

## Stay At home 1501

### Chapter 1501: Let Me Tell You The Origin Of This Dish First...

Mag's member system was very successful. He had already accumulated a bunch of unexpectedly powerful big bosses from all sorts of occupations in his little notebook.

At least in Chaos City, anyone was a big shot.

Of course, all this was only on the surface.

The most powerful person in Mamy Restaurant was the Lady Boss, who dared to face the Wind Forest and still hold them off.

She, and an exceedingly beautiful... pui, handsome and powerful boss.

Rena looked at those names on the notebook with gradually brightening eyes. As a locally born and bred Chaos City's resident, she knew very well what the names in the notebook meant.

What she didn't expect was that all these people who were standing at Chaos City's pinnacle were in fact all members of the restaurant. This was indeed too shocking.

"If someone is bullying you, tell me. The restaurant and I will always stand behind you." Mag smiled.

"Mm-hmm. We will all stand behind you if someone dares to bully you." Yabemiya nodded too.

"If they are baddies, I will help Big Sister Rena chase them away. I'm very formidable," Amy gravely said too, clenching her small fist.

"Did someone bully you?" Irina asked Rena with befuddlement. This awkward ambiance puzzled her. After pondering, she added, "Who is that? I'll go beat him up for you."

"All of you..." Rena looked at everyone who was looking at her with concern. Tears were already gathered in her eyes. She was temporarily at a loss for how to explain the incident to them.

Mag flicked a glance at Rena. He could understand why she was hung up and afraid, so he smiled.

"Alright. We are finished announcing these two incidents. Let's eat."

So, everyone stopped asking, and began to enjoy their meals.

Elizabeth threw a glance at Mag. Although she didn't know what he had done, she had a feeling that he had already done all the arrangements. That was why he was calm and able to consider Rena's feelings.

"Oh yes, Boss. Many customers asked for the 'husband and wife lung slice' in the morning. When will this dish be released?" Yabemiya suddenly asked when she was halfway through eating.

"Erm..." Mag pondered, and then answered, "After we come back from the Twilight Forest. Let's push it back a few days."

"I guess the customers are going to complain again." Yabemiya shrugged. The "husband and wife lung slice" became very popular after yesterday's duel. She already had many customers asking her about it.

“Just tell them that good dishes are worth waiting for.” Mag chuckled. He wasn’t going to hide it deliberately, but he intended to have a secret dish when he arrived in the Twilight Forest. The “husband and wife lung slice” was the only choice currently.

As expected, what the customers enquired most about was still the “husband and wife lung slice” at the lunch service.

And after hearing Yabemiya’s answer, besides complaining, they could only accept it.

What else could they do? The Little Boss was watching them. They couldn’t be demolishing the shop, right?

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“Master, I am here for my lesson.”

30 minutes after the lunch service was over, Harris rang the bell at the restaurant’s door, and smilingly spoke to Mag who opened the door. Chapman was standing behind him.

“Please come in.” Mag held the door open to let Harris pass. He couldn’t help but chuckle when he saw Chapman keeping watch at the door. “You’re not coming in?”

“I shouldn’t be present when Grandmaster is teaching Master. I will just keep watch here,” Chapman respectfully replied.

“Come on in. You can learn as well if you want to.” Mag smiled. This disciple of Harris was rather interesting.

Chapman looked at Harris.

“Your grandmaster has already spoken, so why are you still standing at the door? Trying to be a doorman?” Harris rolled his eyes.

“Yes.” Chapman nodded before going in.

“An emergency happened in the morning, so I had to push the appointment to the afternoon.” Mag brought Harris to the kitchen while passing the aprons to them.

“It’s fine. After all, we have nothing to do all day,” Harris smilingly replied. He wasn’t angry about being stood up in the morning. With glowing eyes and amazed when he saw Mag’s kitchen, he said, “Master, your kitchen is simply too professional, alright! Those two luminous pearls embedded there must have cost a fortune, right? And all the glistening kitchenware. How did you manage to keep it so bright and shiny? This wall of knives is so complete! I didn’t expect there would really be chefs who could keep the kitchen so spick-and-span. It’s really incredible!”

“Those two over there are lights. The kitchenware is stainless steel, and I seldom use those knives. The ‘Fat Head Fish’ alone is enough to handle 99% of the situations. As for keeping the kitchen spick-and-span, isn’t it the most basic thing that a chef should do?” Mag calmly replied.

“Many chefs know that, but not many are persistently doing it. I have only met three till now, and Master is one of them.” Harris retrieved his gaze and then smiled at Mag. “However, this really is a thing that is worth doing persistently.”

“Alright. Then, we will be learning the ‘husband and wife lung slice’ now. Before we start the learning process formally, let me tell you the origin of this dish first...” Mag said gravely as he got into the character of a master rapidly. The most obvious benefit of “Talented Teacher Point+1” was that he felt no shame to be addressed as “master”, and a set of special teaching words would automatically form in his head.

Harris and Chapman were listening to him very attentively. The latter was even taking down notes in a notebook as he listened, looking like a total nerd.

As for that skill “Midas Touch”, Mag initially thought it was an alchemist’s standard skill, and after obtaining it, he could embark on his journey of stay-home-and-get-rich by pointing at the items at home. He didn’t expect that the “touch” was meant for stupid brains.

The description of “Midas Touch”: using the secret technique of “Midas Touch” on the intended person so the other party could quickly understand and accept the knowledge. Even the dumbest brain could become smart.

This was indeed a teacher’s gold finger[1]. With this, even if Mag couldn’t continue to operate a restaurant in the future, he could become a teacher at any culinary schools. He would definitely be one of the best teachers.

However, there was a clause to utilize this skill. The other party had to be the user’s disciple or disciple’s disciple.

Mag explained the origin of “husband and wife lung slice”, but he skipped certain details and parts that were difficult to explain. He then proceeded to the stove, and picked out all the spices from the spice zone as he explained, “The crucial and important step for making ‘husband and wife lung slice’ is the braising. The outcome of the braising will decide the basic taste and texture of the ‘husband and wife lung slice’, and set the basic tone for this dish. Hence, for today’s lesson, we will start with learning about all the different kinds of spices needed for the braising...”

## **Chapter 1502: Let Grandmaster Guide You**

Harris listened to Mag explain to him all the spices that he had never heard of before. He also kept asking questions like a serious student.

Of course, what shocked him the most was that there were still some spices that Mag mentioned which he didn’t recognize, even though he had ventured all over the Norland Continent and seen all the species’ spices.

For example, that spice called star anise. According to Mag, it was produced in the mountains near the Issen Castle. However, he had never seen a chef use that spice after staying at Issen Castle for over 20 years.

And that cinnamon, which was a fragrant tree bark. This method of obtaining spices amazed him.

“Master, you said that these spices are needed, but I’m afraid no market on the Norland Continent will have all of them.” Harris couldn’t help complaining after Mag finished explaining.

“That’s true. I have to obtain some of the spices through special channels too. Furthermore, they’re not widely accepted and promoted.” Mag nodded in agreement. Some of the spices had never existed in this world. It was the system that had modified and grown them.

“In this case, wouldn’t we be unable to replicate this dish after we left Chaos City?” Harris scratched his head with a frown. That was a little annoying.

“I will give you a pack of spices when you leave. You can always come back and get the spices from me after you finish them,” Master said to Harris gravely. “As the saying goes, ‘while one’s masters are alive, one should not travel to distant places.’”

“Grandmaster, isn’t it ‘while one’s parents are alive, one should not travel to distant places?’” Chapman asked softly after hesitating for a moment.

Harris couldn’t help giving him a side glance. That was obviously taking advantage of him.

“That’s roughly the meaning.” Mag nodded with a natural expression before he continued, “Knowing the spices is just the first step. Now, we’re going to talk about how to do the braising. This is the step that allows the beef and beef offals to absorb the spices perfectly. It’s also the most crucial step of the ‘husband and wife lung slice’.

“A pot of excellent marinate could give the meat a soul, so these spices are the real main characters...”

Mag continued to explain. He set up a pot, and began to demonstrate while he taught.

As an old chef with dozens of years of experience, these steps were extremely simple to Harris. To him, it was more about learning about Mag’s understanding of the spices and how to use them, and how to add such a big amount of spices together to create an even more exquisite taste without hindering or interfering with one another.

Meanwhile, Chapman was a very honest student. He noted down every step that Mag explained in detail, and highlighted the important point at the same time. He looked just like a student who sat in the first row to take down the points.

“After plating, slowly drizzle the boiled red oil over it, and then scatter a bunch of roasted sesame seeds. Add a little green cilantro as a garnish, and the delicious ‘husband and wife lung slice’ is done.” Mag took a step back to showcase the “husband and wife lung slice” that he had just completed.

“Both its aroma and presentation are exemplary. The astonishingly complicated pairing sparkled with a genius’ design stroke. Master, you’re truly a genius,” Harris praised with amazement.

The previous step of cooking the red oil had also amazed him. He’d never thought that oil could be processed with this method to become like a condiment. It subverted some of his fixed thinking.

“It’s simply a routine operation.” Mag waved his hands nonchalantly, and passed a pair of chopsticks each to Harris and Chapman. “Come and taste it. You guys didn’t taste it yesterday, either.”

“Let me taste this beef first.” Harris took the chopsticks, and picked up a piece of the thinly sliced beef coated with a layer of red oil. Whiffs of the aroma of the braised meat coated with red oil drifted over gradually. His mouth already began to salivate even before it entered the mouth.

The beef was tender yet still a little chewy, but it wasn’t the melt-in-your-mouth type. The aroma of the meat slowly blossomed in the mouth as he chewed. Under the red oil’s catalysis, a scrumptiousness that made the taste buds go crazy was released.

“This taste!” Harris’ eyes lit up instantly. This taste was simply too impactful. The spices weren’t stacked together meaninglessly. Every one of them was giving out a unique fragrance, which gave this mouthful of meat layers of tastes.

The rich aroma exploded in his mouth, entrancing and intoxicating.

Rip!

A loud tearing sounded, and Harris’ ramie cotton top ripped apart.

*This dish has actually reached the standard which could cause Master’s clothes to rip apart!* Chapman stared at Harris’ torn clothes with shock. He had followed his master for years, and had only seen this happen a couple of times.

*Does this dish indeed have such amazing magic?* Chapman used his chopsticks to pick up a piece of ox scalp expectantly, and popped it into his mouth.

The soft ox scalp wasn’t as hard as the hide, and he could bite into it easily. The ox scalp, which was the hardest to marinate, was still infused with the rich spicy fragrance after braising for a long time. The collagen gave it a slightly sticky texture. However, the gravy balanced out the stickiness, and gave it a very good flavor and texture.

Meanwhile, the red oil that coated the ox scalp gave it an aromatic spiciness!

*So, this is what it tastes like!* Chapman’s eyes glowed. The ox scalp’s taste had completely exceeded his expectations. The exquisite layers of tastes made him realize that all the complicated procedures and each and every spice had their unique uses.

“I think yesterday’s duel was a little unfair,” Harris said to Mag with a serious expression.

“Hmm?” Mag looked at him. *Is he thinking of renouncing the result?*

“This obviously should’ve been a 5:0 result! My ‘18-year-old maiden’s dress’ has lost by a whole mile, alright! They’re not comparable at all! 3:1 was an insult to the ‘husband and wife lung slice’!” Harris said agitatedly.

“Erm...” Mag didn’t know how to continue the conversation, so he simply smiled. “Alright. I have done all the explanations for this dish. You guys can use all the equipment and ingredients you need in the kitchen to practice on your own. You can come and ask me whenever you have a question.”

Harris nodded, and then smiled at Chapman. “Manman, shall we both make a helping of ‘husband and wife lung slice’ at the same time, and see which is better?”

“Your disciple is stupid, so I dare not compete with Master.” Chapman shook his head.

“It’s fine. I knew you’re stupid and a slow learner too. Otherwise, why would I pick you.” Harris chuckled.  
“But that’s not going to affect me from doing my best.”

“I...” Chapman was still a little hesitant.

“Don’t worry, let Grandmaster guide you.” Mag smiled at Chapman, and then reached out to him with his middle finger.

### **Chapter 1503: First! I Will Never Let Emotions Affect My Decisions!**

“I have a golden finger, and I shall enlighten you!” Mag deliberately mumbled a rather embarrassing chant before tapping in between Chapman’s eyebrows lightly.

The finger only touched the forehead for less than a second.

Mag took a step back.

Meanwhile, Chapman closed his eyes.

Chapman felt a mysterious power suddenly surge into his mind. Every step that Mag demonstrated earlier and every sentence that he said kept repeating in his mind. Some things that he couldn’t understand previously suddenly became resolved and easy to understand. He only opened his eyes slowly after a while as if he had already grasped everything.

“Can you remember all the steps?” Mag asked smilingly.

“Yes, I can.” Chapman nodded, and he looked at Mag with an amazed and respectful gaze. He really couldn’t understand how he could completely grasp the dish’s recipe as if he had been practicing making it dozens of times after Mag simply tapped in between his eyebrows gently.

“Did you really get all the steps?” Harris was also looking at Chapman doubtfully. This disciple of his was good in every aspect except for being a slow learner. Not only did he start slow, he also proceeded very slowly. The only good thing about him was stability.

“Yes, Master.” Chapman nodded again.

Harris knew that Chapman never lied, so he couldn’t help staring at Mag’s finger with suspicion. Could this really be some gold finger? Just a tap from it, and one could master the recipe? However, as his master, he couldn’t show his weakness now, so he chuckled. “Alright, since this is the case, let’s have a master-and-disciple culinary duel today, with ‘husband and wife lung slice’ as the duel’s subject. My master will be the judge to see whose dish is nicer.”

“Yes.” Chapman nodded respectfully, and no longer rejected.

“Since this is the case, I will be the arbiter in this internal strife of master and disciple!

“First! I will never let emotions affect my decisions! Second! I will never miss a fault! Third! I will definitely be fair and just! Judge Mag, take your position! I will be the judge of this duel!” Mag lifted his hand, but nobody moved. Hence, he could only retrieve his hand awkwardly, and took two steps to give Harris and Chapman space. “The duel. Start right now!”

“Master is indeed professional!” Harris and Chapman were slightly taken aback, but after hearing the duel had begun, they immediately entered into the cooking mode formally.

The first step started with the ingredients. They had to select the spices needed for the braising marinate from the spice box that contained hundreds of spices. This would test whether they had listened to his lecture attentively earlier, and how much they understood about these spices.

Harris looked at the spice box, and descended deep into thought. He saw them earlier, but he couldn't remember which box Mag took the spices out from. After seriously pondering for a while, he chose a few spices with obvious features like star anise. As for the rest, he depended on his nose to differentiate them.

However, on the other side, Chapman was already casually picking out all kinds of spices from the box, and tossing them into the pot with a smooth action as if he knew what he was doing very well.

*Is he for real?* When Harris turned around, Chapman had already finished selecting his ingredients, and started to prepare the beef and beef offal.

After hesitating for a while, Harris popped his head over to steal a peep.

“Warning for peeping!” Mag's serious voice was heard.

“Hehe. I'm just trying to see if this kid is fooling around.” Harris shrugged and smiled embarrassedly.

Mag was expressionless, but his gaze was focused on Chapman. He also wanted to know what was the effect of this gold finger. Was it really applicable to anybody?

Harris picked out the spices with his sense of smell. Although he was slightly slow, he did get every spice that was needed. However, by the time he picked out all the spices, Chapman had already put the meat in the marinade for braising.

*Hey. He isn't slow at the start this time. Instead, he is terrifyingly fast.* Harris was a little taken by surprise, and was increasingly curious about what Mag did to Chapman earlier. It actually had such an amazing effect.

*Or maybe Master has given his disciple's disciple extra lessons behind my back?* Another idea popped up in Harris' mind, but was swiftly rejected by him. They didn't have the time to do that.

*I didn't expect that one day I would need to be serious when I faced off against Manman.* Harris sighed. He began to put on a serious expression. After recalling the procedures that Mag had executed earlier, he started to cook following the steps.

Mag was simply watching at the side quietly as he observed the details of their cooking. He didn't remind or correct them.

It was obvious that Chapman executed the details very well after he gave him a tap. His understanding of the 'husband and wife lung slice' was already very deep and thorough.

Meanwhile, Harris also displayed a very powerful understanding and execution by depending on his exquisite cutting skills and dozens of years of experience as a chef. His details were also impeccable, but he would still pause at certain steps as he had only watched Mag demonstrate and explain once.

“Manman, lend me your notes for a while,” Harris said to Chapman, and then calmly explained, “I didn’t forget. I simply want to confirm it. This is the most basic serious attitude that a chef should have. Watch and learn from me.”

“Yes, Master.” Chapman passed the notebook to Harris with a grave expression.

Mag pursed his lips. *Who is going to believe you, old man. You’re so naughty.*

“For this red oil, add this... and then add this...” Harris was flipping through Chapman’s notebook seriously while Chapman was already pouring the completed red oil into a big bowl, and set it aside for later use.

30 minutes later, Harris drizzled the simmered red oil over the plated beef and beef offals, and a plate of red “husband and wife lung slice” was done.

On the other side, Chapman had already finished his dish a few minutes ago.

Harris threw a glance at Chapman’s “husband and wife lung slice”. It basically looked the same as his. After all, he’d brought him up as a disciple. He had a stubborn determination like a bull and cutting skills that he had been practicing for 20 over years. He was just slightly better than him.

*Why am I feeling a little nervous? I shouldn’t be feeling that?* Harris cocked his eyebrow as he felt his heart begin to race.

It was fine losing to Mag. After all, there was always someone who was better than him out there. However, if he lost to the disciple he’d brought up, that feeling would be really awkward.

“The cooking is complete. Now, we will enter into the judging round.” Mag snapped his fingers to indicate to both contestants to bring up their completed “husband and wife lung slice”.

Regarding their appearance, both dishes almost looked the same. The cooks’ exquisite cutting skills made sure every slice of meat had the same thickness. The dishes were spread out on the respective plates like an open flower.

Chapman’s cutting skills had given Mag a pleasant surprise. He might look dull and boring, but he possessed marvelous cutting skills which were only second to Harris’. His overall performance should be above his.

“Let me taste them.” Mag picked a pair of chopsticks, and started with a piece of beef from Harris’ plate.

#### **Chapter 1504: I’m Really Not Very Good At Being A Teacher At All**

The thinly sliced beef was coated with a layer of red oil. As Mag got closer, the red oil’s spicy aroma slowly greeted his nose.

Observing its color, it was bright red and glistening; smelling its aroma, it was spicy aromatic but not pungent. The looks and aroma had already fulfilled the basic requirements for “husband and wife lung slice”.

Then, he put it into his mouth.



The beef was tender, and melted in the mouth with a gentle bite. The spicy aroma blossomed in his mouth, and intermingled with the beef. It could be described as scrumptious.

However, Mag began to frown a little. After some thought, he popped another piece of tripe into his mouth.

The tripe was still crisp, but he found that certain parts weren't easy to chew and swallow.

Mag pondered as he roughly knew where the problem was.

Harris was staring at Mag nervously, eagerly expecting his review.

But Mag simply put down his chopsticks without saying anything. Instead, he rinsed his mouth, took a new pair of chopsticks, and then picked up a piece of beef from Chapman's plate.

Judging from its looks, it wasn't much different from the one Harris made, but the red oil's aroma was much richer.

Putting the beef into his mouth, Mag chewed it gently. The tender texture gave him a refreshing sensation. The meaty aroma of the beef blended together with the spicy aroma of the red oil and exploded in his mouth, giving him a pleasantly surprising texture and a wonderful taste.

Mag nodded. This was the proper taste. It should be tender but not mushy. Although they looked almost the same, the texture and taste were completely different, and the control of the heat was the deciding factor.

Furthermore, Chapman's red oil's aroma was also richer than Harris'. The taste of the chili and all the spices were completely simmered into the red oil.

Then, Mag moved onto a piece of tripe. The springy texture gave the teeth an exquisite experience, and it dissolved completely after chewing.

It was obvious whose was better.

"Harris' 'husband and wife lung slice' was sliced perfectly, and there was nothing wrong with the cooking steps and procedures, but because you're unfamiliar with the spices, ingredients, and cooking methods, it affected the final outcome.

"The beef was too mushy, and disintegrated in the mouth immediately. I wasn't able to enjoy the rich meat aroma by chewing the beef. The tripe was slightly overcooked, so it was crisp but not tender, and certain parts couldn't be chewed out completely at the same time. This greatly affected the tripe's texture and taste.

"It's already very exceptional that you could reach this standard for your first time making 'husband and wife lung slice'." Mag smiled at Harris.

"Master, you're too kind, too kind." Harris smiled humbly, but his expression became increasingly smug. He had expected that the heat control would have a little problem as it was his first time making it, after all. He still wasn't very familiar with the cooking method and ingredients. It was already very good that he could reproduce the whole process almost perfectly.

Mag then continued talking to Chapman, “However, comparatively speaking, Chapman’s ‘husband and wife lung slice’ has already reached the professional level. Both the brewing of the red oil and the braising of the beef and beef offals have displayed his understanding of this dish. Moreover, when it comes to the control of the heat, he has grasped the tempo perfectly.

“The tender beef and the springy tripe have showcased the essence and scrumptiousness of the ‘husband and wife lung slice’ perfectly.

“He could be called a genius as he’s able to make such a high-standard ‘husband and wife lung slice’ on his very first try!”

Harris’ smile gradually froze on his smile as he suddenly sensed something wasn’t very right.

There was a gigantic gap between “very exceptional” and “genius”.

He had never expected these two descriptions would be used on Chapman and him one day, and furthermore, he would only be “very exceptional”, while Chapman was the “genius”.

“Hence, for this duel of your very first try on making ‘husband and wife lung slice’, I choose Chapman’s ‘husband and wife lung slice’.”

“This can’t be happening...” Harris looked crestfallen. This actually happened.

One had to know that Chapman was a very slow learner. Every time Harris tried to teach him a new dish, it would usually take him a whole month to master it.

But today, he had mastered the dish simply by watching and listening to Mag’s demonstration once. This was totally unlike Chapman!

Chapman quickly shook his head. “I am not smart. It’s all due to Grandmaster’s teaching that allowed me to grasp the ‘husband and wife lung slice’ so rapidly. I won’t dare to say that I’ve defeated Master.”

“Let me try it too.” Harris was still not very convinced. He picked up a piece of the beef that he made with his chopsticks. It was exactly as Mag described. It was too mushy with no texture. The original taste of the beef was all lost.

“This terrible texture.” Harris frowned. This heat control problem was indeed rather serious. It had completely lost the taste that he should have achieved.

He then popped a piece of Chapman’s beef into his mouth.

The tender texture together with spicy aromatic red oil, aroma of the marinate, and meat brought along the double ecstasy of chewiness and scrumptiousness.

“I suspect you’ve been playing me all along.” Harris put down his chopsticks after a long time, and gazed at Chapman with a complicated expression.

Chapman was embarrassed, and he was at a loss for how to reply.

Harris exhaled a breath as he felt rather fortunate. “It’s good that I calmed myself earlier, and didn’t bet on accepting another master.”

“Comparing these two ‘husband and wife lung slice’ versions, mine was indeed completely defeated. The difference simply isn’t in the control of details alone, it is also in the understanding of this dish,” Harris acknowledged honestly. However, he still curiously asked Mag, “Master, how did you wake this blockhead up? That is something that even I couldn’t achieve after teaching him for over 20 years.”

“See this.” Mag slowly put out his middle finger. “This is the legendary gold finger. It will enlighten anybody.”

Harris stared at Mag’s protruding middle finger. Although he felt something was amiss somewhere, urged by his intense curiosity, he couldn’t help asking, “Can you please tap it on me, too?”

“Alright. Let your master enlighten you too.” Mag nodded, and reached out toward Harris’ forehead with his middle finger.

“Ah~”

“Shut up! Don’t make weird sounds like this.”

“Mmm~”

Mag put down his finger, and took two steps backward.

Meanwhile, Harris’ eyes were still closed, and his eyebrows were slightly raised. His expression was rather interesting.

The messy information about the “husband and wife lung slice” in his brain seemed to be pointed into the correct direction by this tap, and was rearranged into information that he could easily understand and absorb quickly. The problems that he couldn’t understand earlier were also resolved.

“T-this is simply too amazing!” About three minutes later, Harris opened his eyes and looked at Mag with amazement. “It’s really enlightening. I really get everything after one tap! Master, you’re really a genius as a teacher.”

Mag shook his head, and humbly said, “It’s only a small trick. I’m really not very good at being a teacher at all.”

### **Chapter 1505: Could It Be Him?!**

In a tearoom, Bennett removed a teapot’s cover, and scattered some tea leaves in. He then placed the cover back, and continued boiling them.

A bulky man strode in, and reported to Bennett in a low voice, “Boss, two orcs fought in the gambling den located west of the city. One died, and the other was captured by our brothers. How should we handle him?”

“The same old rule as usual. A murderer must pay with his life. Dig a hole in the backyard and bury him,” Bennett calmly said as he casually added another two pieces of charcoal into the stove.

“Yes,” that bulky man answered before walking toward the door.

“Wait a sec,” Bennett suddenly called out. The man turned around with befuddlement, and Bennett said, “Be clean in your work these days.”

“Alrighty,” the man answered before striding out.

*Am I getting more and more timid?* Bennett smirked at himself. The words that Mag said in the morning appeared in his mind again. If Mag had said those words 10 years ago, he wouldn't have let him walk out of this door.

However, Mag's identity was rather unique. Not only was his daughter the disciple of the two great magic casters, given his current fame in Chaos City, Bennett would be in trouble if anything was to happen to Mag.

Of course, this didn't mean that he would have to take it lying down.

He had just sent out a few letters. Certain people would be arriving from some other places a few days later. It would be easier for them to handle certain things.

Mag was just a chef. How dared he say such big words to Bennett? The latter wouldn't be able to survive in Chaos City in the future if he didn't teach the former a lesson now.

Bennett turned to look at the dark sky outside the window, and curled his lips. His people should already be teaching that old lady a lesson right now. He wasn't happy that Rena wasn't being cooperative at all, so she had to pay a price for her behavior.

Three black shadows approached the dormitory in the dark. Their eyes met in the dark and acknowledged one another. One of them pointed up, and then the trio proceeded up to the dormitory's door via the staircase. One of them was prepared to knock on the door, while the other two grasped the ropes and wooden clubs in their hands tightly.

Bang, bang, bang!

Before they could knock on the door, three dull thuds already sounded. Three Gray Temple men were dragging the three men in black away, and swiftly disappeared into the dark night.

After a while, the dormitory's door cracked open.

“Were the stray cats fighting again?” Clarince murmured as she looked around puzzledly. Then, she closed the door again.

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The casino in the west of the city.

A figure was lying on a rooftop, watching the casino staff dig a big hole in the backyard and toss two orcs into it. One of them was already dead, while the other was still struggling, but his mouth was sealed, and he was tied up. He could only make some muffled sounds.

“Why are you screaming? A murderer must pay with his life as a debtor pays with money. That is the casino's rule. We will help you spend the money that you've won.” The bulky man, who was at Bennett's earlier on, smirked, and the rest burst into laughter with him.

“Bury him, and do a clean job.” That man weighed the heavy money with his hand and smiled. “I'll be giving you all a treat tonight. We will have both good wine and beautiful women.”

“Alrighty!” everyone answered excitedly, and their digging became a lot faster.

After burying the two, they simply tossed two stones over the place, and then left.

That black shadow who was lying on the roof waited for a while before leaping into the backyard. He got a bamboo rod out of nowhere, and used a wooden rod to poke a hole in the ground before stuffing the hollow bamboo into it. He soon disappeared from the yard too.

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“Sir, come in and have fun. We have some new succubi who know everything. We promise to give you a good time.”

In the south of the city, in front of a brothel with red lanterns hanging on the door, an old woman was leading a few seductively dressed succubi as they attracted the attention of the passing men.

A wretched-looking demon stumbled over, and asked in a low voice, “The goods, do you have it today?”

The old madam flicked a glance at his bursting money bag, and immediately put on a smiley face. She grabbed him by the arm as she led him into the building. She smilingly said, “Of course, we have all the goods that you want here.”

“Including the latest?” that demon pursued.

“Of course. No other brothels will have as many goods as us here in Chaos City,” the old madam smilingly answered. She reached in between her deep ravine, and got a packet of white powder out. She pressed it into that demon’s hand. “Take a look at that color. Where are you going to get such a grade after leaving this courtyard?”

“Number One has already infiltrated the enemies’ interior, and confirmed there is a forbidden drug trade. We request for backup!”

Behind a big tree a distance away, a young man was talking into a conch in his hand in a low voice.

A huge invisible net had already been spread out, but the fish in it still had no idea about it at all.

After the busy dinner service was over, Rena rushed back to the dormitory without having supper with Mag and the gang. She was finally relieved after she saw her mother answer the door looking perfectly fine.

Rena closed the door, and smilingly asked Clarince, “Mother, are you hungry? Should I cook something for you?”

“I’m not hungry. I will be sleeping soon, so I don’t need to eat anything.” Clarince shook her head with a smile. She looked at Rena with an aching heart. “You must be exhausted after a busy day. Quickly go wash up and rest.”

“I’m not tired at all. Then, I will go and bathe now.” Rena shook her head smilingly, and went into the bathroom with her pajamas.

Soaking in the tub, Rena recalled the words that Mag told her that day, and there was a warm feeling in her heart. Much of her fear of that balding man dissipated too.

This wasn't the slums, after all. He wouldn't dare to attempt anything here.

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Early the next morning, Bennett was woken by a series of panicked knocking.

"B-Boss, all our gambling dens and brothels were raided last night!" A middle-aged manager barged in, and reported to Bennett with a face full of fear.

"What?!" Bennett jumped out of his bed immediately and glared. "What did you say?"

"All your gambling dens and brothels were raided by the Gray Temple last night. All our people are arrested. They couldn't even get the news out. What do we do now?" that manager said in a tearful voice with a sorrowful expression.

"How did that happen?" Bennett frowned. He got off his bed, and began to pace around in his room barefooted. He suddenly halted, and asked that manager, "Did you receive any news?"

"No. We didn't receive any replies from our informant at the Gray Temple, either. The people we sent to sound things out didn't return, either." The manager shook his head. They definitely weren't the Gray Temple's match once the latter decided to take action against them.

*Could it be him?!* Mag's warning flashed across Bennett's mind as all these things happened after his warning.

### **Chapter 1506: The Evil Dragon Roars!!!**

Bennett's hands and feet felt cold. Even though he was in a warm room, his back was soaked with cold sweat.

He had risen from the slums, and his status in Chaos City's underworld depended on these gambling dens and brothels, but they were all shut down by Gray Temple overnight. Furthermore, all their people were arrested.

This obviously wasn't a surprise raid which they could get out of. With the relationships that he maintained with money, he used to be able to make everything look law-abiding before the raids.

However, this time was different. The gambling dens and brothels were all sealed, and the news only reached him by morning. If they were doing things to such an extent, it meant that this was a huge Gray Temple-led operation that targeted him specifically.

Bennett couldn't help thinking about Mag, the restaurant boss who threatened him casually in the teahouse that day.

In order to thrive in the underworld and get along with the authorities all these years, he had indeed made many enemies.

However, even his big brother who was the head of the Marquises and wanted him dead couldn't lay a finger on him. Hence, he didn't even bother with the other small fries.

If it was Mag, how did he have the influence to make Gray Temple act against him as an insignificant restaurant owner? Moreover, it was such a big operation.

Bennett was feeling his heart and head ache now. Although he had been trying to whitewash his identity, getting himself out of those illegal activities and turning himself into a successful legal businessman for the past few years, maintaining this fake identity needed a lot of money, for example like that teahouse. Even though it was known as the number one teahouse in Chaos City, and received a lot of customers every day, it was still operating at a loss currently.

All this money came from the gambling dens and brothels.

Although he was trying to draw a clear boundary between the two of them, he had to admit that these things were what he deemed the most important to him.

Losing these two meant losing his source of income, which in turn meant losing everything.

“Are the casinos and the brothels clearly disconnected from me?” Bennett asked the manager.

“Yes. Apart from a few trusted ones, no one knew that these gambling dens and brothels belonged to you.” That manager swiftly nodded.

“They were all caught too?” Bennett frowned.

“Please rest assured. They are the most tight-lipped, and they know what would happen to them if they told them about you,” that manager promised with a pat on his chest.

Bennett heaved a breath of relief. As long as he wasn’t implicated, then there would be enough room for him to maneuver. He gravely said, “Go and find out what’s the situation now. Be careful, don’t get yourself implicated.”

“Yes.” That manager quickly left.

“So what if the casinos are gone, I’m still a member of the Marquises. As long as the hot pot restaurant can successfully open, I will get the position as the head of the Marquis Family from Bowen one day. I should be the one to inherit the Marquis Family,” Bennett murmured to himself in a low voice.

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In a cold and eerie dungeon, all kinds of torture instruments hung on the walls.

Screams could be heard from the cells all around, accompanied by the crisp and loud sounds of whipping.

“Boss, the tight-lipped ones have all confessed. The secret boss behind these gambling dens and brothels is Bennett Marquis. Over 50 bodies were dug out from the gambling dens’ backyards, and most of them belong to the gamblers who caused trouble at the gambling dens or had made a killing at them.

“A huge amount of illegal magical drugs was confiscated from the brothels. We followed the trail last night. We busted their drug manufacturing base, and arrested a bunch of drug-making magic casters. Their secret boss is also Bennett.” A member of the Gray Temple’s intelligence department strode into Borg’s office and placed the testimonies on his table. With a proud expression, he reported, “There’s no one that could hide secrets from us, the intelligence department. This is really a big fish.”

“We really wouldn’t have found out that such a formidable figure was hiding in Chaos City if we hadn’t investigated. Moreover, he has almost completely whitewashed himself.” Borg picked up those testimonies, and casually flipped through them with amazement too before looking up at that subordinate. “Do a thorough investigation to find out who is covering for them within the Gray Temple and the city lord’s castle. I want to see who is so formidable to rear a wolf right under our noses.”

“Yes.” That subordinate left and closed the door.

Borg pondered for a while as he stared at those testimonies. He then proceeded to the lord of the Gray Temple’s office with the testimonies. This was a huge case, and it wasn’t just simply threatening Mag. He needed to ask the lord’s permission. This involved many parties’ interests, and the decision was above his pay grade.

However, he could be sure of one thing. That Marquis Family’s bastard was going to be so dead.

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In the patrol department’s office, a middle-aged man punched the wall with a dark expression as he said, “Damn, I have no idea where the intelligence department got the high-level permission from, and why they bypassed me completely to raid Bennett’s gambling dens and brothels. I still don’t know what they are investigating now. The intelligence department is not saying anything. They claim that it’s above my pay grade!”

“Captain, what do we do now? Will they find out about us?” two men in the patrol department’s uniforms nervously said as they wiped the cold sweat off their foreheads.

The man that they called “captain” put down his fist and swiftly calmed down. He shook his head. “Don’t panic. Not many people knew about this, and the talks are always conducted in Bennett’s teahouse. As long as Bennett is not being investigated, we will be fine. Furthermore, we have only received a very tiny portion of that money...”

The two heaved a breath of relief after hearing that. Their eyes even lit up when they heard the last sentence.

The middle-aged man continued, “However, we need to find out what caused this surprise raid first. Even if we don’t help get them released, we will be able to handle the situation better if we know what is going on.”

“Alright. We will go and try to find out more from the intelligence department now.” The two of them swiftly strode off after hearing that.

The middle-aged man paced around in the room with a serious expression, and mumbled to himself, “I have to report to that lord about this situation. We have to suppress this. I wonder how many people would get exposed otherwise...”

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Mag woke up early as usual. He turned off the alarm clock on the bedside table, and just as he prepared to get up, the two little ones jumped onto his bed.

“Meow~”



“The evil dragon roars!!!”

Mag looked at the two little ones lying on either of his sides while seriously pretending to be fierce. He couldn't help but smile.

Groowl~

Right then, the sound of a stomach's rumbling could be clearly heard.

“It should be the hungry dragon roars, right? I've heard the sounds of a stomach rumbling.” Mag smiled at Amy.

“Aiyah. Stupid stomach, it rumbles without my permission.” Amy's expression fell. She went under the blanket and snuggled into Mag's arms. She closed her eyes comfortably, and said, “Hmm~ It's so warm and comfortable~”

“Meow~”

Ugly Duckling also went under the blanket, and lay on Mag's stomach like a soft and warm quilt.

Mag lowered his head to look at the little one's cute face as he smilingly asked, “Say it, what do you want to have for breakfast? Father will make it for you.”

#### **Chapter 1507: Welcome To Mamy Restaurant**

“I...” Amy looked up and seriously pondered for a moment before saying, “I want to eat rainbow fried rice today. The pretty rainbow fried rice.”

“Alright. Father will make the rainbow fried rice for you shortly.” Mag chuckled and kissed the hair on Amy's forehead.

“It's so itchy~” Amy snuggled into Mag's arms, and let out peals of bell-like laughter.

After breakfast, Mag sent Amy to school on his bicycle. He rode slower to take a couple looks at that teahouse when he passed by it. It looked no different from usual.

*Didn't the operation already begin?* Mag thought, but looking at Rena's expression in the morning, she mostly probably wasn't harassed last night. Hence, he didn't give it much thought.

He wasn't worried about Gray Temple not holding up their end of the promise. That fellow was very problematic. As long as the Gray Temple put in the effort to investigate, they would definitely find something.

A man who was trying very hard to whitewash himself would prize his reputation the most.

And, he would be the most afraid the stuff that he had hidden would be dug out again.

Mag had a lot of methods to handle such a person.

If the Gray Temple didn't work, he could still go to the city lord's castle. There were plenty of platforms and plenty of big bosses.

“Father, it will be our term break a few days later, and Anna and I have already rehearsed our performance for the variety show. Can you and Mother come and watch us perform that day?” Amy expectantly asked Mag when she alighted at the school’s gates.

“Mm-hmm. We will all come.” Mag smilingly nodded. The Chaos School would have their winter break next week, and Amy and Anna had spent a lot of time at the variety show’s rehearsals, so of course he wasn’t going to miss it.

As for Irina, he believed she wouldn’t reject it, either.

“Fantastic. I love you all.” Amy threw herself into Mag’s arms as he crouched down. Then, she waved at him, and went into the school by herself.

“Good morning, Mr. Mag.” Luna happened to return after having her breakfast outside. She smiled at Mag, who was looking into the school. “You sent Amy to school, right?”

“Good morning, Teacher Luna. I just sent her here.” Mag turned and greeted Luna with a smile too.

“I wonder if Amy told you about the term-end party next Friday? We have invited the parents to come with their children, so I wonder if you will be free to join us?” Luna asked. She knew Mamy Restaurant was very busy, and Mag might not be able to come.

“Yes. Amy has already told me, and I will come to watch the show. After all, they have spent a lot of time rehearsing.” Mag nodded with a smile.

“Alright. See you again then. I need to go and prepare for my lessons now.” Luna nodded at Mag and walked into the school. Mr. Mag indeed loved Amy very much. He was still willing to come despite his busy schedule.

*However, what arrangements should we make for her?* Mag rode toward the restaurant, but he began to worry about the problem of Irina’s identity.

After all, in the eyes of others, he was Amy’s single father. The mother “character” had never appeared in their life.

Meanwhile, with Irina’s identity and fame, she would be the center of everyone’s attention no matter where she went.

If their family of three appeared at the party together that day, it would be equal to telling the world who he was.

Although he was also looking forward to that day when they could openly live together as a family, going out and having fun together, he wasn’t powerful enough yet.

His 9th-tier level, together with his powerful sword techniques, had made sure that his power had entered into the very top realm of the Norland Continent.

However, the enemies that he needed to face were simply too powerful. His current capabilities weren’t enough to protect Amy and Irina from harm. Once exposed, he would attract the combined attack of numerous enemies.

When he concealed his identity, he was the powerful dragon-slayer knight, Alex.

This mysteriousness was enough to put all his enemies in awe.

Before he completely recovered his power, he could only continue to hide his identity.

Of course, if it wasn't necessary, he would also like to continue wearing the mask when he appeared as Alex even after he recovered his full power. After removing the mask, he could be the boss of Mamy Restaurant—Mag.

He wanted his customers to come from afar because they heard that the restaurant's boss made excellent dishes, and not because they wanted to taste the dishes cooked by the world's number one knight.

"Seems like I have to get an appropriate identity for her," Mag murmured to himself softly as he rode away.

"Boss, you're so bad. It's all your fault!"

Connie looked at him aggrievedly as soon as he returned to the restaurant. She spoke as if she was pregnant with his child.

"Hmm?" Mag looked at her with a perplexed expression.

"Ever since you set up that 'Gentlemen's League', I can no longer find any work. Gentlemen are indeed all perverts!" Connie angrily said. "Those baddies are supposed to be all mine, and now they are all taken away from me."

Mag didn't know if he should laugh or cry. The Gentlemen's League had indeed taken care of most of the perverts in Chaos City. However, they did take away many of Connie's training resources. He smilingly said, "Those useless idiots no longer have any training effects for you. We still have a few days' time, you'd better go look for your master to learn about more sophisticated assassination techniques. If you want to kill your enemies personally, your current power is still far from adequate."

"Really?" Connie was taken aback. After pondering, she nodded. "Alright, I will go look for my master, and ask him to teach me new techniques."

Mag didn't bother with her anymore. His gaze fell on Anna, who was staring out of the window in a daze. He walked over, and gently said to her, "Don't worry, Blour will definitely come back."

"But... they have all returned. Why didn't he come back?" Anna looked up at Mag with worry in her eyes.

"Perhaps he was held up by something on his way back. I already asked someone to search for information on him. As long as we find him, we will go get him back," Mag consoled her. He was indeed a little worried that Blour hadn't returned to the restaurant. It was most probably because of his father.

Hence, he specially asked Michael and Rolan to help search for Blour's whereabouts when he met them previously. Up till now, they still hadn't received any news.

What they could confirm was that he wasn't in the grasp of the Wind Forest at least. They didn't know where he was currently.

"Mm-hm," Anna answered softly, but she still continued to stare out of the window in a daze.

Mag reached out to pat Anna's head gently. He flicked a glance at the clock, and then walked to the door.

Mag opened the door with a smile, and said, "Welcome to Mamy Restaurant."

Another busy day began again.

### **Chapter 1508: The Hot Pot Restaurant Can Do Without Her**

After the breakfast service was over, Mag went to the factory in the north of the city.

Irina herself was supervising the work, and the 20,000 Night Elves personally built many fine-looking wooden factories in the empty plot of land in the north of the city.

If it weren't for those garish chimneys, Mag would think he had walked into an artistic garden.

Of course, the combination of the chimneys and wooden factories also showed a striking contrast.

"What are you doing here?" Irina, who had come to the factory early in the morning, asked Mag, who had just walked into the office, with surprise.

"I come to check on the building progress of our palaces of art." Mag chuckled.

"Aren't they factories?" Irina pushed open the windows. Her office was on the fifth floor, and she could see all the factories around here.

"Perhaps only the elves could build such exquisite factories." Mag also walked to the window to gaze at those almost completely wooden factories. The perfect marriage of industry and nature amazed him.

"I have a question for you." Irina pointed at those textile factory's chimneys giving out black smoke and frowned. "The smoke that is produced after burning coal is toxic, and has a very bad influence on the plants and animals. I think we shouldn't continue to release smoke like this or promote it at a grand scale."

Mag watched the black smoke emitted from those protruding chimneys fly toward the blue sky and taint it.

He didn't expect he would still get caught by the Environmental Protection Agency in the alternate world for random discharge.

However, looking at this scene, Mag was reminded of England during the First Industrial Revolution. Those protruding chimneys proudly declared the arrival of the steam age. However, humans still had to pay for all their actions. The environment deteriorated, the diseases ravaged, and the sky was no longer blue.

Suddenly, he began to doubt his rash decision of bringing the steam engine to this world.

If this world entered into the steam age because of his intervention, was it beneficial or harmful to this world where magic existed?

Mag couldn't have a confirmed answer now, nor did he have the ability to run a complete deduction, but he was sure that if the steam engines were to popularize and develop without an order, the blue sky would be lost forever.

"This is indeed a headache." Mag nodded. Coal that was not treated gave out a huge amount of exhaust after being burned.

The elves were always close to nature, so of course they were very sensitive to that.

"I will do an initial processing for the coal, and desulfurize the smoke to reduce toxic gas emissions," Mag said after a moment of silence.

"How much can we reduce?" Irina asked.

"Currently, the methods that we could use are limited. We can remove about half of it," Mag replied after thinking for a while.

"Alright. I will handle the remaining half." Irina smiled. "I was still thinking how to handle the other half. Now, we'll be able to achieve nontoxic emissions."

"Hmm?" Mag stared at Irina with surprise.

"I planted a lot of the plant called 'absorbing grass' in the new chimneys. It can grow in a very extreme environment, and has a very strong absorbing and purifying ability. I have tested it. It could effectively purify half of the toxic gases in a 50 meters long chimney, and then transform it into a harmless material."

"There is something like that!" Mag was really shocked by it. A super powerful biological detoxification method which could achieve a 50% detoxification effect just planting a kind of grass in the chimney.

This grass was really born for detoxification.

"Is this why you wanted to build the factories yourself?" Mag asked. He had previously suggested getting the dwarves to come build the factories as they were very efficient and precise, but Irina had rejected it.

"Yes." Irina nodded. She gazed down at those busy elves down there, and said with a sense of mission, "We believe in the God of Life and the nature that nurtures us. We also love the existence of other lives. We definitely couldn't accept gaining wealth through the destruction or oppression of nature."

"However, the metals which could move after burning the coal are not just used in our factories, right?" Irina turned to look at Mag.

"Yes. This is a collaborative project between me, Miss Scheer, and the city lord. The initial motive was to introduce the steam engine trains, and then utilize the steam engines into the production so we could increase the productivity." Mag nodded. These few factories could be considered as pilot programs. Large-scale and wide-spread promotion most probably would not take too long. The steam engines would sweep across the world, and drag it into the Age of Steam.

“Can you control it?”

“No.” Mag shook his head. Nobody could stop the high-efficiency solutions from replacing the low-efficiency ones. He had already released the monster, the steam engine. He no longer had the power to keep it away.

Irina furrowed her brows tightly.

“However, maybe I could make them reduce the emissions and reduce the harm done to nature,” Mag replied after a brief moment of pondering.

“But, it is still harming nature.” Irina continued to frown.

Mag fell into a silence. Although he believed it was inevitable, just as Irina said, less harm done was still harm done.

The humans were not able to love and treasure nature and lives like elves.

“Is it alright if Amy can never see a blue sky like this one day?”

Mag suddenly felt his heart constrict. Amy had a soul that was as pure as an elf's. She loved nature and all lives fiercely just like the elves. She would definitely be crushed if the blue sky and fluffy clouds were to disappear one day.

“I will try my best to stop this day from coming,” Mag promised solemnly.

“I will do that together with you.” Irina smiled at Mag.

Mag looked down at those green factories and smiled. “That would be much easier.”

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“Boss, we couldn't get any information at all. The people who were arrested last night are still being held up. Even the girls from the brothels were not released.” The manager nervously peeped at the grave-looking Bennett.

“Who the heck is messing with me?” Bennett slammed his palm on the coffee table with a dark expression.

Who was able to mobilize such a large-scale Gray Temple's operation? He couldn't remember when he had ever made such a terrifying enemy.

“Could it be that Mamy Restaurant's bo—”

“It cannot be him!” Bennett shook his head with conviction. Mag wasn't even in the top 100 on his list of enemies.

He was just a chef. What power and status would he possibly have to make the Gray Temple mess with him?

“However, since the gambling dens and brothels are all gone, it seems like I have to take some serious actions now.” Bennett got up, picked up the hat at the side, and put it on. In a low voice, he said, “I will go see Miss Rena again. The hot pot restaurant can do without her, but we have to get the formula...”

## **Chapter 1509: It's My Honor To Collaborate With Someone Like Mr. Mag**

Before the brutal industrial development could even begin, it was subjected to the strict scrutiny and requirements of the alternate world's Environmental Protection Agency. As Mag really couldn't win against Irina, he made a trip to Buffett Manor after the lunch service was over.

"Miss Scheer, after running the factory in the north of the city for a while, we realized there is a very deadly flaw in the steam engine. Perhaps we should make some changes to it," Mag said to Scheer, who was dressed in a red dress as usual.

"Dead flaw?" Scheer sat up straight immediately. Her relaxed expression immediately became solemn and intense.

"Yes." Mag nodded with conviction. With an equally solemn expression, he continued, "If we continue to mass-produce and utilize the steam engines according to the current design, we would cause an immeasurable catastrophic impact on the entire world in the future. We could even cause the extinction of all life forms."

Scheer was shocked. After thinking about it seriously, she hesitantly asked, "A small steam engine is going to cause the extinction of all life forms on the Norland Continent?"

"If the use of steam engines gets out of control, such a situation is entirely possible." Mag nodded.

"I would appreciate further details," Scheer said.

"You knew that I happened to recruit a batch of elves who just came to Chaos City when my factory was just completed. Furthermore, I was fortunate to get to know Princess Irina. Because she had a huge number of elves under her, and I also wanted to try to diversify, we established a deeper partnership, built a series of factories in the north of the city, and began to utilize the steam engines."

"Yes. The Night Elves' affair in Chaos City recently wasn't a secret, and Mr. Mag had also created quite a stir in the business world by being the first to establish a business partnership with Princess Irina." Scheer nodded with a smile. The issue of Mag and Irina building factories together in the north of the city was widely discussed in the business circles. After all, that was a labor force that consisted of 20,000 elves who had all had a keen mind and dexterous hands, and everyone wanted a part of that.

However, they didn't expect that before they could receive any replies for the invitations for collaborations, the news of Irina working with Mamy Restaurant's boss already got out. They were going to carry out diversified cooperation on the foundation of one small textile factory.

Moreover, the city lord's castle supported their move by selling them a piece of land to be used for the factories at a low price.

Although Irina looked rather wretched after escaping from the Wind Forest with the Night Elves, she was Irina after all. She was a powerful and legendary elven princess.

She returned victoriously after battling against six opponents on that rainy night in Rodu.

At first, no one believed she could lead the hundreds of Night Elves to repel the sudden attack of Borg and the Wind Forest. In the end, Alex and she slew Borg, and repelled the Wind Forest's allied forces, proving many people wrong.

Then, she crashed the Wind Forest's conferring ceremony alone, and raised a fight for freedom that shocked the whole continent. She led the escape of the elves who were arrested, and another 20,000 slave elves, out of the soul-binding Wind Forest.

This was Irina. She was a woman that you couldn't ignore no matter what situation she was in.

Even though she was in Chaos City now, with only 20,000 weak elven slaves, nobody could say for sure that the Wind Forest wouldn't belong to her in the future.

As a woman who was also highly praised, Scheer still believed there was no way she could be on par with Irina right now. Their outlook and the things they did had a very wide gap in level.

Hence, collaborating with her now was a gamble on the future. A chance to collaborate with the elves.

Even Buffett Bank was planning on how to negotiate with Irina before Mag suddenly appeared to take the prize.

A restaurant's owner took Irina and the 20,000 elves.

The entire Chaos City's business circles erupted into chaos after this news got out.

After all, in the eyes of those powerful businessmen with tons of connections, Mag was just a chef who could cook wonderful dishes. Perhaps he won over Princess Irina with his scrumptious food?

Scheer was also rather shocked about that news at first, but she soon let it go. After all, Mag was the man who invented the steam engine and successfully collaborated with Buffett Bank with only a drawing and a roughly made sample. If this news got out, it would perhaps cause quite a big hoo-ha too.

The steam engine was the future, and Scheer wasn't doubtful about that at all.

Now, Mag was saying that the steam engine could destroy humanity's future. What did this have to do with Irina?

Mag solemnly said to Scheer, "In my collaboration with Princess Irina, she has given me feedback that the steam engines gave out a large amount of toxic gas during the process of burning coal. If this toxic gas was released into the air without any treatment, it would cause deadly damage to living beings after it accumulated to a certain amount and affected the environment.

"Once steam engines are widely popularized, coal will become the source of energy that is most commonly used in this world. Huge amounts of toxic gases will be released into the air, and soon this world will be filled with the toxic gases in the air, and our future will be pitch dark."

"Is it that serious?" Scheer frowned. Now that she recalled, she always had a feeling that she couldn't breathe properly every time she went to inspect the base. The black smoke had indeed made her uncomfortable after she breathed it in.

"In this area, Princess Irina's opinions should be authoritative. No one knows nature and lives better than her." Mag shrugged.

Scheer nodded, agreeing with Mag's point of view.

After all, apart from the elven queen, Princess Irina was the only elf guarded by the Tree of Life.



“Then, how should we handle this flaw?” Scheer asked Mag. She wanted her name to be engraved into Norland Continent’s history in the future, but not by being called the “Devil’s Releaser” one day in the future.

However, she also wasn’t willing to give up on the steam engines. This was an invention that was going to change the layout of the Norland Continent and a chance for Buffett Bank to cross into another realm and become the leader.

“We need to solve the problem of the release of the toxic gas, and increase technical barriers on the steam engines to make its promotions and developments orderly so that we could greatly reduce the harm on the nature brought upon by the use of the steam engines. We have to be responsible for this world’s future.” Mag took out a drawing, and pushed it in front of Scheer gently. “I have already come out with the preliminary solution. However, we need Miss Scheer’s and the city lord’s castle’s full cooperation when we implement it.”

Scheer picked up the drawing to read through it carefully. She would sometimes frown, or her eyes would light up. She only put down the drawing in her hands about 10 minutes later, impressed, and said, “It’s my honor to collaborate with someone like Mr. Mag.”

#### **Chapter 1510: Let Her Have A Taste Of What Is Worse Than Death Itself**

The negotiation went unexpectedly smoothly. Initially, Mag had thought he needed to use his gift of the gab to persuade the biggest capitalist in the world in order to make her give up the greatest benefit for this world and its future. He hadn’t expected he only needed to give her a planned solution, and everything was solved.

“Miss Scheer’s forward environmental awareness is impressive,” Mag said sincerely. A capitalist like her was rare.

“Mr. Mag’s sense of responsibility is equally impressive.” Scheer smiled as she looked at Mag with the same appreciation.

Mag didn’t want to remain here and continue praising each other. He was also very sure that Scheer was 100 times busier than him, so he swiftly concluded the topic. After asking Scheer to communicate with the city lord’s castle, and then inform him for a formal three-party docking, he returned to the restaurant.

“Boss, Rena is missing.” Yabemiya came up to Mag urgently as soon as he returned to the restaurant. “She’s not at the dormitory, either. Normally, she would come to the restaurant to prepare for the hot pot by now. Could the man from the teahouse have grasped her?”

“I have checked on that teahouse. Rena isn’t there,” Elizabeth said.

“Could that fellow be so stupid? How dare he even kidnap her?” Mag furrowed his eyebrows, and his expression became cold.

Mag flicked a glance at his watch. It was already four o’clock. He went out with his bicycle, and at the same time said, “I’m going out for a while. If I’m not back by 4.30 pm, we will cancel dinner service.”

“I’ll go with you,” Elizabeth said in a cold voice, and then followed after Mag.

“We will go with you too! We will go save Rena!” Yabemiya, Babla, and the rest also followed him out angrily. They displayed great anger at the fact that someone actually dared to kidnap their companion.

Amy happened to return to the restaurant with her school bag on her back, and saw Mag and the ladies who were about to leave. She let go of Krassu’s hand, jogged over, and curiously asked, “Father, where are you all going?”

Mag looked at Amy with surprise before looking at Krassu. “Why is Little Amy back so early today?”

“Boss Mag, I have something urgent today, so I have to send little Amy back 30 minutes earlier. I got to go.” Krassu urgently left on two fireballs after saying that.

“Rena was kidnapped by baddies, and we’re going to rescue her now. Are you going to come with us, Amy?” Yabemiya asked Amy.

Amy nodded with worry on her face. “Big Sister Rena must be in great danger now. Let’s go and save her! I am very fierce at beating up baddies!”

Mag looked at all of them filled with righteous rage with resignation and gratification. After pondering for a while, he said, “Alright, let’s split up. I’m going to find out where Rena could be. You ladies go watch around the dormitory and teahouse to see if there is any news. If I get any news, I will come back and take action together with you.”

“Mm-hmm.” Everyone nodded as they followed after Mag’s arrangement.

Mag left on his bicycle. He had wanted to act alone at first, but after thinking about it, Miya and the gang also wanted to show their concern for Rena. Furthermore, they could get rid of the other party easily with Elizabeth, an 8th-tier Frost Dragon, taking charge. He didn’t even have to find an excuse to cover it up afterward.

The bicycle stopped at the Gray Temple’s back door.

“My employee is missing. It should be connected to Bennett Marquis. I hope Gray Temple could explain to me how she could have gone missing under your people’s watch?” Mag asked Borg with a serious expression.

“Seems like it’s the people who guard her that are a problem.” Borg also frowned when he heard that. With a serious expression, he continued, “Don’t worry. We, Gray Temple, will find her quickly and send her back safely.”

“It’s fine. I just need you to tell me where she is, and we will get her back ourselves.” Mag shook his head.

Borg stared at Mag silently for a while before nodding. “Alright. Give me 20 minutes, and I will tell you her location.” He turned and left immediately after saying that.

Mag waited at the door for approximately 15 minutes before Borg returned and passed a note to him. “She is at this location right now.”

“Thank you.” Mag threw a glance at that note. On it was written, “The basement in the small courtyard at the end of the 13th lane in the west of the city.” He then left on his bicycle.

*Seems like the Gray Temple needs to do thorough internal cleansing too. How dare they interfere with my, the chief of the intelligence department's, affair...* Borg went in with a dark expression.

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"Now you have two choices. One is to write out the hot pot's recipe honestly. I will let you go after I make sure that it's correct.

"The other is to die in this basement with humiliation. Perhaps someone is going to find a naked body here many years later," Bennett, who sat on a chair with legs crossed, said in a low voice to Rena, who was tied to a pole.

Only an oil lamp was lit at the stone wall in the dark basement. Apart from Rena, who was tied to the pole and Bennett, there were another two orcs and three strapping men.

"Hehe."

The orcs and strapping men all began to smile with evil intentions as their gazes roamed up and down Rena's body unscrupulously. Although this maiden looked weak, she was still rather good-looking.

"Y-you people are committing a crime!" Rena struggled to back off, but both her hands and feet were tightly bound. She was on her way to the restaurant earlier, and she suddenly lost consciousness after she smelled a strange fragrance. She found herself in this basement after she regained consciousness. She didn't even know where she was.

The ropes that were tightly bound and those evil-smiling strapping men caused a thick fear and helplessness to creep up Rena's heart slowly.

Since Bennett didn't bother to hide his identity, this meant she wasn't going to leave this cellar alive today.

Fear didn't make her lose her rationality. Instead, she calmed down after she was certain of that.

She was going to die with dignity if she was definitely going to die. She didn't want to die with humiliation at the hands of these fellows.

"I can write out the hot pot's recipe for you, but you've got to promise you will never come and harass me again," Rena said to Bennett.

Bennett's eyes lit up, and he uncrossed his legs. He began to smile warmly as he nodded. "Sure. As long as the formula is correct, not only will I not make things difficult for you and your mother, I will even give you a huge reward that will make you wealthy for the rest of your lives."

"Alright, I will write it out for you." Rena nodded.

"Release Miss Rena, and then bring the pen and paper over," Bennett smilingly said.

Two orcs came forward to untie Rena's hands, and gave her the pen and paper.

Rena thought about it briefly, and began writing on the paper. All the names of spices and condiments were written with her neat and tidy handwriting.

*I didn't expect this lass to wisen up. It's such a waste. If she had agreed to my terms two nights ago, she wouldn't have ended up like this.* Bennett's smile got brighter as he looked at the increasingly interesting recipe. As long as the hot pot restaurant could open, he wouldn't have to worry about money.

Just as the people in the cellar gradually relaxed while they watched Rena write the recipe calmly, Rena suddenly turned the pen around and stabbed it toward her throat.

"Grab her!" Bennett's expression changed instantly.

However, just as the tip of the pen was one centimeter away from Rena's throat, Rena's hand was caught by the orc next to her. His other hand took the pen, crushed it, and tossed it onto the ground.

"How dare you fool me? You have no idea whom you are dealing with!" Bennett's face darkened, and he kicked Rena's stomach. He saw Rena struggling to grab that broken pen and waved his hand. "Let her have a taste of what is worse than death itself."

"Hehe. Allow me." That orc who was two heads taller than a normal person walked toward Rena with a smirk, and reached out to grab Rena's hair.

Crack! Crack!

Right then, sounds of ice forming could be heard. Frost suddenly appeared on the cellar's walls, and rapidly spread to the floor and toward their feet.