

Stay At home 1591

Chapter 1591: I Am Going To Find A Man As Exceptional As Him In The Future

Rum was a liquor with a high alcohol content. Mag had it at the Falk Tribe before. Rum that had been aged for 15 years had a 50-60% alcohol content. Beer, which had only eight to nine percent, couldn't even compare to it.

If those people who were used to drinking fruit wine and beers suddenly drank liquor with such high alcohol content, their most direct reaction was: tipsiness.

Harrison and Gjerj had already realized that this liquor's prowess was different, so they decided to put the liquor aside, prop their heads up with their hands, and obediently wait for their food to be served.

It was fine to get drunk for an excellent liquor, but they still hadn't tried the 'husband and wife lung slice' yet, so it would be a pity to get drunk now.

They had to try the new item!

This was their unified consensus.

"Your 'husband and wife lung slice'." Right then, Yabemiya came over, and placed a plate of "husband and wife lung slice" in between them.

"Wow. Such bright colors! What a spicy and enticing aroma! This is so seductive." Harrison stared at the 'husband and wife lung slice' with wide eyes. The sliced beef and offals were placed upon one another to form a shape of a volcano in the center of the dish. A scoop of red oil was drizzled over the 'volcano', and it looked just like an active volcano that was about to erupt.

A handful of crushed peanuts and roasted sesame seeds was scattered over it, and a tender green cilantro was placed at the mouth of the volcano as the garnish. The bright and enticing colors together with the spicy aroma made them gulp uncontrollably.

"I have waited days for this dish. Finally, I get to eat it. Boss Mag has really made me wait for it." Gjerj gulped before using his chopsticks to pick up a piece of beef.

The thinly sliced beef was coated with a layer of red oil and garnished with roasted sesame seeds and crushed peanuts. Whiffs of the aroma of the braised meat and red oil drifted gradually. The taste buds were already tickled even before it entered the mouth.

After Gjerj bit down, the rich aroma of the red oil and the spiciness blossomed on the tip of his tongue at the same time. Shortly after that, it was the rich aroma of the braised beef.

The soft and smooth beef disintegrated after being bitten softly. The taste buds couldn't help quivering as they welcomed the impact of this spiciness like a tropical storm.

"Wow~"

Gjerj's fatty flesh jiggled uncontrollably as that exquisite taste hit his body like lightning. Even his skull seemed to be cracked open.

He was going to the heavens!

Rip!

His clothes already couldn't contain his trembling fatty flesh, and began to split open.

"Sorry, my apologies. I really cannot control it..." Gjerj tugged his clothes back, and chuckled with embarrassment.

"Is it really that powerful?" Harrison raised his comical short eyebrows as he quickly picked up a piece of tripe. He was a huge fan of the hot pot's tripe. If he hadn't wanted to try out the new product, he would have gone for the hot pot after holding himself back for all these days.

The tripe that was sliced lengthwise was light yellow after braising. It had a natural grid on its surface with a layer of red oil coated all over it, which made it look very enticing.

Judging from their appearance, the tripe in the "husband and wife lung slice" and in the hotpot were completely different.

The hot pot's tripe was thinly sliced, and had a unique crunchiness. Meanwhile, could this complicated and thick tripe be as scrumptious as those judges described?

Harrison couldn't help feeling a little doubtful, but he still popped the tripe into his mouth without any hesitation.

After the tripe entered the mouth, it began to cross swords with his teeth. The thick tripe indeed wasn't as tender as the hot pot's tripe.

It was slightly chewier, but not too difficult to chew. It could be torn apart with a slightly harder bite, so it brought about a very amazing chewy sensation.

The aromatic spicy red oil, the roasted sesame seeds, and crushed peanuts began to blossom at the tip of his tongue as if they were a marching band in red uniforms solemnly introducing the tripe with noisy music.

The aroma of the marinate was so rich as if it had seeped into every inch of the tripe. Then, it simmered, simmered before exploding!

The aroma of the red oil, marinate, and the tripe fought such an enjoyable battle on the tip of the tongue. It was so intense that Harrison's taste buds were too busy to handle them. They could only lament with amazement before surrendering completely.

"Spicy and enjoyable! It is indeed comparable to the hot pot's tripe! This tripe is indeed fantastic. This is an irresistible delicacy!" Harrison already felt slightly awake from his tipsiness. He couldn't help taking a big gulp of the beer while feeling the spiciness in his mouth.

Awesome alcoholic beverages together with awesome food escalated his enjoyment to the next level.

"This is really the best dish to go with alcohol," Harrison praised.

"I agree. Boss Mag gave me a new understanding of beef with a new cooking method again." Gjerj nodded in agreement. The spiciness coupled with the alcohol made sweat bead on his forehead. The term "refreshing" wasn't even enough to describe this sensation.

As it was a new product that was highly anticipated, many customers ordered the “husband and wife lung slice” tonight.

Vivian and Luna were sitting at a table for two in a corner. They had a spicy grilled fish and a freshly served “husband and wife lung slice” on their table.

“Vivian, do you think this dish is really made with a pair of husband and wife’s lung slices?” Luna peered at the big plate of red “husband and wife lung slice” in front of her. This scary name gave her scary thoughts.

Vivian leaned slightly forward and waved her hand at Luna as she whispered, “Come here, let me tell you a little secret.”

“What’s it?” Luna leaned forward perplexedly.

“My father said that loving married couples have been disappearing mysteriously lately, and whenever their bodies are found, their lungs...” Vivian revealed a scary smile on her face.

“Ah...” Luna was so afraid that she leaned back, and made a soft sound as she stared at the “husband and wife lung slice” with fear. That attracted questioning looks from the customers sitting at the tables around them.

“Hahaha...” Vivian was laughing so hard that there were tears at the corners of her eyes. She could only stop after a while. “Their lungs were intact.”

“Y-you rascal. You only know to lie to me and frighten me.” Luna looked at Vivian with anger and resignation before she nodded to the customers around them to express her apologies.

“I didn’t expect our Teacher Luna would believe such stories, either.” Vivian shrugged. She couldn’t wait to pick up a piece of ox scalp with her chopsticks. “All these are made with beef and beef offal. Although it is called ‘husband and wife lung slice’, there isn’t even a piece of ox lung in there. Boss Mag is really getting more and more misleading when naming his dishes.”

“So it’s beef?” Luna heaved a breath of relief upon hearing that.

“Yes. You see, this is a piece of ox scalp.” Vivian put the ox scalp against the light, and the light shone through the gelatinous ox scalp. A layer of red oil was coating the semi-transparent ox scalp, and it looked extremely tantalizing. She couldn’t help praising it. “It’s indeed done by Boss Mag. Even a piece of ox scalp is so artistically made. I am going to find a man as exceptional as him in the future, or else I shall remain single forever.”

Chapter 1592: You Are Really Very Popular Among Women

“That is not going to be easy.” Luna looked toward the kitchen with a smile. She could see Mag’s busy figure in the kitchen through the glass panel from where she was sitting. He was holding up the whole busy restaurant by himself, and yet he was able to maintain a gentle attitude at all times. Furthermore, his achievements in mathematics were way beyond the reach of normal people. She was afraid that they were never going to find another man as exceptional as him in Chaos City again.

“What about you, Luna? I’ve heard that your father has been pressing you to return to Rodu to get married. He has been looking at many young masters on your behalf,” Vivian said to Luna smilingly.

“Those chaps heard that our Luna is extremely beautiful, and the matchmakers have been going to your house nonstop.”

“Nah, that’s not true.” Luna blushed and shook her head. “Grandfather has declined them for me. I don’t want to think about getting married now. I don’t want marriage to divert my attention, and I also cannot guarantee that the man that I marry will support what I am doing now.”

“Oh, yes. Our Teacher Luna is a very busy woman. This term is going to be over soon, and many children will get to attend school in the next term. You are going to be super busy in the coming one-month-long school holiday, so you’ve got to take care of your health.” Vivian stopped smiling, and looked at Luna piteously.

Ever since Luna had set up the foundation, she had been working even harder. Buying the necessities for the children and supervising the building of the new school premises had taken up almost all of her time. It was rare for her to have time to come out with Vivian. She looked even skinnier than before.

“It’s fine. The school premises are almost going to be finished soon, and the stuff that we bought or have been donated by the charity have almost all arrived. We should be able to complete everything before the beginning of the next term,” Luna replied with a smile.

“I say a busy person like you should marry a man who can take care of you and your children, and cooks very well to keep you fed,” Vivian lamented before she suddenly froze, and then looked toward the kitchen.

“What are you looking at?” Luna waved her hand in front of her eyes.

“The best candidate for your husband,” Vivian replied gravely.

“Hmm?” Luna looked over, following Vivian’s gaze, and saw Mag who just turned around to grill the beef kebabs. She blushed again and pouted. “What nonsense are you spouting?”

“I’m not spouting nonsense. I’m being serious.” Vivian grasped Luna’s hand, and continued to say in a lowered voice, “Let me analyze it for you. Don’t you want to find a man who could support you in your career? Wasn’t Boss Mag the first person who supported you when you first established the foundation? Furthermore, he continued to support your foundation this whole time.

“You are definitely not thinking about having children now, and that adorable and obedient Little Amy has solved that problem perfectly. Don’t you like her too?”

“Furthermore, Boss Mag is a super hands-on dad. Even if you are going to have children in the future, you don’t have to worry at all. You can throw the kid to him, and continue to do whatever you want to do.

“Of course, the most, most, most important thing is, you will get to eat the dishes that he cooks every day!

“You will get to eat the food served by Boss Mag personally when you wake up every morning. This is the dream of countless women in Chaos City!

“Then, I won’t have to worry about your body again. Given his doting character toward his child, he definitely is going to dote on his wife. I only have to worry that you are going to get fat.

“See, after my analysis, isn’t Boss Mag super suitable for you?”

“According to your analysis, every maiden in Chaos City is lining up with hopes to marry Mr. Mag.” Luna chuckled resignedly, but her face was still red. Although she was trying very hard to chase Vivian’s words out of her mind, they kept hovering in her mind like a magical chant.

In all these years, apart from grandfather, no man had ever supported her like Mag did.

Even her father and those men who had pursued her couldn’t understand what she was doing for the children. They all asked her to stop feeding that bottomless pit.

However, she was simply doing whatever she could, and all those children could only depend on her.

She really had to say that Mr. Mag was indeed a very special person.

But... could she match up to him?

She couldn’t even take care of herself well, so how was she going to take up the responsibility of caring for a whole family and being a mother?

Vivian nodded matter-of-factly. “Of course, Boss Mag is young and promising, and has powerful genes. He can hold himself well both in the kitchen and beyond it. He is gentle-mannered, and the most important factor is that he is rather handsome. He is a typical premium, rich, and slightly mature gentleman. If he sticks an advertisement ‘looking for a wife’ on his door, the line formed by the ladies who come to answer the call will most probably reach the city’s gate.”

“Is that so?” Luna covered her mouth. She was slightly disappointed apart from feeling shocked. If that was the case, it most probably wouldn’t be her.

“Don’t be discouraged. You have Little Amy, this trump card, in your hand. Given your and Amy’s relationship and Boss Mag’s indulgence for Little Amy, you have a very good chance to become his wife.” Vivian grabbed Luna’s hands as she encouraged her. “However, dealing with such a premium single man, you have to take more initiative. Otherwise, you are going to lose out to others. But, you cannot be too proactive, as it doesn’t match your temperament and occupation. You have to establish your persona as a noble and virtuous teacher so you can arouse his desire to conquer. Then, you will play hard to get...”

“Wait a sec... Where did you learn all these things from?” Luna asked Vivian suspiciously. She knew what happened in her good friend’s life for the past 18 years very well. She had been single since her birth, but why was she able to tell her all these theories now?

“Hehe. From the books. You can find everything in books...” Vivian chuckled smugly.

“Alright. Let’s stop talking about this.” Luna rolled her eyes, and then flicked a glance at the grilled fish. “Your grilled fish is going to get overcooked if you don’t start eating.”

“Oh! I almost forgot about that!” Vivian got a shock, and swiftly used her chopsticks to swipe in between the fish and the grilling pan to prevent the skin from getting stuck to it before she started to eat the grilled fish seriously.

Luna took a few bites of the grilled fish before throwing a glance at the kitchen. Her lips turned up a little when she saw that busy figure. She swiftly retrieved her gaze, and continued to chitchat with Vivian.

As Mamy Restaurant's first cold dish, the 'husband and wife lung slice' had received unanimous good reviews from the customers.

Meanwhile, the rum had made many customers drunk. Some of them got drunk together with their companions, while others got drunk all alone by themselves.

Those who came with their own coachman were still fine. Mag had to press for an address from the murmuring mouths of those who didn't have a coachman with them before hailing horse-drawn carriages to send them back.

Of course, many of them headed to places like the brothels.

Irina, who was wearing a thin negligee and holding a glass of red wine, came down the stairs gracefully as she spoke to Mag, who was closing the restaurant's door, with a vague smile. "Out of 10 tables of female customers, five tables of them were discussing how they were going to pursue you, while the other five tables lamented that they had gotten married way too early. You are really very popular among women."

Chapter 1593: You're The Most Beautiful Person To Me

The blood-red wine swirled in the wine glass. Mag watched as Irina walked down the stairs step by step. Her thin white chiffon nightgown was a little translucent. Although one could not see through it, it gave off the illusion of making it possible.

Her long silver hair was let down, and her fair feet were bare. A leaf would appear under her foot with every step she took, which served as a foil for her beauty.

Any man would go crazy seeing such a beauty walk towards him, with that kind of perfect looks and that sweet smile.

Mag was a man, but at the moment, he was unable to go crazy.

Instead, he was a little flustered over what Irina said.

"Er... Customers would usually come up with some unrealistic thoughts the moment they eat something delicious." Mag let out a cough, and seriously said, "Am I a man that they could lay their hands on?"

"Tsk." Irina could not hold her laughter in.

Her smile was like a beautiful flower in full bloom on that usually icy cold face, and that made Mag a little awestruck.

"What's wrong?" Irina looked at him.

"It's nothing. I just thought that you look quite nice when you smile."

"Quite?"

“No... very nice.”

“How nice is very nice?” Irina took a step forward, almost sticking her face to his.

The faint fragrance that wafted over was as soothing as the Spring of Life. Mag looked at the person in front of him with a smile, and said, “Nothing in this world can describe your beauty. You’re the most beautiful person to me.”

Irina paused and looked into Mag’s eyes. Her eyes were as bright as the stars, and her gaze was passionate. Although she still had a calm expression on, her heart started to race uncontrollably.

Mag looked at Irina, who was just in front of her. Her full and luscious lips were extremely enticing. A strange urge started to overwhelm him.

The enchanting scent of red wine intoxicated both of them as they started to lean forward unknowingly.

It was a long and passionate kiss.

Rodu. The Royal Palace.

“Let’s set off to bring Vanessa back. There are too many factors that lead to instability there. It’s no longer safe,” Andre told Sean, who was down on one knee.

“Yes.” Sean stood up and turned. He stopped and turned back with hesitation before saying, “Royal Father, what should I do if I run into Alex on this trip?”

“Do you have the confidence to kill him?” Andre asked.

“No.” Sean shook his head.

“He does.”

“I understand.” Sean nodded and turned to leave quickly.

“The Wind Forest, Boundless Sea Realm, Twilight Forest... Alex, you’re really everywhere.” Andre paced about the palace slowly and smiled. “It seems like you’ve been living well over the past three years, and you’ve started to take a liking for meddling in other people’s affairs.”

The blue flame at the tip of the magnificent Magus Tower continued burning brightly in the near distance.

“The triennial Magic Caster Tournament is about to begin. According to tradition, Krassu will commence its opening. Will we still be inviting him this year?”

“Of course not. He’s no longer part of the Magus Tower. What are we inviting him for?”

“Krassu was the one who suggested and created the Magic Caster Tournament. All these years, many outstanding talents from our field had been chosen from the tournament, and this tournament had also opened a path for magic casters of humble backgrounds to achieve greater things. It had also boosted the improvement in the world of magic in the Roth Empire. The tournament can do without anyone except Master Krassu!”

“Nonsense! I think you are also thinking of betraying the Magus Tower, and that’s why you keep speaking up for Krassu!”

“One of the 10 core principles of the Magus Tower is the freedom to come and go. There hasn’t been a case where leaving the tower becomes a betrayal. Anyone who upholds justice would know how much contribution Master Krassu had made for the Magus Tower. I am not speaking up for him, I am just saying something just and fair!”

The round-table meeting in the meeting room of the Magus Tower had been ongoing for hours, but there was no conclusion because of the constant arguments.

“Enough!” Richard, who was sitting on the main seat, said sternly.

The noise in the meeting room decreased as everyone looked at Richard.

“I will send Krassu an invitation, and it’s up to him to decide if he comes or not.” Richard stood up as he walked towards the door, and said, “Today’s meeting will end here. Dismissed.”

“Great Elder, are we really inviting Krassu?” Brent asked with a frown as he followed behind Richard.

“It has been the tradition of the Magic Caster Tournament for Krassu to commence the opening. If we didn’t even send him an invitation, it would seem as though we were very stingy,” Richard continued as he walked. “As for whether he would turn up or not, judging from his character, I don’t think he will come after finding a good disciple.”

Brent nodded ponderingly.

Richard suddenly stopped in his tracks, and turned back to look at Brent, saying, “Right, His Majesty has ordered us to send two magic casters to go down south to Chaos City with the first prince. I was thinking of sending you and Elliot. You will set off early tomorrow morning.”

“Go down south with the first prince?” Brent was stunned for a while. He looked around, and lowered his voice as he said, “Does... the second prince know about this?”

Richard seriously replied, “This is His Majesty’s orders. Whether Josh knows about it or not is not important. This is a mission to escort Princess Vanessa back, and your top priority is to ensure the safety of the first prince and the princess.”

“Princess Vanessa is in Chaos City?!” Brent was a little shocked. He saw Richard’s serious face, and quickly schooled his expression. He nodded seriously, and said, “Alright. I will be sure to complete this mission.”

“What a free and easy couple. One moment they’re at the Wind Forest, the next at Chaos City, then the Twilight Forest... heh... haha...” Josh sat at the pavilion in the middle of the lake. There were a few bottles of unopened wine beside him and a few smashed bottles on the ground. He looked at the lake with a sinister smile, looking a little drunk.

At the corner of the pavilion, two servants huddle together, shivering in fear, afraid to look at Josh. This was a very scary side of the second prince.

A shadow guard appeared at the pavilion and went down on one knee. "Your Highness. There's a guest from the Twilight Forest. He said he brought something precious as a gift for you," he said respectfully.

"An orc from the Twilight Forest?" Josh frowned. He looked at the shadow guard, and asked, "What is it?"

"He would not allow me to see it, and said that he could only hand it to you," the guard said with his head lowered.

"Heh... interesting..." Josh smiled curiously, and waved his hand as he said, "The two of you, you're dismissed. Bring that fellow over."

"Your Highness, that orc seems a little strange. Should I set things up first?" that shadow guard asked with hesitation.

"This is Rodu, the second prince's mansion. Who would dare to do anything to me here?" Josh laughed complacently. He waved his hand. "Bring him in."

Very quickly, a frail and old orc with leopard print on his face was brought to the pavilion. He had a black stone box in his hands. He bowed respectfully to Josh, and said in a hoarse voice, "Maurice is here to pay respects to the second prince."

"What's that in your hands?" Josh asked curiously as he looked at the stone box in the orc's hands.

"This is very precious, and should not be seen by a third person." Maurice did not reveal it immediately. Instead, he glanced at the shadow guard beside him.

"You're dismissed." Josh waved his hand.

The shadow guard hesitated for a while, but still disappeared.

"Go on, what's that?"

"Your Highness, have you heard of the Urba Tribe's massacre that happened more than 300 years ago?" asked the orc in his hoarse voice.

Chapter 1594: What Is Eternally Asleep Might Not Be Dead

The hovering Dragon Islands.

In a magnificent hall, 10 giant dragons stood each at one side, and the atmosphere in the hall was very tense.

The top 10 powerhouses of this world, representing the 10 giant dragon tribes, were all gathered here.

"Is the information from the Twilight Forest reliable? Do devils really exist?" the chief of the Fire Dragon Tribe, Lorenzo, asked loudly in disbelief while spitting fire.

"Irina used the Holy Light to kill the devil possessing Isaiah, and purified both of them, causing them to disintegrate. This was presented to everyone at the scene.

“Back then during the Urba Tribe massacre, there were already a lot of unsolved questions. We’ve also found traces of evil aura on the site. That’s why we didn’t put Rex to death, and only locked him up in Bastie Prison.

“If what Rex said was true, I’m afraid the devils have already seeped out into this world, but we know nothing about this or them,” Douglas said in an icy cold tone, making the air around cool down a lot.

“The giant dragons are the strongest race in this world. We are the rulers of the sky from birth. Even if the devil really exists, there’s nothing to be afraid of,” Eustace, the great elder of the purple crystal dragon tribe, said with a complacent laugh. “Isn’t it a joke to gather the top 10 giant dragons over for such a small thing?”

“I still have a scheduled fight with Titan. If there’s nothing else, I’ll make a move first.” Zaiya, the chief of the tyranno dragon tribe, stood up and turned to leave the hall.

“If devils do exist in this world, I’m afraid this matter will not be as simple as we think.” Just then, the chief of the giant dragon tribe, who had been silent all along, solemnly said, “I chanced upon a giant wall mural in the golden dragon tribe’s forbidden cave. It was left behind by our ancestors. I have never understood what it was trying to express for all these years, but I think I should bring all of you over to take a look.”

“A wall mural left behind by the ancestors?” The other giant dragons were all shocked when they heard that. Even Zaiya, who was reaching the door, stopped in his tracks.

A giant dragon’s long lifespan allowed them enough time to pass on stories orally to the younger generation without the need for written words or wall murals.

However, Golden Dragon Island, which was where giant dragons originated from, had a wall mural left behind by their ancestors. It was something even Louis, the dragon who had seen the most and lived the longest, was unable to comprehend. That drew quite a lot of attention from the other giant dragons.

“Let’s go.” Louis got up, flapped his wings, and disappeared from the hall.

The other giant dragons followed along.

Within a moment, the giant dragons appeared in a dark underground cave. A giant wall mural that was more than 500 meters long spread out in front of them.

This was something only a giant dragon could have done.

Even the best giant dragons of each tribe were shocked to see a wall mural of such scale underground.

“I can’t believe that a wall mural like this actually exists underground in the golden dragon tribe. But what’s drawn on it?” Lorenzo spat out a ball of flame. It flew out and stopped, suspended in mid-air 100 meters in front of the mural.

That was when the entire mural hidden deep underground was displayed in front of everyone.

Chaos.

What they could see was just chaos.

This was a complete drawing. There were countless different races and also countless creepy scenes drawn on the mural.

The giant dragons were killing and tearing each other apart, the forest trolls were twisting their fellows' heads off while having half an elf in their mouths, and the goblins had red eyes and were riding on orcs as they chased a group of monkeys hysterically. The Boundless Sea Realm was stained red, with demon bodies floating around as clusters of horrifying big fishes tore them apart. There were also many other races they had not seen before killing and murdering their own and people of other races maniacally...

Right at the center of the mural was an unknown grayish-black object the size of a small mountain. The giant dragons were as small as mosquitos in front of it, and there were several tentacles reaching out from a hexagonal seal on top that was suppressing it. Those tentacles were dotted with blood-red eyes that were gleaming with evil, as though they were about to break out from a seal.

When the giant dragons saw that, their expressions changed a little.

"Wh-what is this?!" Lorenzo, who was standing right in front of the image of the unknown thing, took a step back subconsciously.

The creepy and striking image had shocked the giant dragons.

"If an unknown and horrifying devil does exist in this world, it will probably look like this." Louis took a step forward, and solemnly said, "This wall mural dates back way further than what we've recorded and passed down as giant dragons. What I am talking about here is tens of millennia, but there is nothing about this wall mural from what we've passed down as giant dragons. Therefore, I even thought that this might be a creation of imagination left behind by one of our ancestors."

"The different races at war with each other, even killing amongst themselves, could this be an actual record of a war between races from ancient times?" Eustace asked with a frown.

"No. This seemed more like how Rex described the Urba Tribe killing amongst themselves after they were controlled by the devil." Douglas fixed his gaze on the mural as he solemnly said, "The war between races isn't like this. Giant dragons would not attack our own kind so ravingly. No other race would attack their own kind so rabidly, even more so for the elves."

"This is just a wall mural, why are all of you so nervous?" Zaiya pressed his lips together with a smile, and said, "Maybe it's just a wall mural drawn by one of our ancestors when he had nothing to do to scare us."

"No. I think Douglas is right. This wall mural should be a warning left behind by our ancestors. There was something odd happening underground three years ago, and that was how I discovered this hidden underground cave and just this wall mural. And in only three years, there have been purported appearances of the devil in the Twilight Forest. There must be a relation between these two occurrences." Louis walked up to the front. He fixed his gaze on that unknown object with a giant octopus head, human body, and giant wings. "I'm afraid this fellow was sealed somewhere by our ancestors, and right now, he has started reaching his tentacles out to do something to our world."

"How is that possible! You said that this wall mural existed for tens of millennia. How can that thing be alive for so long? Even giant dragons have a lifespan of only 3000 years," Lorenzo questioned.

“Take a look at the words at the corner.” Louis turned to look at the corner of the mural.

There was a string of words written in archaic giant dragon language.

“What is eternally asleep might not be dead...” Lorenzo read out loud in a shaking voice.

Chapter 1595: If A Little Sister Isn't For Playing, What's The Point Of Having Her?

Mag had a good dream.

There was everything in the dream.

After that, the alarm rang.

Mag reached over to switch the alarm off, and glanced at the beauty sleeping peacefully in his embrace. He smiled.

“Hmph, I knew it. Father must have been holding Mother to sleep. You don't even hold me to sleep anymore.” A soft grumble came from the bedside.

Mag turned around stiffly. He looked at Amy, who was standing by the bed with her arms crossed, with an awkward smile, and said, “Little Amy, listen, last night, both of us had a drop too much, and then—”

“I'm not listening! I'm not listening!”

(^_^*)ノ

“In any case... in any case... If there aren't two strawberry ice creams, I'm not appeased.”

Amy turned her face away proudly.

“Oh... then to make up for my little princess, I'll go down to prepare a delicious breakfast set.” Mag pulled his slightly numb arm out from under Irina's neck, got up, and tucked her in before fetching a clean set of chef's suit. He bent down and pinched Amy's nose with a smile as he said, “Come, give me a kiss.”

“One more ice cream for one kiss,” Amy said proudly after stealing a glance at Mag.

“Okay, I'll add that for you. But you can only have your ice cream in the afternoon and evening.” Mag nodded with a smile.

“Mua...” Amy put her arms around Mag's neck, and kissed his cheek as she happily chirped, “That's three ice creams!”

“Alright, three it is. Any flavor you want.” Mag smiled satisfyingly as he stroked Amy's head. He walked out, heading for the bathroom to get changed.

Last night...

He must have underestimated the power of rum and wine. They were both drunk.

After that... probably nothing happened.

Although they were lying on the same bed, they were still properly dressed.

However, he didn't know how he got changed into his pajamas.

"Alcohol is trouble... Alcohol is trouble..." Mag lamented as he brushed his teeth.

"Mother, are you awake?" Amy asked softly as she lay on the bed, watching the sleeping beauty Irina.

Irina opened her eyes and looked at Amy with a smile. She asked, "How did Little Amy know that I was awake?"

"I saw you smiling just now," Amy replied with a smile. She took off her shoes and crawled under the blanket, naturally moving into Irina's embrace. She closed her eyes comfortably, and said, "I've chased Father away. Now, this place is mine. I'm going back to sleep."

Irina put her arms around Amy and smiled lovingly as she said, "Don't you love your father more?"

"Who said so? I love both of you." Amy shook her head. She reached out and stroked Irina's tummy as she expectantly said, "Are you going to give birth to a little sister for me to play?"

"A little sister?" Irina froze a little. She looked at Amy with a strange expression, and asked, "Do you want a little sister?"

"Mm-hm, mm-hm. I love little sisters." Amy nodded. She regretfully said, "Parmer's little sister, Christy, is super cute, but she's someone else's little sister, so she's not very convenient to play."

"How can you say that? You should say 'play with'." Irina broke into a chuckle.

"If a little sister isn't for playing, what's the point of having her?" Amy questioned.

"Why does that... sound so familiar?" Irina thought for a while. She seemed to recall saying something similar when she was pregnant with Amy.

"We could make her up to become a beautiful little princess, bring her around to beat up baddies, teach her how to play with fire... Anyway, if I had a little sister, it would definitely be super fun." Amy looked at Irina expectantly.

Irina found it a little difficult to reject the little fellow when she saw the purity and anticipation in her eyes.

But that blockhead really became drunk after making her drink so much alcohol. Even if she wanted to give Amy a little sister, it was not something that she could do alone.

Besides, there were currently a lot of things cropping up, enemies all over the place, and even the Evil God was awaiting his chance. She would not dare to let herself be pregnant for three years again and go back to her vulnerable stage.

"You'll have to wait for a while more if you want a little sister. When my stomach becomes bigger, you'll have a little sister," Irina told Amy with a smile.

"When your stomach becomes bigger?" Amy caressed Irina's flat stomach, and stuck her face to it as she softly said, "Little sister, you'll have to grow up quickly. I'm waiting right here for you."

Grooowl~

“Hey! Mother, listen, she’s replying to me!” Amy said with delight as her eyes lit up.

“Er... that’s right...”

The sky just turned a little bright, and there was already a long line outside Mamy Restaurant. Most of the people in the line were middle-aged men.

“Drinking is most men’s favorite activity. Some people prefer to enjoy their drinks in a high-class restaurant, while others like to have a few rounds in a little bar.

“When you’re a little tipsy, the whole world will look so much gentler and cuter,” a slightly tipsy middle-aged man started.

“That’s enough. Madam said that if you don’t go back today, don’t ever think of going back,” a young servant said helplessly as he supported the swaying man.

“Whom is that woman trying to scare? I am the master of the house! I am a man, I—”

“Master, Madam is the one who calls the shots,” that servant reminded him.

“I... I... I’ll go back right now.” That man flung the servant’s hand away, and walked briskly towards a horse-drawn carriage. After a few steps, he stopped to turn back as he said to his companion, “Hey, taste it for me and tell me if it’s really made by Old Sim. Tell the boss to leave a bottle for me.”

“Alright. Get going. Otherwise, you wouldn’t even have the money to drink next time,” his companion said with a smile as he watched the middle-aged man go off into the distance before saying, “If it’s really made by Old Sim, there must still be something left to leave some for you...”

15-year-old wine! Old Sim’s rum! 1000 copper coins for a glass!

This news had exploded within the small circle of Chaos City’s rum lovers.

Those who knew would know what that meant.

Someone was doing charity with a precious work of art!

A 15-year-old brew was only served to the chief and a minority of the nobles in the Falk Tribe. Such alcohol was rarely circulated out of the Falk Tribe, much less to Chaos City.

However, this time, someone was actually selling a 15-year-old rum made by Old Sim in a restaurant. The rum was even approved by some of the famous alcohol lovers in the circle.

That explained the line of middle-aged men waiting early in the morning outside the restaurant.

“I heard that Mamy Restaurant has a lot of rules. They only sell breakfast in the morning. I wonder if we will be able to get the rum in the morning.”

“We’ve already lined up for so long. Since he’s open for business, it’s only right that he sells it to us.”

“That’s right. It’s a 15-year-old rum. We might not get to buy it the next time we come. We have to get at least a glass this morning.”

The crowd outside the restaurant started chattering.

Chapter 1596: Bye-bye

“Why are there so many people early in the morning? And they’re all holding bottles and cans in their hands. Are they here to cause trouble?” Hannah exclaimed when she arrived at the restaurant early in the morning with Miya and the rest, and saw the long line outside.

“Yeah, they’re all foreign faces. Usually, only our regulars would come so early in the morning to line up for breakfast.” Miya was equally bewildered at such a sight.

Elizabeth frowned a little. She looked at the bottles and cans in their hands, and coldly said, “They reek of alcohol. They are probably here for the rum.”

“Looks like the rum that Hannah made has already gained some reputation. It’s true that good wine needs no bush,” Miya said with a smile.

Hannah was a little proud when she heard Miya’s words. It seemed like there was quite a large customer base for rum in Chaos City. However, she was quickly worried as she said, “But Boss doesn’t sell rum in the morning, am I right? Then they...”

“Yes, we do not sell alcohol in the morning.” Miya nodded. She quickly made her way to the steps at the restaurant’s door with a smile, and told the people in the line, “Hello, I am a service staff member from Mamy Restaurant. This is a gentle reminder for new customers. For Mamy Restaurant’s morning operating hours, we only serve youtiao, soybean milk, Yangzhou fried rice, and other food on the breakfast menu. We do not sell alcohol, spicy grilled fish, kebab, and other food from the lunch and dinner menu. Please take note.”

“They don’t sell alcohol in the morning?”

Those customers waiting for the restaurant to open to buy alcohol flipped when they heard the announcement.

Most of them were first-timers at Mamy Restaurant. They’d heard of the restaurant, but they only knew that they had to line up, and that there were many rules and restrictions. What they did not expect was that the restaurant even changed the menu based on the time of the day.

An old man came up to the front, and earnestly said to Miya, “Miss, look, most of us are first-timers, and we don’t know the rules of the restaurant. We’ve come so early to line up in the cold for almost an hour just for the rum. Why don’t you just give us some leeway, and let us have a glass?”

“Yeah. We’re here early in the morning just for the rum. Now you’re telling us you don’t sell the rum, are you toying with us?” a big, burly man reeking of alcohol complained impatiently.

“That’s right. Just sell us a glass! If it wasn’t for the pint of rum, who would want to line up so early in the morning?” A skinny man stomped his feet. He sniffed with his red nose, and grumbled, “Also, since you’re all here, open the door quickly to let us in. This isn’t how you run a business.”

The crowd pushed and squeezed forward as they attempted to rush into the shop.

“Rules are made to follow.” A cold voice echoed. The ground froze immediately, and the chilly weather got even colder as though everyone had just entered a chiller.

What shocked the crowd even more was that frost had actually formed, and their feet were stuck to the ground, making it impossible for them to take even a step forward.

“This...” Everyone looked at the icy beauty walk up the steps. She glared at them coldly, making all of them look away subconsciously, afraid to meet her eyes.

“No matter who you are, or where you come from, if you’re here, you have to go by Mamy Restaurant’s rules. Otherwise, you’ll be blacklisted by the restaurant, and will not be allowed to enter ever again.” Elizabeth swept a glance at all the customers, and coldly said, “If anyone dares to go against the rules forcefully, you’ll be deemed as the restaurant’s enemy.”

Everyone swallowed subconsciously. Although this ice beauty was very pretty, she had a very strong and scary aura. They could guess that she had to be a very powerful ice magic caster.

Some of the customers who were still hungover became wide awake immediately from the chill as they shuddered.

They had all realized something. This shop was a little different from the restaurants that treated the customers as kings. Their arrogance and ego would not work here.

“Wow~ Big Sister Elizabeth is so cool.” Hannah looked at Elizabeth with glowing eyes. As a completely powerless orc, she was especially envious of powerful women like Elizabeth who could single-handedly settle these troublemakers without anyone’s help.

Harrison rubbed his hands together, and casually reminded, “It’s so cold, and we can’t get our rum. What’s the point of lining up? There’s still half an hour to the restaurant’s opening. I’d rather go home to my wife and bed.”

“That’s right. Let’s go home, it’s too cold.”

When the crowd heard Harrison’s words, they quickly picked up their bottles and cans. Suddenly, half of the people there left.

The long line in front of the restaurant door shrunk by more than a half.

“Bye-bye.” Harrison smiled as he walked all the way to the front. He came early in the morning for the soybean milk and youtiao, but didn’t expect to see a large group of alcoholics. With them around, he would have to line up for eons.

The regulars who came later for the breakfast all took up the empty spots, and the tense atmosphere soon became relaxed. There were even several customers who greeted Yabemiya and the rest.

Elizabeth waved her hand, and the frost on the ground disappeared instantly. The air had also gone back to normal. Although it did not become any warmer, at least the temperature in the area stopped dropping.

Yabemiya nodded with a smile to everyone. She knocked on the restaurant’s door, and it opened before the staff entered.

“Miss Elizabeth is really intimidating. I don’t even dare to greet her even though I’m here every day to eat.”

“An ice beauty like her can only be watched from afar. Don’t even think of trying to get close to her.”

“If she was not like this, she wouldn’t be able to handle those crazy drunkards.”

The regulars chatted with a smile, and the atmosphere slowly grew warmer.

Waking up early to line up for breakfast on a winter day like this was really one true love.

“That’s quite a crowd early in the morning,” Mag said to Miya and the others, who just entered, as he walked out of the kitchen with a tray.

“Hannah’s rum is too popular. Many customers came after finding out about it, but they didn’t know about the restaurant’s rules, so there was a little commotion just now. However, they’ve already left very cooperatively,” Miya said with a smile.

“I didn’t expect so many people in Chaos City to like rum,” Hannah said with surprise.

“That’s because the local brews in Chaos City are really terrible, and the rum you make is considered the best kind of rum. This is the so-called dimensionality reduction. I reckon this situation will continue to intensify,” Mag said calmly.

Some of the customers who had no understanding of rum quickly fell in love with it after tasting it. After that, they introduced it to their friends, and that was how the virus spread on the drinking table. The rum quickly gained a foothold in Chaos City by outdoing the other types of alcohol available in the market and the word-of-mouth marketing.

“You got to hasten things up at the brewery,” Mag told Hannah with a smile.

Chapter 1597: Boss Is Indeed A Pro Mechanic!

After morning operating hours, Mag brought Hannah upstairs to officially teach her how to draw.

As a (fake) designer who graduated with a legitimate mechanical design degree, Mag had strong basics in design. With his good memory, Mag could still remember how his professor taught them the basics of drawing a design.

“There are so many books.” The moment Hannah stepped foot into the study, she was attracted by the different books that filled up the shelves on all three sides of the wall. She glanced around quickly, and estimated that there were at least 5000 books on various topics. She had never seen so many books in her life.

“You can take a book from any of the other shelves except for this one,” Mag said with a smile as he pointed to the shelf that was closest to the door.

Reading was a good habit.

Hannah glanced at the shelf that Mag was pointing at. Most of the books on that shelf had reddish-black leather covers, giving off some sort of dark aura. She nodded without thinking further.

“Come here. I’m going to teach you how to draw your designs with a certain standard so that your designs can be presented in a very clear manner on the blueprints. That way, the artisan would be able to make the products according to your requirements.” Mag walked towards the study table, which was by the window.

“Aren’t I going to make it myself?” Hannah asked as she followed behind Mag. She felt that it was difficult for others to understand what she wanted to make.

“Our aim is to make standardized brewing apparatus. Other than the mixing, which would be done by you, the other processes would be done with machines and standard menial labor. That is a large-scale mechanized brewery.” Mag pulled out a piece of paper from a rack at the side, and placed it on the table. He looked at Hannah, and said, “Therefore, we have to ensure the accuracy of the machines, and that would need to be done by a professional metalsmith.”

“Oh.” Hannah nodded thoughtfully. She looked at Mag worriedly again, and said, “Then would it be very difficult? In the past, I just drew however I wanted and wherever I wanted because I was the only one who needed to understand it.”

“It’s alright. I am a professional.” Mag motioned for Hannah to sit by the table as he also took his seat. He said, “Let’s start with the various tools that we would often use in drawing. This is a pencil, an eraser, this is a ruler...”

Mag started from identifying the tools, and started teaching Hannah the in-depth knowledge of the steps and ways to standardized drawing.

Technical jargon like “floor plan”, “orthographic projection”, and “3-D drawing” swarmed into Hannah’s brain. The pictures that came alive under Mag’s pen and the neat labeling all felt like a whole new world to her.

Boss is indeed a pro mechanic!

However, Mag was speaking too quickly, and there was too much content involved. Even though she had done her best to remember everything that was taught, even taking notes of the main points, it was still unrealistic to master all of it within a short timespan. She could only go back and revise on her own.

About an hour later, Mag picked up the teacup at the side, and took a sip of tea to soothe his parched throat. He looked at the dumbfounded Hannah, and asked, “Got it?”

“Hm?” Hannah looked at Mag blankly. Was that even something that he should ask? Although she could understand everything that Mag was saying, understanding and comprehending were two different things.

“It’s alright. As a professional teacher, I’ll give you pointers for your uncertainty.” Mag reached his middle finger out with a smile.

After a while, Hannah, who blanked out, regained her clarity. She sat looking at Mag in disbelief as she exclaimed in surprise, “Boss! I get it!”

“No, it’s just your brain that gets it. Drawing is something that requires constant practice. You shall stay in the study to practice drawing today. Redraw all of the samples I gave you just now.” Mag stood up to let Hannah take his place. Then, he walked straight out of the door, and went downstairs.

That’s crazy! All Boss did was point at my forehead, and I actually could comprehend everything he said in the morning. This is remarkable. Hannah was unable to remain calm. It just happened. She actually managed to comprehend everything that Mag had taught her within a short timespan, including how to use the different tools, how to draw a professional blueprint, and even labeling the appropriate measurements.

Is this Boss’s superpower? Hannah pondered. She felt that she had discovered Boss’s supernatural talent other than cooking.

“Calm down, calm down! I should start drawing now.” Hannah took a deep breath in to force herself to calm down before picking up a piece of paper and a pen to start on the mission Mag gave her.

Although this was her first time using professional tools to draw, the steps and methods were already ingrained in her brain. Her techniques might be a little raw, but that did not affect the lines and pictures she drew.

“Not bad. But it’s still not professional enough.” After 10 minutes, Hannah looked at the first blueprint she had completed. She nodded with satisfaction, and then threw it aside disdainfully. She took out a second piece of paper, and started drawing seriously again.

Mag had just gotten downstairs when Dicus came looking for him with Michael’s orders to look for him at the city lord’s castle.

Mag could guess why Michael was looking for him. He got changed and brought the creepy-looking stone statue and its box up Dicus’s horse-drawn carriage to the city lord’s castle.

Michael stood up the moment Mag reached the secret chamber, and earnestly said, “Boss Mag, I would like to first apologize to you with regard to Miss Rena’s matter. This matter will be completely solved within a few days. There was a mole in the city lord’s castle, and I have to clean the whole place up properly.”

“I’m not the one who was hurt. There’s no use in apologizing to me.” Mag shrugged. He was a little unhappy about what happened.

“I will go over to personally apologize to Miss Rena later,” Michael said with a nod.

“Let’s put all this aside first. We should first discuss the Evil God and the devil,” Rolan said in a deep voice as he shut the door to the secret chamber, and activated the various spell formations to prevent being spied on.

“Boss Mag, did you really see the devil on your trip to the Falk Tribe?” Michael asked Mag.

“I believe you have already seen the detailed report and heard the previous talk I gave. Though it might seem a little ridiculous, we have to admit that devils do exist in this world. Maybe you can say that it has existed since ancient times, but it is something powerful that survived until now. I call them the Great Old Ones,” Mag said in a deep tone.

“The Great Old Ones,” Michael repeated word for word. His brows were tightly knitted together as he asked, “If the Great Old Ones really exist, why haven’t such instances been recorded in the Norland Continent’s history?”

Mag thought for a while, and said, “I’ve also been pondering this for a while. There are two possibilities: 1. The Norland Continent had been completely destroyed, and the current world started out again slowly after that. Therefore, there were no records on it. 2. Someone has altered the Norland Continent’s history, and wiped out any related information that had to do with the Great Old Ones.”

Chapter 1598: Mm-hm. They Teach Foreign Languages Well

It was suddenly silent in the secret chamber. Michael and Rolan pondered what Mag said.

Mag was silent as well. He might know a little more than the other two, but he was currently unable to ascertain whether his judgment was right.

“If it’s the former, then the Great Old Ones had caused the previous world to be completely destroyed, and there was a very long gap in the world’s civilization before we developed to where we are once again,” Michael said with a frown. “But can those things really live for so long?”

“If they are powerful enough to be able to destroy the world, I don’t think it’s very difficult for them to find some sort of method to go through this long period,” Mag continued calmly. “Moreover, the different races are just like weeds to them. They are just weeding all of us out.”

Michael opened his mouth, but was stumped for words. “Er... that’s true.”

“If there’s a complete gap in terms of passing on the story, who could have done this? Shouldn’t the ancestors of each race warn their descendants knowing that such a scary devil exists?” Rolan raised his doubts.

“The giant dragons believe in Dragone, the demons believe in Demone, the orcs believe in the Flerken, and the elves believe in the God of Life. Almost all the races have gods that they believe in, and this forms a strong belief system.

“If the strength of these gods is dependent on belief, the Great Old Ones could become stronger by controlling the different races’ faith. The Evil God is very adept at controlling minds and hearts, so it could easily corrode and control those who are flawed in their souls.

“The best way to rid the Norland Continent of the Great Old Ones is not to let everyone be cautious of them, but to make them become forgotten, thereby breaking the link with them. Therefore, the various gods also wiped out all the related records and memories of the Great Old Ones after sealing them.” Mag frowned slightly, and said, “All these are just my conjectures.”

“The gods of the different races mostly exist only as legends. Although some supernatural events do occur, no one could be sure whether they happened because of the gods.” Michael shook his head. He thought for a while, and said, “As for the power of belief, if gods do exist, that probably exists too. Otherwise, it wouldn’t be a case where each race has a god that they believe in.”

“For the latter possibility, at least the different races have the protection of their gods. However, if it’s the former, how we should deal with the Great Old Ones, who are already getting restless, becomes one of the most difficult issues,” Rolan said with a frown.

“No matter which it is, the most important thing to do right now is to end any possibility of races trying to overpower the others, make the entire continent wary of the appearance of the black fog, and find and kill the Great Old Ones, or find an even sturdier seal to put on them,” Mag said seriously.

Michael and Rolan nodded in agreement. Just like what Mag said, those were the only things they could do now.

“This is the stone statue that Rex passed me. He got this stone statue from the Urba Tribe. It should be the evil god that the tribe was praying to.” Mag took out the stone statue from the stone box, and placed it gently on the table.

“Why would this ugly and disgusting thing become the totem of belief for the Urba Tribe?” Michael glanced at the stone statue, and felt a hint of frustration rise. He quickly looked away.

“That’s the eerie part of it. If the tragedy of the Urba Tribe spread across the entire Norland Continent, that would be the world’s tragedy.” Mag kept the stone statue as its appearance caused the secret chamber to become eerily cold.

“The Gray Temple will place the investigation of the black fog and the Great Old Ones on top priority. We will do our best in the investigation and surveillance,” Rolan said solemnly

Michael added, “The city lord’s castle will try to build connections with the various races, and communicate with them to try to curb the spread of the black fog. Before we have any concrete evidence, I’m afraid it would be very difficult to extinguish the spark of war between the races.”

“Alright. I will continue to take note of this matter. If there’s anything that I think of, I will approach you two immediately as well.” Mag nodded.

The three continued with another round of short discussion about the black fog and the Great Old Ones. However, as they did not have enough information, it was really difficult to come out with anything concrete.

Nonetheless, they had come to a consensus to come out with convincing evidence before the peace talks so that the different races could stand together united as one to fight against their common enemy that might appear.

“Boss Mag, I heard that you’ve kidnapped and brought the best brewer from the Falk Tribe?” Michael asked with a smile after they exited the secret chamber.

“I didn’t kidnap her. She followed me back willingly.” Mag looked at Rolan with a smile. “Now that you mention her, she was also a spy for the Gray Temple. However, it was really a waste of her talents to keep her at the Falk Tribe forever. Therefore, I asked Sir Rolan for her.”

“Old Sim was the best spy the Gray Temple had at the Falk Tribe. Boss Mag has caused the Gray Temple to incur quite a huge loss.” Rolan also had a smile on his face.

Mag bade his farewell, and Dicus sent him back to the restaurant.

“The investigation at the Department of Property Rights?” Michael lowered his voice as he looked at Rolan.

“It’s been basically completed. Based on our findings, I suppose you have to hire a lot more new people.” Rolan pulled out a parchment from his pocket and passed it to Michael.

Michael rolled open the parchment and took a look. His face got blacker as he read, and after a very long while, he put the paper down as he furiously said, “These fellows are really greedy. They think they’re some big shots just because they have a little authority in their hands. How dare they bring the Department of Property Rights to this state right under my nose!”

“These are the ones that we could find out. As for those hidden transactions, if you need them, the Gray Temple can also dig them all out.” Rolan was rather calm.

“It’s not just the Department of Property Rights. The Marquis Family has put in quite a lot of money and effort all these years. They’ve already made the city lord’s castle into their own house. They can produce any evidence they want!” Michael said with a frown.

“Because of Bennett, the Marquis Family has contained a lot of assets legally and illegally all these years. If we need to do a total cleanup, we can cripple them anytime.”

“Then do a proper investigation. If we don’t teach Bowen a proper lesson, he might forget who he is and where he stands,” Michael continued coldly. “The treasury happens to be quite empty recently. Inventing the steam train took up a lot of money.”

“Alright. I’ll get my men to start all investigations on the Marquis Family once I get back.” Rolan nodded.

“Sir, are you satisfied with those beauties I sent to your house last night?” Bowen asked. He looked at the middle-aged man who was immersed in the beauty of the two ladies sitting on his left and right in an opulent private room.

“Mm-hm. They teach foreign languages well.” That middle-aged man nodded with satisfaction. At the same time, his hands moved up and down the two beautiful ladies in his embrace.

Bowen’s lips curled up. He looked at the man, and continued, “Then the verdict for those few assets and properties Bennett had...”

“I’ll write you a letter tomorrow.” The middle-aged man waved his hand and looked at Bowen. He squinted, and smilingly said, “As usual, seven for you, three for me.”

Chapter 1599: Guests From The Empire

“Father, how did it go with Sir Dominic?” Jonah asked Bowen, who was sitting opposite him in the horse-drawn carriage.

“Heh. That old thing can be settled with women and money.” Bowen pressed his lips together in disdain. “However, he asked for 30%, and he wants cash. When we get back, we have to calculate the value of these properties, and prepare the money to exchange for the official ruling at the Department of Property Rights tomorrow morning.”

“We’ve done a rough gauge previously. Those properties are worth around one billion copper coins. Sir Dominic is really asking for a lot this time,” Jonah said with a frown.

“Bennett’s case is a little complicated. We might be implicated if we’re not careful. If we can settle this without loopholes legally, these properties will naturally belong to us.” Bennett smiled. He looked at Jonah, and said, “This is called spending to dispel trouble. It can’t be prevented. Besides, Dominic will be on the same boat with us once he takes the money. If anything happened in the future, he would also have to settle it for us.”

Jonah nodded thoughtfully. Sir Dominic was a high-ranking official in the city lord’s castle. Moreover, he had direct authority over property rights issues. With the letter from him, this issue would be most likely settled.

Although they had to fork out an extra 300,000,000, it also meant that they would have secured 700,000,000. No wonder Father was so calm.

“Father, what about that hot pot restaurant?” Jonah asked.

“Of course it will be part of the properties we are reclaiming. Dominic can get 8,000,000 copper coins from that shop. He won’t just let that slip by,” Bowen said with a smile.

Jonah hesitated for a while, and said, “But Father, that hot pot restaurant might have something to do with the Gray Temple. I think it will be better if we don’t fight for the ownership of the hot pot restaurant first, and wait for Bennett’s case to be closed. After we’re clear about all his charges and how Miss Rena got the restaurant, we can then decide what to do.”

“Jonah, to be the master of the house, you need to be ambitious.” Bowen looked at Jonah, and seriously said, “The Department of Property Rights has complete authority over property rights issues. What business does the Gray Temple have there? If you’re still hesitant over something that is already in the bag, how can you lead the entire family?”

“Yes,” Jonah answered as he lowered his head. Although he still had his doubts, he did not wish to argue further.

In Chaos City, the city lord’s castle was in charge of administrative issues, while the Gray Temple was in charge of crime and security. Normally, the Gray Temple would not interfere with administrative issues.

However, Jonah was still worried. He could not help but think of the owner of Mamy Restaurant. He felt that things might not be settled so easily.

Rodu. At the palace’s royal flying steed landing ground.

Sean stood in front of a giant golden eagle, and looked at the tens of people who would be following him on this trip. He loudly said, “On this trip, all of you will join me to visit Chaos City as representatives of the empire. I hope that all of you can complete the mission that His Majesty has given to us.”

Of these people, half of them came from the military, with two of them being 10th-tier powerhouses, while the other half were from the academic side, being in charge of liaising issues. In addition, there was also a team of magic casters from the Magus Tower led by Brent and Elliot.

Sean was also unable to understand why his father wanted to send two of their great magic casters along. After all, Josh had been running the Magus Tower for years, so Sean was a little confused as to why his father wanted him to bring two great magic casters to Chaos City.

However, it was nothing bad for him. Josh should be the one who was perplexed.

Everyone answered Sean respectfully with a smile, and got on board the giant golden eagle before they set off for Chaos City.

It was a tradition in the Norland Continent for different races to visit other races and areas. Other than a few races that had broken all bilateral relations, the other races still visited each other as a form of sustaining their friendship.

However, it was never on such a grand scale like this, with the first prince personally leading a team consisting of two 10th-tier knights and two great magic casters.

Everyone could roughly guess something. After all, Alex had been appearing in Chaos City frequently, and his relationship with the empire had also been quite ambiguous. It was only right to be on the safe side in order to protect the first prince.

“Today, the Roth Empire representative team will visit Chaos City. The team is led by the Roth Empire’s first prince, and there will also be two 10th-tier knights and two great magic casters. This is the strongest team that they have sent for a visit in the recent 10 years. We have to do a good job hosting them to show them our hospitality...” Chaos City’s Department of Foreign Affairs had already begun working on hosting the team. They would still need to schedule the city lord’s itinerary so that he would have time to meet the Roth Empire’s representative team.

“The representative team Andre arranged is a little abnormal this time. Looks like he’s still worried that Alex would do something to Sean,” Michael said with a smile as he read the report Dicus sent over.

“Princess Vanessa and Duke Abraham are also in Chaos City. Other than their regular visit, the Roth Empire representative team is also here to fetch Princess Vanessa back. This princess is much loved by King Andre. I suppose that’s also why he sent two great magic casters,” Dicus replied with a smile.

“Speaking of which, Princess Vanessa is a fan of Mamy Restaurant. I wonder if Sean will be able to bring her back,” Michael smiled ambiguously.

“Perhaps he would get addicted too,” Dicus said.

When Mag returned to the restaurant, he stopped by Rena’s hot pot restaurant on the way. There were tens of elves renovating the place.

Amidst the glittering gold, there were greens, and that made the place seem a little less lavish and a little more natural and refreshing. That made the hot pot restaurant even more suitable for customers with lower to middle spending power.

Choosing an elf carpenter was a very good decision. Mag nodded with satisfaction.

“Boss, you’re here.” Rena came down from the second floor, and saw Mag standing in the middle of the main hall. She quickly went up to welcome him.

“Mm-hmm. I just finished dealing with some matters, so I dropped by to take a look.” Mag nodded, and praised, “The renovation is looking good.”

“They are all very outstanding carpenters. The outcome was above my expectations.” Rena nodded. She was having quite a headache over the large areas of gold, but after the elves’ transformation, the hot pot restaurant now looked way better than she had expected.

“Right, Boss Mag, my first version of the hot pot soup base is almost done. Can you give it a try?” Rena looked at Mag expectantly.

“Oh? You’re already done with the first version?” Mag was a little surprised when he heard that. He quickly nodded with a smile, and said, “Of course, I am willing to give it a try. Are we going back to the restaurant to try, or are we tasting it here?”

“I’ve already started using the kitchen upstairs. I’m already done making the first version of the two soup bases. I just need you to go up with me.” Rena led Mag upstairs.

Chapter 1600: If It’s Hot Pot, It’s Definitely The Red Soup Base!

On the second floor of Rena’s hot pot restaurant, there was a slightly smaller hall with tens of tables. At the circumference of the hall were private rooms that were numbered. There were a total of 32 private rooms.

As for the kitchen, it took up almost half of the area on the second floor.

Although it was not as advanced as modern kitchens, it had very clear sections—the washing section, chopping section, cooking section, and more—which were completely separated. The stove that she used was also the most advanced magical stove.

“This is what you call a big restaurant,” Mag commented in awe when he saw the kitchen that was a few times bigger than his own.

“Boss, take a seat here.” Rena pushed out a little trolley. On it was a double-flavored pot with a red soup base and a clear soup base. There were also various ingredients like vegetables, tripe, and beef plated beautifully. Basically, all the ingredients served in Mamy Restaurant were there. On top of that, they were very fresh, probably bought just this morning.

Mag automatically sat at a table nearby.

These hot pot tables were different from the induction stoves at Mamy Restaurant. They were premade to contain magical stoves. Only the heating stones had to be changed periodically, and the temperature could also be adjusted.

The heating stone was a common heating tool used in this world. It was only the size of a baby’s fist, and looked like a smooth black pebble. It was activated through spell formations to give out heat. It was not expensive, and was affordable even for normal families to use.

Using this method to heat up the hot pot was indeed a good idea.

Mag had to admit that Bennett was good at doing business. This fellow had already successfully replicated 80% of Mamy Restaurant, and all that was left was to hire someone like Rena to run the place before this hot pot restaurant could become a money-making machine.

A pity he was unable to poach Rena, and that was really an idea he should not have thought of.

The soup was still hot when Rena placed the double-flavored pot on the stove. Therefore, it took no time at all before the soup started boiling.

Mag shifted his attention to the soup in front of him. There were quite a lot of dried chili pieces and Sichuan Pepper floating in the red soup. The color of the beef fat soup was very enticing, and the fragrance of the soup base made with several spices wafted over. Initially, it was a little pungent, but as it assailed one's nose, the smell became irresistible.

Mag took a good sniff and closed his eyes as he tried to differentiate the different spices Rena used. He did not know what were the spices Rena used, but she actually managed to replicate around 70 to 80% of the soup base that he made. The remaining 20 to 30% probably came from the difference in spices, but she did not simply let it be. Instead, she used other spices as a replacement to let this spicy hot pot soup become a little different from the one he made.

"The fragrance of the spicy hot pot is very unique. There is an obvious difference from mine, but it did not lose the style of the spicy hot pot. As for the taste, I'll have to give it a try to find out," Mag commented as he opened his eyes. His gaze landed on the clear soup at the side.

The most important part about the clear soup was whether the bone soup was brewed long enough, but that was something Rena needed not be worried about. The thick and white soup base could already speak for itself.

However, there were still some pieces of spring onions and a few red dried fruits floating in the soup.

"What's this?" Mag picked up a dried fruit, which looked a little like a red date, with his chopsticks.

"This is a fruit called kada. It is a little sour, and can bring out the freshness of the soup. We would usually add a few of them when we make stews as it could make the soup even thicker and fresher. That's why I added some to the clear soup as well. It can make the color of the plain soup a little more vibrant," Rena explained.

"Which means that it has taken over the role of the tomato, and on top of that, it doesn't go soft easily. This is a very creative addition to the soup." Mag placed the kada back in the soup.

Based on just the appearance, be it the red soup base or the clear soup base, this double-flavored pot had already reached the standard of making one feel like trying. It was comparable to the hot pot at Mamy Restaurant.

In addition, judging from the smell, what Mag was happy about was that Rena was able to come up with something new and different, successfully ensuring that this hot pot restaurant would not become a cheaper version of Mamy Restaurant's designated hot pot area.

Rena did not appear very happy. She placed the different ingredients on the table, and slightly nervously said, "Please give it a try."

“Alright. Let me try the clear soup first.” Mag picked up a piece of sliced beef, and dipped it in the clear soup. The thinly cut fresh beef had beautiful marbling, and it quickly curled up in the boiling pot of soup. Before it could get overcooked, Mag took it out of the pot, and to better taste the soup base, he put the meat into his mouth without dipping it in any sauce.

The sliced beef was tender and succulent. It tasted even fresher after cooking in the thick bone soup that had a hint of sourness.

Mag’s taste buds were already completely triggered by the freshness of the meat without the need for any condiments. The taste of the meat still lingered in his mouth after he swallowed it.

This sliced beef must have been from the chuck roll of the best cattle. One could only cut out a few kilograms of top-grade chuck roll from 50-kilogram cattle. Therefore, that part of beef was very expensive.

Mag was very happy with Rena’s attitude towards the ingredients she served.

She did not compromise on the quality of the ingredients just because of the hot pot restaurant’s target audience.

Besides, the kada gave him quite a surprise. The sourness was not as sharp as the sourness of vinegar. It was a very mild sourness, and did very well in bringing out the freshness of the food. It was even better than using tomatoes.

After that, Mag put a few Chinese cabbages and sliced lotus roots into the pot. The Chinese cabbage turned soft very quickly. Similarly, Mag ate it without a sauce. Chinese cabbages were the freshest and sweetest in the winter. Even if it was cooked in plain water, it would still be delicious. After it was cooked in the bone soup for a while, its freshness was maximized, and it was hot and satisfying.

As for the lotus root, after taking a bite, Mag chose to dip it in the sauce that he had mixed earlier.

For ingredients that could not really absorb the taste of the soup base, the dipping sauce was still required to add some flavor so that its darn goodness could be brought out fully.

Mag put his chopsticks down, and very seriously commented, “The clear soup base became very unique because of the kada. The effect on the food is also very good. With a dipping sauce that matches each customer’s personal preference, it would be a hot pot experience that people who prefer lighter tastes would love.”

“Thank you.” Rena finally smiled. She had been thinking about how to make the seemingly simple clear soup base uniquely flavorful on its own. She was quite worried if Mag would disapprove of her decision to use kada, but she did not expect such good feedback.

“I’ll try the red soup base now.” Mag took off his outer jacket and undid his topmost button on his shirt. He rolled up his sleeve before mixing his own dipping sauce for the red soup base. He picked up his chopsticks, and was ready to start.

If it’s hot pot, it’s definitely the red soup base!