

## Stay At home 1291

### Chapter 1291: How Many People Are You Going To Kill Tonight

Mag looked at Constantine, who was dressed up neatly and had a bouquet of flowers in his hand. Suddenly, he pitied this devoted man who came every day to ask about Shirley.

*What is love? Why do people live for it and die for it?*

However, Mag was in no position to comment about things like this. After all, even though Shirley was a drag queen, she had never behaved in a very feminine and gentle way on purpose. Moreover, her sexual orientation and who she liked had nothing to do with Mag.

“The first unfortunate case before the New Year.” Harrison sighed as he passed by Constantine.

The nosy crowd all looked sympathetically at Constantine. This love that had not even sprouted was killed mercilessly just like that. What a pity.

Constantine quickly put his sadness away, and smilingly said, “It’s alright, let me reintroduce myself. I am—”

“I’m not interested.” Shirley turned away coldly and walked to the kitchen to start working.

“I...” Constantine watched Shirley’s back for a long time before he closed his open mouth slowly as his shoulders slumped in despair.

Anna watched Constantine with sympathy. This uncle had been coming over every day to ask about the news of Big Sister Shirley, so he had to really like her a lot. However, she didn’t seem interested in him.

“That uncle is like a dog,” Amy commented softly beside Anna as she licked her ice cream.

“What dog?” Anna asked.

Amy thought for a while, and said, “A single dog[1].”

*It’s okay. Since Miss Shirley is back, at least I would still have a chance. I’m going to take it slow.* Constantine quickly regained his fighting spirit. He let out a confident smile, went to the table he always sat at, and started ordering.

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“Shanshan, I did it!” Rena called out excitedly when she returned to the office.

“Did it?” Shanshan lifted her head in bewilderment. As she looked at Rena’s beaming smile, she jumped up from her chair, and grabbed Rena’s hands excitedly. “Rena, have you succeeded in getting a job in Mamy Restaurant?”

“Mm-hmm. I’m hired.” Rena nodded vigorously.

“That’s great!”

The two ladies hugged each other, and jumped around excitedly in the office.

“What’s all this noise about during working hours?” A cold and deep voice came from the door.

Shanshan and Rena jumped and quickly let go of each other as they looked, flustered, at the middle-aged woman dressed in a black maxi dress who was standing at the door.

Bam!

The woman walked in and dropped a thick stack of accounts on the table as she coldly said to Rena, "Rena, look at these accounts. Didn't I tell you to write down the time of all the expenses and revenue? Look at how many of them you did not fill in. Also, what are all these nonsense notes? I paid you to work. If you can't even do something so small, get out of here today!"

"Yes, Boss. I won't be coming to the office from tomorrow onwards. Please look for someone better suited for the job," Rena said in a relaxed manner. She waved to Shanshan and turned to walk out of the door.

"You..." The boss watched in shock as Rena turned and walked away. She obviously did not expect this little administrative staff member, who was usually timid and soft-spoken, would actually quit on her without any hesitation.

"Right, just a reminder. About those accounts, you have to ask your dear younger siblings. They might know better about the expenses with the notes and those without the timestamps," Rena told the boss as she paused in her steps and turned back to face her, after which she turned to leave.

After walking out of the office door, Rena turned back for one last look. She had been in this place for three years, and now she would turn away without any hesitation. At the moment she turned around, she felt relieved, and it felt as though even the sunset had gotten brighter.

Although she was deducted half a month's salary, she should be able to survive with the salary that came in just a few days ago until she got her salary from Mamy Restaurant next month if she scrimped and saved. It was 3,500 in cash. When she received her pay next month, she would be able to buy new clothes for her mother.

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After Connie got through nine levels of the prison easily with a pot of "Buddha jumps over the wall", she was finally surrounded by prison guards and brought to Rex. After the prison guards had left, she went up, and asked, "Master, what are we learning today?"

"You've learned quite a lot during this period of time. Tonight, go kill some people," Rex said absent-mindedly as he took the 'Buddha jumps over the wall', opened the lid, and took a deep sniff. He smiled with satisfaction.

"Kill?" Connie was slightly shocked. She cowered little as she said, "I don't know how to."

"All the skills you've learned from me are used to kill. If you're not going to kill people, are you going to slaughter chickens?" Rex took a sip of the soup and smiled.

Connie shrugged, and a little innocently said, "I haven't even slaughtered a chicken before."

"The people who were out to kill you in the past have already set their eyes on Mamy Restaurant. If you don't kill them, they will find you sooner or later, and then they will kill you. Otherwise, they might bring you back before killing you."

“What’s the difference?”

“You either die earlier or later.”

“Those people killed my father and my tribesmen. I want to kill them to take revenge.”

Rex pulled out a short dagger from somewhere, and threw it on the table. “It’s in the second courtyard of the third alley at the west road of the northern part of the city. There are a total of five orcs. They are around the 6th and 7th-tier. If you’re fast enough, you can slit their throats before they wake up. If you’re not fast enough, any one of them can kill you easily.”

“You’re really making me go...” Connie was a little worried.

Rex put his spoon down, looked Connie in her eyes, and asked, “Didn’t you become my student so that I could help you take revenge?”

Connie was slightly taken aback. She shook her head after looking into Rex’s eyes.

She took the dagger and held it tightly in her hand. She turned to walk to the door, and paused in her steps again as she turned back to ask Rex, “Master, how do I get to the west road of the northern part of the city? Where do I start counting the third alley from? Is the second courtyard the second one from the left, or the second one from the right?”

“Pfft~”

Rex, who was drinking the soup, spat it out. He looked at the wasted soup, and frustratedly told Connie, “Can’t you use some brains?!”

Connie pouted. *What can I do? I’m in despair too.*

“Give me a moment, I will bring you there.” Rex sighed. He could only take on the role of her driver for the time being so that Connie would be able to find her target.

### **Chapter 1292: I Am An Assassin With No Sense Of Direction**

“I am an assassin with no feelings,” Rex said coldly as he swung his black windbreaker over, and walked out of the Bastie Prison.

“I am an assassin with no sense of direction,” Connie said meekly as she put her helmet on.

Rex, who was walking in front, stumbled and almost fell. He turned around and knocked on Connie’s helmet with his fist as he said, “Can you not wear this tortoiseshell when you’re assassinating someone?”

“Master, didn’t you say that an assassin has to be mysterious?” Connie said with grievance as she lifted her visor.

“If you killed those who saw you, you would be very mysterious.” Rex pressed his lips together. She really was a blockhead.

“That’s... too cruel, isn’t it?” Connie was hesitant.

“Bear in mind that an assassin is never kind. Once you’re kind, the one that’s dead could very well be you,” Rex said with all seriousness as he looked into Connie’s eyes. After that, he pulled Connie’s helmet off, and threw it at the bicycle 50 meters away casually. It landed nicely into the bicycle’s basket.

“Whew... seriously. Even if I don’t wear it when I kill someone, I can still wear it to keep myself warm on the way...” Connie grumbled as she shivered.

Rex’s eyelids twitched. Why did he take in such a disciple?

No matter what, he had to go on teaching her since she was his disciple, so he coldly said, “Let’s go.”

“Oh.” Connie quickly caught up with him.

Two shadows moved in Chaos City’s night sky like cats, flying across roofs silently as they moved towards the northern part of the city.

“Are you certain? Princess Connie is really hiding in that restaurant?” In a room where an oil lamp was lit to cast a faint yellow glow over it, three orcs were sitting around at a wooden table, whispering to each other.

“Mm-hm. She always wears a strange shell on her head wherever she goes, but the bracelet she wore on her hand, which was given by the chief, gave her away. There is an opal on it, and I happened to see it the day before, so I stalked her for two days. I can basically confirm that she’s Princess Connie based on her figure and the bracelet,” a skinny orc said with a nod.

“Hmph. I can’t believe the princess of the falk tribe would actually end up among service staff in a restaurant. We’ve been having such a hard time looking for her. Now that we’ve found her, we will go over tomorrow morning again to make sure, then we can set out to capture her back on the same night. The chief has promised us a lot of goodies. This time, we will return to become big shots in the tribe.”

The orcs all laughed delightedly. They were the ones who had made a great contribution in this rebellion. As long as they could successfully capture and bring Princess Connie back, they would be able to enjoy a life of unlimited women and money. On top of that, they would also become the new chief’s aides.

After they were done planning for tomorrow’s operation, one of them stayed up for night watch duty, while the others went to sleep, taking a good rest to prepare themselves for tomorrow’s operation.

“It’s here. Make sure you do a clean job. I’ll only wait for you for 10 minutes,” Rex said coldly after the two of them landed silently at the entrance of an alley.

“Alright.” Connie took a deep breath, tightened her grip on the dagger, and dashed towards the second courtyard.

“It’s that side.” A hand grabbed her shoulder. Rex pointed to the courtyard on the opposite side speechlessly. How awkward would it be if she assassinated the wrong people?

“Master, why didn’t you say so earlier?” Connie rolled her eyes at Rex, and turned to dash towards the other courtyard. She tapped her toes on the wall, arched her back, and landed silently in the courtyard without making any sound.

*That's my fault too?* Rex was speechless.

After entering the courtyard nimbly, Connie quickly got close to the three rooms near the courtyard like a black cat as she stuck close to the wall. Her erected kitten ears trembled slightly as she listened to the slight sounds of movements in the room.

The three rooms were all occupied. There were two people each in the rooms on the left and right side, while the room in the center had only one person in it. From the sound of their breathing, she could deduce that they were already in deep sleep. This would be the best chance to assassinate them.

*"Zzz~ Zzz~"*

Just as Connie was about to use the dagger to pry open the bolt and enter one of the rooms, she heard soft snoring coming from the side.

*There are more people?* Connie's hand shook. She was already very nervous, and that made her almost drop her dagger. She took a few deep breaths to calm herself down, then held on to the roof, and swung to the other side of the room. She saw an orc with a mace in his arms as he leaned against a wall, sound asleep.

*This is the fellow who killed my brother!* Connie's grip on her dagger tightened. Her face turned paler as memories of the day the rebellion army marched into the palace and scenes of the massacre flooded into her mind. This was the one who was always by Gary's side. He used that very mace to kill her young brother.

*Revenge! I want revenge!* That was the only thought in her mind. She jumped down from the roof and pulled her dagger out silently. She plunged the dagger accurately into the sleeping orc's heart just like how she practiced usually.

*"Ugh..."*

That orc woke up with a start and stared wide-eyed at Connie, who was standing in front of him, in disbelief.

However, before he could make a sound, the dagger, which was pulled out from his heart, was already stabbed into his mouth, coming out from the back of his head.

Connie pressed onto the orc's head and pulled the dagger out slowly, letting him lean against the floor and slowly slide down to the ground. All the while, not a single sound was made.

Connie took two steps back and looked at the orc lying in a pool of blood. Her breathing became heavier. Her hand that was holding the dagger was trembling. There was blood splattered all over her body and her face. She felt disgusted with the smell of blood, but her eyes were gleaming.

She had killed this scumbag and avenged her brother!

When she escaped from the Twilight Forest alone, she didn't think that she would ever be able to get her revenge. She had been weak ever since she was young, so how would she be a match for Gary and his henchmen?

However, she had killed this opponent she used to think was undefeatable. That was a very miraculous feeling.

After she calmed herself down a little, Connie's gaze turned cold again. She looked at the three rooms, and hesitated a little before walking to the room on the right.

The orc sleeping in the middle room was the strongest, so she planned to kill the other four weaker orcs before dealing with the strongest one.

She lifted the bolt with her dagger, and entered the room very smoothly. Meanwhile, the two orcs who were snoring loudly had not the slightest idea about it.

The sharp dagger slit the two orcs' throats open easily, and she cut their heads off. Until their death, the two orcs did not even manage to make a sound.

After she wiped the dagger clean on the orcs' clothes, Connie entered the room on the left, and cut the two orcs' heads off using the same way.

Bam!

Just then, the door that was half-closed was kicked open violently. A huge orc was standing at the door, looking at Connie, who was throwing an orc's head onto the ground. He said in disbelief, "It's you!"

Connie looked at the orc who had suddenly appeared, and was equally flustered. Why was he awake? However, after getting a clear look at his face, the fire of vengeance burned in her eyes once more. He was the one who killed her mother!

That orc lifted his long knife, and coldly said, "Hmph, I can't believe you actually came over yourself, and even killed my brothers. Today, I'm going to bring your—"

Stab...

A section of a sharp sword emerged from his heart and interrupted his sentence.

"Since you're going to kill everyone, you should start from the strongest. That way, even if anything happens, it would be easier to deal with. Get it?" Rex said as he pushed that orc away gently and looked at Connie, who was covered in blood.

"Yes, Master." Connie looked at Rex and nodded hard. After that, she dove into his embrace and started crying softly.

### **Chapter 1293: Let Me Test The Waters**

After saying goodnight to Amy and Irina, Mag went to the study room alone, and got some paper and pen to start sketching his design.

If it was calculated based on the speed by foot, the Night Elves would be able to reach Chaos City in two more days. Then, he would have to find them an accommodation and also a complete and ready textile factory.

Scheer had already started manufacturing steam engines in bulk, so it would not be much of a problem for Mag to buy 10 steam engines from her.

The problem at hand was the textile machine. When he was writing his thesis, he did some research on the inventions during the middle ages. Therefore, it was not difficult for him to come up with a design for a textile machine powered by a steam engine. Furthermore, compared to a steam engine, textile machines did not have so many technical requirements to make. It was something Mobai would be able to come up with quickly.

After coming up with the sketch of the textile machine overnight, Mag drew a simple design of the workers' dormitory on another piece of paper. It was based on the standard university dormitory design, with four people sharing a room. It was to be the dormitory for the Night Elves. Since he had enough space, he could make the rooms bigger. He would look for a dwarves construction team that could work on a larger scale. Two days should be sufficient to get the dormitory built.

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"Mother, when are you and Father going to give me a little brother or little sister to play with?" Amy asked as she lay in Irina's embrace on the large bed and caressed her flat tummy.

"Erm..." Irina was silent for a while. She looked at Amy, and asked, "Do you want a little brother or a little sister?"

"Little sister!" Amy replied without even thinking. After that, she added, "The little sister from the Parmer Family is really cute! She's so soft and fluffy, it feels good to pinch her."

Irina looked at Amy's eyes glistening like stars and smiled. She ran her finger on Amy's nose bridge, and said, "But I want to give all my love to Little Amy. Just like right now, only holding you in my arms."

"That's alright. You can love Amy and I will love the little sister, then the little sister can love Father. That way, we can love each other and be a loving family. Isn't that great?" Little Amy said with a smile.

"Hmm..." Irina went deep in thought. She wouldn't be able to give birth to another one alone...

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The Demon Islands were located in the center of the Boundless Sea Realm. They got this name because there would always be a layer of gray fog above the group of islands.

The islands were of various sizes, and they were home to the demon race.

The large island nearest to the center was controlled by the abyss demons.

At the bottom of two cliffs that were close to a vertical drop tens of thousands feet high stood a few grand stone temples.

At this moment, in the largest and grandest temple, the leader of the abyss demons, who was as big and large as a ball, was on the main seat. He looked at the leaders of the other races, and loudly said, "This time, the 10 demon races have gathered here to join in an alliance so that we can negotiate with the king of the Roth Empire. If we were to invade and take over the entire continent, which areas would be ours, and which areas would belong to them. Does anyone have any opinions on this matter?"

"A transaction with humans. They are even more scheming than goblins. The flaming tribe would never believe humans," a flaming demon shouted loudly.

“Exactly. What are humans? All they do is hold a sword and wave some sticks in the air, and they want to have a share? Such an alliance is simply a disgrace,” a large demon agreed angrily.

“Do you dare to say that in front of Alex and Urien?” a vampire mocked after taking a sip of fresh blood.

The large demon was stumped. He looked at the vampire with his face flushed, but he was unable to give him any reply.

The hall quieted down because of that sentence. Everyone had heard the news of Alex killing Borg a couple of days ago. That already showed that he was stronger than an ordinary 10th-tier powerhouse. In addition, Alex also killed Benson, the spatial demon patriarch, jeopardizing the spatial demons’ status amongst the top 10 demon tribes.

As for Krassu and Urien, they left a very deep impression on the demons after they wiped out the ogres.

They had to admit that the humans who the demons had belittled in the past had already evolved into a very strong race after centuries of rapid development and population growth.

“We, the vampires, don’t have a big population to begin with, so we don’t really need land. All of you can have fun fighting for it. The vampires will not take part in any war, and we don’t need any land.” The vampire finished the fresh blood in his cup and stood up. He spread his arms, and a pair of gigantic black wings appeared on his back. In a split second, he turned into a shadow and disappeared from the hall.

“Scaredy-cat. Even if he can fly, he’s just a flying cat,” the demon who had been dissed said sarcastically.

Whoosh!

A half-a-meter-long black steel plate flew in from outside, and landed between that demon’s legs.

That demon stood up and stepped back subconsciously. A loud ripping sound could be heard, and a big hole appeared in his pants. He quickly covered his crotch area awkwardly.

After the vampire left, the leaders of the other tribes also started to hesitate. Not many of them wanted to join the alliance, and the meeting ended on a bad note.

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The next day after morning operating hours, Mag went to Mobai’s forge, and asked for his help to make some textile machines.

“Boss Mag, these machines are a little big. If you’re in a rush for them, I can find a few other blacksmiths I know and work on them together so that you can get them after two days,” Mobai told Mag while studying the blueprint.

“Great. But this is a little special, so I need you to keep it an absolute secret. If you’re working with other blacksmiths, I need you to split it into parts.” Mag nodded.

“Mm-hm. I understand. I will split it up for the others to do.” Mobai nodded. Boss Mag had always been full of quirky ideas, so it was only normal for him to be more careful in case someone plagiarized his ideas.



After coming out from Mobai's forge, Mag went to Buffett Manor to look for Scheer, and he finally met her under the guidance of an assistant.

"Mr. Mag, you want 10 steam engines?" Scheer asked as she put down the reports in her hand.

"Yes. I intend to use the steam engines to build a textile factory." Mag nodded. He did not intend to hide this.

"Oh? You've already thought of how to use the steam engines for business?" Scheer looked at Mag in shock. Her engineers had been researching applications for steam engines other than in locomotives. Although they had some findings, there was still nothing concrete.

"I'm going to test the waters first. I've bought a factory in the northern part of the city, but I still don't know how things will turn out," Mag said with a smile.

"I see..." Since Mag did not seem willing to divulge further, Scheer smilingly said, "Since you're going to open a factory, I wonder if I can join in the fun, invest a little capital, and own some shares?"

"The place is still an undeveloped piece of land. Aren't you afraid that you won't be able to get your money back?" Mag asked.

"I might be worried if it's someone else, but I am very assured if you're the one. Even if I don't get my money back, I will have no complaints," Scheer said with a smile.

Mag thought for a while, and said, "Since that's the case, how about an investment of 10,000,000 copper coins and 10 steam engines for 10% shares?"

"Sure." Scheer wrote a check, and passed it to Mag with a smile as she said, "I can give you the 10 steam engines tomorrow. Give me an address. I'll get someone to deliver them."

#### **Chapter 1294: Imy Textile Factory**

The negotiation with Scheer was much smoother than expected, and an angel investment was obtained. Mag left the bank after signing the contract.

Mag wasn't unreasonable to ask for 10,000,000 copper coins and 10 steam engines for 10% of shares.

The textile industry had a huge market. Although Mag was only trying to find something for the Night Elves to do so they wouldn't get themselves into trouble, once the textile factory powered by the steam engines started running, it would be a place that could continue to generate revenue for the Night Elves.

Mag could fork out 10,000,000 copper coins himself, but he understood that he couldn't be earning all the money by himself. Giving a little interest to Scheer would be beneficial to creating new sales routes and capital flow.

"Young Mistress, he took 10,000,000 copper coins after saying a few empty words. Isn't this a bit rushed..." the assistant said to Scheer who was inspecting the bills.

“Perhaps Mr. Mag is thinking about how much interest he has given me right now,” Scheer said smilingly without raising her head. “If he wanted to be a businessman, no one would be better at earning money than him on the entire Norland Continent.

The assistant fell silent after hearing that. Young Mistress was a great judge of character, and was rarely wrong.

Mag went to the construction workshop in the east of the city, and got an extremely skilled team of dwarven craftsmen. He signed a construction contract with them to build the dormitory for the workers and renovate the factory for 5,000,000 copper coins.

The dwarf contractor read through the blueprint thoroughly, and then followed Mag to the worksite. After listening to Mag’s requests, he nodded. “The blueprint is a little complicated. We will need two days to complete the work according to the blueprint’s requirements. You can pay us the rest of the sum then.”

“Let’s look forward to a fruitful cooperation.” Mag shook his hand.

He could always get a cheaper construction team, but only this construction team could promise to complete the construction work in two days.

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Mag returned to the restaurant, and saw Irina sitting behind the counter and squeezing Ugly Duckling’s face in boredom.

The round face became squarish and then triangular under that pair of slender hands. Ugly Duckling could only roll its eyes listlessly; it didn’t dare to complain at all.

Irina released Ugly Duckling’s round face, and asked Mag, “How was it? Did everything go smoothly?”

“Mm-hm. I already found the construction team, and they will start today. They promised to complete the job within two days, so the Night Elves will have a place to stay when they reach Chaos City. The machines are already being custom-made, and we can put them to use very soon.” Mag nodded with a smile.

“What is this factory going to make?” Irina asked.

Mag suddenly remembered that he hadn’t told Irina about that yet, and quickly explained, “It’ll be a textile factory, which is a factory that turns cotton wool into cotton fabric. But we have upgraded the production from manual to machines to increase the output.”

“Okay.” Irina nodded after pondering for some time. She still couldn’t understand what kinds of machines could replace manual operation. She only pretended to understand and nod before continuing to curiously ask, “What’s the name of this factory?”

“Erm...” Mag was caught. His mind was only occupied with buying the factory building and machines, so he hadn’t thought about the name at all. He asked Irina, “Do you have any ideas?”

“Since the restaurant is called Mamy Restaurant, then the factory will be called Imy Textile Factory?” Irina said after some thoughts.

“What about me?” Mag said weakly.

“Did you think about me when you named the restaurant then?” Irina countered, staring into Mag’s eyes.

“Er...” Mag opened his mouth, feeling speechless. He could only nod in agreement. “Okay, let’s call it lmy.”

What else could he do? He couldn’t overpower her.

After confirming the company’s name, Mag continued, “I have thought about this on the way home. The news of the Night Elves settling in Chaos City will spread very soon, and many people will be targeting the factory. To prevent certain troubles, we need to sever the ties between the restaurant and the factory temporarily.”

“It will indeed be very troublesome if those fellows target the restaurant now.” Irina nodded. Although Chaos City was a relatively safe place, Amy was still young, and Mag had not recovered his power fully. They could be placed in a very unfavorable situation if the enemies came looking for them and secretly schemed to harm them.

“In this case, I will wash my hands off the restaurant and be the boss of the factory, while you be the boss of the restaurant. We are both bosses,” Irina said after a moment of thought.

“That will do too. I will say publicly that I had invested in the company. I chose to accept all the Night Elves because the Night Elves are a relatively cheap labor force, and I have recruited you as the boss of the company.” Mag nodded. Although the traces were a little obvious, this excuse could still work relatively well.

“What do you think about the peace renegotiation one month later?” Irina asked Mag again.

Mag gravely said, “Judging from the current situation, it’s highly likely that the renegotiation will fail. Apart from a few weaker species, all the powerful species are very keen to redistribute the territories. They want to restart the racial war and redistribute the territories with might again.”

“If we only have a month’s time, the Night Elves will not be able to overthrow the Wind Forest’s rule.” Irina shook her head with worry in her eyes. How the elf species was going to defend itself when the racial war started would be a huge problem.

“The racial war would sweep across every single species and bring endless chaos and destruction, so we must do our best to prevent the resumption of the war.” Mag walked to the map of the Norland Continent and gazed at the territories of all the tribes. A storm was going to sweep across the continent, and black fog began to appear secretly in places where they couldn’t see. Mag still had no idea what they could do.

“What can we do?”

“After 100 years of development, the original balance between the species has long been broken. What we should do now is to restore the balance, and buy more time for the integration of the continent’s races.” Mag used his finger to draw a circle around Chaos City in the center of the map. “Just like Chaos City. Since all the species could get along peacefully in a city, why can’t they make Norland Continent a

bigger city like that? As long as they break down the boundaries and interact with one another, they can get along peacefully.”

“This is interesting,” Irina said thoughtfully. She tilted her head and looked at Mag, suddenly realizing the way he thought about problems had changed. He began to consider more other matters apart from the sword.

Mag retrieved his gaze from the map, and told Irina, “We only have one month’s time to make all the species forget about restarting the war. I’ve already made some plans, but I am not sure if they are feasible. Do you want to have a look?”

“Not now.” Irina shook her head and got closer to Mag. Her lips curled. “Little Amy told me last night that she wants a little sister...”

### **Chapter 1295: Queen of The Hot Pot**

“Erm. She rather likes little sisters. She loved Gjerj’s baby when it was born.” Mag nodded with a smile, pretending that he didn’t understand.

He snuck a look at Irina. Why did she suddenly bring this up? Didn’t she know the situation was very tense now? How would he dare to make a baby?

“Oh really? Then, do you like them?” Irina asked Mag smilingly.

“Of course I do. Little girls are so cute, just like Little Amy. Everybody likes them.” Mag nodded in agreement. He picked a thermal cup and took a sip of goji berry tea. This winter air was so dry that his throat felt scratchy.

Irina’s gaze fixed on Mag became more and more intrigued. She liked to see Mag at a loss. Although he was the fearsome dragon slayer in front of others, he would get embarrassed and blush in front of her. She suddenly got close to Mag’s ear, and whispered, “Then, when are we having another one?”

*Mamma Mia!*

Mag felt his legs weakening. What was she trying to do now?

“Ding!”

The restaurant’s door that wasn’t locked was pushed open, and Firis came in. She was a little taken aback to see Irina and Mag standing so close together.

Mag and Irina turned around, and looked at Firis at the same time with narrowed eyes.

*Silence the witness!*

That was the very first thought that popped up in Firis’s mind.

“Oh, you came, Firis. I was just talking to Princess Irina about you, and you appeared,” Mag said smilingly, and slowly moved to the side discreetly.

“Talking about me?” Firis looked at Mag in surprise. So Boss and the princess were in a discussion, and they were talking about her. Could it be that the princess wanted to give her to Boss as an appreciation gift?

Firis blushed as soon as she thought about that. Although she wanted to stay with the princess and serve her, if she needed to sacrifice for the Night Elves, then she...

Irina gave Mag a dressing-down with her eyes, and then sat back in her seat leisurely. She grabbed Ugly Duckling, which was backing away, as she said to Firis, “We’re building a factory together to house the Night Elves. The canteen is short of a cook, so we intend for you to be the head chef.”

“Head chef?” Firis was slightly taken aback. So, they were not talking about “sacrificing her”. She heaved a sigh of relief, yet she felt an unexplainable sense of loss at the same time.

“Yes. I have heard the princess say that you have done a very good job at arranging the meals for the Night Elves in the underground cavern. You will be great at this job.” Mag smiled and nodded. This was the issue that Irina and he discussed last time, and it was perfect to be used as an excuse now.

“Mm-hmm. Yes. I will try my best to provide delicious food for everyone.” Firis nodded. Contributing to the Night Elves was what she should do. Moreover, with the experience gained in the underground cavern, she was no longer as afraid of taking charge as she was initially.

Mag nodded. In this case, the Night Elves’ logistics issue was solved too. Now, they simply had to wait for the Night Elves to arrive at Chaos City.

“Then, please continue with your discussion. I will go and prepare the ingredients.” Firis went to the kitchen.

“I need to do some preparations too.” Mag stole a glance at Irina who was staring at him, and escaped to the kitchen. Who was able to withstand that?!

“Coward.” Irina chuckled. She squeezed Ugly Duckling’s face, and said, “Little fat duck, you’ll be too greasy if you get too fat. You’ve got to exercise more.”

Ugly Duckling, whose eyes were squeezed shut, opened them wide and stared at Irina with fright.

“Don’t worry. You are still too small to talk about braising or steaming,” Irina consoled Ugly Duckling, stroking its head.

“Meow~”

Ugly Duckling’s fur bristled, and it shivered on Irina’s lap.

As it got closer to noon, the staff began to arrive at the restaurant.

The new employee, Rena, greeted everyone a little awkwardly. She removed her well-worn big jacket, and revealed a brand new black-and-white chef’s suit she was wearing. It was similar to Mag’s, but it was a lady’s version with a very fitting cut.

“Rena, you look great wearing the chef’s suit. You look just like a head chef,” Yabemiya said to Rena with envy.

A smile appeared on Rena's face, but she still humbly replied, "Thank you, but I am only an apprentice now."

"It's fine. Your nose is very sensitive, so you will definitely learn very quickly," Yabemiya encouraged her.

"Rena, come in please," Mag called out from the kitchen.

"Alright." Rena strode into the kitchen, and looked at Mag nervously.

"It will be just like in the morning. You are still not needed to do anything for the afternoon besides watching me cook from the side. However, you have to decide what is the first dish that you want to learn in the afternoon."

"Mm-hm." Rena nodded.

"Relax a little. Although cooking isn't a relaxing matter, it should be an interesting matter. You would only create dishes with soul like this," Mag said smilingly when he noticed Rena was nervous.

Rena was a little surprised to hear that. Soon, a smile appeared on her face. To her, cooking was indeed an interesting and happy matter. Even standing and watching Mag cook for over one hour by the stove was much more interesting than daydreaming in the office.

Mag washed his hands and began to make their own lunch.

Rena's talents let Mag see the possibility of grooming a successor rapidly. He might have to disappear frequently soon, and that would be unacceptable to the restaurant's regulars. If Rena could learn to make his dishes, even just a few of them, the restaurant could remain open, and it would be better than nothing.

Firis's talents were good too, but she had to take care of the Night Elves's food now, so she didn't have much time to learn how to cook now. Hence, he had to strike her out temporarily.

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The peak period of lunch was over, and Mag removed his apron. He took a sip from his thermal cup, and heaved a sigh of relief. Every service was like a long and intense battle.

Rena approached Mag, and said, "Boss, I would like to learn how to make hot pot."

"Hot pot?" Mag looked at Rena in surprise. He had made all the dishes on the menu except the hot pot, so he hadn't expected Rena's choice would be hot pot.

"Yes. It was because of the hot pot that I could join the restaurant, so I want to learn hot pot as my first dish." Rena nodded with conviction.

"That's fine too. Then, we will start from learning how to make a pot of broth first for this afternoon." Mag nodded after pondering for a moment.

The hot pot was a good choice. If Rena could master hot pot, she could prop up half of the restaurant, and it would be much more stable than the other dishes.

Was the new Queen of the Hot Pot going to appear under his tutelage?

Mag suddenly felt very expectant.

### **Chapter 1296: This Is A Rejected Item**

The most important aspect of making a pot of scrumptious broth was the heat and timing. They had to get the bone fragrance out, but the broth couldn't be too thick.

This wasn't simply an issue of timing; experience was equally important.

Rena stood at the side and watched Mag process the bones. She memorized when to add in the necessary spices at the appropriate time.

What was beyond her expectations was that apart from a dash of cooking wine and raw ginger, Mag didn't add in too many spices and condiments, and the bones weren't broken. He used complete bones.

"The simpler the bone broth, the better. This would decide the most basic flavor of your hot pot, and using whole bones is to make sure that there are no chipped bones in the broth. Now, cover the pot and simmer it for four hours, and the broth will be done." Mag covered the big pot before getting a small pot from the side, and placed it on the stove. Then, he took a few small bones out from the fridge, and asked Rena, "Do you want to try?"

"Now?" Rena was taken aback. She had only watched Mag do it once, and Mag was going to let her do it right away?

"I think you will be able to do a good job." Mag nodded and gave her the space to work at the stove.

Looking at Mag's trusting gaze, Rena hesitated for a moment before she took a few steps forward. She closed her eyes as she recapped what Mag was doing earlier, and merged it with her own understanding. She quickly opened her eyes and picked up a bone.

Although this was only a single bone, it was much thicker than those pork bones that she saw usually. There were some shreds of pinkish red meat attached to the porcelain white bone.

Although the meat was raw, it didn't have the smelly raw meat scent. Instead, it had a hint of light fragrance.

*What a unique bone. What kind of pig did this bone come from?* Rena thought curiously. She seldom bought meat. She would only go to the market in the evening to get a bone to cook broth for her mother, and those bones didn't have any meat on them at all. After the boss got familiar with her, he always gave her the bones for free or at a very low price.

Wash and clean the bone and marinate it simply. Pour cold water into the pot and boil it with high heat...

She followed every single step exactly. She treated this big kitchen as if it was her small kitchen, and endeavored to do her very best.

Mag, who was standing at the side, nodded. Just as he expected, Rena wasn't a newbie at cooking, and her ability to learn was very strong.

What was even more precious was that she didn't learn everything mechanically without giving it a thought. She would input some of her own habits and thinking into some of the operations.

These details were the habits obtained from having to cook for a long time. This was what made a chef different from other chefs.

"The meat shreds should be even more thoroughly removed. The customers' hot pot shouldn't have other types of meat that they didn't order. Even though it seems to be an extra nicety, it would actually cause some customers trouble.

"And the broth's scum should be even more thoroughly removed. The broth's controllable loss is to obtain a more intricate and rich broth, and the floating scum would result in the texture of broth failing my expectations," Mag said to Rena.

"But, isn't this too wasteful?" Rena said hesitantly.

Mag looked at the meat that he had scraped off from the bone earlier and shook his head. "As a chef, it is not a good thing if we get caught trying to use every bit and part of the ingredients in the same dish. Different parts of the ingredients should be used in different dishes. Smart pairings and choices would result in the clash of delicious flavors, but putting everything in together to stew is the lowest form of cooking."

"Pairings and choices..." Rena was thoughtful. She felt as if a door was opened in her mind, and her imagination which was restricted by her poverty had been let out of the cage and flew to a higher and better place.

"Let the suitable ingredients appear in the suitable areas. This is what an excellent chef should do." Mag smiled at Rena. "Don't worry. You will get that slowly."

"Yes. I understand." Rena nodded before looking at her little pot. "Then, this pot of broth..."

"Throw it away and start all over again." Mag had already taken out a few bones, and placed them on the chopping board.

"Throw it away?" Rena felt a chill. All these were the best grade bones which she had never seen in the market before, and they were going to be wasted now because of her mistakes.

"Yes." Mag nodded without any room for negotiation.

Rena turned off the fire stiffly, and carried the soup pot to the dishwashing sink. Although she had only cooked it for a moment, there was already a meat aroma coming from the white soup. It would be a pot of scrumptious broth if it was simmered for a few more hours.

And because of her mistake, a precious bone broth was going to be poured away. Rena's eyes were full of heartache.

After she got to the sink, Rena held the pot for a long time. She couldn't pour it into the sink.

Mag watched Rena quietly. Rena did indeed have very good cooking basics. Although she didn't have proper training, she could be trained formally very quickly with some guidance.



Compared to her operations, the biggest problem with Rena was her thinking, or perhaps the thinking of the majority of the housewives in this world. Appropriate give-and-take was the foundation of cooking delicious food. She would never be a proper chef if she couldn't turn this thinking around.

He would apply the same standards on Rena, just like the System's requirements of him. This was the basic respect for their customers.

He wanted to see Rena make her own judgement.

Rena, who was deliberating for a long time before the sink, turned around and earnestly said to Mag, "Boss, I know my problem already, but it's really very wasteful to simply throw this pot of broth away. Can I bring it home, please?"

"This is a rejected item, and I never allow any rejected items to exit my kitchen." Mag shook his head, feeling rather disappointed.

"But, it is me who made the mistake, and the broth is not wrong. Instead of pouring it into the sink, why don't we let it achieve what it's supposed to?" Rena looked at Mag perplexedly with reddened eyes.

"Rena, failure is not a scary thing as long as you know where you fail, and then pick yourself up and continue on. However, there is always a price to pay when you fail, right?" Mag frowned slightly. This maiden seemed to be more stubborn than he thought.

"If there is a need, can I change it to another form of punishment? Since I was young, my mother had told me to never waste food, so I have always been respectful toward food. I cannot accept wasting such precious food and pouring it down the drain because of my subpar cooking skills." Rena shook her head. Tears were already gathering in her eyes. She pursed her lips as she tried to keep her emotions under control.

### **Chapter 1297: 300,000 Lobsters Had Escaped From The Base**

"So this is your reason." Mag looked at Rena, feeling rather surprised. He suddenly felt guilty as he looked at the maiden who was trying to be brave and stop her tears from falling.

What shocked him to the core was that phrase "respectful toward food."

Maybe after his birth, Mr. Yuan Longping<sup>1</sup> had been keeping them very well-fed, and he'd never had to worry about food and money.

After coming to this world, the test field for the God of Cookery always had unlimited ingredients, and the System would always top up the refrigerator anytime. Hence, he'd never had the concept that ingredients didn't always come easy.

In his eyes, he didn't care how the System handled the rest of the Ironhide Bull after he had the loins cut up for steaks and its chucks used for kebabs.

He also never had to worry if the meat of the 5th-tier Kimball Boar was discarded after its bones were used to boil the broth.

Yes. He had treated the ingredients as consumables that he could squander, and threw those dishes with the slightest flaws into the waste bin without any considerations.

Even though he'd begun to feel passionate and expectant about cooking, he still wasn't respectful enough toward food.

And in this world, many people were still struggling to feed themselves.

Mag was reminded of Jessica and that group of children, and of Amy before he came to this world.

He remembered how Amy was once holding the hard as rock pancake that only cost one copper coin and eating happily.

Those children understood the preciousness of food more than he did. They, like Rena, were very respectful toward food.

He, who had never been through food scarcity, didn't have the right to refute the care and respect that others had for food, be it for his ridiculous insistence or so-called principles.

"My apologies. I think I am wrong." Mag looked at Rena apologetically.

"I... I didn't mean it that way. How could you be wrong? I shouldn't have said all that..." Rena panicked as she realized her words were a little agitated. She had refuted her boss directly on her first day of work, and even caused the boss to apologize. Was she going to lose her job because of this incident?

"No. You were right. As a chef, we should have a certain level of respect for our food." Mag shook his head, and then smiled at Rena. "As for this pot of soup, if you don't mind, please bring it back to share with your mother. It's the soup made by her daughter on her first day of work. I think Auntie is going to like it."

"Can I really do that?" Rena was looking at Mag, whose eyes were so clear and his warm smile was so comforting.

"Of course." Mag went over and retrieved that pot of soup from Rena. He put it back onto the stove again and turned on the fire to continue simmering it. Then, he said, "However, we still have to practice. The hot pot broth that we ourselves would be having tonight has to depend on you now."

"Boss..." The tears that were gathering in Rena's eyes finally fell out. She turned aside and quickly wiped the tears away before turning around to nod at Mag, and walked over to the chopping table again. She picked up the boning knife, and removed the meat on the bone very carefully.

"Saving is a good thing too." Mag smiled as he looked at Rena's serious mannerism. He didn't feel terrible even when his principles were overthrown. Instead, he had gained a new perspective. His point of view and thinking for this world were still rather narrow.

Mag nodded with satisfaction as he watched while Rena skimmed the scum from the boiling broth and then covered the cover and simmered it. "There is a great improvement this time. However, there are some techniques you can try when you are handling the meat attached to the bones..."

Only using an afternoon's time, Rena had already successfully fulfilled the requirements on how to concoct a broth for a hot pot.

This made Mag, who was tortured in the test field for the God of Cookery, very envious. Talent, this thing, it was really...

Damn!

"The dinner service starts from 5pm. You may go home to have your dinner with Auntie. Bring these ingredients back and have hot pot tonight." Mag passed a meal box and the packed up broth to Rena.

"I will only need the soup. I cannot take the ingredients." Rena quickly waved her hands and only accepted the broth.

"We are also having hot pot for dinner tonight, and your share has been put aside." Mag pointed at that red soup simmering in the pot.

Rena bowed deeply to Mag, and gratefully said, "Thank you, Boss."

"Go now. You still need to come to the restaurant later," Mag said smilingly.

"Mm-hm." Rena took the meal box and bade goodbye to the rest. She walked to the door happily, and she couldn't wait to let her mother try the broth she concocted for the hot pot.

She said to her mother that she would cook a hot pot meal for her one day last night, but she didn't expect the day would come so soon.

"Seems like you like her very much," Irina, who went out in the afternoon, said to Mag smilingly.

"An excellent disciple. This is called treasuring talents," Mag explained. He had already confirmed that Rena would be able to take over the designated hot pot area soon. He had always been looking for such a genius.

"I want to go on a trip to the Boundless Sea Realm," Irina said in a volume that only the two of them could hear as she went into the kitchen.

"Hmm?" Mag looked at Irina, stunned.

"I intend to go kill some demons. Aren't some of those fellows from three years ago still alive?" Irina said calmly.

"When are you leaving?"

"I'll set off after I settled the Night Elves."

Mag looked at Irina. He knew she wouldn't waver after she made up her mind. Moreover, if his power had been stronger, he also wanted to kill those bastards who were still alive.

"Beep, beep, beep! Alarm!"

"A serious leak incident happened at the seawater lobster rearing base, and 300,000 lobsters have escaped from the base. The nettings at the rearing base were destroyed by the corrosion and couldn't restore themselves. The number of escaping lobsters is increasing steadily! Because they don't have natural enemies in that area, serious damage could be done to the local ecosystem!"

“Emergency Mission: could the host please proceed to the lobster rearing base at the Boundless Sea Realm to remove the source of the corrosion, repair the base’s nettings, and catch the runaway lobsters!

Mission reward: the name of ‘Lobster Hunter’ and 0.5 strength! Punishment for mission failure: strength returns to zero!”

Just then, the system sounded in Mag’s head urgently.

“Hmm?” Mag was taken aback. This mission was too f\*cking extraordinary?

“System, you are asking me to catch 300,000 lobsters? Is there something wrong with your brain? Why don’t you just go to the heavens!” Mag couldn’t help but complain.

### **Chapter 1298: The Full Set Of Recipes For Cooking Crayfish**

“According to the system’s three major principles, the system will be reset if it causes the collapse of this world’s ecosystem!”

“What do you mean?”

“The system and the host are already tightly bound together. If the system is reset, it means the host would be erased.”

“Damn! This is a rogue clause!” Mag raised his eyebrow. He hadn’t expected that he would be tied to the system and this stupid system could be reset. This was simply... too stupid, wasn’t it?

“As an auxiliary, the system was created for the host, and to prevent the system from taking over, God has established the three major principles. Hence, all the systems have to act according to the principles,” the System said mechanically.

Mag didn’t want to argue about the clauses as they were too complicated and beyond his control. So, he instead said, “It’s fine that you have 300,000 lobsters, but why are they reared in the Boundless Sea Realm? Isn’t crayfish a freshwater shrimp? Why the hell are you rearing them in the sea? And how did you, a system, let them escape? You are too unprofessional, aren’t you?”

“This is the Super Devil Crayfish that this system cultivated by doing a gene recombination of the crayfish, Australian Lobster, and this world’s Devil Prawn. It has adapted to the Boundless Sea Realm extremely well.

“This crayfish is not only big and fleshy, its meat is also rich and tender. It also resolved the problem of the crayfish being difficult to handle and dirty. It’s an excellent ingredient regardless if you are making the garlic crayfish or the spicy crayfish!

“Moreover, this system isn’t responsible for this leakage. It was because an unknown black fog has seriously corroded the netting at the edge of the lobster farm and caused this leakage,” the system said, feeling rather maligned.

“Is that the black fog that appeared on Borg previously?” Mag was a little shocked to hear that too. The system had mentioned the black fog to him before. He didn’t expect it would appear at the Boundless Sea Realm this time.

“Based on this system’s analysis, both have identical components, so they should have come from the same place. Furthermore, according to this system’s surveillance, the range of this black fog is increasing rapidly, and the living things that are within the range of the black fog have begun to display a trend of mutation!”

“Then, isn’t that crayfish going to be unfit for consumption?” Mag glared as this was most probably the very first reaction of him as a crayfish aficionado.

“This system has already isolated the sea area where the mutations have occurred. All the mutant creatures are confined in this area, and moreover, mutation takes time. Getting in contact with the black fog for a short period of time wouldn’t cause the crayfishes to mutate. Hence, the 300,000 crayfish that have escaped are still fit for consumption.

“However, because the black fog couldn’t be eradicated, the separation net couldn’t be repaired. Therefore, another separation net has to be built 300 meters away from it. Right now, the black fog is expanding rapidly, and according to its expansion rate, it would threaten the second separation net in 72 hours and cause the danger of a second leakage.

“Thus, could the Host please set off to the Boundless Sea Realm as soon as possible to eradicate the black fog and control the spread of the crayfish?” the System said gravely.

Mag rolled his eyes in his heart. Even so, those 300,000 crayfishes were enough to give him a headache. Demons were not fishermen.

“This mission is urgent. And to ensure that the Host would complete the mission smoothly, the Host would receive the full set of recipes for cooking crayfish, which includes: spicy crayfish, garlic crayfish, thirteen-spices crayfish, steamed crayfish, chilled crayfish, etc.”

“Oh, it could work like this too.” Mag’s eyes lit up upon hearing that. All the mainstream cooking methods of the crayfish were included, and the spicy crayfish was his favorite.

Furthermore, if he had this set of recipes, then he already knew how to deal with those 300,000 fugitive crayfish.

As long as the thing tasted good, he didn’t have to worry that there were too many of them. He only worried if there were too few of them.

“So, you don’t want me to go?” Irina asked Mag, who suddenly froze, with a smile.

“No, I have intended to go with you.” Mag shook his head smilingly. There wasn’t a choice now, as a trip to the Boundless Sea Realm seemed to be inevitable. Besides, he also didn’t want to let Irina go and risk her life on her own. So, he would take it as their family of three going to the Demon Islands for a vacation.

Moreover, Mag also wanted to find out what that black fog was because even the System couldn’t handle it. And it had also appeared on Borg before.

Irina’s light-type magic had a purifying effect on the black fog. Traveling along with her could save Mag a lot of trouble. Otherwise, there was no way for him to deal with the black fog with a sword alone.

“You better stay back in Chaos City and recuperate.” Irina shook her head, but she was feeling rather touched.

“Let’s depart the day after tomorrow. Before we go, let’s get the Night Elves settled down first. I am not going to the Demon Islands to kill someone. Instead, I have something else to do,” Mag replied smilingly.

“Alright.” Irina nodded gently after staring at Mag for a while. There was someone coming in, so she washed her hands and walked out of the kitchen.

Mag wasn’t an impulsive person, so she wasn’t worried about him at all.

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“Let me do it, Mother.” Rena saw her skinny mother scooping the porridge with difficulty just as she reached home. She quickly put down the takeaway box in her hands, and took the bowl and ladle from her.

“Why are you back, Rena? Didn’t you say that you are going to have your dinner at the restaurant?” Clarince asked Rena, feeling a little surprised.

“Boss taught me how to make the hot pot this afternoon, and he let me bring it back for you to try. We are not eating porridge tonight. We will be having hot pot,” Rena answered with a smile as she put down the bowl and ladle, and helped Clarince sit down at the table. Then, she took out all the stuff that Mag let her bring back one by one. There was even a little stove at the bottom.

Clarince looked at all the ingredients on the table, and anxiously asked Rena, “Why did you take so much food home, Rena? This is only your first day at work. This isn’t very nice.”

Rena was also rather surprised that Mag gave her so many ingredients like duck intestines, tripe, and beef... These ingredients cost tens and even hundreds of copper coins on the menu, and they were all present on the table. Their total price was already over 2,000 copper coins.

“Boss is a nice person, so don’t worry, Mother. I will pay him back for this meal when I get my salary. Just take it that I am treating you to hot pot on my first day at work,” Rena said with a smile, and placed the pot that she usually used on the little stove before pouring in the broth that she made in the afternoon. Then, she lit up the fire and reboiled the soup.

“Yes, we have to pay him back.” Clarince nodded before she suddenly had a hacking cough.

“I have boiled this bone broth for the whole afternoon. Drink a little of it first.” Rena swiftly poured a bowl of bone broth and passed it to Clarince before walking over to pat her back.

*Mother’s cough is getting more and more serious. I have to bring her to see a better doctor after I receive this month’s salary, she thought with a heartache.*

### **Chapter 1299: This Is A Tough Question!**

“I’m alright. You don’t have to worry about me. The boss is a good person. You have to work hard to repay him.” Clarince seemed to have figured out Rena’s thoughts. She squeezed out a smile on her pale face, and brought the bowl in front of her up carefully to take a sniff. Her eyes lit up as she said, “This soup smells so good! What kind of bones is used to make the soup?”

“Boss said it’s pig’s bones, but it looks a little different from usual pig bones. Maybe it’s from a rarer species.” Rena looked at Clarince a little expectantly. She hurriedly said, “Mother, try this. See if the taste is different from the ones I made in the past. I spent the entire afternoon learning how to make soup from my boss.”

“Sure. I’ll give it a try.” Clarince nodded with a smile, and took a sip from the bowl.

The bone soup was of the perfect temperature. It had a mild texture, and the freshness of the soup exploded in her mouth, causing her lethargic taste buds to start coming to life. Even after she swallowed the soup, the fragrance of meat was still lingering in her mouth.

“How is this soup so good?” Clarince lifted her head up to look at Rena in shock. Rena would often make some bone soup for her from time to time, but the taste of this bone soup was way better than that of the others she made.

“Then have more of it. There’s still a lot more left in the pot.” Rena smiled when she heard the comment. Ever since her mother fell ill, her appetite had gotten worse. Even if she tried to come up with novel recipes, she would always eat very little, so she was surprised that this bone soup would be to her liking.

“Alright.” Clarince nodded and continued to drink the soup.

The bowl of soup was in her stomach within a few gulps.

Rena saw that there was finally some color on her mother’s pale face. She was delighted, and got her another half a bowl of soup.

“Rena, have some too. It must have been very tough to spend the whole day learning recipes.” Clarince pulled Rena over to sit and scooped a bowl of soup for her. After that, she seriously reminded her, “Your boss is a good person and his culinary skills must be very good. Since you’re learning from him, you have to learn well. Don’t let him down. Also, you have to be more hardworking in the restaurant. Do whatever you can to help. It’s okay even if you do a little more. It’s a blessing.”

“Mm-hm. I got it.” Rena nodded seriously with a smile, and then said, “Let’s start the hot pot since we’ve drunk the soup. The soup is about to boil over...”

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Because he had no idea how long he would have to stay at the Boundless Sea Realm this time, Mag told Rena in detail about most of the recipes for the hot pot soup base, including how to make them, and even demonstrated it for her. He intended for Rena to be able to handle the entire hot pot section before he left so that the restaurant could continue its operations.

Rena was very serious when she learned, and she also displayed a very good knowledge of spices. Even for the spices new to her, she could control the amount very accurately with her acute sense of smell.

“Rena, you have to come over to the restaurant earlier tomorrow morning. I want to teach you how to make congee with pork and century egg.” After the day had ended, Mag looked at Rena and said, “Be at the restaurant at 6 o’clock sharp.”

“Alright. I will be here on time.” Rena nodded even though she did not know why Mag was in such a rush to teach her the next recipe. After all, she had not completed learning how to make the hot pot soup bases. However, she did not ask too much.

“You performed well today. I think you would be able to make a real hot pot red soup base on your own tomorrow. Go back and have a good rest,” Mag praised with a smile. Her talent was really something that he could not help but be envious of. Back then, he endured all sorts of torture at the test field for the God of Cookery just for this hot pot, but Rena simply used her miraculous nose to trash his achievement.

Everyone left subsequently, and Gina also went upstairs to take a rest. Mag locked the door to the restaurant, and only the family of three was left inside.

“Let’s go upstairs to take a rest too,” Mag said as he watched the mother-and-daughter duo discuss the best way to eat a duck.

“Meow~” Ugly Duckling jumped down from the counter, and clung on to Mag’s leg as it shivered. Its large eyes were gleaming with tears, making it look very pitiful.

“Father, do you think a duck should be roasted or stewed?” Amy asked Mag. After that, she continued, “I think that roasted duck is delicious, while Mother thinks that stewed duck is good. What do you think?”

Irina looked at Mag with *the look*.

*This is a tough question!*

Mag raised his eyebrow. He did not think that he still had to face such a difficult question after ending a day’s work.

On the one side was his precious daughter, while on the other side was his beautiful wife. How was he supposed to choose?

Mag hesitated for a while. He looked down at Ugly Duckling, which was hugging his leg, and said, “You choose a method.”

“Meow~”

Ugly Duckling retreated with fear. Its eyes flipped and its legs straightened as it played dead very realistically.

“It’s dead?” Amy squatted and poked Ugly Duckling’s tummy with her little finger with a smile as she said, “Then our supper’s settled. Let’s have a fat roasted duck.”

“Meow~”

Ugly Duckling came back to life immediately and stuffed its fat head into Amy’s embrace as it meowed and licked her little hand, acting cute as much as it could.

“Alright, alright. Don’t worry, Ugly Duckling. We weren’t referring to you. You’re still so small. We won’t eat you up,” Amy said with a chuckle as she held Ugly Duckling’s head.



“Meow~” Ugly Duckling behaved as though it let out a sigh of relief.

“You have to grow up quickly so that you can turn into a big white swan and fly into the sky.” Amy reached out to stroke the little winged pattern on Ugly Duckling’s back. She sighed. *Why haven’t they grown out?*

Ugly Duckling nodded as though it had made a resolution.

Amy turned to ask Irina, “Mother, then how do you think a swan is best, roasted or stewed? I want to eat roasted swan.”

“Meow~” Ugly Duckling fainted in Amy’s arms.

Afterward, Mag told Amy a little bedtime story, and she fell asleep quickly in Irina’s arms.

Just as Mag was leaving for the room next door, Irina, who was dressed in her pajamas, called out to him. “What are you planning to go to the Demon Islands for?”

“Do you remember the black fog that appeared around Borg?” Mag whispered as he sat on the bed.

“Yes. The fog seemed a little strange. It had a scent that I naturally hate. Besides, the Tree of Life was once invaded by the fog in order to help me. However, there was a huge rain after that, so the black fog subsided a lot. The black fog was only completely removed after I worked together with the Tree of Life.” Irina nodded. She still felt a little nervous talking about the black fog.

“This black fog might have appeared at the Demon Islands again. I want to go over and check it out to find out what exactly it is, then destroy it completely,” Mag replied.

### **Chapter 1300: Ding! ‘Good Person Card’ +1**

“That black fog was indeed rather weird. But, how do you know that it has appeared at the Demon Islands?” Irina asked Mag with a perplexed look.

“The Lantisdeans are living under the Boundless Sea Realm now, and they told me that,” Mag replied calmly. He didn’t intend to lie to Irina deliberately, but the System’s existence couldn’t be known by others. This was one of the System’s core principles. The System had warned him not to tell anyone many times before.

Irina remembered that group of thugs in suits, and curiously asked, “So they were that group of mysterious men in black then? What is their background?”

She still had no idea where this group of mysterious powerhouses came from.

“Lantide was a country that existed on the Norland Continent a very long time ago. However, a few thousands years ago, it sank...” Mag told Irina about the history of Lantide, how they established a relationship, and their three promises in a summary.

“So, that was what happened. It means that you have a team of crack troops living under the sea and nobody knows who they are too.” Irina nodded. Smiling, she continued, “It seems like you have done quite well after you put down the sword and picked up the cleaver.”

"I can't help it that I am that outstanding." Mag sighed. It was such a headache that he was so talented.

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"Tsk, tsk." Irina rolled her eyes at him.

"Ah, yes. When you and Borg were in combat previously, I realized your Holy Light magic has a very good purifying effect on that black fog. Thus, you may have to go find that black fog first before you go for the kill," Mag continued.

"The Holy Light could purify the black fog?" Irina was a little surprised to hear that. Obviously, she had heard that for the first time.

"Yes. You hated that Ghost's Aura so it should feel the same about you too. It is a mutually antagonistic existence." Mag nodded.

"Alright. I want to find out what that is too. How dares it contaminate the Tree of Life." Irina nodded in agreement.

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Early next morning, Mag was woken up by the alarm clock. He went to pull open the curtains as he rubbed his eyes. Looking out at the still dark square, he was greeted by a scene of white as it snowed again last night.

Mag lowered his head and saw a figure in a thick jacket walking around downstairs. She was even stomping her feet every now and then, making a series of footprints in the snow.

"Why is Rena here so early?" Mag had set the alarm at 5.40am, and he had arranged with Rena to meet at 6am. Judging from the footprints on the ground, she should've been here for a while.

Mag changed his clothes and went downstairs to open the door.

"Come in, Rena," he said to Rena, who was huddling and pacing around.

"Ah?" Rena looked up and was taken aback to see Mag standing at the door. She quickly stood up straight, and greeted Mag. "You are up?"

"Let's go in before we talk. It's cold out there." Mag stepped to a side to let Rena in before closing the door to shut the cold wind out.

The temperature out there had to be about 10 degrees below zero. Even he couldn't help but shiver when he opened the door, and this silly lass had been waiting out there.

"Phew." Rena stepped into the restaurant and exhaled a breath of cold air. It was so warm in the restaurant, and it seemed to be a completely different world from the outside.

"Didn't we set it at 6am? Why are you here so early?" Mag asked Rena who was rubbing her reddened hands.

“I woke up when I heard the rooster crow. I came over because I don’t know if it was already 6am. Anyway, I’ve only waited for a short time,” Rena said with a smile as she placed her hands behind her back. Her mother always told her that it was better to be early than late.

Mag suddenly realized that the clocks were not popularized in this world yet. Both the clock and the magical watch cost over tens of thousands copper coins, and only could be afforded by the rich. Obviously, Rena didn’t have anything that allowed her to know the time at home.

“You take a seat and warm up first. I’m going to wash up first,” Mag said to Rena before he went into the kitchen. He smashed a few pieces of raw ginger and threw them into a pot of boiling water before adding two pieces of molasses and covered the pot. Then, he went upstairs to wash up.

Rena pulled out a chair, sat on its edge, and rubbed her hands that were frozen red. The temperature in the restaurant was very comfortable, and her body soon recovered her senses.

Soon, Mag came downstairs and Rena quickly stood up.

“Have a seat.” Mag gestured for her to remain seated, and went into the kitchen. He came out with a bowl of molasses and ginger tea. “Drink some of this ginger tea to chase away the cold.”

“T-thank you, Boss.” Rena took the bowl of ginger tea, feeling very flattered. The aroma of the molasses and the ginger greeted her along with the steam, and the terracotta bowl was warm in her hands.

“Knock on the door in the future even if you have come early. Don’t wait outside. Your hands are meant to cook, we can’t let them freeze,” Mag said with a serious expression.

“Mm-hm.” Rena nodded. Her heart already felt warm even before she drank the ginger tea.

“Take a seat and drink it. It will be almost time for us to cook the congee with pork and century egg after you are done,” Mag said with a smile before he went into the kitchen.

Rena sat down again and used the spoon to scoop up the red ginger tea. She blew at it before drinking it.

The ginger tea that was still hot was a little sweet when she first sipped it. After she swallowed, the spiciness of the old ginger was instantly released, and burned its way down to her stomach from her throat. Then, the warmth began to spread throughout her body.

“This ginger tea is so delish.” Rena’s eyes lit up, and she continued to drink one spoonful after another. Her body, which was frozen from standing in the cold wind, began to warm up from the inside out. Her entire body was warm, and there were even beads of sweat on her forehead.

Rena swiftly removed her jacket after drinking the ginger tea as it was simply too warm. Moreover, it was a warmth that spread from the inside out.

Rena put the chair back where it was before going into the kitchen with the bowl she used, and cautiously said, “What should I do now?”

Mag took the bowl from Rena and placed it into the dishwasher at the side as he said, “Leave the bowl. We will be cooking breakfast for the Aden Square’s cleaners now. They have to start their cleaning jobs

in the cold at 4am every morning, so we will be cooking them a helping of piping hot congee with pork and century egg to replenish their calories and energy.”

“You are such a good man,” Rena commented sincerely.

“Ding! ‘Good Person Card’ +1.” The System’s voice sounded.

Mag’s mouth twitched as he tried to keep his emotion in check. Smiling, he said, “Alright, let’s get started. We got to get the congee ready before 6.30am. This is the time that I have set with them for breakfast.”