

## **Stay At home 1551**

### **Chapter 1551: The Enemy Will Arrive In 30 Seconds!**

“Is it an utter three to one defeat?” Mag raised his eyebrow when he heard Camilla’s report. This result was indeed beyond his expectation.

The Hairless Monk was actually so scary?

However, this battle with an unexpected result did indeed gain them some very precious time.

They had searched many places in the palace that could possibly hide a person, but they still couldn’t find Connie and Ferdinand. They also couldn’t find any clues about the black fog, either.

About five minutes later, Camilla warned them that the 10th-tier powerhouses had already returned to the palace, and asked them to be careful.

“Enemy attack!”

“Enemy attack!!!”

Right then, a shrill alarm suddenly sounded in the palace, and many orc guards rushed in immediately.

“The prison was hijacked, and all the guards were killed”

“The treasure vault was robbed! More than half of the treasures were taken!”

Shocking news soon spread in the palace, and caused a lot of commotion.

No one had expected anyone would attack the Falk Tribe on the night before the chief’s conferring ceremony. They even snuck into the palace to destroy and steal!

“Bastard! They are disrespecting our Falk Tribe! Lock down the palace. I want to flush these fellows out!” Kurt led his soldiers out in a fury after he heard the report. He began to search the palace.

“Attention, all units; attention, all units. Immediately retreat to the palace maids’ dormitory as planned. Eradicate all troubles along your way as fast as possible!” Mag grabbed Amy’s hand with a grave expression. He opened the door slightly, and he could see the orc guards scurrying around like headless chickens through a small gap.

“Father, there are many people out there. How are we going to make our way out?” Amy asked Mag worriedly.

“If there is no choice, we’ve got to fight our way out then,” Mag replied with furrowed brows. They had to return to the palace maids’ dormitory immediately. They wouldn’t be able to retreat if the dormitory was discovered.

“I can hide our tracks with bubbles,” Gina softly said right then.

“Hmm?” Mag and Amy looked at Gina simultaneously.

Gina puffed her cheeks up slightly before blowing hard. A colorful bubble swiftly became bigger, and engulfed the three of them.

“Will this do?” Mag poked at the bubble surrounding him doubtfully. It felt similar to a balloon.

“It should.” Gina nodded.

“Then, let’s set off. If there’s an emergency, you two have to follow me closely. We need to return with our fastest speed.” Mag didn’t hesitate. He opened the door while no one was out there, and led Amy and Gina out.

Two orcs came toward them as soon as they left the room.

Mag was already pressing on his cleaver. However, those two orcs only looked at that slowly closing door perplexedly. They went over to push it open to have a look, and then walked right past them. They didn’t even give them a second look.

*It really has the invisibility effect.* Mag couldn’t help being amazed. The little bubbles that Gina blew out actually had an invisibility effect.

“Let’s quickly go.” Mag was glad for it as he swiftly led Amy and Gina toward the palace maids’ dormitory.

Right then, an orc ran past Mag and the ladies as he loudly shouted, “Intruders were discovered in the cellar! Quickly assemble!”

The orcs who were scurrying around in the hallway all ran in the same direction after they heard him.

*Seems like Elizabeth and the rest were discovered.* Mag frowned. A large number of orcs were beginning to assemble, and many of them 7th-tier and 8th-tier. They were a big threat to Elizabeth and the ladies.

Of course, the more terrifying enemies were those two 10th-tier orcs who had already returned to the palace.

“Am I allowed to kill?” Elizabeth’s cold voice came through the headset.

“You do not have to be merciful to the enemies who want to kill you,” Mag replied in a low voice.

Boom!

A loud bang sounded somewhere in the western area, and the entire palace shook along with it. The orcs who were rushing forward halted obviously.

Mag brought Amy and Gina through the crowd. He simply kicked those orcs who blocked his way. Because of their invisibility, they managed to return to the palace maids’ dormitory safely even though they had caused some commotion.

Four orcs were already trying to break down the door and enter the dormitory.

Mag quickly followed them into the dormitory. Before they could make a sound after discovering the teleportation portal, he already knocked them all out with a brick.

“We’ve already arrived at the teleportation portal. How is your situation?” Mag asked after he dragged the four orcs into the dormitory and closed the door slowly.

“W-we are blocked. There are so many people. The walkway is completely blocked...” Yabemiya’s nervous voice came through, and messy fighting sounds could be heard vaguely.

Camilla’s voice followed after that. “The enemy’s 10th-tier powerhouse will arrive in 30 seconds!”

Mag gave Gina an order. “Gina, you and Amy will stay here. Guard the door, and don’t let anyone through. I’ll go and bring them back.”

“Father, I’ll go with you. I can protect you...” Amy looked at Mag worriedly.

“Little Amy, this is our only way out of here. If the teleportation portal is damaged, none of us will be able to leave. Are you confident to guard it together with Big Sister Gina?” Mag said to Amy with a grave expression.

“Mm-hmm. I will guard it together with Big Sister Gina.” Amy nodded her little head seriously.

“Very good.” Mag patted Amy’s head with a smile before he asked Gina, “Gina, how long can this bubble last?”

Gina blew another bubble for Mag before she answered, “It can last for three minutes.”

“That’s enough.” Mag nodded. He tilted his ears to listen for sounds out there. He cracked open the door and dashed out of the dormitory. He followed the crowd to the location where Elizabeth and the ladies were trapped.

“Do you need backup?” Irina’s voice sounded.

“Not at this moment,” Mag replied on the private channel, and drew out his Tian Du sword slowly, but he put it back after thinking for a moment. He took out the “Fat Head Fish” instead.

Sounds of fierce fighting could be heard, and all the guards and soldiers in the palace were running in the same direction. Mag moved along with the crowd as he rushed to the combat zone.

The fighting in the long corridor was unusually fierce. Dozens of orc guards were already frozen into ice sculptures. There were also dozens of orcs who were banging up and down against the ceiling and floor uncontrollably.

The other party only had three people in black, and they could roughly gauge that they were female based on their figures.

However, their ruthlessness and powerful abilities had shocked them.

They couldn’t do anything to them within a short period even when they had the absolute advantage in number.

“Lord Kurt has arrived!”

Right then, an agitated voice sounded, and all the orcs parted to welcome the arrival of Kurt.

“Damned fellows. Does everyone think that our Falk Tribe is a soft target?!” Kurt stared at the three people in black in the corridor with a ruthless gaze, and dashed toward them with his sword.

**Chapter 1552: That Person Is Boss?**

“Leave from the back with Miya. I will stop him,” Elizabeth told Babla in a cold voice as she looked at Kurt with a stern expression. Although she wasn’t sure if she could stop this fellow, she had to create a chance for them to escape.

Babla threw a glance at Kurt, and then pursed her lips. “You will die.”

“No, I won’t.” Elizabeth’s reply was sure and resolute.

“Alright.” Babla backed off as she pulled Miya along. With a wave from her, those orcs behind them seemed to be sent away with a giant hand, and a path was created for them.

“Sister, no.” Miya turned to look at Elizabeth with panic and fear in her eyes. She couldn’t imagine what would happen after she left Elizabeth here. Those scary orcs would tear her apart.

“No one can be spared. All of you have to die!” A cruel smile appeared on Kurt’s face. He had suffered a huge setback due to Rex tonight. Encountering such weak opponents was rare; he had even decided how to torture them to death after he caught them.

All the orcs had already parted. Lord Kurt was one of the Falk Tribe’s strongest powerhouses. With him around, all intruders had no way to escape.

“Ice Seal Domain.” Elizabeth used her most powerful technique with a grave expression. Frost spread out from all sides along the corridor, and everything within it was sealed with ice.

“Ice magic caster? Interesting.” Kurt slashed his sword across, and the cold air that moved toward him seemed to be slashed open by a sword. It couldn’t stop him at all.

All the orcs lit up their eyes. The ice magic that set them back was negligible in front of Lord Kurt.

A smug smile appeared on Kurt’s face. He loved to be the center of attention. Slaughtering his opponents was indeed very exciting.

Elizabeth narrowed her eyes. The great power of a 10th-tier had exceeded her expectations. This orc was so much stronger than Fox. The Ice Seal Domain couldn’t even slow him down.

A lot of solutions flashed across her mind. She had obviously no winning chance if she chose to attack him head-on. She would have to reveal her giant dragon identity so the other party wouldn’t kill her, and she could wait for Mag to rescue her.

However, she wouldn’t want to depend on the Frost Dragons’ reputation if she could help it. This wasn’t in her character.

“Then, let’s fight my way out first!” Elizabeth stared at Kurt as a long ice-blue spear gradually consolidated in her hands. The crystal clear spear gave out a coldness. Instead of retreating, she dashed toward Kurt, stepping on the ice.

“You’re seeking death!” Kurt smirked and pursed his lips as he looked at Elizabeth’s actions. How dared an 8th-tier fellow launch an attack at him. She really didn’t know what was good for her. He simply swung his sword as he began to think about how to toy with this woman who had quite a good figure.

However, just as Kurt went past a T-junction, a gale suddenly blew in the side corridor. A cold gleam flashed and crashed into him.

“Who is that?!” Kurt got a shock, and he swung his sword toward his side instinctively.

Ding!

The crisp sound of clashing metal could be heard in the long corridor.

Kurt’s sword was actually cut in two in the clash. Everyone stared at that broken blade that flew through the air and got stuck in the ceiling with wide eyes.

Meanwhile, Kurt slammed hard into the wall. He had a 10-cm-wide cut on his lower abdomen, and blood stained his clothes instantly. He stared at the empty long corridor with shock.

“Lord Kurt!” All the orcs rushed forward and protected Kurt in the center as they stared at their surroundings in fear.

They, too, only saw a cold gleam. They didn’t see who attacked Kurt, either.

Elizabeth also had shock on her face. Although she also didn’t see who attacked Kurt, she could sense that person’s presence. He had an incredibly terrifying speed and an awe-inspiring burst of energy.

“Elizabeth, retreat. Go straight down the third corridor at the back.” Right at that moment, Mag’s orders sounded in her ears.

*That person is Boss?* Elizabeth raised her eyebrows slightly. However, there wasn’t much time for her to ponder. She halted her advance, turned around, and dashed toward the back. Next, she tossed the ice-cold blue spear forward hard in an attempt to skewer those orcs who tried to block her.

“Babla, bring Miya into the corridor in front of you. Go straight through it, and I will be waiting for you all at the juncture.” Mag’s voice appeared again.

Babla was taken aback, but she still obeyed his instruction, and brought Miya into the corridor in front of them.

The attack on Kurt caused fear and panic among all the orcs, and nobody could bother about Elizabeth and the ladies at that moment.

Lord Kurt was a powerful 10th-tier orc. However, his sword was actually severed, and he was injured. The other party had to be a formidable opponent.

The most terrifying thing was that the other party could actually conceal himself. They only saw a cold gleam the whole time. They couldn’t see who the other party was.

Kurt leaned against the wall, still in a shock, but he still loudly ordered, “Damned fellow! Find them! I want to kill them!”

All the orcs could only force themselves to pursue Elizabeth, the ladies, and that invisible killer.

Mag took out a piece of cloth as he stood at the juncture. He wiped the blood on the cleaver away carefully before he kept it. He then kicked the orc whose leg was revealed back into the room.

His peak 9th-tier power gave him a rather good explosive power. With Gina's invisible bubble, he found the other party's moment of weakness, and gave him a dangerous strike.

However, the other party was a 10th-tier orc who was well-versed in close combat, after all. His sense of danger and basic instincts were all excellent. Therefore, it was a waste that he could only sever his sword and deal him an inconsequential strike.

If Mag had used the Tian Du sword, that strike would have pierced through Kurt.

However, it would've been very hard for him to hide his tracks then.

Mag couldn't help muttering, "That lass Gina is really a natural assassin assistant." The invisibility bubble was simply too practical. It was a waste that it could only last for three minutes.

Footsteps appeared in both the corridors very soon, and Elizabeth, Babla, and Yabemiya appeared in his sight.

And right behind them were even more intense sounds of footsteps.

Miya was delighted to see Elizabeth come from another corridor before she nervously said, "Boss, there are many people after us. You'd better run quickly!"

"Let's go. Little Amy and Gina are already waiting for us." Mag smiled at the three of them.

Elizabeth gave Mag a meaningful look before waving her hand. A long wall of ice appeared behind her and sealed the corridor shut completely.

### **Chapter 1553: Are They Thinking Of Regaining Control Of This World Again?**

Mag and the ladies returned to the palace maids' dormitory unscathed. Amy and Gina were attacking a badly beaten orc guard when they arrived. There were orc guards lying around everywhere around the door.

Mag cocked an eyebrow. This fighting capability had indeed made him proud.

"Let's go. Let's leave here first," Mag said to everyone after kicking that knocked-out orc aside.

"How about Big Sister Connie? We're not waiting for her?" Amy asked Mag after checking her surroundings.

"Yes. Would it be very dangerous to leave Connie alone here?" Miya was also looking at Miya worriedly.

Everyone turned to Mag in unison.

"There are many orcs closing in now," Elizabeth said softly as she waved the door closed, and added a few layers of ice wall at the same time.

"Connie's walkie-talkie is no longer in use, and we cannot find her. We have to leave here immediately now that we are exposed, otherwise we will be in grave danger." Mag shook his head at everyone.

"Connie is very good at hiding and stealth, and she grew up here, so it's not difficult for her to evade the search party. Even if she was caught, given her identity, she would not be executed immediately. She

would most likely be executed together with her brother at tomorrow's conferring ceremony, and we would still have a chance to save her."

Bam! Bam!

The sounds of breaking down the door had already appeared.

"Let's go. Our plan will fail if we get caught." Mag walked into the teleportation portal first.

After hesitating for a moment, everyone followed Mag, and entered the teleportation portal.

"Babla, activate the teleportation portal," said Mag.

Babla touched the bangle on her wrist. A silver starlight lit up, and landed on the teleportation portal underneath their feet.

Dazzling light shone brightly instantly. After three seconds, the light disappeared, and all of them in the teleportation portal disappeared along with it too.

Bam!

The dormitory's door and ice walls were smashed to smithereens by a great impact. All the orcs rushed in, but they only saw the knocked-out palace maids. There were no intruders in sight.

Darryl and Kurt, who was grasping his waist, walked through the door.

Darryl stood in the center of the dormitory, and crouched down to swipe his finger across some white residue on the floor. After smelling it, he got up with a sinister look. "Those fellows had set up a teleportation portal here!"

"Damn it! They actually have a formation master among them!" Kurt smashed his fist into the wall angrily. His agitated movement pulled the wound on his waist, and made him snarl in pain.

"First, it was the Hairless Monk, followed by the mysterious powerhouse in the west of the city. Then, a bunch of people snuck into the palace. There could even be a 10th-tier powerhouse among them. Seems like many people are against our Falk Tribe," Darryl said with furrowed brows.

Right then, an orc jogged over, and reported, "My lords, the chief is awake!"

"Let's go. Let the chief decide on this matter." Darryl's eyes lit up, and he strode off immediately.

"Things are easier to settle now that the chief is awake." Kurt swiftly caught up with him.

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*Why is the little one not out yet? Is she in some trouble?* Rex stood on the roof of a stone palace as he worriedly gazed at the palace.

After hesitating for a moment, he halted, and muttered, "If my disciple couldn't even get out of a place like that, she would have failed badly."

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“Attention, all units; attention, all units! Apart from losing contact with Connie, everyone has evacuated safely. Tonight’s operation has ended, and we will return to our individual courtyards according to our plans,” Mag spoke into the walkie-talkie as he looked toward the palace on the top of a cliff. He couldn’t help feeling worried.

He didn’t know where that lass Connie was, or whether she was in danger.

Elizabeth and the ladies were also silent. It felt bad to leave their companion behind.

“Let’s go back first.” Mag held Amy’s hand, and walked down the cliff.

Elizabeth looked at Mag’s retreating back with doubt and wonder. *Was he the mysterious person who suddenly dashed out in the corridor and stabbed that orc?*

*That speed and explosive force must be already very close to 10th-tier, right?*

Everyone easily returned to their courtyard amidst the darkness and chaos.

Irina had also returned to the courtyard with a grave expression, and told everyone, “I went to the palace on my way back, and I didn’t find Connie, either. Her presence doesn’t seem to be in the palace now.”

“Seems like she has already left the palace on her own. That’s good news,” Mag said with brightened eyes.

Everyone visibly relaxed after they heard that.

“If Big Sister Connie has already left the palace, why is she not contacting us? Why doesn’t she come back here?” Amy asked perplexedly.

“Perhaps she has found something in the palace,” Mag murmured. It was indeed weird for Connie to suddenly lose contact with them. Given her hyper character, she should be the most active one in the walkie-talkie channel.

“She will definitely appear tomorrow. Ferdinand will be executed at the conferring ceremony. She’s not a person who easily gives up.” Mag smiled and concluded today’s operations and conversations. He asked everyone to return to their rooms and rest.

After everyone left, Irina stayed back, and asked Mag, “Do we need to look for her again?”

“There’s no need to. We won’t be able to find her if she wants to hide from us.” Mag shook his head. Connie was someone who could enter and leave Bastie Prison at will, so she was naturally invincible at hide-and-seek.

“However, somebody in the Falk Tribe has made a deal with the devil. The black fog may be present. Did you find any suspicious areas when you went into the palace earlier?” Mag asked in a lowered voice.

“It’s here too?” Irina raised her eyebrow slightly. After pondering for a moment, she said, “I did feel a little uncomfortable when I entered the palace. I didn’t pay much attention to it then, but now that I think back about it, that could’ve been my basic reaction to the evil presence. However, that feeling was very faint. I didn’t even think about that because of it.”



“Seems like the source is indeed within the palace.” Mag nodded thoughtfully. At least, they could narrow down the target now, and the possibility that it was Gary had greatly increased.

“The Wind Forest, the Boundless Sea Realm, and now the Twilight Forest. What do those evil gods want? Are they thinking of regaining control of this world again?”

Mag shook his head with a grave expression, and said, “We are not certain about their motives yet. However, evil breeds wherever the black fog appears. If this situation spreads all over the continent, then civilization and order will be completely destroyed, and this world will be destroyed too.”

Mag could still remember that small island shrouded in the black fog in the Boundless Sea Realm. Allowing the black fog to develop would have a disastrous impact on this world. No one would be able to escape.

“They’re really a bunch of nauseating fellows.” Irina frowned. After a moment of silence, she told Mag, “I’m afraid we are not able to eradicate all the black fog that could appear in this world with just the two of us alone.”

“This is a matter that every species has to face. The two of us aren’t enough.” Mag nodded slightly. “Hence, I decided to report this matter to all the people in charge of the species during the peace negotiations, and let them know about the existence of black fog. We will try our best to combine our efforts to fight against evil.”

“This is impractical.”

“How do we know if we don’t give it a try.”

#### **Chapter 1554: I Need The Lungs From A Pair Of Loving Husband And Wife**

The night attack destroyed the Falk Tribe’s celebratory ambiance of the conferring of new chief. Fights seemed to be taking place everywhere from inner city to outer city.

The ordinary orcs were hiding in their houses with their doors tightly shut, trying their best not to make any noise.

Meanwhile, the orc guards were striking everywhere, trying to maintain order again.

The fighting in the canyon only died down gradually in the second half of the night. However, the majority of those orcs who were imprisoned in all the prisons had already escaped.

The damaged city walls resembled disturbing scars. The people couldn’t believe such affairs actually happened in the Falk Tribe.

An orc soldier gulped as he stared at the city wall that looked like it was crushed by a giant beast, and asked, “Captain, will tomorrow’s conferring ceremony take place as planned?”

“Maybe.” That middle-aged captain, too, gulped with uncertainty in his reply. He had never seen anything like today in his life. Even the new chief hadn’t created such a huge scene during his rebellion then.

An order was sent out from the palace and passed onto every orc in the Falk Tribe soon.

The ordinary orcs were asked to stay at home, while all the orc warriors and guards were told to clean up and repair the damaged buildings overnight.

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Mag had an uneasy sleep. He woke up a few times to check if Connie had returned or replied to his messages. However, there was still no sight of her. She had simply vanished.

Early next morning, Mag was awakened by knocking on the door in the yard.

Mag got up and changed before he opened the yard's door, and Heyman was standing there.

"Mr. Mag, I am really sorry to wake you up so early," Heyman said apologetically.

"It's fine. What's the matter?" Mag asked, completely unfazed.

"It's like this. The tribe will be holding the chief's conferring ceremony tonight, and we need to decorate the entire tribe. Orders have been issued that no one is allowed to leave their homes this morning, so I specially came here to notify you all about that to prevent unnecessary troubles," said Heyman smilingly.

"Oh, I see. We will obey that." Mag nodded. He had roughly guessed that the palace needed to urgently repair last night's damages to prevent losing their pride in front of all the other tribes.

Heyman continued, "Apart from that, since Mr. Mag is in charge of the main banquet's dishes, the main kitchen needs to discuss with you the ingredients, kitchenware, and manpower they need to prepare for you. The authorities have given you the highest permission, so we will try to get you whatever you need."

"Regarding the ingredients..." Mag was about to reject Heyman when he suddenly remembered something. He paused, and hesitatingly said, "I indeed do need some help from you, but this request might be a little overboard and bloody. However, this dish is the banquet's main dish..."

"Please say it. Although our main kitchen doesn't look like much, it has everything it needs. Even if you need a special ingredient, I will be able to get it for you before tonight's banquet," Heyman said, slapping on his chest.

"I need the lungs from a pair of loving husband and wife," Mag replied.

"Erm..." Heyman was obviously taken back. He only said with hesitation after a while, "Are you talking about the lungs from a pair of live husband and wife? Orcs?"

"Yes. And I have to cut out the lungs personally to make sure that they're the freshest." Mag nodded seriously.

Heyman suddenly remembered something, and exclaimed, "Are you going to make the 'husband and wife lung slice'!?"

"I didn't expect you to know that." Mag was surprised.

"I have seen the report about your and Master Harris' duel. You defeated Master Harris with the 'husband and wife lung slice' eventually, and ended his undefeated record." Heyman nodded with excitement in his eyes.

"I was just lucky." Mag shook his head humbly.

"So, this dish 'husband and wife lung slice' is really made with the lungs of a pair of husband and wife?" Heyman pondered as he looked at Mag hesitatingly.

How did he dare to kill a couple at Chaos City, a place that was so orderly?

He would be labeled as a devil chef even if he really created an extraordinary delicacy using such a cruel method to extract the ingredients, right?

Mag seemed to have guessed what Heyman was thinking, so he smiled. "I used the lungs from a bull and a cow in Chaos City to create the dish. However, if I could use the lung slices from a pair of real husband and wife, especially a pair of loving husband and wife, then this dish could be considered perfect. Although killing a person for a dish is naturally unreasonable, I heard your tribe is going to execute many criminals today, so I wonder if there are a pair of loving husband and wife among them, and if you can provide them for me."

"Oh, I see." Heyman understood. After pondering seriously for a moment, he remembered two of them had matched Mag's requirement. They would be executed at the conferring ceremony today, so if he could get them to the main kitchen, he would be able to provide a set of satisfactory ingredients for Mr. Mag. He replied, "There is a pair of them, but I can't make the decision. I have to ask my superior."

"Then I will have to bother you. I am confident that today's highlight, 'husband and wife lung slice', would be stunning if we could find a pair of truly loving husband and wife." There was a hint of craze in Mag's gaze and a hint of excitement on his face.

*Geniuses are indeed all crazy...* Heyman mumbled in his heart. After confirming the 10 dishes for the main table with Mag, he quickly left.

*Let's hope we can save that loving pair of husband and wife first.* Mag shook his head smilingly as he looked at Heyman's retreating back, and closed the courtyard's door.

Miya had also gotten out of bed to come to the yard, and worriedly asked Mag, "Boss, has Connie returned? Did she contact you?"

"No. However, if there are no accidents, she will definitely appear at tonight's banquet." Mag nodded. Still, he wasn't too worried, as Connie had a powerful master protecting her after all. She wouldn't be harmed easily.

"I need to go out for a while, and I will be back by the evening," Irina said to Mag as she came out of her room before a champagne-golden beam lit up under her feet, and she disappeared immediately.

"If there's nothing else, I am going back to catch up on my sleep." Camilla walked one round in the courtyard before she yawned, returned to her room, and closed the door.

"I am going over to the kitchen to have a look and check for information too. If you all want to eat something, then follow me." Mag pushed open the yard's door and walked out.

“Father, wait for me!” Amy stumbled over with Ugly Duckling, and threw herself into Mag’s arms.

### **Chapter 1555: System, What’s My Calling?**

Mag spent the entire morning integrating with the chefs of the main kitchen, and got some information from them.

The majority of the information was already in the Gray Temple’s intel. However, as the main kitchen had always been supplying the food for the chief and the nobles in the inner city, they knew the secret history of the palace very well. Under Mag’s enticement, they told him many stories about the former chief.

Gary and the former chief, Isaiah, were half brothers. Gary could be considered as a bastard, but because he had the same exceptional talents, he was brought into the palace.

Meanwhile, Connie and Ferdinand were most likely half-siblings too. Connie was the queen’s child, but as for Ferdinand, there were still arguments about if he was in fact the queen’s biological child.

Apparently, the queen couldn’t get pregnant after marrying the chief for many years. One day, the chief consummated with a palace maid after he was drunk, and a child was conceived. The queen killed the mother after the child was born, took the child as hers, and told everyone that he was her son—Young Master Ferdinand.

Two years later, Princess Connie was born.

Of course, this matter was never verified, and could be most probably just a rumor.

There also weren’t any related reports in the Gray Temple’s intel.

Anyway, this romantic history of the palace was simply a piece of lousy palace soap opera. These royal chefs really dared to talk about anything.

However, Mag had verified from them that Connie and Ferdinand did indeed have a great relationship. They grew up together, and Ferdinand took great care of Connie.

As for Gary, these chefs were obviously very wary. They basically evaded all the questions about him. Even if they did talk about him, it was all praises.

Mag bumped into Hannah in a corner just as he was about to return to the small courtyard.

Mag raised his eyebrows slightly, and then quickly pulled Hannah into a corner to evade two servants who had just passed by.

Hannah’s face was pressed against Mag’s chest. She blushed immediately when she felt that warm chest and strong heartbeat.

Mag only took a step back after he heard the footsteps went far away. When he saw Hannah’s flushed face, he couldn’t help saying with surprise, “What are you doing here?”

“I-I came to deliver the wines and spirits,” Hannah replied innocently.

“Oh, I see...” Mag smiled embarrassedly. He thought Hannah had snuck in to look for him.

Hannah whispered, "I've already added in the drugs, and I prompted them that this batch of alcohol is more potent, so it wouldn't attract much attention even if the tester got drunk."

"Great." Mag nodded in response.

"I treated a mister with some alcohol on my way here, and I heard him say something terrible happened last night. Powerful enemies attacked the Falk Tribe. Was it the organization?" There was a glow in Hannah's gaze.

"No, it wasn't."

"Oh..." Hannah's emotions obviously became more depressed.

"..." Mag curled his lips a little. He felt a little like laughing. This maiden was really a good comrade that was loyal and expectant to the organization.

"In this case, when will you bring the girl away with you then? Although she is rather well-behaved, she can really drink. She finished a big vat of my rum last night in one go, and she's still knocked out in my house now," Hannah said to Mag with difficulty.

"That happened..." Mag was rather shocked to hear that. He knew very clearly that the rum in Hannah's house was of a very high concentration. Even adult orcs couldn't drink too much of it, and yet that little one had drunk an entire vat. Her resistance to alcohol was astonishing.

Mag murmured, "Please take care of her for another two days. I will decide where she will go after this event blows over. Perhaps her parents are still alive."

"She said she no longer has any parents," Hannah replied right away.

"Then, you'll have to wait for my arrangements."

"Alright." Hannah nodded slightly. She squeezed into Mag's arms instinctively when she heard some footsteps closing in.

"You have to press against the wall." Mag pressed Hannah against the wall with resignation while he tilted to his side, and used the withered vines on the wall to hide them from sight.

"Let's go. Be careful and don't expose your identity," Mag said after the footsteps went far away.

"Mm-hm." Hannah nodded, and quickly strode off with a blushing face.

Mag waited for a brief moment before he continued on his way to the small courtyard.

Walking along the small walkway, an orc who looked like a servant came toward him with a bundle of firewood. Mag stood to the side to let him pass.

However, perhaps the bundle of firewood was too big, but he bumped into Mag accidentally when he walked past Mag.

That middle-aged orc quickly put down the firewood, and slapped away the wood dust that got stuck to Mag's sleeves apologetically. He also stuffed a bamboo container into his hands.

“It’s alright. You may go.” Mag kept the bamboo container knowingly, and waved his hand in a friendly manner before he turned to leave.

Meanwhile, that orc also picked up his firewood and left.

Mag returned to his room in the small courtyard, and opened the bamboo container. It was the latest intel provided by the Gray Temple’s informants, including updates on last night’s incidents. The Hairless Monk battled Gary, Kurt, and Darryl and left after injuring Gary. The incident of the mysterious person blocking Basil from returning was recorded. There was also a list of the VIPs who would be here today. It included the chief of the Aug Tribe, Auster.

*This fellow Auster is indeed coming.* Mag frowned. As the pro-war fanatic in the orc species, Auster always wanted to start a total war.

There was also a hint of Auster and the Aug Tribe behind Gary’s rebellion. He could be here to support Gary today.

Once The Falk Tribe and the Aug Tribe had a unified stance, then the orcs would be a race that was going to try their best to start the war, and could no longer check and balance themselves from within.

*Seems like I will have to do something tonight.* Mag tossed the bamboo container and the secret missive into the burning stove, and started to pace around in the room as he inwardly asked, “System, are you selling the ‘Be a man for three seconds’ ... ptui, the technique bag of returning to my peak power for 10 minutes?”

“Not selling!”

“I’m really paying you. With cash and not Elephantpay.”

The system gravely warned, “It’s no use even if you pay with cash. Returning to your peak power for 10 minutes is a very important reward. If it happens too frequently or becomes available for sale, it will greatly diminish its value. Furthermore, before the host’s body strength could completely recover, a certain damage would be done to your body every time you used this ability. If you used it too many times, it could even cause you to forever lose the ability to recover to your peak strength.”

“Then, you should freaking give me the exact location of the black fog. I know it’s in the palace roughly, but how am I going to ascertain its position and eradicate it in the remaining few hours?”

“This is the mission’s content. Without some difficulties, how could it be called a mission?”

“System, what’s my calling?”

“To become a true God of Cookery in this world.”

“Then, why am I freaking required to come here to save the world? I am just a chef!!!”

“A true chef has to learn how to save the world besides making delicacies that touch people—”

“Shut up! Piss off!”

**Chapter 1556: An Orange Cat That Can Fool People Is A Good Cat**

“Why are they so afraid of Ugly Duckling?”

“Perhaps they have taken Ugly Duckling to be their totem. They do look rather similar.”

Amy and Babla were sitting on a short wall in the small courtyard, and talking to each other with wonder as they watched two orcs kneel on the ground, present two grilled fish to Ugly Duckling respectfully, and then press their foreheads to the ground respectfully.

Ugly Duckling stared at the grilled fish on the plates with glowing eyes. However, it didn't rush to eat, and instead extended both its paws, and tapped lightly on the two orcs' heads.

The two orcs looked up and bowed twice with their palms pressed together to Ugly Duckling excitedly and respectfully before getting up and leaving happily.

“Meow~”

Ugly Duckling only started eating the grilled fish happily after the two orcs went far away.

“Hmph. This fellow will become super fat if it continues to cheat the people for its food here. It's not going to fly even if its wings grow out,” Amy complained disdainfully as she looked at Ugly Duckling's increasingly rotund back.

“Do the ducks on your continent have to fly when they're fully grown? Is there an upper limit on their weight that they could be sent to the table? For example, 5 kg or 10 kg?” Babla asked with wonder, even though she, too, had no idea how the ducks on the moon grew up.

“Oh...” Amy's eyes lit up, and she thoughtfully said, “This is quite a good idea. Anyway, we can't put it into the oven if it gets too big.”

Ugly Duckling, which was happily eating, suddenly halted, and turned around slowly with a terrified expression.

“Eat, continue to eat. Must make yourself full.” Amy had an innocent smile.

“Blah...” Ugly Duckling opened its mouth, and a piece of fish fell to the ground.

It looked at the two fish on the plate longingly, but after hesitating for a moment, it ran to Amy with a swinging tail. Its round body seemed rather agile on the pebble ground. It intended to jump into Amy's arms when it leaped in front of the short wall.

Splat...

However, it only reached about half of the wall's height before it crashed into Amy's feet, and slid down the wall gradually.

“Ugly Duckling, don't you know your weight?” Amy looked down at Ugly Duckling. There was resignation in her smile.

“Ugly Duckling is really so stupid...” Babla had already bent over with laughter, and she almost fell off the wall.

“Meow~”

Ugly Duckling looked up at Amy aggrievedly as it tried to regain its status by acting cute.

Mag came out from his room, and walked to the short wall after he heard the laughter. He hugged Amy gently to prevent her from falling off as he smilingly asked, "What are you laughing about?"

"Take a look, Father. This fool Ugly Duckling is becoming fatter as it has duped the locals for food ever since it arrived," Amy replied, pointing at Ugly Duckling.

"Did those people come to send it food deliberately again?" Mag glanced at that porcelain plate on the ground with surprise

Since last night, there had been chefs sending delicious food that they made specially to the small courtyard. However, it was not meant for them, but specified for Ugly Duckling.

The Gray Temple's intel did mention that the Falk Tribe worshiped an existence called the Flerken. It should be some kind of mysterious and powerful feline species, and thus the Falk Tribe was very respectful to all kinds of felines.

"I heard they called Ugly Duckling Lord Flerken. Is Ugly Duckling that species of cat?" Babla asked.

"They really called Ugly Duckling Lord Flerken?" Mag looked at Babla with surprise. They didn't use this form of address easily.

"Yes. Those two chefs called it that earlier, and they left very happily after Ugly Duckling touched their heads." Amy nodded in agreement.

"Flerken... orange cat... Could it be some kind of special coincidence?" Mag looked at Ugly Duckling with a frown. After pondering for a moment, he walked to the yard's door. "I need to go out for a while. You all be good and stay at home."

"What is Father going to do?" Amy looked at Mag's retreating back.

"Maybe he has some important errands to run." Babla shrugged as she wasn't very interested.

Mag got a shrine painting of Flerken through Heyman. This was something displayed in every home in the Falk Tribe, so it wasn't anything rare. Heyman wasn't suspicious when Mag asked to have a look. He only told Mag certain things that he should take note of when he passed him the painting, and he had to return it to him in time after he was done admiring it.

From these details, Mag could see that Heyman placed a great importance on this shrine picture and how much they respected Flerken.

Mag returned to the small courtyard, and unfurled the picture in his room.

A giant fat orange cat was drawn right in the center on the paper made from animal skin with orangey-yellow paint. It resembled those super fat cats that no longer cared about their figures. It seemed to have a ball in its tummy.

The amazing thing was that there was a pair of white wings on the back of this orange cat. However, this pair of wings was different from those of the birds. They looked like two palm-sized fat and round clouds, which were like two cute decorations stuck on the orange cat's back.



If it weren't for the big orange cat's bright piercing eyes that seemed to contain the starry sky and sea within them, Mag would have thought that it was some family's cat which had a pair of small wings stuck to it unwillingly.

"Isn't it just a freaking orange cat?" Mag couldn't help swearing after studying that picture for a long time.

He finally understood why those chefs were treating Ugly Duckling like a god. Apart from that pair of tiny wings on its back and being slightly slimmer, Ugly Duckling seemed to have walked out from this painting.

"The wings..." Mag muttered. Ugly Duckling had a pair of symmetrical white wing patterns on its back too. Could this be some kind of coincidence?

Although cats were not common house pets yet, he had seen many cats after coming to this world. The majority were black cats and white cats, followed by the gray ones and tortoiseshell ones. However, only they had the one and only of the usually commonly seen orange cats.

Furthermore, everyone who had met Ugly Duckling would give it a second look with the expression that said "how could there be a cat of this color in this world".

"No matter if it is a black cat or a white cat, an orange cat that can fool people is a good cat." Mag rolled up the painting with a smile.

#### **Chapter 1557: I Just Don't Want My Stomach To Be Cut Open...**

"The chief of the Blue Sky Tribe arrives!"

"The envoy of the Tetan Tribe arrives!"

"The envoy of the Gala Tribe arrives!"

In the evening, the guests from all the other tribes arrived for the conferring ceremony. Announcements could be heard reverberating throughout the city towers. All kinds of flying steeds landed on the empty land outside of the city, and their esteemed riders were welcomed into the city.

With the power of the entire tribe, the damaged part of the city wall had been completely repaired. Although certain sections hadn't been completely cleared, as long as they were completely destroyed, there were excuses to explain it.

Gary stood on the tallest tower in the palace, and nodded his head as he watched this scene with satisfaction.

Darryl stood behind Gary, and said in a grave voice, "Chief, we still haven't found any traces of the Hairless Monk and that mysterious attacker. However, they weren't able to rescue Ferdinand when they created the scene last night. Today, the powerhouses of all the orc tribes are gathered here, and with the presence of the Aug Tribe's chief, Auster, they most likely wouldn't dare to come again."

He still had lingering fears over last night's events.

"If they dare to come here again, I will make sure they will never leave again," Gary said in a cold voice.

Darryl continued, "Chief, we have accounted for last night's escaped criminals. Over 800, which is about 80% of the prisoners who were supposed to be executed today, have escaped. The troops have already gone to search for them with the hunting dogs. We should be able to catch a portion of them. Should we hang them according to our original plan?"

"As long as Ferdinand didn't escape, it's meaningless regardless how many of them have escaped." Gary smirked, and continued, "Hang them. Of course we should hang them. I want everyone to know what the consequence of betraying me is. We are going to hang those fellows one by one after they are caught. No one will be able to escape."

Darryl had an unnatural expression. He moved his lips before finally nodding. "Yes."

Gary turned around, and said to Darryl in a low voice, "Darryl, I know Isaiah had treated you very well, and gave you a lot of assistance in your cultivation."

"Yes." Darryl looked down and nodded.

"Our Falk Tribe has already lost two powerhouses recently, and we could barely hold on to our position as the number two orc tribe." Gary smiled, but his voice was chilling. "I don't wish to lose another 10th-tier powerhouse again. What do you think?"

Darryl shivered, and quickly answered, "I think there wouldn't be another."

"Very good." Gary reached out and patted gently on Darryl's shoulder. He smilingly said, "You may go on. There are plenty of things that you need to take care of."

"Yes." Darryl felt a great relief as he turned to walk out.

Gary looked at the boisterous tribe as spread his arms out wide, looked up to the sky, and smiled. "Are you seeing this, Isaiah? The Falk Tribe is going to belong to me completely. You shouldn't have thought that I was joking when I said I would take back what belonged to me then."

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"This is the handover procedure. We are handing them over to you now. However, we need to make sure that they are really dead, and we have to bring their bodies back." A prisoner's carriage stopped at the back door of the main kitchen. A scar-faced orc handed a kraft paper to Heyman, and after he was certain that Heyman had signed, he kept the paper. Then, he waved his hand toward his back, and two orcs immediately dragged two prisoners with tattered clothes, and had their heads in black covers to the door.

"All of you have worked very hard. I will send their bodies out after we remove their lungs." Heyman chuckled and waved.

Two chefs who were in charge of processing ferocious beasts came over, grabbed one of them each, and dragged them into the main kitchen. Heyman followed them in.

"Boss, are they really eating orcs' lungs? Don't lungs taste the worst?" an orc softly asked.

"What the heck do you know? The chef who could make the chief issue an order personally can even make poop taste fantastic." The scar-faced orc spat and pursed his lips as he watched the prisoners

being dragged away. "They will wish to be hanged rather than to have their lungs removed while they are alive."

The two orcs who were grabbed struggled hard, but their limbs and bodies were tied by ropes. They were grabbed by a pair of strong hands as if they were chickens who were about to get slaughtered. Their struggles were futile.

Heyman followed after them, and lamented, "Please stop struggling. I will ask Mr. Mag to give you a quick death later. It would be better than being hanged at the gallows."

The lady on the left burst out in tears upon hearing that.

"Don't be afraid, Juliet. I am here... I am still here," Romeo yelled in a panic.

They waved their hands frantically in midair. They grabbed hold of each other tightly when their hands finally touched in midair.

"Don't be scared. I am here," Romeo consoled her.

"I'm not scared. I just don't want my stomach to be cut open..." Juliet sobbed.

Romeo grasped Juliet's hands tightly, but he was at a loss for a reply.

Heyman brought them to the Kitchen One. He knocked, and then said to Mag who came to answer the door, "Mr. Mag, I've brought them to you. They just came from the prison, so they do stink a little. Do I need to process them first?"

Mag looked at the two prisoners that had their heads covered. He recognized them through their figures immediately, but he still pretended not to, and asked, "Are you sure that they are a pair of loving husband and wife?"

"They are Romeo and Juliet, the model husband and wife in our Falk Tribe. No couple is more loving than the two of them in the entire tribe." Heyman nodded as he looked at them with a piteous gaze. He went close to Mag, and said with a lowered voice, "They are good people. If possible, please don't make them suffer."

"Alright." Mag nodded as he opened the door, and said, "Send them in. I will process them myself. I need to start my preparation now, please don't disturb us if there is nothing important."

"Yes. I will warn them." Heyman nodded. The most important department in the main kitchen now was undoubtedly Kitchen One. It was alright if the other tables' flavors were a little substandard, but the VIP table had all the important people from all the orc tribes. It would be disastrous if there was a problem with the flavors.

The strapping orcs placed Romeo and Juliet on the floor, and left immediately.

Mag closed the door, and asked Babla to put up a spell formation to prevent people from invading and eavesdropping on them.

Everyone came forward, and curiously looked at the two people in embrace on the floor.

Mag had already informed all of them, and they knew that they would be sent over.

Mag went up to pull off the black covers over their heads.

The sudden brightness made the two of them close their eyes instinctively. They only opened their eyes after a moment, and were shocked to see Mag and the ladies crowding around them.

Didn't they say that they want to remove their lungs to make a dish?

Why did they look like a bevy of innocent beautiful ladies?

### **Chapter 1558: Do You Think That Could Be Boss Mag?**

"Nice to meet you. I am Mag," Mag said with a smile.

Romeo's and Juliet's gaze landed on Mag—who was wearing his chef's suit and holding a cleaver—and terror appeared on their faces immediately. Was this fellow the head chef?

"Take my lungs if you need. Mine are big enough. Don't touch her!" Romeo shouted at Mag as he tried to shield Juliet behind him.

However, Juliet calmed down quickly. She looked into Mag's eyes, and said, "Take from both of us if you want. Didn't you say it's for 'husband and wife lung slice'? We are a pair of husband and wife."

"It was my idea to bring the two of you here, and to make the 'husband and wife lung slice'. However, I am not really going to extract your lungs." Mag went forward and made two slashes to cut the ropes binding them. He kept his cleaver, took two steps backward, and smiled. "Actually, we are good people."

Romeo and Juliet were both shocked that the ropes binding them were suddenly cut. They saw that Mag—who had smiled and kept the cleaver—indeed didn't look like a butcher, so they couldn't decide at that moment.

Romeo hugged the weak Juliet as he asked Mag, "Th-then what do you intend to do?"

After going through what they had gone through recently, he no longer trusted anyone easily. He was worried that this was another of Gary's plots.

Mag smiled. "I am Mag, the boss and head chef of Mamy Restaurant in Chaos City. They are the restaurant's service staff. We are friends of Connie. She escaped to Chaos City when she was pursued, and then became a part of our restaurant. She asked us to come and save you."

"Connie! Connie is not dead!" Romeo looked at Mag with surprise.

"Yes. She is not dead." Mag nodded.

"You said Connie and you are friends. Do you have any proof? And how are you going to save us if you are a chef from Chaos City?" Juliet looked at Mag warily. His words seemed to be full of loopholes. If this was Gary trying to humiliate them before they died, she would rather have a quick death.

"You will understand after you watch this." Mag took out a photostone, and swiped across its surface gently. A virtual image appeared in front of everyone, and it was Connie.

"I am Connie. Brother and all my relatives and friends, if you see the man with a mustache that has this photostone, please believe what he is saying. We are trying our best to rescue you all now. Please listen to his instructions." The record wasn't long, and it disappeared after saying that.

"It's Connie." Romeo looked at Juliet for confirmation.

Mag smiled. "Actually, you don't have to worry too much. I think you guys know if it's necessary for Gary to toy around with you at this point of time or not. If he still wanted to extract any information from the two of you, he wouldn't be waiting until the day that you would be sent to the gallows."

Juliet stood up with Romeo's help, and apologetically said to Mag, "My apologies. Because we have been through too much recently, we could no longer trust strangers easily."

"Please don't mention it, Madam." Mag nodded slightly.

"May I ask, where is Connie now? How is her situation?" Romeo asked urgently.

"Connie has lost contact with us at the moment. However, she will definitely appear at the conferring ceremony tonight." Mag shook his head. He, too, was wondering where Connie could have gone.

"This won't do. She is just a little girl. She will be captured by Gary and executed together with Ferdinand if she appears at the conferring ceremony." Romeo shook his head and stomped his foot in a panic.

Juliet similarly asked Mag, "How can we get in touch with Connie? Today's conferring ceremony is very dangerous, and we cannot let her get herself in danger. The chief only left behind a son and a daughter. We already cannot rescue Ferdinand, and if Connie was also captured, then the Falk Tribe would be completely in Gary's hands."

"I also couldn't get in touch with Connie now. She came back to rescue Ferdinand, so she won't be giving up so easily." Mag shook his head as he looked at their concerned faces, and continued, "My lord and lady, if you want to leave here safely, please take what I am about to say to heart."

Romeo and Juliet saw that Mag had no intention to continue their discussion, so they nodded after a moment of hesitation.

"I used the pretext of extracting your lungs to make them bring you here, and I made the 'husband and wife lung slice' the highlight dish so I could buy us more time. There will definitely be chaos at the conferring ceremony tonight, and we will bring you along with us amidst it.

"However, in order to make the other party believe that I want the two of you as ingredients, you two will have to work with me, and lie on that table during this whole process. You can take a break during this process, and I will tell you what you need to do when it's time," Mag said with a grave expression.

The two of them nodded.

Romeo still wanted to say something. "But—"

"The walls have ears, so please try to remain silent for this whole time. You two don't have to worry about the conferring ceremony," Mag interrupted Romeo's words straight away, and turned to walk to the stove.

“Perhaps they already have a plan, and we should remain quiet,” Juliet said, tugging on Romeo’s sleeve gently.

“Mm-hm.” Romeo nodded upon hearing that. Even though he had countless questions, he eventually forced himself to quit asking.

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“Bro, why did Father send us here to take part in this conferring ceremony? Didn’t he despise Gary, that treacherous kingslayer?” Habeng asked Haga as he followed after him.

“Keep your voice low so we don’t attract unnecessary trouble.” Haga checked his surroundings before he said in a low voice, “The Aug Tribe is pro-war. There was the Falk Tribe’s chief Isaiah maintaining the balance previously. However, Gary is taking over the position now, so Father sent us to see which side he is going to stand on so our tribe can prepare in advance too.”

“Then, which side are we going to stand on?” Habeng scratched his head.

“Our tribe recuperated, and our people had a peaceful life during these 100 years of peace, so peace will be the best for us. Small tribes like ours will be cannon fodder once a war breaks out. Those big tribes would not care about us.” Haga shook his head.

“That’s true. There’s no point in fighting a war.” Habeng nodded. After a moment of thought, he smiled. “I heard that a chef from Chaos City is responsible for tonight’s banquet. Do you think that could be Boss Mag?”

“Little Boss... will she be here too?” Haga had a silly smile.

“She should be. Boss Mag has never left Little Boss behind whenever he went on a trip.” Habeng chuckled. “Seems like we are in for a treat tonight.”

### **Chapter 1559: Auster of the Aug Tribe!**

The sun was gradually setting, and almost all the guests from the other tribes had arrived.

In the empty field in front of the palace, hundreds of seats were set up, and the position that was the closest to the palace had 10 white jade tables set up. Only the most esteemed guests could sit there.

All the tribal representatives began to take their seats, but the seat for the guest of honor was still vacant.

Many orcs couldn’t help looking over there. Everybody knew whose seat it was. The Aug Tribe’s delegation hadn’t arrived yet, and apparently, Auster would be making the trip personally. Hence, it attracted even more attention.

Meanwhile beyond the square, many ordinary Falk Tribe’s orcs had come to watch the ceremony. Witnessing the new chief’s conferring ceremony was, without a doubt, a very important affair. It meant the Falk Tribe would be entering into a new era from now on.

People were reminiscing about the kindness of Chief Isaiah, but they still had to accept the reality of brutal Gary taking the throne.

A platform was set up at the side, and dozens of gallows were set up on it in a row, with the ropes ready.

Everybody knew very well what these gallows were for. Young Master Ferdinand, the son of the former Chief Isaiah, hadn't been executed yet.

The era of Gary had arrived today, which meant the era of Isaiah had ended completely. All possible factors that could cause turmoil would be eliminated.

Young Master Ferdinand was a kind and good person like the old chief. Compared to Gary, the majority of the orcs preferred him to be their new chief.

However, such an incident was not going to happen. He would be hanged so no one would have an excuse to rebel against Gary.

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A golden flamingo flew toward the Falk Tribe based in the canyon. A group of orcs in golden armor were standing on the flamingo's back.

"Are today's matters all properly arranged?" the orc with a square face standing in the leading position asked in a low voice.

"They are all arranged, Chief," a young orc in golden armor answered respectfully.

"Very good." The square-faced orc looked down at the Falk Tribe, and he couldn't help chuckling.

"Seems like it won't be long before the whole Twilight Forest is ours."

Smiles gradually appeared on the faces of all the orcs in golden armor.

The people on the ground soon discovered the glaring flamingo, and an orc instantly loudly declared, "The Aug Tribe's delegation has arrived!"

Music sounded, and the Falk Tribe used the highest standard of etiquette to receive the Aug Tribe's delegation.

"This fellow Auster still loves to show off that flamingo of his." On a cliff, Rex watched as the flamingo landed gradually. His gaze landed on that square-faced orc on the flamingo, and he narrowed his eyes slightly.

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"Chief, Chief Auster has arrived." A captain strode in, and reported to Gary, who was in the midst of changing his clothes.

"He loves to be the last to arrive, doesn't he? He behaves as if it's his day today." Gary smirked with a dark expression as he let the palace maids arrange his clothes for him.

The captain lowered his head as he dared not make a reply.

"Is the banquet ready?" Gary asked again only after a while.

"Yes, we only need your order to commence the banquet," the captain respectfully replied.

“Let’s go. I wanna go meet those old fogeys. They loved to laugh at me then. I want to see how many of them will be looking up to me today.” Gary took the lead and strode to the door.

Basil and the captain followed after him on both of his sides.

“Chief, the defense in the inner city is all set up. No one will be able to break into the inner city again,” Basil whispered behind Gary.

“Good.” Gary nodded slightly.

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In the square in front of the palace, most of the guests had already taken their seats.

The most attention-grabbing 10 white tables were already filled with people. There was only one space left in that table in the center. Auster, who wore a suit of golden armor, was especially glaring.

The chiefs or envoys of the top 10 orc tribes had already arrived, and only the main character of tonight’s conferring ceremony hadn’t made his appearance yet.

“The Falk Tribe’s Chief Gary arrives!”

Right then, accompanied by a loud and clear announcement, Gary—who was wearing orange armor—strode surrounded by a crowd.

Everyone looked at him in unison.

“Long live the chief! Long live the chief!”

The ambiance became boisterous with the orcs’ cheers.

All the nobles in the Falk Tribe stood up to welcome the arrival of Gary.

Even many tribal representatives at the main table stood up to welcome him.

Gary waved his hands to the Falk Tribe’s people first before he smiled at all the chiefs and representatives. “Thank you all for coming to my conferring ceremony. Your friendship will be remembered by the Falk Tribe.”

“Chief Gary looks very energetic in this Flerken armor today,” Auster smilingly said to Gary.

“Chief Auster’s golden armor is even more dazzling. Those who have no idea may think that you are the one who is getting conferred today,” Gary also replied to Auster smilingly.

Their gazes collided in midair with a hint of explosiveness.

All the orc chiefs and representatives looked at this scene with interest. The Falk Tribe and the Aug Tribe always had a trying relationship. During Isaiah’s times, their relationship was even very tense due to their different stances on diplomatic policies.

However, apparently the Aug Tribe seemed to be behind Gary’s stealing the throne and killing the king.

Auster’s coming to the conferring ceremony, too, had caused many reveries.



If Gary was indeed supported in taking the throne by the Aug Tribe, then the balance in the Twilight Forest would be completely broken. The number one and the number two tribes would be able to decide the orcs' diplomatic stance.

This was also what all the chiefs and representatives desperately wanted to know.

However, judging from the hostility between them, the matter most probably wasn't as rumored. Gary didn't turn into Auster's loyal supporter, and this made many medium and small tribes heave a breath of relief.

Auster chuckled at Gary. "Today's main character is definitely you, Chief Gary. The Falk Tribe is the second-largest orc tribe, and it will be ruled by you after today. To the Falk Tribe, to the Twilight Forest, and to the entire orc tribe, this is a very important moment."

Gary also hid his hostility and chuckled. "The Falk Tribe is definitely not going to let down the other tribes' expectations. We will make the orc species better together with the Aug Tribe."

The ambiance seemed to be much more cordial. The cheers and claps that had stopped for a while sounded again.

"Let the banquet begin," Gary instructed the captain at the side, and then took his seat next to Auster.

"Our esteemed guests have come a long way here. According to our Falk Tribe's customs, we will have the banquet before starting the conferring ceremony!" The captain went forward, and loudly said, "Start the banquet!"

"Start the banquet...!"

The orders were passed down, and soon palace maids wearing the same uniforms came out with trays.

"Is the Falk Tribe's main kitchen still doing the same old dishes?" the Blue Sky Tribe chief asked with a chuckle.

Many chiefs and representatives who came to the Falk Tribe for its banquet before also smiled after hearing that.

"In order to treat our esteemed guests, the chief specially invited a chef from Chaos City to take charge of the main table," the captain answered in a matter-of-fact tone.

"Oh, really?" The chief of the Blue Sky Tribe was surprised, and then swiftly said with anticipation, "Then, I would like to see what the food made by the chef from Chaos City tastes like."

### **Chapter 1560: Can I Borrow This Chef For A Few Days?**

The palace maids came over with trays, and all the dishes were covered by the specially made metal covers. This was the main kitchen's important technique for ensuring the dishes could maintain their warmth and texture after traveling through the long streets.

Everyone's gaze was attracted. They were curious about the chef that Gary specially invited from Chaos City. They wondered what kind of delicacies he could make, and if he could really be addressed as chef.

"The first dish. Braised chicken!" the captain loudly declared.

The palace maids removed the covers on the trays at the same time. The chicken soup's rich aroma together with the shiitake mushroom's aroma emerged at the same time, and spread all over.

"Smells so good!"

The eyes of all the orcs present lit up with disbelief.

The palace maids placed a big bowl of braised chicken on the table before bowing and retreating.

The braised chicken was only available on the 10 white jade tables. The orcs at the normal tables couldn't help looking over when they smelled the aroma. They wanted to know what kind of delicacy could give out this enticing scent.

The VIPs from all the tribes also fixed their gazes on the braised chicken in the center of the table. There was a layer of gleam on the golden-brown chicken pieces, and shiitake mushrooms were adorned among them. The rich aroma whiffed over and made them gulp.

The Blue Sky Tribe's chief was the first to pick up chopsticks, and chuckled before popping a piece of chicken into his mouth. "It smells fantastic. This dish looks good, so I will dig in now."

The Blue Sky's chief's eyes lit up the moment the chicken entered his mouth. The cube of chicken was enshrouded in delicious broth, and the incredible flavor instantly set his taste buds alight as a maiden was seducing his taste buds with her delicate fingers, completely entralling him in the process.

After biting through the cube of chicken, he discovered that the texture of the meat was extremely tender. It was completely unlike the dry and rough roast chicken he usually had. Even after swallowing the mouthful of chicken, a fragrant aroma lingered in his mouth.

"This is the best chicken dish ever! How could anybody in this world make chicken into such a delicious dish!?" the Blue Sky Chief praised with a glowing face. He had never had such scrumptious chicken meat before, or rather he should be saying that he had never had such scrumptious food before.

All the orcs couldn't help smiling after they heard him. The Blue Sky Chief was a famous foodie and definitely an orc who could be considered as someone who knew how to appreciate his food.

The Blue Sky Tribe was ranked eighth among all the tribes in the Twilight Forest. Although they were powerful, they were not very interested in fighting for territory, and got along well with all the other tribes. Hence, the Blue Sky Chief was a regular visitor in all the tribes, and had tried all the tribes' dishes.

Everyone wondered how the braised chicken that Billy heaped praises upon and which gave out such an enticing aroma tasted, so their curiosity was piqued.

"Oh! This enticing taste!"

"Is... this really chicken?!"

"Apart from the pieces being too small, I can't find any shortcomings!"

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Praises after praises were said with amazement. Everyone was bowled over by the scrumptiousness of the braised chicken.

The guests who couldn't try the delicious braised chicken could only gulp as they smelled the aroma and listened to praises.

Gary curled his lips slightly. Even though the banquet wasn't an important part of today's ceremony, it did gain him plenty of recognition. He also used the chopsticks to pop a piece of chicken into his mouth. The delicious taste blossomed in his mouth, and made his eyes glow.

*This chef is interesting. His skills are way better than those of those old fogeys in the main kitchen. He shall be in charge of my meals in the future then,* Gary thought.

The big bowl of braised chicken was soon finished, and the second dish was served right at this moment.

"The second dish—red braised pork!"

The cover was removed, and a big terracotta bowl with red braised pork was placed on the table.

The red braised pork had equal parts of fat and lean meat, and was shiny red. It was cut into big chunks, and the skin looked transparent and crystalline. The rich meat aroma chased away the remnants of the braised chicken's aroma, and snatched the center place forcefully.

*Is this aroma going to subvert the number one pork in my heart?!* Billy couldn't wait as he picked up a piece of red braised pork.

The red braised pork that was cut into cubes had distinct layers of skin, fat, and meat. The glistening red color and the meaty aroma made his Adam's apple move instinctively. He straight away opened his mouth, and popped the whole piece of red braised pork into his mouth.

The usually chewy skin was easily bitten apart by his teeth, and the fatty meat underneath the skin melted away in his mouth. He could chew without any resistance.

The sweet and soft red braised pork was fatty but not greasy. A gentle bite let the sweet juice out from the meat. The scrumptious taste of the red braised pork was released perfectly at this moment.

His obsession about having a big mouthful of meat was satisfied, and the rich aroma blossomed in his mouth, making him lost within the richness.

As he was a meat-lover, the wild boar meat was naturally one of his favorites. But Billy had never eaten braised meat that was so deliciously cooked. It removed the stench of the wild boar completely while braising the meat to a perfection. It was fatty yet not greasy.

All the orcs had commenced eating the red braised pork without waiting for Billy to make any comments. They were all lost in the scrumptiousness. Sounds of praises and laments could be heard one after another as they were completely enthralled.

"Boss Mag is still the absolute main character on the dining table even after changing a location," Habeng and Haga softly said as they each popped another big piece of red braised pork into their mouths with a silly smile.

At first, they weren't very willing to make the trip to the Falk Tribe, but now they were greatly satisfied. It was a rare chance to be able to enjoy Boss Mag's delicacies outside the restaurant.

"It smells so good." Haga also nodded with a silly smile. He swept his gaze in the crowd before retrieving it with a slight disappointment.

Billy put down his chopsticks. Chuckling, he asked, "Chief Gary, where did you find this chef? Can I invite him to my tribe as a guest after the ceremony is over?"

"If possible, I would also like to borrow him for a few days. This meat is simply too delicious," a chief at the side chimed in.

Everyone began to have ideas on the chef.

"I invited this chef, and given his skills, I have decided to make him stay here as the royal chef. You guys will have to wait some time before you can borrow him," Gary similarly replied with a smile. This banquet had given him a lot of prestige. It was not easy to find a chef like Mag. Gary had to make good use of him.

"The third dish: black pepper steak!"

The third dish was also served soon after. An individual helping of black pepper steak was served to everyone, and it took away all their attention again.

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"Everyone is very satisfied with the dishes. We still haven't found any traces of Connie yet, and Ferdinand wasn't sent out, either." Camilla's voice appeared in the headset on Mag's ear.