

Stay At home 1451

Chapter 1451: I Beseech You To Be Kind

Everyone parted to make a path for Gloria. Wearing a blue evening gown, Gloria was still as beautiful as ever tonight.

The guards halted in their steps. They looked at Gloria and then at Cyril before retreating to their original position.

Cyril watched Gloria come over with furrowed brows. He knew Mag and Gloria were connected. He wanted to embarrass them before Gloria came so Gloria would be embarrassed as well. He didn't expect she would arrive so early.

The guests were also looking at Gloria. Everyone knew the main characters of tonight's year-end celebration were Gloria and Cyril. The fight to be the heir of the Moreton Family between these two was already in the heated stage, and the result might be known tonight.

And, the show seemed to be starting right now.

Gloria came over to Mag, and nodded to him apologetically before saying to Cyril, "Uncle Cyril, Mr. Mag and everyone from the restaurant are guests that I invited. Please do not use the term 'thief' to describe them. This will make you look unreasonable and arrogant."

The guests showed hints of enlightenment. So this mister was invited by Miss Gloria. In that case, it could be explained why Cyril targeted them.

"Ha. I am unreasonable and arrogant? I think these several so-called guests of yours are the arrogant ones. They even dared to assault Vice President Harvey's son, Roy." Cyril smirked at Gloria, and aggressively said, "Gloria, as one of its board members, don't you know the Chamber of Commerce's rules on the banquet? Didn't you do a background check on them before you invited them? I think you are not up to standard as a board member."

After the guests heard that, they began to look at Gloria with thoughtful judgement. Although Scheer had already proven that being young and being female didn't mean that she didn't have the capabilities, compared to Scheer who had shown immense talents ever since young, this Miss Gloria, who suddenly appeared out of nowhere, seemed to be rather inadequate in the area of capabilities.

According to rumors, a board member meeting would be called on today's year-end celebration. Cyril had already formally requested to initiate a vote to depose Gloria as a board member, and the board had agreed.

The current situation made some neutral board members start to judge Gloria seriously.

Most of the board members didn't know this young mistress, who'd suddenly appeared to fight with Cyril for the position of the Moreton Family's heir, very well. They only knew that she had set up a rather profitable clothing store recently.

However, earnings of millions were nothing to them. It still wasn't enough to prove that she had the ability to be the Chamber of Commerce's board member and the heir of the Moreton Family.

“Mr. Mag is the boss and chef of Mamy Restaurant. He has once received the honor of being titled the best chef at the king of Roth Empire’s court banquet, and raised the status of Chaos City’s culinary scene among the cities of this world single-handedly. He persists in providing free breakfast for the cleaners every morning and spends a huge amount of funds to sponsor the poor children to go school. Is there a problem with such a kind and chivalrous man’s character?” Gloria’s gaze landed on Roy, who was still sitting on the floor, and she said in a loud voice, “As for Vice President Harvey’s son Roy’s character and reputation, I think everyone present has heard about them before. If the year-end celebration had a criterion for character before one is allowed to enter, the first person who couldn’t enter has to be him, right?”

“Y-you are sprouting nonsense!” Roy shouted at Gloria furiously.

“I heard a few days ago that someone was galloping on his horse within the city. He knocked over a pregnant lady and caused her to miscarry. He later compensated her with a huge amount of money, and even threatened her before this matter was covered up and not escalated to the Gray Temple,” Gloria said, looking at Roy.

“Something like that happened?”

All the guests appeared to be shocked. There was a rule that forbade riders from galloping on horses’ backs within the city. Furthermore, knocking over a pregnant lady and causing her to miscarry was a serious crime. Even though Gloria didn’t say out the name, could this matter be related to Roy?

“Hmm?” Mag, who hadn’t said a word ever since Gloria appeared, was looking at her with astonishment. This girl came well-prepared.

“This...” Cyril went white too as he looked at Harvey and his son with uncertainty. He had never heard about that incident before.

Roy paled as he haltingly tried to explain, “S-she was jaywalking on the street. That’s why I...”

“Shut up!” Harvey slapped him across his face. He even wished he could slap him all the way back to his mother’s womb. He could have denied it completely, yet he had admitted it. Harvey looked at Gloria with his face flushing and paling in turns. He had settled this matter very secretly, so how did she find out about this?

“Seems like the rumor is true. That pregnant lady who was about to give birth was knocked down by you! Galloping in a busy city and causing the death of a child who was about to be born, yet you’re not in the least remorseful, and even tried to malign the poor mother. You pretend nothing happened and came to attend the banquet. Moreover, you even harassed an underage girl publicly, and then accused the other party when she resisted. Have you no shame at all?” Gloria was asking Roy in an agitated and indignant voice.

Roy hid behind Harvey instinctively with a shifty expression as he avoided Gloria’s gaze.

“He’s a f*cking scum!”

“What a poor child, what a poor mother. This is no different from murder!”

“One can indeed do whatever he pleases when he has money. He can even hide such a horrible crime.”

The guests started to look at Roy with anger and disdain. Their emotions instantly switched over.

Gloria turned to gravely speak to Cyril who had a dark expression. "Uncle Cyril, you were defending a baby-killer and a maiden-molester by twisting the facts around in an attempt to paint the aggressor as the victim. Is this what you should have done as the Chamber of Commerce's board member? How could you, a father of two girls, have uttered those words earlier?"

"I respect you as my elder, but I beseech you to be kind."

"I..." Cyril opened his mouth in an attempt to defend himself, but his mind was in a complete mess now. He had no idea how to handle this totally unexpected change of events.

The guests were also looking at Cyril with disgust and repulsion. Cyril was obviously on Roy's side. Birds of a feather flocked together. He wasn't a good man, either.

A few elderly board members were shaking their heads at Cyril, and they were looking at Gloria with an increasingly appreciative gaze.

Seems like I don't need to worry about this girl at all. In time, it's completely possible for her to vie with Scheer on equal footing. Mag, too, was looking at Gloria with approval, and he began to change his mind about weaving and textile factories. Gloria might be a more compatible partner.

Chapter 1452: We Will Need A Little Black Hut

"You..." Harvey pointed at Gloria. He wanted to say some harsh words, but after meeting the surrounding disdainful gazes, he was immediately deflated. He pulled Roy, who was covering his face with a panicked gaze, and quickly strode out.

"Very good. You're smarter than I anticipated." Cyril approached Gloria, and said in a low voice, "However, all your efforts will be in vain. You're going to lose everything tonight. I still prefer the way you looked with your head all covered up, hiding in a dark room. You should've stayed like that for the rest of your life."

"Then I'm sorry to disappoint you. I will never go back there since I decided to step out." Gloria smiled. "Besides, I am different from you. Everything that you owned was given to you, but everything that I have was achieved by my own hard work. You could never take it away from me."

"I hope you can smile later." Cyril clenched his fists as he left in a fit of anger.

Gloria heaved a breath of relief, and relaxed her tense body. She then realized her palms were all sweaty.

"Apart from being beautiful, this big sister also has good life values. She's fantastic."

"Sis, she's the boss of Blue Suede. The clothes that those ladies are wearing earlier in their latest collection are about to be released. Seems like they're really working together with Blue Suede. No wonder they are able to get the latest collection."

"The boss is actually so young! And so beautiful!"

Some maidens were looking at Gloria with appraisal and amazement. Then, the topic soon became how to get a full set of the latest Blue Suede's products.

"It seems like the rumors about Miss Gloria out there were a little biased. Her impromptu adaptability and how she conducts herself in public are way better than Cyril. In the younger generation, apart from Scheer, no one would be her match." An old man with white hair was chuckling in a private room on the second floor.

"Yes. In this case, Scheer is going to have a competitor, just like me and Jeffree then." Ian Buffett nodded with a smile. He was also looking at Gloria with appreciation. A hint of reminiscence flashed through his eyes when he brought up the past.

The way Gloria refuted Harvey, Roy, and Cyril gained the admiration of most of the guests present. After all, due to Harvey's and Cyril's identity, many of them didn't dare to speak up earlier even after witnessing what happened.

Gloria turned around to apologize to Mag and Babla. "I'm sorry, Mr. Mag and Miss Babla. You have been wronged."

"Big Sister Gloria, why should you apologize? You are not in the wrong. Besides, I've already taught that fellow a lesson," Babla said with a relaxed expression, but she was looking at Gloria with a friendly gaze. After all, they had just chosen their beautiful new clothes in her shop that afternoon.

Moreover, what made her even more respectful to her was that she defeated those fellows verbally. She made everybody stand on their side with her reasoning. Such an ability was really formidable, right?!

"This is nothing to us. But that was an excellent debate." Mag was also smiling at Gloria. Obviously, Gloria had already investigated Roy's matter way in advance, but their conflict with Harvey and Roy was not planned. Gloria could refute the other party and paint Cyril in a bad light at the same time. Her amazing adaptability to changes and vision of the overall situation had renewed his understanding of Gloria.

He had watched this girl remove her veil, begin her life as a normal person, get out of her house, and enter the business world. He had witnessed her growth personally.

Her fast speed and strong learning abilities had touched him.

"Thank you." Gloria blushed. Receiving Mag's praises made her even happier than refuting Cyril earlier.

"Go get yourself busy. We will take care of ourselves. Tonight is crucial to you." Mag smiled.

"Alright. Please come look for me immediately if you all need anything." Gloria nodded. She did have plenty to do now. For example, she had to meet some of the board members she hadn't met before and fight for their votes. Although Scheer promised to stand on her side, her current vote count was still rather precarious.

Damn that fellow. How dare he seduce my Miss Gloria again?! Camilla glared at Mag, feeling as if her heart was bleeding.

The guests began to arrive. Mag heard some familiar names, and met some familiar customers too. After making some small talk with them, he sat in a corner, and began to enjoy a glass of wine by himself.

“Why didn’t we just kill that fellow earlier? Why were we wasting our effort arguing with him?” Camilla suddenly sat down next to Mag and took a sip of her red wine. She smiled at Mag. “You can ask me if you are not his match.”

“We’re civilized people. You should learn from Gloria how to resolve problems with words. Don’t kill people on a whim,” Mag said calmly. His gaze was following Gloria who was talking and socializing to people in the crowd gracefully. “What a nice girl.”

“Aaaaah! Don’t you look at her!” Camilla got up in a flash and blocked Mag’s view.

“Countess Bartoli, people are watching us here.” Mag looked at Camilla with a smile. He knew she liked Gloria, so he was toying with her.

Camilla also realized her action of blocking Mag’s view was rather childish. People would have bad associations if they saw her, so she returned to her seat, and said through clenched teeth, “Don’t force me.”

“I am a man with two photostones,” Mag calmly said.

“You...” Camilla blushed instantaneously, and she glared at Mag with anger and embarrassment. How did she get involved with this pervert who carried photostones with him everywhere he went?

Her handle was in Mag’s hands, so Camilla chose to keep quiet and brood.

Mag leaned toward Camilla while using the wine glass to camouflage his movement, and softly said, “Speaking of it, I do have one person to kill tonight. Are you interested in joining me in the action?”

“Whom are we killing?” Camilla’s interest was immediately piqued.

“Caster. An information vendor. He has been loitering around the restaurant lately. He should be after Connie.” Mag used his wine glass to point at a middle-aged man wearing purple tights to the right.

“What an unchallenging target.” Camilla simply flicked a glance at that man before retrieving her gaze boringly.

“Before killing him, I need to get some useful information from his mouth. Hence, we will need a little black hut.”

“Little black hut!” Camilla’s eyes lit up instantly, and she revealed an excited expression again. “That... is my forte.”

Chapter 1453: Is He Dead?

Caster was flirting with a blonde girl. He was touching the short beard on his chin habitually, but his gaze was secretively sizing up Connie, who was crouching and drawing circles in a corner.

Even though her head was completely covered by the helmet, that petite figure began to slowly merge with that of the princess in his memory.

After this period of investigation, he was basically certain that this Mamy Restaurant's employee who had never shown her face was the Falk Tribe's Princess Connie.

As he was an excellent information broker, his intelligence network was spread all over the Norland Continent, and he had friends everywhere too.

His philosophy was: as long as he was paid, there wasn't any information that he couldn't get or people he couldn't find.

Before the rebellion happened in the Falk Tribe, he had supplied a series of information to Gary, including all the life habits of the all former chief's family members, to ensure that Gary's people could capture or kill everyone.

Gary's rebellion was very successful. The chief and his wife were killed on the spot. Their children and supporters were also either captured or killed.

If that little girl hadn't escaped, that operation would've been another one of his masterpieces on his resume that was worth boasting about.

It was a pity that the chief had created an escape path for her forcefully before he died, and allowed her to escape from the Twilight Forest to Chaos City. She had even managed to shake off all the orcs who pursued her.

In order to remove this tiny stain, he came to Chaos City personally. After lying low for half a month, he finally locked on his target.

He hadn't had a chance to strike before. He didn't expect to bump into her at this banquet. This was a good opportunity.

It would be the day of Gary's formal ascension a few days later. If he could deliver Connie to him, it would definitely bring him a fortune.

"Come with me, Connie." Mag went to Connie, and patted her shoulder gently.

"Huh?" As she couldn't eat with her helmet on, and making small talk with people felt weird, she could only crouch and draw circles in a corner. She quickly caught up after she saw Mag walk out.

Leaving? Caster saw Connie walking to the side door, so he smiled at the blonde lady that he was talking to, indicating that he needed to excuse himself. He then moved toward the side door stealthily. If he could catch her alone, today's banquet would be considered over for him.

That chap is indeed a bad guy. Camilla looked at Caster, who followed after Mag and Connie. Her gaze turned cold as she put down her wine glass and walked toward the side door calmly as well.

"Where are we going, Boss? Shouldn't we stay in the banquet hall?" Connie asked Mag softly, walking behind him.

"We need to find a little black hut now," Mag calmly replied.

"Little black hut!?" Connie tensed up, and her steps began to falter as she looked at Mag's back with tension and wariness. "Please don't do that, Boss. I'm not that kind of person."

“Hmm?” Mag halted his steps and turned to look at Connie. He suddenly realized this maiden most likely got the wrong idea. He held onto her helmet, and made her continue walking forward as he said, “Someone is following us. We’re going to find a little black hut to catch him so we can find out what he is up to.”

“Really?” Connie wanted to turn her head when she heard that.

“Don’t turn around so he won’t get suspicious.” Mag lifted a finger from his hand on Connie’s shoulder, and placed it against her helmet to stop her from turning her head.

“Oh.” Connie acknowledged and stopped moving around. She let Mag bring her forward.

Where are they going? The banquet is starting very soon, and yet they chose to venture out now. Is there a secret between the two of them? Caster hid in the dark and watched the two of them disappear at the staircase at the end of the corridor with bewilderment. After waiting for a while, he quickly followed after them.

The second floor was the Chamber of Commerce’s office area. Everyone was at the banquet hall, so the office area was pitch dark without a single person. It was perfect for him to strike now.

Caster came to the staircase and listened for movements. After making sure that no one was on the stairs, he snuck up gently as he withdrew the dagger at his waist with his right hand with a wary expression.

He had the power of a 6th-tier knight, which was more than enough to handle that Princess Connie. That princess had never cultivated herself before, so she was just a hapless chick in front of him.

Caster came to the second floor’s stairs landing, and placed his ear against the wall to listen intently. Vague footsteps could be heard coming from the far right of the corridor. He slowly poked his head out to look at the end of the corridor.

The long corridor appeared in his vision, and a giant black shadow soon followed. In the one second before he fainted, he could deduce that it was a giant club.

Bam!

A dull thud. Camilla looked at Caster, who was unconscious on the floor, and tossed the big black club onto the floor casually before clapping her hands. “Done.”

Mag walked over from the other side of the corridor with Connie. He raised his eyebrow after seeing that big black club. He, too, had been a victim of this black club once.

Come to speak of it, Camilla indeed excelled at ambushing.

“Is he dead?” Mag gave Caster a kick.

“No. A professional like me wouldn’t have killed him so easily.” Camilla shook her head matter-of-factly.

“That’s good.” Mag reached out to drag Caster by his collar to the end of the corridor. He pushed open the door to a storeroom, and then locked it after the three of them had stepped in.

This was obviously a small place for putting random stuff, with solid walls on all sides. Hence, it suited Mag's requirement for the little black hut.

Camilla lifted her hand to set a soundproof barrier, and stuck two luminous pearls onto the wall at the same time. The little black room lit up instantly.

Connie removed her helmet, and went to have a closer look at Caster. She frowned slightly. "Why do I find him familiar?"

"...I remember. In a previous banquet, he was right by Gary's side. So, he had taken part in the rebellion too!"

"In Gary's rebellion, he was the one who supplied him with information," Mag softly said.

"Bastard! I'm going to kill him!" Razor-sharp claws sprung out from Connie's knuckles, about to stab Caster's heart.

"We need to get some information from him. You can kill him after we're done." Mag grabbed Connie's wrist before asking Camilla, "How can we wake him?"

"That's easy. It just has to be painful enough." Caster stepped on Caster's crotch with her hard stiletto heel.

Chapter 1454: How Are You Going To Return?

"Ow..."

Caster almost jumped up from the floor. However, before he could even close his mouth, he was bundled up by a rope and tied to a pole in the corner.

The pain in his crotch made him suck in cold air, and his mind went blank.

Mag, who was standing at the side, put his legs together instinctively. He was suddenly glad that Camilla hadn't woken him up with this method in the past. Otherwise, the story would have gone in the other direction.

"Tell me. How do you want to die?" Camilla coldly said. She took a set of whip and candles out of nowhere, and then snapped the whip across Caster's face, leaving a deep bloody mark.

Caster was totally awakened by the whip. Although the pain in his crotch was unbearable, he still tried his best to close his legs together and look at Camilla. With a panicked expression, he said, "Countess Bartoli, this has to be a misunderstanding—"

Smack!

Camilla didn't waste her breath as she whipped him again.

Caster clenched his teeth tightly together from the whipping because the whip was filled with spikes. Flesh was removed by it, and the pain was unbearable.

Connie came forward with tightly clenched fists, and asked Caster, "You came to look for me, right?"

“May I know who you are, Young Mistress? We may have some misunderstanding...” Caster told Connie, trying his best to smile despite the pain. He was very afraid, trying his best to think for a way out. He didn’t expect he would fail and get caught today.

“Liar. You are Gary’s lackey without a doubt. I saw you standing next to Gary on a Falk Tribe’s banquet! You guys murdered my father and mother, and my family members!” Connie smashed her fist into Caster’s chin, sending a few of his teeth flying.

“Cough, cough...” Caster spat out two mouthfuls of blood, and innocently said to Connie, “I think you got the wrong person. I don’t know you, nor any Gary. I am just a normal merchant... Please let me go. I still have parents and children to support...”

“You...” Connie looked at Caster with a hint of hesitation on her face. Could she have made a mistake?

“Caster, also known as ‘Vulture’, from Donsner Town in the Roth Empire. He escaped from the empire in his early years because he killed his wife while he was drunk. Then, he began to wander around the continent, and became an information broker. He set up an enormous information network that covered every part of every species, and gained immense profits through selling information and intelligence. The ‘Vulture’ is very mysterious. Very few people know what he actually looks like. According to rumors, he even altered his looks several times, so he already looks vastly different from his early years.” Mag smiled at Caster. “How many layers of skin do you have under this layer?”

Caster stared at Mag as his face began to twitch slightly. There was also fear in his eyes. This fellow was indeed not a simple chef and restaurateur as he had guessed. But looking at the situation now, he might never have the chance to find out his real identity.

Mag saw Caster acknowledge his words, and smilingly continued, “If you tell us how you helped Gary plot the rebellion and kill the chief of the Falk Tribe honestly, I can grant you a clean and quick death.”

“Since I am still going to die, why am I wasting my breath with you? Did a donkey kick you in the head?” Caster smirked at Mag. “Are you trying to help her get the chief’s position back? Ha, let me tell you this, you’re never going to succeed. Gary already has full control of the Falk Tribe. How are you going to fight with him?”

Smack!

Camilla’s whip landed on him again, and tore a strip of flesh off along with a piece of his clothes.

“Aah...”

Caster was already shaking in pain. Interrogating was one of his fortes. It was just that he had never expected he would also be tied up and the whip with spikes would land on his body one day.

“Don’t waste your breath, or else I am going to kill you slowly with my whip. Based on this efficiency, I would need at least 1001 strikes before I can tear all the flesh off from you. However, you should be still conscious then, and you can’t die even if you want to. I will use healing potions to heal your injuries and repeat everything again.” Camilla smiled at Caster with an enthusiastic glow in his eyes.

“You... You cannot do that to me...” Caster broke down instantly. He struggled to move, but it only earned him two more strikes with the whip.

The intense pain came from his wounds. Caster swayed left and right, but he wasn't able to loosen the ropes on his body.

"I'll tell... I'll tell you everything..." Caster cried when he saw Camilla lifted the whip up again.

Smack!

The whip still landed on Caster, and left a bloody mark on his thigh.

"Excuse me, I didn't realize you are so useless. You can't even endure for three seconds." Camilla wasn't apologetic at all. She still held the whip, and didn't have the slightest intention to keep it away.

Caster was in immense pain, but he dared not utter an angry word. His gaze landed on Connie. "Yes. I helped Gary plan the rebellion and kill the chief, his wife, and all the orcs who supported him. I supplied Gary with all information on them, which allowed him to kill all the orcs who could alter the outcome of this rebellion with the most efficient method in the shortest time.

"And you are the only accident in this plan. If you hadn't escaped, I would've already been sitting in your Falk Tribe's palace as Gary's close adviser and Falk Tribe's most esteemed guest," Caster shouted angrily at Connie through clenched teeth. "Why did you run? You should have died along with your damned father! Why did you survive on your own?"

"I..." Connie took two steps back instinctively with pain and sadness in her eyes. She backed off, shaking her head as she didn't want to recall what had happened that night.

Right then, a hand pressed against her back, and stopped her from backing away as Mag gently said, "You're not at fault."

"B-but Father was killed because of me..." Connie couldn't stop her tears from flowing. She couldn't forget how her father pushed her out of the palace and used his body to block the door. If it wasn't because of her, her father could have escaped. Boundless guilt flooded her.

"Making sure that you survived was your father's greatest consolation." Mag shook his head. He pointed at Caster as he gravely said, "And killing these bad people to avenge your parents and rescue your brother is what you should do from now on. If you can't even take your enemies' nasty words, how are you going to return?"

Chapter 1455: You Can Ask Me To Teach You

The little black room's door was slowly shut, and everything in it was returned to its original position. Apart from a puddle of water that was slowly drying up in the corner, the cleaners who were going to come here to get their tools tomorrow wouldn't find anything unusual.

Connie kept that hand-drawn map properly on her as she perplexedly asked Mag, "Boss, how did you know that he knew where my brother is locked up?"

She already knew what she was going to do when her sharp claws stabbed into that bastard's heart.

"First, we can't be sure this map is real. This may be a trap set by the other party when he knew he couldn't escape, so we can't believe it fully.

“Secondly, whatever he has said earlier was our actual purpose. If our rescue mission is a success and we manage to overthrow Gary’s rule, the stuff in this photostone will be the evidence of Gary’s crimes and allow you to gain the trust of your people quickly again.” Mag tossed the photostone to Connie.

This pervert does indeed bring photostones with him everywhere he goes! Camilla watched Connie catch the photostone, and was even more sure of her speculation.

Mag didn’t care about Camilla’s gaze, and continued to say to Connie, “However, since he could recognize you by your figure, I’m afraid you cannot go along with us even if we obtain the legal identities to go to the Falk Tribe. The mission will fail as soon as you’re recognized.”

“Mm-hm.” Connie nodded.

“Let’s go. The banquet should be starting soon.” Mag was the first to go downstairs. Music could already be heard from the banquet hall.

Flattering was naturally a part of the year-end celebration. The four major families that founded the Chamber of Commerce were lavishly praised before dishing out the awards to the individual businessmen who improved greatly in the past one year. The ambience was rather boisterous.

Mag sat in a corner and looked at this scene nonchalantly. He remembered the times when he was watching his family’s company’s year-end celebration in his mother’s arms, sitting in the very first row.

The company wasn’t big then, and there were no big celebrities at the celebration. His dad would even get up on stage to sing with his employees. The programs weren’t excellent, but it was warm with a human touch. The employees were the main characters.

After that, the show got bigger and bigger. The lights on stage resembled those from a concert, and A-list singers were invited to perform. The ambience was boisterous, but the year-end celebration no longer seemed to be about the employees, and he had never taken part in it again.

“Father, do you want to try this fruit? It tastes sweet and sour, and is super delicious. Furthermore, the teeth would become purplish-red after eating it.” Amy ran over to Mag with a small fruit plate and smiled widely, revealing a row of purplish-red teeth.

“Look at your purplish-red teeth.” Mag chuckled as he looked at the pea-sized purplish-black berries that resembled blueberry on the small fruit plate. Before he could reach out for it, Amy already grabbed one, and fed it to him on her tiptoes.

Mag opened his mouth to accept the berry. The thin skin burst when he bit down lightly, and the sourish sweet taste blossomed. Its texture and taste was in between a grape and a blueberry. It was really rather delicious.

“Isn’t it very nice?” Amy asked expectantly.

“Mm-hm. It’s sourish-sweet and indeed very nice.” Mag nodded with a smile as he patted Amy’s head. “Go and play. Don’t run around and knock into people.”

“Mm-hm. Then I will leave this plate of berries here for you.” Amy nodded obediently, and placed the small fruit plate onto the table in front of Mag before skipping away.

“This little one.” Mag’s gaze followed Amy until she joined her little friends. Gina had already taken up the role of the children’s playmate now. She was playing with the children who followed their parents to the banquet. He could see that she really adored kids.

“Let’s talk about our terms. What can I do to make you stop pestering my Miss Gloria?” Camilla asked in a low voice, sitting across from him.

“There’s nothing between us. You cannot say otherwise to tarnish our reputation,” Mag replied calmly, tossing a berry into his mouth.

“Do you think I will believe you when you say that?” Camilla rolled her eyes.

“That would be up to you. Go and pursue her if you really like her. If you don’t even have that courage, what’s the point of attacking your imaginary enemy? You can ask me to teach you if you don’t know how to.” Mag smiled.

“Ha, I don’t need you to teach me. She will be mine soon or later!” Camilla snorted and turned her head around.

She did want to pursue her, but her earlier actions seemed to have frightened Gloria. Not only did it not have any positive effects, it even pushed her toward Mag.

Even though she turned her face to the other side, her gaze couldn’t help looking at Mag as she secretly wondered, *Although this fellow is a little perverted, he seems to be rather attractive to women. Perhaps he really has some secret techniques? If I learned them, would I be able to change Miss Gloria’s opinion about me?*

“I thank all members for their support and contribution to the Chamber of Commerce in the past year. It allowed the Chamber to enjoy a great business reputation throughout the continent. I also wish everyone a wealthy and prosperous new year.” Jeffree gave a concluding speech for the awards ceremony as the president of the Chamber of Commerce.

There was a warm applause from the audience. Most of the members present were beaming and proud.

Jeffree was about to get off the stage after giving his speech.

“Please wait a minute, President!” Cyril, who was seated close to the center of the stage, got up, walked onto the stage, and said to Jeffree, “Today’s the Chamber of Commerce’s year-end celebration, and according to the Chamber’s regulations, we can hold a board members’ meeting if we have important matters to discuss, right?”

Jeffree looked at Cyril with slightly furrowed brows.

All the audience’s gazes were also fixed on Cyril. Apart from the board members, the normal members present had no idea what Cyril wanted to do. He actually wanted to call for a board members’ meeting.

“As one of the Chamber of Commerce’s board members, I believe Board Member Gloria, who was recently promoted, isn’t suitable to be a board member. Neither her qualifications nor abilities were sufficient to be the Chamber’s board member, and her previous promotion wasn’t discussed and voted on by the board members, so I suspect it for noncompliance,” Cyril said to Jeffree loudly. “Hence, I suggest that the president calls for a board meeting now and votes to decide if Gloria should continue to

be a board member of the Chamber. If more than half of the votes are against her, in accordance with the constitution of the board, we should immediately rescind her board member's position."

The banquet hall descended into a complete silence as all the guests stared at the father and son duo on the stage with shocked expressions.

Chapter 1456: This Girl Really Liked To Flatter Herself

"Is Cyril trying to dismiss Gloria? Is the Moreton Family's power struggle being made public?"

"This year's celebration seems to be rather interesting?"

"That sounds like Cyril is adhering to the rules, but is he trying to challenge Jeffree's authority?"

The guests were talking softly among themselves. The annual year-end celebration was rather boring to the majority of the people. However, this year seemed to be different.

Is the show going to start now? Mag remained composed as he crossed and picked the small plate up, prepared to watch a good show.

He was rather confident in Gloria. That maiden had a very composed demeanor earlier, so she was most likely very confident about it too.

As for Cyril, Mag believed that as long as that old man Jeffree was still fine in his head, he should learn from the Buffett Family's old master, and not hand the power over to Cyril no matter how dire the circumstances were.

That wastrel could squander this immense fortune away any time, and the most terrifying part was that he had no idea about it himself. He thought he was in full control because he was a little smart.

Everyone was looking at Jeffree. As a board member, Cyril proposed to convene a board meeting to vote on Gloria's appointment, which was reasonable and adhered to the regulations. But would Jeffree—as the Chamber of Commerce's president, Cyril's father, and Gloria's grandfather—agree to have this meeting which almost represented his family's internal conflict?

Right then, Gloria, who was sitting on the other side, stood up, and walked to the edge of the stage. She curtsied to Jeffree before saying, "President, if Board Member Cyril and some of them believe that, I agree to vote in accordance with the rules of the board to decide whether I can continue to be the Chamber's board member."

The main character had got onto the stage, and everyone's eyes lit up.

The guests who were waiting for Jeffree to speak didn't expect Gloria would get on the stage herself and agree to Cyril's proposal. This made them rather impressed with Gloria.

Although this 17-18 years old maiden was very beautiful, just like Cyril said, she was indeed quite inexperienced. It had only been a few months from her first appearance in public to becoming the Chamber of Commerce's board member.

Meanwhile, many businessmen who built their business up from scratch needed to fulfill many criteria before they could become a board member.

However, this wasn't absolute.

After all, Miss Scheer, who was sitting at the side, was only 19 years old this year, and she was already the mistress of the biggest conglomerate on the Norland Continent. Moreover, she had already announced that she would contend for the post of the Chamber's president.

The Buffett Family and the Moreton Family in the past had Jeffree and Ian, who were deemed as the twin stars of the Chaos City's business world. Both legendary figures were old now. Ian no longer managed the bank's affairs, while Jeffree was still having a headache over choosing his successor.

Those with discerning eyes could see that Cyril would have a hard time holding onto the Moreton Family's fortune, let alone bringing his family up to a new level like Scheer.

Meanwhile, the appearance of Gloria gave everyone something to look forward to.

Perhaps the Moreton Family, too, was going to have a female successor?

The beautiful and elegant Gloria gained the guests' recognition with her exceptional looks and grace. Even though her presence wasn't as powerful as Scheer's, taking every aspect into consideration, she wasn't too far behind her, either. It was another kind of feeling.

As for Cyril, with that obnoxious red and green pairing of his clothes and that smug smile, he looked like a villain holding sway when he took the stage next to Gloria. He was a little offensive.

"Big Sister Gloria is so beautiful," Amy said, holding Anna's hand as she watched Gloria.

"Yes. She's really beautiful." Anna nodded in agreement.

"This uncle is very bad. He actually wants to depose Miss Gloria," Yabemiya said angrily.

"All the uncles in this world are the same. None of them is good," Elizabeth said coldly.

Jeffree threw a glance at Gloria with a hint of consolation flashing across his eyes. He nodded. "Since this is the case, to maintain the fairness of the council, we will conduct a voting resolution in accordance with the rules of the board to decide if Gloria should continue to be a member of the Board."

"Very good." A conniving smile appeared on Cyril's face. He was extremely confident about this voting resolution. He had almost half of the votes after gaining the Dodgeses' and Marquises' help. He didn't believe Gloria could get the remaining half of the votes.

"You will be in charge of the voting," Jeffree said to Manard before getting off the stage.

Manard walked to the front of the stage, and said to all the board members around it, "Esteemed members of the board, in accordance with the rules of the board, the voting is conducted through a secret ballot. Before the voting starts, Board Member Gloria will have three minutes to give a speech, and the voting will start after that. Our staff will be handing out the ballot tickets and pens to you now."

Very soon, a few staff members came in with pens and paper, and gave them to all the board members.

Manard then said to Gloria, "Miss Gloria, you have two minutes to prepare. Please tell us what you have done for the Chamber after you became a board member, why you want to be a board member, and what you're going to do for the Chamber in the future."

“Alright.” Gloria nodded, and waited patiently for her turn to address the audience. Her gaze couldn’t help looking over the crowd and into a corner.

“Look! Gloria is looking at me! Am I indeed the one she looks for when she is nervous?!” Camilla exclaimed ecstatically.

Mag gave Gloria a warm smile. He only gave Camilla a side glance after Gloria looked away. This girl really liked to flatter herself.

Two minutes soon passed, and all the board members had received a pen and a ballot paper. Everyone’s gaze also began to land on Gloria.

Gloria suddenly felt full of courage and strength after she retrieved her gaze from Mag’s warm smile. She curtsied to all the board members and guests before saying, “Esteemed board members and members of the Chamber of Commerce, I am Gloria Moreton. I was very honored to have become a substitute for one of the Chamber of Commerce’s board members one month ago. The former board member was arrested for breaking the law, so he was removed from the board. Hence, in accordance with the regulations, the substitute only needed to have the president’s approval, and there was no need to go through the board’s voting resolution. There weren’t any violations of the rules and regulations.

“During my time as a board member of the Chamber of Commerce, I felt a sense of responsibility and pressure.

“The Chamber of Commerce has assembled the best companies and business people in Chaos City, but it isn’t simply a platform to promote business collaborations. It has also undertaken a series of social responsibilities.

“With the immense wealth we hold in our hands, it is also necessary that we bear the corresponding social responsibilities, and the Chamber of Commerce has the role of guiding and promoting all of this.

“At the previous meeting, Miss Luna from the Chaos School started a school and living assistance fund for those children who couldn’t afford to go to school. Many people in the Chamber of Commerce supported her endeavor.

“In addition to supplying the children with winter wear, Blue Suede has also donated to the funds for the construction of school buildings. I was very touched when I saw the pure smiles on the children’s faces after they put on their new clothes. To us, those are only basic living necessities, but to them, it’s a luxury.

“As for why I want to be a board member, it’s because I hope to attract more businessmen into joining the bandwagon of helping the children and the needy population. Then, we would be able to ensure the needy residents could have their basic living conditions met...”

Chapter 1457: Do You Agree Or Disagree?

“I hope the Chamber of Commerce will become warmer as it grows bigger and stronger, and undertake more responsibilities. This is why I want to continue to serve as a board member of the Chamber of Commerce.” Gloria bowed a little to conclude her speech.

A three-minute speech wasn't long, but it made the guests stop smiling and begin to ponder.

Ha. Warm? Responsibility? Businessmen are always after profit. If they had warmth and responsibility, they would no longer be businessmen. Cyril smirked at Gloria. Only an inexperienced young girl like her would have such immature thoughts and even say it out loud at such an occasion.

This lass is still her father's daughter deep down inside. Jeffree was looking at Gloria with a complicated gaze.

Mag looked at Gloria thoughtfully. The vision and plan that she had displayed already veered from her original intention of proving herself to Jeffree. They had evolved into a touching plan and a long-term goal.

"This Miss Gloria has a responsible heart that few business people have. If she could become the Moreton Family's successor, or even the president of the Chamber of Commerce, she might bring a lot more to Chaos City." In the VIP sitting area, Michael was looking at Gloria with admiration.

"So, my lord's meaning is, you wish to help Miss Gloria stay on board?" his aide asked softly.

"The city lord's castle will give her a little boost. As for whether she is able to remain, it will all depend on her capabilities." Michael nodded slightly.

"Yes." That aide swiftly strode off.

Soon, a waiter was moving in between the board members' tables, and passing notes around discreetly.

This is rather interesting. Scheer was also staring at Gloria. An opponent like her would make things far more interesting in a few years' time.

As for Cyril, she had never deemed him an opponent before.

However, the way she speaks began to sound increasingly like someone? Scheer's gaze swept over the crowd, and landed on Mag in the corner. She narrowed her eyes slightly.

Yes. It's him.

Manard went onto the stage again, and loudly said to all the board members, "Miss Gloria has already finished her speech. Next, the board members will have three minutes to think and choose before writing down on the ballot slips if Miss Gloria should continue to stay on the board. Our staff will collect all the ballot slips filled up by the board members three minutes later, and we will count the votes immediately to get the final result."

All the board members looked at one another before picking up their ballot slips and pens. They tilted their bodies slightly, and wrote down their respective choice.

Although this round of voting seemed to have happened out of the blue, in actuality, the majority of the board members had already made their choice before they arrived at the event hall.

This wasn't simply a round of voting; it also meant choosing sides.

Even though the Dodges Family and the Marquis Family were not as powerful as the Moretons and Buffetts in recent years, and had been slowly losing board member seats annually, they still retained a certain level of influence as influential clans.

As for the Moretons, Cyril had paid a visit to almost all the board members under them. He had either bribed or threatened them, so his influence was rather great too.

As for the Buffetts, nobody could guess what choice Scheer was going to make, but nobody believed that she would side with Gloria.

Amy suddenly returned to Mag's side. As she snuggled into his arms, she nervously asked, "Will Big Sister Gloria win?"

"Maybe. Her speech was rather moving." Mag nodded smilingly. A kind soul was the most beautiful and touching.

Camilla warningly snorted, and secretly murmured, "Hey, that's my girl."

All of them from the restaurant had gathered around Mag again. After all, it was Miss Gloria who'd invited them to the banquet, so they were somewhat like her supporters, and should naturally stand on her side.

"Do you think Gloria can retain her board member's position?" Debra asked Lance at the side, clenching her hands nervously.

"Don't worry. It's not a big deal even if she can't continue to be a board member. She is a kind child, and will succeed at whatever she endeavors to do." Lance smiled as he placed his hand on her shoulder gently, and looked at Gloria with a gratified gaze.

Mickey clenched his fists, and solemnly said, "Big Sister is the best, and I believe in her too."

Three minutes passed in a flash. Under Manard's instructions, the staff members started to collect the ballot tickets that the board members had filled.

Although Gloria looked calm, she had already clenched her hands into fists, and was nervously looking at the ballot box that was carried up to the stage by the staff members.

"It's time to count the votes, and time for you to return where you should be." Cyril smirked next to Gloria, almost certain about his victory.

Gloria didn't answer him, and maintained her silence.

She was given plenty of cold-shoulder treatment when she visited the board members. She also received many excuses, and almost nobody agreed to take her side on the spot.

Compared to Cyril, who had over 20 years of experience in the business world, it was indeed difficult for her to gain their trust.

She also had no way to ascertain the outcome of tonight's voting. She could only hope some board members would change their opinions of her, and choose to stand on her side after her short speech.

“Now, I would like to invite all our guests present to bear witness. I will read out the votes on the spot right now.” Manard approached the ballot box and reached in. He pulled out one vote, opened it up, and then loudly said, “The first vote, disagree.”

A staff member drew a horizontal line[1] on a blackboard at the side.

“The second vote, disagree.

“The third vote, disagree.

“The fourth vote, abstain.

“The fifth vote, agree.

“The sixth vote, disagree.”

Manard continued to read out the votes with his steady voice. The two columns of “agree” and “disagree” on the blackboard had an obvious difference.

The banquet hall was in a complete silence as everyone was staring at the blackboard that had strokes added onto it with all kinds of expressions.

Haha. How dare you challenge me? You’re still too young for that. Cyril’s smile was getting increasingly smug by the seconds. Following this trend, he was going to win this bet with an absolute advantage.

Ha. How dare you humiliate me at such an occasion? I will see how much longer you can be this arrogant. When the Moreton Family collapses... Harvey was glaring at Gloria with a cold gaze. Everything was proceeding according to their plans. How could a young girl be a match for two big families?

When the “disagree” votes reached 23, and there were only five “agree” votes, the disparity was so great that it made them feel oppressed.

The guests were looking at Gloria piteously. A beautiful and kind-hearted maiden like her actually couldn’t continue to be a board member after being impeached by Cyril.

“The 29th vote, agree.

“The 30th vote, agree.”

“The 40th vote, agree!”

After 12 continuous “agree” votes, Manard couldn’t help raising his voice a little.

The guests’ eyes also lit up again. *Seems like it’s not the end yet?*

“This... This is impossible!” Cyril, who thought he had already won, and was about to celebrate his win, glared and instantly became slightly nervous.

[1] If you expected vertical lines and find it odd, an explanation for you: the Chinese first draw the —, and then add lines until they draw the character 正. This character has exactly five strokes in total (top

flat, right vertical, the short flat in the middle, then the small left vertical, and lastly the bottom flat one), so it stands for 5 when counting this way. You can compare it to the Roman digit V or to counting with vertical strokes until IIII and striking it through to mark every five.

Chapter 1458: Get Off The Stage, Cyril!

The “agree” votes were increasing at visible speed, yet the “disagree” votes seemed to be stuck, with only one or two votes appearing infrequently.

Agree 30.

Disagree 30.

The guests were all excitedly looking at the “agree” votes which caught up spectacularly. After disregarding the four “abstain” votes, there were still three more votes left in the box, which meant the result would be announced very soon, and it could go either way.

Although Gloria’s demeanor was still calm, apart from nervousness in her eyes, there was also a hint of anticipation. The extra five voting slips could have been from people moved by her earlier speech.

T-this is impossible! How did she receive 30 votes?! Cyril couldn’t believe his eyes. If it weren’t for the fact that the results were not known yet, he would have rushed to inspect whether the voting slips were tampered with.

Harvey and Bowen shared a look, and their faces were a little dark. Their gazes instinctively traveled to Scheer, who was swirling her wine glass calmly. The only plausible explanation was that Scheer had taken Gloria’s side, and wiped out their two families’ effort with the Buffett Family’s power.

“Two imbeciles.” Scheer chuckled softly as she looked at Gloria. Her improvisational performance had been rather effective, or maybe Jeffrey had given her some help secretly.

“Why can’t we make her lose her board member’s seat?” Cyril’s twin daughters had a savage expression. They thought they would be able to see Gloria make a fool of herself today. Adding insult to injury was their favorite game, but now the result was showing a trend of reversal.

Mag sat up straight subconsciously. He, too, hadn’t expected that a voting session would make him so tense. As a friend, he naturally hoped Gloria could win, and he was rather impressed with her life values.

The remaining three tickets made the atmosphere in the banquet hall tense up instantaneously. All the gazes were fixed on the voting box in front of Manard.

Manard was affected by his emotions, and his expression became tense too. He only reached into the voting box after a brief hesitation. He took out a vote and opened it with a severe expression before reading it out. “The 65th vote, disagree.”

“Fantastic!” Cyril’s eyes lit up, and he clenched his fists excitedly. Only one more “disagree” vote was needed from the remaining two votes, and he would succeed at this impeachment exercise.

Gloria looked at the remaining two votes in the box with pursed lips. She had already ruled out all the board members who could have voted for her. She already couldn’t think of any board members who would support her.

However, even if she was deposed today, she wouldn't feel too bad, because so many board members had voted for her. At least it proved that people believed in the words she said.

Under everyone's gaze, Manard took out another vote from the box and opened it gradually. His eyes widened slightly. "Agree!"

"Yes!"

A childish cheer erupted in a corner.

Everyone looked toward the origin of the cheer, and saw Amy who was snuggling in Mag's arms with half of her face buried in his chest. All their eyes lit up. "What an adorable little girl!"

31:31!

Suspense filled the air again, and the result was on that last vote in the box.

"The last vote." Manard reached into the box, grabbed the vote, and slowly pulled it out.

Everyone's gaze followed his hand closely with bated breath.

Disagree! Disagree! It has to be disagree! Cyril chanted in his heart. Cold sweat was already beading on his forehead.

Collaborating with Bowen and Harvey was equivalent to him declaring war on his father. He was counting on the fact that Jeffree would have no choice but to let him inherit the Moreton Family after impeaching Gloria and removing her as a possible heir.

However, if Gloria wasn't deposed from her board member's seat, then his plans would totally go awry. Not only would he lose his status in the Chamber of Commerce, he also had no idea how to face Jeffree.

"Cyril, that fool, must have failed to make those board members under the Moretons vote for him. If we lose the voting today, all our plans would be futile." Bowen began to plan for the worst-case scenario in his heart with a sullen face.

"The 67th vote, agree!" Manard read out the result on the last vote in a low voice.

"Yes!"

"What a happy result!"

Cheers erupted in the crowd, and smiles appeared on many guests' faces. Compared with those high-ranking board members who did nothing apart from bullying them, the normal members, they naturally preferred Miss Gloria more.

Everyone from Mamy Restaurant smiled too. Although she only won by one vote, she did still win.

Mag slumped back into his seat, and heaved a breath of relief with an "as expected" expression as he calmly said, "It's indeed as expected."

"That mister wearing the green hat's face has become black." Amy smilingly pointed at Cyril.

In a corner of the banquet hall, Mars clenched his fists tightly. Even though he had tried his best to control his emotions, he couldn't hide the excitement on his face. Perhaps this signified that Gloria had officially entered the Chaos City's circle of business elite, and meant a whole new step for him.

"This is great!" Debra threw herself into Lance's arms.

"Yes. Gloria has won." Lance chuckled as he hugged Debra, and wiped off her tears with a silk handkerchief.

Meanwhile, Mickey was already bouncing up and down at the side.

"Jeffree, you have a good granddaughter." Michael smiled at Jeffree.

"You're being too kind, my lord," Jeffree replied with composure, but he was looking at Gloria with a gratified gaze.

At least this girl didn't disgrace him today, and also saved the Moreton Family from the trouble of being taken over by the Dodgeses and Marquises.

"The result of the voting is 32 'agree' votes, 31 'disagree' votes, and four 'abstain' votes!" Manard smiled as he loudly declared to Gloria, "Congratulations, Miss Gloria. According to the voting result, you will continue to be the Chamber of Commerce's board member until the next board members' election."

Loud applause erupted in the banquet hall, and everyone was smiling at Gloria. Today, Gloria had officially become the Chamber of Commerce's board member with all the members bearing witness to it.

It wasn't because she was the president's granddaughter, but because she was an outstanding business person. Her unique thinking and actions had gained the recognition of the majority of the members.

"No. This has to be fake! There's something wrong with the votes!" Cyril rushed forward, and hysterically said, "I request a check on the tickets! And to vote again!"

"Get off the stage, Cyril!" Jeffree stood up and slammed the table while glaring at Cyril. "Where do you think you are now? How dare you make a scene here? This voting was conducted with the city lord and all the members of the Chamber as witnesses. Do you think you can overthrow the result just by throwing a tantrum? If you continue to make a scene, I will remove your board member's position in accordance with the board's rules and regulations!"

Chapter 1459: The Invitation From The Twilight Forest

Cyril shivered after hearing Jeffree, and regained his wits instantly.

If he was deposed as a board member, that would mean he was completely abandoned by Jeffree and removed from the successors' list.

That would be the most bitter pill for him to swallow.

Meanwhile, his gaze swept across those people below the stage—who always buttered him up, but couldn't conceal their disgusted and disappointed expressions now—and his heart sunk even lower.

Cyril smiled awkwardly before saying, "My apologies. I'm too impulsive. Seems like everyone recognizes Gloria. As her uncle, I am happy about that, and I hope she would be a good board member and contribute to the Chamber of Commerce."

Cyril's flowery speech didn't receive any positive feedback. Instead, boos erupted in the banquet hall.

Gloria smiled at Cyril. "Thank you for removing everyone's misunderstanding of me, Uncle Cyril. I hope you, too, could do a part for the children together with me."

"I-I will donate 1,000,000 copper coins to that foundation today. It will be used to build school buildings." Cyril nodded even though he looked as if he had just eaten poop.

Gloria continued smiling. "Then I shall thank you on behalf of those children. I will let Mars assist with the donation matters in a moment. He is the person that goes between Blue Suede and the foundation. You only have to send the receipt to him, and he will settle everything for you."

"Alright." Cyril nodded with a dark expression before quickly getting off the stage.

Today was a huge humiliation to him, and he had suffered a double loss. The problem he had to consider now was no longer how to kick Gloria out, but how to maintain his position in Jeffrey's heart.

Gloria didn't hurry to get off the stage, nor did she react ecstatically over her win. Instead, she earnestly said, "Thank you for giving me your votes of support, board members. I accept this result with gladness and trepidation. However, making sure of this year-end celebration, I would like to appeal for the children who still couldn't go to school yet.

"The students of Chaos City are going to have their term break soon. This means a brand-new school term is about to come soon. Now, there are at least 50,000 children of school-going age who are not able to go to school in Chaos City. And currently, the funds that the foundation has raised and the new school buildings that Chaos School has extended could only accommodate 5000 new students. Furthermore, there is a great shortage of teachers.

"For those children who cannot go to school, apart from those who have great talent, most of them will have to do the most basic menial work because they've never had a basic education. This is very unfair to them.

"If the members of the Chamber of Commerce present today have the intention to provide some assistance to these children within your means, you can approach Teacher Luna directly or look for me. I hope we can all do our part to ensure more children can go to school and learn like your own offspring so they can obtain knowledge and change their destiny."

Resounding applause went on in the banquet hall for a long time. People were chatting softly among themselves about the donations.

"Thank you." Gloria bowed before moving off the stage gracefully.

Very soon, businessmen began to approach her. Mars was following Gloria with a pen and notebook, and writing down names and amounts of money.

“A person like she who cried out the problem of the children’s education has never appeared in our Roth Empire before,” the duke Abraham, who was sitting in the VIP area, lamented as he looked at Gloria.

“Royal Father has once said that the ordinary folks need not be too smart. They won’t be easy to control if they are too smart. And those who think they are smart are an even bigger headache,” Vanessa whispered. After pausing for a while, she continued, “But, I think this doesn’t seem very right.”

Abraham nodded with a smile. “We just have to kill a bunch of those fellows who think that they’re smart every once a while. Those who follow them are simply a bunch of clowns. However, I don’t think making more peasants smart is a bad thing. The real smart people are civilized, law-abiding, and courteous. They will instead take the initiative to defend law and order, like most residents of Chaos City.”

“Law-abiding and courteous.” Vanessa was thoughtful. After a while, she asked Abraham, “Uncle Abraham, then why don’t you suggest to Father and have him rectify the situation?”

“His Majesty naturally has his own ideas. Maybe what he believes is right.” Abraham shook his head with a smile before picking up an exquisite piece of pastry and popping it into his mouth. He continued, “I only like to eat, play, and enjoy myself, so I’m only spouting nonsense for the other stuff. Tell me, who is going to believe me?”

“What about Brother Sean and Brother Josh?” Vanessa pursued the topic.

“Sean resembles your father more, while Josh is more interested in magic than education. They, too, prefer obedient and not too smart people.” Abraham smiled. “You know very well that interacting with smart people is much more tiring than interacting with uneducated people.”

Vanessa smiled at Abraham with conviction. “I believe in what Uncle Abraham said. A civilized empire built by smart people is the future of the Roth Empire.”

Abraham paused his chewing and looked up at Vanessa with astonishment in his eyes, but he soon popped the other half of the pastry into his mouth, and relaxedly said, “You can say this in Chaos City, but don’t ever mention it back at Rodu, especially not to His Majesty. Otherwise, he would think that I have led you astray after bringing you to Chaos City.”

“Father said women shouldn’t be involved in politics, but I think it’s great to let children go to school. I’ve decided I will set up a school after I return to Rodu so ordinary people’s children can go to school too.” Vanessa smiled.

Abraham nodded with glowing eyes. “I think that is great. I will support you if you want to set up a school. I will provide you with the land and money, and you can build the school as big as you like.”

“Then, are you going back with me to set up the school with me, Uncle?”

“No way. Wouldn’t I take the limelight away from you then?” Abraham smilingly waved his hands. “I think I will spend my days eating hot pot in Chaos City.”

“You’re too much, Uncle.” Vanessa looked at Abraham aggrievedly. Her passion to contribute to the education back home was largely diminished instantly.

“Ahem. You see, I’m already old. How could you make an old man like me travel back and forth?” Abraham said as a matter of fact.

Mag was invited to Michael’s private room, where he was alone.

Michael smiled at Mag as he entered the room. “Boss Mag, I’m hereby informing you that the emissary from the Falk Tribe is going to arrive at Chaos City tomorrow. He will be inviting you to the Twilight Forest to provide the catering for Gary’s conferring ceremony banquet.”

Chapter 1460: Bro, Can You Just Squeeze In A Bit To Give Me Some Space, Please

Mag and the ladies left the banquet early, and went back to the restaurant. Irina happened to return at the same time too.

Because they didn’t have the chance to eat much at the banquet, they decided to set up a table to have hot pot, crayfish, kebabs, and spicy grilled fish with ice-cold beer. This was the official start of their banquet.

“Compared to the high-class banquet where everyone was on their best behavior, I still prefer to eat Boss’ food in the restaurant and joke around with all of you.” Yabemiya chuckled, and bit into a piece of beef.

“I also think Father’s dishes are the most delicious food in this world.” Amy nodded as she grabbed a crayfish.

“Did anything interesting happen at the banquet?” Irina smilingly asked after drinking a sip of the beer.

“That Miss Gloria who frequents our restaurant was awesome at the banquet today...” Firis described the voting incident on the banquet to Irina with excited facial expression.

The sumptuous supper concluded in the midst of their sated burping.

“Have an early night, Boss. We’ve decided to form a team and go have fun at the north of the city before going back to sleep.” Yabemiya waved at Mag before the bevy of maidens left together happily, humming a tune as they left.

“I wonder what the Gentlemen’s League would bring to the north of the city tonight?” Mag closed the restaurant’s door with a smile. He had something on tonight, so he wouldn’t be joining the Gentlemen’s League’s first team-building exercise.

“Oh, dear. Ugly Duckling, I think I’m going to get as fat as you.” Amy patted her slightly round tummy, and looked at Ugly Duckling melancholically.

“Meow~” Ugly Duckling called out to her, but its eyes were focused on half of the crayfish that it couldn’t bear to finish on its plate.

“You should stop eating too, otherwise you will get too fat.” Amy crouched down, and took away the remaining half of the crayfish on its plate.

“Meow?” Ugly Duckling stared at Amy with befuddlement. It had only eaten half of the crayfish...

"I don't care. You will run 10 laps around the restaurant right now." Amy pointed to the side.

"Meow, meow?" Ugly Duckling backed off. Wasn't this too much?

"You don't have to feel too much. Only what I feel matters. Just listen to me, this issue doesn't need any discussion. You have to run 10 laps around the restaurant. Listen to me, it's my call," Amy said gravely.

☹(☹-☹☹?)

"Meow, meow, meow???"

Ugly Duckling had a befuddled expression.

"Alright, you can start now. Remember to run for my share too," Amy ordered, sitting on the stool.

Although it was a little unwilling, Ugly Duckling still ran around the restaurant melancholically under Amy's gaze.

"If it continues to run at this speed, I am going to sleep." Irina came to Amy and watched Ugly Duckling move slowly. She pointed at it, and a furry green ball appeared behind it. The ball started to roll after Ugly Duckling quickly.

"Meow~"

Ugly Duckling bristled instantaneously, and began to run laps around the restaurant crazily in the form of a shadow. It completed 10 laps in the blink of an eye and leaped into Amy's arms. It poked its head out of her down jacket to appraise its surroundings carefully.

"Ugly Duckling, look at you. You are just plain lazy. You can, in fact, run very fast," Amy said disdainfully before carrying it upstairs.

While the two little ones were washing up in the bathroom, Mag asked Irina, "How's the arrangement at the Night Elves?"

"The new dormitories are already built according to the model that you built for them earlier. However, they're all made of wood. Although they don't look big on the outside, they're actually quite spacious. All the Night Elves could move in." Irina nodded. "I've spent 100,000,000 to buy a piece of land from the city lord's castle so we could build houses or factories on it. I also bought a piece of land outside the city so we could plant our own food."

"You are indeed very generous." Mag smiled. But since the problems of accommodation and land were settled, the Night Elves could be considered as settled in Chaos City.

The textile factory had already begun its operation. As its output increased, the factory's revenue would also increase rapidly. As long as a steady flow was formed, the basic living needs of these 20,000 elves would be secured.

However, the Night Elves included 20,000 elves right now, and the textile factory didn't need so much manpower. Hence, the other corresponding factories should be ready to start the production and go online to make effective use of this labor force. They could also provide them with wages and make them feel blissful.

“Is the city lord’s castle willing to give them the legal status as Chaos City’s residents?” Mag asked.

“The city lord’s castle’s only prerequisite is that they should have a stable job before applying for the residents’ legal status.” Irina nodded.

“City Lord Michael’s prerequisite is indeed very preferential.” Mag could understand Michael. By suddenly letting 20,000 Night Elves into Chaos City, not only would he have to withstand the pressure from the Wind Forest, he also had to consider the feelings of the Chaos City’s residents and the unstable factors that 20,000 elves could bring along after they entered the city.

Having a stable job meant the elves who had just moved in had the ability to survive in Chaos City. The factors related to unforeseen accidents would also be reduced to a minimum.

“But, it’s not going to be easy to find 20,000 jobs for them. We cannot be asking them to go look for a job on the streets by themselves, right?” Irina frowned.

“Leave the jobs’ issue to me. Don’t let them take the jobs from the people of Chaos City, as this may cause new conflicts and dislike from the ordinary residents.” Mag shook his head with a smile.

Irina looked at Mag and pondered. Then, she smiled, and said, “Alright, I’ll leave that to you.”

After bathing, Amy tilted her head back as she leaned in Mag’s arms while getting her hair blown dry, and expectantly asked, “Father, aren’t we going to beat up the baddies tonight? Can I go put on my black clothes and go beat up the baddies, please?”

“We’re not going tonight. We will go tomorrow night.” Mag shook his head with a smile as he dried Amy’s and Anna’s hair, and told the two little ones a bedtime story. After the two little ones were asleep, he went to the study, and began drawing blueprints.

Although the factories’ plan had basically taken shape in his mind, a detailed plan was still needed for them to materialize, and details were very important.

At the north of Chaos City.

“Don’t be afraid, little girl. We’re really gentlemen. We just want to send you home because we think it’s very dangerous for you to be out on the streets alone.” Seven, eight middle-aged men tried to speak as gently as they could while they surrounded a trembling girl.

“I-I simply came out to buy something...” The girl’s voice was quivering. However, she slowly relaxed as she realized these men were only surrounding her, but not approaching her in any way. She returned to her home, surrounded by a big group of people.

“Hey, bro. Give me some space, please.”

“Bro, you’re already climbing onto me. There are plenty of walls over there, why do you have to come over here?”

“Bro, there are already two layers of people on the walls over there. There are too many gentlemen, so I’m a little afraid. Can you just squeeze in a bit to give me some space, please?”

