

Stay At home 1091

Chapter 1091 He Will Show Lantide The Right Way!

What is this? How could a normal human being display such a terrifying power? In this deep sea, is it possible that even I am not a match for him? Numerous questions flashed across Elizabeth's mind, and they all were shocking to her.

Her understanding of a human being's power maximum limit was totally subverted at this very moment.

Yabemiya finally managed to close her mouth. She gulped, and said, "If I didn't remember wrongly, the thing that Gina said threatened Lantide's survival is that big shark with a hole in its head right down there, right?"

"Yes. It looks exactly like how Big Sister Gina had drawn." Anna nodded before looking at Mag with adoration, and said, "Uncle Mag, you did it. You saved this town exactly like how Big Sister Gina drew."

"I knew it. Father is the most formidable." Amy grabbed Mag's arm happily with a smug expression on her face. She looked out and suddenly froze. She pointed out there, and said, "Isn't that Big Sister Gina? Is she here to welcome us?"

Mag looked over when he heard that. Gina was following behind an old merman who was wearing a black cape. They were swimming toward the submarine.

Gina and the old merman stopped about 100 meters away from the glowing object. They placed their hands over their chests and bowed respectfully before the old one said, "Esteemed Spirit, I am Dexter, the high priest of Lantide, your most faithful believer. I thank you for the people of Lantide."

"It's the high priest and Princess Gina!"

"Are they here to welcome the Holy Spirit!?"

"Then, we shall quickly do so too!"

The merfolk of Verell soon noticed the arrival of the high priest and Gina. They, too, rapidly bowed respectfully toward the submarine in the midst of their surprise.

Gina is the princess of the Merfolk. That old merman seems to have an even higher status than Gina. However, what is he talking about? I have no inkling at all, so what do I do now? Mag heard that merman, but he had only heard him. He didn't understand him at all.

Mag scratched his head. The language barrier was a big headache. If things continued smoothly, he would most likely have to negotiate with this old merman about the setup of the fishery. The language barrier would be his greatest obstacle. After all, not every merfolk was as innocent as Gina.

"Unknown language detected. Collection of the language samples in progress..."

"Sufficient samples collected. Analysis in progress..."

"Analysis of the language samples collected complete. The language was successfully deciphered. Loading into the language vault. Do you need simultaneous interpretation?"

Right at this moment, the electronic voice spoke out again.

“Huh?”

Mag was stunned as he stared at the red “confirm” button that was blinking in front of him. His eyes lit up instantly. He hadn’t expected this submarine to have the language learning and simultaneous interpretation function.

But, Mag quickly regained his wits. He unhappily said in his heart, “System, you could’ve already f*cking translated the Merfolk’s language a long time ago, right?”

He thought back on how he had to communicate with Gina daily using hand gestures for the past few weeks. He even had to guess for the simplest interactions, and it was a very difficult process. In the end, a simple simultaneous interpretation function of the system could have solved the problem.

Mag was dumbfounded.

“ㄱ (V`) ㄱ” System. “The Host didn’t take the initiative to ask.”

“I...” Mag raised his eyebrows. In this case, he had indeed forgotten about the first rule that he could always ask the System whenever he encountered a problem.

“Huh? What did it just say? Father, did you hide a little elf here?” Amy scanned around, trying to find where the voice came from.

“I heard something about simultaneous interpretation. But, what is that?” Yabemiya said with confusion.

Everyone looked toward Mag. This was made by Mag. The unbelievable speed and the ability to observe the underwater world safely had already awed them.

“It’s just a little invention. Now we can understand what the merfolk are saying.” Mag shrugged as he tapped on the “confirm” button for simultaneous interpretation calmly.

“Esteemed Spirit, I am Dexter, the high priest of Lantisde, your most faithful believer...” The high priest’s voice appeared again, but this time, it was translated into the continent’s common tongue.

“Esteemed Spirit?” Mag cocked an eyebrow. This high priest of Lantisde seemed to have mistaken something.

Gina had always called him the Chosen One. It seemed like the high priest had mistaken him for a god after witnessing his earlier actions.

“We can really understand them now. But Father, why is he calling us Esteemed Spirit? Are we really that formidable?” Amy looked at Mag strangely.

“That is a 10th-tier great magic caster,” Elizabeth said softly as she looked at the high priest. Then, she looked at those merfolk and the little town slightly farther away, a hint of ponder on her face.

She hadn’t expected there really was an unknown merfolk species under the sea, and there was even an unknown number of 10th-tier powerhouses among them.

If the merfolk could escape their shackles at the bottom of the sea, they definitely would have a great impact on the current order on the Norland Continent.

"This should be a person with a high status among the merfolk. He could have mistaken our identity," Mag said to the ladies. "Besides sending Gina home, the purpose of this trip is to set up a supply chain for the Nether Shark's lips and fins. A dish that is going to debut in the restaurant will need to have these two ingredients. Therefore, I will need the merfolk's help."

"Then, why don't we just ask Big Sister Gina? She will definitely help us because she is one of us," Amy said smilingly.

"Yes. Gina is awfully nice. She will definitely provide the ingredients for the restaurant." Miya nodded too.

"Gina is not able to decide about this." Mag shook his head as he looked at the pious-looking high priest. "He should be the one who can call the shots."

"Then, what do we need to do now?" Elizabeth asked Mag.

The Nether Sharks were a very powerful existence to the merfolk. It wasn't a reasonable request to ask them to risk their lives to catch the Nether Sharks for the restaurant. Hence, Gina indeed wasn't in the position to decide.

The high priest was standing there respectfully with hooded eyes.

"High Priest—" Gina wanted to speak after waiting for a long time for the glowing object to reply.

The high priest raised his hand, and softly said, "Let's wait quietly."

Gina swallowed her words and lowered her head. She didn't attempt to talk anymore.

"Since he is already mistaken, let's bring this mistake up a notch." A smile appeared on Mag's lips. He turned the lights' effects to the maximum, and tuned the voice changer to the Holy Man mode. He gestured the ladies to keep quiet as he tapped open the microphone of the simultaneous interpretation.

"Let's skip the formalities. My Chosen One is already waiting for you on the surface of the sea. He will show Lantide the right way!"

Chapter 1092 God's Spokesperson!

A solemn and dignified voice greeted every merfolk's ears. The high priest lifted his head. His body trembled gently and tears glistened in his eyes. A thousand years. Lantide was forsaken by God for a thousand years. Finally, God favored Lantide again!

The high priest prostrated on the ground, and respectfully said, "God, Lantide will always serve You and the man You chose. Please lift the thousand-year-old cursed barrier for us and remove those Nether Sharks that feed on the people of Lantide."

Gina and the warriors of Verell all began to prostrate themselves to show their utmost respect to that amazing holy vessel.

"The man I have chosen will help you. He is a good man."

The solemn and dignified voice appeared again, and the light on that holy vessel began to shine brighter and brighter before it changed into a beam of light and disappeared.

“He is talking about Mr. Mag! He really is a good man. Even God thinks he is too,” Gina murmured softly.

“Has God left?”

The merfolk raised their heads and looked at the three Nether Sharks that were bound tightly and left behind. The holy vessel that carried God had disappeared.

The high priest stood up gradually and looked at the vague beam of light that disappeared completely before he retrieved his gaze. He said to the merfolk in front of the Verell Town, “God is still favoring us. Lantisde will be rid of the curse.”

“Yes!”

The merfolk let out a loud cheer.

Get rid of the curse and leave the bottom of the sea?! Elation appeared on Dewell’s face. He raised his head to look at that dark barrier. He would be able to see the outside world soon!

Then, his gaze landed on those three tightly bound Nether Sharks. After hesitating for a while, he gathered his courage and faced the high priest, who was healing the town’s mayor Katol with magic, and asked, “High Priest, may I kill one Nether Shark, please?”

The high priest looked at Dewell in surprise. “You are not afraid of it?”

“They killed my parents, but I am not afraid of them. I want to kill them to avenge my parents.” Dewell shook his head and grasped the spear in his hands tightly as he stared at the three Nether Sharks.

The high priest stared at Dewell for a moment before a smile appeared on his wrinkly face. He nodded and smiled. “God subdued those three Nether Sharks. I guess he would agree to let you handle one of them.”

“Thank you, High Priest!” Dewell was ecstatic.

“You should be thanking God.” The high priest kept the magic ball, and the wounds on Katol’s body were all healed.

“Thank you, Holy Spirit!” Dewell said respectfully as he swam toward a middle-sized Nether Shark with his spear.

A half-arm-long golden-red beam lit up on the spear. Dewell used all his strength and stabbed the spear into the vortex marking at the top of the Nether Shark’s head.

He had long heard that it was the Nether Shark’s only weakness.

“Ssss...”

The Nether Shark let out a shrill cry and started to struggle crazily, but it was tightly restrained by the silver fishnet.

It didn’t struggle for long before the cries stopped. The Nether Shark completely stopped moving.

Dewell withdrew his spear, and fresh blood squirted out from the Nether Shark's vortex.

"Father! Mother! I will avenge you!" Dewell mumbled with tears rolling down his face.

The people of Verell had come out.

"Dewell!"

Kelly emerged from the crowd and hugged Dewell, tears flowing down her face too.

"You are the mayor of Verell, right? Pass down this order. All the merfolk in town will proceed to Ivo City," the high priest instructed Katol.

"Yes," Katol replied respectfully.

The high priest looked at Dewell and the dead Nether Shark with an appreciative smile. "That little chap has potential. If he is willing, have him join the garrison when he reaches Ivo City. Say it's my instruction."

Joy appeared on Katol's face as he nodded. "I think that chap will be very willing."

"Gina, let's go," the high priest said as a light golden spell formation started to appear at the bottom of his feet.

Gina stepped into the range of the spell formation, and the two of them disappeared in a burst of golden light.

"Gina, tell me in detail about the Chosen One and your experiences in the past few days. Lantide's future is held in his hands."

"Mr. Mag, he is a good man..."

...

The submarine increased its speed instantly as it left the bottom of the sea. It only decreased its speed when it reached the depth of 5000 meters, and began to slowly rise to the surface.

"Father, did you tell them a lie earlier?" Amy blinked her eyes at Mag with a shocked expression. This was the first time she saw her father lie.

Everyone in the submarine was looking at Mag with a surprised expression. In their impression, Mag had always been an honest and trustworthy person.

"That wasn't lying. It's to build a more stable and solid friendship for both parties." Mag shook his head, and seriously said, "Am I not a good man?"

Everyone gave that a serious thought and felt relieved instantaneously. Of course Mr. Mag was a good man.

If they thought about it in that way, he indeed wasn't lying.

"I knew Father wouldn't lie." A radiant smile appeared on Amy's face again.

Mag felt a relief in his heart. As the living example for Amy, his honest persona couldn't break down.

Moreover, he didn't do anything evil. He only took advantage of the situation to make upcoming negotiation easier. He would still help Lantide with all he could.

A big school of fish swam by the submarine. Ugly Duckling, which was already used to lying against the transparent window, began to swipe at those fishes that swam closeby. It looked rather anxious as it scratched the glass.

Amy came forward and smilingly asked, "Ugly Duckling, should I release you out there?"

Ugly Duckling nodded initially before quickly regaining its wits. It turned and peered at Amy with aggrievement. Are you the devil?

They were sightseeing the beautiful scenery of the underwater world through the transparent submarine, and Mag had caught a few fishes that looked nice or nice to eat with the capture device. He estimated the merfolk should be coming up soon, so he maneuvered the submarine back to the surface and returned to the wooden boat.

...

In the middle of the altar, the high priest solemnly said to all the merfolk standing in front of the altar, "Mr. Mag is the spokesperson of God and Lantide's savior too. We have to accord him our utmost respect and treatment."

"Yes!" all the merfolk replied in unison with an equally serious expression.

The high priest had already shown them the scene where the Holy Spirit descended and subdued the three Nether Sharks effortlessly. There was only adoration in the merfolk's hearts right now.

The king, too, stepped forward, and gravely said to everyone, "Lantide's future is in your hands now."

Chapter 1093 I Have Three Terms

"Dong, dong, dong..."

"Wooo..."

Mag and the ladies had just got back to the boat, but before they could even begin to enjoy another feast, a series of organized drumming and conches trumpeting could be heard. As seawater in front of the boat split open in the center, 300 merfolk powerhouses were slowly rising up from below, with the high priest in black magician robes and Gina standing in the middle.

"They're here!" Mag's eyes lit up. He had already bought the simultaneous interpretation system from System with 250 copper coins, so from now on, he could communicate freely with the merfolk.

However, what the heck was that pageantry?

Mag stared at those merfolk holding all kinds of strange musical instruments in a neat formation. Did Gina give all the mud casings to the merfolk's guards of honor?

"Wow, this is spectacular!" Amy's eyes widened as she gazed at those merfolk playing the instruments intently.

Everyone on the boat was watching this scene in amazement.

“What a powerful contingent!” A hint of amazement appeared in Elizabeth’s frosty eyes. This wasn’t an ordinary contingent of guards of honor. Apart from that high priest, there were another 10 10th-tier magic casters in the contingent. The rest were also either 8th-tier or 9th-tier powerhouses.

This level of power had already surpassed goblins and dwarves.

In fact, Mag had also sensed the power of these merfolk. Besides being astonished, he began to have some new ideas in his heart.

A power that hadn’t revealed itself for 1,000 years. A powerful tribe that nobody knew. If he was able to make use of them... This could be his super trump card.

“Mr. Mag.” Gina gave Mag a bright smile before whispering to the high priest next to her, “High Priest, that is Mr. Mag, and the adorable little girl is his daughter, Amy. The other beautiful ladies are the restaurant’s service staff.”

“The Chosen One.” The high priest looked at Mag first. He had already seen this human in the revelation two weeks ago. Seeing him in person now, he seemed to be an ordinary human. He couldn’t sense any trace of magic from him, but there was a very unique disposition on him that others couldn’t ignore.

Then, his gaze landed on Amy at the side. His pupils constricted, and a hint of astonishment flashed through his eyes.

A four-year old 6th-tier half-elf magic caster!

There actually was such a genius like her in this world.

Then, his gaze scanned the others on the boat. An 8th-tier Frost Dragon, a 7th-tier spatial magic caster...

Just as Gina had said, the power of this restaurant’s service staff was on a whole new level.

This made him respect Mag even more. He indeed was God’s Chosen One.

The high priest bowed a little, and gratefully said, “Nice to meet you, Mr. Mag. I am the high priest of Lantisde, Dexter. Thank you very much for saving Gina and coming all the way here to gift us the miracle drugs.”

Gina peered at Mag before softly saying, “High Priest, Mr. Mag doesn’t understand our language. I may need...”

“You are being too kind, High Priest. All these could just be fate. Miss Gina had helped me a lot in my restaurant too,” Mag said in fluent Lantisdean with a smile on his face.

Looking at Gina whose mouth was slightly agape in disbelief, Mag explained, “I can understand Lantisdean now.”

“This must be a blessing bestowed by the Holy Spirit.” The high priest’s eyes lit up. Lantisde had been separated from the outside world for 1,000 years. They couldn’t understand the languages out there; similarly, the outsiders naturally wouldn’t understand Lantisdean, either.

This made him feel even more sure that Mag was the spokesperson of God as he had gained unbelievable power from Him. His expression became even more respectful.

Gina obviously thought that too. She was gazing at Mag with little stars in her eyes. He indeed was Mr. Mag as he was super formidable.

Mag looked at the high priest's facial expression, and had already made his plans for the upcoming negotiation. The hoodwink that he pulled earlier had produced an excellent result.

"Huh, Father can speak mermaid language now?" Amy stared at Mag curiously. The others on the boat were amazed too. Mag's earlier invention that could translate the merfolk's language into the continent's common tongue was already impressive enough. Now, he even learnt how to speak the merfolk's language too. Was this another of his new inventions too?

"High Priest, have them stop the music first." Mad addressed the high priest with a smile. Even though the music that these merfolk played was very forceful and uplifting, it wasn't very suitable for a negotiation.

"Stop." The high priest raised his hand, and the music stopped instantly.

All the merfolk lowered their drums and conches and looked at Mag with gratitude.

After all, they were still respectable powerhouses among the merfolk with an 8th-tier and higher powers. It was a little demeaning for them to be playing musical instruments here.

After the music stopped, Mag got straight to the point with the high priest. "About Lantisde's predicament, Gina has mentioned it to me before we came, and I have received some special revelations from Him. I can help Lantisde solve the problem of the Cursed Barrier and the Nether Sharks. However, I also need Lantisde to provide some help and promises."

The high priest's eyes lit up. God must have given Mag some revelations, so he was very confident that Mag could solve Lantisde's survival crisis. As long as Lantisde could survive, any terms could be negotiated.

"Mr. Mag, what do you need Lantisde to do? What promises do you need us to make? Please state your terms, and we will accommodate them as best as we can," the high priest said.

"The first term: Lantisde has to promise not to invade the continent or get involved in the fight for territories for 100 years."

"The second term: after Lantisde is freed, you have to help me do three tasks unconditionally. The exact terms are still undecided, but I can promise I won't make Lantisde pay a price that it can't accept.

"The third term: I need Lantisde to help me build a demersal fishing ground for Nether Sharks to provide the Nether Shark's lips and fins for my restaurant consistently. I will tell you more about the building of the fishery and daily operations later."

Smiling, Mag said to the high priest, "These are my requests. I hope the high priest could take them into consideration."

The high priest showed signs of deep thought on his face. The other merfolk powerhouses, too, had a thoughtful look.

Mag stood at the side calmly, waiting for their decision.

The high priest had a short hydroacoustic communication with a few of them. After a moment of silence, he said to Mag with a solemn expression, "If Mr. Mag can promise that Lantisde will never be harassed by the Nether Sharks, and every one of our people can go through the cursed barrier freely, I can make the promise on behalf of Lantisde in exchange for those three terms of yours."

Chapter 1094 I am willing!

"Since you guys could come here to talk to me, I guess you could already confirm that I do have the ability to allow you to go through the Cursed Barrier. However, there are many of you in Lantisde, and I can only provide a limited number of mud casings periodically. Hence, I cannot promise how long I will need to take to give all Lantisdeans this freedom," Mag said to the high priest with equal solemnity. "But, I can promise from today onward, Lantisdeans will no longer be harassed by the Nether Sharks." "Lantisde will always remember your kindness." The high priest placed his hand across his chest and bowed.

Gina and the rest of the merfolk also bowed with him.

"Please don't mention it. This is all the guidance of God." A smile appeared on Mag's face. This was a very successful negotiation.

He had successfully established a supply chain for Nether Shark's lips and fins. Most importantly, he had received a promise from a very powerful tribe to render him help three times.

This was literally an army suddenly appearing out of nowhere—one with 10-odds 10th-tier powerhouses.

This was going to be one of his strongest trump cards.

Furthermore, no one in this world knew about the existence of such a powerful tribe.

A smile also appeared in the high priest's face. This indeed was the guidance of God.

From today onward, Lantisde was starting a new chapter in its history.

No more harassment from Nether Sharks and a clear hope for the world beyond.

"This is great. Mr. Mag is truly a good man." An equally radiant smile appeared on Gina's face. Although she didn't expect Mr. Mag to bring up the three terms, the result was perfect and the negotiation was smooth. Lantisde got a better deal than expected.

The others on the boat were dumbfounded for the entire process as they had no idea what Mag and the high priest were talking about, but they, too, smiled along with them when they saw the merfolk saluting Mag—the negotiation seemed to have gone well.

"Seems like the negotiation is very successful? So, Boss is actually an expert in negotiation too," Yabemiya murmured.

“Of course, Father is very formidable,” Amy said proudly.

A verbal contract naturally wasn't feasible. Mag took out some pen and paper, and wrote two contracts on waterproof paper before signing them together with the high priest. Then, the negotiation was truly considered completed in a satisfactory way.

“Let's look forward to a fruitful cooperation.” Mag extended his hand to the high priest.

The high priest was slightly taken aback. It seemed like this was the human's social etiquette... After a moment of hesitation, he, too, extended his hand to shake Mag's gently. “To a fruitful cooperation.”

After the signing of the contract, Mag began to instruct the System to prepare the magnetic field interference releasing balls and ultrasonic isolation wall.

The former was to destroy the Nether Sharks' Nether Whirlwinds and give the merfolk a chance to fight the Nether Sharks in close combat. The merfolk who knew the Nether Sharks' weakness didn't fear fighting the Nether Sharks without their Nether Whirlwind defenses.

The latter was to make sure the Nether Sharks couldn't get close to the area that was surrounded by the ultrasonic walls created by the magnetic field interference releasing balls. It could be used to build a defensive fortress easily, or build a demersal fishing ground in reverse.

There were only two buttons for the on/off. It was a foolproof operation, and it was very easy to get the hang of it.

“Is... Is this the amazing machine that the Holy Spirit used to disable the Nether Sharks' whirlwinds earlier?” The high priest was holding the magnetic interference ball reverently as if he was looking at a priceless treasure.

“You could say that.” Mag nodded, still feeling a little guilty for pretending to be the Holy Spirit.

“God is so generous to us.” The high priest's expression was full of reverence and gratitude.

“The quantity of magnetic interference balls is limited. However, after releasing it, all the Nether Sharks' whirlwinds will be disabled within a radius of one kilometer. It should be sufficient if used in a squad formation.

“The number of ultrasonic balls is more than sufficient for you to disperse them around the important cities and towns to form a defensive fortress. During the time of Nether Sharks' invasion, just retreat into the fortress and wait till they leave.

“I have already confirmed the location for the Nether Sharks fishing grounds. It is right at that big canyon. You can lure an adequate number of Nether Sharks into the canyon or capture and throw them in. Then, use the ultrasonic walls to block the gaps in the canyon. This is the location map of the canyon and the layout drawing of the ultrasonic balls.”

“Rearing the Nether Sharks. I am doing this to obtain its shark's fins and shark's lips...”

Mag continued to inform the high priest in detail about the layout plan, the establishment of the demersal fishing ground for Nether Sharks, and supply chain.

All these were prepared in advance by the system. Mag was simply doing the explanation. Moreover, they were already very simple in the first place.

The usually calm high priest was getting increasingly agitated as he listened to Mag. After Mag was done, he excitedly said to Mag, "Mr. Mag is indeed very thoughtful. With these amazing machines, the people of Lantisde will never have to fear the harassment from Nether Sharks any longer. We could even turn the tables around and prey on them!"

The Nether Sharks can be considered as a rare species. Maybe the merfolk of Lantisde could show a little restraint... Mag thought silently. Of course, he wouldn't voice out such words.

For the past 1000 years, the Nether Sharks had almost erased Lantisde from existence. Countless merfolk perished in the jaws of the Nether Sharks.

He couldn't make himself ask others to be magnanimous.

The high priest used the crystal ball to hold the tens of thousands of metallic balls that Mag took out. It seemed like that was some storage equipment with a huge space.

"Mr. Mag, thank you for everything you have done for Lantisde. The Nether Sharks' invasion is imminent, and I need to return to Lantisde to set up everything immediately. I shall bid my farewell now. I will visit you personally to show my gratitude soon." The high priest kept the amazing machines. He was worried about Lantisde, so he was prepared to bid farewell to Mag and the ladies.

Gina was trying to say something at the side. She glanced at the high priest, and finally decided to keep quiet.

Mag saw that, and smilingly said, "High Priest, we have established a partnership now, but it is not very convenient for me to come to Lantisde. We need a person to send the drug needed for your people to pass through the Cursed Barrier to Lantisde, and someone is required to send the dried shark's fins and lips you harvested to me. May I ask you to send someone to station at my restaurant, please?"

Hearing that, the high priest glanced at Gina thoughtfully before he smiled and nodded. "Of course. Princess Gina has already spent some time with Mr. Mag, and she is the best among the young generation. She will make sure the drugs and ingredients will be safely delivered. Is it alright if I send her?"

Gina's eyes lit up as she peered at Mag perturbedly. She wasn't sure if Mr. Mag was willing to let her stay.

"If Miss Gina is willing, that would be the best." Mag smiled at Gina.

"I am willing!" Gina burst out with an ecstatic smile on her face.

Chapter 1095 Otherwise, You Are No Different From A pig?

"Gina, do your best to assist Mr. Mag. Do not behave like a princess. He is the benefactor of Lantisde," the high priest said to Gina with hydroacoustic communication.

"Yes." Gina nodded. How would she dare to behave like a princess? As long as she could stay in the restaurant with Mr. Mag, she was willing to be a member of the service staff.

She felt her heart was as sweet as honey when she gazed at the smiling Mag. So, Mr. Mag was willing to make her stay too. Could he have feelings for her too?

“Mr. Mag, farewell,” the high priest said to Mag and nodded in acknowledgement to the ladies on the boat. His gaze paused when it landed on Amy. He pondered for a while before taking out a small teardrop-shaped blue crystal. He gave it a slight wave, and it became a bracelet with a red thread.

The high priest gave the bracelet to Amy as he smilingly said, “This is a hydrophobic crystal. Young lady, you can go anywhere underwater as you please with it. It is a little something for you as our first meeting gift.”

What an adorable little girl who looked just like a little fairy from heavens.

“This is a valuable gift.” Mag’s eyes lit up, and he quickly made Amy express her thanks.

“What a pretty little bracelet. Thank you, Grandpa Merman,” Amy, who took the bracelet, said happily. She put it on her wrist immediately, and gazed at that water-droplet against the sun. There was a tiny fish inside which seemed to be swimming under the sunlight.

“This bracelet that Grandpa Merman gave you allows you to breathe underwater. You will be just like the fishes,” Mag said to Amy.

Amy’s eyes lit up, and she curiously asked, “Really? Then, will I become a little fish? Or, I will become a little mermaid?”

“Yes, you can put it that way too.” Mag smiled and nodded.

After waving goodbye to the high priest and the merfolk powerhouses, Mag turned toward the ladies who were dumbfounded for the whole process, and declared, “Gina will still be staying with us at the restaurant.”

“Gina is staying. This is great!” Miya exclaimed joyously before hugging Gina who just transformed her tail into legs and boarded the boat.

Everyone else had a smile on their face too. The recent departures of Sally and Shirley made them rather sad. If Gina left as well, the ladies would be sad for an even longer period of time.

“Thank you, everyone,” Gina said smilingly too. She could sense everyone’s love for her. It made her feel touched and glad.

“Meow~”

Ugly Duckling suddenly poked its head out from a corner and meowed at Gina. It licked its teeth as if it, too, was very happy.

“Oh!”

Gina was startled, and almost fell into the water from the edge of the boat. She made everyone laugh.

It was only noon, so Mag wasn’t in a hurry to return. He took out the seafood that he had just caught, and prepared for another round of seafood party.

After enjoying a scrumptious seafood feast, Mag and the ladies were taking a break on the boat before preparing for their return journey. Waves appeared on the sea's surface, and two merfolk appeared, carrying a wooden box. They respectfully said to Mag, "Mr. Mag, the high priest sent us to show you a sample of the shark's fins and shark's lips. May we ask, are they up to your standards?"

Mag took the wooden box and opened it up to have a look. There were a pair of crystal clear shark's fins and a pair of fresh shark's lips lying on crushed ice. Their cuttings were of very high standards.

"Very good. We can just use them as our standard." Mag nodded with satisfaction. The merfolk were efficient people. He liked them.

"Ding!

"Congratulations, Host: you have successfully found a suitable shark's fins and shark's lips supplier and established a stable supply chain. Furthermore, you have taken an important step in your journey to become the God of Cookery!

"The settlement of the mission reward: 0.5 strength point awarded."

Right at this moment, the system's voice appeared in Mag's head.

Perfect. Mag's eyes lit up. After this 0.5 strength point was activated, he would be able to advance to 8th-tier officially.

8th-tier, a watershed tier.

Only after advancing to the 8th-tier power could he be considered as having advanced combat abilities.

After a knight's power reached the 8th-tier, he could hack in half a rock that could only be surrounded by three men linking their arms together with a single strike. His power and speed would be better than a cheetah's. Coupled with the right techniques, he would be untraceable.

And to Mag, the most important part was that he could finally use the really awesome techniques in his mind—battle techniques!

A magic caster's domain and a knight's battle technique were both powers given after they reached the advanced level.

The battle techniques had already transcended beyond the range of the combat techniques, and each individual knight would have their own distinct differentiation.

Some knights' battle techniques were given the ability to strike across an empty space. For example, long-range blade attacks.

Meanwhile, others fortified their combat techniques, for example:

|==| |===== "=saber projection+49m===== |"

Alex's battle techniques were even more special. After all, there wouldn't be another knight who was as awesome as him in this world.

He chose to fortify his sword.

Although it looked simple and brainless, it made the operability of the sword become immensely powerful.

And because of this, he came up with countless amazing methods to use his sword.

For example, flying swords.

Of course, he wasn't like those people on the path of cultivation to gain spiritual enlightenment.

Instead, he was using his terrifying control power and battle technique to control the longsword, and let it achieve the ability of a flying sword. The usage was similar to darts, but even more abstruse.

Of course, he seldom used that trick, and not many people knew about it.

However, it indeed was very awesome.

Mag suppressed the commotion in his heart, and indicated to the System that he wasn't in a hurry to activate it. He bade farewell to the two merfolk, and then shut the icebox. He would be able to make his first pot of 'Buddha jumps over the wall' with the shark's lips and fins that he was bringing back. Of course, he wasn't going to waste them.

"Alright, we've already had a day of fun. It's time to embark on our return journey," Mag said with a smile as he stopped Amy who was about to toss Ugly Duckling into the sea after tying the hydrophobic crystal to its neck.

"Meow, meow, meow~"

Ugly Duckling extended two little paws to grab onto Mag's arms as if it was holding onto its last lifeline. Its eyes were full of fear.

"It's alright, Ugly Duckling. With this hydrophobic crystal, you will be able to breathe underwater just like the fishes. You can only be considered a real duck after you learn how to swim." Amy squashed Ugly Duckling's fat cheeks as she disdainfully said, "Otherwise, you are no different from a pig."

"Meow~" Ugly Duckling whined pitifully and stared at its own fat belly in silence.

"Alright, it can swim on our next trip. It's time for us to go home." Mag saved Ugly Duckling with a smile. He could empathize with the fear of the sea Ugly Duckling had.

"Alright, then we will swim after we get back. That fountain in the square is good enough too," Amy mumbled and nodded after giving it some thought.

"Meow~"

Ugly Duckling, which thought it had escaped from an ordeal, immediately rolled its eyes over and fainted in Mag's arms.

Everyone packed up and went home on Elizabeth, who transformed into a Frost Dragon.

That wooden boat handcrafted by Firis was docked on an isolated island nearby so they could use it again for their next trip on the sea.

Miya stretched out her arms, and joyfully said, "What an interesting day~"

Chapter 1096 Repositioned To Produce Adult Magazines

It was getting late at night. In Rodu, a certain famous gourmet magazine press—Hall Magazine Press—was still brightly lit.

Under the Hall Magazine Press's umbrella, there were many best-selling magazines like "Food Forest", "Meatatarianism", "Vegetarianism"... It was known as the top magazine press in the gastronomic reviews genre.

The editor-in-chief, Geno, was pacing back and forth in his office. The sales volume results for the current magazines' editions were going to be released soon. That was going to decide the fate of the Hall Magazine Press.

Even with the many accolades, only Geno and a few editors at Hall knew the press was facing the situation of imminent retrenchment of staff and closing down with the decline in sales volume of the few leading magazines.

Even though their people lived to eat, Rodu's gourmet foods had all been described in the magazines.

Rodu was known as a gourmet paradise. However, no matter how beautiful the paradise was, they could get sick of it one day too.

When the few beloved food critics began to rehash, and could no longer discover new delicacies from the streets, Hall Magazine Press inevitably went into a decline.

As the editor-in-chief, Geno had come up with many ideas before. He even requested that culinary reviewers had to submit new ideas before he would publish their articles in the magazines.

But those articles that were scraped together—or even worse, made up—didn't increase the sales. Instead, they damaged the magazine press's decades-old hard-earned reputation.

The entire industry was facing a harsh winter, and Hall Magazine Press was feeling the extreme coldness.

"Chief! Chief!" A young man pushed open the office's door and rushed in.

Geno wasn't affronted by the young man's brashness. He quickly strode forward, and nervously asked the young man, "How is it? What are the sales volume for 'Food Forest' and 'Meatatarianism'?"

These two magazines were the leading magazines of Hall Magazine Press. If these two magazines's latest issues didn't reach the sales target set by the conglomerate, which was 50,000 copies in total sales in the Rodu market, Hall Magazine Press would be repositioned to produce adult magazines.

He had been an editor with Hall for 30 years, from an intern editor all the way till Hall became the most influential gourmet magazine press. How could he allow something like that to happen?

If this month's issues couldn't achieve the sale targets, and he couldn't change the decision of the conglomerate behind the magazine press, then it was time for him to leave.

"The sales of 'Food Forest' is 12,000 copies, the sales of 'Meatatarianism' is 18,000..." the young man said as he panted.

“30,000 copies... We still didn’t reach the target...” Geno stumbled two steps backward with a distraught expression. Even though the sales had increased quite a bit as compared to the previous month, 30,000 copies was still quite far from the target of 50,000 copies agreed upon.

When the magazine press was at its peak, just the sales volume of “Meatatarianism” alone could reach 50,000 copies, which was the best in the industry.

But a single issue’s sales volume could never exceed 50,000 copies now.

He knew people still loved the good food. It was because it had been a long time since the appearance of good foods and words that could surprise the people.

Geno’s gaze dimmed as he reached out to pat the young man who’d just entered the industry with his foodie’s dream. He didn’t know how to console him—from today onward, he would be doing erotic magazines.

That young man finally exhaled, and agitatedly said, “Chief, we have reprinted the current issue of ‘Vegetarianism’ for 10 times. Just the sales volume in Rodu alone has exceeded 100,000 copies and the distributors are still asking for more reprints! We... We have surpassed the target!”

Geno, who still tried to console him, didn’t even get the chance to speak when the words of the young editor shocked him.

Geno grabbed hold of that young editor’s shoulder and disbelievably asked, “What... What did you say?!”

Even though “Vegetarianism” was one of Hall’s famous magazines, due to its small target audience, its sales volume at its peak was only 10,000 copies, and now it was being propped up by its main vegetarian food reviewer, Derrick. The sales for each monthly issue was at a stable 5000 copies. How did the sales volume suddenly increase to 100,000 copies?

That young editor repeated, “The sales of the latest issue of ‘Vegetarianism’ have exploded. Just the sales volume in the Rodu market alone has exceeded 100,000 copies, and the distributors are asking for reprints. The estimated total sales could reach 150,000 copies! Maybe... even more!”

“150,000 copies...” Geno murmured as he plopped onto the sofa behind him with a dumbfounded look.

During Hall’s peak period, the monthly sales of “Meatatarianism” in Rodu’s market had reached 72,000 copies, and it left an interesting mark in the history of culinary magazines. It was almost deemed as the peak that could never be surpassed.

But now, the niche “Vegetarianism” had reached 100,000 copies, and it was still going strong. It could even reach a horrifying 150,000 copies.

“Are we going crazy?” Geno mumbled to himself. Nobody would dare to cheat on such issues. The data had to be correct.

The top sales for this month had to be “Vegetarianism”, and it would be a peak that the entire industry looked up to.

“Yes, it’s crazy!” That young editor was also very excited. His reaction wasn’t any better than his chief’s when he first received the report. “The printing plant is still reprinting non-stop, and yet it still can’t meet the demand. There are even readers saying that we should just print out Derrick’s food review. Chief, what do we do now?”

“Derrick!” Geno’s eyes lit up as he immediately got up to rummage through the pile of manuscripts on his table. He took out a sample manuscript which was signed by Derrick from the very bottom.

As he was trying his best to boost the sales volume, he had focused all his energy on the top two magazines. The other magazines were finalized by the other deputy editors. Although the sample manuscript of “Vegetarianism” was sent to his table, he overlooked it altogether.

“The best vegetarian dish of the year, a redefinition of life’s, world’s, and values’ outlook!”

“An unexpected windfall from chaos city: eggplant with garlic sauce!”

Geno read the main title and subheading softly with surprise in his eyes.

Derrick and him were already old friends. He knew Derrick was a low-profile person, and his writing style was rigorous and simple. He hadn’t expected him to use titles that were so different from his usual style.

“There are delicacies in Chaos City too?” Geno said to himself before continuing to read.

“Under the invitation of the President of Chaos City’s Food Association, I went to Chaos City...”

As he proceeded to read the familiar simple words, Geno’s expressions began to brighten slowly. The words seemed to have a magical power as the delicious eggplant with garlic sauce seemed to really appear in front of him and follow Derrick as he put one piece of eggplant into his mouth...

Chapter 1097 Youtiao And Soybean Milk Set Meal

“Gulp.”

Geno couldn’t help but swallow when he put down the manuscript.

As a senior culinary editor-in-chief with 30 years of experience under his belt, he hadn’t been touched by words describing gourmet food for a long time, but after reading Derrick’s article today, a strong desire had risen within him. He wanted to try that eggplant with garlic sauce himself to see if it was as tantalizing as Derrick described.

Even a table full of delicious meat dishes looked unworthy in front of the eggplant with garlic sauce now.

“These are indeed words with soul. A real culinary review article,” Geno praised before he grasped his hair in exasperation. “Such a marvellous article. Why didn’t I discover it earlier!? If I had, we could have publicized it in advance, and maybe the sales results could even be higher.”

“Isn’t it so. The first print of ‘Vegetarianism’ was only 5000 copies. It gained popularity totally through the readers’ word of mouth. There wasn’t any publicity about it at all. This is indeed a miracle in the magazine’s history.” The young editor nodded in agreement.

Geno closed the manuscript in his hands, and determinedly said, “Since our publishing plant couldn’t catch up with the demand, we will find two other publishing companies to work together with us at the

same time to print this current issue of 'Vegetarianism'. We are going to extend the miracle of this culinary magazine and show the entire industry hope."

"Yes." The young editor acknowledged it before putting down the report, and strode out of the office.

"Derrick and this Mamy Restaurant are really Hall's saviors. After I am done with the business here, I have to personally go and express my gratitude," Geno said smilingly as he took up the report on the table and read it through attentively. Then, he, too, strode out of the editor-in-chief's office with the report and a folder in his hands.

...

Rodu. The Royal Palace.

A resplendent bedchamber with an equal distribution of pink and gold, which made the bedchamber look very young and cute.

A maiden wearing luxurious clothes was lying on the bed and reading the latest issue of "Vegetarianism" engrossingly.

After a while, she finally put away the magazine in her hand. A pained expression flashed across her exquisite face as she listened to her rumbling stomach. She flipped over and pressed the magazine to her stomach as she dejectedly said, "My heavens! Why did you let me read this kind of stuff in the middle of the night! It's already the 36th time that I am reading it, but why... am I still so hungry after reading it?!"

"Your Highness, it's your bedtime," a young maid said with a smile next to the bed.

Princess Vanessa sat up in bed and looked at the young maid sadly. "Lola, I wish to eat something."

"The queen has instructed that you are not allowed to eat before you sleep." The maid, Lola, shook her head at the Princess on the bed helplessly.

"Can I just eat a cube of sugar? A small cube, just a small cube will do." Vanessa extended a little finger.

"The queen has said that you were not allowed to eat any sugar before your teeth were repaired." Lola shook her head as she felt a pang of heartache looking at the black holes on Princess Vanessa's teeth.

Princess Vanessa was His Majesty the king's only daughter. She inherited the beauty of the queen, and was already a little beauty at the age of 16.

However, there was a lot of decay and corrosion on her teeth because she liked to eat sugar sneakily before she slept. It was fine if she didn't smile, but when she did, her teeth looked like those belonging to a 70-80 year old person, and it damaged her air of elegance

The magic casters did have a plan to fix them, but the treatment process was longer. Moreover, Princess Vanessa was still eating sweets sneakily, so her treatment wasn't very effective.

Because of this, Princess Vanessa hadn't appeared in any public gatherings since she was 14 years old. She locked herself in her bed chambers every day, only visiting the countryside manor occasionally for a vacation. However, she only had Lola with her to serve her.

For the past few years, her greatest interest was reading all kinds of gourmet magazines. The king doted on her, so whenever she wanted to eat something, the chef would be invited to the palace to cook for her alone specially.

The queen had already given strict orders to Lola. She had to make sure that the princess didn't eat sweets sneakily again, or she would be punished severely.

Vanessa stared at Lola for a while before she plopped back onto her bed again. She knew about the queen's orders, and she couldn't let Lola be punished because of her.

"Lola, do you believe that the eggplant with garlic sauce is really so delicious? I have already dreamt about it for the past few days. I really want to go to Chaos City to try it myself," Vanessa said softly as she lay on the bed and stared at the ceiling which had luminous pearls embedded into it.

"It has to be really delicious if it makes Your Highness yearn for it so much," Lola said smilingly. "I heard that Mr. Mag took the 'best chef of the day' title on the king's birthday. Every dish he made won the king's praises."

"Arrrgh... What a regret! Why did I have to go to the countryside for a vacation on those few days! I missed a scrumptious feast!!!"

Vanessa kicked her legs with a forlorn expression.

Lola covered her properly with her blanket again with a smile as she said, "If you really want to have it, Your Highness, we could just inform the king, and he would definitely invite Mr. Mag to Rodu to cook the eggplant with garlic sauce for you."

"Really?!" Vanessa's eyes lit up, and a smile appeared on her lips. "Alright, I shall go and look for Father tomorrow and ask him to invite Mr. Mag to the palace."

...

Mag finally coaxed the two little ones to sleep. He snuck out of the room gingerly and went to the balcony.

The trip to the sea today was very rewarding. Apart from gaining a crack troop, he also gained a strength point reward.

The chance to advance to 8th-tier was right in front of him, and Mag obviously wasn't a patient person.

He went to the balcony and locked the door carefully. Mag removed his bathrobe and put it aside before he walked to the center of the balcony and exhaled lightly. Then, he stretched both his arms, and said in his heart, "System, I am ready. We can begin now."

"Boom!"

An explosive sound suddenly appeared across the sky as eight bolts of lightning twisted into one suspended column and landed on top of Mag's head.

The suspended column lit up the balcony brightly. Mag, who was only wearing his underpants, bathed in the light. His muscles and bones seemed to have become transparent as they tore apart and reformed again crazily in the light.

Three minutes later, the light finally dispersed.

Mag, who felt as if one century had gone by, flicked open his eyes instantly. He clenched his fists as he felt a special strength flowing about in his body, which could easily be controlled by his thoughts.

“Is it what 8th-tier feels like?” A smile appeared on Mag’s lips. It was a familiar yet strange feeling.

He didn’t attempt to try out his sword. Instead, he grabbed his bathrobe and went downstairs naked. He took a bath before lying down on his bed again. He clicked open that youtiao and soybean milk set meal, and entered into the test field for the God of Cookery.

Chapter 1098 The First Authentic Breakfast Set Meal

Harold opened his eyes after a loud crowing. He turned and peered at the magic clock hanging opposite of the bed subconsciously. It was already 6:30 in the morning.

“Oh dear! I am going to be late!” Harold’s sleepiness was all gone as he jumped up from bed and tore his pyjamas off. He quickly put on the clothes at the side of the bed.

Doris was awakened by the rustling of clothes. She sat up, rubbing her eyes, and perplexedly asked an almost dressed Harold, “Harold, what are you doing? Isn’t it your day off today?”

“Day off...” Harold, who was about to go out, halted. He slapped his forehead and smiled awkwardly. “I drank too much yesterday. I forgot that today’s my off day. Sorry, Doris. I woke you up so early.”

“It’s fine. You have been working very hard recently. I should have reminded you last night,” Doris said with care and concern. She stood up and hugged Harold gently. Her slender fingers massaged his temples lightly

Harold closed his eyes and enjoyed his wife’s ministrations. It soothed the headache caused by the hangover.

He was a director of sales at a furniture company. Because he had not reached his sales quota for the second half of the year, he had been going to the office at six in the morning and drinking with his customers till late at night.

Although he earned quite a lot, the intense work and high pressure made him exhausted.

Fortunately, he finally closed the deal with his big client last night, and reached his second half of the year sales quota in advance with this deal. He could relax for a while now.

The warm fingertips were pressing down on his forehead gently, and it was so comfortable that Harold wanted to go back to sleep again.

“Let’s go and eat breakfast since we are already awake,” Doris suggested gently.

“Breakfast?” Harold opened his eyes and yawned. He shook his head, and said, “I don’t feel like eating now. I just want to sleep. Besides, you know, I never eat breakfast.”

Doris gazed into Harold's eyes, and continued to say gently, "You promised Kathy to bring her out for good food previously. You were very busy with work for the past few months, so I didn't mention it to you even when she asked me a couple of times."

As Harold gazed at Doris, he suddenly realized that he had neglected his family, and left the running of the household to her because he was busy with work for the past few months. She even had to take care of their child, so she wasn't having things easier than him. He suddenly felt a little guilty.

"I'm afraid there's nothing nice for breakfast. Why don't we eat out for both lunch and dinner?" Harold grasped Doris's hand and placed it on his face gently. He lovingly said, "I haven't eaten a meal with you for a long time. Let's go to Ducas Restaurant."

It was where they declared their love for each other.

They would always go there every year on that day as a family. However, because he was busy with work, he didn't bring her there this year.

"I have promised Kathy that I will bring her to Aden Square to play today." Doris shook her head slightly. She worriedly said to Harold, "The doctor said we cannot ignore your gastric problems anymore. It will worsen if we continue to skip breakfast. I heard there is a rather nice restaurant called Mamy Restaurant in the square. Let's go and try it."

Harold wasn't concerned about his gastric problems. He could tolerate the occasional pain, so there was no need to eat breakfast.

He was feeling thirsty and dizzy, so he was rejecting the idea of breakfast.

However, looking at Doris's expression, he couldn't bear to reject her, so he nodded smilingly. "Alright, let's wash up and get ready to go."

Soon, the family of three left their house. A girl about seven or eight was holding the two adults' hands.

"Dr. Matthew, are you already back from your morning exercise so early?" The family met an old man doing his morning exercise as soon as they left the house, and Harold greeted him with a smile.

This was their neighbor, a famous doctor in Chaos City.

Dr. Matthew's steps faltered as he said to Harold with furrowed brows, "Harold, you don't look very good. Did you drink a lot of alcohol again last night?"

Harold took a quick glance at Doris before he shook his head and smiled. "I did drink a little last night, but it should be because I have been overworked recently. It's okay."

"Please take a look at him, Dr. Matthew. He threw up when he came home yesterday. There was blood in the vomitus," Doris said, full of concern.

Kathy, who had a ponytail, also pleaded with Dr. Matthew, "Grandpa Matthew, please take a look at Father."

Dr. Matthew stared at Harold for a while before gravely saying, "Harold, although you are still young, your stomach's condition is worse than for an old man like me. Come to my clinic later. From today onward, you can't consume alcohol anymore, otherwise it is not going to hold."

"Yes. I will come," Harold replied with a smile before boarding a horse-drawn carriage with Doris and Kathy.

Even though Dr. Matthew is a good person, he still likes to scare people with his doctor's tactics, Harold consoled himself silently, but a shadow still hung over his head when he looked at his wife and daughter sitting across from him.

"Let's go to Mamy Restaurant," Harold instructed the driver.

...

A sentence was written on the wooden plaque on Mamy Restaurant's door. "Today's new item: Youtiao and soybean milk set meal! Only for breakfast!"

"What is soybean milk? What is youtiao? It's only available for breakfast."

"Soybean milk and youtiao may be one single thing?"

"No matter what it is, Boss Mag finally came out with his first authentic breakfast set meal."

Although it was still early, a long line was already forming at the door. The customers were guessing curiously as they looked at the sign.

Harold's horse-drawn carriage stopped outside of Mamy Restaurant. He saw the long line at the restaurant's entrance, and said in astonishment, "It's not even seven, why are there so many people lining up here?"

"I heard this restaurant came in first in the latest Delicious Cuisine Rankings, so it's very popular, but I didn't expect there would be so many people here." Doris was astonished too. Even though she was mentally prepared before she came, she didn't expect there would be so many customers.

Kathy's eyes lit up as she looked up to Harold. "My classmates said the ice cream in this restaurant is super delicious. Father, can I have one ice cream please?"

"If that's what Kathy wants, of course you can," Harold said smilingly. Although he didn't like to line up early in the morning, if Kathy liked it, he would feel much better. After all, he planned to spend the whole day with them.

Harold and his family took their place in the line. They listened to the customers in the two different lines arguing about the savory and sweet tofu puddings. What took most of their attention was the new item released on that day.

This is an interesting restaurant. Harold's acute business sense made him realize this restaurant wasn't ordinary. However, he still didn't feel like eating any breakfast. A glass of water would be better than anything.

The restaurant started its operation, and the customers filed in orderly. Harold was rather surprised that this restaurant which suddenly appeared at the corner of the square had such an elegant and intricate interior decor. After taking his seat, he didn't bother to read the menu as he simply said to the server taking his orders, "I would like to have a helping of your new item, the breakfast set meal."

Chapter 1099 It's Delish!

"Severe stomach ulcers. Hemorrhagic spots have already appeared, and are beginning to progress to stomach cancer." In the kitchen, Mag glanced at Harold in a surprise.

This young man only looked like he was in his thirties, yet he already had such a serious stomach problem. If he didn't treat it properly, it would most likely end in a tragedy.

Mag sighed in his heart. Young people should still care for their health, otherwise their bodies would be worse than those of some 100 years old people.

...

"Alright. What would Madam and the little cutie like to have?" Yabemiya asked Doris and Kathy smilingly.

"I would like to have a youtiao and soybean milk set meal too," Doris answered with a graceful smile before nudging the menu toward Kathy. "Kathy, you can order for yourself whatever you'd like to have."

"I want to have an ice cream," Kathy said without even thinking.

Miya shook her head slightly. "The ice cream is cold and not suitable to be eaten as breakfast. It would hurt your stomach. If little cutie wants to have it, you can eat something else first before having it."

Hurt your stomach. Harold felt as if something had touched his nerves, so he said to Kathy, "Kathy, let's eat something else first."

"Then... I will have the same as Father and Mother," Kathy said after some thought before adding, "And one strawberry ice cream too."

"Sure." Miya nodded before asking, "The soybean milk has two flavors, sweet and savory. Which one would you prefer?"

"The sweet and the savory?" A contemplative look appeared on Harold's face.

"Sweet tofu pudding rules, so the sweet soybean milk must be something super delicious?"

"Savory tofu pudding is the real thing! I choose the savory soybean milk!"

The customers around them were already arguing about the soybean milk's flavors. Although they spoke in hushed voices, they wore serious expressions.

"I would like to have the sweet soybean milk, with less sugar please," Harold answered before asking Doris, "You prefer the savory one, right?"

"Yes. I would like to have savory soybean milk." Doris nodded with a smile in her eyes. Even though they hadn't eaten a meal together for a while, Harold still remembered her preferences.

"I want the sweet one, with lots of sugar," Kathy said, raising her little hand.

"Alright, please wait a moment." Yabemiya nodded smilingly. Then, she looked at Harrison, who was sitting at the same table with Harold and his family.

"Miss Miya, is the soybean milk a limited purchase too?" Harrison asked before Miya could even open her mouth. He saw that the soybean milk looked very similar to the tofu pudding in the menu.

"No, the soybean milk is not limited. You may have as many as you like."

"Okay. Then I will have two youtiao and soybean milk set meals, one set sweet and one set savory, and one helping of sweet tofu pudding. Even though I belong to the sweet tofu pudding gang, I should still venture out of my comfort zone," Harrison said smilingly.

"Alright, your order will be ready soon," Yabemiya replied with a smile, and turned to leave.

Harold observed the surroundings quietly. As a sales person, he always had to entertain customers, so he knew a bit about all the restaurants in Aden Square. He didn't expect a unique one like this to exist.

An elf and a demon sitting on the same table, goblins and dwarves sitting together peacefully too... This was a scene impossible to find somewhere else.

They are lining up so early in the morning just to eat breakfast? These people are so free, Harold thought. Usually, he would already be having his meeting in the company at this time.

"Your youtiao and soybean milk set meals." After a short while, Yabemiya sent the family of three's set meals over and placed them gently on the table.

So this is soybean milk and youtiao? Harold looked at the two golden-brown plait-like things that had oil glistening on their surface. A crispy aroma already greeted his nose. Although there was some glistening oil, they didn't look too oily.

Then, he looked at hot milky-white soup in the white porcelain bowl at the side. This should be the so-called soybean milk. It looked similar to rice soup, and had a faint soy bean fragrance. There was nothing exciting about it.

The 300 copper coins set meal doesn't look like much, Harold thought. It didn't even look as appetising as 30-copper-coins-a-bowl bull-head noodles next door.

"Wow, it's round and fat. This youtiao looks so cute." Kathy already grabbed one piece of youtiao to take a closer look before opening her mouth and biting into it.

"Crack."

A crispy sound rang out.

Kathy's eyes lit up instantly. She chewed and the youtiao got even tastier as she continued. A blissful expression appeared on her face.

"This youtiao is fluffy and crispy. It's so tasty," Kathy said in a surprise after swallowing it in one gulp before taking another big bite again. This was much nicer than the bread she ate every morning.

“Take your time,” Doris reminded her with a smile before picking up her spoon.

The savory soybean milk in front of her seemed to have some sauce added in when compared to the sweet one. There were also some chopped green onions scattered and floating on top. When she stirred with her spoon gently, she could see some seaweed and tiny shrimps.

A savory aroma washed over her together with the fragrance of the soybeans, which made her eyes lit up. She scooped up a spoonful of soybean milk, and put it into her mouth gracefully.

The fragrance of the sauce, the savory aroma, and the freshness of the shrimps were combined perfectly by the soybean milk, and then blossomed together in her mouth.

It triggered the taste buds that didn't have appetite in the morning in an instant.

The soybeans' fragrance was so rich, and the savory touch was just perfect. It flowed down the throat smoothly, and the warm soybean milk became a warm current that flowed all the way down to the stomach. Its warmth made the entire person feel warm.

“Unbelievable scrumptiousness.” Doris couldn't help praising. She raised her head and prompted Harold, “You should taste it too.”

“Is it really that delicious?” Harold didn't quite believe it. He scooped up a spoonful of soybean milk. Steam was rising from it. He blew at it for a while before putting it into his mouth.

The warm soybean milk felt like the rain after a long drought the moment it entered his mouth. It moisturized his dry lips and slightly sourish mouth. The sweet soybeans' fragrance began to spread and wash away the sourish tart taste.

His tired taste buds felt like the grass moistened by the spring rain, and started to slowly awaken.

The sweetness wasn't sickly sweet, and the soybeans' fragrance was even more refreshing.

The warm soybean milk flowed down the throat smoothly. The throat that was hurting from last night's hangover and throwing up felt as if it was soothed by a gentle hand lightly, and the dry and painful sensation disappeared amazingly.

The warm entered the stomach, and banished all tired and painful sensations.

The warm sensation floated around in his stomach, and the discomfort in his stomach became much better.

What an amazing sensation!

After drinking a mouthful of the soybean milk, Harold felt his entire body was smoothed out, and he felt rejuvenated instantly.

He couldn't help sending another scoop of soybean milk into his mouth. He closed his eyes, and felt the beautiful moist feeling intricately before opening his eyes to pick up a youtiao with his chopsticks and bite into it.

“It's delish!”

Chapter 1100 This Was Obviously Another New Medicine

“Crunch.” A crisp sound could be heard when the youtiao was bitten into. The large golden youtiao was actually fluffy and empty on the inside. The more one chewed, the more fragrant it got, and it was not greasy at all.

This reminded Harold of the small fruit biscuits that his mother loved to make when he was young. The thin slices of fruit, after being fried in a pot of oil... It was just as crispy and delectable. The only pity was that he had not had it for more than 10 years, and he would not have the chance to have it in the future anymore.

After swallowing that crispy and fluffy youtiao, a mouthful of soybean milk was simply a perfect match to go with it!

This piping hot breakfast had already made him forget the disdain he had for breakfast previously.

After having the youtiao and soybean milk, his stomach felt warm and fuzzy. It had been a little upset because he'd drunk too much last night, but after this soybean milk and youtiao set, the discomfort had been completely dispelled.

What a wonderful match, what a wonderful breakfast. It seems like there is a need to come for breakfast in the future, Harold thought. After that, he would be heading for his work, which started at 8 am. He really could consider coming over for breakfast before going to work.

He had to admit that Dr. Matthew's words in the morning did have some impact on him.

Kathy was still so young, and Doris had been a full-time housewife for years. If he, the pillar of the family, crumbled, they would have no one to lean on.

He did not want to take medicine, but this youtiao and soybean milk set meal would seem to be a good choice for breakfast every day.

Harrison, who was swallowing his saliva for quite a while at the side, also received his two set meals.

“Wow, this looks very enticing. Which one should I start with?” Harrison was in a dilemma.

Just then, Mag came out of the kitchen with a smile and a knife in his hand, and reminded the customers, “Right, for the customers who have ordered the savory soybean milk, you can perhaps try dipping a small section of the youtiao in the soybean milk. It might taste especially delicious.”

“Boss Mag, why didn't you say so earlier! I'm already done with my food!”

“Well, there's no other choice but to have another set. This savory soybean milk and youtiao is such an addictive combination.”

“The sweet soybean milk is surprisingly delicious! Soybean milk must be sweet, and tofu pudding must be savory. That's the correct combination!”

The restaurant suddenly bustled with excitement. The customers who had finished their food could only quickly order another set as they did not want to miss out on the special way of eating that Mag was talking about.

Harrison, who was still in a dilemma, glanced at the savory soybean milk on his right. Without thinking, he picked up a piece of youtiao and tore off a small part, dipping it in the savory soybean milk. He carefully used a spoon to submerge it completely into the soybean milk. After a while, he scooped a spoonful of soybean milk and drank it.

The savory and aromatic soybean milk was very refreshing. The fragrance of the sauce and the shrimps blended together very nicely, and the dash of spring onions made the savory soybean milk even more refreshing and delectable.

“There is nothing better than having such a scrumptious bowl of savory soybean milk after waking up early in the morning!” Harrison could not help but exclaim. After that, he picked up a piece of youtiao and took a bite.

It was crispy, and the strong fragrance that it had after deep-frying increased the more he chewed it. Its texture was not as tough as ordinary deep-fried doughs. Instead, it was crispy and delicious. On top of that, the hollow interior gave the youtiao an even more interesting texture.

This youtiao is simply a work of art in the world of deep-fried food! It’s not even porous, how did Boss Mag make the interior of the youtiao hollow? This is unbelievable! Harrison could not stop praising the youtiao after taking a few bites.

Let me try this youtiao dipped in savory soybean milk now. Harrison put the youtiao in his hand down, and went for the spoon excitedly to scoop the part of the youtiao that had been submerged in the savory soybean milk. He put the youtiao into his mouth together with half a spoonful of soybean milk.

The crispy youtiao became soft after being dipped in the soybean milk. It had absorbed the fragrance of the savory soybean milk, and it was a different kind of texture and taste when chewed together. It was savory, aromatic, and delectable with the smell of the youtiao. It was indeed an indescribable deliciousness having both together.

“One set meal with three different ways to eat it! Boss Mag is indeed a genius!” Harrison mumbled to himself. He was enjoying his food a lot.

He finished the youtiao and savory soybean milk set very quickly, and his gaze landed on the sweet soybean milk set.

The savory soybean milk surprised him, and that made him less expectant towards the sweet soybean milk.

He picked his spoon up, and scooped a spoonful of sweet soybean milk to drink. The sweetness of the soybean milk was quite refreshing, but since he had just eaten the savory soybean milk, the taste of this sweet soybean milk did not feel as rich and impactful.

However, it was still considered a delicious breakfast combination together with the youtiao.

Although the sweet soybean milk is not bad, this time, I’ve decided to stand on the side of the savory soybean milk! Savory soybean milk and sweet tofu pudding! Harrison finished the two sets very quickly, and he rubbed his belly with satisfaction. This professional breakfast was indeed more refreshing compared to having braised chicken and rice or Yangzhou fried rice for breakfast.

Harold had also finished his breakfast set. The food's quantity was just nice for him. He did not feel too bloated, but that warm feeling in his stomach still made him feel comfortable from head to toe.

"Judging from how many customers are lining up for the food, this owner indeed has some extraordinary culinary skills. Since my stomach feels a lot better after having breakfast, I will come over to have a breakfast set every day," Harold said with a smile to Doris after glancing at the kitchen.

Doris was elated. She quickly nodded, and said, "Sure, that's great."

She had been persuading Harold for many years to make him have breakfast normally. Surprisingly, after having this youtiao and soybean milk set meal today, he actually decided to have breakfast every day. Bringing him to Mamy Restaurant today was a very good decision indeed.

"I've already finished the youtiao and soybean milk. Father, can I have ice cream now?" Kathy asked Harold as she put her spoon down.

"Of course." Harold nodded. He raised his hand to call the service staff to bring Kathy the ice cream that she had been nagging about.

Harold and Doris smiled as they watched the little child licking the ice cream happily. It had been a very long time since the entire family came out for a meal together like this.

Youtiao and soybean milk set meal garnered quite a good response from the public. However, a sweet or savory debate for the soybean milk seemed to be imminent.

Mag decided to ignore that.

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Hmm? The customers who had the youtiao and soybean milk set today seemed to have gotten certain alleviation of pain for their stomach problems. It seems like this soybean milk and youtiao have quite a good effect when it comes to soothing pain and healing digestive problems, Mag thought in the kitchen.

He had taken careful note of the differences in the customers' body condition when they came and left the restaurant. Hence, he was able to deduce the effect of the new product.

This was obviously another new medicine.

I wonder what effect would 'Buddha jumps over the wall' have... Mag started to ponder as he glanced at the huge pot cooking on the stove.