

Stay At home 2361

Chapter 2361: The First Benchmark For Succubi To Escape the Bathhouse

Luna left without staying too long in Mamy Restaurant. Mag took out a small notebook and started to diligently prepare for his classes.

The good thing was that he need not worry over the lack of students. In fact, such a start seemed to have exceeded his expectations. This meant that he would be gaining 100 fans.

These 100 fans could possibly reap even bigger harvests in the future.

Before that, he had to become a good teacher and impart his culinary skills to them so that they could all grow to become independent chefs.

But eliminating some of the curious children made Mag somewhat uneasy.

Mag went to the dormitory and happened to meet Angela, who was on her way back. He said, "Angela, can you make a trip to Rodu to look for Miss Vicki, the maestro of Black Cat Opera House at Romo Street? Say that I recommended you to learn the performing arts."

"Learn the performing arts?" Angela was stunned. She looked at Mag in bewilderment and said, "Why must I learn the performing arts?"

"Didn't I say that I want to give you a chance to make a name for yourself? The chance is here now. It's up to you whether you can grab it," Mag said with a smile.

Angela blinked and said, "Boss... are you selling me? You're selling me to an opera house? The indecent kind?"

Thud!

Mag smacked her on her head and said angrily, "It's a decent opera house and it's currently the best opera house in the Norland Continent."

Angela held her red forehead and said with grievance, "In that case... Why are you making me learn performing arts? I can't act in an opera."

"I intend to make a Magvie. You'll be the female lead. The script is currently a work in progress but you need to improve your acting skills. After all, it is the first-ever Magvie. It's not just for fun," Mag explained patiently.

"What is a Magvie?"

"It is a type of communication technique where you use a Photostone and some spells to capture images and then play it out with a player. The content captured would be a story. This is a Magvie."

Angela thought seriously for a while and could not really understand but the sound of it seemed rather cool. She could not help but ask, "If I'm the female lead, who is the male lead?"

Mag pointed at himself.

Angela stared at Mag for a while and asked hesitantly, "Boss Mag, you're not going after my looks, are you?"

"Do you think you have what it takes to say that in front of your lady boss?" Mag rolled his eyes.

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Angela suddenly thought that it made sense and said with a smile, "That's true. You don't have the guts to do so. Lady Boss could squash you a hundred times with just a finger."

Mag had mixed feelings. This is what happens when the woman wears the pants in the relationship. Others would even think that you don't dare to have such thoughts.

"Then what would happen to the work in the restaurant when I'm gone?" Angela asked.

"You don't have to worry about that. It would get busier but it's still manageable."

"You mean it's the same whether or not I'm around?"

"With you around, everyone can take a few more breaks."

"Hmph! I'm leaving tonight!" Angela rushed up the stairs angrily.

Mag shook his head with a smile and turned to return to the restaurant.

In no time at all, a head peeked out from upstairs, asking in a cowardly manner, "Are the performing arts difficult?"

"It shouldn't be to you," Mag said with a smile. This lass had a natural talent in acting.

"I'll rest assured then." Angela put her head back in with a smile.

The next morning, Angela came over to the restaurant for breakfast and bade everyone farewell.

"Sisters, I am going to Rodu to enjoy myself. I'll be back to visit you after I become a superstar," Angela said a little proudly after licking her bowl of tofu pudding clean.

"Father, is Big Sister Angela going to learn hypnosis?" Angela asked Mag.

The corner of Mag's lips twitched. He almost burst out laughing. He shook his head gently and said, "She's going to learn the performing arts and is set to become the first benchmark for succubi to escape the bathhouse."

Amy nodded thoughtfully. "Isn't she going to be away from the crowd, then?"

Everyone laughed.

"Oh, right. Babla, Shirley, how are your lesson preparations going?" Mag asked them.

"Principal Luna came to look for me yesterday saying that there are very few children with magic talent. Currently, they could only detect about 20 students who are suitable to train in magic." Babla sighed.

“Although I haven’t seen the children, I think they don’t have a lot of talent. Otherwise, they would have been accepted into Chaos School.”

Mag had also expected that. Seeing that Babla was feeling down, he said seriously, “There is no discrimination in teaching. If they are willing to learn magic from you, as the only magic teacher in Hope School, you should still give your all to teach them.”

Upon hearing that, Babla’s expression grew serious. She nodded and said, “I understand. I just did not expect the ratio to be that bad.”

“It could also be that the test went wrong. After all, those teachers were not magic casters and most children’s magic talent would only be shown after they are developed. Therefore, there are many children with magic talent but they are just not discovered.” Irina interrupted.

Babla’s eyes lit up. She was suddenly energized and said, “That’s right! Let me slowly discover them! There are more than 3000 children from various races. I don’t believe there are only that many who can learn magic.”

“Shirley, what about you?” Mag looked at Shirley.

“Principal Luna said that there are currently only four children who signed up for the archery course.” Shirley smiled despondently. She looked at Anna, who was eating her dumpling obediently beside her, and said, “Anna is one of them.”

“Why do children nowadays dislike working out? No one actually signed up with such a good archery teacher around?” Yabemiya commented in shock.

“This is not difficult to understand. Those children could barely fill their stomachs, so to them, finding a job that could bring them riches after leaving school is more important than working out,” Mag explained.

Everyone was deep in thought and could quickly understand what Mag said.

“However, they probably have not realized that learning archery from Shirley could make them an excellent archer. That is also a freelance job that they could do,” Elizabeth said.

“There is a week of trial lessons. During this week, the children can change their courses based on their preferences and abilities. The number of students will increase after they experience the fun of archery class.” Mag comforted her.

“Boss, in that case, how many students chose your course?” Yabemiya asked.

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Everyone looked at Mag.

Chapter 2362: Kiddo Snapped Her Fingers

Mag cleared his throat and said calmly, "About 400. A little too many so I have to trouble Principal Luna to help sieve some of them out. I'll still have to go over today to eliminate some students. It's also a worry to be chosen too many times."

Babla stared at Mag for a while and with all her upbringing as a princess, suppressed the urge to curse at him.

Shirley also looked at Mag with mixed emotions. Although she did not say much, it was just as though she had lashed out at him internally.

"Impressive. I didn't expect so many children to aspire to be chefs," Miya exclaimed.

"These children are pretty smart. The least thing you have to worry about when staying in the kitchen is filling your stomach," Camilla said with a smile.

"These children need to be free of such insecurities for them to really learn and choose what they want for their future," Irina said worriedly.

Mag was slightly stunned. Irina's words had reminded him.

Although these children chose him, how many of them really want to become a chef? Are they just trying to escape hunger?

Mag invested and created Hope School so that these children could have a choice in what future they wanted.

"I'm full. I'll have to leave first. The flying steed that I booked is about to set off." Angela put her bowl down and said to everyone, "So long, Sisters!"

"We're not sisters." Mag emphasized.

"It's alright, I don't mind," Angela said with a smile.

"I mind!" Mag said seriously.

Angela waved her hand and walked out the door.

"Boss, we haven't been launching new products recently. There are customers asking me about new products," Miya told Mag. "Have you been too busy recently?"

Upon hearing that, Mag was stunned. He was so busy with his side hustles recently that he did neglect his main job. He said with a smile, "I actually have prepared some new products but I've been too busy recently, so I haven't had the time to launch them."

He had not launched the Hot Noodles with Sesame Paste or the mousse cake.

The Hot Noodles with Sesame Paste could be launched in the next couple of days but Mag was still considering the mousse cake.

This was a little different from ice cream. Mag found that it would be strange to add it to the restaurant's menu.

"I will be launching a new noodle dish in a couple of days," Mag told Miya.

“Alright.” Miya nodded.

“Miya, this is the timetable. As my assistant, you’ll have to go to Hope School with me for classes after we’re done with our daily operations.” Mag passed a copy of the timetable to Miya.

“Mm. Alright.” Miya received the timetable and studied it carefully before keeping it safely.

“I want to go to class too.” Kiddo swallowed the dumpling in her mouth. She looked at Mag and begged him. “Father, I want to go to class too. Kiddo wants to go to class with Big Sister Amy and Big Sister Anna.”

“Kiddo, you’re still young. When you grow older, you’ll be able to go to school,” Mag said with a smile.

“No, Kiddo wants to go to class. Kiddo wants to learn.” Kiddo shook her head. “Mama said that learning is important, more so than eating.”

Mag looked at the little one with a helpless smile. She was too small, around two years old, and could not even walk straight, yet, she wanted to go to school. That would be putting the teacher on the spot.

“Kiddo, be good. When you’re a year older, Mama will send you to school,” Gina said gently as she stroked Kiddo’s head dotingly.

Kiddo pressed her lips together and squeezed her exquisite eyebrows together. She let out a snort and looked at Gina with grievance as she said, “Mama, is Kiddo stupid? Is that why Father doesn’t let Kiddo go to class?”

Mag: “...?”

Mag felt very wronged. He just felt that Kiddo was too young and was not at the right age to go to school.

“How can that be? Kiddo is the smartest. I’ll bring you along to learn magic, shall we? It’s just next door. I’ll let my Master teach you magic.” Amy slid down her chair and ran to Kiddo. She snapped her fingers loudly and an icy blue flame appeared at the tip of her fingers. “Just like this.”

“Wow!” Kiddo stopped kicking up a fuss immediately. Her eyes were shining brightly.

After that, she copied Amy and snapped her fingers.

Boom!

A crack formed on the ceiling and the entire restaurant shook violently.

Silence.

Everyone looked at Kiddo in shock.

Meanwhile, Mag’s eyelids twitched.

“System, your darn house isn’t sturdy at all.” Mag dissed inside.

“Host, the restaurant’s defense level is at the 10th-tier. The attack just now was way past the 10th-tier. That was a very reasonable reaction,” the System explained.

Mag fell silent. That seemed... about right.

If not for Kiddo's adorable looks, he would have thought it was Thanos who snapped.

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"I think it's about time we renovate the restaurant. We did not take into full consideration back then when we were renovating it so we did not tear down the old house which was originally here. I think it's not very sturdy," Mag said with an awkward smile.

Upon hearing that, everyone agreed. Kiddo was still so young. How could a casual snap of her fingers cause a crack in the house?

"Nothing?" Kiddo looked at her fingers in bewilderment and attempted to try again.

"It's not like that." Gina quickly reached over to stop Kiddo from snapping her fingers again. She put her hands gently around Kiddo's hand and said, "Kiddo, raise your hand slowly and look at your palm. After that, imagine the state of water."

Whoosh!

A giant wave appeared in the restaurant out of nowhere, crashing right towards the table.

"Hold!" Babla lifted her finger and the giant wave was suspended in mid-air.

Everyone could no longer remain calm as they looked at the raging wave above their heads.

"Is prenatal education so dangerous right now?" Yabemiya swallowed her saliva.

"Er... What kind of talent is this? Is this the legendary prodigy?" Camilla was stupefied. Magic of that level was already close to an advanced 7th-tier magic caster.

And that was just Gina teaching Kiddo to attempt feeling the water element.

"That's fun!"

Kiddo looked up at the giant wave above her head and clapped her little hands excitedly.

Gina quickly waved the giant wave away and said embarrassedly, "Sorry for the alarm."

"It was indeed alarming." Babla nodded. She looked at Kiddo and said seriously, "I actually felt pressure from this little one."

"I was alarmed too. I felt useless..." Firis nodded along. She realized that right now, she actually could not withstand that giant wave just now.

"I guess Kiddo is a genius," Irina said with a smile.

Chapter 2363: Only You Have a Teaching Assistant In Our School

Kiddo had accidentally displayed her terrifying talents and shocked everyone.

Mag knew very well that since Kiddo was the reincarnation of the God of the Sea, it wasn't strange that she had extraordinary strength. However, she still couldn't control the power in her body steadily.

This matter was very important. Even though he trusted Krassu and Urien very much, he didn't want to expose Kiddo's identity so soon.

"So, Kiddo is better at water magic, then it will be best for her to learn from Gina," Mag said with a smile.

"Mmm. Kiddo shall learn magic from Mother in this case," Gina quickly said.

"Alright. Kiddo loves magic." Kiddo nodded her little head and forgot all about going to school.

Mag asked Irina to fix the crack on the ceiling with magic. The restaurant withstood Kiddo's earlier fingersnap, and the customers lining up outside weren't alarmed. The restaurant operated as usual.

After the morning service, Mag brought along a set of kitchenware and went straight to Hope School with Yabemiya on his bicycle.

Babla and Shirley's classes were on Tuesday, so they didn't have to go to school today.

"Boss Mag, are you guys here for classes too?" Mag happened to bump into Vivian, who was alighting from her horse-drawn carriage when he reached the school gates.

"Oh, it's Teacher Vivian." Mag nodded with a smile. "Please call me Teacher Mag here."

Vivian looked at Mag, who was wearing his chef's suit and smilingly nodded. "Alright, Teacher Mag."

Then, her gaze landed on Yabemiya. Her eyes lit up as she said, "Miya, your clothes looks great on you."

"Thank you." Yabemiya looked happy.

She was wearing a black formal business wear. She looked efficient yet a little sexy as well. She looked just like a secretary.

"Miya is my teaching assistant." Mag introduced her.

"Only you have a teaching assistant in our school." Vivian winked at Mag.

Mag was slightly taken aback. He asked, "Don't those old professors have teaching assistants?"

"Nope." Vivian shook her head. "Not even in Chaos School."

"Oh well..." Mag murmured. He felt that this school was a little different from what he had imagined it to be.

It was a little too eye-catching when he was the only person with a teaching assistant.

"It's fine. I have already informed the principal. She has given her permission," Mag said matter-of-factly.

He wasn't trying to show off, but he was worried that he couldn't control 100 students as a new teacher. Hence, he got Miya to help him out.

And Miya could help to handle many other chores too.

Vivian enviously said to Mag, "Luna indeed treats you specially. I also want to ask her if I can get a teaching assistant to help me mark the assignments."

"I'm in a rush. Let's go in first." Mag took a quick look at his watch and passed his teacher's pass to the guard for checking before walking in with Miya.

Vivian quickly caught up and lamented. "I heard over 400 students registered for your course. It's this year's most popular course."

"This shows that the children have good judgment." Mag smiled.

"Carry on boasting. I'm already going crazy trying to control 40 to 50 children. Now you have 100 children in the kitchen." Vivian looked at Mag piteously. "Good luck to you."

Mag's footsteps faltered as he watched Vivian walk to the teaching building. He felt pressure.

Over 100 children, one big kitchen...

Mag thought about that scenario seriously and his expression became unnatural too.

It was a misjudgment. He shouldn't accept so many students in his class...

"Boss, I think you should have brought Big Sister Gina. She's the best person for this situation," Miya said smilingly.

Mag was quiet. Gina was indeed the best at handling rowdy children, but she had to take care of Kiddo at home.

"It's fine. We can handle it too. They're just a bunch of children." Mag encouraged Miya with a smile as he walked towards the Chef's Training Center building.

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From far away, Mag could see hundreds of children lining up in front of the building. There were a few teachers and kitchen ladies taking note of their heights.

There was a line of pots half-filled with water placed further to the front. The children went forward one by one and tried to lift the pot.

"Cosmo, you're not tall enough. Please try again next time."

"Garfield, you're not strong enough. You have to eat more and train harder."

"Issac, your height and strength have met the requirements! You passed!"

Along with sounds of the reporting, the children who were disqualified walked to the side sadly before being brought back to their classrooms by their teachers. Meanwhile, the children who were enrolled were brought to the empty field in front of the building with an excited expression.

Mag did a quick scan. There were only about 30 children who passed.

And there were already less than 100 children who were still taking their height measurements.

“Did I set the requirements too high?” Mag frowned. The situation was different from what she had imagined.

“They are all too thin and small. They look much smaller compared to children their age.” Yabemiya looked at those children piteously. She had been through a similar time back then. There was no food and she was always hungry.

“Teacher Mag.” A teacher quickly approached them from the crowd. “You’re arrived.”

“Teacher Hera.” Mag nodded with a smile. Looking at the children, Mag asked, “Are we doing the selecting right now?”

“Yes. The principal said you are busy and asked us to select the children based on your requirements first.” Hera nodded. She looked at the children and lamented. “However, most of these children are malnourished. Not many of them could meet the requirement.”

“These are the children left?” Mag asked.

“Yes. We have already been selecting for one hour. There are over 400 students. Those who didn’t meet the requirements were already sent back to class, and proceeded to join the next teacher’s course.” Hera nodded.

Mag’s gaze swept over those children that were left. There were only 10 of them who reached his height requirement and most of them had thin arms and legs. They didn’t look like they could lift a heavy pot.

“Thank you for your hard work.” Mag nodded slightly. Seems like he could only enroll 30 to 40 students today.

However, Mag believed that his requirements were reasonable. Those children who failed to meet them could grow a bit more first. There was no hurry.

It would be difficult to complete the course in front of a standardized cooking bench if their heights were below the requirement.

It was the same if their strength couldn’t meet the requirement. Being a chef was manual work.

Mag and Miya stood to the side. They didn’t intervene in the selection.

Just as Mag expected, there were only eight children left that met the height and strength requirement.

The final number of children who were successfully selected was 38.

Mag was surprised by the elimination rate that was over 90%.

Right then, a tender voice pleaded. “Wait a sec! Teacher! Can you give me a chance, please? I can lift that pot! I want to be a chef!”

Chapter 2364: A Tough Person

Mag looked over. It was a little boy that was about 1.2 meters tall. He looked skinny and weak. Even though he was wearing brand new school uniform, Mag could still see that uniform was hanging over his skinny body loosely.

However, he looked at the teacher doing the selection with red, pleading eyes.

Hera stepped forward and patted the boy in consolation. "Beck, your height didn't meet the requirement. According to the rules, you cannot take part in this year's course. Come back next year when you're taller."

"But... I really wanted to learn to cook from Mr. Mag. He's my idol! I want to become a chef who is as great as him," the boy named Beck said with despair. He lowered his head and sobbed. "I-I really can lift that pot."

Hera sighed and turned her gaze to Mag, who was standing at the side.

Mag came over and said to Beck, "I can give you a chance. If you can lift that pot with one hand, you will be admitted."

Beck looked up and saw Mag, who was wearing his black-and-white chef's suit. His eyes glowed as he said, "Y-you are the chef, Mr. Mag!"

"You can call me Teacher Mag here," Mag said with a smile, "I have already given you the chance. It's up to you to grasp it."

"I will definitely succeed." Beck nodded gravely as he walked towards those metal pots that were filled with water.

The metal pot that was half-filled with water weighed over five kilos.

Lifting a five kilo pot by its handle and lifting a five kilo object from its base were two completely different matters.

Being able to handle one's pot was a chef's most basic requirement. This was also the reason why Mag set this test.

If you can't even handle your own pot, how are you going to become a chef?

Everyone's gaze turned on Beck as they secretly cheered him on.

"Go for it, Beck!" Hera even voiced her encouragement.

Beck came to a metal pot that was placed on the ground. He took a deep breath and reached out to grab the pot's handle with his thin arm.

"Up!" Beck shouted and lifted with all his strength. His face was flushed, but the pot only swayed and lifted above the ground by 10 centimeters before falling back onto the ground again.

"Sigh."

Everyone sighed. They thought that this child who was chasing after his dream, could create a miracle. However, looking at it now, the miracle didn't happen.

Mag continued to look at Beck with an increasingly approving gaze.

Because this child didn't give up nor despair.

He rolled up his sleeves, revealing his skinny arms. He stood even steadier and grabbed the handle from the bottom. He rested the pot handle on his forearm.

He took a deep breath before clenching his teeth and lifting it up.

Veins appeared on his thin arms and Beck's red face looked menacing. That metal pot, that was also rather heavy for adults, was actually lifted up.

Moreover, it wasn't just for a short moment this time. It was being lifted up steadily.

Sweat appeared on Beck's forehead and his arms and legs were trembling. The metal pot was shaking and the water inside it was swaying too.

Everyone was quiet as they watched this scene. They were even holding their breath.

Beck clenched his teeth tightly as he stared at the metal pot in front of him. The metal pot was shaking and water was splashing out, but the pot was moving upwards steadily.

Finally, Beck stood up straight and lifted the metal pot over his chest height.

"He succeeded!"

Hera exclaimed with joy.

The students and teachers watching him cheered too.

A smile appeared on Beck's pale face. He lost his grip on the metal pot as soon as he relaxed. The metal pot slipped away and his body fell backwards.

"Beck!" Hera shouted in shock.

Right at that moment, a hand caught the metal pot and another hand caught Beck's falling body.

The heavy pot was caught steadily and not a drop of water spilled out.

And, Beck was held by Mag. He didn't land on the floor.

Beck was stunned and then he said to Mag excitedly, "Teacher Mag, I have succeeded!"

"Yes. You have succeeded." Mag helped him stand up straight before looking at him with appreciation.

"You are admitted. You are the first student for the first batch of God of Cookery's Advanced Class."

"Really?! It's great! Thank you so much!" Beck danced around excitedly.

Hera heaved a breath of relief when she saw that Beck was fine. She also smiled when she heard Mag's words.

Initially, she was thinking that Mag's requirements were too harsh and unfeeling, but she saw a glow on Mag now.

Wasn't letting the child fight for the chance himself even more touching?

Mag was touched when he saw the bruise on Beck's arm that was made by the pot. He was very satisfied with this child's temperament.

A person who could be harsh on himself, would succeed easily once he was given a chance.

"Thank you for all your help, Teachers and Aunties. We will handle the rest of the interview. Thank you so much," Mag said to Hera and the rest.

"This is the name list of the children that passed the interview. If you need anything, please come and look for me, Teacher Mag." Hera handed a list to Mag before leaving with the other teachers and kitchen ladies.

Mag looked at the name list of 39 students. This wasn't the final name list. He still had to conduct a simple interview to test their temperaments and see if they could become a chef.

He wanted to groom future chefs and not simply offer the children a hobby.

They might have chosen him for all kinds of reasons, but the only requirement that he had for these children was for them to want to become a chef.

"Is this the practical course's teacher? His clothes look so cool!"

"I heard that the teacher is the most formidable chef on the Norland Continent! He is also the most expensive chef. It will be great if we can taste the food he cooks."

"Then, if we learn to cook from him, will we become formidable chefs too?"

"There should be no problem with filling up our stomachs."

The students were discussing softly with anticipation written all over their faces.

Mag curved his lips upwards when he heard their words. He put away the name list and walked over to the children. He said with a smile, "Hello, students. I am your chef's training teacher, Mag. Thank you for trusting me and choosing my class. I will bring you to tour around the training center first before conducting the final interview. The students who pass the final interview will be the God of Cookery's Advanced Class' first batch of students."

"Yes!" the children answered in unison.

"Come in." Mag took out the key and opened the training center's door. Currently, only he and Luna had the key to the training center.

"Wow!"

The students, who went in after Mag, all became amazed at the same time when they saw the magnificent training center.

Chapter 2365: The 32 People Name List

The magnificent training center had over 100 sets of pots and pans that were neatly displayed. It looked rather spectacular.

The children had never seen such an environment before. Hence, their mouths were all wide open as though they were Alice in Wonderland.

“This is where we will learn to cook. It’s the most efficient way of stove distribution. Here, you can cook most of the different types of food.” Mag introduced the place to the students.

“Teacher, do each of us have our own cooking bench?” Beck asked softly.

“Yes. Each one of you will have an independent cooking bench. You have the right to use all the equipment and condiments in class.” Mag nodded with a smile.

“This is awesome!” A glow lit up in Beck’s eyes.

The children looked excited too. All these stoves and kitchenware looked so cool. It was completely different from the greasy kitchens in their imaginations.

Mag looked at all those juvenile faces and gravely said, “Being a chef is an occupation that is tough but it pays well. I hope the students I take in are people who endeavor to become great chefs, and in return I’ll do my absolute best to train you all into being excellent chefs.”

The children looked at him with much more serious expressions.

“You might not know very well what kind of profession a chef is. Before the interview, I’d like to explain it to you simply.” Mag walked to the nearest cooking bench and then waved the children, who were still standing at the door, over. “Come over here.”

The children all crowded over and looked at Mag curiously.

“A chef is a person who cooks by profession. His job is to cook and create dishes for the customers. The cooking bench is your stage. You will be cutting ingredients and cooking here for the whole day.” Mag picked up a metal pot and said to the children, “The weight of this metal pot is triple of the one that you lifted earlier. If you become a chef, you will have to lift this pot several thousands times in a day. And, it won’t be an empty pot, but one that is filled with ingredients.”

The children were wide-eyed when they heard that. Some even had a hesitant look on their faces.

They thought they would be able to live in the lap of luxury after they entered this building. This was quite different from what they had imagined.

Lifting that heavy metal pot at the door earlier was already very difficult for them, and now Teacher Mag was saying that they would have to lift a metal pot that was triple the weight of that previous metal pot and fully filled with all kinds of ingredients thousands of times daily.

Beck had a worried expression too. However, his gaze became convinced again after he looked at the bruise on his arm.

It was hard for him to get in. Hardship was nothing to be afraid of!

Mag sternly said to the children, “To become a chef, you have to possess these four attributes. You need to be able to withstand the hunger, the fullness, the heat and the cold. This is a job that requires both

brawn and brains. If you don't have a healthy body, a strong will and confidence to persist on, then get out of the program now."

The children were quiet for a moment before three children stepped out.

A boy who looked rather big among the children said, "Teacher, I think I'm not strong enough. I would like to leave."

"We aren't strong enough either," the other two children also said softly and lowered their heads in embarrassment.

"It's alright. Swipe your names off the name list yourself and you may return to the classroom to choose a course that is more suitable for you." Mag nodded and placed the name list on the cooking bench.

The three children went to swipe off their names. They left quickly after saying goodbye to Mag.

"Is there anyone else who wants to leave the program?" Mag looked at the children and severely said, "I'm telling you all in advance that I am a very strict teacher. If you choose to stay, you have to complete all the learning assignments that I set for you. There will be a test at the end of every month. The students who fail the test will be kicked out."

The hall was silent for a while before another four children stepped forward to swipe off their names and leave the program voluntarily.

"Very good." Mag looked at the 32 children who remained and finally revealed a smile on his stern face. "Welcome to the God of Cookery's Advanced Class. I hope you all can become great chefs in the future."

The children were stunned as they couldn't react to Mag's words.

"Teacher, have we passed?" one child asked.

"Yes. You have all passed my test. You have the basic qualities and determination to become a chef." Mag nodded with a smile. "Of course, this doesn't mean that you all can really become a real chef. However, you have gotten yourself an admission ticket."

The children started cheering and the tense atmosphere dissipated.

Looking at all those young and energetic faces, Mag and Miya smiled too.

"Alright. Now, you all will choose a seat that you like. There is a number on each cooking bench. After choosing the position you like, it will be your permanent position and this number will also be your student number," Mag said, "We'll introduce ourselves after you select your position." Mag made the arrangements.

The children rushed off and started looking for a position they liked.

Soon, all the children found a position that they liked. Most of them chose to sit close to the front. The row that was closest to the lectern was fully occupied.

Mag felt gratified about the children's studious and motivated attitude. He gestured to the children to sit down before saying, "Students, let me introduce myself to you first. I am Mag, your chef's practical

course teacher and the chef of Mamy Restaurant. For the coming term, I will give you all a systematic chef training. I'll do all I can to make you all become a qualified chef."

Beck was the first to clap and the children followed him.

Mamy Restaurant was very famous. Even children like them had heard about that very expensive restaurant.

"Alright. Now, we will start the self introductions from Table 1. Before we start formal learning, let me get to know you first," Mag said smilingly before looking at Beck, who was sitting at the first table.

Beck stood up and smiled shyly before saying, "I'm Beck. I'm 11 years old. My mother said my father is a very formidable chef, but I have never met him. I want to become a very formidable chef too and then cook delicious food for my mother."

Mag nodded slightly. So, that was the conviction that made him lift that pot.

"This child is so sensible." Miya looked at Beck with sympathy.

Chapter 2366: Did You Get It?

Anyone with a dream can be great.

Beck's self-introduction was met with his classmates' enthusiastic applause and the other children began to introduce themselves too.

All these children grew up in difficult environments. They had a resilience that was rare among their peers. Mag was very satisfied with that.

Learning to cook was a very tough journey. To these children, the greatest obstacle in their journey was whether they could persevere on or not.

However, looking at it now, most of these children had their own conviction and perseverance. Even if he couldn't ensure that they could all persevere on, at least they were much more resistant than other children.

And among them, a little girl named Farah had given him a deep impression.

She was sitting at corner seat number 45. Her short brown hair was a little yellowish due to malnutrition, but she was half a head taller than boys of her age. She had distinctly good-looking features and a pair of gray kitten-ears were vaguely visible under her short hair.

Yes, she was half-orc and half human.

Even if they were in Chaos City, the mixed-race children's situation was not good. This was proven by Amy and Miya.

Mag looked at her slightly slouching body. Her timid eyes couldn't hide her inferiority.

Her self-introduction earlier was also very simple. Her name was Farah. She wanted to become a chef because she wanted to survive.

Mag smilingly said, "Alright. I have remembered all your names. I hope I can still see all of you sitting on your seats at the end of this school term and completing your first term's work."

The children looked at him with pure eyes that sparkled like stars.

There were only three girls among the 32 children. The rest were all boys.

There were humans, demons and orcs. The majority were humans.

Suddenly, Mag realized something at this moment. His selection criteria had eliminated the dwarves and the goblins from the name list right away.

"Seems like I will have to change the rules accordingly next term." Mag thought. He couldn't be tagged with the discrimination label.

After the self-introduction, the children were all now acquaintances. Mag didn't say anything else and started the course right away. "Now, I am going to introduce our work bench, which is the cooking bench in front of all of you. There are a few different zones on the cooking bench..."

Mag wasn't in a hurry to teach the children to cook during their first lesson. Instead, he took the time to teach them some interesting basic knowledge of the kitchen and of being a chef.

It was very important for them to understand their working environment, job scope and some basic requirements before they learn how to cook.

Mag looked at the students and seriously said, "Students, please remember that the kitchen is a chef's face. If you can't even keep your face clean and pass the customers' checks, then you are not fit to be a chef."

The students nodded gravely. They felt that they had learned a lot of interesting knowledge today.

Mag looked at his watch. It was close to 11 a.m.

"Alright. Then today's lessons will end here. I'm very happy to now know all of you." Mag looked at the children smilingly.

The children got up even though they still wanted to carry on listening to Mag. They were preparing to say goodbye to their teacher.

"It's almost lunch time now. I didn't teach you all how to cook in the very first lesson, but I decided to cook lunch for you all instead. You can finish eating before you go," Mag said.

"Alrightly!"

The children let out a cheer. They had heard Mag say a lot earlier and it made them hungry. They didn't expect the teacher to cook lunch for them.

Miya came over with a big box of ingredients.

Mag opened the box and took out all kinds of ingredients.

"I'll be cooking our restaurant's signature dish for all of you this noon. It's also the very first dish of the restaurant—Yangzhou fried rice.

“The ingredients we used are eggs, ham, tree mushrooms, winter bamboo shoots...” Mag introduced all the ingredients to the children. “Now, we cut them into the size of a grain of rice.”

He tossed a winter bamboo shoot into the air and slashed his knife. A cold gleam flashed in front of the children’s eyes.

After the winter bamboo shoot landed, it was chopped into pieces that were the size of a grain of rice. It fell onto the plates that were neatly prepared at the side.

“Did you get it?” Mag asked the children whose mouths were wide open with shock.

All the children shook their heads.

What did they get? They didn’t even see it clearly!

“It’s fine. It’s alright that you can get it now, but as long as you learn from me, you all will grasp this technique in the future,” Mag said with a smile

The children’s eyes lit up and they instantly became very expectant of the upcoming lessons.

The fancy cutting wowed the children.

Watching Teacher Mag cook had completely subverted their imagination of cooking.

All the ingredients transformed into any form according to his wish in his hands.

And, the whole process was like a performance. It was so smooth that it made them say ‘wow’ in awe.

After cutting the ingredients, Mag lit up six stoves at the same time as he prepared to cook all 32 helpings of Yangzhou fried rice together.

There was projection equipment for live broadcasting above Mag’s cooking bench. Besides the lectern were two big screens. It made sure that the children sitting at the back could see his teaching content too.

Mag heated the wok before putting in the pork lard to stir fry the spices and side ingredients. Mag moved around all the stoves with one metal ladle in his hand. Soon, the aroma of fried rice spread out.

“Smells good!”

“Slurp! Smells like it’s going to be super delicious!”

“I heard them say that a helping of Yangzhou fried rice cost a few hundred copper coins in Mamy Restaurant.”

“It’s so expensive! Then, are we able to make such expensive food in the future?”

The children discussed softly as they stared at the brightly-colored fried rice on the big screen and gulped.

Dadadadadada.

Mag turned off the stove one by one before plating the fried rice onto the plates that Miya had prepared in advance.

Each ladle was just the right serving size for one bowl. The 32 helpings of Yangzhou fried rice were all identical in color and quantity.

Mag put down the metal ladle and smilingly said to the children with glowing eyes, “Students, come and get your lunch according to your student number.”

Beck was the first to stand up and jog to the lectern. He took the plate of rice from Miya with a revered expression and carefully carried it back to his seat.

The children went up to collect their lunch orderly according to their student numbers.

“Mmm—So scrumptious!”

“This is too delicious! I even bit my tongue...”

“I have decided! I have to become an outstanding chef! I’ll cook for myself every day!”

The children’s praises could be heard all at the same time at that moment.

Chapter 2367:

You Should Have a Confident Smile

Mag ended the lesson of the day amidst the praises of the children.

Mag saw more than just 32 young, hardcore fans in these children. He saw hope for the future of the culinary world.

The students walking out of the training center with satisfied smiles ran into an army of hungry people making their hundred-meter sprint for the canteen.

The vanguards saw the oily glint on the students’ lips and the satisfactory smiles on their faces and recalled the various rumors about this beautiful God of Cookery training center. They looked at the canteen, which was deemed as their Holy Land, and felt as though it was not glowing as much.

They... must have had delicious food!

Envy, Jealousy!

The children who just had the delicious Yangzhou fried rice were still smiling blissfully. When they saw the students dashing with their lives just to snatch the best scoop of dishes from the canteen auntie, they could not help but feel a little proud.

They get to eat in class and on top of that, the food was delicious... that’s fabulous!

“It’s actually recovered...” Beck was the last to walk out of the training center. He looked at his arm in surprise. His arm, which had a large bruise from the pot handle, had actually now recovered.

He did not mind such a small injury initially. In the past, he would often help others move goods and would often have patches of bruises on his skinny body due to bumps and knocks. They would usually recover on their own in the next two days.

However, he did not expect the bruise to disappear after just eating a meal. He felt all warm and fuzzy inside, as though he had a nice hot bath.

“That delicious bowl of Yangzhou fried rice must have made my body recover. This is amazing! I must become a chef as good as Teacher Mag!” Beck clenched his fists tightly as he made up his mind.

Farah ran back to the classroom with a book in her arms. Her classmates had all gone to the canteen for lunch and she was the only one in the quiet classroom.

She placed the book in her embrace gently on the table. It was a picture book. On the cover, was a castle under the night sky. A young girl in a beautiful dress was sitting on a wall, as though she was ready to escape from the castle. Beside her, was a black cat.

“Miss Black Cat.”

Farah read softly as her eyes twinkled.

This was given to her by the teaching assistant just now. She even smiled and told her to work hard. She had a warm and cute smile.

She could tell that the Big Sister was also a half-orc. However, she was very optimistic and positive, and her smile was very contagious.

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She had never seen this exquisite picture book before.

Ever since she was young, she had never received a gift. Her mother had been working hard to ensure that both of them could survive. How could she even ask for more?

This was the most valuable gift she had ever received. The cover was very beautiful and detailed, making her feel the urge to flip it open.

After that, she fell deep into it...

Her mother could read and would always teach her how to read and write a few words no matter how busy she was. Therefore, she knew more words than the other kids on the streets.

However, she had never seen such an exciting and interesting story before.

Miss Black Cat fought against the rules and stood steadfast to her principles and dreams despite all the obstructions and attacks. She flipped over the high wall and started the story of chasing her dreams.

“Farah, what are you looking at?” Voices came from around her.

Farah was suddenly awakened. She quickly closed the picture book and hid it in her drawer. Only then, did she realize that there were already five to six students in the classroom. They had started coming back after lunch.

“No... nothing,” Farah shook her head as she told the few friends she had.

She would never let others see this picture book because she would not be able to explain how she obtained such a valuable and exquisite picture book.

Perhaps they might think she's a thief.

Such things had happened before.

However, Hope School is different from the outside world. The teachers here were very friendly and she could feel their kindness.

Right now, she could feel a window in her heart open up with light shining in.

Yeah. So what if the entire world does not understand you? As long as you work hard to chase your dreams, you can become a confident person respected by others.

It was just like that teaching assistant. She must be very confident, right? In that case, her culinary skills must be superb!

"I want to become a chef, just like Teacher Mag who can bring goodness to everyone!" Farah thought to herself. A seedling was sown in her heart.

"Looking at these children reminded me of when I was young. I was such a bubbly young girl," Miya said with a smile as she sat on the backseat of Mag's bicycle with her hands gently placed on Mag's waist.

"Aren't you still an energetic young lady? You won't lose to them in terms of energy," Mag said with a smile.

"Really? I like the term energetic." Miya smiled brighter. "Although I didn't do much today, I still find this a very pleasant experience. So this is what it feels like to be a teacher. I can see the trust and craving for knowledge. How adorable."

"You helped out quite a lot. I would not be able to handle those little ones alone.

"However, these children are not bad indeed. They have gone through hard times, so they are willing to work hard. All of them have potential." Mag nodded. He was very satisfied with this batch of students.

Under the same conditions, if he were to go to Chaos School, he would not be able to get such a batch.

It was too tough learning how to cook and he had no confidence in exactly how long they could persevere.

However, if they persevere and are willing to put in the hard work, he would definitely do his best to train them all into being qualified chefs.

As for how good they would be, it would depend on themselves.

"Boss, I think you're such a good fit to be a teacher. The children love you and their eyes were all twinkling when they looked at you," Miya said.

"It's my first time being a teacher and to be honest, I was rather nervous. However, it is still not a bad experience as of yet. I guess I can grade myself with a passing mark," Mag said with a smile.

He was not trying to show off but he really prepared and practiced many times for this lesson.

He really put a lot of thought into making these children think that it was very cool to become a chef.

It seemed like it was working well based on the children's feedback.

"There is a child called Farah. I think she's rather cute. Did you get me to pass the picture book to her so that you can train her to be an outstanding chef?"

"I just want her to become more confident. After striding over that obstacle, she will become stronger. However, whether or not she could become an outstanding chef will depend on what kind of effort she puts in." Mag stopped in front of the restaurant. Miya hopped off and her ponytail swayed gently from side to side. Mag looked at her and said, "I want to see the same energetic smile that you have, on her face."

Chapter 2368: Kiddo Also Want To Sleep In the Restaurant

"The other teachers are worried about not having enough students and yet Teacher Mag only kept 32 out of the 400 students who registered themselves. Isn't this ridiculous?"

"Didn't he say he wanted to recruit 100 students? Why did he change his mind in the end? There are only 32 students in such a huge training center. Isn't that a waste of space?"

"Yes. The other practical course teachers don't even have enough space. If Teacher Mag's training center is not full, can you ask him to let the other teachers use it, Principal? Doesn't that building have three storeys?"

A few senior teachers gathered in the principal's office to discuss the teaching venues with Luna.

Their tones were not antagonistic, and instead contained a hint of helplessness.

"Teachers, I have already contacted the construction teams. We're going to build another multi-purpose training building at the southwestern corner of the school. We're going to carry out the construction work at night, so it won't affect the students' learning during the day. The building can be built in a month," Luna smilingly said to all the senior teachers.

"I know all of us want to give the children a good learning environment, but the Chef's Training Center was built by Teacher Mag with his funds. And, we have agreed to let him use that building to teach cooking from the start. How can we use it for other purposes?"

"But..."

"As for why Teacher Mag only took in 32 students, he has also informed me about it before. Learning to cook and learning about the theory behind cooking is different. A strong body and a strong will are the most basic requirements. Currently, only 32 of our children met his requirements in this batch."

Luna sincerely said to all the teachers, "I hope all of you can understand that. Teacher Mag is choosing his students and teaching them with a responsible attitude. The students get to choose their teacher, and the teacher gets to choose his students. This is the privilege that I bestowed to all my teachers."

There was silence in the office for a while.

A senior teacher sighed and lamented. "Sigh. These children all had a hard life before. They don't have a strong body."

"You don't have to worry about that. These children are still growing their bodies. They have only been eating in school for one week and I have already seen the children in my class having growth spurts. In less than two months, there will be more children meeting Teacher Mag's requirements," another teacher said smilingly.

"Yes. These little ones are really growing very fast. They are eating much more than the students at Chaos School."

The teachers all smiled when the children's appetites were mentioned.

What Luna said was reasonable, so the teachers didn't insist. They left after chit chatting for a while.

"Phew..." Luna breathed out gently. Even though she was the principal now, she still had the pressure of facing her elders in front of this group of senior teachers.

"I heard that we could get free lunch if we attend Boss Mag's lessons. Principal, can you help me ask Boss Mag if he needs another teaching assistant?" Vivian walked into the principal's office smilingly and closed the door.

"You have to ask about that kind of matter yourself. I can't do it," Luna replied with an exasperated smile.

"I only joked with him about him being the only person with a teaching assistant this morning. I have to maintain my pride..." Vivian shrugged. She was regretful over her rashness in the morning.

Luna stood in front of the windows and watched the children play on the field below as she gently asked, "Do you think those children will become chefs as great as Mr. Mag?"

"That's impossible." Vivian nodded with conviction. "Boss Mag is a genius. A genius like him only appears once in a 1000 years. Even if those children could become excellent chefs, they will never be as good as Boss Mag. They will only ever be able to be a level below him."

Luna smiled, but she didn't refute Vivian.

"However, to these children, this is a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity." Vivian smiled. "Even if they are chefs who are a level below Boss Mag, they will still be top chefs. Look at Mana Hot Pot Restaurant's brisk business. They will be top chefs as long as they can graduate from Boss Mag."

"That's indeed a great thing." Luna nodded. To those children who had once struggled along the poverty line, this would be their biggest way out.

Other than imparting knowledge to children and giving them a chance to make a choice, Luna wanted them to gain some skills to get themselves out of that poor situation when she built Hope School.

The practical courses in Hope School weren't extra curricular, but were very important curricula.

"But there are only 32 students who could meet his requirements right now," Luna murmured.

“You don’t have to worry about that. I just came from the canteen. These children are great eaters. They eat two bowls of rice each and can even drink a big bowl of soup after that. They are growing very quickly. Many children will meet Boss Mag’s requirements in a month.” Vivian waved her hand nonchalantly.

Mag came out from the kitchen with a tray and shouted to the ladies, “Alright, we are ready for lunch.”

A little one came to hug his leg as soon as he put the dishes down. She climbed up his body slowly like a koala. She looked up at him and asked with befuddlement on her chubby face, “Father, father. Why could Auntie Caroline, Big Sister Amy and Big Sister Annie sleep with you in the restaurant, but Mother and I couldn’t?”

The restaurant descended into silence immediately. The maidens smiled at Kiddo as they took their seats. They were prepared to watch a good show.

Speaking of it, Gina was also his child’s mother. She looked like a poor concubine, who was forced out by the wife, by staying outside with the child alone.

Although that wasn’t the truth, it didn’t stop the maidens from watching a good show.

Irina also sat down smilingly with an expectant expression.

Mag looked slightly embarrassed. He didn’t expect the little one to discover it so soon.

Gina was blushing too. Kiddo had asked her that question yesterday, but she didn’t know how to answer her. Hence, the little one said she would come and ask Father herself. Gina didn’t expect her to really do it.

“Kiddo also wants to sleep in the restaurant. I also want to fall asleep to Father’s story.” Before Mag could speak, the little one said that with a pout and looked as though she was going to cry if they didn’t do as she said.

Mag felt his heart melting. How could this little one be so adorable? He picked her up while shifting his gaze to Irina at the side.

Tracheitis¹ was a chronic disease. You won’t even know when you caught it.

Irina pinched Kiddo’s face and indulgently said, “So, Kiddo likes to live in the restaurant. Then, you shall live in the restaurant with your mother from now on.”

Chapter 2369: Love Would Indeed Disappear

Gina looked at Caroline with shock. She didn’t expect her to agree to let Kiddo and her live in the restaurant.

She had stayed in the restaurant before, but that was before Caroline came back. She stayed in the big fish tank, but now... where should she stay?

Mag saw that Irina had agreed, so he lifted Kiddo up high and gave her a peck on her cheek. "From today onwards, Kiddo will live in the restaurant. Father will tell you bedtime stories every night."

"Oh yeah! I love that I now live in the restaurant!" Kiddo hugged Mag's neck and pecked him on his cheek too.

"Kiddo, are you deserting your favorite Big Sister Babla?" Babla looked at Kiddo aggrievedly.

Kiddo turned around and said to Babla with a cute voice, "Be good, Big Sister Babla. You can come and sleep in the restaurant too. I'll ask Father to tell you bedtime stories too. If you are afraid, he can even sleep with you."

"Forget it..." Babla quickly shook her head.

She didn't have the guts to ask the boss to sleep with her in front of the lady boss.

As a demure princess, she could never say that out loud.

"I can do that." Camilla suddenly spoke up lazily. She crossed her legs and leaned back against her chair as she flirtily said to Mag, "My sleep has been very bad lately. I always lose out on my sleep at night. I think I should be able to sleep very well if I get to listen to Boss' bedtime stories."

"That is your species' habits. It has nothing to do with bedtime stories." Mag frowned as he looked at Camilla judgingly. It seemed like this woman was still trying to make trouble. She actually wanted to come and sleep in the restaurant now.

Then, his gaze landed on Irina at the side, but Irina didn't say anything. She was just smiling gently as though all of this was none of her business.

The maidens revealed a curious expression. Gina had to come to sleep at the restaurant reluctantly, while Babla was just teasing Kiddo. However, Camilla was taking the initiative by requesting to sleep in the restaurant and listen to Boss' bedtime stories.

Therefore...

Did Camilla and Boss have something between them?

Different from the others, Camilla had never appeared in front of the customers as Mamy Restaurant's employee. She always left after doing her work and eating her employee's meal before the operation began.

If she was only doing it for three meals a day, given her status and fortune, she had no problems eating three meals at Mamy Restaurant daily.

Hence, what was her reason for staying at Mamy Restaurant?

Did she love the job of chopping ingredients?

It didn't look like it.

Looking at it now, she might be lusting after Boss' body.

If not so, why did she ask to stay in the restaurant after Lady Boss came back?

“Thunderstorms are raging at night lately. I can’t sleep at night and I’m afraid of the thunder,” Camilla said to Mag daintily and even winked at him.

Mag frowned even harder. This woman was very bad. A 9th-tier powerhouse said that she was afraid of thunder? This was a Batwoman who dared to drink fresh blood.

“We don’t have so many rooms in the restaurant. If you want to listen to bedtime stories, I can record a few on the photostone for you and you can take it back with you,” Mag said smilingly. He deliberately emphasized on the word ‘photostone’.

Camilla clenched her teeth in anger. Was this fellow still trying to control her with the photostone?

Hmph! She might be afraid in the past, but now?

Camilla flicked a glance at Caroline. What would happen if Lady Boss knew that Mag had done that to her?

“Then, I want two photostones and you know what kind?” Camilla looked at Mag and extended two fingers with a meaningful smile.

Miya raised her hand and said, “Is the sleep-inducing effect that good? Can I have one copy too?”

“Alright, I’ll give them to you later.” Mag nodded, pretending not to understand Camilla’s underlying meaning.

“If the photostone’s effect isn’t good, I will come and sleep on the floor. I don’t really care about having a room.” There was a hint of cunningness in Camilla’s smile.

“Let’s eat. Let’s eat.” Mag quickly changed the topic as he looked at Irina with the corner of his eyes.

Now, he was a little worried that Camilla would try kamikaze. If the photostones’ matter was exposed, they would both lose.

Although Camilla would be the one to be disgraced, who took the photostone’s footage? Who was the sadist?!

See, didn’t that problem land onto him again?

“Big Sister Camilla, our room is huge. If you want to sleep on the floor, you can sleep together with Ugly Duckling. The carpet is super soft too,” Amy said generously.

Camilla looked at Ugly Duckling, who was crouching on the floor and eating with full concentration, and disdainfully said, “I’m not going to sleep with Ugly Duckling.”

“Meow~?” Ugly Duckling turned around to look at her with disdain and contempt in its eyes too.

“How dare you look down on me?!” Camilla was furious.

“What evil thoughts can a little kitty have?” Kiddo said, looking at Ugly Duckling.

Ugly Duckling turned around and meowed at her fawningly.

“Then, let it sleep outside of the door.” Kiddo continued.

Ugly Duckling: "...?"

How could she say that?

Of course, as a completely domesticated ride, it dared not say anything. It could only look to Amy for help.

This was its real mistress. It only let Kiddo ride on it because of its mistress.

After pondering for a while, Amy nodded. "This is a good idea. Ugly Duckling has been snoring very loudly lately."

Ugly Duckling continued eating the meat in its bowl.

Yes. Love would indeed disappear.

After the lunch service was over, Mag didn't go out. Instead, he went upstairs to have a discussion with the system. He was going to prepare a room for Gina.

Gina was already used to sleeping on the bed. He didn't have to prepare another tank for her to sleep in.

However, Mag still prepared a separate shower and a huge bathtub for her.

The setup was similar to their master bedroom. It could prevent the awkwardness of her having to go to wash up at the common washroom.

That was the advantage of having a big house.

There was still plenty of unutilised space above the designated hot pot area.

Irina stood at the door with her arms across her chest and asked Mag, who was pretending to organize the room, "Don't we have a lot of space? Why don't you let Camilla move in too?"

"It's inappropriate," Mag answered calmly.

"What secret do the two of you harbor?" Irina walked in and stared straight into Mag's eyes.

"If we indeed had something going on, either she or I would have been dead by now, right?" Mag looked into Irina's eyes calmly.

Chapter 2370: Are You Thinking of Killing the Gods?

"What you said does make some sense." Irina sat on the bed and looked at him as she said, "You seemed to have been doing a lot of things lately. Why? Do you intend to become the world's richest after becoming the world's strongest?"

"Becoming the world's richest is such a meaningless goal. After finding out that this is a thousand layer cake world, the title of being the world's strongest is so self-deceiving. I might not even be able to win against Kiddo in perhaps a few more years." Mag shook his head with a smile.

"If Kiddo is a God, why would it choose to reincarnate at such a juncture after laying still for countless years?" Irina looked at Mag and asked seriously, "What about the other Gods?"

Mag was stunned. His expression turned serious as well.

There were many legends of Gods in this world. Almost every race had one and usually, there would be more than just one God.

Kiddo was the God of the Sea that Lantide prayed to. It was an illusory being in Lantide for the past thousands of years but it had suddenly reincarnated and had chosen Gina to be its guardian.

In that case, would the other races' Gods also reincarnate?

Kiddo, who had yet to be awakened, had already displayed terrifying powers that were beyond what they knew.

Once those reincarnated Gods awaken, they would definitely break through the upper limit of the Norland Continent once again.

"If the Gods reincarnated, it could mean even bigger trouble than the Great Old Ones." Mag sighed and suddenly felt that his head hurt.

"At least the Gods would not be eager to destroy the world."

"Who told you that Gods are kind?" Mag looked at Irina. "Even the Abyss Demons have their own Gods. They could very well be the messenger of the Alter or a wild boar spirit."

Irina opened her mouth but was stumped for words.

"At least the Great Old Ones could be restricted by the seal. On top of that, once it appears, everyone could work together to seal it back in. However, if the Gods start to reincarnate one after the other, and on top of that they are highly regarded by the people of the various races, the situation might be harder to control." Mag frowned slightly. He felt that the problem was getting a little too big.

Irina looked at Mag and her expression suddenly changed as she asked, "Are you thinking of killing the Gods?"

Mag looked up and met Irina's eyes. He fell silent for a while before saying with a shake of his head, "If they are all like Kiddo, and do not have memories of being a God after reincarnating, they would not be any different from regular children. Killing them would be a bit too cruel."

"What do you intend to do then?"

"I am still uncertain right now if the other Gods will reincarnate. Kiddo might be an exception. However, if the Gods all reincarnate, I think we have to gather them together and inculcate in them some good moral values. That might be a way out."

"You intend to trap them in a jail cell?" Irina asked in shock.

"No, a school." Mag smiled. "An enclosed boarding school."

"How is that different from a jail cell?" Irina rolled her eyes. However, she quickly said, "But if they are really all gathered together, they might become a group with uncontrollable powers."

"I'm raising a group of Gods?" Mag thought with his chin propped on his hand. That sounded like a challenging idea.

"You better not bring a group of sons and daughters back with a wife or two for free." Irina pulled out a knife from somewhere and spun it at the tip of her finger as she glanced at Mag's waist area.

"Of course not. Am I that kind of person? I just want to be a teacher, not a father. I can distinguish between the two clearly," Mag quickly said as he waved his hands.

After he prepared a room for Gina and Kiddo, Mag went to the study room to write a few letters before sending them out to various places.

As he had taken the princesses of the various races in his restaurant, he had some friendly ties with the various races. Therefore, Mag used those ties to ask the various races to help find some children with exceptional talent. He intended to make them his disciples.

The most important point in finding these children was ensuring that they were orphans. The next important criterion was their special abilities, which included speaking gibberish.

Orphans would usually lead a difficult life and would not end up as anything great. They would most likely not become a God.

Mag did not know what the specific special abilities were. However, that must be an included clause. Otherwise, the restaurant might become an ordinary orphanage.

As for gibberish, Mag thought that since these Gods had reincarnated, they might have some memories and flashbacks, and that would make them display acts of abnormal behavior and gibberish.

Often, there was only a fine difference between a genius and a lunatic.

Of course, that was on top of the first two clauses. That would prevent his place from becoming a mental institute.

"It should probably be easy to obtain news with Alex's identity, right?" Irina asked Mag who was sealing the envelope.

"As long as it is something Alex wants to find, everyone will look for it. When that time comes, even if we find them, we might not be able to bring them away as and when we want." Mag Alex shook his head with a smile. "However, I can notify Michael about this. Right now, the only thing that we can trust is Chaos City, which is the most hopeful place in maintaining the current peaceful status."

Irina nodded slightly. "I will get the Night Elves to collect intelligence and news."

"Actually, I am more worried about the Elder Things finding out about this." Mag had a worried look as he placed the sealed envelope aside.

"You don't think the Elder Things will let all these Gods go?"

"The Elder Things top the Norland Continent holistically, be it in technology or the upper limit.

"If large numbers of Gods reincarnate and there might even be a chance that they would regain their divinity, the underground city's combat advantage will be gone.

“It’s impossible that the Gods do not know about the existence of the Underground World and the Elder Things. In a world where the different forces are balanced, it would be more improbable to maintain an equilibrium forever because that would be threatening to each other,” Mag said with a deep voice.

Irina stayed silent for a while before saying self-mockingly, “I intended to retire after the Night Elves could stand on their own. Now it looks like there’s still a long way to go.”

Mag got up and walked towards Irina. He held her in his arms and said gently, “Don’t worry. I can settle all these things.”

Irina looked up at him and smiled. “How can you stand out on your own?”

After sending the letters out, Mag had nothing to do in the afternoon, so he organized the dishes that he had already mastered but had yet to launch.

The space in the kitchen was already getting tight and Mag did not intend to add a pastry room.

He had thought of launching the mousse cake in the ice cream shop. Anyway, the mousse cake had to be eaten chilled. It could be launched as a new product of the ice cream shop and that would not only increase the variety of the menu, it would also expand the shop’s customer base. That would be killing two birds with one stone.

Since he thought of that, he acted on it straight away. Mag went into the kitchen and made five mousse cakes. He placed them in a cooler box and delivered them straight to the ice cream shop.

Miya, who was passing an ice cream to a child, saw Mag walk in and asked in shock, “Boss, what brings you here?”