

Stay At home 1461

Chapter 1461: The Night Guarding Chaos City

The Gentlemen's League calling made the northern part of the city extremely crowded tonight.

Because there were many gentlemen who came over, the problem of not having enough perpetrators to go around was magnified and caused some conflicts.

In the southwestern corner of the slums in the northern part of the city, a perverted-looking skinny half-orc cowered in a corner, looking fearfully at the gang of gentlemen of various races in front of him.

Even though there were more than 10 gentlemen, they had yet to do anything to the half-orc yet. Instead, they were squabbling among themselves.

"Bro, I saw this petty thief first. He should go to me," said a tall and large knight.

"No, no, everyone has eyes. How can you say that you're the one who saw him first? If I hadn't shouted out loud, he might have already touched that little girl," a fit demon said while shaking his head.

"I don't care. He was hit by my slipper, so he belongs to me. All of you should not fight with me," an orc argued along as he put his shoe back on.

"I was the one who discovered him first!"

"I was the one who wanted to catch him!"

Everyone started squabbling, and it seemed as though they were going to fight it out.

That half-orc was stunned. Why did the world suddenly change? This was the slum the entire city neglected. Why were there suddenly so many strange people around? After a while, he meekly asked, "C-can I go already?"

"Piss off!"

Everyone kicked him back into the corner at the same time, and continued arguing who had the rights over this petty thief.

"Just... Just kill me!"

After going through around half an hour of quarreling over his ownership, the petty thief finally could not take it anymore. He knelt on the ground, and cried out, "I merely wanted to snatch a candy from her... it's just one candy..."

Suddenly, everyone fell silent, and they looked at each other.

"And so you're right for snatching someone else's candy?" A brash orc kicked him.

"Don't you know what you look like? You could have given this little girl a trauma, coming out in the middle of the night to snatch her candy."

"If we hadn't appeared, you might not have just snatched a candy. Didn't this dagger come from you? The scent of the blood on it seems fresh. I suppose you just used it to stab someone," an elf said as he picked a dagger from the ground.

"I... I picked that up." That half-orc's eyes darted around.

The knight stepped forward, and said to everyone, "Alright, there's no conclusion to this argument. We can't possibly split his limbs or meat up among us. Let's just consolidate everyone's name into a list, and then send this fellow to the Gray Temple. They are more experienced than us."

"Sure."

Everyone nodded in agreement to this plan. They got a paper and pen, and wrote everyone's names down before tying the half-orc up, and sending him to the Gray Temple.

The same thing happened in various dark corners of the northern part of the city, and it became a situation where there were very few bad guys and too many gentlemen. There would always be a group of gentlemen squabbling for a good half an hour over who the petty thief should belong to. There were even instances where the petty thief could not deal with the stress anymore, and ended up committing suicide.

Meanwhile, other than the Gentlemen's League, the city lord's castle and Gray Temple also committed more troops and vehicles so that the gentlemen could just hand the bad guys over after capturing them.

"Sir, the number of criminals the Gentlemen's League catches in a night way surpasses the number we could catch in a month," said a young Gray Temple inspector as he looked at the three vehicles full of convicts.

"These fellows are usually very sly. They would know our patrolling time and routes very well, so it's very difficult for us to nab them. The sudden appearance of the Gentlemen's League made use of the strength in numbers to make it impossible for them to hide. It's very effective indeed." The leader nodded, and looked at the criminals in the vehicle. He squinted, and continued, "There are a few big fishes here that we've been eyeing for a very long time. Chaos City will become a lot safer after this round."

"The mysterious person who started the Gentlemen's League is very admirable," praised a young inspector.

"Anyone who would take the initiative to uphold the security of Chaos City is admirable," said the leader with a nod.

Although the tiles on the roofs of many old houses in the slums were broken this night, it was a rare night where the people here could sleep in peace.

Towards the latter half of the night, most of the gentlemen left, but there were still some who persisted in guarding the slums till daybreak.

They guarded Chaos City's night.

When the first ray of sun hit the walls, and the brows of the gentlemen were white from the frost and snow, the gentlemen smiled, albeit exhausted. They stood up, shook the snow away from their cotton coats, and disappeared behind the walls.

It had only been one night, yet Bastie Prison's jail cells were full.

Mag also stayed up the entire night. When the first ray of sun shone through the window, he realized that he had been up all night, drawing.

"Drawing and writing aren't easy indeed." Mag stretched his neck, and let out a series of clear cracking sounds. He stood up and tidied the messy table strewn with drawings. He organized them, and took one last look before putting them on a bookshelf.

The blueprints for the factory building and machines were already drawn, but he had not written the specific program flow yet, so he would have to take some time out in the day to do it.

He glanced at his watch. It was already 6 am. It seemed like he had no time to take a nap. Mag stretched and went straight to the bathroom to take a cold shower so he could stay awake.

Mag had the body of a 9th-tier knight in tip-top condition. Therefore, staying up the entire night would not tire him out very easily.

He went downstairs to prepare breakfast for everyone. Miya and the rest started arriving at the restaurant, each with a light pair of dark eye circles.

"Why, did everyone not sleep well last night?" Mag asked with a smile as he scooped some porridge up for them.

"Boss, you have no idea how crowded the northern part of the city was last night. The gentlemen from the Gentlemen's League were insane. They swept all the criminals and bad guys of the area. We searched the whole night, and could only catch two thieves stealing a porcelain vat, and even they were almost snatched from us," Miya recounted excitedly.

"I reckon around 70 to 80% of the bad guys in the area were caught last night. The remaining ones would probably not have the guts to come out again," Camilla said.

"Don't you think it's a little too much for all of you, a group of 7th-tier, 8th-tier, and 9th-tier magic caster, giant dragon, and vampire, to catch just two petty thieves stealing a porcelain vat?" Mag raised his brow. He was a little surprised at the overwhelming response for the Gentlemen's League. His initial expectation was just to have a few people join, but it seemed that the response far exceeded his expectations.

"This makes me very troubled. Those bad guys were supposed to be mine, but now I can't even outfight the gentlemen..." Connie sighed. She was a little upset. She thought for a while, and her eyes lit up as she said, "But, does that mean I can ask my master to let me release the bad guys that were caught over these few days so that I can deal with them all over again?"

Chapter 1462: My Appearance Fee Is Very High

After the morning operating hours, Miya and the rest knocked off, and went to the ice cream shop. Mag made himself a pot of tea as he got ready to go upstairs to finish his proposal.

Right at this moment, someone knocked on the door.

“You’re here?” Mag put down his teapot and walked over to open the door.

A tall and skinny orc with a pair of black orc ears stood outside the door. He sized Mag up, and said, “You’re Boss Mag, the owner of this restaurant?”

“Yes. What’s the matter?” Mag nodded. He could tell that he was of the same kind as Connie based on his ears, but they were too genetically different, and he was a little ugly.

“I’m from the noble Falk Tribe. You can call me Lord Klaur. I’ve come on the orders of Chief Gary to invite you to our tribe to make the food for our chief’s coronation banquet,” said the orc with his head held high as he waited for Mag to bow down to him.

Mag scoffed and shook his head as he said, “I’m sorry, but the restaurant’s very busy. I cannot accept the invitation. If there’s nothing else, please leave.”

“Huh?”

Klaur was stunned. He looked at Mag in disbelief. This fellow actually rejected Chief Gary’s invitation!

“You might not know this, but the Falk Tribe is the second-largest orc tribe. Our standing amongst the orcs is just below the Aug Tribe, and Chief Gary holds the highest position in our tribe. It’s your honor to be invited,” Klaur said disdainfully, as though he was waiting for Mag to kneel gratefully.

“Please thank Chef Gary for his kind intentions on my behalf. The Twilight Forest is very far away, and we have a lot of employees working in the restaurant, so it is really difficult for us to go over. Do look for another chef,” Mag rejected calmly again.

“Far away? I heard that you’ve even gone over to the Roth Empire to make the food for the king’s banquet. Don’t tell me that the Twilight Forest is further than the Roth Empire,” Klaur said with a frown. He appeared very unhappy.

“The king of the Roth Empire is the only king in the Roth Empire, isn’t that so?” Mag answered with a smile.

“You...” Klaur’s expression changed. This fellow was obviously mocking the Falk Tribe for being second, and the point the orc used to flaunt became a mockery immediately.

“Let me tell you. It’s your honor for the Falk Tribe to invite you. You’re just a measly human chef. How dare you talk to me like this?? Aren’t you afraid that I will finish you off?” Klaur said angrily. He had the urge to twist Mag’s head off his shoulders.

“Boss Mag, do you need help?” Barzel asked as he looked at Klaur cautiously. He happened to pass by the restaurant as he patrolled with his monkey.

Klaur saw Barzel wearing the Gray Temple uniform, and was reminded of Gary's warning before he came over. He suddenly looked a little uncomfortable, and smiled awkwardly as he said, "It's nothing. I was just inviting him over to our tribe to cook."

"This orc from the Falk Tribe said that he was going to finish me off," Mr. Mag said calmly. He wouldn't play along with Klaur.

Barzel pulled a face, and said in a deep voice to Klaur, "Sir, you've just attempted to disturb a resident of Chaos City. Please follow me back for investigation."

Klaur's face changed. He quickly waved his hands as he said, "No, it's not like that. I was just joking. I am a special envoy of Chief Gary from the Falk Tribe. I am here to specially invite Boss Mag from Mamy Restaurant back to our tribe to cook for our chief's coronation banquet. I respect Mr. Mag a lot. How could I harm or even threaten him?"

"Respect? Didn't you just request for me to call you Lord Klaur? Even the city lord didn't raise such a request when he came over to the restaurant to eat," Mag said with a smile.

Klaur looked at Mag's smile and clenched his teeth. However, the thought of Gary's fury if he failed to bring Mag back made him suppress his anger. He squeezed out a smile, and said, "How can that be? Just call me Klaury. I am representing the Falk Tribe to officially send an invitation to you. We can negotiate the price, and we will even send the Falk Tribe's flying steed to ferry you to and fro. You do not have to worry about the journey at all."

"Oh, Klaury, if your attitude had been that good just now, things would've been easy." Mag nodded with satisfaction. He continued, "However, my appearance fee is very high. We would have to calculate according to the restaurant's daily profit, which is 2,000,000 copper coins a day. How many days do you intend to hire me for?"

"2,000,000 copper coins a day!" Klaur's eyes popped out. He almost cursed at him. However, he saw Barzel still standing at the side in the corner of his eyes, so he suppressed his rising anger once again. With a meek smile, he said, "Do you think you could lower the price a little? 2,000,000 copper coins a day is a little too high."

"As the second-largest orc tribe, how can you bargain with me for spending a mere 2,000,000 copper coins to hire a chef for your chief's conferring ceremony? This is a little disappointing," Mag sighed.

"H-how can that be? Alright, 2,000,000 copper coins it is. Please arrive at the tribe a day before to prepare. Let's just take it as two days," Klaur said a little uncomfortably. The budget he was given before he came over was 100,000 copper coins. Now, he would have to think about how to explain the extra 3,900,000 copper coins.

Mag nodded with satisfaction, and said, "Alright. Set the date. We have around 12 people in the team."

"I will come over personally to pick you up in the morning five days later," Klaur said quickly before turning to leave.

"Before we set off, I want a deposit of half the agreed amount. Otherwise, we will not go."

“Sure,” Klaur promised through clenched teeth. He quickened his pace a little, and thought angrily to himself, *I’ll show you what’s the price you have to pay for talking to me like this once we reach the Twilight Forest.*

“It seems like the customers of Mamy Restaurant will have to go two days without Boss Mag’s cooking,” Barzel told Mag with a smile. As the chief inspector of the Gray Temple patrolling Aden Square, Barzel was quite close to Mag.

“I don’t have a choice. There are some invitations I can’t turn down.” Mag shook his head, and chatted a while more with Barzel before going back into the restaurant.

The information Michael gave last night was very accurate. The people from the Falk Tribe really came, and even personally invited them to the Twilight Forest to prepare Gary’s coronation banquet.

This meant that they had already infiltrated the Falk Tribe, and had also successfully gotten a legal identity to attend the conferring ceremony, just as he had expected.

It was easier to deal the enemy a fatal blow if they could infiltrate their internal operations.

“Since that’s the case, we’ll just have to push back releasing the sliced beef and ox tongue in chili sauce, and use it as the finale dish,” Mag muttered to himself as he brought his teapot upstairs.

“Young Master Cyril, according to Master’s wishes, you will no longer be in charge of the Moreton Family’s internal operations from today onwards. However, your position as a board member of the Chamber of Commerce will still be kept,” Manard announced calmly as he looked at Cyril.

Cyril slumped into his chair as he shook his head, and muttered to himself in disbelief, “No... Father can’t do this to me... He can’t do this to me...”

“The handover will start tomorrow. Do cooperate in the process, Young Master Cyril,” Manard said as he glanced at Cyril with pity before turning to leave.

Chapter 1463: You Wouldn’t Lose Your Way Home, Right?

In the study room of the Moreton Manor.

Jeffree sat behind the table as he looked at Gloria standing in front of him, saying, “From today onwards, you will be in charge of all the textile-related assets under the Moreton Family. As for Blue Suede and the factories that you’ve been building up on your own, they don’t have to be listed among the family’s assets. You can have sole ownership over them, that goes for all assets that you’ve set up on your own.”

“Thank you.” Gloria smiled happily. Although Jeffree did promise her all this before, she still felt excited after it was actually realized.

This meant that she would officially become the one running the Moreton Family. Even though textiles weren’t the Moreton Family’s strongest assets, the Moreton Family started off from textiles, and thus they had a say within Chaos City’s textile industry.

“You earned it through your hard work. You don’t have to thank me,” Jeffrey said calmly. He gladly continued, “The Moreton Family’s textile assets have been on the decline these few years, and we have been making a loss all this while. The Roth Empire made use of their low prices to dominate the market. What you need to do moving forward is to organize everything, and make the supply chain more concise so that our textile assets can continue surviving. I will give you three months to do this. If you cannot stop the loss, I will shut down all the textile-related assets.”

“What if I do it?” Gloria asked.

Jeffrey looked into Gloria’s eyes and saw fearlessness. He fell silent for a while before saying, “Then they will all belong to you. Just like Blue Suede.”

“I will work hard.” Gloria nodded seriously, her eyes filled with determination. She quickly bade her farewell and left.

“This lass really resembles her father. They are both full of grit. However, she was willing to put this grit into business, while Lance only wanted to raise and teach his child.” Jeffrey looked at her for a very long time before letting out a self-mocking smile. “It seems like I might have become another Ian. This old man is probably thinking of ways to mock me.”

“Mars, I want to go to Buffett Manor to thank Miss Scheer personally,” Gloria instructed Mars, who was standing outside the study room.

“Yes.” Mars nodded with a smile. As he walked, he flipped open the file in his hands, and reported, “There are a total of 85 members who have registered to donate. The total promised amount is 13,200,000 copper coins, and we’ve already received 8,200,000 copper coins.”

Gloria paused in her steps. After thinking for a while, she said, “Then after we meet Miss Scheer later, we’ll go to Chaos School to pass Teacher Luna the money. If we’re quick, we might be able to build another school building before the next academic year so more children can be admitted.”

“Yes.” Mars nodded. Following that, he asked, “Do we need to go to Mamy Restaurant this afternoon?”

“Although I am craving for Mr. Mag’s tofu pudding, the time needed to line up is too long. Let’s go after operating hours. I have some things to discuss with Mr. Mag,” Gloria said with a smile.

“I have something to announce to everyone. I have already received the Falk Tribe’s invitation for us to go over. We will be in charge of Gary’s conferring ceremony banquet,” Mag announced during lunch.

Miya’s eyes lit up as she said, “That’s great, weren’t we still troubled over how we should go over? This way, we can just appear at the banquet rightfully.”

Everyone was overjoyed as well.

“You have contacts at the Falk Tribe as well?” Camilla looked at Mag suspiciously.

"I don't. I just have a very high reputation. That's all." Mag sighed, looking as though he was not enjoying it at all.

"All of you can go in now, what about me?" Connie said worriedly.

"Say, that's your house. You wouldn't lose your way home, right?" Mag looked at Connie speechlessly. "Besides, haven't you been learning about infiltration for the past while? You could even enter and exit Bastie Prison easily, what's so difficult about sneaking back home?"

Everyone looked at Connie with a smile.

"Er... just in case." Connie blushed. Embarrassed, she said, "If I get lost, you guys have to save me."

"We're set to leave five days later. Everyone, do make the necessary preparations. Because we might face some dangerous situations, Firis, Anna, Jane, and Rena will not be coming along with us," Mag continued.

Firis raised her hand, and softly said, "I... I think I can do it. Otherwise, no one would be there to help you cut the vegetables."

Mag shook his head and smiled. "You need to stay here and be in charge of the Night Elves' food. If I brought you along, the canteen wouldn't be able to operate.

"I will draft the concrete plan within these several days. Our aim is to save Connie's brother, and at the same time overthrow the murderer Gary so that the Falk Tribe can regain its legitimate ruler," Mag went on.

"I agree with saving her brother, but do you think the few of us can really overthrow Gary? The Falk Tribe is the second-biggest orc tribe. It's not weak at all," Camilla said with a frown.

"That's great. I was still worried that it would be no fun because they're too weak." Irina picked a mushroom, paused, and said, "Leave Gary to me."

"Mr. Mag, are you going out?"

After the afternoon operating hours, Mag pushed his bicycle out, getting ready to go to the mercenary union, when Gloria's voice sounded from behind.

"Gloria, is anything the matter?" Mag asked with a smile as he turned to look at Gloria, who was getting off a horse-drawn carriage.

Gloria walked over, nodded, and said, "Yes. It's regarding Blue Suede, and I also have some personal things I wish to discuss and hear your opinion on."

"Sure. Come on in." Mag thought for a while, and parked his bicycle at the side. He opened the restaurant door, and motioned for her to enter.

"Am I interrupting your business?" Gloria asked worriedly.

"It's alright. It's nothing important." Mag shook his head with a smile.

As the pot of black tea was brewed, steam rose slowly.

“Congratulations. I heard that you’ve won the majority votes yesterday,” Mag said as he poured a cup of tea for Gloria, and placed it in front of her.

“Thank you.” Gloria touched the cup gently. Her face flushed a little red, perhaps because it was too warm in the restaurant, or maybe for some other reason.

The atmosphere started to get ambiguous, so Mag started the conversation. “Is there any problem with Blue Suede?”

“The new product is going to be released soon, and preorder for the first batch of down jackets was completely sold before it was even released. The beautiful ladies in Mamy Restaurant wearing them might have brought about a really positive advertising effect. The factory is now rushing out the second batch of down jackets, and we might have to expand some assembly lines. Also, some customers have fed back that Blue Suede’s clothing is priced too high, and that’s not very consumer-friendly for normal people. Do you think there’s a need to lower the price?” Gloria asked Mag.

Chapter 1464: I Believe In You, Mr. Mag

“The price only needs to be lowered for things that nobody wants. For treasured items, no matter how high you set the price, you will still have customers willing to pay. As for the customers who think that the price is too high, it is just because they are not Blue Suede’s target consumers. The normal price range for your target consumers would seem exorbitant to them. That’s a problem that can never be reconciled.” Mag took a sip from his teacup, and told Gloria with a smile, “Do you think Mamy Restaurant needs to lower its prices?”

“The food you make is so delicious, and also has such wondrous effects. It’s something that cannot be found anywhere else in Chaos City, or even the entire Norland Continent. Why is there a need to lower the price, then?” Gloria shook her head.

With a smile, Mag said, “The same logic goes for Blue Suede too. It has a novel design, and also broke through the rigid mindset when it comes to color coordination. All these things are very rare in the market, which is also uniquely Blue Suede.

“They wouldn’t be able to get another suave trench coat or soft and comfortable down jacket elsewhere. They wouldn’t be able to get the cool design and cutting, and that is why people go for Blue Suede.”

Gloria thought for a while, and raised her concern. “But clothing design can be imitated very easily. The materials we use are not difficult to find in the market as well. If other tailors wanted to replicate our design and sell their goods at an even lower price, wouldn’t that be a huge blow for Blue Suede?”

“Actually, once a luxury good reaches a certain level of recognition, the price is no longer to justify how it looks, but rather its brand.

“This was also why I wanted you to make Blue Suede into a luxury brand. Imitation would ultimately happen, but no matter how real it looks, the wealthy women would still feel ashamed for wearing imitations. Therefore, they would never go there.

“And those who aim for cheap goods that are very well imitated are those that cannot afford to buy Blue Suede. So whatever they wear would not affect Blue Suede at all.

“In contrast, after a portion of them realize that only the upper class wears Blue Suede, they will scrimp and save so that they can also own a legitimate Blue Suede. These people can be seen as Blue Suede’s invisible clients.

“The way to make Blue Suede competitive is to continue launching new items. As long as we can lead the fashion trends, Blue Suede will be able to stand tall,” Mag analyzed.

“Luxury brand... Imitations?” Gloria furrowed her brows together. After thinking for a long while, she started to become clear. She looked at Mag, and said, “I understand. Blue Suede should be focusing on moving towards being a high-end exquisite product brand. That itself would be able to bring us a large market and high profit. We should not be thinking of earning whatever money we can.”

“Yes. However, middle and lower-tier clothing is actually an even larger market. If you are able to efficiently produce large batches of clothes, lower the cost price of each individual item of clothing, and cover the middle and lower-tier clothing market, the amount of profit that you will be able to rake in is unimaginable. Of course, to do this, you must create a completely new brand that is exclusive from Blue Suede, and is operating in a completely different price range.” Mag looked at Gloria, and said, “I have been considering going into that recently. I wonder if you would be interested to join me?”

“Mr. Mag, do you want to switch careers?” Gloria looked at Mag, shocked. Mag only participated in the designing aspect for Blue Suede previously. Now, he sounded as though he had the intention to jump straight into the fashion industry.

“Actually, I am rather interested in cooking and fashion design. If I can find a partner that could be in charge of operations, that will be the best. That was why you were the first one who came to my mind,” Mag told Gloria with a smile. His eyes were filled with trust and expectations.

Working with Gloria had been very enjoyable. Besides, Mag could see the leadership quality in her. All she needed was time and opportunity, and she would definitely become a giant in the business industry, whereas he was more suitable to play the role of an angel investor.

“I’m the first one you thought of?” Gloria looked at Mag, and when she saw that gentle smile, she felt her heart skip a beat and blushed. She said with a shivering voice, “Do... do you have a plan?”

Mag nodded, and said, “I’ve set up a spinning mill in the northern part of the city a while ago, and it has already started production. With the help of new spinning machines, the efficiency has increased, and I was intending to build another weaving factory and a clothes-making factory there too.

“For the clothes-making factory, I plan to produce the middle to lower-tier clothes in large quantities, and the target consumers would be the largest group of people, the middle to low-income people. My aim is to allow them to wear cheap clothes of good quality.

“However, producing the clothes is just one aspect. My most urgent problem right now is how to sell the finished clothes and build a wide enough network. I know the Moreton Family’s textile assets used to sell very well. Right now, you should be managing this property, so I want to know if you would wish to work with me in this direction so that I can sell my clothes through you.”

“Sell your clothes through us?” Gloria was slightly stunned.

“Is there a problem?”

“No... It’s not...” Gloria shook her head, and said, “My grandfather just announced that he was going to hand the family’s textile assets over to me this morning. He also said that he would give me three months to reform the assets, including simplifying the supply chain so that we would stop making a loss. My other reason for coming over is to ask you for your suggestions on this.”

Mag was stunned when he heard that. What a coincidence. He thought for a while, and said, “In that case, I suggest for you to close the parts of the supply chain that are making a loss, strengthen the distribution channels, and be the sole distributor for my factory. According to my plans, my factory will be able to start mass production in a month’s time, and we will be able to provide a substantial amount of finished products. As long as the distribution channels can keep up with the production, it should reap in quite a hefty profit.”

“Aright. I will begin working on this once I get back.” Gloria nodded.

“Shouldn’t you have your doubts?” Mag asked with a smile.

“I believe in you, Mr. Mag. Besides, I do think that this is a very huge market, and since you are willing to trust me and give me this opportunity, I don’t see what’s there to doubt,” Gloria said with a smile.

Mag looked at Gloria’s beautiful smile, and felt more relaxed. With a smile, he said, “I will come up with a concrete proposal for the partnership in a couple of days, and then we can go through the specific details. I reckon you would be busy for a while. After all, reformation for an old brand is really troublesome.”

Chapter 1465: The Little Mouse Is So Cute

After the talk with Gloria, Mag went to the mercenary union for a while, and what took him by surprise was that no one claimed the reward even though there were many gentlemen who answered his call and left their name on the board of gentlemen.

In the first place was...

“The temperamental girl with a helmet?”

Mag raised his brow. He felt like things weren’t so simple.

Do teenage girls have this naming style nowadays?

In addition, the reward fund, which started with 5,000,000, became 8,500,000.

The reward increased by a whopping 3,500,000 overnight. That showed how supportive everyone was towards this project.

In addition, Mag had also received some feedback.

The most common feedback was the problem of having too many gentlemen and too few criminals.

For this problem... there was nothing he could do about it, right?

He couldn't possibly create a bunch of thieves so that these gentlemen with raging hormones could play with them, right?

"I heard that Bastie Prison was filled yesterday because there were so many criminals caught by the gentlemen. Boss Mag, you're the real gentleman." Cartera looked at Mag, and gave him a thumbs up.

The lady in charge of administrative matters was also looking at Mag with admiration.

"You're too kind." Mag waved his hand humbly. He was no gentleman. He was just a normal man. He looked at Cartera, and asked, "Can the Gentlemen's League become a chill mercenary group that doesn't have too many restrictions? I just need a simple list of gentlemen that want to continue protecting the people. After that, we can build a rotational system so that we can be more efficient in the long run."

Cartera fell silent for a while before he nodded, and said, "Although this is unprecedented, this is not against our union's rules. If the other mercenaries are willing to join, then there's no problem."

"I wonder if I can ask the public union to help with the operations for this. I can pay an operational fee," Mag said with a smile.

Cartera waved his hand with a smile, and said, "There's no need for the operational fee. It is something the mercenary union should do if it means that we can do a little for the peace and stability of Chaos City. I will personally oversee this matter. However, it's still unknown if the gentlemen are willing to join as mercenaries."

Mag and Cartera discussed further the details of setting up the Gentlemen's League mercenary group, and settled the rough framework for the project. After that, Mag went back to the restaurant.

Amy played with a lotus-shaped flame in her palm as she asked Krassu, "Master, is it vacation soon?"

Krassu was stunned. With a chuckle, he quickly said, "Er... It's not vacation yet at Chaos School, so let's not be in a hurry. Amy, look at what's in the magic rooms. Just play with anything you want to play with. Just tell me whatever you want. I will get it for you."

"I want to play with my friends. I want to eat all the delicious food. I want to lie in bed and sleep. Can I?" Amy asked Krassu as she blinked her large eyes.

"Er..." Krassu's eyes widened. Weren't those things that you would do during vacation? He had no idea how to reply to her.

"Hmph. Liar." Amy snorted gently. She put the lotus fire into a small crystal bottle and capped it.

The golden reddish flame the size of a palm danced within the crystal bottle, making the bottle glow very beautifully.

"Amy, why did you put the fire lotus into a small bottle?" Krassu tried to change the topic awkwardly.

"I want to blow the school up," Amy said seriously as she placed the little bottle on the rack.

Krassu took a look at the small crystal bottles on the rack that added up to almost 100 in numbers. There were flames of various colors in each bottle, and Krassu could not help but take a deep breath of cold air in.

If all these small bottles erupted at the same time, half of the entire Chaos School campus would probably be gone, much less this magic room.

Krassu hesitantly said, "Er... Amy, we learn magic not to blow the school up. Look at how cute the school is. Look at how cute the magic rooms are. If you blow them up..."

"Pfft..." Amy could not contain her laughter. She looked at Krassu, who seemed nervous, with a smile, and said, "Master, I was joking. The school is so cute. Why would I blow it up? You said that we cannot harm the innocent. Let's just blow those who don't go on vacation. Why should we blow the school up? Am I right?"

"Yes... Hm? No..." Krassu looked at Amy, who was smiling brightly, and sighed inside. It seemed that his plan to postpone the vacation would probably fail.

"Also, we're going out to play in a few days' time. That would be another holiday," Amy continued.

"What? You're going out to play? Are you going to take leave from school again?" Krassu suddenly became nervous.

Amy covered her mouth. Oops. She'd let the cat out of the bag.

Boss Mag, really! Instead of running his restaurant, all he thinks about is bringing his child out to play. He's totally inconsiderate of the feelings of us, teachers. I must have a good talk with him tonight, Krassu thought to himself. This is too serious.

Ring, ring~

The school bell in Chaos School rang to signify the end of school.

"Then I'll make a move first, Master. I've already promised to go home with Daphne and Ignatsu, so I won't be walking with you." Amy slipped down from the high stool, grabbed her little backpack, and swung it behind her as she skipped towards the door.

"I can go with you too," Krassu shouted to Amy as she skipped off.

"No, you're too old. You will increase our average age," Amy replied without even turning her head back. After that came the sound of the door closing.

"Says who? I'm still young, aren't I..." Krassu grumbled under his breath.

"Amy," Daphne called out as she waved her hand at the school entrance.

Ignatsu followed beside her, and the green beansprouts on his head swayed as he walked.

"Daphne." Amy skipped over. She gave Daphne a hug before plucking a green beansprout from Ignatsu's head with a smile, and said, "Let's go to my house to play."

Ignatsu's green bean sprout swayed left and right after it was plucked, but he did not seem to mind. Instead, he turned and expectantly asked Amy, "Can I continue watching Tom and Jerry?"

"Yeah, they've already been in the box for a week. I wonder if the little mouse would be eaten by that dumb cat?" Daphne asked with concern.

"They're fine. I opened the box to take a look this morning when I woke up. That dumb cat hasn't even caught the little mouse." Amy shook her head.

"Whew. That's great."

Daphne and Ignatsu let out a sigh of relief at the same time.

"But I think Ugly Duckling has also taken an interest in the little mouse. I saw it biting the box when I woke up in the morning," Amy said.

"That won't do. We'll have to educate it. The little mouse is so cute. How can Ugly Duckling eat it alive?" Daphne said seriously.

Amy pondered seriously, and said, "That's right. If we grill it until it turns a nice golden brown and sprinkle some chili powder and pepper, it will probably taste really good!"

Chapter 1466: The Challenge From The Invincible God Of Cookery

"Father, I'm back." The sound of knocking and Amy's voice were heard at the door.

Mag opened the door and smiled at Amy, who was wearing a magician robe and carrying a school bag, and Daphne and Ignatsu standing next to her.

"How do you do, Uncle." Daphne and Ignatsu greeted Mag together.

"Daphne and Ignatsu, come on in." Mag stepped aside to let the three children come in.

Amy skipped to the counter, removed her school bag, stood on her tiptoes, and tried to hang it on the hook on the wall. However, she was still 50 cm away from the hook even when she tiptoed.

Mag smilingly went forward, took the school bag from Amy, and hung it on the hook.

"Father, we would like to have strawberry ice cream, please?" Amy looked up at Mag expectantly.

"Then, what flavors would my two little friends like to have?" Mag asked Daphne and Ignatsu.

"I would like to have blueberry ice cream, please." Daphne put up her hand.

"I would like to have... chocolate ice cream," Ignatsu said after thinking for a moment.

"Alright. You three, go wash your hands while I get them for you." Mag nodded with a smile, and went into the kitchen.

Meanwhile, Amy carried a stool, and brought her friends to the bathroom sink.

"Then we're going upstairs to play." Amy took the ice cream, and brought Daphne and Ignatsu upstairs.

“What nice dishes should I cook for the three little ones tonight?” Mag murmured to himself. Amy loved to invite her friends home to play, so Mag naturally supported her. After all, it was so cold out there in winter, and there were so many toys up there in the playroom, which was a children’s paradise.

After they had their dinner, the doorbell rang.

“Is it a customer who doesn’t know the rules?” Mag went to the door. It wasn’t time for service yet, so customers usually wouldn’t come knocking at this timing.

Mag opened the door, and said to a strapping young man standing there, “We’re not open for service yet. If you’d like to have your meal, please line up from the end of the line.”

“I’m not here to eat.” That young man shook his head as he took out a black and gold paper that was folded in half and passed it to Mag. “I am Chapman. My master, Harris, heard that you’re the most famous chef in Chaos City, so he would like to issue a culinary challenge to you. This is the letter of challenge. We hope you will accept our challenge.”

“Harris?” Mag raised his eyebrow a little as he looked at the letter of challenge. It had been a while since someone issued him a challenge after he’d won against the Ducas Restaurant’s chef, and become the top chef in Chaos City. However, he had no idea who the other party was, and he didn’t wish to waste time on such meaningless endeavors.

“Harris! Could he be that legendary chef who is always on the road, and has already challenged and defeated over 100 famous chefs, the Invincible God of Cookery, Harris?” someone in the line exclaimed.

“Could it really be the Invincible God of Cookery? He actually came to Chaos City!”

“Boss Mag vs the Invincible God of Cookery. That is equivalent to the clash of titans!”

A small commotion broke out amongst the customers lining up. Those customers who knew Harris were obviously a little agitated.

Seems like he’s a famous chef. Mag pondered after he heard his customers.

Chapman didn’t become arrogant after hearing the customers. Instead, he explained to Mag, “Master respects each and every chef. He challenges them to polish his culinary skills as he hopes to gain insight and improvement from different chefs in the culinary duels.”

Mag opened the letter of challenge right on the spot. The content was very simple. Only three words “letter of challenge” were written on it, and the time for the challenge was: tomorrow.

“Interesting.” Mag cocked an eyebrow. This clean-cut style piqued his interest about that so-called Invincible God of Cookery. He kept the letter of challenge, and said to Chapman, “I accept this challenge, and the time will be set at 10 am tomorrow. The location will be at the entrance of Mamy Restaurant.”

“Alright. I will relay your message to my master. We will be here on time tomorrow.” Chapman nodded, and then left.

Mag returned to the restaurant with the letter of challenge, and closed the door.

“Boss Mag has agreed! Looks like I’ll have to apply for leave tomorrow morning.”

“The Invincible God of Cookery vs Boss Mag. I feel this is a duel that will be written into the chowhounds’ history books.”

“Come to speak of it, Boss Mag has never lost before. So, who will be the eventual victor of this duel? This really makes me so curious.”

The customers were talking among themselves excitedly.

“Is that Harris very formidable?” Abraham asked the agitated Vanessa curiously.

“Uncle, how dare you say you know everything about food? You don’t even know Master Harris. You’re not a qualified chowhound.” Vanessa rolled her eyes with disdain before she began, “Master Harris was born in our Roth Empire. He became famous very young because he was very good at cooking. The dwarven chief invited him to be the head chef at Issen Castle, where he had honed his craft for 30 years. Then, he began to travel around the Norland Continent, and issue challenges to those famous chefs.

“During his 10-odd years of travel, he has defeated over 145 famous chefs from all the different species, which includes almost all the top chefs on the Norland Continent.

“The most formidable thing about him is that his culinary skills have continued to elevate during his travels and challenges. Very few people are fortunate enough to taste his dishes, but those chefs who have lost to him are all very convinced.”

“He’s that formidable?!” Abraham’s mouth was wide open. He thought for a moment, and then asked, “How does Boss Mag compare to him? Will he lose?”

“Boss Mag is the most formidable chef that I have ever met, but I have never eaten the dishes made by Master Harris before, so I, too, have no idea what will be the outcome of their duel.” Vanessa shook her head, and then excitedly continued, “Anyway, no matter what the outcome will be, this has to be an unparalleled pinnacle showdown!”

“Father, what are you holding in your hands?” Amy asked curiously.

“A letter of challenge.” Mag went back to his seat with a smile, and showed the letter to everyone. “A chef has issued me a challenge, and I’ve accepted it.”

“Uh-oh. Is another poor mister going to lose his shop?” Amy said with pity.

“Perhaps he also has to lose a sum of money too,” Yabemiya said casually.

“I heard the other party is a very formidable chef. Maybe this wouldn’t be that easy.” Mag chuckled as he kept the letter of challenge.

Chapter 1467: A Story About A Mermaid

“Have you heard? Boss Mag from Mamy Restaurant is going to have a culinary duel with the Invincible God of Cookery, Harris, at noon tomorrow!”

“Really? However, who is the Invincible God of Cookery? He sounds like a big shot.”

“Of course. He is the existence that represents the very top level of chefs on the continent. Tomorrow’s duel is definitely going to be very amazing!”

“Should we go and watch it together tomorrow?”

The news of the duel swiftly spread, and caused a small hoo-ha in the chowhounds’ circle.

Harris had been famous for a long time, and he was rather legendary.

On the other side, Mag was a new force that was rising up rapidly. He had already made quite a name for himself in Chaos City and on the Norland Continent within a short six months’ time.

The duel of these two represented the top duel of chefs from the old and new generations. Hence, it naturally attracted many people’s attention.

The Mamy Restaurant’s customers were also having an animated discussion. They were obviously very excited about the coming duel.

Mag was very calm about that. It was the best to have a calm attitude when it came to duels.

If the other party was an overrated chef, then he was going to win even if he simply cooked a dish of fried rice. If the other party was really an expert, then it would really be very interesting.

Undeniably, this world indeed still had some very formidable chefs.

However, until now, Mag hadn’t met a real expert yet. This made him feel a little lonesome.

If there weren’t any opponents who could accompany him on his way to become the God of Cookery, wasn’t it going to be very boring?

“Boss, the kebabs are going to be toasted if you don’t flip them over now,” Yabemiya reminded him right at that moment.

“Oh...” Mag was a little embarrassed as he looked at the roast beef kebabs that were beginning to turn black from golden brown. He quickly turned all the 100-odd beef kebabs to the other side.

The ladies bid their farewells, and left after the dinner service was over.

As they couldn’t find a chance to catch any criminals last night, they gave up on going to the north of the city for the night. They would leave that to the other gentlemen.

Amy was tired after playing for the whole day. She fell asleep even before the service was over, and was carried upstairs by Irina. Anna followed them upstairs too.

Mag and Gina did a simple cleanup, lowered the curtains for the French doors, and then locked the restaurant’s entrance.

“Thanks for your hard work, Gina. Go wash up and rest early.” Mag smiled at Gina.

“Erm...” Gina replied, but she didn’t go upstairs. Instead, she looked at Mag with a blush, and hemmed and hawed.

Mag laughingly asked, “What’s the matter? Is there something you’d like to speak to me about?”

“I-I would like...” Gina’s cheeks began to turn a deeper shade of red, and her voice became softer and softer. “I would like to ask Mr. Mag to sleep with me.”

“Huh???”

Mag raised his eyebrows, and stared at Gina with an odd expression. In the middle of the night, a mermaid had actually extended such an invitation to him...

“I’ve been having nightmares in the past few nights. I dreamt that a pair of terrifying eyes was staring at me as if it wanted to gobble me up...” Gina appeared to be rather fearful as her voice was quivering and tears were gathering her eyes. She pleaded with Mag, “Therefore, could you please sleep with me for a while? Just a while will do... I don’t dare to sleep alone. Sob, sob, sob.”

So, this girl was having nightmares.

Mag heaved a sigh of relief, but why did he feel a little disappointed at the same time?

However, looking at Gina’s piteous look, Mag couldn’t bear to reject her. But when he thought of Irina living in the next room, he dared not agree to sleep with her even if someone gave him all the guts in this world.

“Oh, I see. Perhaps you have been waking too hard for the past few days. That’s why you have nightmares at night. I’ll tell you a bedtime story later, and I’ll leave after you fall asleep.” Mag thought of a solution. The others could even read a script together, so it should be alright for him to tell her a story.

“Mm-hmm. Thank you, Mr. Mag.” Gina nodded and gave Mag an octopus hug excitedly.

“Alright, alright. Let’s go upstairs,” Mag helplessly said after he finally pried Gina—who entangled him like an octopus—off him.

After going up upstairs, Mag flicked a glance at the master bedroom. The door was shut, and Irina and the two children seemed to be already asleep.

Mag heaved a breath of relief, but he still felt something was off.

He didn’t do anything, so why did he have a sneaky feeling?

“Are we going to sleep now?” Gina tugged on Mag’s sleeve. Because she was nervous, she stood closer than usual, and a softness pressed against Mag’s arm.

“Let’s take a shower first,” Mag instinctively said.

Hmm? Something doesn’t seem quite right?

“No, we’re not going to sleep. Only you are going to sleep, and I will keep you company for a while. I will leave after you’re asleep,” Mag repeated gravely. He pulled back his arm slightly to avoid the awkwardness.

“Mm-hm.” Gina nodded and brought Mag back to her room.

That huge tank had taken up half of the blue room.

“When did you add in the aquatic plants and fish?” Mag said with surprise after seeing the swaying aquatic plants and colorful saltwater fishes swimming in the tank. He hadn’t been in Gina’s room for quite some time. He didn’t expect she would transform the tank into a giant aquascape tank.

“I asked them to bring the plants and fish to me when they came here to get the mud casings. It feels more like home this way,” Gina replied.

Mag turned around, and saw Gina had already unbuttoned her sailor dress, and was now removing her stockings. He swiftly turned around. This maiden was really too carefree.

Just as Mag was trying to come up with the exact terms to remind her that she couldn’t casually undress in front of men whenever she wasn’t under the sea, he heard the sound of water splashing.

Mag looked up and saw a mermaid swimming in the tank carefreely while being surrounded by dozens of colorful small fishes. It looked just like a performance at the aquarium.

Pop~

Gina swam to the edge of the tank and popped her head out of the water. She tossed her golden-red hair backward, and smiled brightly at Mag. “Mr. Mag, do you want to come in and play together?”

“No, no, no. Let’s forget about that.” Mag stared at Gina in the school swimsuit, and quickly waved his hands. *Who is able to withstand that? That’s a mistake waiting to happen.*

“What story should I tell you...” Mag pondered seriously as he looked at Gina. Then, he said, “I will tell you a story about a mermaid.”

“My story?”

“No. It’s a story about a mermaid.”

“Mermaid?”

“The top is human, while the bottom is fish... Yes, it’s your species, but the main character is not you.”

“Oh.” Gina propped her head at the edge of the tank, and swayed her tail gently in the water as she looked at Mag expectantly.

“Under the deep, deep sea...” Mag’s low and magnetic voice began to narrate a story about a mermaid in the other world.

Chapter 1468: Perhaps You Are My True Prince?

“Prince... Prince Mag... Please don’t leave me...”

Mag looked at Gina who was murmuring in her sleep, and pursed his lips helplessly. He switched off the lights, and walked to the door softly. He saw a face with a faint smile as soon as he opened the door.

“Are you going to say that you only told her a story and nothing else happened?” Irina asked Mag with a faint smile.

Mag had a big shock, but he tried his best to keep calm. He closed the door behind him with a smile, and said, "Gina said she had been having nightmares for the past few days, and she dared not go to sleep. Based on my concern for my employees, I told her a bedtime story. We really didn't do anything."

"Ha. I don't think you would dare to do anything." Irina snorted softly.

A drop of cold sweat fell off Mag's forehead. Even though that was the truth, as a man, how could he admit defeat at this time. Hence, he said, "Do you know that I'm not really timid?"

"Really?" Irina suddenly placed her hands onto the doorframe next to him, pressed him against the door, and smilingly asked, "Do you dare to move?"

Mag was half a head taller than Irina, and even when he was pressed against the door, he wasn't intimidated completely. He grabbed her wrist, hugged her waist, turned around lightly, pressed her against the wall, and asked, "Why not?"

Irina was pressed against the wall by Mag, and their bodies were almost pressed together. That warm breath caressed her face lightly and brought an unusual sensation. A blush crept up on her face immediately.

Mag sensed Irina's change, and felt a little light-headed himself. How dared he turn around and press Irina against the wall. If she decided to whip out a bench right then, he would most probably die on the spot. He swiftly released her hand and took two steps back. He cleared his throat, and awkwardly said, "Then... are Little Amy and Anna asleep?"

"Yes, they are." Irina nodded.

"Then you have an early rest too. I'm going to draw some blueprints," Mag said before going into the study, and then closed the door.

Idiot, idiot. This stupid idiot!!! Irina stomped her feet with frustration as she looked at the closed study's door. She humphed and then returned to her room.

"Phew... Thank goodness for my wits." Mag heaved a breath of relief while leaning against the door. He felt he had been only one second away from getting his head bashed by a folding chair.

After making a pot of tea for himself, Mag sat down at his desk. The factories' plans were not done yet, and now he had to write another proposal about his collaboration with Gloria. It seemed like tonight would be another sleepless night.

Fortunately, Mag had all these things already mapped out in his heart. He had no other issues besides taking the time to write them out.

He bought a computer and drawing tools from the system, so his efficiency at drawing and typing had increased tremendously. He should be able to finish everything tonight.

At midnight, Mag made a trip to the washroom. He noticed Gina's door was agap when he came out of the study. It looked like someone had opened the door.

"Hmm?" Mag was a little surprised. He had closed the door when he came out earlier. Could someone have gone in?

Mag tiptoed toward Gina's room quietly without making a single sound. He listened at the door for a while, but there weren't any unusual movements in the room. After a brief moment of hesitation, Mag gently pushed open the door.

The light in the corridor spilled into the room through the open door. The end of the light landed on something round.

Mag got a shock, and then he took a closer look. *Hey, isn't this Ugly Duckling?!*

The orange Ugly Duckling was sitting in front of the tank, and staring at it intently while making growling sounds in its throat.

Meanwhile, in the fish tank, Gina was huddling in the innermost corner with her eyes shut, and shivering as if she was having a nightmare.

Mag couldn't help laughing when he saw this scene.

Alright, he had solved the mystery.

The so-called terrifying eyes indeed existed, but didn't come from the deep sea. Instead, they came from Ugly Duckling which was on a diet.

Those glowing hungry green eyes were really rather scary in the dark.

It was no wonder a fish would get nightmares when she was stared at by a cat while she was sleeping.

"Ugly Duckling, don't even try to have any designs on Gina and her little fish." Mag went in and picked up Ugly Duckling. He pondered for a moment when he saw Gina was still shivering in the corner. He returned to his room to fetch a speaker. He played a soothing piece of piano music, and put the speaker next to the fish tank.

The gentle piano sounds soothed Gina's fears.

Mag retreated out of the room after he saw Gina relaxed her body.

"Meow~" Ugly Duckling was sitting at the door and looking up at Mag. Then, it looked at Gina's room again with a rumbling stomach.

"Let's go. I'll make you something to eat. Don't ever go into Gina's room again. You gave her nightmares." Mag went downstairs with resignation.

"Meow~"

Ugly Duckling followed Mag downstairs excitedly. Because it ran too fast, it missed a step and rolled down the stairs.

"Meow~" Ugly Duckling put its chin on the floor, looked up at Mag, and cried aggrievedly.

"It's time for you to go on a diet." Mag couldn't help but laugh when he looked down at Ugly Duckling which was almost as round as a ball.

Although Ugly Duckling was still rather small and longer than a cat, it was indeed a little rounder than a kitten at its age.

Mag went into the kitchen and scooped out a small crayfish from the tank. He simply boiled it with water, then removed all the shells, and placed all the crayfish butter and meat in front of Ugly Duckling.

“Meow~ Gulp, gulp~” Ugly Duckling made happy growling sounds that it made when it was happy as it ate.

Mag began to feel hungry as he watched it eat. Since he had to work for the remainder of the night, he made himself a helping of Yangzhou fried rice as supper too.

After Ugly Duckling finished the entire crayfish by itself, it started to roll around Mag’s feet satedly. It revealed its tummy as if it was inviting Mag to caress it.

“I gotta get back to my work, so I can’t play with you.” Mag finished his fried rice, washed his bowl, and returned to his drawings.

Early the next morning, the first thing Gina did after waking up was excitedly run downstairs to Mag, who was making breakfast in the kitchen, and say, “Mr. Mag, I dreamt of you last night. That pair of scary eyes appeared again, and just as I was forced into a desperate corner, you appeared, chased away the monster, and saved me.”

“Erm...” Mag looked at Gina as he wondered how to explain to her that the scary monster was, in fact, Ugly Duckling.

“Perhaps... Perhaps you are my true prince?” Gina looked at Mag adoringly.

Irina suddenly appeared behind Gina, and smilingly said, “Generally speaking, dreams are the opposite of reality. He most probably isn’t your prince. That monster should be the one.”

Chapter 1469: Make Them Call You Father From The Bottom Of Their Hearts

“Really?” Gina looked at Mag with shock after hearing Irina. She didn’t know if she should believe that, so she had no idea what to say to Mag.

“Yes. Gina, you’re still young and too innocent as you grew up under the sea. Some people may look kind and gentle, but they’re in fact planning how to gobble you up,” Irina smilingly said as she swept her gaze at Mag with contemplation and warning.

Mag shrugged with a fearless expression, pretending that he, too, had no idea what Irina was hinting at.

However, Irina’s education made sense. Living in this complicated and flustered world, one needed to have the necessary vigilance and ability to see through people.

It was impossible for Mag to let Gina stay in the restaurant for the rest of her life. Even if she could stay in the restaurant for the rest of her life, she still had to interact with people outside it.

There were not many men who were as gentlemanly as him left in this world. Facing a mermaid who always threw herself at you, asking you to bathe with her and sleep with her... How many men were able to resist that?

“Big Sister Irina, are you talking about Ugly Duckling?” Gina’s gaze swiftly landed onto Ugly Duckling, which was lying on the counter lazily. “Although it always looks sleepy, I feel that it’s always staring at me as if it’s trying to find a chance to gobble me up.”

“Errr...” Irina was slightly misled by Gina’s turning point. After thinking for a moment, she nodded. “Yes. You’ve to be careful of men like Ugly Duckling.”

“Alright. I’ll take note of that.” Gina nodded smilingly before going into the kitchen. She tied her apron as she smilingly said to Mag with appreciation, “Let me help you, Mr. Mag. Thank you for telling me a bedtime story last night. I indeed had a good sleep, and I even dreamt of you...”

“She’s hopeless.” Irina frowned slightly, and took out a folding chair as she stared at Gina standing next to Mag. She took out the folding chair and put it away three times before she huffed softly and sat on the barstool behind the counter. She grabbed Ugly Duckling, and began to squeeze its fat cheeks to her heart’s content.

Hey? She indeed felt much better.

“???” Ugly Duckling.

o((☹_☹))o?

“Master, will we be staying in Chaos City for a few days? And will we be going to Rodu next? Should we send reservations for a challenge to those famous chefs in Rodu?” Chapman respectfully asked his master who was combing his hair very seriously.

“Let it be, let it be,” the mister with only a small patch of hair left on the top of his head replied without even looking up.

“Then, what do we need to prepare for today’s duel with Mr. Mag?”

“There’s no need to. ‘Let it be’ is my style,” Harris replied again. After staring at the mirror seriously for a while, he reached out to Chapman. “Conditioner.”

Chapman took out a small bamboo container out from the bamboo box at the side, removed its cover, scooped out a small spoonful of white cream, smeared it onto Harris’ palm, and resignedly said, “Yes, Master.”

“Boss Mag, I heard that you are going to have a culinary duel with the Invincible God of Cookery, Harris, in the afternoon, so do you have any comments for this duel? What dishes have you prepared? Can you please share with us how the duel will be conducted?” A reporter from “Chaos Morning Post” rushed to Mag, and rapidly fired the questions away as soon as Mag opened the door in the morning.

The customers lining up also fell silent instantly, and began to look at Mag with concern. Many people were very interested in this duel.

Mag flicked a glance at the audiostone that resembled a microphone before shaking his head. "The duel is set at 10 am. The other party hasn't set the rules and format with me yet, so there's nothing for me to share right now."

"Oh, I see." That reporter looked rather disappointed. After all, he had come three hours early so he could be the first in the line. His eyeballs moved a little, and then he immediately continued to ask, "Then, what do you think about Master Harris? Apparently, he is the idol of many chefs in the culinary world, so what status does he have in your heart?"

Mag threw a glance at that reporter. This young man looked rather honest, but he had a lot of naughty ideas. He wanted to create a big news headline early in the morning.

"As a chef, I respect all my colleagues in the same trade and every chef who never ceases to innovate and improve." Mag smiled as he gave an impeccable answer.

Obviously, this wasn't the answer the reporter wanted. He wanted to continue asking questions after a moment of hesitation.

"Welcome to Mamy Restaurant." Mag already smilingly stepped aside to indicate that the customers could go in for their meals.

Many customers still needed to go to work after having their breakfast, so they were not in the mood to listen to the reporter's questions. They pushed the reporter into the restaurant as the line moved forward.

"We're going to support you, Boss Mag. My sisters and I will definitely come to cheer you on for today's duel," a young woman said to Mag as she clenched her fists.

"If you will let us order an additional helping of tofu pudding, we will scream in whichever way you prefer," her friend who followed her chimed in.

"My lolita's voice is super nice." A mister with a full beard pushed his head over and whined a few times.

All the hair stood up on Mag's skin. He gravely warned him, "Mister, please remain silent later, or else I'm afraid the wok in my hand will slap your face uncontrollably."

"Boss Mag, you're too much, okay." That mister pouted unhappily with his pinky pointed up.

Mag had to take a few deep breaths before he could digest this coquettish expression.

What made Mag feel touched was that apart from the customers showing great interest in the duel, they all expressed their support for him.

"Ding! New mission: could the host please win this culinary duel, and make the other party your apprentice!"

"Mission reward: 'Talented Teacher Point' +1 and the ability 'Midas Touch'.

"Punishment for failing the mission: become the other party's apprentice, and follow him on his travels throughout the continent."

Right then, the system's voice appeared in Mag's head.

“Huh?” Mag was taken aback. After digesting the information given by the system, he raised his eyebrow. “Isn’t it too much to make the other party my apprentice, System?”

“The other party is the top chef in this culinary world called the Invincible God of Cookery. Both his status and experience have far exceeded mine. He would never ask me to be his master even if I won the culinary duel.”

The system despicably said, “A mission without any challenge wouldn’t be called a mission. Go for it, Host. You need to continuously best powerful opponents on your way to become the God of Cookery, and make them call you father from the bottom of their hearts... Sorry, it’s master!”

Chapter 1470: Aiyayaya...

Although Mag had no idea what “Talented Teacher Point” and “Midas Touch” were, he was completely helpless against the system who remained completely silent after giving him his mission.

He didn’t want to call that Harris, whom he had never met before, master and follow him on his travels on the continent.

Since that was the case, he had no choice but to defeat the other party, and make him call him master.

Stupid system. Mag cursed in his heart.

It was already 9am when the breakfast was over.

Many customers already left the restaurant, but they didn’t go away. Instead, they found themselves a good position at the door, preparing to watch the coming good show.

For example, that reporter from the Chaos Morning Post who was firing questions at Mag earlier had already climbed up onto the bar stool that he brought along, and set up a photostone, preparing to record this exciting duel down.

The Chaos City’s news had been dominated by the Gentlemen’s League who appeared at night. He was determined to come up with a piece of completely different news.

The Invincible God of Cookery vs The Number One Chef In Chaos City. Who would be the victor?

He had even come up with the title: Shocking! The Invincible God of Cookery, Harris, who has won over 100-odd duels has finally lost in Chaos City! Is it because of humanity’s...

Or it could be: Painful! The genius chef who has once taken the honor of being the Empire’s best chef has lost to the Invincible God of Cookery! Is this the...

As an experienced reporter, he had already come up with prearranged plans, and even finished writing the manuscripts in his heart. He was very sure that the Chaos Morning Post would be the first to report about this incident.

More and more audience came after hearing about the duel. Some even brought their own little stools.

“Come on. The front row is selling melon seeds, sweets, grilled sweet potatoes, grilled sweet corns.” The vendors who sensed an opportunity began to sell snacks that were great for watching a show with.

The weather was so cold, and so many people were waiting out there. It was indeed rather boring, so many chose to buy a hot grilled sweet potato to keep their hands warm in their pockets.

“Bro, I’ve heard both the chefs today are very impressive. Have you eaten at Mamy Restaurant before? It’s bloody expensive, right?” a middle-aged man asked the young man next to him softly. He was making hissing sounds because the hot sweet potatoes in his pockets were scalding him.

That young man bit into the grilled corn in his hands, and meaningfully said, “Poverty brought us together.”

The middle-aged man was a little stunned, and his hands grabbed the grilled sweet potatoes for more than two seconds. He quickly released them, and the sweet potatoes bounced on his hands for a few seconds. He finally grabbed them before the sweet potatoes touched the ground. He heaved a breath of relief, and then embarrassedly smiled. “You’re quite humorous.”

“You are too.” That young man grabbed his corn tightly, and then took a bite.

The people were all waiting expectantly, and more and more people arrived. There were almost 1000 people there, forming rows of crowd.

The restaurant’s door was closed, and the regulars were used to it. Boss Mag was always punctual. When the appointment started at 10am, he would definitely appear. There was no way they could make him appear early.

“Please excuse me!” Right then, an energetic voice called out, and the crowd parted to let a slightly rickety bullock cart drive in slowly. The driver was a strapping young man, and dozens of simply dressed people were following behind him. There were both young men and middle-aged men, and they were all dressed in well-worn cotton jackets. Apart from carrying luggage on their backs, each of them also carried an eye-catching black wok on his back.

“They really have to carry a black wok[1] as Master Harris’ apprentices.” Vanessa, who was standing in an excellent position in the front row, couldn’t help laughing softly when she saw the black woks on their backs. However, she wasn’t laughing at them, as mirth and surprise filled her bright eyes.

“No wonder it’s called a slow coach. There’s no way to rush with this old bullock cart.” Abraham chuckled as his attention was attracted to the old brown bull pulling the cart and Chapman who was driving it[2].

The crowd fell into a silence gradually as they looked at the bullock cart, trying to catch a glimpse of the Invincible God of Cookery.

Chapman stopped the bullock cart slowly in front of Mamy Restaurant. After seeing the crowd who came to watch the duel, a hint of shock flashed through his eyes. Did all these people come to watch the duel?

They had been to many places, and the master had dueled with many famous chefs before, but this was their first time seeing such a boisterous crowd.

Chapman lifted up the coach’s curtain, and spoke inside, “Master, we’ve arrived.”

“Arrived?” a befuddled voice spoke up in the carriage, and a big hand reached out after a while. He lifted the curtain aside and walked out shakily. He stretched himself lazily on the bullock cart’s shaft and yawned before sweeping his gaze across the surroundings with his sleepy eyes. He was instantly taken aback, and his almost shut eyes widened immediately. “Oh my gosh! Why are there so many people here?!”

All the audience were also rather shocked when they saw that rotund greasy middle-aged man wearing a well-worn cotton jacket that was full of patches with only a small patch of short hair on top of his head.

He wasn’t what they imagined the Invincible God of Cookery to look like.

“Haha... This mister looks so adorable. Although he’s trying his best to widen his eyes, we still can’t see them,” Vanessa smilingly said to Harris.

“All experts have their own unique ingenuity. This master has obviously perfectly interpreted this.” Abraham nodded his head with conviction, even when he was a little shocked by Harris’ appearance. However, he had seen many extraordinary people and things before, so he didn’t look down on him because of his appearance.

“Oh my. I didn’t expect to see so many people. Let me redo this.” Harris went back into the carriage. A short while later, he swept the curtain aside, emerged with his head up, and stood on the shaft in high and vigorous spirits. He even remembered to backcomb the small patch of hair on his head with his hand.

“Master, I saw a hair fall off from your head,” Chapman reminded him softly.

“Aiyayaya...” Harris couldn’t hold onto his expression any longer. He caressed his hair with an aching heart. “I only have about 100 strands left, and another one has dropped off. Life is too hard on me.”

“Master, we’re here to challenge Mr. Mag. It’s almost time now, so we should greet him first and decide the method and venue of the duel,” Chapman reminded him softly again.

“You’re right.” Harris kept away his sad expression, and waved at the crowd. He then got off the bullock cart, and walked toward Mamy Restaurant.

“This restaurant is so beautiful.” Harris looked up at Mamy Restaurant, and his eyes immediately lit up. They had come across countless restaurants during their travels, but none of them was comparable to this one.

Chapman quickly caught up, and pulled the bell hanging on the door gently.