

Stay At home 2381

Chapter 2381: It's All Over Now. I'm Dirty...

Vicki looked at Angela with a complicated gaze and spat out a word decisively in a cold voice, "Scram!"

Vicki had been wary about Angela ever since she discovered Angela peeping at her in the changing room.

Even though she was 100 percent certain that Angela was a female succubus, her gaze was too evil. It reminded her of the rumors about the succubi, like being good at seduction, great in bed and reading minds.

Anyway, letting a succubus into your room at night was definitely a very dangerous thing, no matter if you were a male or a female.

"The maestro is so cold and hurtful." Angela pressed on her soft bosom gently with a hurt expression.

The men at the side all looked sorry for her. They wanted to go forward to scoop her up into their arms and say: "Let's go to my room to heal your wounds!"

"What are all of you looking at? Go to bed after you remove your makeup. We still have a performance tomorrow morning!" Vicki glared at all of them before casting a chilly glance at Angela. *"This demoness is disruptive to our morale. I have to keep her under control, otherwise the opera troupe will be in chaos."*

Everyone dispersed instantly.

Angela stuck her tongue out when she saw that and she was prepared to escape too.

"It's just the two of us now. Why are you in a hurry to go away?"

Before Angela could reach the door, Vicki's voice rang out behind her and her footsteps faltered.

"Didn't you say that your thirst for knowledge can't wait any longer and you want me to teach you?" There was a hint of amusement in Vicki's voice.

Angela soon relaxed her tensed-up expression. She smiled at Vicki and said in a seductive voice, "I really thought that Maestro is really so cruel and is unwilling to teach me."

A greenish-blue light sparkled in her long and seductive eyes. Every move of hers was extremely seductive.

"This demoness!"

"She's so beautiful..."

Two voices spoke up in Vicki's mind immediately.

“Calm down! This is the enchantment that the succubi are best at. This demoness is born with the Eyes of Enchantment. Even though she didn’t deliberately use her enchantment techniques, her every single smile and look could affect a person’s mind, including women.”

“Then, why are you making her stay? I can go to sleep too...”

“I have to press her down, otherwise she will be all over me in the future.”

“So, you like to be on top?”

“...?”

Angela saw that Vicki was staring ahead blankly and she smiled even brighter. Even a woman couldn’t resist her charm. Angela stepped forward and smilingly said, “Then, how is Maestro going to teach me? Are we doing it here or going to a more comfortable place?”

Vicki’s gaze became clear again. She looked at Angela, who was already leaning over her aggressively and provocatively, and lifted Angela’s chin up with her left index finger. She pinched Angela’s chin with her thumb and smiled flippantly. “Isn’t here much more exciting?”

Now, it was Angela’s turn to panic.

“What the heck?! Isn’t she famous for being strict and fierce? Why is she suddenly so aggressive?”

“No! I cannot lose to her. She’s most probably pretending!”

Angela calmed herself down and smiled even more seductively. She placed her right hand on Vicki’s shoulder and slid it towards her neck. At the same time, her pupils began to spin, as though a vortex had appeared within them. The Eyes of Enchantment were set in motion as she said in a mesmerizing voice, “Then, how do we begin?”

Vicki stiffened a little when she felt Angela’s soft hand moving up her shoulder. She didn’t expect Angela to go forward with it.

“I’m getting goosebumps... You have to let go now.”

“No. Letting go now means that I have lost to her. I can never allow that to happen!”

Vicki clenched her teeth and grabbed Angela’s hand that was about to touch her neck. She gave it a tug and Angela fell into her arms.

They stared into each other’s eyes.

Angela: “...?”

Vicki: “...?”

The backstage became quiet suddenly. Vicki was holding onto Angela’s tiny waist with one hand and she could even see Angela’s voluptuous bosom peeking out of her collar when she lowered her head.

Now what? What was she supposed to do next? Vicki was a little stunned.

Angela lay in Vicki's arms and blinked her eyes. She was also a little befuddled. This was her first time lying in someone's arms. Even though Vicki was a cute girl, there were also advantages to it. She could be overpowered easily.

At a time like this, she felt her brain was still rather inadequate even though she had plenty of theoretical knowledge.

Silence...

Silence...

"I say, how long are you two going to maintain this pose? My arms are aching!" A weak complaint broke this awkward silence.

As a great actor, Vicki caught a hint of befuddlement and panic in Angela's eyes and her smile became confident instantly. Vicki lowered her body slowly and gently blew at Angela's ear. "Your waist is not bad and your boobs are quite big too."

Angela's ears turned red immediately. Her legs became soft after being blown at and she slumped in Vicki's arms completely.

"Oh dear. I've met a pervert!" Angela's heart raced as she tried to escape, but her legs felt like jelly. "And... why do I feel a little expectant?"

"Why isn't she escaping? What should I do now?" Vicki stared at Angela, who was motionless in her arms, and frowned. She was caught in an awkward situation now.

She had already taken enough verbal liberties with her and blew into her ear, so what should she do now? Perhaps, she really had to explain and demonstrate to her...? But, she really didn't know how.

Angela blinked as she stared at Vicki. She wanted to run and at the same time, she wanted to find out what would Vicki do next? Was it going to be like what those big sisters described?

It was so nerve-wracking... so exciting.

The minutes ticked past, forcing Vicki to lower her head closer to Angela's face.

"Run away!"

"Don't come any closer!"

The two of them went on stubbornly, stubbornly, stubbornly...

Pop.

And then they kissed.

Angela widened her eyes in a daze for some time before she suddenly leaped out of Vicki's arms as if she was electrocuted, and ran out of the room. Her voice only rang out from afar after a while.

"Maestro, I can't meet you tonight. Let's do it tomorrow morning..."

Vicki stared at the empty doorway and mumbled to herself in a daze, "It's all over now. I'm dirty..."

"Don't worry. I did it, so it has nothing to do with you."

"That is also my mouth!"

"What did you feel earlier?"

"Erm... It was soft and bouncy, like jelly... Ptui! I need to go brush my teeth!"

Chapter 2382: Don't Write About Anything Below the Neck

Mag received the first draft from Cynthia one week later.

Mag even praised Cynthia's efficiency and diligence when he received that thick manuscript. Compared to the original script, tons of details were obviously added to it.

Mag made a pot of red tea for himself as he sat in front of the floor-to-ceiling windows, flipped open that thick 'Phantom of the Secret Cave' and started to read it seriously.

Cynthia sat across from him as she held onto the cup of hot tea and observed Mag's expression carefully.

This was the first time she handed her manuscript to her boss face-to-face. She was a little nervous, embarrassed and expectant.

This was a manuscript that took her a week of hard work. It wasn't just because she loved to write, but mainly because Mag had given her too much material.

A while later, Mag closed the book gradually and looked at Cynthia with a weird expression. He took a sip of the tea and placed the cup down gently. He said with exasperation, "Do you know how many years you would be spending in jail if you had written this in another place?"

"Huh?" Cynthia looked befuddled.

"Don't pretend to be stupid. I asked you to flesh out the details, but did you only flesh out that area? You wrote 20,000 words on the plot whereby others would simply write, 'The lights were turned off and the bed began to shake' and get it over with!" Mag pressed his fingers to his temples, feeling as though he was going to explode.

"Did you tell me to write what I am good at..." Cynthia lowered her head and blushed, but she was still feeling a little aggrieved.

"I said details! Details!"

"Doesn't that have enough details?"

"Erm..." Mag looked at Cynthia and was actually lost for words at that moment.

The two of them looked at each other silently for a while before Mag picked up the book again. He skipped over the R-rated contents. The book was overall quite well-done. It had already transformed from an obscure script to an easy-to-read novel.

This maiden was indeed a talent, but she didn't use her gifts correctly.

"You need to amend it," Mag put down the book and said to Cynthia.

Cynthia pressed her lips together. She was most afraid of the editor telling her to amend her manuscript. It was worse than writing it.

"How shall I amend it?"

Cynthia couldn't afford to offend her boss, so she could only ask how to do it.

"Change the R-rated parts to what children can read," Mag answered.

Cynthia blinked and said, "What about the specific standards?"

Mag pondered seriously for a while before saying, "Don't write about anything below the neck."

"A world where only the head exists?" Cynthia exclaimed.

Mag rolled his eyes, "It's not that only the head exists. Just don't write so many minute details."

"How can I do that? The details are the most important part of a novel. The sense of reality will be lost without details. I cannot accept such amendment suggestions." Cynthia refuted.

Mag was surprised with Cynthia's rebuttal and he murmured, "But this is a book that we need to promote to a wider audience."

"Then just don't allow the children to read it. It's not as though only the children read novels in this world and I'm not writing children's literature, so why should I accommodate them?"

"It isn't as though they can't see pretty ladies in short skirts and tank tops when I don't write about them in my book. They can still read about these books secretly when they can't do it aboveboard," Cynthia said with a serious expression and a confident tone.

Mag couldn't help but smile as he looked at Cynthia. He nodded and replied, "Alright. Let's not do it according to that standard. However, you still have to censor those parts. This is a proper novel. Focusing on describing the male lead and the female lead's relationship, and how they face their enemies together will be enough to prop up the story.

"I hope this novel will be popular because the story plot is excellent and not because it's great for reading secretly."

"But..."

"Put your name 'Cynthia' at the back of the book if you insist on adding this plotline," Mag said faintly.

Cynthia opened her mouth, but she eventually nodded obediently. "Alright."

She could never do such a shameless thing like putting her real name on the book.

Moreover, just as Mag said, this was an outstanding story. The story's brilliance wouldn't be affected even without all those plotlines and it would have even more readers instead.

"Take it back and amend it first. You can keep the contents. If this book becomes popular, you can publish it as fanfiction for adults." Mag pushed the book towards Cynthia.

"Am I allowed to do that?" Cynthia's eyes lit up. Mag gave her another way out just as she was lamenting over the loss of her content that was written painstakingly.

"The premise is that the novel has to be popular first," Mag said smilingly, "Therefore, go back and edit it carefully."

"Alright, then I shall go back first." Cynthia put down her cup, picked up the book on the table and left.

"It's rare to see such a hardworking author," Mag mumbled to himself with a smile as he watched Cynthia walk away.

After drinking two cups of tea, Mag got up and left with his bicycle.

Other than going to Hope School to teach the children, Mag had built a movie studio in the magic beast mountain range beyond the city.

Locations were naturally very important when one wanted to make movies.

Mag couldn't find appropriate locations to film after going around Chaos City, so he decided to spend the money to build them himself.

He had altered the story of 'A Chinese Ghost Story'. The story no longer took place in Lan Ruo Temple. Instead, it took place in a cave.

The male lead was no longer a scholar who couldn't find a place to stay for the night. Instead, he was a chef who entered a cave by mistake when he was searching for ingredients...

The cave was built on a cliff at the periphery of the magic beast mountain range. It was altered from a natural cave. It had a small entrance and after walking in for 20 meters, it opened up.

Mag chose this location because its interior was a huge natural cave. It would be a beautiful filming location after slight alterations.

Furthermore, the interior of the cave was huge and satisfied most of the fighting scenes' needs. The need to build more backdrops was greatly reduced.

A group of elves was building the bamboo buildings when Mag arrived. An underground river flowed around the house gradually. Fish could be seen swimming happily in the clear water too.

Luminous pearls were embedded at the top of the cave. Of course, they were not real luminous pearls. They were luminous pearl imitations and were much brighter than the luminous pearls. Most importantly, they were cheap.

"Mr. Mag." The elves greeted Mag familiarly.

“Thank you for working so hard.” Mag nodded with a smile. Most of his projects were done by the elven construction team lately, so he knew many people there.

The elves worked meticulously and carefully. They were highly efficient with a great sense of aesthetic. Other than being more expensive, they were much better than the dwarves construction team.

Chapter 2383: Wait For Me At the Little Forest Tonight

Mag went over to take a look and pointed out a few issues before leaving the cave.

Judging from the progress, this scene could be built in another three days.

As for the outdoor portion, Mag had already planned it out. They would film at the magic beast forest. That way, they would even save on hiring caefares. The magic beasts could make up the numbers for the villains.

Of course, to enhance the visual effects and impact, Mag was even ready to go to the Demon Islands to shoot.

Mag rode on his bicycle which was adjusted to the mountainous terrain and bumped into the Rose Mercenary Squad that was about to hike up the mountain.

“Boss Mag, what are you doing here?” Sivir was a little surprised.

Skol, Scott, and the rest all greeted Mag.

“To take a look at the construction site here.” Mag stopped his bicycle and looked at Sivir, who was dressed in black, and said with a smile, “Are you going into the mountain for a mission?”

Sivir was confused as to why Mag had a construction site in the magic beast mountain range. However, she still answered, “Yes. I received a last-minute mission and we are about to go up the mountain to try my luck.”

Mag glanced at his watch. It was about noon. Mercenary squads usually would not choose such a time to go up the mountain as the magic beast mountain range spelled danger the moment the sun sets.

“Isn’t it too late to go up the mountain now?” Mag asked as he looked at Sivir. He did not want this woman to think that just because she was lucky enough to have met him the previous time, it meant that the Rose Mercenary Squad was strong enough to do whatever they wanted in the magic beast mountain range.

“Yes. Therefore, we’re only here for a while today. We’re just going to set up a few traps before heading back to the city.” Sivir nodded. She somehow found Mag’s words quite familiar.

“Well I wish you guys luck then. I am going back to prepare for the afternoon hours.” Mag bade them farewell and rode down the mountain.

He was unnecessarily worried. Sivir was a very experienced mercenary and after what happened previously, she would not be foolish enough to put her members in unnecessary danger.

“Boss Mag’s two-wheeled vehicle is not bad. When I have the money, I’ll get one too,” Sydney said enviously as he watched Mag ride away.

“Forget it, Monkey, do you want to carry that thing up trees?” Scott mocked.

Everyone laughed along and the atmosphere was joyous.

Sivir looked away. She became serious. “Continue advancing. We’ve got to hurry up and leave the mountain range before the sun sets.”

The members all agreed and stopped joking around.

Mag returned to the restaurant and saw that there was already a long queue outside. In the kitchen, Firis and Camilla were doing the preparatory work.

“First, is the tofu pudding ready?” Mag, who had changed into his chef’s suit, asked while he went to the side to wash his hands.

“Yes, the tofu pudding is ready. The red braised pork and braised chicken are also cooking in the pot,” Firis said with a smile.

“Excellent. Thank you.” Mag nodded.

Firis had been improving rapidly over the period of time and after mastering how to make tofu pudding, she had also mastered the red braised pork and braised chicken. She also undertook almost all the preparatory work for most dishes and that helped Mag significantly with his workload.

“The vegetables are all cut up too,” Camilla said with a pout.

Mag glanced at the neatly arranged ingredients and said with a smile, “Thank you, too.”

“Done.” Camilla retracted her finger-knives and walked out of the kitchen. When she passed by Mag, she told Mag telepathically, “Come meet me at the little forest at the western side of the square after we’re closed for the day.”

“That’s not very appropriate.” Mag raised his eyebrow and looked at Camilla.

Camilla had already walked past him and did not give him a chance to reject her.

A man and a woman meet in a little forest in the middle of the night.

Erm...

Mag decided to go over alone to see what she had up her sleeves.

After lunch hours, Mag brought Yabemiya to Hope School for classes.

It was Friday and his God of Cookery’s Advanced Class was scheduled in the afternoon.

The 32 person name list had not changed at the moment. Although there was a disparity in terms of talent, the children all displayed an immense passion for cooking and that made Mag very glad.

“Teacher Mag.” Just as Mag arrived at the training building, a child sitting on the staircase outside it stood up and went over to him excitedly.

“Beck, why are you here so early?” Mag asked with a smile.

“I wanted to come over earlier to practice because I am learning very slowly,” Beck replied with an embarrassed smile.

“Come on in.” Mag pushed open the door with a smile and brought Beck into the hall.

There was still about half an hour to the start of class and Mag came earlier to prepare for the lesson.

Beck would always be the first to arrive to wait for him at the training center. He would also be the last to leave after class so that he could practice a while more.

This child’s talent was mediocre and was neither the best nor the worst.

However, he was small and lacking in strength compared to the other students. Fortunately, he was hard working enough, and therefore, he could keep up with the class.

“The same old rules apply. You can work on your own but do not injure yourself,” Mag reminded Beck and went upstairs alone.

“Alright,” Beck quickly said and walked over to his cooking bench.

In the training center, everything was the best. There are the sharpest knives, the strongest stove, and an endless supply of ingredients for one to practice their cutting skills.

The second child to arrive at the training center was Farah.

Miya opened the door for her.

“Big Sister Miya.” Farah greeted warmly.

Miya looked at Farah dotingly and pinched her little tuft of hair with a smile as she said, “You have a very pretty hairdo today, Farah, but there’s just a little issue with the angle. Let me help you adjust it.”

Farah walked over obediently and lowered her head slightly to allow Miya to retie her hair.

The little girl liked to use her short hair to cover her ears and most of her eyes, but she finally tied her hair up after Miya’s encouragement, revealing her ears and her pretty face.

“Mm. How cute.” Miya gently pinched Farah’s soft kitten ears.

Farah blushed and said softly, “Thank you, Big Sister Miya.”

“Are you intending to practice cooking or are you going to read today?” Miya asked.

“Read,” Farah said without a thought.

“Go on. Teacher Mag is on the second floor. You can go to him for any book you want. You can read it at my office,” Miya said with a smile.

“Mm.” Farah smiled. She glanced at Beck, who was practicing his cutting skills very seriously, and tiptoed upstairs.

Chapter 2384: Homework

Mag looked at the door when he heard the footsteps. Farah lowered her hand that was about to knock on the door and softly said, “Teacher Mag, I would like to borrow a book.”

“Take whatever books you’d like to read. Just put them back after you are done,” Mag replied with a gentle smile.

“Yes.” Farah nodded with a smile. She walked in and quickly took a chronicle of the Norland Continent before walking out of Mag’s office.

“I didn’t expect this lass to be so interested in history,” Mag murmured softly.

Farah gave him and Miya a deep impression during their first lesson. She was a child who had low self-esteem.

This child had shown an astonishing talent in learning to cook during their two week interaction.

If Beck was a hard working child with a normal aptitude, Farah would be the genius child.

When the other children were still fretting over how to handle the board, the cleaver and cutting the ingredients neatly, Farah had already finished preparing all the ingredients for the Yangzhou fried rice flawlessly.

Mag was tortured in the test field for the God of Cookery back then because of this, but Farah grasped it in only two lessons.

The cat tribe’s bloodline gave her observation and control that were far above normal people’s. Furthermore, she had a smart brain.

Her talent in the culinary arts and interactions with Miya and her classmates seemed to have cheered her up. She looked more outgoing than before.

However, she was still quiet, although she no longer hid in the corner and now had a new hobby of reading.

Mag had everything, including a lot of books. Hence, she always came to the training center 30 minutes earlier to read.

Farah returned to Mag’s office five minutes before the lesson began.

“If you like it, take it to read. Return it after you are done,” Mag said with a smile.

A hint of joy flashed through Farah’s eyes, but she soon shook her head and said, “Mother said I have to finish my homework. I can’t waste time doing other things.”

Mag helped her place the thick book back onto the shelf before asking her, "Tomorrow is Saturday and there is no class. Do you want to do some part-time work at the restaurant, Farah?"

Farah's eyes lit up, but she soon had a hesitant expression.

"Just tell your mother that I invited you to come over. Your learning process is different from your classmates, so I've decided to teach you different things," Mag smilingly said.

A smile appeared on Farah's face as she asked Mag, "What time should I come to your restaurant tomorrow?"

"Come to the restaurant at 6:30 a.m. You will work part-time for the whole day. You can experience what kind of work needs to be completed from the start to the end when you operate a restaurant."

"Sure. I will arrive on time." Farah nodded before heading downstairs.

Mag tidied up his teaching plans and went downstairs too.

The children had already arrived, and they weren't idling around. They were practicing their cutting skills seriously.

To become an excellent chef, having solid fundamentals was very important.

Mag walked one round in the hall. He could gauge the students' current levels and if they had practiced at home just by looking at their work on the chopping boards.

Two classes in a week was too short to learn to cook. They couldn't improve if they didn't practise at home.

Geniuses like Farah were the minority in the world.

What made Mag glad was that most of the students' cutting skills had clear improvement. Their rate of improvement was different, but they all had signs of practice.

Mag stopped next to a chubby youth, looked at the potato cubes of different sizes and calmly asked, "Clyde, you didn't touch the chef's knife after you went home, right?"

The youth called Clyde blushed and put down his chef's knife. He lowered his head and said softly, "Teacher, I don't have a chef's knife at home."

"No chef's knife?"

"My mother never cuts things up when she cooks. We use our hands to eat after the food is cooked. My father had a saber, but he never lets me touch it." Clyde lowered his head even more. He stole a peep at Mag. "But my mother promised me that she will buy a chef's knife for me soon and I can practice at home."

Mag felt heartache and self-reproach as he looked at the youth whose head was lowered to his chest.

"It's fine. Even though you didn't practise much, you have still improved compared to your previous lesson. Good job. You can do even better." Mag patted his shoulders gently.

Clyde looked up at Mag with disbelief. He met Mag's encouraging eyes and a beam of light seemed to have shone into his heart. He felt motivated again.

"Continue on," Mag said and walked to the next student.

Looking at these children in their new uniforms, Mag would sometimes forget that their families were extremely poor. Some things that he thought were normal, weren't so for these children.

To these poor children, their families even had problems filling up their stomachs. Getting them to practise their culinary skills at home was almost impossible.

"Alright, children. The practice before class is over now. We are not teaching cutting skills today. Let me introduce all the cooking utensils to you."

Mag went up to the lectern, interrupted the students' cutting skills practice loudly and began his lesson.

Yabemiya sat in the last row properly. She was taking down notes with a notebook. She looked like the 33rd student.

Unwittingly, the bell for school dismissal rang.

The children looked at Mag expectantly. Based on their lessons' experience, Teacher Mag would make dinner for them and they could eat it before going home.

"Children, I won't be making dinner for all of you today," Mag said with a smile.

The children had ill-concealed disappointment on their faces.

"However, I have prepared a gift for all of you." Mag pointed to the back of the training hall.

The children turned to look behind them.

They saw 32 black bags placed neatly next to the smiling Miya. The pots' handles were sticking out from the bags.

"This is?"

The children looked befuddled and perplexed.

"You guys already have a rough understanding about being a chef after the past few days' lessons. In order to let you all better practise at home, I have prepared a pot and a chef's knife for each of you. There is also a bag of potatoes in the bag.

The homework today is: cook dinner for your family members with the potatoes," Mag said with a smile.

"Giving us a chef's knife and a metal pot!"

The children's eyes lit up.

"Am I going to have my own chef's knife?!" Clyde even jumped up in excitement.

Chapter 2385: Hot and Sour Shredded Potato

The children went home happily with Mag's gifts. Compared to a delicious dinner, having their own chef's knife and metal pot made them even more excited.

Furthermore, Teacher Mag had just taught them a dish called 'hot and sour shredded potato', which looked very simple.

The children couldn't wait to show their family members their culinary skills now that they had the chef's knife, pot, potato and side ingredients.

"Aren't they the God of Cookery's Advanced Class's students? What are they carrying on their backs?"

"School bags?"

"No. It looks like a pot. See, there is even a handle."

"They even issued pots? Teacher Mag is rather interesting."

The other teachers and children looked at the children from the God of Cookery's Advanced Class with shock.

Yabemiya helped Mag to pack up as she asked curiously, "Boss, didn't you say that you would only give them the chef's knife and pot after their culinary skills have gained your recognition?"

"Giving them the chef's knife and pot as a recognition of their abilities was my original thought." Mag nodded with a smile. "However, I suddenly realized something today. Not all of these children will be able to reach the standard that I set, but if they have a knife which they could use and practice with daily, the chances of them reaching the standard will be much higher. It's enough as long as they work hard."

Yabemiya nodded thoughtfully and said to Mag smilingly, "Boss, you're such a good man."

Mag simply smiled and walked to the door. "We need to go back to start our operation."

"Mother, I'm home." Farah walked into a dark and narrow house with a black bag on her back.

A thin and crouching figure stood up next to the only small window in the house and poured some water into a broken terracotta bowl. She said to Farah smilingly, "Welcome home, Farah. Do you feel tired?"

Farah took the terracotta bowl and finished the water in gulps. She smiled and said, "I'm not tired. Studying is not tiring at all."

"What are you carrying?" Her mother noticed the black bag on Farah's back.

"This is a gift from Teacher Mag. It's a metal pot, a chef's knife and a bag of potatoes." Farah placed the bag on the floor and took the items out. Finally, she got out a book: 'The Amazing Journey Around the World'.

Farah stared at the book in a daze. Her eyes turned red immediately, but she couldn't help smiling.

This was a book from Teacher Mag's shelves. She intended to read this book after she finished that chronicle, but she didn't expect Mag to give this book to her.

“There are so many things here. They’re too valuable. Did Teacher Mag give them to all the children?” Farah’s mother asked uneasily. Her fingertips brushed across the pot’s smooth bottom. She had never seen such a good pot before.

“Yes, Mother. Teacher said he gave us pots and knives, so that we could practice at home.” Farah nodded and placed the book on the bed at the side. “We were also given homework today. We are to make dinner for our family with the potatoes.”

“You’re going to make dinner?” Farah’s mother looked at her in shock.

“Yes. I learnt how to cook potatoes today.” Farah nodded and took out four potatoes from the bag and walked into the shabby kitchen.

Farah’s mother, Issa, followed her in. Even though their family conditions weren’t good, she had never let Farah cook by herself before.

Farah enrolled into Hope School with the help of Principal Luna. The child came home to tell her that she had gotten into the God of Cookery’s Advanced Class and was going to learn to cook from the most formidable chef in the world the week before.

She was already very glad that her child got to study and have full meals daily.

She didn’t care so much about Farah learning to cook. She wouldn’t interfere as long as Farah studied hard.

Being a chef wasn’t an easy matter. Even though she only stayed at home to do handiwork and didn’t go out, she had heard that the neighbor’s son had become a chef’s apprentice. Not only did he get to eat good meals, he even had a monthly wage of 1,000 copper coins. He was the neighbors’ object of envy.

However, being a chef wasn’t easy. She heard that the son had not returned home for a month. He had been practicing his culinary skills in the kitchen daily. His dad went to visit him two days ago. He had had good meals, but he still lost weight.

As for her child trying to become a chef just with two lessons in school weekly, she didn’t believe that the teacher was that formidable.

Farah looked at the porridge left in the small terracotta pot and said, “I’ll warm up the porridge and then stir-fry a hot and sour shredded potatoes and make a salt & pepper potatoes dish.”

“What?” Issa looked befuddled.

Farah heated the porridge and said, “Teacher taught us how to make two dishes today, but he only mentioned the salt & pepper potatoes briefly and didn’t demonstrate how to do it. I want to try to make it.”

“Food is precious. We cannot waste it.” Issa reminded her seriously. They were slightly relieved recently as Farah ate in school, but they were still poor.

The food called potatoes seemed rather filling. It would be a pity if Farah wasted them.

“Yes. I understand.” Farah nodded and grabbed the chef’s knife.

Issa felt like Farah seemed to have changed suddenly. The confidence in her eyes shocked her.

She grabbed a potato and shifted the broad cleaver on the potato's surface. A long strip of potato skin extended downwards and in the blink of an eye, the skin of four potatoes were removed.

The potato skins were thin as paper and equally wide. There was no break in the middle.

She placed the skinned potatoes on the chopping block and two potatoes were quickly equally shredded in the midst of the chopping sounds. They were then soaked in a bowl of clear water.

The other two potatoes were then chopped into cubes and then soaked in water too.

"Her cutting skills?!"

Issa's mouth was wide agape with shock as she stared with disbelief.

W-was this really her child?

When did she grasp such intricate cutting skills?

Farah didn't notice her mother's change. All her attention was focused on cooking.

Even though her cutting skills were already quite good, this was her first time cooking by herself.

The porridge was already boiling in the pot. She used a cloth to put the terracotta pot onto the floor before putting the metal pot onto the stove.

She wiped the inside of the pot with pig's skin and stir-fried the dried chili with the lard, before adding the shredded potatoes that were already drained in.

Farah held onto the metal pot with one hand and stir-fried the golden shredded potatoes with a spatula with the other.

"Smells great."

Issa couldn't help swallowing her saliva as she watched from the side.

Chapter 2386: One More Bowl!

A plate of hot and sour shredded potatoes decorated with some red chili and a plate of salt & pepper potatoes, together with a bowl of piping hot porridge was Issa and Farah's dinner.

"Mother, try it." Farah sat in front of Issa as she looked at her with anticipation.

This was the first time she tried her hands at cooking. The process was rather smooth. The ingredients stuck to the pan slightly when she first started but other than that, everything went well. She managed to pull it off successfully on her first try.

The smell of sourness and spiciness wafted through the air and rose with the steam, making one salivate.

"I can't believe you can already cook after just a few lessons! This teacher is impressive." Issa complimented as she put some shredded potatoes in her mouth.

The sourness and spiciness triggered her taste buds starting from the tip of her tongue. The shredded potatoes were crispy and juicy. It was an indescribable taste.

"Super good!"

Issa's eyes lit up immediately as she looked at the glistening shredded potatoes in disbelief.

She rarely tasted delicacies in her life. This was just a plate of hot and sour shredded potatoes, yet it tasted even better than a plate of meat that they only got the chance to eat on rare festive occasions.

"Mother, what's wrong? Is it bad?" Farah asked cautiously when she saw tears glistening at the corner of Issa's eyes.

"No." Issa sniffed. She looked at Farah gladly and said, "It's too delicious! It's the most delicious food I've ever had."

Upon hearing that, a smile bloomed on Farah's face. She had never heard such a compliment from her mother before.

Besides, Farah suddenly found a clearer meaning in learning cooking when she saw her mother with tears welling up in her eyes.

Letting her mother eat delicious food and lead a better life was the best reason for that.

"In that case, have more." Farah started eating as well. She tried some shredded potatoes.

The shredded potatoes were crunchy, sour, and spicy. It was very refreshing and delicious, perfect to go with rice!

However, Farah still felt that something was lacking. The texture of the shredded potatoes seemed a little off. It must have been the control over the fire when she first added the potatoes into the pot. There was too much vinegar and the spiciness seemed to be too much for her mother too. She did not expect such a small chili to be so spicy.

"I should be able to make it better the next time," Farah thought to herself.

Teacher Mag was right indeed. In cooking, one could only find out their problems through continuous trying and practicing before they can improve.

As for the salt & pepper potatoes, it was not bad, but it was not as outstanding as the hot and sour shredded potatoes.

Mag had only disclosed its recipe and had yet to demonstrate how to cook it. Farah's first time replicating it did not seem very successful. She could not control the amount of salt and pepper added very well.

However, they were still very satisfied with their dinner. By the time they finished half a pot of porridge, they were only left with a few chili slices.

Farah had finished her cooking debut. Although it was not perfect, she was satisfied with it.

“Oh! My goodness, dear, your shredded potatoes taste lovely! It’s... it’s almost as good as your father’s!”

In a run-down stone hut, a scrawny middle-aged woman looked at Beck, who was sitting in front of her. The chopsticks in her hand were shaking because of her agitation.

On the table in front of them, was a plate of hot and sour shredded potatoes that did not look very good.

The shredded potatoes were not cut evenly and perhaps because of the poor control of fire, the shredded potatoes, which were supposed to be in long strips, were of uneven lengths and broke easily.

However, it still made the woman very agitated.

Beck, with his head hung low, looked at that woman in shock and said, “Mother, you... you find this delicious?”

“Yes, it’s the most delicious food I’ve had. It’s sour and spicy. So delicious.” The woman nodded with a smile. She picked up another strand of shredded potato and put it into her mouth. After that, she ate two mouthfuls of rice, swallowed the food, and said, “It goes so well with rice.”

Beck took a doubtful bite. It was too sour and even spicier. That bite almost forced his tears out. He quickly took two mouthfuls of rice to balance it out.

This was completely different from the hot and sour shredded potatoes made by Teacher Mag he had in school.

However, it was just like what his mother had said. It was a little too sour and spicy, but it also went really well with rice.

“Mother, what I made is miles apart from what my teacher made.” Beck put his chopsticks down despondently.

“Silly child. This is the first dish you made and it’s already very impressive that you’re at this standard.” The woman put her chopsticks down. She reached her hand out and stroked Beck’s head gently before saying with a smile, “I haven’t tried the hot and sour shredded potatoes your teacher made but I think yours is really very delicious. It tastes better than anything I made.”

Beck looked at his mother and smiled. He nodded and said, “Mm. I will definitely improve as I go along.”

“Of course. We still have a bag of potatoes. We’ll have hot and sour shredded potatoes every night from now on.” The woman nodded with a smile.

“Mother, can you tell me more about father? How did he become a chef?”

“Your father...”

After using the hot and sour shredded potatoes in his lesson, Mag went back to launch this new product in the restaurant that very night, adding a new member to the vegetarian dish section.

“Today’s new product: Hot and sour shredded potatoes, 108 per set!”

“It has been a very long time since such a cheap new product was launched. I think I can try it with my eyes closed.”

“It’s sour and hot. I’ll just make a wild guess that this is going to be delicious.”

The customers queuing outside started their fervent discussion when they saw the little blackboard hanging at the door.

“Boss, why are you selling such a delicious plate of hot and sour shredded potato at only 108 coins?” Yabemiya asked Mag in bewilderment as she ate the shredded potatoes.

The ladies all looked at Mag curiously. The price of the dish was indeed a little too cheap compared to the other dishes.

“The price of the dish is determined by its difficulty. I have always had a clear conscience when I set a price for a dish. It costs what it’s worth,” Mag said calmly.

Each serving of hot and sour shredded potatoes would use up two potatoes, three chilies, half a spoonful of vinegar, four garlic cloves, 12 Sichuan peppercorns, and a little oil. The cooking method was simple and it was a dish that could be completed very quickly. Therefore, 108 coins was a very reasonable price.

“I want another bowl of rice.” Amy placed her empty bowl down.

“You want one more bowl of rice today?” Mag went over to get Amy another bowl of rice with a smile.

“Mm, mm. The shredded potatoes today are delicious. I want another bowl of rice,” Amy said with a nod of her head.

“I... I want another bowl of rice too.” Kiddo placed her bowl down as well. There were two grains of rice stuck on her cheek.

Chapter 2387: You Fickle Man!

The hot and sour shredded potatoes gained unanimous praises with its relatively lower price and the customers’ love in the midst of many orders of ‘another bowl of rice, please’.

He had sold many bowls of rice today, but the overall sales had decreased due to the hot and sour shredded potato’s low price.

However, Mag didn’t care about that. He didn’t need to depend on the restaurant’s sales for a living now. It was enough as long as he and the customers felt happy.

“Excellent ingredients are the cornerstones of the top-notch delicacies. They are also the cornerstones for the restaurant to go up to the next level. New mission: could the Host please research and develop a

delicacy that is priced over 10,000 copper coins! Time frame for the mission: seven days! There will be great rewards after completing it!" The system's voice rang out in Mag's heart.

"Top-notch delicacies are using the most common ingredients and the simplest cooking method to create a dish that everyone likes." Mag pressed his lips together and inwardly said with disdain, "System, are you issuing this mission because you think that selling potatoes can't earn much money?"

"Nonsense! This System isn't that kind of system!"

"A dish that costs 10,000 copper coins is on par with the 'Buddha Jumps Over the Wall'. Then, wouldn't I have to serve sea cucumbers, abalone..." Mag curved his lips. "You're going to earn my money for these things, right?"

"Uncouth!" the system seriously said, "As a proper system, I always sell the ingredients at a fair price!"

"A proper system won't be selling ingredients."

"Erm..." The system was speechless. It tried to argue. "This System has no choice as I have to maintain the operation of the farms. Do you know how much it costs to rear a crayfish? Do you know how many steps there are in order to rear a shiitake mushroom from a spore?"

Mag pursed his lips and said, "Alright, alright. I'm already sick of your explanations. Isn't it just a dish with a 10,000 copper coins price tag? I can just do a roast pig and it will cost more than 10,000."

System: "...?"

After pondering, Mag said, "Roasting a whole pig is a little too much. Maybe I should just roast a piglet? It's smaller and easier to maneuver."

Mag's roasting techniques were getting better, so he began to have some ideas and confidence about roasting bigger items.

Roast pig was the Ducas Restaurant's signature dish. Mag didn't like this restaurant, so he didn't feel very guilty about snatching their business.

"The price of pork has risen recently, so the price of piglets has increased too. It costs 2,000 copper coins each," the system swiftly answered.

"Does the Norland Continent have African swine fever too?" Mag frowned.

"Every piglet is a potential competitor for the King of Pigs. The roasting of each piglet means there would be one piglet less that could grow into a 250kg fat pig. Hence, the price tag of 2,000 is very reasonable," the system said reasonably.

"Piglets could be found everywhere. I can buy local pigs."

"The piglets provided by this System come from the purebred King of Boars in the Twilight Forest. Their meat is solid and they are fed with breast milk. Other piglets simply cannot compare with them!"

"It's fine. It's better for roast pig to be fatter. I don't have to brush oil over them." Mag was unconvinced.

“Then, there will be no difference between you and Ducas Restaurant.”

“The same ingredients and similar techniques could produce two completely different dishes in the hands of different chefs. This could better display a chef’s ability,” Mag replied calmly.

“The local piglets cost 2,000 copper coins each as well.” It was the system’s turn to sound cool.

“Huh? Are things crazy?” Mag frowned.

“Pig-rearing is still a new industry now. It isn’t standardized and promoted yet. Breeding pigs is rare, so the price of piglets is generally high.”

“That’s alright. I can choose to roast a whole goat. An adolescent goat only costs 1,000 to 2,000 copper coins and the price of a whole roasted goat is much higher than a roast piglet.” Mag immediately changed his mind.

He didn’t know about the price of the piglets well, but he knew about the price of mutton. It was a common meat in the market.

“You fickle man!” the system said angrily.

Mag couldn’t be bothered with it. He went to say goodbye to the ladies at the dormitory after cleaning up the restaurant. He suddenly remembered Camilla’s invitation when he was closing the door.

The night was dark and the moon was mesmerizing. A faint fragrance of flowers was in the air. Spring was here and it was the season for animals to procreate again.

“Should I go, or not go?” Mag pondered.

Gina had already brought the children upstairs to sleep. They had been playing all night, so they fell asleep after they went upstairs to have a bath.

Meanwhile, Irina said that she had something on with the Night Elves and would be home later.

“I’m just going to chat with an employee who had a little attitude issue and that’s all,” Mag murmured to himself before going out and walking towards the little forest at the northwestern corner of Aden Square.

Mag heard sounds of moaning and sounds of a whip slapping on skin as soon as he arrived at the forest.

“Are things already this exciting before I even arrived?” Mag’s footsteps faltered and he went into the forest with a puzzled look.

“Do you dare to do this again?!”

“I will never do it again... I will never do it again... Please let me go...”

“Ha, let you go? Let’s talk again after I am appeased.”

“Smack! Smack! Smack!”

Mag stood behind a tree and watched Camilla, who was wearing thigh-high boots, step on a man in black in the empty field in the midst of the forest and whip him with a thin leather whip.

She wasn't whipping him for fun like in the adult movies. The two meter long whip made marks in the air and created sonic booms before landing on that man's body, making the blood splash everywhere.

The man's screams were horrible. He even screamed like a castrated pig when the whip landed in between his legs.

Mag snapped his legs together instinctively as he pondered if he should go forward to stop that crazy woman.

Meanwhile, Camilla seemed to have sensed Mag's arrival as she whipped the man hard on his back. That man stopped making any sounds after a muffled scream.

Camilla turned around and said to Mag behind the tree with a faint smile, "Why are you hiding back there since you are already here?"

The full moon hung up high in the sky as the moonlight landed on Camilla.

The tight-fitting black skirt with a high slit displayed her voluptuous figure perfectly. Her fair smooth legs had a beautiful shape and her black boots highlighted that even more.

Her lips were so red as though she had just sucked blood. She looked at Mag with a cold and beautiful gaze and spoke to him like a queen.

"What did he do to provoke you?" Mag walked out from the tree and cast a glance at the man in black who had fainted.

Camilla smirked coldly and said with sarcasm, "Some men think they can do dirty deeds in deserted areas when the night is dark."

Chapter 2388: Everyone Was Glad To Hear That He Wasn't Doing Well

Mag understood after hearing that, so he no longer pitied the man in black on the ground.

Mag asked Camilla with a slight frown, "But, why are you looking at me with that gaze?"

"Nothing. I simply feel that this fellow isn't sturdy. I haven't whipped him to my heart's content." Camilla curved her lips and looked at Mag meaningfully.

"You are obviously a masochist. Why are you pretending to be a sadist?" Mag pursed his lips.

"Shut up!" Camilla instantly exploded. She remembered how she was tied to that small bed that day... she felt even more humiliated and awkward. She coldly asked, "Did you bring what I want?"

"What did you ask me to bring?" Mag looked perplexed. "Didn't you just ask me to come to the little forest? I thought you were going to show me something. You were being so secretive."

"I mean all the photostones!" Camilla was furious and she already lifted her whip up unknowingly.

"Oh. You mean that. Say what you mean clearly, or else how would I know what you want," Mag said with exasperation.

“Give them to me.” Camilla extended her hand.

“I didn’t bring them.” Mag shrugged.

“Smack!”

The leather whip flew up and snapped the tree that was as thick as a rice bowl into half.

“Why can’t you speak properly? Why did you have to vent your anger on these plants? This tree is different from this jerk. Someone needs to plant it again tomorrow. Isn’t it tough for the gardeners?” Mag lamented.

Camilla pointed at Mag angrily with the whip. “Don’t think that I don’t dare to whip you!”

Mag openly said, “That’ll be fantastic. I can close the restaurant tomorrow and rest for a few days due to work injury. If people ask me, I will say that you whipped me vengefully because you failed to get some weird photostones from me.”

“You shameless thug!” Camilla was furious. She didn’t know if she should put down her whip or not.

She didn’t expect that Mag was so hard to handle even though he looked so gentlemanly. He was even harder to handle than that hooligan lying on the ground.

Mag tried to console her. “Actually, you don’t have to worry about the photostones at all. I will at most watch them alone at night.”

“Y-you...” Camilla had already raised her whip, but she suddenly put it down when she looked at Mag. She smilingly said, “You’re someone with a wife now. Are you not afraid that I will tell your wife?”

Mag murmured with a fearful expression.

“You’re afraid now, right? Your wife is a 10th-tier powerhouse and she can kill you easily.” There was a smugness in Camilla’s smile. She felt she finally had a handle on Mag.

“I’m indeed a little worried. My wife has always been strong-headed and willful. If she sees that photostone or finds out about this, she will definitely think that it’s you who seduced me.” Mag nodded gravely. “If she goes berserk and wants to kill you, she can do it easily with her power. I can’t stop her at all.”

Camilla: “...?”

“However, you don’t have to worry. I promise she won’t see the photostones and won’t know that you asked me to meet you in the forest.” Mag patted her shoulders in consolation before saying, “I’ll go back if there is nothing else.”

Camilla looked at Mag who was about to leave in a daze. She only regained her wits after some time. The scenario wasn’t what she imagined it to be?

It was she who asked Mag with the intention of threatening him with his wife. How did it end up with her being threatened by him and needing to work with him?

“Wait a sec! I’m the victim here, right?” Camilla finally voiced out her doubts.

“You see, the scenario back then was like this: the little black hut, candles, little whip, handcuffs, ropes, leather clothes, photostones. They were prepared by you, who was dressed provocatively.

“And I, a properly-dressed man, was obviously knocked out and carried back by you. So, who do you think is the victim?”

“No matter how we describe it, it was I who was kidnapped by you and forced to whip you to satisfy your masochist tendencies.

“Moreover, you seemed to enjoy it and were very excited.

“Isn’t this very reasonable?” Mag said righteously.

“...” Camilla.

How am I going to explain this?

Just as Mag described, the things were prepared by her, and they were prepared for Mag.

Who knew that he would turn the situation around and use them on her.

Camilla slowly covered her face after she saw her excited face in the photostone picture.

“It’s way too shameful!”

“Alright. Please work hard tomorrow as well. I’ll go back first. Goodnight.” Mag put away the photostones and walked out of the forest.

Camilla looked at Mag’s back and the whip in her hands was shaking. Eventually she whipped the man in black at the side.

“Scumbag!”

The man in black: “...?”

Early next morning, the old man cleaning around the little forest found a semi-naked man who was badly injured. His back was covered with lashes. If one looked closer, the word ‘jerk’ could even be seen.

The man was soon carried away by the Gray Temple’s patrol personnel. The news got back and it was revealed that the man was a serial molester. All his limbs were broken and his ‘third leg’ was broken too.

Everyone was glad to hear that he wasn’t doing well.

“This whipping was done rather artistically.” Irina laughed and turned to look at Mag. “What do you think about it?”

“Normal people usually wouldn’t have such an idea.” Mag nodded calmly, as though that matter had nothing to do with him.

“Actually, I know how to use a whip too.” Irina smiled as a black whip appeared in her hand.

Mag stared at that whip for one second and then pointed to Ugly Duckling who was sunbathing at the side. "You can practice on it."

Ugly Duckling, who was rolling around comfortably, looked at Mag befuddled: "...?"

Irina put the whip away and said gravely, "According to the elven race's rules, the high priestess would take over being queen if her absence exceeds 100 days, and the princess will be the next in line to take over. Now that both the queen and the high priestess have gone into seclusion, the elves already haven't had a ruler for 100 days. According to the rules, Sally will be the acting queen."

Mag turned solemn and asked Irina, "Did something happen to the queen?"

The queen had gone into seclusion and didn't appear despite all the important issues that happened to the elven race and the Norland Continent during that period.

Rumors had been spreading like wildfire. Some said that the queen had already died from her injuries, but the elves refused to announce that.

"My royal mother is still alive. This is the only thing that I am certain of currently." Irina shook her head slightly.

Chapter 2389: Since It Has Already Rotted to the Bones

"Hahaha! From tomorrow on, I will be the king of the Wind Forest!"

An arrogant laugh came from the castle in the Brewster Family's turf. Elliot was sitting on the throne and he had a smug smile on his face.

Meanwhile, all the Brewster Family elders below had equally excited expressions too.

Sally Brewster was going to ascend to the throne tomorrow and be the acting elven queen. This news had already spread throughout the Brewster Family's territory.

No one knew about the queen's life or death. Helena was in seclusion. The Wind Forest was going to welcome a new queen now.

And the Brewster Family's status would rise as well.

Sally was still a child. In the eyes of the elders present, she was just a young girl.

Even though she had displayed some shrewdness, she was still a child.

There was only one Irina in this world and Sally was way inferior to her.

Hence, now it would be the Brewster Family's turn to be the highest authority in the Wind Forest.

"Congratulations, Chief! You had a good daughter!"

"The Brewster Family's glory will grow in your hands!"

Everyone raised their cups to butter him up.

The clash of toasts, the luxury and dissipation.

Everyone was indulging in their imagination of the Brewster Family being the top family in the Wind Forest after tomorrow. They would then lord themselves over all the other elves.

Everyone clustered around Elliot as if he had already ascended to the throne.

Everyone was in revelry, including those youngsters who weren't qualified to enter the castle's hall.

No one noticed that a troop in black armor had already surrounded the Brewster Family's territory quietly. The perimeter was shrinking and every alert was eliminated before it was sent out.

Just like that, the soldiers in black armor surrounded the castle.

A magic shield rose up and covered the castle.

The laughter in the castle only stopped at that moment.

The castle's gates opened slowly.

"W-what's going on?" The Brewster Family elders stared at the armed soldiers in black armor at the door with their mouths agape.

The Black Queensguard, the queen's personal guards.

It was a household troop formed by the elven elites and was only loyal to the queen.

The Black Queensguard represented the queen's wishes. Any elf who disobeyed or resisted the Black Queensguard, would be deemed as a traitor and killed on the spot.

Elliot walked out from the crowd and scolded them arrogantly. "Do you guys know what this place is?! How dare you come to surround the future queen's fiefdom?!"

The Black Queensguard's leader came forward and showed him an arrest warrant. "Elliot, we came on Princess Sally's order to arrest you for the crime of threatening the elven race's safety."

Two figures dashed out and caught Elliot on both sides as soon as he said that. The black spirit binding rope also bound him up instantly.

Elliot, who was drunk and not alert, only regained his wits after his power was restrained. He angrily said, "Let me go! I'm Sally's father! The queen's father! You cannot arrest me!"

"Chief!"

Everyone from the Brewster Family was shocked when they saw this scene. All of them took out their weapons and magic wands. The two sides were tense at that very moment.

The leader of the Black Queensguard troop swept his cold gaze around and coldly said, "The Black Queensguards are doing their mission. Anyone who dares to resist will be killed on the spot!"

All the elves went ashen. After a moment of hesitation, someone threw away their weapon and like dominoes, they all began to put away their weapons.

The leader revealed a mocking smile. Only Princess Sally had a backbone in such a big family.

“Stop shouting. The Black Queensguard obeys Princess Sally. Of course, she will be the queen tomorrow.” The leader looked at Elliot with a fierce gaze. “We have reliable evidence that you tried to control the queen to achieve your motive of controlling the Wind Forest. Once this charge is convicted, you will spend the rest of your life repenting in prison.”

Elliot went white and exclaimed, “Y-you guys are framing me! I’m her father. She cannot do this to me!”

The leader raised his hands and coldly said, “Seal his mouth and bring him away.”

A black cloth was stuffed into Elliot’s mouth and two Black Queensguards stuffed him into the prisoners’ carriage.

“As for all of you.” The leader turned his gaze onto the fearful elves. “From today on, the Brewster Family’s fiefdom will be under lockdown indefinitely. You cannot leave no matter what happens until the queen lifts the lockdown.”

The Black Queensguard left but another troop was stationed beyond their territory. A spell formation quickly rose up and engulfed the Brewster Family’s territory.

The extreme highs contrasted with extreme lows stunned the Brewster Family members.

They couldn’t understand how they became prisoners when their statuses were just about to increase?

The scary part was, the chief was even arrested?!

Elliot, who was Sally’s father and had just swore that he wanted to control the Wind Forest, was now arrested with the crime of endangering the elven race’s safety.

Sally arrested her father even before she had ascended the throne.

She was indeed an unfaithful child.

1

The news of Elliot’s arrest and the Brewster Family’s territory being under lockdown soon spread all over the Wind Forest.

Sally’s actions before her ascension made all the big families’ heads tingle.

In the impression of the majority of the elves, even though Sally was selected by Helena as the new elven princess to replace Irina, she was merely an obedient tool.

Just as people thought that Sally was weak, Helena was in seclusion and Elliot was going to control the elves’ pinnacle power through controlling Sally, she arrested her father.

What made all the elves even more shocked was that the Black Queensguard, who were only loyal to the queen, was already obeying Sally before her ascension.

The Black Queensguard were the elves’ creme de la creme in their elite forces. The leader and his two deputies were even top 10th-tier powerhouses.

They only obeyed the queen. Even the High Priestess couldn't order them around.

They used their actions to prove their stance before the ascension. They were already loyal to Sally.

This made the powers, who had some sinister thoughts, re-evaluate the influence of this news.

The Wind Forest was destined to be unpeaceful on this night.

Apart from the Brewster Family, two other families were also arrested by the Black Queensguard.

Their leader and main elders were brought away with the accusation of treason and their territories were also under lockdown.

A strapping figure in black armor respectfully said at the cave entrance, "Princess, we have already reined in the net and no fish have escaped."

"I appreciate your help." Sally's voice rang out from the cave and then it was just silence.

The elf in black armor stood at the entrance for a while before leaving quietly.

"Since it has already rotted to the bones, we have no choice but to cut it all out."

A soft sigh sounded in the cave after a long time.

"Thank you for your hard work."

Another weak voice sounded.

Chapter 2390: The Queen's Coronation Ceremony

"Tsk, tsk, tsk. Sally is awesome. She actually has such brutal techniques. I underestimated her!" Irina, who had received the urgent letter the next morning, sat up and exclaimed.

"What happened?" Mag poked his head over to look at Irina's letter and his eyes widened too.

There wasn't much information in the intel, but the matter was huge.

Sally arrested Elliot the day before her ascension and put the other powerful families under house arrest at the same time.

The new queen had already taken out the three most unsettled factors even before her ascension.

Her timing, methods and decisions were all impressive.

"I thought I should go over there to support her today, but looking at it right now, it's not necessary." Irina tossed the intel casually into the air and it dissolved into golden dots of light. Then, she threw herself hard onto the soft bed again. "Then, I shall go back to sleep."

"Sleep well. I'll go prepare breakfast before going out." Mag got up to put on his clothes.

"Where are you going?"

“Rodu,” answered Mag.

“To watch the opera again?”

“Yes. I promise them that I’ll bring them to watch opera and today is the day I will make true to my promise.”

‘Miss Black Cat’ was very famous recently. It was even well-known in Chaos City.

Due to the continent’s stable political situation, many youngsters from rich families had already flown to Rodu on flying steeds to watch this opera.

The maidens were also very excited about this story after reading the picture book.

“I’m not going then.” Irina yawned and turned around. “I think it’s still more interesting to watch the coronation later.”

Mag was also a little tempted when she said that.

He had already watched the opera a few times, so he was a little sick of it even though it was a great opera.

However, the coronation ceremony of the elves was different. Given the elves’ long lifespan, one could even encounter one coronation in every 100 years.

“Can I discuss with them first and see which one they would like to watch?”

“It’s up to you,” Irina answered lazily.

The restaurant was not open today, but due to Mag’s excursion plan, the maidens still came to the restaurant early in the morning.

The maidens had a common consensus that teambuilding and excursions were the most fun.

The destination of this trip was Rodu and they were going to watch the “Miss Black Cat” opera.

As the comic’s first batch of fans, the ladies were without any doubts excited about going to watch the opera. Even Camilla, who hadn’t completely recovered from her shame yesterday, came too.

Yabemiya bit into the soup dumpling as she worriedly asked Mag, “Boss, can we make it to the morning performance in time if we leave right now?”

“We can only make it to the afternoon show if we leave now,” Mag replied.

“I see. Then, we can only watch two shows. What a pity.” Yabemiya lamented regretfully.

“I heard Angela is learning in that opera house right now. Will we be able to see her perform on stage?” Babla asked with a frown. “That will be so distracting.”

“About that... I’m not very sure, either.” Mag was also rather taken aback.

He hadn't taken note about Angela's situation for some time, so he had no idea about her progress at Vicki's place at all.

However, given Angela's character, she wouldn't be lazing around.

Moreover, the Black Cat Opera had a great ambiance and they were often short of manpower, so they should already be using Angela.

Mag asked all of them, "Oh yes. I got the news today, so there is another option for today's itinerary. The elves are going to hold the coronation ceremony today and Sally is going to be crowned as the elven queen. Hence, shall we go to watch 'Miss Black Cat' or the coronation ceremony?"

The restaurant was quiet for a moment.

"Of course we're going to watch Sally's ascension!" Yabemiya stood up and agitatedly said, "Of course, we should be there when Sally is going to be crowned queen!"

"I agree." Babla put her hand up.

"I agree too." Shirley nodded.

"We can watch the opera next time, but we'll never get to see the elven queen's coronation ceremony in this lifetime again if we miss it." Hannah put up her hand too.

The maidens made the decision unanimously to cancel the trip to watch the opera in Rodu and go to the Wind Forest to watch the queen's coronation ceremony instead.

Camilla pressed her lips together and said, "Did you guys receive the invite? The Wind Forest isn't a sightseeing place where you can enter as you wish."

Firis nodded too. "The Wind Forest is heavily guarded. Random people wouldn't be allowed in on such an occasion."

"This is indeed a problem." Mag pondered.

Of course, no one could stop him if he was going alone.

However, over 10 people in the restaurant were going to the ceremony. They were a big target with many races without an invite, so it really wasn't easy for them to get in.

"This is my invitation but I can't go, so you guys can have it." Irina took out a green amulet and tossed it onto the table casually.

"Lady Boss, how did you get the invite?" Yabemiya exclaimed.

"You'll naturally be invited when you're powerful enough." Irina smiled.

"Oh I see." Yabemiya pondered and admired Caroline even more.

Mag knew that this wasn't an invite, but a high-level access token to access the Wind Forest freely. Since Irina tossed this out, it was to allow them to go in.

As for Irina, she was obviously going to attend the ceremony with her own identity.

Amy put down her bowl of porridge and seriously asked Mag, "Can Big Sister Sally protect me if she becomes the queen?"

"There should be no problem within the Wind Forest's vicinity," Mag said with a smile.

"Big Sister Shirley, Big Sister Sally is a good person. Can we go live in the Wind Forest after she becomes the queen?" Anna asked Shirley.

Shirley was quiet for a moment before shaking her head and said, "We are not sure about that now. A good person cannot change the entire race."

"Don't worry. Sally will definitely make the change." Mag consoled them with a smile.

Besides being impressed by Sally's actions last night, Mag was also full of anticipation about her upcoming reforms on the Wind Forest and the elves.

"Let's go since we are full now. We have to reach the Wind Forest before the ceremony starts. It will be a pity to miss it." Mag got up and walked to the door.

A frost dragon took off from the city and flew towards the northeast.

As a 9th-tier frost dragon, Elizabeth's flying speed was way faster than any flying steeds.

About an hour later, the contour of the Wind Forest could be seen from afar. The lush green forest stretched out for miles.

"Should we descend? Or go straight in?" Elizabeth asked.

"Fly in from the side. It would be too troublesome to face the interrogation," Mag replied.