

Stay At home 1151

Chapter 1151: Little Boss, You Are Really Mischievous...

"I..." Elton looked at Amy as he opened his mouth trying to say something.

However, Amy did not give him the chance to say anything as she looked at him and said, "Look at your hands, they are so dirty. I reckon you haven't washed them for years, right? Even Ugly Duckling's paws are cleaner than your hands.

"Also, those dirty clothes, have you not changed your clothes for two winters? But there's also summer in between. It must be because you're too lazy.

"Besides, is it that difficult to wash your face every morning when you wake up? Look at how clean that grandpa's face is. This is the reason why others have a wife."

Elton took three steps back and put his hand over his heart. He felt as though he had been dealt with a heavy blow.

"Father said that the grandma and grandpa cleaners give us a clean Aden Square every day, and it is very cold and very hard on them, so I woke up earlier with the other older sisters and made scrumptious breakfast for everyone. Why would I despise you all for being dirty?" Amy said with a smile to everyone. After that, her gaze landed on Elton and she said with disdain, "But you... are really dirty."

Elton took another three steps back. He felt as though he could not breathe properly anymore.

Many of the cleaners felt bad. *That's true. Mr. Mag and these pretty ladies do not have the duty to do all this, waking up early for us, making breakfast for us, and treating us like the customers in the restaurant. How could we actually not be content?*

Hearing the little girl's words made everyone feel worse. They all looked at Mag.

Old Jack looked at Elton, and solemnly said, "Elton, Mr. Mag has already done so much for us. How can you have the cheek to trouble him even more because of you? Even if Mr. Mag doesn't mind, what about those people dressed up nicely to eat at the restaurant? Would they be willing to spend so much money just to sit where we sat? You make me not want to be in the same team as you."

Old Jack turned to Mr. Mag and apologetically said, "I'm sorry, Mr. Mag. If we've troubled you, there is no need to make breakfast for us in the future. This wasn't part of what you needed to do anyway."

The cleaners all stood up. Although they did not say anything, they were all looking at Elton with disdain.

Realizing that he seemed to have angered everyone, Elton's eyes darted around. He coughed twice and squeezed out a smile as he said, "Actually, I was just kidding, don't... don't take it to heart. I can just sit on the stairs."

After he said that, he quickly escaped to the corner of the stairs and started drinking his porridge with a spoon as he held the bowl in his hand.

Just that tiny piece of meat was enough to make him feel like he had tasted the best food in the world. How could he just let that go?

Mag glanced at Elton, and then smiled at the other cleaners as he said, "Let's continue eating. There's more in the pot."

Upon hearing him say that, the cleaners went back to eat.

"Old Jack, you and the old lady should have your breakfast quickly too. It won't taste nice if it turns cold," Mag said with a smile to Old Jack.

"You're really a good person," Old Jack said with a complicated expression. He brought the old lady over beside the stairs, and started drinking his porridge.

"He is not foolishly kind. Boss Mag is indeed a smart and kind person." Harrison glanced at the cleaners sitting at the stairs, and then at Mag with admiration.

"Yeah. Klout Bakery used to have really good business, but because it provided homeless people with an unlimited supply of food, it ended up closing down within half a month. What's worse is that the owner of the shop even got beaten and crippled by the homeless people. Now he's also homeless," Gjerj said with a nod and sigh.

"Wow! This porridge is really delicious!"

A cleaner put a spoonful of porridge in his mouth. The lean meat that melted in his mouth with the porridge and the unique texture of the century egg were a one-of-a-kind experience.

For someone who usually only drank plain porridge or ate buns without any filling, such a bowl of porridge filled with the fragrance of meat was simply a delicacy.

After swallowing the mouthful of porridge, the warmth slid down the throat, straight into the stomach, and spread all over, making the cold body feel warm from inside out.

"Delicious!"

"I've never had such delicious porridge before!"

The praises started as the cleaners sat on the stairs eating their congee with pork and century egg with their faces brimming with happiness.

The cold was expelled by the warm porridge, and their tiredness also disappeared. The delicious porridge filled the emptiness in their stomach, and turned into energy pumped into their bodies.

Mag smiled when he saw that. Although he had never thought of himself as a good person, he had to admit that doing kind acts would make one feel good.

Yabemiya and the rest also smiled. Although they had to wake up a lot earlier than usual, it still felt good.

"Grumble." Harrison and Gjerj covered their stomachs at the same time, and their gazes fell on the big pot at the side.

“Father, I want to eat that porridge too.” Amy raised her little hand and pointed at the huge pot as she said with certainty, “A big bowl.”

“Alright, I’ll get some for you.” Mag nodded with a smile. He scooped a huge bowl of congee with pork and century egg for Amy, and placed it on the table at the side.

Amy crawled up the chair happily and started drinking the porridge with a spoon.

“Meow~” Ugly Duckling also came running over with its bowl in its mouth, circling around Amy’s chair as it called out to Amy eagerly.

“Save it, Ugly Duckling. It’s not time for your breakfast yet,” Amy replied with a shake of her head as she glanced down at Ugly Duckling.

“Erm, Boss Mag, we came especially early this morning. Can you let us try your new dish too?” Harrison asked with a smile.

Gjerj also looked expectantly at Mag.

Just then, a few other customers came over and saw the cleaners sitting together, and smelled the enticing aroma. They all looked at Mag.

To have a bowl of delicious porridge on such a cold day was simply bliss.

“I’m sorry, it’s not operating hours yet. Please wait for a while. This is today’s new dish. You can order it later when we open later.” Mag shook his head with a smile. It did not seem like there was room for negotiation.

Harrison also knew Mag’s temper and the restaurant’s rules. Seeing Mag shake his head, he did not continue pushing for it, and forced himself not to look at the cleaners. However, he could not help but stare at Amy, who was eating happily.

“Little Boss, is this congee with pork and century egg good?” Harrison asked with a smile.

“Let me show you.” Amy scooped up a century egg and bit into it softly. The century egg dented inwards, and when she let go, it reverted to its original shape. Just like that, Amy bit softly and let go multiple times before finally chewing it up and swallowing it down. After that, she smiled brightly.

“Little Boss, you are really mischievous...” Harrison grumbled grudgingly.

Chapter 1152: The Best Weight For Ducks Used In Roast Ducks Is 5 KG

Customers started coming, forming a long line at the entrance of the restaurant.

“Why do I have to go through such torture early in the morning?”

“I suddenly want to be a cleaner.”

“Is this congee with pork and century egg so good? It looks like I have to change my breakfast menu today.”

The customers in the line were very unhappy and envious.

A slightly plump cleaner finished his bowl of porridge and walked over to the pot with his bowl as he hesitantly asked, "Can... Can I have another sip of porridge?"

"Of course. I've prepared sufficient porridge for everyone. It's enough even if everyone gets a second serving." Mag smiled and nodded. He took the bowl over and scooped some more porridge for him. Porridge was never filling, especially for people like them who had been starving.

"Thank you," that cleaner said gratefully. He held the bowl with both hands and went back to the steps carefully.

When they heard what Mag said, many cleaners came over with their bowl to get a second helping. It was the first time they had tasted such delicious porridge. It would really be a bliss to be able to have another bowl of it.

The porridge was very delicious, and the cleaners finished their two bowls of porridge in no time at all. Old Jack and his wife helped to collect the silverware and lay it neatly on the table at the side.

The cleaners all expressed their gratitude to Mag with a smile on their extra rosy cheeks.

"Burp." Elton let out a satisfied burp. If it were not because he really could not drink any more of the porridge after three bowls, he would have gotten another bowl. He put the bowl casually on the table at the side and glanced into the large pot that still had quite a lot of congee with pork and century egg left inside. His eyes lit up, and he said to Mag with a chuckle, "Erm, Boss Mag, we've already had some of this porridge, so you're going to throw the rest out, right? Why don't you give it to me? I'll bring it back and have it for lunch. Otherwise, it would be such a waste to throw it out."

"The rest is our breakfast. It will not be thrown out." Mag brought the lid over and covered the pot. He calmly told Elton, "I am not as high and mighty as you think, and there is also no need to put yourself down. We are all just ordinary people. My daughter is eating the same food as you had in your bowl. So are all of us."

The cleaners who were about to leave looked at Mag and the cute little girl who was licking her huge bowl, and their eyes suddenly became a little moist.

The customers, who were standing at the side, thought for a while. They initially minded that they had to use the silverware used by the cleaners, but felt a little guilty for thinking that way. Now, they were looking at Mag with admiration.

Elton was dumbfounded for a while. He realized that the mood was a little off. He did not think that a wealthy owner of a restaurant like Mag would actually eat something from the same pot as they ate. Since his little ploy was foiled, Elton embarrassedly said, "I see, then... I won't ask for it. You guys go ahead."

After saying that, he walked away quickly to grab his things and left.

"Mr. Mag. Elton is just like that. He just likes to go for free things, but his character isn't that bad. I hope you don't take it to heart. I will talk to him about it after this," Old Jack told Mag apologetically. He was the first to know Mag, so he would feel a little bad that something like this were to happen.

"It's alright." Mag shook his head and smiled. After that, he looked at everyone and said, "It's still 6.30 am tomorrow morning. Remember to be on time."

After the cleaners showed their appreciation, they left with their tools because there was still a lot of cleaning work waiting for them to do.

However, after having the piping hot congee with pork and century egg, they felt warm and energized all over. They even had more gusto to sweep.

Yabemiya brought the remaining pot of congee with pork and century egg back into the restaurant. The rest followed along after cleaning the silverware up.

"I heard that the breakfast Boss Mag provided for the cleaners at Aden Square is the new product that he is going to launch?"

"Yes, I came early and happened to see it. The cleaners had a great time eating it. One look and I can tell that it's very delicious."

"Boss Mag is such a great person. I must try this congee with pork and century egg later and see how good it is."

The customers started flowing in, and the news of Mag providing the new product as breakfast for the cleaners soon spread all over, spawning quite a few discussions.

Meanwhile, in the restaurant, Mag and the others were indeed having the leftover congee with pork and century egg for breakfast.

"Mm, this porridge is really delicious. It melts in the mouth, and the texture is a little sticky. The fragrance of the meat has completely infused into the porridge, and the century egg does not taste like a duck's egg at all. It's chewy and super delicious!" Yabemiya said with surprise as she moved her mouth and swallowed a mouthful of porridge.

Everyone else was also pleasantly surprised when they tasted the congee with pork and century egg. It was even better than they thought, and the chewy and beautiful century egg gave them a special culinary experience.

"Father, can I have a youtiao? I think it would taste very good with this porridge." Amy raised her hand and got herself another bowl of porridge.

"Who else wants the youtiao, raise your hand," Mag said as he got up to walk to the kitchen.

"I want one, then." Miya raised her hand.

"I want it too." Anna raised her little hand.

"Meow!" Ugly Duckling tried its best to raise one paw.

"No, you do not want it." Amy pressed its paw back down.

"Meow~" Ugly Duckling watched Amy grudgingly. Its aggrieved look made one pity it.

Amy lowered her head and seriously asked it, "You can't wait to grow up, huh? I heard from Father that the best weight for the ducks used in roast duck is five kilos."

Ugly Duckling stared wide-eyed at her and quickly shook its head hard as it retreated to Anna's side, hiding quickly behind Anna.

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Outside the restaurant, the customers had already formed a long line, making the corner of the desolate square look very lively.

"Please make way." Just then, a black horse-drawn carriage stopped in front of the restaurant.

Adams jumped out from the horse-drawn carriage and told the driver, "Take the things out."

"Yes." The driver went into the carriage and brought out a long board covered with a red cloth carefully.

"What is this?"

The customers in the line all looked at the long board that was taller than a person. *What is this person going to do?*

Adams adjusted his armor and walked to the restaurant's door. He reached out, knocked, and loudly said, "Boss Mag, please open up for a while. There's something I want to pass to you."

Mag, who just came out from the kitchen with the youtiao, heard him and put the youtiao on the table. He motioned for the ladies to start eating first before going to open the door. When he saw Adams and the driver, who was carrying the long board, he was puzzled.

Chapter 1153: Congratulations On Earning The Title "Master of Hair Growth"!

Adams had donned gold and silver armor, quickly reminding Mag that he was the first customer to order 'Buddha jumps over the wall' the day before. He even seemed very excited after trying the dish.

However, he still had a head full of hair just the day before, and his hair was so short he seemed almost bald today. He could only see very sparse and short hair.

Indeed, some people appear glamorous, but in reality, his hair was probably almost gone under that wig, Mag thought. However, what was he doing early in the morning with someone and also this suspicious-looking object?

"Boss Mag, I... I am here to gift you this memorial tablet," Adams said agitatedly.

"Memorial tablet?" Mag raised his eyebrows. *Is he here to cause trouble early in the morning? Why is he here to give me a tablet? Isn't that a bit too much?*

The other customers all looked over when they heard that. This young man looked pretty handsome and jovial, but from what he said, could he be here to cause trouble?

“No, no, I said it wrong, it’s a signboard, a signboard as a token of appreciation!” Adams quickly realized his mistake and shook his head. He turned around to pull the red cloth off the long signboard, revealing a glimmering gold signboard made of pure gold.

“Master of Hair Growth!”

Harrison, who was lining up right at the front, blurted out.

Mag looked at the glimmering gold signboard and the four big words made from pure gold. His jaw dropped, and he had no idea what to say for a moment.

The regulars in the line looked at the newly sprouted short hair on Adams’s head, then at the glimmering signboard, and they suddenly seemed to have understood what was going on.

“Erm, I really can’t accept this.” Mag shook his head. He ran a restaurant; where would he hang a signboard that said “Master of Hair Growth”?

What if others learned from Adams, and sent him flags with “Miracle Healer” or “Gynaecology Expert”?

“Your unique creation has changed my life. This signboard is just a token of appreciation. If you can’t even accept this, no one else in this world can. Please do accept it,” Adams said with sincerity. He got someone to make it for him yesterday, and made sure to personally send it over this morning so that he could express his gratitude.

“Boss Mag, just accept it. Look at this signboard, it’s bright and shiny. It would be very eye-catching if you hung it at the door. It would also help to raise the restaurant’s reputation,” Harrison said with a chuckle.

“That’s right, Boss Mag. He did it so that he could thank you. You’ve done a good deed, so just accept it,” someone else chimed in quickly.

“Should I also make a signboard for Boss Mag as a token of my appreciation?” Gjerj said thoughtfully as he looked at the signboard.

“Boss Mag, please accept it.” Adams was very sincere.

Mag fell silent for a while as he looked at Adams’s sincere face and listened to the other customers’ words. He thought that he should not refuse anymore, so he nodded unwillingly and said to Adams, “It would not be very nice for me to reject it, since it’s your sincerity, but accepting this signboard doesn’t mean I will hang it up. I will keep this and treasure it well.”

Adams was a little disappointed when he heard Mag say that he would not hang it up, but he quickly smiled again, nodding, and said, “Sure. Boss Mag, you decide what you want to do with it. It’s alright as long as you are willing to accept my sincerity.”

“You’re too polite.” Mag nodded. He heaved a sigh in relief secretly. If Adams were to make him hang this signboard up there, then Mamy Restaurant might end up as Mamy Hair Growth Shop.

“I’ll get him to bring that signboard in for you. It’s a little heavy.” Adams moved to the side to let the driver in.

“That won’t be necessary. I will bring it in myself.” Mag received the signboard from the driver. This signboard felt as though it was made from pure gold, so it was indeed quite heavy. If he were to hang it outside, he reckoned it would probably be stolen by the second day. “Then I will go back to have my meal. I still have to send Amy to school later.”

As he said that, he turned to walk into the restaurant with the signboard in his arms.

“Go back first,” Adams told the driver as he walked right to the end of the line.

So Young Master Adams’s hair started growing because he ate Boss Mag’s ‘Buddha jumps over the wall’. The only thing that we don’t know is if he has any connections to Boss Mag. A middle-aged man in the line watched as Adams joined the line, and thought, If I were to tell Old Master Charny about this, there might be some progress with the business plan I was talking to him about. I heard that he had been deeply concerned about his hair loss problems when he was young.

All the women sitting at the table stared when Mag came back carrying a shining golden signboard after going out for a while.

“Father, what is that?” Amy asked curiously.

Miya read the words on the signboard and curiously asked, “Master of Hair Growth? What title is that?”

Mag looked at all the curious faces, and explained, “A customer gave it to me. He said that I changed his life, so he gave me this signboard as a token of appreciation.”

“Then why don’t you hang it outside so everyone can see it?” Anna asked curiously.

“Don’t you think that it’s weird for a restaurant to have a ‘Master of Hair Growth’ signboard?” Babla said as she looked at the signboard.

“Yes, we’re a restaurant, after all. It’s not nice to reject a customer’s kind thoughts, but this signboard really isn’t suitable for hanging at the door.” Mag nodded in agreement. He carried the signboard to the stairs as he said, “Continue eating, I’ll bring this up.”

Just then, the system sounded in Mag’s head. “Ding! Congratulations on receiving the title ‘Master of Hair Growth’ and activating the hidden mission: hair loss has a negative impact on a person physically and mentally. As the candidate for the God of Cookery, you need to have a caring heart and help those who are deeply troubled by hair loss problems so that they can regain their head of luscious hair and start their life anew. You have to help 30 people with hair loss problems say goodbye to their hair loss troubles in three days! Mission success: you’ll gain the recipe for Steamed Fish Head with Diced Hot Red Peppers! Mission failure: the host will become irreversibly bald. Mission progress: 6/30.”

“F*ck!” Mag almost blurted out.

“System, that’s such vicious punishment. What’s with becoming bald!” Mag rolled his eyes.

“Saving a bald is better than building a seven-story pagoda. Host, good luck!” the system encouraged before disappearing completely.

“F*ck.” Mag looked at the signboard in his arms, and suddenly had the urge to hang it up. After all, he had only helped six people with hair loss problems after two days of launching ‘Buddha jumps over the wall’. Who knew when he would be able to finish with the remaining 24?

Chapter 1154: System Learning In Progress...

After suppressing the urge to hang the “Master of Hair Growth” signboard, Mag threw the signboard into a corner on the third floor, settled himself, and went down for breakfast before sending Amy to school.

When he left, Mag took special notice of the ratio of bald customers lining up outside. He took a quick glance and saw that there were only two middle-aged balding customers in the line other than Adams when balding people could be seen so often around.

“Hair loss is such a depressing problem.” Mag sighed and pedaled on the bicycle as he sent Amy to school.

As he passed by Find All Job-Finding Service, the owner of the place, Crease, happened to be watering the plants outside.

“Goodmorning, Mr. Nest,” Amy greeted with a smile.

“Good morning, Little Boss,” Crease replied a little helplessly as he looked up.

Mamy Restaurant had already become the hottest restaurant in Chaos City during this period of time, so he had also gone over to try the food there once. Although the job-finding service brought in quite a lot of income for him, he still could not bear to fork out a few hundred or a few thousand copper coins for a meal, so he had only gone over once.

Mag also smiled and nodded at Crease. His gaze was on Crease’s head for a while. What a perfect balding person. It would be perfect if he could go over to have ‘Buddha jumps over the wall’ just once.

“Ding! System warning. Do not actively approach customers, otherwise it will be considered going against the rules, and that will amount to immediate failure!” Before Mag could even say anything, the system’s voice already sounded in Mag’s head.

“System, isn’t that too much? Basic advertising doesn’t go against trading rules. What rights do you have to say that I’m not allowed to promote my products?!” Mag frowned.

“Host, as a candidate for the God of Cookery, how can you do things like soliciting customers? This is not to be expected of someone your level.”

“Are you looking down on women who make their keep with their own bodies?” Mag said seriously.

“What did they do wrong? Aren’t they also working for their keep?”

“I remember that there was a little alley where a lot of young ladies lived back in the day. They would always stand at the door to chill, and they were very welcoming. They would always invite me to their house to play. What wonderful young ladies. But because there were too many people who wanted to

make the place rise to become a big city, the alley was gone, and so were the welcoming young ladies. Tell me, is this right?" Mag continued.

"Isn't welcoming a word with positive connotations in the human language, system? Why then would they be chased away?"

"System searching..."

"No information in the database..."

"No answer to the question. Engaging machine learning mode!"

"System learning in progress..."

Mag was still waiting for the system's reply when the string of words floated across his mind.

What a knowledge-seeking system. Mag raised his brow. No one knew how long it would take the system this time.

"Mr. Nest, why don't you eat the 'Buddha jumps over the wall' from our restaurant?" Amy already asked curiously before Mag could say anything. "That way, your hair will be able to grow out!"

Hair will be able to grow out! Crease's eyes lit up immediately. He looked at Amy in surprise, and said, "Little Boss, is that true? After eating that 'Buddha jumps over the wall', my hair will be able to grow out?"

"Yes. There are already a lot of uncles and big brothers without hair who started growing hair after eating the 'Buddha jumps over the wall' from our restaurant." Amy nodded, and added, "But Mr. Nest, you have to come at night because the 'Buddha jumps over the wall' is only available at night."

"Alright, alright, alright! I will definitely go!" Crease nodded quickly. If there was anything in this world that he cared about more than earning money, it would be the fact that his hair was thinning.

As he watched the bald patch at the crown of his head expand and treasured the remaining hair he had left every day, the sudden news of being able to solve his problem was really a surprise to him.

Mag looked at Amy, who had already closed the deal, in shock. He did not think that Amy had already done it without him saying a word. It seemed like this little fellow was pretty good at business.

Judging from Crease's eagerness to go to Mamy Restaurant, this customer could basically be counted in the hair-growing group. Mag continued on towards Amy's school on his bicycle.

As he walked Amy into the school, Mag could immediately see a few bald and balding heads. This was indeed the place for bookworms, especially the College of Physics. There were a few youngsters with obvious receding hairlines engaging in a heated debate as they shook their heads and their hair flew everywhere.

"This place is brimming with potential." Mag's eyes lit up. It was a pity there was no College of Computer Science here. Otherwise, he would probably just need to shout at the entrance of the college, and the students and teachers there would fill the entire restaurant.

Mag already thought of a backup plan.

The moment Amy entered the magic classroom, Krassu smilingly said to her, "After some discussion with Urien, we have decided that since little Amy wants to go on a break so much, we will give you a long holiday. Five days before and after Peace Day, so it will be a total of 10 days."

"Really?!" Amy's eyes lit up instantly.

"Of course. When did I ever lie to you?" Krassu nodded with a smile.

"Thank you, Master Krassu!" Amy pounced into Krassu's embrace all at once, and then turned back to look at Mag as she happily said, "Father, I can go on a holiday too!"

"Mm-hm. Amy is going on a holiday too," Mag said with a smile. It seemed like Krassu and Urien were very concerned about what Amy wanted. Although she could not go on a 30-day-long holiday like normal students, a 10-day holiday was good enough.

When Mag returned to the restaurant, it was soon the time for breakfast operating hours.

The news of Adams sending the signboard over soon spread quickly, and the rumor that 'Buddha jumps over the wall' could cure hair loss was once again proven to be true, which became a topic for discussion.

Everyone knew a person or two going through hair loss problems. Since there was such a cure available, it would be highly recommended even if it was a little more expensive.

After the morning operating hours, Mag brought the lounge chair out since the weather was quite good. He laid it out and got ready to take a little nap while basking under the sun.

"Mr. Mag, I hope I didn't disturb your rest." Suddenly, a gentle voice sounded.

Mag opened his eyes and sat up. He looked at Gloria and shook his head with a smile, saying, "It's alright. I just lay down. Do you have anything for me?"

"Yes, there is something that I want to hear your opinion on, so I came so abruptly and disturbed you." Gloria nodded.

"Then let's sit over there to talk. I'll get a pot of tea." Mag stood up and motioned Gloria to seat over at the side while he turned to walk into the restaurant.

Chapter 1155: The Isolated And Defenseless Underground Cavern

A pot of black tea was sitting over the small stove as it boiled. The warm winter sun shone down on them. Mag leaned comfortably in the wooden chair, and looked at Gloria with a smile as he asked, "Miss Gloria, what do you want to talk to me about?"

"It's like this. Because of my family, I am still a board member in the Chamber of Commerce, but just two days ago, my grandfather suddenly approached me and said that my uncle, Cyril, wanted to vote me out of the board in the year-end celebration a few days later, and he had already contacted most of the board members for that.

"Although I don't really care about being a board member, my grandfather said that if I couldn't hold onto my position with my own capabilities, I would be eliminated from the list of candidates. If I

managed to keep my spot, the inheritance that he had divided out for me to run would become mine forever.

“Tell me, what should I do?” Gloria asked Mag helplessly.

This is a rich family inheritance soap drama, Mag lamented on the inside. Although one could consider him to have been born rich in his previous life, because he was an only child, there had been no drama involving a fight for inheritance.

Because it was the Chamber of Commerce, other than Gloria, Mag did not fancy anyone from the Moreton Family. He did not think the assertive president or the sore loser Cyril were decent people.

He had sworn to overthrow the Chamber of Commerce and teach the people who set all the absurd rules a lesson.

Miss Scheer could be considered one of his pawns in his grand scheme of things, while Miss Gloria, who was slowly revealing her business capabilities and slowly aiming for the Moreton Family inheritance, was his backup.

Of course, when he decided to help Gloria back then, he did not expect things to be so complicated. He only took it that he was giving a friend a helping hand.

Now that Blue Suede Fashion was growing rapidly, the production line became increasingly perfect because of Mag’s suggestion to move towards a more efficient assembly line, and productivity also increased. Now, they had already obtained a vast piece of land in the Northern part of the city where they would build their new factory.

Gloria had shown great talent and judgement in business operations, and that wowed Mag. However, she was still a little too new when it comes to solving some daily matters.

“Judging from your grandfather’s change in attitude, I think he might have changed his views on the inheritor. If you can complete this mission, you might be able to vie for the spot with your uncle on a fair and levelled playing ground.

“However, since he dared to bring this up to your grandfather directly, he must have already garnered enough votes from the board members. Besides, he had been the sole inheritor of the Moreton Family for several years, so there should be more people who would think that he will end up as the inheritor of the Moreton Family.

“So, there is not much point in trying to convince the board members now. Your grandfather might be able to influence some of them, and make them judge fairly, but in such a short span of a few days, you won’t be able to come up with anything to convince those board members, either,” Mag analyzed.

“So what should I do?” Gloria asked Mag. That was precisely why she felt like there was nothing she could do and came to him for advice.

“You could meet Miss Scheer. In the four major families of the Chamber of Commerce, other than the Moreton Family, the Buffett Family might be the most powerful. If she could stand at your side, there might be a different ending to this,” Mag said.

“Miss Scheer?” Gloria was slightly stunned. She shook her head, and said, ‘Miss Scheer and my grandfather are on bad terms because of the presidential election. She would definitely not take my side.”

“You won’t know until you try,” Mag said with a smile as he poured a cup of black tea and put it in front of Gloria.

Gloria watched Mag’s encouraging gaze and fell silent for a while before nodding her head. “Mm-hm. I will give it a shot. Even if I fail, I still have to give it a try.”

Gloria left after finishing her cup of tea.

Mag enjoyed his tea alone for a while. He did not feel sleepy, so after clearing his tea set, he rode out on his bicycle. He had not received news about the elves for two days.

“It seems like the situation is a little tough for the Night Elves. I wonder if things are going smoothly for Firis and the others.” Mag, who had changed into his clothes after coming out from the little alley, had his brows tightly knotted.

He had spent quite a sum of gold coins on the latest news. The Wind Forest side had already surrounded all the underground caverns of the Night Elves. There had been several attacks launched on the defenses of the underground caverns. Although the terrain was to the Night Elves’ advantage, the Wind Forest won in manpower and numbers. Now, the final line of defense for the Night Elves depended solely on Irina.

Although the goblins lent the underground caverns to the Night Elves, they did not have the intention to be involved in this war, so they had never given any form of help to the Night Elves.

Right now, the underground caverns were like an isolated and defenseless island. Everyone was basically sure that this rebellion would be settled very quickly. Even under Irina’s lead, the Night Elves were just too weak to even nudge the governance of the Wind Forest.

“I must find a way to provide more help for Irina,” Mag muttered to himself. On his way back, Mag stopped by the blacksmith’s shop. As he entered, he could hear the sound of metal moulding coming from the back.

“What are you doing here, Boss Mag?” Just as Mag walked to the entrance of the forging room, Mobai looked up at him in surprise.

“I have been thinking about some things regarding cannons that I wish to talk to you about,” Mag said with a smile.

Upon hearing that, Mobai’s eyes lit up. He put the heavy hammer in his hand down with a chuckle, and said, “Then let’s talk outside. I happen to have some questions I need to ask you.

“I’ve already made a cannon based on your previous suggestion, but I don’t know why the cannonball would often explode inside the barrel, causing it to be damaged. The cannon cannot be fired and no damage is done. Besides, the power of cannonball cannot be increased further in the limited volume. I’ve done some calculations. A cannonball can only be deadly to 3rd-tier magic beasts,” Mobai said with a frown as he opened up a piece of paper.

Mag glanced at the paper, and asked, “Where’s the barrel?”

“It’s at the workshop out of town. I was afraid that it would be dangerous to try it out, so I built a workshop in a plain around five kilometers away from Chaos City,” Mobai answered.

“If it’s convenient for you, please bring me over in the afternoon. There are many requirements for the barrel in order to make a cannon. As for the reason for the cannonball exploding in the barrier, I will only be able to tell after taking a look. I also have some thoughts about increasing the power of the cannonball, but we can discuss it when we see the cannon later,” Mag told Mobai.

“Alright, then I’ll bring you over in the afternoon.” Mobai quickly nodded.

Chapter 1156: I Didn’t Know That There Is Such A Marvellous Restaurant

After the lunch service was over, Mag followed Mobai out of the city.

Mobai’s artillery workshop was built in a plain that was five kilometers away from the city. Its surroundings were very desolate, and yellow mud was present everywhere. A courtyard made of yellow mud stood there awkwardly.

“I have bought all the land here, so nobody is going to come here. Hence, we can do any experiments we like,” Mobai said to Mag with a smile as he stopped the horse-drawn carriage they were in.

“This is rather nice. I guess the founding fathers who made the two bombs and one satellite had to struggle in such a difficult environment in exchange for world peace too¹.” Mag stood on the shaft and observed the surroundings. The plain that was experiencing severe desertification did resemble the Great Northwest.

“Come on in.” Mobai tethered the horse before unlocking the big lock on the courtyard and walked in.

Mag leaped down the carriage and followed him into the courtyard.

A strong smell of gunpowder greeted his nose the very moment he entered the courtyard. Iron ore was strewn around, and there were two cannons placed in a corner. They already looked like the cannons from the 16th century.

“Have a look, Boss Mag, these are the two cannons that I made two days ago. I have done some adjustments as the barrels were blasted off previously.” Mobai led Mag toward the cannons in the corner.

Although Mag graduated from Mechanical Design, he wasn’t specialized in the manufacturing of firearms, and had never studied advanced artillery in detail. Hence, he could only give advice from the professional mechanical angle on the two cannons’ manufacturing process. For example, changing the quenching method to increase the cannon barrel’s heat resistance, burnish the interior of the barrel, and thicken the barrel.

Furthermore, Mag had made a further improvement on the structure of the cannon—from the primitive launch by ignition to impact ignition to fire the cannon.

His teacher had used a World War II German cannon as a case study in class then, and he still remembered the structure diagram and parameters. However, whether they could reach the technological level of that standard would all depend on Mobai.

Mobai stared at that new blueprint in awe and said, "What an ingenious design! Boss Mag, you are such a genius!"

"I am only standing on the shoulders on the forebears." Mag smiled and shook his head.

"Is there anyone else studying firearms too?" Mobai asked Mag curiously.

"Currently speaking, only you and me." Mag shook his head.

"Boss Mag is actually willing to show me such a complete idea. I really don't know how to thank you." Mobai held that drawing as if it was a treasure.

"I can give you the blueprint free of charge, but I want to make a deal with you. You can only accept my orders after you make this cannon successfully, and you cannot pass the manufacturing technology and the blueprint to a third person," Mag said to Mobai seriously.

"Boss Mag wants to own cannons too?" Mobai gazed at Mag, stunned.

"If the peace treaty can't continue, this world will be plunged into chaos again. An ordinary person like me needs some form of self-defense," Mag said with a smile.

"I see. Don't worry, Boss Mag. There would definitely be plenty of people protecting you given your culinary skills. Furthermore, you still have Lord Krassu and Lord Urien." Mobai said with a smile. "But, I will agree to all your conditions. No matter how many of them you need in the future, just say it. My target is that evil dragon, and I don't intend to earn money with the cannons."

Mag nodded slightly. That was also why he chose to give the artillery technology to Mobai.

"Apart from cannons, I also want you to custom-make a batch of landmines¹..." Mag continued.

An hour later, Mag went back to the restaurant in Mobai's horse-drawn carriage.

"You can stop now, Big Orc. Go back early today. We will halt this batch of orders first. From tomorrow onward, you will follow me to the workshop outside of the city first. We need to rush out a new batch of orders," Mobai said to Lulu, who was smashing with his hammer, when he returned to the workshop.

"Hehe. Okay." Lulu wiped away his sweat and continued to beat the iron into a sword mold before putting down the hammer and left.

...

"Are you telling the truth? Adams' hair regrew because he ate a bowl of 'Buddha jumps over the wall' from that restaurant? Adams even specially went to give him a signboard today?" Charney asked a middle-aged man in a shock in the Gould Manor.

"Yes. I saw with my own eyes that Young Master Adams delivered that signboard to that Mamy Restaurant's Boss Mag personally today. It wrote 'Master of Hair Growth'." That middle-aged man quickly nodded before saying in a deep voice, "Moreover, I heard a piece of information that 'Buddha

jumps over the wall' not only helps hair to grow, it also has the effect of improving the power of the knights. A knight had advanced to the 2nd-tier immediately after he drank a bowl of 'Buddha jumps over the wall'."

"You are saying that Adams could advance to 4th-tier overnight because he drank that 'Buddha jumps over the wall'?" Charney raised his voice, feeling a little ridiculous. "How would there be a soup like this in this world? It would have been a miracle drug, right?"

"Looks like you have never heard of Mamy Restaurant. It is a rather legendary restaurant. The delicacies that Boss Mag made are not only tasty, most of them have certain unusual effects.

"For example, the tofu pudding that women in Chaos City have already acknowledged as the holy item for enhancing their beauty. Eating it frequently would not only moisturize the skin and remove the wrinkles, but also remove scars and spots that even the magic casters couldn't remove. The effect of the 'Buddha jumps over the wall' has already been verified by a few customers who have eaten it, so I think it is true," the middle-aged man said smilingly, and he was very confident when he talked about Boss Mag.

"Mamy Restaurant. I didn't know that there is such a marvellous restaurant." Charney pondered.

Yesterday's events had made him lose face. However, since they had already set up the 10-year agreement, he also wasn't too upset, nor regretted giving Adams another 10 years.

He didn't want Adams to hate him for the rest of his life. The Moreton Family was a good example. He could afford to wait for 10 years.

However, he was indeed very curious how Adams managed to make his hair grow again.

But, yesterday's situation was rather awkward, and he couldn't humble himself to ask Adams. Hence, this gentleman had provided him with very valuable information.

Hair growth was never too late for any age group.

Charney shook the middle-aged man's hand. "Thank you for providing me with a very important piece of information. I remember you talked to my secretary about a collaboration, right? You can tell me about your plans again..."

...

"Okay. Everyone can go back earlier today." Crease had hurried the store assistants home even before it was five o'clock.

"What's wrong with the miser today? Why is he letting us go off so early?" the store assistants mumbled as they stared at Crease who had rushed away.

Chapter 1157: Hair Care Day Promotion

At the entrance of the Mercenaries' Guild, a young knight flexed his biceps to his teammates, and then punched hard into the test machine at the side.

"Bam!"

A dull thud resounded.

A red line slowly rose up, and stopped at the position of 2nd-tier.

“Did you guys see that? I ate a helping of ‘Buddha jumps over the wall’ the day before yesterday, and then I advanced. See, I am now a true 2nd-tier knight,” that young knight said excitedly.

“Damn! You really advanced?”

“Impossible. How did you manage to advance? You are the loser as deemed by the captain.”

“Is this broken thing malfunctioning?”

All the mercenaries were stunned as they stared at the red line in disbelief. Someone even began to check the machine.

“It’s true. I haven’t told anyone yet.” The young knight looked very sure of himself. Then, he said to the scarred knight standing at the side, “Boss, can you bring me along for the next mission? I have already been sweeping the floors for three months.”

“Whenever you are stabilized in your tier, you can follow us on the mission.” The scarred knight glanced at the red line before he left.

“Yeah!” The young knight clenched his fists excitedly. He had finally made it.

“Boss, where are we going for dinner tonight?” the mercenaries asked as they caught up with him.

“Mamy Restaurant,” the scarred knight said calmly, but a blazing flame began to light up in his eyes.

“Are we going to eat that ‘Buddha jumps over the wall’ too? Is it true that we can advance after we eat it?” The eyes of all mercenaries lit up when they heard it, and they began to ask the young knight about ‘Buddha jumps over the wall’.

The news of the amazing effect of ‘Buddha jumps over the wall’ quickly began to spread within the balding community and the knight community. It still attracted many people to check it out curiously.

...

“Oh my heavens. Boss Mag’s business is so good that it’s unbelievable.” Crease thought he would be early. He gulped when he saw the line with over 200 people at the entrance.

He took a quick glance, and there were many people wearing the city lord’s castle’s and Gray Temple’s uniforms. Crease didn’t have to give it much thought before he went to join the end of the line. For hair growth, lining up was nothing.

A luxurious horse-drawn carriage stopped at the restaurant’s entrance. The driver opened the door, and Charney came out. He was shocked to see the long line too. He asked in astonishment, “Why are there so many people?”

“You have no idea. Mamy Restaurant is the most popular restaurant in Chaos City now. Hundreds of people come to have their meals here every day. The business is always this brisk.” The middle-aged

man who told him the news followed him out of the carriage. He laughingly said, “My lord, we have come a little too late. Let’s go and line up at the back.”

“Line up?” Charney furrowed his brows and shook his head. “I never wait for others. How much money do we need to pay to enter? Pay and we will get in, or at least stand at the very front.”

“Aiyoh. That would not do.” The middle-aged man tugged onto Charney’s sleeves, and nervously said, “The rules of this restaurant clearly state that we have to line up to go in. We will be blacklisted if we jump the line, and paying money wouldn’t get us in early.”

Charney frowned with displeasure as he said, “This restaurant has so many rules? Does it have a very strong backer? Even I can’t cut the line?”

The middle-aged man whispered, “See those two people at the very front of the line? The one on the left with white beard is the Lord of Fire, Krassu. The one on the right is Lord of Ice, Urien. The person who is behind them is the deputy lord of the Gray Temple. The one who is standing at the center left is the city lord’s daughter, and the city lord’s wife is behind her. Further down—”

“Alright. Let’s go and line up at the back,” Charney interrupted him with a complex expression. He alighted from the horse-drawn carriage and walked toward the very end of the line.

He saw many familiar faces in the line. Their status and power were all superior to his. He really couldn’t afford to cut the line.

What kind of otherworldly restaurant was this? Even the lady of the city who seldom ventured out of the castle was in the line.

Moreover, this boss was a formidable person. He simply kept his doors closed, and let all these big shots stand in line and wait.

As long as one lived on the Norland Continent, they would definitely have heard the rumors about the two legendary great magic casters.

“Boss Mag’s daughter is the disciple of Lord Krassu and Lord Urien,” the middle-aged man added.

“They are indeed two giant backers,” Charney lamented. With the two legends around, nobody would dare to come and seek trouble.

Ding!

Yabemiya opened the door and came out. She hung a sign on the door before she went back in and closed the door.

“Hair Care Day Promotion: today, the restaurant will reserve 25 helpings of ‘Buddha jumps over the wall’ for paying customers who have hair loss problems. Please show the service staff your hair loss symptoms when placing your orders.”

The customer standing at the very front read it out loudly.

“Hair Care Day? What festival is this? Why have I never heard of it before?”

“Boss Mag is so kind. I was worried that I wouldn’t be able to have it today.”

“Isn’t this a little unfair to people like us who don’t have hair loss problems?”

“Seems like this ‘Buddha jumps over the wall’ really can make hair regrow again! This is simply fantastic!!!”

The customers started to discuss among themselves after they heard that. Those customers, who came for ‘Buddha jumps over the wall’ because of hair loss problems were ecstatic. They had been worried that they wouldn’t be able to eat it.

“Looks like this ‘Buddha jumps over the wall’ is indeed very popular.” Charney began to feel nervous. He stretched out his neck to look ahead, counting the number of bald heads in front of him.

“Father, what are you doing here?” Right at this moment, a voice spoke up from the side.

Charney was surprised as he turned, and saw Adams who was suddenly standing next to him. He smiled awkwardly, but swiftly pointed at the middle-aged businessman. “We came here to discuss our business. We heard that this restaurant is good, so we came to try it out. What are you doing here, Adams?”

“I always come to this restaurant for my meals. I am also eating my dinner here tonight,” Adams said with a smile.

Smiling, Charney said, “In this case, have your meal with us. We have not eaten together for a long time as father and son.”

“Won’t I be disturbing your business discussion?” Adams was a little hesitant.

“It’s fine, Young Master Adams. We are already done. It will be my honor to have dinner with you,” that middle-aged man chimed in with a smile.

“Alright, then I will line up behind you.” Adams nodded and stood behind them.

Mag opened the restaurant’s door at five o’clock sharp, and smilingly said, “Welcome to Mamy Restaurant.”

The customers filed in orderly. He began to smile as he looked at the information about the customers plagued by different levels of hair loss that kept scrolling upwards in the Omniscient Door.

He glanced at the “System learning in progress...” in his mind again and smiled even brighter.

Chapter 1158: Host, You Are So Naughty!

The effect of the “Hair Care Day” notice was very positive. Those customers who had not been very convinced initially were sure now. Even though it hurt to spend 10,000 copper coins, it was nothing compared to having hair again.

“Miss Miya, look at my hair line. It has already receded back for half a finger joint.”

“Miss Miya, his condition is not a big deal. See, the top of my head has no hair at all.”

“Miss Miya, look at my bald head. Isn’t it big and round?”

The customers began to prove that they were having hair loss problems with all they had. Yabemiya was shocked by them.

Some of them might look normal, but in fact half of their hair was fake.

The 25 bowls of 'Buddha jumps over the wall' that were reserved for people with hair loss problems were all taken very soon. Mag had made two urns of 'Buddha jumps over the wall' today, so the rest would be first come, first serve.

A bulky knight with a big beard sat down, and said to Miya, "I heard that you guys have a kind of soup that could increase a person's power after drinking it. Does it really exist? Give me eight to 10 bowls of it first."

Yabemiya flipped the menu open and placed it in front of the knight with a smile as she said, "Our restaurant only has one soup, 'Buddha jumps over the wall', but I am not sure if your power will increase after drinking it. Here is the menu, dear customer. You can have a look first. Everyone is only allowed to order one bowl of 'Buddha jumps over the wall'. If you want it, I can order it for you."

"Only one bowl?" Lev frowned as his gaze landed on the menu. 'Buddha jumps over the wall'—10,000 copper coins for a helping.

"???"

Lev blinked again to make sure he didn't count some zeroes extra. He raised his head to ask Miya, "Did you guys make a mistake in the menu?"

"There is no mistake in the menu." Miya shook her head.

"Erm... This..." Lev felt around in his pockets, and an awkward expression appeared on his face. He hesitantly asked, "Can I buy half a helping?"

Miya shook her head. "I'm sorry. This restaurant doesn't sell half a helping."

Lev looked even more embarrassed. He only had 5,000 copper coins in all of his pockets. Who in their right mind would bring so much money out for a meal? Moreover, he had just come back from a mercenary mission, and heard about this incident at the Mercenaries's Guild. He was stuck at the 5th-tier for four years with no hope of further advancement. Thus, he wanted to try it immediately.

Lev removed his sword after he pondered and said to Miya, "Erm... Then, do you guys accept credit? I will leave my sword here, and I will come back for it tomorrow."

"I am sorry. Mamy Restaurant only accepts cash as payment. We don't accept credit or impawning." Miya shook her head and smiled. "You can look at the other dishes on the menu. They, too, are very delicious."

Lev would have flared up if he had been at some other restaurant that rejected all his requests, but this lady server was smiling during the entire interaction, and her demeanor was very polite, so he wasn't angry at all. Instead, he was embarrassed that he didn't bring enough money and caused trouble for her.

He retrieved his gaze away from the 'Buddha jumps over the wall' unwillingly, and then looked at the other dishes. He ordered a helping of red braised pork and one small grilled fish.

“Miss Miya, we’d like to have six helpings of ‘Buddha jumps over the wall’ here.” The young knight who had been boasting to his friends at the guild’s entrance earlier waved and placed an order with a smile.

“My heavens! This ‘Buddha jumps over the wall’ costs 10,000 copper coins for a helping.” A team member flipped the menu open, and his eyes almost popped out when he saw the price.

The other mercenaries looked over when they heard him. They all looked shocked when they saw the price.

Their mercenary unit was only a small contingent, so they normally would only accept missions that were not too difficult or dangerous. Therefore, accordingly, their pay wasn’t high.

Furthermore, they liked to drink alcohol and gamble at the gambling dens. Hence, they wouldn’t have so much money to buy a bowl of soup, even though that soup could increase their power.

The leader of the mercenaries also looked hesitant after he glanced at the menu.

“Haha. To celebrate my advancement today, I am giving you all a treat. Order whatever you like. Everything in this restaurant is very scrumptious,” the young knight said smilingly.

Bowl after bowl of ‘Buddha jumps over the wall’ was carried out and sent to the customers. The restaurant was filled with that amazing aroma.

“M-my hair. Is it growing out?”

“Mama Mia! I have hair!!!”

“I have advanced!!!”

There were frequent exclamations from customers with hair loss and knights in the restaurant. Even though the restaurant forbade noises, most of the customers were willing to overlook it as they were happy events. Some customers even congratulated them.

Another one advanced. This ‘Buddha jumps over the wall’ really can advance a knight’s power. Lev extended his neck to look around; even the red braised pork in front of him couldn’t hold his attention. He was surprised yet worried.

“Erm... Can you reserve a bowl of ‘Buddha jumps over the wall’ for me, please? I am going back to get money. I’ll be back soon.” Lev waved Miya over and pleaded with her.

“I am sorry, dear customer. ‘Buddha jumps over the wall’ is sold out for today. If you want to have it, please come earlier tomorrow evening,” Miya said with a smile.

“It’s sold out?” Lev glared. This was a 10,000 copper coins-per-helping dish, and it was sold out so quickly? How rich were these people?!

“Yes. Please continue to enjoy your meal.” Miya nodded, and then walked to the next customer.

“Adams, take a look for me. Is hair growing out? Just a little?” Charney poked his head over to Adams excitedly.

“Yes, your hair has grown out a little,” Adams replied smilingly with a nod as he looked at the fine hair growing out of Charney’s bald head.

“Fantastic! I finally have hair again!!!” Charney clenched his fists agitatedly with an elated expression. He hugged Adams and clapped his back, and then stood up to hug that businessman who came with him with a bright smile.

Adams stared at Charney with surprise. This was the first time that he had seen him so happy. His father, who had always gone around with his bald head, actually had wanted to have hair too. It looked like he had failed as a son. He should have communicated with his father more often.

“Helping people with hair loss. Mission progress: 29/30... 30/30.”

Mag smiled as he looked at the progress bar that was completed. With System, this stumbling block, this mission was completed easily.

“Ding!

“System’s learning is completed!

“1024T resources were successfully downloaded!

“Host, you are so naughty!

The system’s voice suddenly appeared at this time.

Chapter 1159: Your Highness, We Have Been Surrounded For Six Days

“System, I have already completed my mission.” Mag ignored the resources sneakily downloaded by the System, and went straight to the point.

“You actually completed the mission in advance. This... This is not scientifically logical! According to this System’s calculations, there is a 30% failure rate in this mission. How could you have completed it on the first day?” The System’s astonished voice sounded.

“Anyway, I have already completed it. Quick, give me my reward,” Mag said calmly, with neither a blush nor a racing heart.

“Check is completed. The system runs without errors. The Host has completed the hidden mission successfully and helped 30 people with hair loss problems regain their confidence. Mission reward: the recipe of Steamed Fish Head with Diced Hot Red Peppers!” The system’s voice sounded.

Mag looked at the Steamed Fish Head with Diced Hot Red Peppers’s experience bag that appeared in his hand with brightly lit eyes. Steamed Fish Head with Diced Hot Red Peppers was the classic method to cook a fish’s head, and he rather liked it too. He only wondered what kind of Steamed Fish Head with Diced Hot Red Peppers would the recipe given by the system taste like.

...

The Buffett Manor. In an elegant tearoom, Gloria and Scheer sat facing each other with a pot of piping hot tea in between them.

Gloria apologetically said, "Miss Scheer, thanks for making the time to see me. It's inappropriate that I didn't make an appointment in advance."

She looked at Scheer, a woman who was the same age as her. She had a presence that didn't match her age. She had seen this presence with her grandfather before, but Scheer was not even 20, and she already possessed the presence of a person in power. Maybe she was a so-called born leader?

"There isn't anything on my schedule tonight, and I am definitely willing to have a cup of tea with Miss Gloria. After all, there is no one willing to have a cup of tea calmly with me in this huge manor." Scheer picked up the cup and had a sip with a self-deprecating smile.

A hint of surprise appeared in Gloria's eyes. This peer of hers who was already in the Chaos City's power circle at such a young age wasn't as satisfied as others believed her to be?

"I heard Cyril plans to kick you out of the board at the Chamber of Commerce's year-end gala. You came because of that, right?" Scheer asked Gloria.

Gloria didn't expect Scheer to guess her motive immediately and be the one to bring it up, but she wasn't too shocked. She nodded. "Yes, I came to see Miss Scheer because of this. I hope Miss Scheer could help me."

"Why do you think I would help you?" Scheer's slender fingers caressed the cup as she smiled at Gloria mysteriously.

Gloria put down her cup and said to Scheer, "Compared to Cyril, I guess Miss Scheer would rather have me as your opponent."

Scheer was slightly taken aback. A gleam appeared in her eyes, and she began to look at Gloria with an interested gaze. She stared at Gloria for a while before she nodded with a smile. "I do indeed have this thought now. That chap, Cyril, was never on my list of worthy opponents. But now, I can consider adding you to that list."

Gloria's eyes lit up. Was Scheer really willing to help her?

"Since we are both business people, let's make a deal," Scheer continued.

"What's the condition?" A hint of wariness rose up in Gloria's heart. Although she had no choice but to ask Scheer for help, she was also aware of the competitive relationship between the Moretons and the Buffetts in the Chamber of Commerce. If Scheer had gained a handle on her because of this incident, or the Buffetts needed to sacrifice their interests, she'd rather be kicked out of the board than agree.

"I will ask the Buffetts' board members to vote against it. Of course, I cannot guarantee the outcome." Scheer's mouth curled slightly. "The condition is, from today onward, I will have the right to preorder a set of clothes that Blue Suede releases in advance. And, as long as I have ordered that set, there will not be a second piece in the same color family. Of course, I will pay you according to the price of haute couture."

Gloria was a little stunned as she asked with uncertainty, "That's... it?"

She had not expected that Scheer would ask for something like that. It didn't concern the Moreton Family, nor did it need her to go against her conscience. She simply wanted a set of Blue Suede's new

items in her exclusive color. Even though making the red color family into a single haute couture item equaled giving up a very popular color, it wasn't a condition that was difficult to accept.

"Yes, I don't like to wear the exact clothes as others, even though it would be the other party who would be embarrassed." Scheer nodded naturally.

"I accept this condition." Gloria smiled. "From today on, Blue Suede's new items will be sent to Miss Scheer to have the first pick. Whatever color you choose, there will be only one such item in that color."

"You're indeed much more interesting than Cyril." Scheer gestured with the teacup before taking a sip.

"Miss Scheer is also much more interesting than what I have heard," Gloria said with a smile after taking a sip.

"Oh? I am rather curious what the others said about me..." Scheer asked rather curiously.

...

In a study of the Moreton Manor.

"Master, Young Master Cyril has been rather close with Bowen from the Marquis Family recently. Also, the Marquis' board members have also been notified to vote Miss Gloria out at the year-end celebration," Mars said respectfully to Jeffree who was sitting behind the desk.

"So it's this wily old fox Bowen who is behind all this, or else Cyril wouldn't have been this arrogant. Does this fellow think I am rather old?" Jeffree smirked. He raised his eyes and said to Mars, "I will ask the Moreton's board members to remain neutral in this incident. You will assist Gloria with all you have. If she can keep her board member's seat, I will then assign you a new task."

Mars shook his head. "Master, it will be enough for me to stay with Young Mistress. I don't need any other positions to assist her with all my heart. She is a very clever child, and I believe she will resolve this perfectly."

"You may go now." Jeffree waved, and Mars bade his farewell. Looking at his retreating back, Jeffree pondered. *Did Mars favor Gloria since the very beginning?*

...

At the north of the goblins' Vic Mountain, near the Wind Forest, there was an arduous mountain range.

In the midst of these mountains, there were plenty of gold mines and gemstone mines. The hardworking goblins dug numerous mines within the mountains to remove the gold and gemstones, and they left behind numerous deserted caverns.

Now, within those mountains, there was one mountain near the Wind Forest at whose foot numerous elves gathered. The fire torches surrounded the entire mountain, resembling a long dragon.

In the middle of that mountain, there was a cave entrance. A figure in white stood there alone and looked downward.

An elf came and anxiously reported, "Your Highness, we have been surrounded for six days with no reinforcements in sight. Our food has already run out yesterday. We have to find a chance to break through and leave this cave to search for food, or else we cannot hold on for much longer."

Chapter 1160: Boss Mag Hired Us

Irina's beautiful brows furrowed after hearing that. Her expression became colder as she stared at the "fire dragon" below.

"These fellows chose to only surround us, and not attack. They don't dare to enter the underground cavern, so they most probably already knew we have a food shortage. If we try to break out now, a huge battle will ensue. We are most likely not their match given our current potential, but if we continue to drag on without food and help, we will collapse in a few days on our own." That elf looked at Irina worriedly, and said, "Princess, what should we do?"

"The underground cavern is our last line of defense. We cannot give it up." Irina shook her head. She gazed into the distance, and said in a cold voice, "I will solve the food problem. Tell them not to worry. As long as I am still here, the underground cavern will not fall."

That elf looked at Irina, and hesitantly said, "Princess, they don't dare to invade us now, because you are here. Once you leave to search for food, they are going to launch a huge assault and take down the underground cavern."

Irina pursed her lips, and a hint of vexation flashed across her eyes. Borg and Helena, those two conniving fellows. They wanted to preserve their strength and avoid a direct conflict with her, and thus they resorted to such an underhanded method.

To their north was the Wind Forest controlled by the enemies; to their south was the Vic Mountain of the goblins, who had stopped them from going in further. How were they going to find food for 1000 elves in these barren lands?

Right at this moment, sounds of explosions came from the bottom of the mountain, followed by chaotic shouts.

"This is?" Irina looked down in a perplexment. A huge fire suddenly broke out in the forest to the northwest. Giant fireballs kept exploding within the forest, and made the fire burn even fiercer.

The fire torches that were surrounding the underground cavern swiftly dashed toward the huge fire, and gaps soon appeared.

"Could there be people coming to join us and having a fight with them?" The elf at the side approached, also wondering what was going on.

"Tell them to guard the cavern. Do not attack without my orders. I'm going to have a look now," Irina ordered as a green beam lit up under her feet, and she disappeared.

Kiel looked toward the huge fire, and said in a hushed voice, "Boss attracted their attention and disarmed those elves. We can drive the wagons through quickly now. Remember, we have to be fast and quiet."

The Burning Legion nodded in silence and grasped their reins tightly.

Firis hugged the two books in her arms tightly as she stared at that pitch-black mountain with trepidation. She was going to see the princess again.

Kiel and Mond looked at each other before proceeding ahead in silence. They struck down a few elves with their clubs, and then dragged the unconscious elves into the woods and dumped them there.

“Let’s go!”

Kiel waved to the caravan, and the unicorn wagons filled with food swiftly passed along the uneven roads carved out by the goblins when they were mining. They quickly drove toward the underground cavern under the dark sky.

It’s a demon? Irina stood on the top of a tree and observed a dark shadow rushed out of the woods and ran toward the opposite direction. It was a lava demon and he was running toward the cavern.

What does this fellow want? Doubt appeared on Irina’s face. There was still deep-set enmity between the elves and demons. However, lava demons weren’t part of the group that had invaded Wind Forest years ago, so the hatred she had for them was much weaker. The beam underneath her feet lit up, and she stood in front of that demon when she reappeared. She extended her magic caster’s staff and coldly asked, “What are you doing here, sneaking around like this?”

Sargeras, who was in the midst of a dash, halted. Flames slowly rose up in his palms. His eyes lit up when his gaze landed on Irina, and the flames were put out. He immediately smiled, and said, “You must be Princess Irina? I am Sargeras. Boss Mag hired us to send Miss Firis and the foodstuffs here. I set the fire to attract those elves’ attention when I discovered that they had surrounded the mountain. My brothers should have passed through the blockade with the food and Miss Firis now.”

“Boss Mag...” Irina repeated softly. Then, her eyes lit up and her voice rose up too. “You are saying Mag asked you to send Firis and the foodstuffs here?”

“Yes. Everything you see here. You can verify it once you meet Miss Firis later.” Sargeras nodded. He looked behind him, and continued, “Those elves are going to seal up the mountain very soon, and the elves in the cavern don’t know that help is here to deliver their food. A misunderstanding may occur. Princess, I urge you to go back to have a look first.”

Irina gazed at Sargeras, who was an 8th-tier demon. He couldn’t pose a threat to her, and with Firis around, she would know instantly if there was trouble.

Two teleportation portals lit up underneath their feet, and they both disappeared with a flash.

On the other end, Kiel and Mond led the caravan up on the road, and they soon reached a cavern’s entrance. They couldn’t see anything in the pitch dark cavern.

“The roads up there are all damaged, so we can only enter from here,” Mond said softly.

Kiel looked into the cave and scratched his head as he said, “It’s pitch dark and we don’t know what is in there. The Night Elves should have laid down many traps. What should we do?” He didn’t dare to act rashly.

“Whoosh!”

Right at this time, an arrow shot out from the cave, flew by Kiel’s head, and lodged itself into the wagon. Its tail was still trembling.

Sounds of arrows being nocked could be heard in the cave. There seemed to be dozens of arrows aiming at them in the dark.

“Damn!” Kiel touched his head and shivered. If he had been a few inches taller, he would have been hit. He turned and shouted at Firis, “Miss Firis, aren’t we on the same side? Quick, identify yourself and tell them to stop shooting. They almost hit the friendlies.”

Firis quickly shouted, “I am Fi—”

“Release!” an indifferent voice said in the tunnel, and sounds of arrows flying through the air appeared at the same time.

“Damn!” Kiel and Mond said together, and then jumped to the side.

Markza grabbed Firis, who was standing on the shaft, and jumped to the side.

“Halt!”

Right at this moment, someone shouted, and a green light shield appeared at the entrance. Dozens of arrows landed on the light shield, but none could pass through.

A green teleportation portal appeared and Irina walked out as she addressed the cavern, “Stop, we are all on the same side.”

“Princess!” Firis, whose feet just touched the ground, dashed over with reddened eyes.