

## Stay At home 1581

### Chapter 1581: They're Horrible

"This... This is our restaurant?" Hannah stood outside the restaurant in disbelief as she looked at the exquisite furnishing. The sun's rays shone in through the floor-to-ceiling glass windows, and cast a glimmering glow on the signboard. Even the Falk Tribe's palace wasn't so beautiful.

"Yes. This is Mamy Restaurant." Miya nodded. She took out the keys that Mag passed her, and opened the door.

"Is Boss Mag back?" Harrison's horse-drawn carriage pulled over at that moment. When he saw the group opening the door, he jumped off the carriage excitedly, and asked, "Are you opening for lunch today?"

"I'm sorry, sir, we just got back, so we need time to prepare the ingredients. I'm afraid we won't be able to open for lunch today. You may come over again tonight," Yabemiya said as she shook her head with a smile.

"I see." Harrison, and a few other customers who happened to walk past, appeared a little disappointed upon hearing that.

"Big Sister Miya, does that mean that we can have hot pot tonight?" Vanessa asked expectantly as she walked over.

"Mm-hmm. Everything will be available." Miya nodded. She had confirmed with Mag on their way back just now that the restaurant would resume its normal operations tonight.

"That's great." Vanessa smiled broadly. She had been around all the big restaurants in Chaos City for the past few days, and had tried some unique food, but all of them seemed to lack something.

Just as Amy was about to enter the restaurant, Xixi peeked her head out from the potions shop next door, and said, "Amy, your master said that you have to go for class this afternoon."

"Ah... Is my wonderful holiday over already?" Amy sighed a little sorrowfully, and nodded to Xixi as she said, "Big Sister Xixi, I'll go over after lunch."

"Alright," Xixi replied with a smile, and went back in.

"Are Big Sister Firis and Big Sister Rena not at home?" Amy asked as she walked around the restaurant with Ugly Duckling in her arms.

"Maybe they have something on. Firis is in charge of the Night Elves' food, and Rena should be busy handling matters of the new hot pot restaurant," Miya said with a smile as she walked out of the kitchen with warm water for everyone.

Hannah looked around the restaurant curiously. She finally stopped in front of a wall mural. She spotted the Twilight Forest, and also the Falk Tribe which was represented by a small dot, on the mural. She exclaimed, "Is this the map of the Norland Continent? Is the entire continent here?"

"No. These are just some places," Elizabeth said with a shake of her head.

“Oh...” Hannah spat her tongue out. She felt slightly embarrassed by her lack of knowledge. However, she was quickly attracted by the clock on the wall. She quickly went forward, and stared at the second hand that ticked rhythmically and that minute hand and hour hand that crawled slowly. After a while, she excitedly said, “This must be the legendary clock, right?! By using a magic spell formation to set the interval in which the needles move, time could be recorded! There’s actually something so sophisticated here!”

“Big Sister Hannah, is the clock really so sophisticated?” Amy asked bewilderedly.

“Of course. If you want the needles to move at a steady pace, you need parts of such high accuracy in this small clock. Even a slight difference can cause the clock to become completely inaccurate.” Hannah nodded as she admired the clock as though it was a delicate piece of artwork.

“Then what about my watch?” Amy lifted her hand to reveal the watch studded with purple gems on her wrist.

“This...” Hannah looked at Amy’s watch. After confirming that the tiny needles were indeed moving, and even at the same pace as the clock on the wall, she exclaimed, “Can clocks already be made so small? How fine must the parts inside be!”

She had only seen a clock once in the chief’s palace. Back then, she thought that its existence depicted the highest degree of accuracy. However, to see one that could be worn on the wrist made her really shocked. She really could not imagine what kind of artisan could create this.

“This was a gift from Father,” Amy said proudly as she retracted her hand.

*Could he also be a professional mechanic?* Hannah thought to herself. She found machines to be things even more interesting than wine brewing. The process of designing and making wine-brewing machines was also way more interesting than traditional wine-brewing.

Her heart would race the moment she touched the icy surface of metal, and imagine what it could turn into.

If Mag was indeed a very skilled mechanic that could make such a small watch, then she might have found herself a very impressive master.

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Mag did not dwell in the Gray Temple for too long. After telling Rolan about the black fog and the Great Old One, they set a date to discuss this issue with the city lord, Michael, again.

As for the stone statue, Mag took it back again because this thing was a little sinister, and Mag was a little worried about leaving it with Rolan. After all, Rolan did not have the Holy Light with him all the time.

After coming out of the Gray Temple, Mag boarded a horse-drawn carriage to go back to the restaurant.

On the way back, when he passed by the teahouse named “Ben”, Mag lifted the curtain to take a look and got a shock. The sealed-off teahouse had actually resumed operations.

*What's going on?* Mag frowned. According to Bennett's crimes, going to prison was already letting him off easy. As his central asset, this teahouse should not be adjudicated so quickly. Why had it already resumed operations?

The horse-drawn carriage continued moving forward, and Mag quickly saw the hot pot restaurant that was given to Rena. There were two orcs leaning by the door and chatting.

*These are the workers Rena hired?* Mag thought that the two orcs did not look very friendly at first glance. For the few days that they had been to the Falk Tribe. Rena should have already started on the renovation and opening of the restaurant. However, judging from the appearance of the shop, it did not seem that the renovation work was completed, and it did not seem like anyone was working on it, either. That baffled Mag.

Mag had decided to let Rena helm the new hot pot restaurant and be a sleeping partner. Therefore, he did not ask Rena for a progress report, and would naturally be unaware of the work progress.

The horse-drawn carriage arrived at Mamy Restaurant very quickly. Mamy Restaurant saw two young girls walking side-by-side in front of him, and told the coachman to pull over. He paid the coachman, and jumped off the carriage as he called, "Rena, Firis."

"Boss?" Rena and Firis turned back at the same time. When they saw Mag, they exclaimed in surprise, "You're back!"

"Yes, we just arrived in the afternoon. The rest should be in the shop." Mag walked over with a smile. When he saw the bandage on Rena's left hand, he asked with concern, "Rena, what happened to your hand?"

"I scalded myself accidentally while cooking. It's nothing," Rena said as she quickly hid her hand behind her and shook her head.

"That's not true. Boss, Rena's hand was cut when those horrible orcs pushed her to the ground." Firis clenched her fists angrily. She told Mag, "They occupied Rena's restaurant, and said that it belongs to them, and didn't even allow us to go in. They're horrible."

### **Chapter 1582: Hey, You Two Baddies!**

"Oh?" Mag looked at Rena in shock.

"I should have settled all this by myself, but they..." Rena lowered her gaze apologetically.

"Are they from the Marquis Family?" Marquis frowned.

"It's them all right. They said that the shop belonged to them, and even prevented us from going in." Firis nodded her head angrily.

"Isn't the property deed with you? Why did they still say that the shop belonged to them?" Mag asked Rena.

"They also have proof from the city lord's castle that the shop belongs to the Marquis Family. I went over to the city lord's castle with the property deed today, and they did not give me a concrete reply.

They just told me to come back and wait.” Rena looked at Mag, and resolutely said, “I will settle this matter by appealing. I believe in the city lord’s castle and the law of Chaos City.”

“Me too,” Mag said with a gentle smile. He looked at Rena’s hand, and rather coldly said, “However, since things are still unclear on the side of the city lord’s castle, and both sides have their proof, they’re in the wrong for occupying the restaurant, and even injuring you.”

“It’s... It’s just a small cut. It’s alright.” Rena shook her head. She was already used to all those small cuts and injuries, and did not really mind it, but Mag’s attitude made her feel warm and fuzzy inside. Yet, she did not wish to trouble him. This was something she was supposed to take care of.

“Go in first. Princess Irina should have already arrived. Let her help you take a look at your wound. We’ll talk about everything else after lunch.” Mag opened the door to the restaurant, and motioned for Rena and Firis to enter.

“Is Princess back as well?” Firis’s eyes lit up. She entered the restaurant quickly, and greeted Irina.

Rena followed behind, and also greeted everyone.

Mag first introduced everyone to Hannah, who just arrived at the restaurant. After that, he looked at Irina, who was rubbing Ugly Duckling’s chubby face, and said, “Princess Irina, please help to take a look at Rena’s hand.”

“Rena’s hand?” Everyone turned to look at Rena.

“What happened to Big Sister Rena? Did a baddie bully you?” Amy came up to Rena, and looked at her with a face full of concern. She clenched her little fist, and said, “If there is any, tell me, and I’ll help you wallop them.”

“There’s a baddie who made use of the opportunity when everyone was not around to take over Rena’s shop...” Firis retold the story of how the Marquis Family occupied the shop.

“These baddies!” Everyone was furious when they heard the story, and their hearts went out to Rena.

“It’s alright. Look, it’s really just a very small cut.” Rena had no choice but to undo the bandage on her hand and show everyone the wound on her palm.

It was a wound around two centimeters long. Although it was not a deep cut, the area was very red and swollen at the moment. A scab had not completely formed at the moment, so the wound looked very painful.

“You were still making hot pot while you’re injured, right?” Mag asked as he looked at the swollen wound.

“I was just mixing the soup base. I haven’t decided on the flavors yet.” Rena retracted her hand embarrassedly.

“The wound might be small, but it’s really painful since it’s on your hand.” Irina looked at Amy, and said, “Little Amy, didn’t you learn healing magic?”

“Yeah. I learned life magic’s healing techniques from Big Sister Irina, and also learned nature magic’s healing techniques from Big Sister Luna. If I use both of them together, the healing effects will be doubled.” Amy nodded as she went up to Rena, and said, “Big Sister Rena, give me your hand. I’ll treat it for you.”

Rena saw that everyone was looking at her. She hesitated for a while before putting her hand out.

Amy pulled her wand out, and started chanting a spell with her eyes closed.

Everyone watched her curiously. Life magic was unique to elves, while nature magic was something only dryads could master. However, Amy had learned the healing techniques from both types of magic, and even came up with a way to combine both of them. Everyone was eager to see if the healing effects would really be doubled.

As the chanting ended, Amy tapped her wand at Rena’s hand, and a green glow with golden hues landed on and enveloped it.

The glow vanished as quickly as it appeared, and when everyone focused back on Rena’s hand, the wound had completely healed, leaving nothing behind—not even a scar. Even the old scars that Rena got from cooking in the past were all gone!

“This...” Rena looked at her fair and tender left hand in surprise and amazement.

“Wow. Little Amy’s healing magic is really impressive. The wound vanished instantly. There’s not even a scar left behind,” Miya exclaimed.

“Nature magic and life magic blend perfectly together, there is indeed a multiplying effect.” Elizabeth was rather shocked. Amy was indeed the most talented magic caster she had ever seen.

*It seems like dryads and elves are somehow related. I just wonder if there’s any connection between the God of Life and the Goddess of Nature,* Mag thought to himself. He knew about Amy learning healing magic, and was previously worried that she was unable to cope with it. He didn’t think that not only she had mastered them, she even created a way to blend them together without anyone teaching her how.

However, she could even play with a blend of flames and ice. Combining the two different healing techniques did not seem like something to be shocked about.

“The wound is treated, but can we just let the fellow who assaulted Rena off?” Irina’s lips curled upwards. “I heard that the four major families are wealthier than a country. I wonder if it’s true?”

“I think only the Buffett Family could be considered wealthier than a country. The Marquis Family is just rich, but their safe would definitely not have a lack of money,” Mag said with a smile. He was well aware of what Irina had on her mind.

“All of you go and take a rest first. I’ll make lunch, and after we’re done, we’ll go take a look. If we’re comparing the size of our fists, things would get interesting.” After saying that, Mag walked into the kitchen. They could not just let this matter slide. The shop was compensation for Rena. Since the Marquis Family was so shameless, he would not let them be.

After lunch, everyone went out in a group to the hot pot restaurant 500 meters away.

Amy carried Ugly Duckling in her arms, walking right at the front, and looking like the leader of the gang.

“Say, do you think the woman would be back again? Young Master told us to stay out of trouble, but she keeps causing trouble. Do we still stop her?”

“If she still doesn’t know what’s good for her, she can’t blame us for being rough. We’ve already told her that we’re from the Marquis Family. Isn’t she a fool if she still comes?”

The two orcs huddled together in front of the hot pot restaurant, whispering as they warmed their hands with their breaths.

Just then, a sweet voice shouted, “Hey, you two baddies! Are you the ones who bullied Big Sister Rena!?”

Upon hearing that, the two orcs turned their heads, and were stunned to see a little half-elf girl standing by the door.

“Who are you, kid? Go and play with the adults at home,” one of the orcs said as he waved his hand impatiently.

### **Chapter 1583: I’m Here Again!**

“Adults?” Amy looked at that orc, and took a step back. “There, here they come.”

The two orcs looked up, and saw a man walking over with a group of ladies behind him, looking at them rather unfriendly.

And the woman who’d caused trouble a couple of days ago was within the group too.

“Wh-what do you want?” The two orcs were flustered. However, when they took a closer look at Mag, a skinny and weak-looking human, they were a little more confident because Mag didn’t seem to look like a skilled fighter. They held their heads up, and said, “This is the Marquis Family’s property. Don’t think that you can go in just because you win in numbers.”

“Listen to yourself. This is Rena’s shop. Didn’t you guys occupy the place a few days ago just because you won in numbers?” Mag mocked.

“Nonsense. Who said that this is her shop? We have the property rights issued by the Department of Property Rights. This shop belongs entirely to the Marquis Family!” that orc said righteously. He pulled out a parchment paper with the stamp of the Department of Property Rights from the city lord’s castle, and shoved it in Mag’s proudly with his head held high.

“I also have the property deed with the city lord’s castle stamp. If you think that mine is fake, you can go to the city lord’s castle to ascertain its legitimacy.” Mag also pulled out Rena’s property deed.

“Hmph. In any case, we won’t let you all enter, no matter what you say,” the orc said coldly as he kept his paper.

Mag kept the property deed as well, and said in reply, “Very well, since both of us have a certificate, then this shop will belong to the one with the tougher fist, right?”

“Fist?” The two orcs sized Mag up, and laughed out loud at the same time.

“Say, you want to compare your fist with us with that frail body of yours?” One of the orcs looked at Mag, and mocked, “Or do you want to let this little girl take your place instead?”

Everyone looked at the two orcs like they were idiots who didn’t know they were courting death. None of them were infuriated by the orcs.

*Will he do it?* Elizabeth looked at Mag’s back. She was already certain that Mag was not a simple chef who only knew how to wield a chopper at the Falk Tribe. Even Kurt was stabbed by him. If he were to fight against these two orcs who were barely 6th-tiers, it would be as simple as killing ants.

Mag couldn’t hold his laughter back as well. He looked at Amy, and said, “Since they’ve chosen Little Amy, alright, then. In case you say that we’re bullying you, we’ll let Little Amy go against you.”

“Hmm?” The two orcs were stunned for a while. They looked at Mag, and then studied that cute little half-elf with a cat in her arms seriously. That little girl looked around three to four years old, and had big round eyes, making her look super cute.

But Mag actually wanted them to fight with this little girl?

“Are you human?” the two orcs said disdainfully at the same time.

“Me? Really?!” Amy’s eyes lit up. She passed Ugly Duckling to Anna, and smiled at the two orcs as she said, “Don’t worry, I’ll be gentle.”

Mag and the rest had already moved away to give Amy space in front of the door.

The commotion caused quite some onlookers to stop by. They looked at Mag with the same look of disdain. *What kind of father is he to make his young child fight with orcs? Isn’t he just letting the child court death?*

“This... isn’t a very good idea, right?” Rena was a little worried. She was not worried about Amy not being able to defeat the two orcs, but about the trouble that she might bring to Mag and the restaurant if this blew up. After all, the Marquis Family was still quite influential in Chaos City.

“It’s alright. Even if the city lord’s castle refused to do anything about this, the Gray Temple wouldn’t just sit by and watch,” Mag said with a gentle and comforting smile.

“Wh-what are you all doing? Even if this is a challenge, you shouldn’t send a child out!” one of the orcs commented angrily. He wouldn’t feel proud that he won a fight with a three-year-old.

“Exactly. You’re such a big man, but you actually push your daughter out and hide behind her? Can you be any more shameless?” The other orc also looked at Mag angrily. He could not wait to fight it out with Mag first.

They were guarding the door, and were representing the Marquis Family, so they definitely could not bring shame to the family.

“Hey, your opponent is me. Master said that we have to give our opponents due respect no matter how weak they are. Just like how I am treating you two,” Amy said each word clearly with an angry face.

“You...” The orcs looked down at Amy, angry and annoyed, but with nowhere to vent.

“Be careful, I’m going to attack.” Before they could speak further, Amy pulled out her magic caster’s staff, which was over two meters long, and dashed toward them.

“Young punk.” Although the orcs were rather shocked that Amy could lift such a long magic caster’s staff, they still did not think much of her. One of the orcs reached out casually to grab the magic caster’s staff, thinking of teaching this odd kid a lesson.

Meanwhile, the other orc stood where he was, with no intention of moving. It would be such an embarrassment if it required both of them to handle a three- or four-year-old.

Bam!

The orc’s hand, which was as big as a fan, did not manage to grab the magic caster’s staff. Instead, the staff landed heavily on his face.

The unexpected power made his face twist with pain.

*How... can she be so horrifyingly powerful!* That was the only thing the orc had in mind when he flew out.

“F\*ck!” The other orc was stunned when he saw his partner fly. He didn’t even have the time to react.

“Hehe. It’s your turn.” Amy looked at the other orc and smiled adorably.

*It looks like this fellow is no simpleton. She could actually lift up such a heavy magic caster’s staff, and could even make Benson fly so far away with one smack. However, it was also because Benson underestimated his opponent, and was almost not prepared to react—*

Bam!

Before the other orc could finish thinking, his train of thoughts was broken with one smack, and he flew in the same direction as the first orc.

“How is that possible?!”

The bystanders suddenly lost it. They watched in shock as they looked at the two orcs who flew far away and Amy, whose height did not even reach the orcs’ waist.

*How powerful must this little girl be to be able to make two orcs of almost 100 kilograms fly so far away with such a casual smack?*

Amy looked at the two orcs who could not even get up. She did not appear to be too happy. Instead, she started lecturing them seriously. “Master said that you had to concentrate during a battle, and you had to give it your all. You mustn’t have any stray thoughts. If you can’t win, you can’t win. There’s no point thinking so much.”

“Darn...” The two orcs lay flat on the ground, embarrassed and angry. At the same time, they were also overwhelmed with fear. That blow was horrifyingly powerful.

They actually flew from one smack of a three- to four-year-old little girl.



“Can’t accept it?” Amy took two steps forward, and watched the two orcs struggle to get up. “Then I’ll give you another chance.”

She lifted her magic caster’s staff, and after singing a spell, a green glow with golden hues landed on the orcs, and they miraculously healed instantly.

“Healed?” The two orcs got up in disbelief, and were still a little taken aback.

“I’m coming at you again!” A devilish whisper came near their ears.

### **Chapter 1584: Come Here!**

The people standing outside the shop watched with their mouths wide open as Amy made the two orcs fly with a single smack, then healed them with a ray of light, then made them fly again, and the cycle continued.

The horrifying cries for help echoed along the street, making one pity them.

After all, these two big orcs were so unbelievably weak in front of this cute little girl that they actually flew with a single smack. It might even seem like it was all an act.

Only the people from Mamy Restaurant knew that these two orcs were really very pitiful.

It was apparent that Amy was trying to practice her healing magic. Such detestable and durable test subjects were hard to find.

Every hit was a solid one. It was not to the extent of killing them, but they would at least be in so much pain they could not move.

The effects of combining life magic and nature magic were apparent. Their injuries could be cured in a very short span of time, and Amy could whack them with another blow with peace of mind.

“N-no...”

“I... s-surr-rend-der...”

The two orcs dragged their wails out. At that moment, they were in complete despair. *How is this a kid? She’s a devil!*

Although she was holding a magic caster’s staff, she was using the staff like a bat, and her strength was horrifyingly huge!

“Isn’t this the little boss of Mamy Restaurant? She is the disciple of both the Lord of Ice and the Lord of Fire. These two fellows actually dared to trifle with her?” some onlookers exclaimed as they recognized Amy.

“So this is the disciple of the two legendary great magic casters.” Everyone started to pity the two orcs.

When the two orcs heard that, they died a little inside.

How did they just end up in her hands? This was the child that you should never trifle with in Chaos City!

“Well, do you accept your defeat now?” Mag asked the two orcs with a smile as they flew once again,

“Yes! Yes!” The two orcs nodded vigorously. They could not be bothered about the excruciating pain that they felt in their bodies right now, for they feared the ray of healing magic even more.

“So quickly? Master said that one should have a backbone. You cannot admit defeat so readily after being hit.” Amy looked at the two orcs disdainfully while hugging her magic caster’s staff. Then, she suggested, “Why don’t we go for another round?”

“No, no, no... No more!” The two orcs waved their hands in fear as they endured the excruciating pain and clambered up.

What a joke. Even though they would be healed, the pain they felt every time they got hit was real. No matter how hard your bones were, they would not be able to stand all the beatings.

“Stop! What are you doing?!” Just then, a horse-drawn carriage with the Marquis Family flag pulled over in front of the shop. A young man with a stern face alighted and walked over. He took one look at the two sorry-looking orcs, and then at Mag as he squinted a little.

“Young Master! These people wanted to barge into the shop and even walloped us up. Please be the judge for us.” The two orcs looked at Jonah as though he was their saving grace. All the grievance that they’d swallowed surged up and poured out as tears.

The seven to eight orcs who came with the horse-drawn carriage surrounded Mag and the others upon hearing that, giving them a death stare while getting ready to receive orders.

Jonah looked at Mag, and emotionlessly said, “You’re Boss Mag of Mamy Restaurant, right? I hope you can give me an explanation as to why you injured the Marquis Family’s guards for no reason. Why did you barge into our family’s property?”

“For no reason?” Mag scoffed. He turned to the side to reveal Rena, who was standing behind him, and coldly said, “Then let me ask you this first. Why then did your two guards beat up my business partner, Miss Rena, two days ago? This property is under her name, and we have proof sealed with the city lord’s castle’s stamp. How then did it become your family’s property?”

“The Marquis Family is vying with this lady here for a property?”

“Both sides said that the shop belonged to them. So whom exactly does this shop belong to?”

“Boss Mag said that Miss Rena has the property deed. In that case, the shop must be hers. Hasn’t this always been the rule of Chaos City?”

The bystanders started discussing the matter among themselves softly. They didn’t know that there was such a conflict hidden behind that seemingly random tussle.

“I was the one who hit them. If you can’t accept it, you can give it a try too.” Amy placed her magic caster’s staff in front of her, and hugged it at her chest. She looked at Jonah in disdain, and said, “Come here!”

Jonah glanced at Amy, and raised a brow. However, he quickly suppressed his anger. He knew very clearly who this little girl was. If he were to enrage those two old men, the entire Marquis Family would be in trouble.

He turned to look back at Mag. This was not his first time seeing Mag. He had seen him at the Chamber of Commerce's year-end celebration, but this was indeed the first time he had such a direct interaction with him.

He still had not received detailed information as to why the property was with that Miss Rena, and the Department of Property Rights only told him that it was approved by the city lord. The property was transferred under Rena's name in the form of a gift, and the Gray Temple might have something to do with this.

However, all information about Bennett had been sealed off in the Gray Temple, so there was not much information he could get. What he could feel was that this time, Bennett's crimes weren't the usual kind, and it seemed like he would not get a second chance.

He had always been very prudent, especially in this kind of situation where he was unable to get a clear grasp of the situation. That was why he specially made the trip over in the morning to look for his father, and suggested that they drop this shop in case they get embroiled in an unknown conflict.

But Bowen did not accept his suggestion, and did not seem worried about Miss Rena, who appeared to have no power or backing. He thought that as long as they had the confirmation letter from the Department of Property Rights, they would be able to take over the shop rightfully.

According to market rates, this shop's value had already exceeded 25,000,000 copper coins.

Furthermore, if they could set up a hot pot restaurant according to Bennett's plan, it might even reap higher returns for the Marquis Family.

He wanted to drop by and have a look today, but didn't expect to run into Mag and the others, who came over to cause trouble.

Moreover, they clearly came prepared. All it took was a three-year-old to put both sides on the same level of playing field.

"In that case, I will represent the Marquises to apologize to Miss Rena for our servants' rudeness and the injuries that they have caused." Jonah looked at Rena and bowed deeply.

"I..." Rena looked at Mag nervously.

"It's alright. We've already hit the back, and that's way better than an apology," Mag replied in Rena's stead with a smile.

Jonah froze, and looked at Mag seriously. He had met his match.

Mag looked at Jonah seemingly with a smile. The people from the four major families were indeed not useless fools. However, Jonah was still too inexperienced to play with Mag.

### **Chapter 1585: I, Amy, Am Super Fierce!!!**

"Seems like the fight just now was all a misunderstanding. I hope this young lady here could forgive our Marquis Family's guards for their ill manners. We will be sure to teach them well," Jonah told Amy with a smile, bringing out the magnanimity of a wealthy gentleman.

After that, he turned to Mag, and seriously said, "However, I doubt whatever Mr. Mag said was completely true. I am currently still unsure why Miss Rena would have the property deed of this shop with her because this shop belonged to the Marquis Family originally. It was under Bennett's name previously, and he was arrested for some personal reasons. The Marquis Family would not side with or cover up for his wrongdoings, but the property and assets that belong to the Marquis Family should not be allowed to land in the hands of outsiders."

Everyone thought about what he said. If that was the case, how that Miss Rena managed to get such a big and expensive shop was indeed dubious.

"You can pretend not to know, but I am going to tell you clearly right now." Mag looked at Jonah, and coldly said, "Bennett was arrested and detained by the Gray Temple because he was involved in several murders, making and selling of drugs, kidnapping, and other heinous crimes. And all his assets were gained illegally to buy those shops and properties. In addition, he used various extreme measures to run and monopolize businesses in Chaos City.

"These seemingly decent assets, shops, and teahouses were purchased after money laundering. I suppose the Marquis Family should know very clearly where the money comes from, right? Do you think you can fool everyone just by claiming that it belongs to the Marquis Family? Do you think the Marquis Family rules the world, or do you think that everyone in the Gray Temple is a fool?"

"You..." Jonah's face turned pale. He took two steps back subconsciously, and there was an inconcealable shock and agitation in his eyes.

How did Mag find out about all this?

In order to regain all these assets and properties, the Marquis Family had used up a lot of energy and resources to publicize their right of ownership, and even cut Bennett out completely. Jonah did not expect Mag to reveal all of these matters publicly.

As expected, the bystanders erupted into a chaotic chatter all of a sudden. All they heard was that the owner of "Ben" teahouse had been arrested, but no one knew that it had been because of such heinous crimes.

As the second young master of the Marquis Family, Bennett was rather well-known.

Now that everyone knew that the Marquis Family wanted to regain the properties that Bennett got through illegal means, and even labeled them as their family's properties, the Marquis Family's reputation was already gone.

"Me? Did I say anything wrong? I reckon the Gray Temple will publicly announce the results of this matter soon. If the Marquis Family really has what it takes to bring the news down, then you can say that I was just spouting nonsense. Of course, I know you don't have what it takes to do so." Mag smiled, looked at the flustered Jonah, and continued, "You must be curious to know how the property deed for this shop ended up in Rena's hands. If you can't even find out the answer to that, I suppose the Marquis Family isn't influential enough to be considered one of the four major families."

"I..." Jonah's face flushed red. This fellow's words were so infuriating he just wanted to stuff his blabbering mouth shut.

“Don’t be too nervous. A young rascal like you definitely won’t be able to call the shots for something like this,” Mag said with a consoling smile. “Of course, if you really want to know why Rena owns this shop, you can go to the Gray Temple and ask. There’s no need for you to stand here and act all hypocritical. I’ve already put it out here today. This shop belongs to Rena. If anyone tries to seize it and harm her again...”

“...Don’t blame me for being too rough! Hmph! I, Amy, am super fierce!!!” Amy completed Mag’s sentence. She clutched her magic caster’s staff and waved her fist as she glared at them with her round blue eyes.

“Pfft... How cute!”

“Oh my God... this threat... is totally not threatening at all.”

The onlookers could not resist as they melted for Amy’s cuteness.

Jonah frowned. He had to say something in such a situation. Otherwise, he might bring trouble to the family.

“Little Amy, don’t you have classes in the afternoon?” Just then, a hoarse voice came from outside the circle of crowd. Everyone stepped aside to make a pathway for an old man in a semi-old magician robe and graying hair.

“This is?”

“Lord of Ice, Urien!”

“The adorable threat suddenly becomes very threatening...”

Everyone talked hushedly as they watched Urien with awe and respect.

Jonah’s face changed immediately. He quickly told Mag, “I will report this matter to my father. I believe the city lord’s castle will make a fair judgment. Before that, no one from the Marquis Family will appear here ever again.”

Jonah bowed respectfully to Urien after that, and left immediately.

“That’s it? Let’s have another round,” Amy called out to him passionately.

His pace hastened immediately, and he boarded the horse-drawn carriage quickly to leave, almost to the point of jogging.

“Really, not a single one of them could fight.” Amy shook her head with disappointment. She turned back to look at Urien, and quickly switched back to her cute smile as she kept her magic caster’s staff, and said, “Master, what are you doing here?”

“I’m here to bring you to class,” Urien replied.

“Alright. I’ve already beaten the baddies anyway. Then I will go attend class now.” Amy nodded and waved her little hand at Mag. “Father, I’m going to class.”

“Go on, and be good,” Mag replied with a smile.

“Mm-hmm, mm-hmm.” Amy nodded hard, and followed Urien to the magic potion shop.

The onlookers had dispersed, but the news about why Bennett had been arrested would definitely become one of the topics for gossip.

Urien’s appearance had successfully scared Jonah and the rest off.

Mag was not worried that the city lord’s castle would side with the Marquis Family. If that really happened, Michael would be too much of a failure as the city lord. He would never agree to it. Hence, there would not be anyone disrupting the progress of setting up the new hot pot restaurant anymore.

“They won’t be here again. Let’s go in and take a look.” Mag opened the door and walked in first.

The rest followed him in.

The hot pot restaurant was lavishly renovated with gold and red as the main color scheme. The tables and chairs, which were all the color of wine, were arranged neatly. Just the hall on the first floor alone had more than 100 tables. The scale of this place was more than twice that of Mamy Restaurant.

“This restaurant is huge. I suppose it can hold up to 1,000 people dining in, right?” Yabemiya exclaimed.

“There are even private rooms on the second floor. The kitchen is also on the second floor.” Rena walked inwards with a smile. “Let me show you around.”

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“That’s it? How boring...” Irina, who was standing on a roof nearby, shook her head. She glanced at the horse-drawn carriage in the distance, and her lips curled up in a crafty smile. “Since you’re so greedy to want everything, I’ll peel off a layer of your skin...”

### **Chapter 1586: Host, I F\*ck Your Mother!!!**

“Have you got the construction team?” Mag casually asked Rena after walking one round in the hot pot restaurant.

“Mm-hmm. Firis introduced a few very formidable elven architects to me. I think I would like to let them do the final presentation of the effects and conclusions. It will be 50% cheaper than using dwarven architects. Furthermore, I prefer their design concepts,” Rena smilingly said.

“That’s rather good.” Mag nodded slightly. There was no need to doubt the elves’ aesthetic taste. Letting them neutralize this philistine feel brought upon by the golden tone in the hot pot restaurant was the best. He continued, “Then, please make the arrangements to start the renovation as soon as possible. Regarding the restaurant’s ownership issue, I will ask the city lord’s castle and the Gray Temple to give you an explanation.”

“Alright. I will decide the final plan with them later at noon before we start the renovations.” Rena nodded before hesitantly saying to Mag, “There is another thing I would like to discuss with you.”

“Please do.”

“That is...” Rena grasped her shirt, and hesitantly said, “I have been testing the hot pot bases in the past few days, but when I was making the spicy hot pot, I realized that I couldn’t achieve the mala spicy effect

without the Sichuan Peppers. I couldn't find any spices that could replace it on the market, so I am thinking..."

"It's indeed not easy to find a replacement for the Sichuan Pepper. I can supply you with Sichuan Pepper before you find a suitable replacement," Mag replied with a smile.

"Thank you very much." Rena was elated, but she quickly gravely said, "I am willing to pay you according to its original price."

Sichuan Pepper was such a precious spice that it couldn't be found on the market at all, so it had to be very expensive. Rena definitely couldn't get it from Mag for free.

"Sure." Mag nodded. Given Rena's hot pot restaurant's size, he indeed couldn't afford to supply it for free.

"System, didn't you say your Sichuan Pepper is a superior product that only one is selected out of every 10,000? In this case, can you sell me the remaining 9,999 discarded products at a low price?" Mag smilingly said in his heart.

"Host, according to this system's principles—"

"I don't care about your principles. I only want you to follow my principles. As a candidate for the God of Cookery, my principle is not to waste a single grain of food or spice. Therefore, name your price," Mag interrupted the system calmly.

"10 copper coins for 5—"

"Alright, 10 copper coins for 500 grams. Deal! I believe the people from the alternate world will thank you for enabling them to have scrumptious and fairly priced spicy hot pot." Mag smiled, and agreed very readily.

"I—"

"You did the right thing, and I admire you for how you learned to be flexible. We will all earn money together, right. You don't have to thank me," Mag said with alacrity.

"A-alright then. Changing the alternate world's dietary structures and habits is also one of your missions. Recycling and reusing the spice that is meant to be discarded and destroyed is also a good method," the system murmured as it reluctantly accepted this result.

"If you have the need, I can supply you with 500 kilograms of Sichuan Pepper first. Let's just charge 100 copper coins for every 500 grams." Mag smiled at Rena.

"100 copper coins..." Rena's eyes brightened as she stared at Mag with disbelief. "So cheap?! D-did you deliberately lower the price for me?"

Mag smilingly shook his head. "You want to make the hot pot into a food for common people, so controlling the ingredients' costs becomes the most important issue. The Sichuan Pepper naturally couldn't be too expensive. It's alright for me to earn less. After all, I have shares in the hot pot restaurant too."

“Host, I f\*ck your mother!!! ——!!” The system’s furious roar reverberated throughout Mag’s mind.

“Being a system, you have to be civilized. Don’t be so foul-mouthed.”

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Mag stayed in the new hot pot restaurant for a while before he brought Hannah to the factory in the north of the city.

“Oh my heavens! What is this giant metal beast that can breathe out steam?!”

“How can this wheel run on its own?”

“Doesn’t this loom need to be pushed by someone? This is amazing!”

Hannah behaved like Alice in wonderland when she entered the factory as she began touching things everywhere with her mouth agape the entire time.

Mag briefly explained to her the steam engine’s principle, the concept of the whole textile factory, and how the workers’ division of labor and collaboration made producing textiles more efficient.

Hannah was looking at Mag with glowing eyes and unconcealed admiration on her face after they came out of the workshop. “Did you really invent the steam engine?”

“Yes.” Mag nodded.

“You are so formidable! You are such a genius!” Hannah said with amazement on her face.

“Standing on the shoulders of the forebears always gave people such a false impression.” Mag shrugged.

However, Hannah didn’t think too much about the meaning of his words. Instead, she curiously pursued, “Are these gigantic machines really powered by steam? Why does the airy, light steam possess such immense strength?”

“Yes. Don’t underestimate the power of steam. They could perhaps have a more stable and long-lasting output than magic, and they could be obtained with a low price.” Mag nodded with a smile as he was very satisfied with Hannah’s two straight-to-the-point questions.

Hannah was also looking at the gigantic factory with ponderment. After a moment of silence, her eyes lit up. “So this is the so-called factory. In this case, can I turn the brewery into such a big factory? We can split the different brewing procedures into a few workshops, and let different workers take charge of the juicing, brewing, fermenting... And then, we will be able to greatly increase the brewing efficiency, and produce rum on a large scale.”

“This is why I brought you here. I will invest a sum of money for you to design and build the machines for brewing rum, and build a large rum brewery factory in Chaos City. You will be in charge of controlling the quality of the rum. If you are not well-versed in factory management and sales, I can find someone suitable to assist you.” Mag smiled at Hannah. “What do you think about it?”

“I...” Hannah looked at Mag with a slightly gaping mouth. After a while, she gulped. “I simply came to Chaos City to build my third-generation brewing machines...”



“And then?”

“And then...” Hannah gave it some thought as her gaze landed on the factory building in front of her. Her eyes gradually lit up. “And then build a giant brewery factory which could allow the whole world to drink the rum from our Old Sim’s family!”

“Very good. I am investing into this project!” Mag nodded as he took out a check, signed it, and gave it to Hannah. “This is 2,000,000 copper coins, take this as the brewery’s start-up fund. I will be adding on another 8,000,000 copper coins later. You and I will own 50% of the brewery each.”

“50% each?” Hannah held that check, and hesitantly said, “But I only have 300 copper coins. Wouldn’t you be losing out like this?”

“Your abilities and techniques are priceless.” Mag chuckled.

### **Chapter 1587: Miss, Please Let Me Treat You To Dinner Tonight?**

“Is the Mamy Restaurant’s boss trying to stand up for that woman? That fellow is really a busybody, and he is popping up everywhere,” Bowen said to Jonah with a frown. “He was the one who screwed up Cyril’s matter previously too. He is definitely connected to Gloria. He is really a friend of the females.”

“Father, I think we should be more cautious about this matter. It isn’t possible for Miss Rena to receive this restaurant as a gift at this point in time depending on Mag’s connections alone. There has to be some other connection with the Gray Temple behind the scene. Furthermore, Mag was still able to find out about what happened to Bennett after the information was locked down, so I’m afraid he’s connected to the Gray Temple too.

“Bennett was already plunged into the abyss of no return, and the Gray Temple’s attitude toward this is unclear yet, so I think we should give up on this restaurant first, and even on those properties that are gray and shady. This is to prevent the Marquis Family from getting into a precarious position,” Jonah said with a grave expression.

“Ha. He’s just a chef, so why is my son panicking?” Bowen waved his hands nonchalantly and chuckled. “You don’t have to bother with this. I’ve been waiting for Bennett to fall for years. If I don’t take over all the properties that he accumulated in all these years, how are we going to account for all his hard work?”

“But, Father—”

“I know about your worries. Our Marquis Family has been operating in Chaos City for dozens of years. Our relationship networks that are spread out everywhere are far more complicated than you think. How are a chef and a woman from the slums going to fight with us? However, just as you have said, this matter involves the Gray Temple, so I will be more careful. Before the official ruling is issued, I won’t let them go and cause trouble,” Bowen interrupted Jonah. He then waved his hand. “Go get yourself busy. You are now responsible for reviving the teahouse ‘Ben’. It is worth 100 of that restaurant.”

“Yes.” Jonah nodded and strode away.

Bowen sat in the room alone for a while before he walked to the door, and said, “Prepare the carriage. I want to go to the Gray Temple.”

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“Boss, where are we going now?” Hannah asked Mag in the carriage. She was still feeling very excited after the factory tour.

Just like Miya and the ladies, Hannah also changed her address for Mag to boss. After all, she was officially hired by Mag as Mamy Restaurant’s chief brewer now.

“Back to the restaurant. The restaurant is starting its business officially today, so we have a lot of preparation we have to do in advance,” Mag replied, and continued, “To appease the customers’ grievances, I’ve decided to release your rum at the same time with the ‘husband and wife lung slice’ tonight.”

“But my wine gourd only has the vintage base rum left, and I have sold the machines as scrap metal too, so there’s no way that I can brew it again,” Hannah said resignedly.

“It’s alright. I got a portion of the rum in your cellar from Connie, and it will be enough to supply the restaurant for some time. Furthermore, we can take this as a trial run for the rum, and see the market’s reaction to the rum. It can also provide some data for us to build the factory.” Mag shook his head with a smile.

As Connie had taken over the Falk Tribe successfully, he returned the majority of the treasure that the system took. After he only kept a little of it to pay for the system’s management fee, he kept 300,000,000 to 500,000,000 as their fees for making this trip.

Hence, Mag decided to keep the few hundred barrels of Hannah’s rum that he got from Connie in the extra space that the system had now. He could sell it on the shelf as soon as he came back.

“Oh, I see...” Hannah understood, but she soon seriously said, “Rest assured, Boss. I will build the third-generation distillation apparatus very soon, and then put it into production, and produce a constant supply of rum.”

“There is no need to rush in the building. Although your third-generation brewing machine’s design is rather good, we can still improve on many details. We can think about how to increase the energy and raw ingredients’ utilization rate and make the machine operate more efficiently. We also have to incorporate the steam engine into the brewing machine, and make the brewing process even more advanced and efficient. All these are factors that we can further consider.” Mag smiled at Hannah. “We must fight for perfection for this generation machine. We will settle this matter in one go.”

“The steam engine + the brewing machine...” Hannah seriously pondered about it for a while before her eyes lit up, and she excitedly said, “Yes! If we could combine them together, the brewing efficiency would definitely become very high. We could save a lot of time just on extracting the sugar cane juice alone!”

Mag continued, “I will give you the steam engine’s schematic and design drawings after we get back. At the same time, I will also teach you how to draw standardized blueprints to prevent any miscommunication with the builders during the building process.” Hannah’s blueprints were not bad, but they were too amateurish. Others might not understand what she was drawing. The more

complicated the machine was, the higher the demand for precision. Hence, he had to standardize that area.

“Alright.” Hannah nodded. She didn’t have any objection to Mag’s arrangements. After seeing the steam engine and textile machine today, she was full of adoration for Mag. That machine was far more complicated than the brewing machine. Mag was indeed a master mechanic.

It was only three in the afternoon, and there were already customers loitering around the restaurant’s entrance. Obviously, they were trying to find out if the restaurant would be operating tonight.

Mag went into the restaurant, wrote on a little black board, and hung it on the door.

“Operation will resume tonight. New product introduction: husband and wife lung slice and rum.”

“There is liquor and food, and I have stories to tell. Miss, please let me treat you to dinner tonight?” Harrison said lovingly to a beautiful succubus.

“I will consider that after you lose half of your weight.” That succubus lady smiled as she tossed her wavy brunette hair, and walked to the end of the line.

“Since that is the case, then you will have to give me a miss.” Harrison sighed as he patted on his round tummy. After reading the announcement on the little black board, he chuckled again. “Although young ladies are nice, they simply cannot compare to Boss Mag. The new products are delish. Hehehe...”

The news of the return of Boss Mag and the restaurant’s reopening became the Chaos City’s foodies’ happiest affair today.

Of course, the release of two new products at once was no less. Apart from the expected ‘husband and wife lung slice’, the rum had also attracted the attention of many alcohol-loving people.

“Rum? Isn’t that the specialty alcohol from the Falk Tribe in the Twilight Forest? Did Boss Mag go to the Falk Tribe, and bring the specialty back for us to try?”

“I have heard that the Falk Tribe’s rum is rather famous in the Twilight Forest, and the best rum is brewed by Old Sim the master brewer. An old friend brought me a small bottle in the past. That taste... tsk, tsk, is simply fantastic!” Carl the Storyteller smacked his lips and chuckled. “I wonder, could the rum that Boss Mag brought back compare with that bottle that I drank years ago?”

“It must be the best in order for Boss Mag to release it as a new product,” someone answered.

“That’s not necessarily so. You guys have no idea what a proud person Master Old Sim was. I tried to purchase a bottle of rum that was brewed by him personally then, and I failed despite asking many people for help. It’s impossible that Boss Mag could purchase Master Old Sim’s rum to sell.” Old Carl waved his hand with conviction.

### **Chapter 1588: Old Sim Brand’s Rum. Because You’re Worth It**

Old Carl had been telling stories in Aden Square for years, but he didn’t do it for a living.

He worked in the city lord’s castle since he was young, and he did it until he retired at 60 years old. Storytelling was just a hobby he did whenever he was free.

However, although it was just a hobby, he made it into a specialty that nobody else could mimic. With his interesting and colorful stories, and how he closely followed the latest news, he became the most-loved storyteller in Aden Square, or even in the entire Chaos City.

Of course, after working so many years in the city lord's castle, he could naturally still receive news that ordinary people couldn't even after retiring. They all became stories in his mouth.

Therefore, Old Carl was a publicly recognized knowledgeable man.

Many alcohol connoisseurs revealed an interested expression after hearing him heap praises on rum.

"Old Master Carl is right. I went to the Falk Tribe for business last year, and I tried to buy Master Old Sim's rum. It was extremely difficult as it was all bought by the royal family and the nobles. Not many were sold freely on the market," a goblin trader chimed in. Then, in a lowered voice, he continued, "It's even harder now. After the coup happened in the Falk Tribe, the traders didn't dare to venture there anymore. The price of normal rum on the market has risen so much that it was terrifying. Fake rum is rampant now."

"It's not easy to get real rum now, let alone rum brewed by Master Old Sim. As long as Boss Mag could bring back rum from the Falk Tribe, it would already be much better than rum that nobody knows where it came from." Old Carl, too, lamented.

Besides storytelling, drinking was his second favorite hobby.

He heard about a big event that had happened in the Falk Tribe in the past few days when he was drinking with an old friend last night. The princess who had been in exile returned to the tribe. She killed the kingslayer Gary, uncovered her older brother's devilish deeds, and ascended to the throne, becoming the Falk Tribe's very first female chief.

He hadn't encountered such a marvelous story for a long time. Only the story of Irina leading the Night Elves out of the Wind Forest and migrating to Chaos City was slightly better.

He had the story, but how to tell it out excitedly was the hardest test for a storyteller.

Such a wonderful story with twists and turns. It perfectly continued on with the stories that he told about the kingslayer and the brother slayer. Its twists and developments were completely unexpected.

He was already prepared to spend half a month, or even one whole month, to polish up this story and script.

Of course, if he could have some nice alcohol now, it might even encourage an inspiration explosion in him. Therefore, he specially came to Mamy Restaurant for a drink. Since it was releasing the rum, of course he would have to try it.

Not only did people come to drink, Mamy Restaurant resting for four days had made many regulars who treated it as their own dining room so miserable that they cried.

Vanessa pulled Abraham into the end of the line. After standing on her tiptoes to do a headcount, and being certain that they could have hot pot, she finally said with relief, "Oh, Uncle. You took so long to leave the house. If we had been any later, we would've missed the chance to eat hot pot tonight."

“Th-these people really came very early...” Abraham panted hard. Their horse-drawn carriage had stopped about 500 meters away, and running this short distance had almost cost him his life.

“Life is so short. If we miss a meal, we will miss it forever. Of course, we will have to come early,” Vanessa said with a matter-of-fact expression. She looked toward the restaurant enviously. “I really envy those big sisters who work in the restaurant. They don’t have to line up, and get to have all three meals a day. That is simply so blissful.”

“They work very hard as they have to take care of so many customers every day. Meanwhile, all you see is eat, eat, eat.” Abraham chuckled.

“That’s true too...” Vanessa stuck out her tongue embarrassedly. If she was to do it, she definitely wouldn’t be able to complete it. She was simply too clumsy.

Habeng stood next to Haga and chuckled as he spoke in their tribal tongue. “Bro, we just had Boss Mag’s delicacies at the Falk Tribe two days ago, and we are going to have them again in Chaos City now. It really is a seamless connection.”

Haga simply laughed, but he didn’t say anything while he looked at the restaurant expectantly.

Chapman stood behind Harris, and softly asked, “Master, Grandmaster has returned. Are you going to continue to learn to cook from him?”

“Of course, I am going to learn. I still haven’t mastered the ‘husband and wife lung slice’ yet. I will be embarrassing my master if I leave now,” Harris replied matter-of-factly.

“But... I have mastered it,” Chapman said hesitantly.

“...” Harris.

“Master, I don’t mean it that way... I’m just saying, if there’s a need, I can teach you a little...” Chapman swiftly waved his hands.

“Alright now, you even want to be my master now, chap,” Harris replied rather angrily.

“N-no...” Chapman was so nervous that sweat began to bead on his forehead.

“Alright. I’m just teasing you.” Harris chuckled. “Tasting different kinds of food here every day is very beneficial to me, and has way exceeded the benefits of travelling. We should take a break now after being on the road for so long. We won’t be able to find a restaurant like this which is able to give me endless surprises anywhere else.”

Chapman looked at Harris’ profile and nodded thoughtfully.

It was only halfway through the winter in Chaos City. Apart from some species who were not afraid of cold, the majority of the customers were wearing thick jackets.

Having hot pot with friends in such cold weather was naturally a very enjoyable affair.

The customers who came for hot pot were in a separate line on their own, which was as popular as the normal dinner.

“Although the hot pot is scrumptious, it’s really expensive. After today’s meal, I can kiss the hot pot goodbye for the rest of the month,” a young man complained.

“Yes. If it can be slightly cheaper, I will be able to bring my whole family here to have it. I even need to restrain myself when I am ordering for my tiny section now,” a middle-aged man lamented too.

“A few cheap hot pot restaurants have opened for business over there. Their prices are not even a third of Mamy Restaurant’s, but the taste... Hmm, Mamy Restaurant has ruined all others for me,” a young office worker lady said with a smile.

“Aye. I went to try them out in the past two days. Those hot pot restaurants have only scratched the surface. They couldn’t even concoct the clear soup base well. If scalding vegetables in hot water could be considered as hot pot, then my mom could be considered a chef 20 years ago.” Harrison pursed his lips with disdain written all over his face.

Everyone laughed out after hearing that. If they were not particular about the taste, they wouldn’t line up one hour early in the freezing wind.

“Welcome to Mamy Restaurant.”

Right at that moment, the restaurant’s door was opened outward. Mag came out, stood at the entrance, and smilingly said, “The restaurant has begun its service. Please come in.”

The customers smilingly greeted Mag and filed in.

“Boss Mag, did you bring your rum back from the Falk Tribe?” some customer asked curiously when he walked in.

“Of course. Old Sim Brand’s rum. Because you’re worth it,” Mag replied with a smile.

### **Chapter 1589: It’s This Aroma!**

“Old Sim’s Brand!” Old Carl, who was about to enter the restaurant, halted and stared at Mag in disbelief. “Boss Mag, you’re saying that the rum that you are selling was brewed by Master Old Sim himself?”

“Yes, it was.” Mag nodded smilingly.

Although the real Old Sim had already passed away, because Hannah’s skills were completely on par with her grandpa, the people from the Falk Tribe still called the rum made by Hannah Old Sim’s rum. It could be considered as a rather famous local brand.

“H-how could that be possible?!” Old Carl stared at Mag with disbelief.

“You will naturally know after you taste it.” Mag chuckled.

“Alright, I want to see if this Old Sim’s rum is authentic or not.” Old Sim nodded before he strode into the restaurant, and sat down at the closest seat. He couldn’t wait to flip open the menu on the table.

In the alcohol column, there was one extra item: “Old Sim’s rum—1,000 copper coins per cup”!

“This shocking price!” the customer that shared a table with Old Carl said with amazement after scanning the price.

“If this is indeed Old Sim’s rum, then this price is indeed shocking.” Old Carl looked at the menu, and said in a louder voice, “Shockingly cheap!”

“Yes. Don’t even mention Old Sim’s, a bottle of normal authentic rum that is imported from the Falk Tribe could sell for 500-600 copper coins in Chaos City. Rum from a slightly famous brewery could cost over 1,000 copper coins easily. Recently, a poor chap was scammed. He spent 5,000 copper coins to buy a bottle of Old Sim’s brand rum when in fact it was made in a small workshop in Chaos City. A cup of Old Sim’s rum for 1,000 copper coins is indeed shockingly cheap.” A man who had a wine flask with him sat down opposite Old Carl with a smile.

“You are a connoisseur.” Old Carl smiled at that man, and he ordered straight away when he saw Yabemiya walk over. “I would like to have a helping of ‘husband and wife lung slice’ and a cup of rum.”

“Sure.” Yabemiya nodded.

“I would like to have a small spicy grilled fish with a cup of rum and a mug of beer,” the man opposite of Old Carl smilingly said.

“Sure. Please wait a moment.” Yabemiya proceeded to the next table after she placed the order for this table.

Karoo could be considered as a regular at Mamy Restaurant’s. As the owner of a fabric shop, he didn’t have any bad hobbies apart from drinking.

Chaos City didn’t have any good brewers; only the fruit wines from a few breweries were drinkable. He usually asked people to bring the alcohol back for him from other places.

Mamy Restaurant’s beer could be considered as the most surprising alcohol that he had had in Chaos City. Together with the spicy grilled fish, it was an enjoyment.

However, although beer was tasty, to a person who drank frequently like him, there was always something lacking. Therefore, he would always bring a wine flask that was filled with aged wine from Rodu with him whenever he came. He would only feel satisfied after he had a few sips of it after finishing his beer.

As for rum, it was also one of his favorites.

One could only come across Old Sim’s serendipitously. In Chaos City, there was no way to purchase it even if one had the money. Even people like him who had been drinking for the past 20-30 years had been scammed before. It really sucked to drink fake alcohol.

Moreover, the Falk Tribe had a coup recently, and the price of rum had increased as a result. Even ordinary rum was hard to find. He hadn’t drunk rum for two months, because he was afraid of buying fake rum from those black-hearted merchants.

Therefore, he was surprised and seriously doubtful when he saw Mamy Restaurant releasing rum, and even saying it was Old Sim’s rum.

How did the rum that was so hard to come by in the market become sold in glasses like beer in Boss Mag's restaurant?!

It was only 1,000 copper coins, so Karoo wouldn't feel anything even if it was fake. Even though he was doubtful, he still ordered one glass.

Anyway, Old Carl was sitting across from him. If it was fake, then there would be another story about a black-hearted merchant who sold fake alcohol to his regular customers after he got rich.

"Boss, would people order my rum? Would the people in Chaos City get used to drinking it?" In the kitchen, Hannah was worriedly looking at the customers out there. Although she was very confident about her brewing skills, she was afraid the rum would taste different after it came to a different place.

"Don't worry. Even though rum is a niche liquor in Chaos City, it has very good potential to grow and expand here," Mag answered as he tossed the fried rice.

He had spent some time studying the alcohol market in Chaos City previously. The local breweries were of poor standard, and couldn't satisfy the local alcohol connoisseurs who were after high-quality alcohol. Therefore, there were merchants who would specially import alcohol to Chaos City from all over the continent, and the market for it was huge.

Even though the rum had a niche market, due to the difficulty in transporting it on the uneven roads from the Twilight Forest, there wasn't a huge amount of rum that eventually got to Chaos City.

Mag's objective in releasing the rum in Mamy Restaurant was to establish a group of loyal followers for the brewery in the future so that they wouldn't have to worry about the sales then.

"There's a total of 18 glasses of rum. They are respectively: one glass for customer 1 and 3 of table three, one glass for customer 2 of table four, table six..." Yabemiya went into the kitchen, and began to report about the orders.

Babla stood at the kitchen's entrance and closed her eyes. Round glasses which were filled with amber-colored rum began to float out, and accurately landed on the tables of all the customers that Yabemiya reported had ordered them.

A maiden clapped her claps, and marveled, "Wow. That's so cool. A spatial magic caster is doing the serving! This restaurant is awesome!"

The customers smiled at the maiden's marvel. Of course, that was indeed very cool.

However, many people were attracted by the alcohol's rich aroma when it floated past them. That was a soothing scent. Simply smelling it could mesmerize them.

However, that glass wasn't big, and a tiny glass of rum actually cost 1,000 copper coins. Some customers who didn't drink felt that this price was rather steep, and couldn't help feeling sorry for those customers who had ordered it.

Thud...

A quiet thud sounded, and two glasses landed in front of Old Carl and Karoo.



Their eyes were attracted by the amber liquid in the transparent glasses in front of them at the same time. This wine glass was smaller than the beer mug. It didn't have a handle, and could be held easily by hand.

A rich alcoholic aroma washed over them. There was even a tinge of the white oak barrel's fragrance in the midst of the rich aroma, which made their eyes light up at the same time.

"Yes, it's this aroma! It's this aroma! The aroma of Old Sim's rum. This unique and unduplicable aroma. That has to be it!" Old Carl said with surprise. He couldn't conceal the excitement on his face.

Meanwhile, Karoo lowered his head to take a deep sniff, and then showed a mesmerized expression. He also excitedly said, "It not only was brewed by Master Old Sim, this is rum that was even aged over 15 years! Rum of such quality, plus Old Sim's branding, a glass of it could easily cost over 5,000 copper coins!"

### **Chapter 1590: That's Good. We Should Pass On Our Traditional Crafts**

The glasses of rum that were served ignited the passion of the customers who ordered them.

People could recognize good alcohol. Of course, apart from those people who didn't know it.

The people who were the first to order the rum were drinkers even if they were not rum aficionados. Looking at the rum's color and smelling its aroma, they knew it was the real thing.

Old Carl lifted the glass up carefully, and looked at it against the French doors. The amber-colored rum was clear, and had no sediment.

Even though this glass wasn't as big as the beer mug, given that rum was a liquor with a high alcohol concentration, a small glass like this was enough for a normal person.

Old Carl put the glass next to his lips and took a small sip. Its smooth and sweet texture made one mesmerized unknowingly. The rich aroma had a hint of the barrel's smell. Only an aged rum that was stored in an oak barrel could release such an exquisite taste.

He had been thinking about that small bottle of rum for 18 years, and it was only aged for three years. They were both brewed by Master Old Sim.

He thought he would never get to drink rum that was brewed by Master Old Sim ever again in his life. He didn't expect he would get to drink such authentic and finely aged rum at Mamy Restaurant for only 1,000 copper coins.

Old Carl only opened his eyes slowly after a long time, and lamented, "I never expected I could get to drink rum brewed by Master Old Sim again. This Boss Mag is shrewd."

"It's more than just shrewd. Boss Mag has really formidable means!" Karoo had also drunk half of his glass, and was flushed with excitement.

It was a great deal whenever someone in the alcoholic aficionado circles had an unsealed bottle of Old Sim's rum that was aged over 15 years. After all, rum of that particular quality was only supplied for the Falk Tribe's nobles and chief.

However, he didn't expect to drink rum of that quality in a restaurant in Chaos City.

Furthermore!

It only cost 1,000 copper coins!

If this news got out, he estimated the entire rum aficionado circle in Chaos City was going to explode with excitement.

He didn't know what means Boss Mag used to procure rum of such high quality, and he was selling it at such a low price. It was so fairly priced that he worried that he might even suffer a loss.

The praises could be heard without end. A glass of rum that cost 1,000 copper coins was indeed expensive, but people who ordered it all said that it was well worth it.

"The feedback sounds positive." Mag wasn't too surprised to hear praises and laments in the kitchen.

Hannah's rum was indeed very good, and this batch was brewed by her grandpa, so there was even no need for him to worry about its quality.

The super positive reviews and feedback given by the customers who had ordered the rum enticed those customers who didn't understand rum but still loved alcohol to order a glass too.

Karoo was taking sip after sip of it, and already finished half of the glass before the grilled fish was even served. He quickly gestured to Yabemiya when he saw her walk by. "Miss, can you please fill this wine flask with rum. I will pay as much as you can fill it."

Old Carl's eyes brightened when he heard that, and began searching his body for things that could be used to hold rum.

It would be fantastic to bring such a great rum back to have a sip every now and then.

Many customers were tempted too. Customers who had wine flasks with them were already smiling. It would be great to show off to their friends if they could bring some of it back.

"I'm sorry, dear customer. We don't allow takeaway for the restaurant's drinks and beverages." Yabemiya rejected him with a smile.

"Then, can I have one additional glass, please? I can even pay more for it. Will 1,500 copper coins a glass do?" Karoo sincerely said. He had a bad habit of taking a sip everywhere he went. It wasn't much, but he couldn't do without it. He had come across such marvelous rum today, so wouldn't it be great to be able to have a sip of it every now and then wherever he went?

"I'm sorry. This is the restaurant's rule." Yabemiya rejected it without any hesitation.

"Alright. I am being greedy." Karoo sighed, but he could understand the reason behind it. Such high-quality rum was selling at such a cheap price, and according to the market price, they were selling the rum way below the former. If people with ulterior motives deliberately ordered it for takeaway, they could sell it and flip the profit many times as soon as they left the restaurant.

An orc at the side emotionally said, “Miss Miya, I have a friend who has been lying on the bed for three years, and he is going to die soon. All he wants is to have a glass of Master Old Sim’s rum before he dies. Do you—”

“Dear customer, you may want to take a look at the rules at the back of the menu,” Miya replied with a smile.

“Hehe. I am just cracking a joke.” That orc immediately laughed, and embarrassedly scratched his head. “My father always said that our tribe was just next to the Falk Tribe, and after moving to Chaos City for dozens of years, he deeply missed the rum made by Master Old Sim. I don’t know about rum well enough, and have been scammed by the sellers with fake rum many times. It’s fine to lose the money, but it sucked to be laughed at by my father.

“He can’t walk very well now. I just want to bring a glass back for him to try. So many people here said it is real, so I believe it has to be. However, I know Mamy Restaurant’s rules very well. I guess I will have to wait for my father to get well enough, and bring him here myself.”

Yabemiya’s lips moved slightly as she looked at that orc before she finally nodded. “Alright.” Then, she went on to the next customer.

Hannah stood at the kitchen’s entrance, looked at those people who were excited and others who went deep into their thoughts, and softly said, “I didn’t expect... so many people to know my grandpa and love the rum that he brewed in Chaos City, which is so far away.” A tear slid down from a corner of her eye and fell to the floor, but she swiftly wiped her tears away.

“Boss, I have decided. Apart from building the brewing machines, I also want to brew rum properly so I won’t tarnish Old Sim’s reputation,” Hannah said to Mag with conviction as she turned toward him before revealing a bright smile.

“That’s good. We should pass on our traditional crafts.” Mag nodded.

“So rum actually tasted so exquisite. This aroma and texture totally crush those breweries in the city. The master indeed lives up to his name.” Harrison had already drunk more than half of his glass. His rotund body swayed, and he said with narrow eyes, “However... this rum seems rather strong? Why are there two glasses in my hand now?”

Gjerj propped himself against the pillar next to him, and seriously said, “Bro, we have only just begun. Y- you cannot collapse so soon...”