lifeline. Her gaze became convinced

too.

“Black Cat Opera House will restart right here! I will let everyone know that this world’s best theater is right here!”

Vicki collected her emotions and walked out of the theater. She gave the letter to Mala and said, “Mr. Hades has let us use this building temporarily. We’re going to open the best opera house here.”

“You guys are going to open an opera house here?” Mala’s eyes lit up and she perplexedly asked, “What’s an opera?”

Vicki looked sullen. That was the opera’s current situation in Rodu right now too.

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“Maestro, Four and Bao have left too,” a middle-aged man said unhappily as Vicki pushed open the door and walked into the dilapidated yard.

The other actors were also looking at Vicki worriedly. Seeing her empty hands, they looked even more disappointed.

“Our Black Cat Opera troupe is going to disband if this goes on...” A thin and dark girl clenched her fists and angrily said, “They’re too ungrateful. They would have starved to death long ago if not for the maestro. How dare they betray us now?!”

All of them fell silent with complex expressions.

The weather had no signs of getting warmer and their tummies were always hungry. They didn’t know if they could survive this winter if this went on.

Vicki flicked a glance at all of them. She raised her pretty eyebrow with a hint of mild anger. She reached for her money bag at her waist, slammed it onto the table and yelled, “Why are all of you pulling a long face? Isn’t it just money? See what this is?!”

The glittering silver coins glowed brightly.

All their eyes lit up and all the troupe members stared at the silver coins in the money bag on the table with disbelief.

“This... Maestro, where did you get the money from?” the middle-aged man asked in a trembling voice.

“Maestro, d-did you sell yourself away?” the dark and thin maiden asked sadly.

All the troupe members looked at Vicki nervously with concern. They all knew about that rich young master who was pestering their maestro. However, their maestro had never liked him.

However, other than him, they really couldn't fathom where the maestro could get so much money.

"What selling? I will sell you away before I sell myself away." Vicki rolled her eyes before she said with a smile, "This money was given to us by that gentleman who came to watch our shows last time. Apart from money, he even provided us with a venue for our opera house. I have already agreed to work with him. Our hard life has ended."

"Really?!"

"We have a new opera house?"

"We're finally leaving here?!"

All of them were surprised and ecstatic. Some of them even cried.

Vicki looked at them and her eyes were reddened as she laughed. Wiping away her tears, she said, "Alright. I have called three horse-drawn carriages and they're already waiting outside. Quickly pack up and let's move. I will bring you guys out to have a good meal later."

"Yes!" everyone answered. They got whatever little baggage they had leftover, extinguished the fire and left.

"So imposing!"

"This is simply awesome!"

"This stage! I love it."

Outside of Building 101, the opera troupe members stared at the theater and its widely-opened doors with wide-open mouths and ill-concealed shock.

Vicki couldn't help blaming herself when she looked at the eight troupe members that remained. If she hadn't been so stubborn yesterday and had gone to look for that mister earlier, all of them would have been present here today.

She didn't blame those troupe members who had left. Those who persevered with her till now were truly loyal. It was normal for those other members to have given up.

Tummies that were filled with water couldn't be considered full.

Vicki looked at the troupe members and said with a grin, "From today onwards, this is our home. Let's start anew."

"Alright!" answered the troupe members while laughing too.

All of them picked up their luggage and walked into the theater. They couldn't wait to find the cleaning tools from the utility closet and start cleaning up.

Vicki found a short wooden plank. After wiping it clean, she wrote on it before hanging it on the door.

Black Cat Opera House!

Chapter 2149: The Donkey's Not Bad

As a rather unqualified commander, Mag conducted a deep discussion and planning session with Dominic with the experience he had inherited from Alex.

This war was bigger, with many more types of soldiers and much more complicated situations than the racial war back then.

The racial war back then was just two or three races fighting against one another. Although it looked messy, looking at it in isolation, there weren't many large-scale battles.

Moreover, the allied forces were formed at the very last minute. They didn't even trust one another fully, let alone having a tacit understanding.

"I'm afraid it will be difficult to control the situation if the defense line is broken through in such a setup." Dominic looked at the defense setup that was drawn in a straight line by Mag on the sand table.

"A simple line of defense isn't going to hold back the fearless charge by 1,000,000 soldiers of the Army of the Dead, so I intend to have an opening here in these three ravines to let them in.

"I'm going to streamline the 1,000,000 soldiers and stretch the battleline.

"There will be battalions of cannons and legions of magic casters stationed at both sides of the ravine to take out the Army of the Dead to the utmost extent.

"There will also be a line of ambush that resembles a pocket at the ravine's exit where spell formations and a massive military force are stationed.

"The giant dragon's legion will take the lead and kill the Army of the Dead from the sky with their air superiority.

"However, our final objective is to lure Cthulhu out and into the spell formation, so that we can seal it.

"Once Cthulhu is sealed, the Army of the Dead will lose their leader and the crisis will be averted."

Mag fiddled on the sand table and created a new formation diagram.

Dominic's eyes lit up and he walked around the scenario table twice before he said with a frown, "Such a setup can indeed block the Army of the Dead for a period of time, but how are we going to lure Cthulhu into the seal?"

The devil was mysterious and hard to predict. If the seal beyond Chaos City had shown them a glimpse, they wouldn't even know that there was such a terrifying being that was sealed up on the Norland Continent.

They had an immensely long lifespan that was even longer than the time that a single race had existed for.

Even the giant dragons, who had a long lifespan, knew nothing about them either.

They had terrifying power and couldn't be killed. They couldn't even be seriously injured.

Only the seal spell formation that was passed down from the ancient times could seal them away.

However, what a difficult task that was. Perhaps, their plan was only a joke in its eyes.

"I wonder if you have heard about the thousand layer cake theory before?" Mag asked.

"A thousand layer cake?" Dominic shook his head. What was this theory that sounded like a food?

Mag revealed a mysterious smile. "Cthulhu has existed for eons. The wisdom it has must be beyond our imagination, but no matter how high its intelligence is, it still has to think when facing our traps.

"It might see that it's a trap, then it will move into the second layer by trying to escape the first layer. It thinks we are only at the first layer, but in fact we're at the fifth layer."

Dominic nodded thoughtfully. After a period of silence, he couldn't help asking, "So, what's the fifth layer?"

"You will find out when it's time." Mag smiled. "I'll leave the battle formation to you and you'll leave the traps and seal spell formations to me. My only requirement for you is to exterminate 200,000 soldiers from the Army of the Dead and make sure the line of defense doesn't break down."

"Alright." Dominic nodded seriously.

If he didn't have such confidence with 1,000,000 soldiers at hand, he would have wasted his decades of being the empire's marshal.

Mag went to see Michael to understand the progress of the cannons' production.

"With Miss Scheer's full support, the cannons' daily production has already reached 300 and the artillery shells' daily production has reached 5000.

"We have also gotten in touch successfully with the dwarves. Yesterday, 50 technicians arrived from the dwarves with the blueprints. They will supply us with the cannons at full force.

"The goblins have also promised to supply all the materials needed to make the cannons. When the dwarf race can produce a certain number of cannons daily, Chaos City will manufacture the artillery shells with full force and shut down the cannons' production line." Michael brought Mag around the cannon workshop as he introduced the production process to him.

"Miss Scheer is really a big-hearted person." Mag nodded. His opinion of Scheer had gone up another notch.

Out of the chaos come the heroes. Although Scheer was a woman, she had an extremely vast outlook and foresight.

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The train that had started to run, became the best tool to transport the minerals. Freight trains shuttled between Vic Mountain and Chaos City, increasing the efficiency several times over.

If the current situation wasn't in a mess and they weren't facing a great enemy, all the races would have noticed this smooth transport route.

If the Norland Continent could survive this episode, the train would lead in the development sector in the coming 100 years of peace.

If you wanna get rich, build the routes first.

That was the truth.

Furthermore, Scheer had control of the Buffett Bank, had the first mover advantage and the core technology of the steam engine. She was the perfect money-making machine.

Mag could even imagine himself lying on the shoulders of this giant and enjoying a life of financial freedom.

"Yes. In times of chaos, women are not inferior to men." Michael lamented and nodded. "And, it's not just Miss Scheer alone. Miss Gloria from the Moreton Family had also come to the city lord's castle two days ago to donate a huge batch of battle winter wear for the allied forces."

"Gloria?" Mag raised his brows slightly. Speaking of which, he hadn't met that maiden who liked to eat tofu pudding for some time.

It was noon when Mag came out of the city lord's castle.

The sunlight landed on his face and it was a little glaring. The snow had almost melted and the new leaves had sprouted on the willows at the side. It looked like spring was approaching soon.

"Alex?!" A surprised voice called out.

Mag retracted his gaze and looked at the knight who was pulling a black donkey. He had a square face and an emerald longsword at his waist. He had a bashful smile and a pair of bright eyes.

Conti Nicolas.

His name appeared in Mag's mind immediately. Thinking of it, Mag hadn't met him for a few months now.

He looked a little darker and had a new long and narrow scar on the left side of his face that looked like a mark left by some magic beast's claws.

There were also many scratches on his armor and it was no longer shiny.

However, that pair of eyes of his were still cool and bright like a young man's!

"Hello," Mag said to him.

"I heard that you have stopped killing dragons. You're killing devils now, right?" Conti asked Mag excitedly.

"It's indeed like that recently." Mag nodded.

Conti smiled and bashfully said, "In that case, I have to join the Chaos City's northern expedition's legion, in order to fight alongside you."

Mag looked at him, and then at his black donkey and chuckled. "The donkey's not bad."

Conti reached out to pat the black donkey's head and laughed. "It's my new ride, but it's indeed not bad."

Chapter 2150: Master, Are You Abandoning Me?

Mag was cooking in the kitchen, when Amy carried a stool to the kitchen's entrance and sat on it, stroking the cat as she asked, "Father, are we going to stay in Chaos City or go to Rodu next?"

"What does Little Amy think?" Mag asked with a smile.

Amy thought about it seriously. "I can play with Big Sister Miya and the ladies, Jessica and Daphne in Chaos City. It's more fun than Rodu."

"It's indeed so." Mag nodded. Other than having a greater variety of food, Rodu wasn't that fun to the two children.

However, he still needed a dependable employee before he could wash his hands off Saipan Tavern.

However, being the supreme commander of the allied forces now, he really didn't have the time to care if Saipan Tavern would lose its customers because its boss had gone away.

"However, I can watch 'Miss Black Cat' in Rodu. The big sister's performance is so nice. I want to watch it again." Amy pouted as she rubbed Ugly Duckling's chubby face in a dilemma.

At that moment, someone knocked on the door.

"I'll go get the door!" Amy put Ugly Duckling down and ran to the door with her short legs. She tiptoed and struggled to pull open the door.

Two strapping figures stood at the door.

Amy looked up and went white when she saw who they were. She exclaimed, "Masters, are we starting school so early?!"

They were Krassu and Urien.

"Hehe. It's still a little early. Don't be nervous, Little Amy. We're just here to test you on your recent homework. We want to see if you have slacked off during the holidays," Krassu said with a doting smile.

"That's right." Urien nodded.

/ please keep reading on Myb0xn0vel(d0t)c0m.

Amy pouted and sadly mumbled, "Shouldn't we just play and have fun during the holidays? Why do I still have to work hard? I don't want to work hard..."

Her eyes got red as she spoke and tears gathered in her big eyes as if they were going to fall at any time.

"Erm..."

Krassu and Urien froze. Obviously, they were still helpless when the little one pretended to be sad.

“Don’t cry, don’t cry. Master is just joking. We simply came to see Little Amy because we haven’t seen you for a long time.” Krassu quickly waved his hands and nudged Urien with his elbow. “Isn’t it so, Urien?”

Urien rubbed his tummy secretly, but he still nodded. “Yes.”

“Is it really so?” Amy looked at the two of them and instantly revealed a cute smile as she raised her hands up and said, “I’ve super missed you two Masters! Really.”

Looking at the smile on their little disciple, Krassu and Urien couldn’t help but smile too.

Mag came out from the kitchen and said to the two of them, “You guys are here, Masters. Come and have a seat. I guess you two haven’t had your meals yet. Why don’t you guys eat together with us since I’m cooking.”

“We have...”

“Yes, what a coincidence. We haven’t eaten yet. I feel rather shy to impose on you guys.” Krassu was already sitting at the table as he spoke.

Urien flicked a glance at him and frowned, but he also sat at the table.

“Please wait a while. I still have two more dishes to cook.” Mag poured them a glass of water each, before going back to the kitchen to continue cooking.

These two were usually intolerant of each other. They must have some issues that made them come visit Mag together today.

Mag listened to their conversation while he cooked.

“Come over here, Little Amy.” Krassu got Amy to go over. He held her hand and sized her up for a while, before he nodded with satisfaction. “Although there’s not much improvement, your face has gotten rounder and you look cuter.”

Urien rolled his eyes and tapped Amy’s glabella gently. A snowflake blossomed at her glabella before rapidly transforming into an ice crystal which hovered in front of her forehead.

“Not bad. You’ll be able to use the real domain after some time.” Urien retracted his hands and nodded at the five-pointed crystal with satisfaction.

“I practise very hard every day,” Amy said with a smile as she listened to her masters’ praises.

Mag also smiled in the kitchen. Even though the little one loved to eat and sleep, she did practice consciously for two to three hours each day. Compared to her peers, she was already a hardworking role model.

Krassu began to heap praises on Amy, making her extremely happy.

“Little Amy, Master has something to give you. You must keep them well.” Krassu took out a green space magic bracelet. With the snap of his fingers, a photostone and a thick book appeared on the table.

Amy picked up the photostone to have a closer look before sizing up the thick book and asked, "Master, what are these?"

Krassu introduced the items with a smile. "Master has specially recorded some magic tutorials for you in this photostone. This book is the record of melee magic that I have just written. There is only one in this world."

"Oh." Amy nodded and sized up the two items curiously, but she quickly put them down and looked up at Krassu. "Master, are you abandoning me?"

Mag also stopped cooking in the kitchen.

Krassu shook his head and said, "Why would I? Little Amy is so adorable. How can Master bear to abandon you?"

"Then, why are you giving me all these things? Are you not going to teach Little Amy magic? Little Amy will be hardworking. Don't give up on Little Amy, please?" Amy looked at Krassu anxiously. Tears had already gathered in her eyes.

"It's not like that, Little Amy. Master needs to go on a long trip. I'm afraid that you won't work hard, so I'm leaving you with these two items.

"I hope you will have become more powerful by the time Master returns. By then, I will personally test if you have worked hard." Krassu rubbed Amy's head with a smile.

"Really?" Amy sniffled and looked at Krassu with suspicions.

"It's true." Urien raised his hand and an ice-blue ring appeared on the table, alongside an ice crystal mirror that looked like a snowflake.

"Little Amy, these are the things that I'm leaving to you. Your affinity with ice magic is far above me, so your accomplishments in the future will definitely surpass mine." Urien looked at Amy and smiled with consolation. "The happiest thing I did in my whole life is taking you in as my disciple."

"T-then, when are you guys coming back?" Amy asked the two of them.

"Very soon. Perhaps, we'll return when your school reopens," Krassu answered with a smile.

Urien nodded as well.

A smile reappeared on Amy's face. Nodding her head seriously, she said, "Yes. I will study magic very, very hard. You two will be shocked when you are back."

"Alright. We'll wait for it." Krassu chuckled.

Mag carried the dishes out, took a bottle of Maotai from the liquor cabinet and said with a smile, "Masters, it's rare for us to get together. Why don't we have a drink?"