

Stay At home 1601

Chapter 1601: He's Arriving Today. Are We Killing Him?

The tripe floated around in the red soup base, rolling up a coat of delicious red before it was put into Mag's mouth.

The burst of spiciness exploded in his mouth first, and following that was the crispiness of the tripe. It was as thin as a leaf, but was not tough at all. On top of that, the crispiness made it an enjoyable indulgence.

Other than the spiciness of the soup base, its unique scent also made Mag raise his brows. The 30% difference in taste gave the spicy hot pot a sort of deliciousness in another direction. It was a surprising and delectable taste.

The different groups of spices were blended perfectly together. They did not cover the main spicy taste, and instead added more layers to it.

Mag picked up a long piece of duck intestine, and submerged it in the pot. He dipped it in several times, and the duck intestine started to curl up. After that, he dipped it in his sauce, and put it in his mouth.

The temperature was well-controlled, and that made the crispiness of the duck intestine perfect. The fragrant and spicy red soup got rid of the smell of the duck intestine. At the same time, it also gave the duck intestine a marvelous taste. Its crispiness gave Mag such a wonderful chewing experience he almost started chewing on his tongue.

The half-a-ladle of pig's brain had been cooking for a while in the pot. Mag bit on the edge of the ladle, and blew on it before sucking the entire thing into his mouth.

The appropriate level of spiciness triggered the taste buds first before the pig's brain disintegrated in his mouth. Its texture was soft and fine, similar to tofu pudding, but the pig's brain was thicker and stickier. The fragrance and deliciousness bloomed at the tip of Mag's tongue, forming an interesting contrast with the spiciness. It was a very unique enjoyment.

The enoki mushrooms and sliced lotus root were put into the pot.

Mag used the sharing chopsticks to pick up sliced beef, and looked at Rena, who was standing nervously at the side. With a smile, he said, "Don't just watch, sit and eat with me."

"Oh." Rena was stunned for a while before she sat in front of Mag, and started dipping the ingredients in the pot.

The hot and spicy hot pot dispelled the chilliness of the winter. It was a moment of scrumptiousness as the red soup base boiled.

Mag used a piece of tissue paper to wipe away the perspiration on his forehead and the oil at the corner of his mouth as he smiled with satisfaction. He looked at Rena, and said, "When the renovation is completed and you hire employees, you can open straight away. If you can keep up this standard for the soup base and ingredients, the business won't be bad with the price slightly lower than Mamy Restaurant."

“The red soup base... passed as well?” Rena looked at Mag in surprise, but she was still trying very hard to control her emotions.

“Yes. Your adaptation has been very successful. Even the tiny flaws aren’t able to stop it from shining brightly. This is an entirely new hot pot soup base, and its taste is unique but still delicious,” Mag said seriously with a nod.

Rena’s talent in understanding spices shocked Mag once again. He had to admit that even he could not find such suitable replacements within such a short period of time and ascertain the proper amount of each spice for the soup base.

“Thank you.” Rena finally smiled widely. Her endless hours of hard work had finally paid off!

Mag’s recognition was more important than anyone else’s because he was the creator of hot pot, so no one had more say than he did.

“As for hiring, you might want to consider elves. Firis probably has a lot of unemployed tribesmen. Most of them are rather talented. If they could be put in positions suitable for them, you could reduce the number of manpower while increasing work efficiency,” Mag suggested.

As the factory at the city’s northern area had yet to be completed, there were still around 20,000 unemployed Night Elves there.

Many of them were 6th-tier and 7th-tier magic casters. A 5th-tier water-type magic caster’s spell could complete the work of more than 10 old cleaners, and do an even better job.

With fewer employees, the costs of running the hot pot restaurant would decrease. At the same time, they would not run into chaotic situations of having a lot of staff moving around.

“Hire elves as service staff?” Rena’s eyes lit up. However, she was quickly worried. Would the noble elves be willing to work as service staff in a hot pot restaurant? Would she have to pay them a lot?

“You can ask Firis. Maybe hiring elves as employees isn’t as expensive and difficult as you think,” Mag said with a smile.

“Alright.” Rena nodded. She did feel that she was overly worried and overthinking before she even found out more.

“I should get going. Although I’m already full, I still have to prepare lunch for the rest, and get ready for lunch hours.” Mag glanced at his watch. It was almost 11 am. He stood up and walked towards the stairs while saying, “I’ll do the bone soup for today. You carry on with what you have to do for the restaurant. It’s okay to come a little later too.”

“Okay, then I’ll have to trouble you,” Rena said as Mag left.

“You might want to experiment on the spicy hot pot for that little flaw,” Mag said without turning back.

“Flaw...” Rena looked at the red soup base in front of her that had already reduced by half. She picked up a ladle, scooped up some soup, and brought it to her nose. She closed her eyes and took a serious sniff. She frowned. “Is there something extra or something missing?”

“Why isn’t Rena here yet today?” Miya asked after arriving and looking around while Mag was making lunch for them.

“She’d already eaten. I was at her shop just now, trying out her newly developed hot pot. The taste was very unique, and both of us have already eaten our fill,” Mag said with a smile.

“Rena is so capable. Is she already done with the hot pot soup base? Does that mean that the hot pot restaurant will be open soon?” Miya exclaimed in shock.

The others also looked at Mag curiously. The new hot pot restaurant was very big, much bigger than Mamy Restaurant, and that was something to anticipate.

“Yes. Now all that’s left is the renovation and hiring.” Mag nodded. Even the most time-consuming and energy-consuming part, the renovation, was coming to an end.

“That’s so exciting. I hope Rena’s hot pot restaurant can show all those cheap hot pot restaurants with poor food quality what it means to be a real cheap hot pot restaurant,” Miya said expectantly.

“It would be no problem trashing them,” Mag commented silently to himself. He was actually quite excited about the new hot pot restaurant too.

It was a huge shop that could accommodate 1000 people. Even if each person spent only 100 copper coins on average, the shop could easily earn 200,000 a day in revenue. This shop was a hen that could lay golden eggs.

“Clear up the table and get ready for lunch,” Mag told everyone as he closed the fire, and plated the red braised pork into a clay pot.

After lunch, Irina called Mag upstairs. The moment she closed the door, she went straight to the point. “Sean is coming to Chaos City. He’s arriving today. Are we killing him?”

Chapter 1602: Mysterious Dark Cuisine Recipe

“Huh?”

Mag was stunned. After a while, replied with a frown, “Is he here for trouble?”

“No, I heard that Sean is leading the Roth Empire’s representative team on their visit to Chaos City.” Irina shook her head.

“If that’s the case... I’m afraid it wouldn’t be appropriate to just get rid of him,” Mag said solemnly.

“Now that the Night Elves have already settled down in Chaos City, and we’ve also come to a consensus with Chaos City, we belong to Chaos City. Therefore, we have to consider things from Chaos City’s point of view before we take any action.”

“Are you no longer that worry-free loner?” Irina frowned. Sean was also involved in that attack on that rainy night. If he hadn’t been in the military all this while, she would’ve long wanted to claim his life.

Mag looked at Irina. He knew why she wanted to kill Sean. If he had a chance, he wouldn’t mind sending that seemingly righteous first prince to his deathbed. Mag gently said, “Yeah. No one dared to touch the

elves in the past, but right now, the Night Elves are like refugees floating around in a boat with no one to rely on, and the Wind Forest is just waiting for our boat to sink. If we leave Chaos City now, we will be in a position with a lot of difficulties to face. We will make those darn fellows pay the price.”

“Alright.” Irina nodded slightly. She did not refute Mag’s words.

“Oh, right. Rena’s hot pot restaurant is almost ready, and she needs to hire employees now. I’ve recommended the Night Elves to her.” Mag changed the topic to something more light-hearted.

“I can satisfy her even if she needs 20,000 Night Elves.” Irina’s lips curled up.

Mag thought for a while before saying, “She’d need about 10 in the kitchen and around 20 service staff members. However, they must all be magic casters with a skill.”

After all, the restaurant was a huge area that could hold more than 1,000 people, and was even split into different levels, including private rooms and the main hall. There was a need to allocate service staff to different areas to handle complicated dining situations.

“Mm-hm. I’ll tell the captain later. The standard of the Night Elves’ F&B department is quite low, so I am thinking of using the hot pot restaurant as a training ground for them. I’ll send a batch of them over in some time to improve their overall standards,” Irina said without thinking.

“If it’s for training... I’m afraid the Night Elves would not only have too much on their plate, but they might also even get too heaty just from eating hot pot.” Mag raised his brow. However, he did not question Irina’s decisions. At least the hiring issue for the new hot pot restaurant was settled. He had found a batch of even more reliable and capable workers for Rena.

“Michael said he wanted to see me, and asked you to come along. Do you want to go with me this afternoon?” Irina suddenly asked Mag.

“I’ve already met him and Rolan this morning. I think the two of them had already guessed my identity, but they’re just not saying it. There are certain things that could be better said with a different identity.” Mag shook his head. He had already decided to hide his identity as Alex, while Michael and Rolan had chosen not to probe. However, they could delve a lot deeper into the issue of the evil god with Alex’s identity.

“Mm-hmm. Then I’ll take a nap first. We’ll leave after you’re done.” Irina stretched lazily.

“Alright. Go take a rest.” Mag nodded with a smile and left the room.

Those customers who did not get their rum in the morning returned in the afternoon.

However, they restrained themselves more. After learning that they could not take away the drinks from Mamy Restaurant or buy them a la carte, they did not appear with their wine bottles anymore.

The ice magic caster in the morning did scare quite a few of them.

“Old Sim’s rum. Get me two glasses first. Do you have any recommended dishes to go with the drinks here? Husband and wife lung slice? Hmm. Get me one of that, even though the name sounds strange.”

“What is this beer? Get me a glass of that as well.”

“Hey, Bro! You’re here too? Here, here, here, let’s sit together and see if this rum is authentic.”

The drinkers quickly took up a few tables, and most of them were familiar faces in the circle. They usually would not come out to drink during the day, but the two words “Old Sim” were too tempting and irresistible.

“Bros, I am also a regular at Mamy Restaurant. Let me just remind you that drinking here isn’t like drinking at other places. You have to abide by the rules. Otherwise, even a 10th-tier magic caster would be chased out,” Karoo reminded them. After having the rum at Mamy Restaurant yesterday, he was a little tipsy and got dragged for seconds. In the end, he let out the news that Mamy Restaurant was selling Old Sim hand-brewed 15-year-old rum by accident.

“Are you sure? Does this shop do illegal things?” a skinny man asked softly.

“Exactly, drinking is a relaxing activity. If we had to abide by a bunch of rules, it would be so boring,” another person at the side grumbled.

“No. This is a restaurant that even the city lord would visit occasionally.” Karoo shook his head. He flipped the menu over to another page, and said, “Actually, the rules of Mamy Restaurant aren’t difficult to follow. We just need to respect each other and the staff working here. Just that. It’s just being gentlemanly.”

Everyone picked up the menu at their table, and looked at the rules listed at the back. No making loud noises, no picking on the service staff...

“It does seem like it... but it’s very difficult to speak softly after drinking.” A balding man scratched his head awkwardly.

“Hehe, isn’t this just about drinking and not boasting? As long as the rum is good, we don’t care about that,” said another person with a smile.

Spicy grilled fish, husband and wife lung slice, steamed fish head with diced hot red peppers, spicy crayfish, kebab, and other dishes were served one after another together with the rum and beer that they had ordered.

The drinkers, who were initially still unable to adapt to the rules, quickly immersed themselves in the joy of good food and wine. They had completely forgotten about boasting.

The spicy and refreshing dishes went very well with the alcohol. Everyone took a bite after another, and had no time at all to talk about anything else.

The rum was also a pleasant surprise to all of them. Such rich and sweet rum was difficult to find in Chaos City.

Those who had had Old Sim’s rum before were even more elated, for they could be 100 percent sure that this rum was made by Old Sim, and it was even better than the three-year-old brew that they’d had before.

“This owner is such a saint! It’s a 15-year-old rum, and made personally by Old Master Sim! He’s actually only selling a glass for 1000 copper coins? This is so touching!” a tipsy customer said while wiping his tears.

“Ding! ‘Good Person Card’ +1!”

A notification sounded in Mag’s head.

“Successfully collected seven ‘Good Person Cards’. You may summon a... mysterious dark cuisine recipe. Do you wish to proceed with the exchange?”

Chapter 1603: Can Pig’s Eyes Be Roasted Too?

“Huh?”

Mag, who was busy cooking in the kitchen, was taken aback when he heard the system notification. He quickly raised his brow, and asked, “System, what on earth is this dark cuisine?”

“What era are you living in? Do I still have to explain the term ‘dark cuisine’?” The system sounded a little annoyed.

“No...” Mag rolled his eyes. He didn’t think that there would be a day when he would actually be mocked by the system. Of course he knew what dark cuisine was. It was just that the whole seven ‘Good Person Cards’ in exchange for a dark cuisine recipe gave him a shock.

“Dark cuisine has always been a slippery slope in the world of delicacies. It is also very mysterious, and might differ from area to area. However, that did not affect it from taking a special spot in the world of delicacies, and making people shudder from the sight of it,” the system continued expectantly. “And your current mission reward is to pick a recipe from the dark cuisine reserve.”

“Can I refuse?” Mag asked with a frown. He didn’t want to add things like stargazy pie or surströmming to his menu.

“No.”

“Heh, so what if you said no? Even if I accept it, I can always leave it out of the menu.” Mag pouted.

“...Host, you are challenging my authority! I am giving you a stern warning right now—”

“Alright, I’ll give you a five-dollar tip. Go aside and keep quiet.”

“Alright.” The system became respectful and disappeared immediately.

“Chowhounds of the alternate world, let’s see what kind of dark cuisine I’ll pick for all of you.” A mysterious giant wheel appeared in Mag’s head. Mag rubbed his hands together, and clicked start.

The giant wheel started spinning wildly. Mag could make out some of the names of the dishes on the wheel: deep-fried cicadidae, fermented soya-bean milk, stargazy pie, roasted moth, surströmming...

Just seeing the names of these dishes alone made Mag shudder. *These dark cuisine recipes are really extreme.*

“Ding! Congratulations. You’ve chosen the special dark cuisine recipe: roasted pig’s eyes!

“Roasted pig’s eyes are a specialty of Guangxi Province. It took a spot in the world of dark cuisine with its wild cooking and eating method. It even skewered its way to become an internet sensation.”

The system's voice sounded.

"Roasted pig's eyes?" Mag looked at the three glittery words on the giant wheel, and thought for a long time. "Can pig's eyes be roasted too? What do you mean by skewered its way?"

"This is a new favorite of the world of dark cuisine. If it's just skewering a stick of pig's eyes on a stick and putting it on a grill, that would not be dark cuisine anymore! That's horror cuisine!"

Mag looked at the golden experience bag in his head. It was the first time he felt repelled by a recipe. It felt as though he would be assailed by something very bloody and disgusting after he clicked it open.

"Alright, alright. I'll just take it as I didn't get this reward." Mag was already about to leave.

"Wait a moment," the system said.

Before Mag could even react, the golden experience bag that was suspended in front of him suddenly rushed towards him, and crashed into his head. In an instant, Mag saw stars everywhere.

Information swarmed into his brain, from cleaning and seasoning the bloody pig's eyes to skewering the staring eyes, hearing the eyes sizzle on a grill, and seeing the moment the pig's eyes squirted when bitten into...

Every scene was a shock to Mag.

Although the information could not be compared to the complicated dishes he learned in the past, the bloody and shocking scenes caused Mag to take a very long while before he could recover from the shock.

"System, f*ck you!" Mag could not help but curse. He was caught off guard when the bloody scenes were thrown into his head.

"According to the system's principles, once the host receives a reward, he has to claim it. It's not something I could control," the system said innocently.

"Still, f*ck you!"

Mag rolled his eyes.

As an adventurous foodie in his past life, Mag had tried food like stargazy pie and deep-fried cicadidae. To him, those dark cuisine recipes were still in acceptable range. If he found a place selling good deep-fried cicadidae, he would even sit by the roadside stall, and have a few rounds of drinks.

However, roasted pig's eyes were of a higher tier than deep-fried cicadidae. It tested the chef's courage when dealing with the big bucket of pig's eyes and the customer's courage when putting the piping hot roasted pig eye into their mouth, and feeling the liquid squirt out when they bite into it.

After watching all those scenes, Mag felt that the Great Old One seemed... not much of a big deal?

"If pigs could grow so many eyes, wouldn't they be the perfect supply for pig's eyes?" Mag was reminded of the stone statue that had numerous eyes on its tentacles in the stone box.

“The system has yet to discover a wild Great Old One. Taking the numerous-eyes genes and using it to modify that of a wild boar to increase productivity is something worth considering,” the system agreed.

“Forget it.” Mag pressed his lips together. He couldn’t be bothered with the system anymore. After he had claimed the experience bag and been through that process, his fear for eyeballs was basically gone. Even the tryphobia that he had had for years was cured.

“Ding! The host has picked the special dark cuisine recipe, roasted pig’s eyes, and triggered a hidden mission: please make the roasted pig’s eyes gain some fame in Chaos City within a week. The goal: sell 3000 skewers of roasted pig’s eyes!

“Mission reward: One set of super fusion recipe!

“Punishment for failing the mission: eat 10 pig’s eyes sashimi.”

Just as Mag was about to leave, the system’s voice sounded again.

“Huh?”

Mag froze instantly.

“Wait, what is pig’s eyes sashimi?! Can pig’s eyes be made into sashimi too?”

Mag felt like tearing that system apart right now.

He had heard of pig’s intestine sashimi, but was the pig’s eyes sashimi something real? Would the liquid in the eye squirt out the moment it was cut open?!

“Please complete the mission on time,” the system said calmly.

“Also, what is that super fusion recipe?” Mag asked, putting the pig’s eyes sashimi aside for a while.

“Because of the limited ingredients, the foodies on Earth could only produce food made from whatever ingredients that were available on earth. In Norland Continent, we have better ingredients. After organizing the experience of all the chefs, the system had fused and recreated the ingredients on the Norland Continent to produce a batch of super fusion recipes,” the system replied.

“It sounds like... the dark cuisine.” Mag frowned.

“Nonsense! As a God of Cookery Cultivation System, no other system is more professional than I am in this aspect!” the system said seriously.

“Haha.”

Chapter 1604: Alex, Long Time No See

“Boss, the fried rice is burning.” Miya’s voice pulled Mag back from his thoughts.

He quickly tossed the rice in the wok, and heaved a sigh of relief as he glanced at the color of the fried rice that had changed a little. He almost wasted food.

Mag started focusing on his work to cope with the busy hours as he tossed the roasted pig’s eyes and pig’s eyes sashimi to the back of his mind for a while.

“Boss, what were you thinking of that made you so distracted?” Miya looked at Mag curiously. Mag had always been very serious and focused when cooking. He had never been distracted while cooking fried rice before.

“Serve the food. I got too carried away thinking about something,” Mag replied with a smile as he plated the fried rice.

“Mm-hmm.” Miya nodded as she served the dishes to the customer with a smile.

“Grandpa should have come earlier if he had known that selling alcohol in Chaos City is so profitable,” Hannah muttered as she placed her head on the counter, and watched the drinkers drink the rum that cost 1,000 copper coins per glass.

All these years, she had been brewing wine for the chief and nobles at the Falk Tribe without earning much. Her years of savings were gone after making just a few brewing machines.

However, at Chaos City, a small pint of beer could fetch 1,000 copper coins! That barrel of 15-year-old rum could fill more than 1200 pints, and that meant that she could earn 1,220,000 copper coins!

After calculating the costs seriously, Hannah suddenly regretted selling the rum to the new chief at a low price. The wine cellar had hundreds of barrels of old wine. There were even tens of barrels of wine even older than 15 years. If she could bring all of them to Chaos City...

But she actually sold all of them for 500,000 copper coins.

“No, I have to continue drawing now so that my brewing machine can be made. That way, after another 15 years, I can lie on countless wine barrels!” Hannah jumped up from her seat and ran upstairs, closing herself in the study as she continued drawing.

The process of turning a messy and rough draft of a brewing machine into a concise design with specific measurements required many repeated processes of confirmation and calculation. Thankfully, other than teaching her how to draw, Mag also taught her how decimals and calculators worked.

After the busy hours, Mag watched the drunk customers board their horse-drawn carriages, and then went up to check on Hannah, who was rushing out her design in the study.

Compared to yesterday, when she could not even hold a pencil and draw a straight line, Hannah appeared like a professional today. She had already redrawn her draft, and the orthographic projection of the different parts was presented on a piece of paper accurately.

Mag did consider getting Hannah a professional designing computer to let her learn CAD and Pro/E. However, he dismissed the idea ultimately after considering the current industrial level of this world. Anyway, the system might not be able to procure the computer.

The scientists of the past also came up with the atomic bomb with paper and a pen, so a brewing machine without many technical aspects wouldn't require so much of a hassle.

After taking a glance at Hannah, Mag closed the door quietly and walked away. It was obvious that Hannah was much more professional when it came to brewing alcohol.

He might have a more efficient plan, but when it came to wine, the profit came from its unique and strong flavor, not the quantity.

An ordinary rum could only sell for 10 copper coins per glass, but Old Sim's could fetch 1000 copper coins for a glass. This showed the value of branding.

Mag changed, put his face-altering mask on, and took his Tian Du sword before leaving the restaurant for the city lord's castle with Irina.

"Alex, long time no see." Michael looked at Mag, and reached his right hand out.

"Sir Michael." Mag only nodded slightly, and did not shake his hand.

"Our dragon slayer hasn't changed at all." Michael retracted his hand with a smile without showing any displeasure.

Mag glanced at Michael. This city lord might appear rough and boorish, but he was a pretty good actor.

"Alright, let's talk about the black fog and evil god," Irina interrupted their hypocritical moment.

"Alright. This concerns the Norland Continent's future. We should have a proper discussion," Michael said solemnly.

Everyone sat down at the round table in the secret chamber, and the atmosphere started turning tense.

"The first person I met who was engulfed by the black fog, or should I say controlled by the devil, was Borg. After he was controlled, his power increased significantly. Maybe that was the reason he sold his soul to the devil. Moreover, during that period of time, the evil aura attempted to engulf the Tree of Life, and that was a huge threat to the latter. However, it was finally stopped by a certain force.

"And during the fight at the goblins' borders, I used the Holy Light to get rid of the black fog on Borg and killed him. It proved that the Holy Light has a significant restrictive effect on the black fog," Irina said.

"So Borg was controlled by the devil, and even tried to engulf the Tree of Life." Michael and Rolan were shocked. They had not received any information about this.

"If the devil uses power as a bait, I'm afraid there won't be many who can withstand such a temptation," Rolan said seriously.

Mag added, "At the Boundless Sea Realm, we discovered an island covered in black fog, and Alfred was on the island, accepting powers from the devil. There, we found an eerie stone statue. I was pulled into a strange realm spiritually after meeting eyes with it. It was a gigantic stone temple, and at the other end of the stone temple was a skeleton man sitting on a throne. The first thing he said was: 'Young man, do you desire power?'"

The atmosphere in the secret chamber became even tenser. Power was something every race was after in this world. If there weren't any changes to the current world where the powerful called the shots, there would probably be no one who would reject such strong powers.

"I shattered the stone statue and dispelled the black fog with the Holy Light as well. Normal magic would have no effect on the black fog," Irina supplemented.

“If the black fog can only be dispelled by the Holy Light, that is not good news,” Rolan said with a frown. “Light-type magic casters are few to begin with, and there are even fewer who could master the Holy Light. If the black fog starts consuming the world, there might not be anything we can do to get rid of it.”

“We have to find the source of the black fog quickly, and get rid of it or find a better alternative for clearing the black fog. If we’re just going to sit and watch, the situation will only get worse. Those fellows can live eternally, but we don’t have so much time,” Mag said solemnly.

“Luckily, we still have a lead. Ferdinand is still in our hands.” Irina sounded more relaxed.

Chapter 1605: I’m Not Going If It’s Insanely Spicy

The discussion did not last for very long. However, they formed an alliance with the Night Elves and Mag in Chaos City.

Michael and Rolan displayed their leadership skills by deciding to work with Mag and Irina to fight against evil after confirming that the evil god did exist, and that it was trying to take over the world.

Although Chaos City did not belong to a particular race, it was still part of the Norland Continent, and it would not be able to survive on its own in a scenario like this.

Mag and Irina did not object to the alliance, either. They knew that it was impossible to stop the evilness from spreading and growing with their efforts alone. Having Chaos City as an ally would give them substantial support.

“Don’t we have to hand Ferdinand over to them?” Irina asked Mag after they came out from the city lord’s castle.

“I’m worried that an uncontrollable accident may occur. I think it’s better if he’s in our hands before the peace talks.” Mag shook his head. Although Ferdinand was unconscious, the black fog on him wasn’t completely gone, so it would not be appropriate to hand him over to someone else.

“Mm-hm.” Irina nodded slightly. After a while, she looked at Mag, and asked, “Where do you think those fellows are hiding?”

“Maybe instead of hiding, they’re sealed in some place, or even various places. It might be at the bottom of the Boundless Sea or within a mountain somewhere. If they were not sealed up, this world would probably be in chaos already.” Mag shook his head.

“If they’re sealed up, does that mean that gods and deities do exist in this world?”

“Can you feel the existence of the God of Life?” Mag asked Irina curiously.

Irina thought for a while, and said, “I think she exists, but her connection with the Tree of Life isn’t very strong. I can only faintly sense a certain mysterious force existing above the Tree of Life.”

“We can’t be certain that those so-called gods or deities could live through the passage of time just like the Great Old Ones, but if they do exist, perhaps they can sense that those fellows can’t lay still, and might patch up the seal or something. Then maybe the problem would be solved,” Mag said with a smile. That would probably be the most optimistic case.

“Patch up?”

“It means to fill up the holes in the seal.”

“Oh.”

“Say, do you think it’s Alex who’s wearing the mask, or Boss Mag who’s wearing the mask?” Michael asked Rolan with a smile.

Rolan thought for a while, and said, “He is Alex, who is also Boss Mag.”

“I think he actually doesn’t hate the identity of a restaurant owner, and is in fact loving it,” Michael said with a smile.

“That’s exactly why he could hide away from others. If he didn’t come to us, we might not even have realized that he had already assumed the identity of a restaurant owner.”

“Yeah. Who would have thought that Alex, the dragon slayer who wielded a sword, could actually make such delicious food? Even if anyone had been a teeny bit suspicious, they would have forgotten all about it after tasting the food that he made,” Michael said with a nod.

“Will they take action against Sean?” Rolan was worried. Once Alex was with Irina, even if Sean had two great magic casters and two 10th-tier knights with him, it would not guarantee his safety.

“Don’t worry, they won’t do it,” Michael said without any worry at all.

“What? Big Brother Sean is coming to Chaos City?” Vanessa looked at Abraham in surprise. She had been in Chaos City for more than a month, and although she was happy with having hot pot and skewers every day, she still missed her family. It was naturally fabulous to be able to meet Big Brother Sean in Chaos City.

“Yes. Sean is leading the team to visit Chaos City.” Abraham nodded. He looked at Vanessa with mixed feelings, and continued, “And after the visit, he will bring you home along with him.”

“B-bring me home?” Vanessa’s smile froze all of a sudden. She was stunned for a while before her face fell as she asked Abraham, “Who said that I was going back?!”

Abraham tried to be as gentle as possible. He said, “Look, you’ve already been out for more than a month. His and Her Majesties miss you very much, so they want Sean to bring you back. It will save them from worrying too much as well.”

“No! I do miss them, but once I go back, I won’t be able to have hot pot, skewers, soybean milk, and youtiao! Besides, my teeth haven’t healed completely yet. I want to stay by Boss Mag so that he can continue treating my teeth. I’m not going anywhere! I want to eat hot pot!!!” Vanessa shook her head hard, and tears had already started welling up in her eyes as she looked at Abraham with puppy dog eyes.

“Aiyo, my dear girl, this is not something that I can decide. Your royal father wanted me to send you back last month, but I dragged a month out for you. Now, Sean is already on the way. What else can I do?” Abraham shrugged and looked at Vanessa helplessly.

Vanessa thought for a while, and said, “In that case, can I come back out after I return?”

“That’ll depend on His Majesty.” Abraham did not give her a definite answer, but based on the letter he received from the king yesterday, Vanessa probably wouldn’t have a chance to come to Chaos City again any time soon after going back this time. The reason she could successfully leave the last time was that the king permitted it.

“Hmph. I don’t look forward to meeting Big Brother Sean anymore now.” Vanessa let out an angry huff. After a while, she looked at Abraham with a smile, and said, “Uncle Abraham, let’s have hot pot tonight.”

“Mild spicy?” Abraham tried to sound her out.

“Hehe. It doesn’t matter. We can always decide again at the restaurant,” Vanessa said with a smile.

“I’m not going if it’s insanely spicy.” Abraham could already feel his an*s constrict. It could no longer afford to be wrecked again.

“Your Highness, Chaos City is straight ahead,” a general reminded Sean as a giant golden eagle glided by the sky.

“They say that only this city can be compared to Rodu. It seems like that’s quite true.” Sean looked at the city ahead. The city walls were tall, and there were countless houses inside. This city appeared to be a big city with a population of more than a million. It was indeed on par with Rodu.

“It’s just a city. The Roth Empire has acres of land other than Rodu. It’s not something a city that’s made of different peoples could be compared to,” one of the generals mocked.

Everyone on the eagle’s back laughed. Chaos City was nothing in front of the mighty Roth Empire.

“Alright. Don’t say things like this anymore once we reach Chaos City,” Sean said solemnly. He squinted at the city in the distance, and wondered if he would meet *that person* on this trip.

Chapter 1606: Gray Temple Investigation!

“F-Father, there’s trouble” Jonah said in a fluster as he rushed into Bowen’s study, and looked at the man who was admiring some china behind the desk.

“Didn’t you go to collect the final statement? Why are you in such a fluster?” Bowen asked with a frown as he looked at Jonah. This son of his was good in every way except that he was still too young, and couldn’t quite control his emotions.

“Sir Dominic... he’s... he’s been arrested!” Jonah said with a tremble in his voice.

Smash! The china article in Bowen’s hands fell on the ground and shattered into pieces.

“Wh-what did you say?” Bowen bolted right up and raised his voice a little.

“When I went to the Department of Property Rights, I happened to see Dominic being brought away by the people from the Gray Temple with handcuffs on. I quickly went back to the teahouse, and saw that it was sealed up once again by the Gray Temple. The people and service staff that we’ve sent over were all arrested by the Gray Temple.” Jonah looked at Bowen worriedly. “Father, did... did we really touch something that we shouldn’t have this time?”

“Oh no.” Bowen fell into his seat helplessly. His face was pale, and beads of perspiration formed on his forehead.

The Marquis Family had been running their business in Chaos City for years, and Sir Dominic was considered one of their family’s closest VIP associates in the city lord’s castle. They’d worked together closely for years for their own respective needs.

Now that Dominic was arrested, and the teahouse was sealed up by the Gray Temple, there was no way he would not link this case to Bennett’s case.

This time, not only would he lose Benett’s shares, he might have to spit out most of his as well.

“Father... what should we do now?” Jonah was a little lost. This incident happened so suddenly, and had foiled all their plans.

Bowen took a few deep breaths and quickly regained his composure. He looked up at Jonah, and said, “Go to the accounts room immediately, and destroy all accounts that we have related to Dominic all these years. After this, break up all connections with assets that the Marquis Family got through Bennett’s influence and those that are in the gray area—”

“Gray Temple Investigation! All from the Marquis Manor are to put down everything that you are doing, and gather in the courtyard right now. Anyone who takes their time will be punished harshly!” Just then, a solemn voice echoed throughout the Marquis Manor.

“They’re here... They’re too fast...” Bowen looked at the door. The desolation on his face was apparent.

“I want a spicy hot pot, three times the level of insanely spicy!”

Vanessa ordered straight away the moment she, Abraham, Lola, and Randy took their seats.

Abraham’s face turned green immediately. He looked at Vanessa with a long face, and said, “My dear lady, can we be a little milder? Three times the level of insanely spicy... is that... something that a normal person can handle?”

“It seems like Miss Vanessa’s appetite is pretty good.” Randy had been eating with Vanessa and the rest very often recently, so his tolerance for spice had improved drastically.

“No. Didn’t Boss Mag say that real men go for insanely spicy?” Vanessa looked at Abraham seriously. “Uncle Abraham, I want to eat the insanely spicy level.”

“Then... why don’t we order a double-flavored pot? I can just use the smaller side.” Abraham tried to negotiate his way out.

“No. The double-flavored pot is an insult to spicy hot pot.” Vanessa rejected the suggestion outright. After that, she looked at Yabemiya with a smile, and said, “Big Sister Miya, we want the spicy hot pot three times the level of insanely spicy. As for the ingredients, we’ll have the usual.”

“Alright. Please hold on.” Miya nodded with a smile, and turned to the other table.

“Ai...” Abraham sighed. Whom did he trifle with? It was her father who wanted her back, but he was the one who was tortured...

“Miss, aren’t we waiting for First... First Young Master?” Lola asked softly.

“Didn’t my brother send someone over with a letter saying that he had no time to come tonight? There’s no need to wait for him.” Vanessa shook her head. She did not want to see Sean right now, either. She just wanted to enjoy her spicy hot pot. Every meal she ate would mean a meal less to eat.

“Oh.” Lola nodded. She glanced at Vanessa, and did not speak further.

The princess was probably the happiest during her time here in Chaos City. She could enjoy the food that made her happy almost every day. The most important thing was that the dental problems that had been troubling her for years were actually completely solved here.

Now that Prince Sean had arrived at Chaos City, she might have to return to Rodu the day after tomorrow, so she was naturally unhappy.

“Boss, the first barrel of rum is almost empty,” Miya reminded Mag as she placed eight glasses of rum on the tray, and saw that the barrel indicated that it was less than a third full.

“We have sufficient in our store. Don’t worry about that,” Mag answered with a smile. Because Connie wasn’t of age yet, he basically brought all the alcohol Hannah had in the store with him, especially those batches more than 20 years old.

According to the market price, that batch of rum could fetch more than a billion copper coins.

After all, any bottle of Old Sim’s rum that exceeded 50 years old was probably priceless.

However, other than the small amount that he had decided to keep for his own enjoyment, the rest of the rum was going to be the base for blending at the new brewery.

Brewing wine was a long-term investment. Without enough old wine, they would not be able to mark up the price.

Therefore, that batch of old rum that Mag had would become the base for the brewery so that it could pick up speed and survive through the awkward three-year new rum stage.

He did not intend to cheat Hannah of her money. After all, it was a large sum of inheritance her grandfather had left for her.

Of course, he did not want to change it to cash for her straightaway.

After all, no one would know for sure if she would give up her talent and live off the money after she inherited it.

Money really forced out a person's talents.

He intended to use 10 barrels of 15-year-old rum to open the market for rum in Chaos City, and then cut off supply for a while until the new brewery was ready to officially launch the new rum.

*The marketing strategies of *pple and Xi*omi are still worth learning from.*

Of course, those companies selling maotai are even better at this. After all, they can still be doing very well despite having no stock almost all the time.

Mag glanced over at the designated hot pot area. Vanessa and Abraham were sitting together, and Sean was not around. It seemed like he had to be busy at the city lord's castle right now.

However, Sean's visit this time was probably to bring Vanessa back with him.

Actually, he was quite fond of this little princess. She was innocent and pure, and was not stuck up or self-entitled. Therefore, he had been willing to help her cure her dental problems.

King Andre and his two sons weren't any kind souls, but this daughter and the young prince were okay. Mag was not the extreme kind that would make a sweeping judgment.

Of course, if Sean were to eat at Mamy Restaurant, he wouldn't mind recommending him the latest dark cuisine recipe to try.

Chapter 1607: Let's Have A Staring Contest!

Immediately after dinner operating hours ended, Dicus came over to tell Mag about Dominic being arrested by the Gray Temple, and that both the city lord's castle and Gray Temple were starting an investigation on the Marquis Family.

"Is the head of the Marquis Family household still able to come out?" Mag asked with a smile.

"The investigation is still ongoing, and it doesn't look too good. However, as long as the Marquis Family is not directly involved in any illegal activities, bribing a city lord's castle official and possessing illegal assets are enough to keep him inside for a period," Dicus replied with a smile.

"Just a period is going too easy on him, isn't it?"

"The Marquis Family has to spit out everything they got with the help of Dominic all these years, and more. That would then be enough for him to feel the pain for quite a while," Dicus continued. He then pulled out a letter and passed it to Mag. "This is the official ruling for the hot pot restaurant. It has the city lord's stamp on it. In the future, no one will come to the hot pot restaurant to claim ownership again."

Mag unrolled the official ruling and glanced through it. There was Michael's city lord stamp on it, and it was also clearly written that the hot pot restaurant belonged to Rena. There was no doubt about it anymore.

“Please thank the city lord on my behalf for upholding justice.” Mag kept the official ruling, and looked at Dicus with a smile, saying, “Thank you for taking the trouble to make this trip so late at night.”

“That’s alright. This is after all because of some internal problems at the city lord’s castle. We are supposed to apologize for all that had happened. I will not disturb your rest, then. I’ll come over for breakfast tomorrow morning.” Dicus bade his farewell and left.

“Everything is settled. Those people who tried to lay hands on the hot pot restaurant are going to live in the VIP cell next door. With this official ruling, there wouldn’t be any more conflict over the hot pot restaurant,” Mag told Rena, who was about to leave with Miya, as he entered the restaurant.

“Is that true?!” Rena received the official ruling with a smile, and looked through it carefully. She said with joy, “That’s great. Now the hot pot restaurant can open according to plan.”

“Oh, right. I haven’t asked you when you plan on opening. Mamy Restaurant will close on the day of your opening so everyone can go over to support you,” Mag said. He had completely forgotten about it after all the running around.

Rena thought for a while, and said, “The renovation is basically complete. For the hiring process, Firis has already contacted a batch of outstanding elves for me. I am thinking of interviewing them tomorrow, and choosing the best several as employees. There will be a three-day training, and then we can officially open five days later.”

“That is very fast.” Mag nodded with a smile. Five days later happened to be the usual off-day for Mamy Restaurant. Rena probably also thought of that.

“What is Big Sister Rena’s hot pot restaurant going to be called?” Amy asked curiously as she ran over with Ugly Duckling in her hands.

“That’s right. What are you going to call it?” Miya and the rest all looked at Rena curiously.

“I want to call the restaurant Mana Hot Pot Restaurant because Boss is the one who created hot pot, and he passed it over to me to develop it into a new hot pot restaurant.” Rena covered her face. “I am really bad at naming... this is the only one I could come up with after thinking for a long time.”

Mag’s eyes lit up when he heard the name, and he smilingly said, “I think Mana Hot Pot Restaurant sounds great. It sounds a little like a subsidiary of Mamy Restaurant, and it has a good meaning as well.”

“Yeah. I think it sounds good too. It also sounds very familiar, as though it’s our own hot pot restaurant.” Miya nodded in agreement.

“Then if Big Sister Firis opens a kebab restaurant, would it be called Mais kebab restaurant?” Amy asked with a smile.

“Mm-hm. We can keep this naming method.” Mag nodded. He was also terrible at naming.

“Then... Then I’ll keep this name.” Rena thought that the name she came up with would be laughed at; she didn’t expect everyone to be so supportive.

After everyone left, Mag went up to wash up, and told the two children a short bedtime story. After they fell asleep, he ignored Irina's suggestive look, and returned to his room. He locked the door and went straight to bed. He took in a few deep breaths, and opened the test field for the God of Cookery.

"Let's have a staring contest!"

Mag saw a flash of white before he came face to face with a wall of eyeballs. The large eyeballs felt as though they were glowing with some sort of evilness, making one's hair stand.

"F*ck! System, are you mad?!" Mag jumped back in shock.

"To make good roasted pig's eyes, you'll have to know and understand pig's eyes well. The first step is to tell which ones are the real eyes just by looking! Please find 100 pig's eyes that fulfill the conditions to be roasted among these 10,000 eyeballs." The system's emotionless voice echoed.

Mag swallowed. He looked at the eyeballs in front of him, and felt his scalp go numb. This was quite a headache.

To make good roasted pig's eyes, he would have to get rid of the fear of looking at the pig's eyes. Even if he wasn't able to develop love and passion for it, he could at least be calm during the roasting, and prevent the mistake of causing the eyeball to explode during the process.

Roasting was a form of art on charcoal fire. To create the perfect roasted pig's eyes, one had to have a very good understanding of every pig's eye, and have good control over the fire and temperature.

Mag took a few deep breaths while standing in front of the wall of pig's eyes before searching for the real pig's eyes patiently.

There should be other eyeballs including cow's eyes, sheep's eyes, and more. Mag could only try to discern the real pig's eyes based on his memory and judgment.

It was a very meticulous and tiring job. It was revolting and scalp-numbing at the start. However, Mag started to become numb as he looked through the 10,000 eyeballs.

To him, these eyeballs which had originally exuded an evil glow slowly became normal ingredients like corn and ham. His goal was to choose the ingredients he needed from a pile of useless ones.

After he developed this mentality, he became even more efficient.

Mag picked out 120 pig's eyes from the 10,000 eyeballs very quickly, and completed the system's mission with a surplus.

"Ding!"

Following that crisp ring, the scene before Mag's eyes changed. He's back in the familiar kitchen.

On the wall at the side was a 365-day countdown timer.

"Roasted pig's eyes... luckily I haven't tried this dark cuisine yet. I suppose the requirements would not be too strict, right?" Mag pulled out a basin of pig's eyes from the fridge as he mumbled to himself.

The eyeballs, which were dug out from the roots, still had all the meat and fat attached to them. The bamboo skewer should not be skewered through the eyeball, but through the meat. Otherwise, the customers would not be able to experience that ceremonious moment when the liquid squirted out from the eyeball.

Chapter 1608: You Even Copy Scripts?

The temperature of the flame after the skewer of pig's eyes was put on the grill couldn't be too high. Otherwise, the eyeball might explode due to the expansion of the liquid inside, and cause the liquid to squirt out.

The skewers had to be roasted slowly over a small fire, and in the process, various sauces and spices had to be spread over the eyeballs as the eyeballs got cooked from outside in.

As the surface of the pig's eyes sizzled, a delicious scent slowly wafted out.

"It does seem like nothing much." Mag raised his brow. He flipped the skewers in his hands as he slowly shifted them towards the area with a bigger fire.

Pop~

One of the eyeballs on the skewers suddenly burst. The boiling liquid squirted everywhere, and some of it even flew towards Mag's face.

"F*ck, it really will explode!" Mag dodged easily.

Pop, pop, pop, pop~

The remaining pig's eyes all burst almost simultaneously.

Mag quickly let go of the bamboo skewers, and took two big steps back to escape the boiling liquid which squirted around as the eyeballs burst.

"This is probably the most dangerous dish I've made." Mag looked at the walls that were covered messily with the liquid. He smiled awkwardly. If this were to happen in a real kitchen, that would be quite a disaster.

Mag did not have to clean up. Around five seconds later, the grill was as clean as before.

"It seems like I still have to follow the expert's experience and procedures strictly. It's impossible to make this if I get too full of myself." Mag quickly reset his attitude, and picked up a new bamboo skewer to make a new skewer of pig's eyes. He stood before the grill seriously, and started roasting the pig's eyes again.

The temperature requirements for roasted pig's eyes were very strict, and that made Mag, who was already very adept at the techniques of roasting 200 kebabs at the same time, a little impatient. However, after the bursting incident, Mag's ego was quickly kept in check.

Beef would not burst, but this was an ingredient with a temper, so you had to be gentle with it.

After around 20 minutes, the pig's eyes had been roasted to a beautiful shiny brown. They had shrunk significantly, and the slightly fatty surface had shriveled up, and was even sizzling with oil. The enticing

fragrance of roasted meat wafted over, and the dish was completed after sprinkling some chili powder and cumin.

“It doesn’t seem too difficult if you have a little more patience.” Mag sized the roasted pig’s eyes in his hand. There were four pig’s eyes on a skewer.

The pig’s eyes did not look so terrifying after they were roasted. At least one would not accidentally meet eyes with a pair of dead pig’s eyes.

However, for most people, the appearance of this dish was still rather shocking. Most people would probably refuse to eat it knowing that it was roasted pig’s eyes.

Mag looked at the roasted pig’s eyes in his hands. If it wasn’t because the smell was really enticing after roasting, and that he was already used to pig’s eyes, he might not even try this kind of super dark cuisine.

“System, have I succeeded?” Mag asked casually. *I’ve never tried something like roasted pig’s eyes before in my previous life. There probably isn’t much of a standard for this dish, right?*

“Point one: the surface of the third pig’s eyes from the top is too dry and hard. This is because the eyeball itself has too little fat. Therefore, during the roasting process, you have to spread oil on it individually. This is a problem that an outstanding chef should have realized and taken the initiative to solve during the cooking process.

“Point two: the second pig’s eye was not skewered in tightly enough, and it moved during the process of roasting. Therefore, the entire pig’s eyes could not reach the passable standard. Your carelessness could ruin an entire dish.

“Point three...”

The system listed all the mistakes that Mag made during the seemingly perfect roasting process.

“That sounds like there are a lot of problems indeed.” Mag nodded as he accepted the system’s positive criticism. If that was all, he would be able to make the perfect roasted pig’s eyes in no time at all, since all the problems lay in the details.

“The standards for a successful roasted pig’s eyes.

“Once you bite into it, the liquid in the eyeball will squirt out, and it will not have a fishy smell, and the taste will still leave one asking for more.

“The eyeball is chewy and springy on the outside, but soft and juicy on the inside.

“The cornea should be crispy like a soft bone to bring a different texture during the chewing experience.”

The system continued to list the criteria.

“???” Mag.

“Hey, System. If I don’t have any partial memory loss from the transmigration, I don’t think I’ve tried the roasted pig’s eyes before, so this kind of overly strict standards aren’t raised by me, right?” Mag asked

with a frown. The wider the scope in the criteria, the higher the requirements were because the system would follow the highest standards.

“This came from the script of ‘One Life, One Kebab’[1],” the system replied.

“You even copy scripts?” Mag rolled his eyes.

“Didn’t I cite the source?” the system retorted.

“I...” Mag opened his mouth speechlessly. However, he quickly found his words. “I think this script could have elements of exaggeration in it.”

“As a candidate for the God of Cookery with the best roasting experience, if you couldn’t even meet this bit of criteria from the script, that would be worse than the exaggeration.”

“Fine, you win!” Mag thought for a while, and felt that the system actually had a point. He quickly went back to roasting the pig’s eyes.

What every professional chef should do was to create delicacies that exceeded the customer’s expectations.

It was just like how an ordinary bowl of soybean milk and an ordinary stick of youtiao would have different flavors in the hands of different chefs.

What Mag had to do was make the delicacy have a different color of its own.

“The taste is lacking. Fail!

“There is a fishy taste in the liquid. Fail!

“Fail...”

The days on the countdown timer decreased slowly as Mag faced failure after failure. His roasting techniques became even better, and the pig’s eyes skewers grew from one stick to two, to three, and to a handful!

For that moment, Mag thought that he had already become one with the skewers and the grill. He could feel the temperature of the charcoal fire, and also feel the minute changes as the skewers were roasting. Then, he would flip the skewers at an appropriate time, and spread some oil and sauce.

This was a very strange feeling. It felt as though time had slowed down, and he could control everything as he wished.

“Ding! The perfect pig’s eye has been achieved!”

Mag placed a handful of the roasted pig’s eyes on the plate in front of him when he heard the system message.

“Did I succeed?” Mag did not appear to be too surprised. Instead, he was slightly shocked. He felt that this serving of roasted pig’s eyes was not perfect enough, and he could make them better on his next round.

He looked up at the countdown timer on the wall. 100 days had already passed unknowingly.

No wonder it's said that roasting is not easy, and it's even more difficult to become a master, Master thought to himself. The time he took to learn the roasted pig's eyes was almost the same as the time he took when he was learning the 'Buddha jumps over the wall'.

Mag was not in a hurry to leave the test field for the God of Cookery. Instead, he continued to practice the roasted pig's eyes. He wanted to make it even more perfect.

Chapter 1609: This Restaurant's Owner Isn't Simple?

At Abraham's house early in the morning, Sean looked at Vanessa who was still in a daze after just waking up. He smiled adoringly at her, and said, "Vanessa, it's been a few months, and you seem to have grown taller."

"Hehe, that's because there's a lot of finger-licking food for me to eat every day to help me grow faster." Vanessa went up happily. However, she quickly pouted as she looked at Sean, and grumbled, "Big Brother Sean, it took you so long to come and visit me. All you know is to fight. I bet you've already forgotten that you still have a younger sister."

"There's a lot to do at the borders. The orcs keep coming to invade our territory, so I really couldn't step away from work." Sean let out an embarrassed laugh. He looked at his only sister, and said, "Aren't I here to visit you after I'm done with the war?"

"Tsk. Royal Father sent you over. You didn't even come specially to visit me." Vanessa rolled her eyes. She looked at Sean cautiously. "Tell me, did Royal Father tell you to catch me and bring me back?"

"You've left home for months. Both Royal Father and Royal Mother are very worried, and they also miss you a lot. My other purpose for coming to Chaos City other than the official visit is to fetch you back. How can you say that I'm catching you?" Sean nodded. He looked at Vanessa's pearly white teeth, and exclaimed in surprise. "Also, have all your teeth been fixed?"

"Big Sister Irina and Big Sister Xixi fixed it for me." Vanessa nodded. She bared her teeth, and proudly said, "Look, aren't they neat and white?"

"Mm-hm. You look very pretty when you smile." Sean nodded with a smile. Although he was surprised that Irina would actually help Vanessa fix her teeth, he was truly happy.

He knew very well how Vanessa became depressed over the years because of her teeth. He had not seen her smile so brightly just like today for many years.

"That's not important! What's important is that I don't want to go home just yet. I like Chaos City, and I want to stay here for a while more," Vanessa said seriously. She reached out a finger and pointed to Abraham, who was sipping his morning tea at the side, and continued, "With Uncle Abraham."

"My little princess, please don't drag me down with you. I have no say in this at all," Abraham said after taking a sip of tea.

"Big Brother Sean." Vanessa looked at Sean with puppy dog eyes. There were already tears shimmering in her large eyes.

"This is Royal Father's order. I have no say as well." Sean shook his head lightly. His heart softened a little when he saw the tears in Vanessa's eyes, and he gently said, "The situation on the continent isn't

very stable in this period, and the situation in Chaos City has also become a little complicated. Royal Father told me to fetch you back because he's worried about you. Besides, you've been out for so long. It is time you go back to meet Royal Father and Royal Mother."

"I think things are fine in Chaos City. Everyone is very friendly, and it's not complicated here at all." Vanessa pouted. Her face fell when she saw the resolution in Sean's face, and she said, "I'm going to Mamy Restaurant for dinner. Are you coming along?"

"I'll reject the dinner banquet at the city lord's castle." Sean nodded with a smile. It had been a very long time since he had a nice meal with Vanessa. Besides, he really wanted to see what kind of charm this restaurant that made Vanessa refuse to go home had.

"Alright. I'll wait for you tonight. Be sure to come back early. If we're late, we will not be able to make it to the line," Vanessa reminded.

"Line?" Sean was confused.

"Mamy Restaurant has too many customers, so if you want to eat there, you have to line up. It's on a first come, first serve basis, and if you're late, you won't make it to the line," Abraham explained with a smile.

"I would have to trouble Uncle to help me reserve the entire restaurant. I would like to have a good meal with Vanessa tonight, and I don't want anyone else to be around," Sean told Abraham.

It was not befitting their status as the first prince, princess, and duke of the Roth Empire to need to line up at a restaurant, and even share a space with other customers.

"I might have the money, but I'm not capable enough to do it. I'm afraid even City Lord Michael isn't able to reserve the restaurant." Abraham shrugged and expressed his reluctance to even try.

"This restaurant's owner isn't simple?" Sean was bewildered.

"That's not exactly it. He's just quite a character." Abraham shook his head with a laugh. "Do you remember the one who won the best chef of the banquet during the king's last birthday banquet?"

"Yes." Sean thought for a while and nodded. Josh was quite cocky because of the chef. That chef might be a nobody, but he actually rejected the king's invitation to join the Royal Kitchen, and that made quite an impression.

"He's the one who opened this restaurant. He's the restaurant owner who treats all the customers equally. So even City Lord Michael would have to line up if he were to go over to the restaurant for a meal. You want me to reserve the place?" Abraham opened his hands up and laughed.

"That fellow..." Sean frowned.

"Boss Mag is super nice. He was the reason my teeth got cured. He even gifted me a toothbrush and toothpaste, and taught me how to keep my teeth clean. I won't have to worry about my teeth going bad again.

"Also, the food he makes is incredibly good! Spicy grilled fish, beggar's chicken, steamed fish head with diced hot red peppers, spicy crayfish... and the best of them all, hot pot!

“He’s a treasure that the heavens had bestowed upon us to give us endless delicious creations, subverting our imagination time and again.

“Besides, his rules are all set for the good of the customers. Although that might inconvenience those with power and authority, it gives real foodies a fair chance to enjoy his food.” Vanessa looked at Sean, and seriously said, “Big Brother Sean, if you try to break Mamy Restaurant’s rules, I won’t bring you there for good food.”

Sean looked at the serious-looking Vanessa. This little fellow would rarely wear such an expression on her face. It seemed like she really liked that chef and that restaurant. After a brief hesitation, he smilingly said, “In that case, I’ll come back earlier so I can also thank the chef who satisfied my younger sister’s stomach and also cured her teeth.”

“Mm-hm, mm-hm. I’ll be waiting for you.” Vanessa nodded happily. After that, she walked straight out of the door while saying, “Uncle, do you want to get the Soybean milk and youtiao? If not, I won’t be waiting for you.”

“Of course I’m going. I was waiting for you.” Abraham put his teacup down in a hurry, and walked towards the door. He stopped for a while at the door and turned back to tell Sean, “Sean, you must be very busy today, so we won’t be entertaining you. Let’s have a few rounds of drinks tonight.”

“Alright.” Sean nodded. He looked at Abraham who quickly turned to leave and laughed. He picked up the teacup at the side and took a sip before walking towards the door as well. He was busy, and would need to meet the authorities of Chaos City to have a good chat.

Chapter 1610: Is It Really Pig’s Eyes?

The news of the Marquis Family being investigated and Bowen and Joseph being arrested caused quite a ripple effect in Chaos City’s business circle.

It was unexpected for the Marquis Family, one of the four major families in the Chamber of Commerce and one of the founding families of the Chamber of Commerce with billions in net worth, to suddenly collapse.

Although the Buffett Family and Moreton Family had increased the gap with the Marquis Family and Dodges Family over the years, a starving camel was still bigger than a horse, and the Marquis Family was still a big figure in Chaos City.

When news of Bennett being arrested had spread, many had guessed if the Marquis Family would’ve been implicated. However, judging from how things had progressed afterward, it had seemed that not only had the Marquis Family not gotten implicated, they had even managed to take over some of Bennett’s assets which appeared clean, and had emerged as the biggest winner in that incident.

However, it had only been a few days, and the Gray Temple aimed their swords against the Marquis Family. This caused quite a commotion.

Some said that the Marquis Family had made use of Bennett’s power, and had also dabbled in things that they shouldn’t, leading to the investigation.

Others said that the Marquis Family's leader had taken over Bennett's assets by force, and that caught the Gray Temple's attention, leading to the investigation.

Some even said that it was because Bowen's son had seduced the lover of some big shot in the Gray Temple, causing the tragedy to happen.

"That fellow, Bowen, is too greedy. I told his father that back in those days. If it were me, I would rather pass the entire family over to that wastrel Bennett than to Bowen," Ian lamented after taking a sip of tea to Scheer, who had yet to finish her breakfast.

Scheer put the last bite of bread into her mouth and chewed well. She picked up her white handkerchief and wiped her mouth. After making sure that there were no more crumbs left, she calmly said, "That wastrel is currently in the jail, and that's where he's going to stay."

"If Old Marquis had been slightly fairer to him back then, all these things wouldn't have happened," Ian lamented.

"I'm afraid the Marquis Family will never be able to get back on their feet again. Even if Bennett had taken over Bowen as the head of the Marquis Family, I don't think he would've known his place," Scheer said as she shook her head.

Ian was stunned. He looked at Scheer and pondered for a while before smilingly saying, "I have the best foresight among the four major families."

"As for that, I agree." Scheer nodded.

Ian quickly stopped smiling, and said, "Our family better don't meddle in this incident. Since Dominic has been caught, it seems like the city lord has set his mind on cleaning up the gray area in Chaos City. I reckon a lot more people would be arrested after this."

"I've already done an internal investigation, and will hand those problematic fellows over to the Gray Temple for them to do as they please." Scheer nodded.

"Well done." Ian put his teacup down, and stood up with a smile as he said, "Do you want to feed the fishes?"

"No, I'll have to make a trip to the city lord's castle to meet that first prince who traveled all the way here." Scheer shook her head.

"Go ahead, then. I'll go fishing." Ian did not probe further. He put his hands behind him and strolled away.

Scheer stood up and watched Ian leave the restaurant before leaving while turning to her assistant, who hurried behind her with a briefcase, and asking, "Have you found out if Mr. Mag has anything to do with the Marquis Family's investigation?"

"There's no evidence linking the two together as of now, but an employee called Rena from Mamy Restaurant just got a shop that was originally under Bennett's name. In addition, she had some conflicts with the Marquis Family with regards to the ownership of that property," the secretary quickly answered.

“Employee?” Scheer frowned.

“Yes. Bennett seemed to have some conflict with her, and I think this shop was given to her directly from the city lord’s castle and Gray Temple.” The secretary nodded, and continued, “If there’s a need, I can investigate this matter.”

“That won’t be necessary. I’ve been worried that Mr. Mag would be oppressed by the Marquis Family. It looks like my worries were unfounded. We’ll stop this here. You don’t have to investigate further,” Scheer said.

“Yes.” The secretary nodded, and started reporting the next matter.

Mag came out from the test field for the God of Cookery. He opened his eyes, and the alarm clock at the side rang.

He spaced out for a moment before switching it off. After listening to the crackling sound of the flames and the sizzling sound of the pig’s eyes on the grill for more than 100 days, even the alarm became music to his ears.

“Why don’t I launch the roasted pig’s eyes today? On top of that, I must roast them in the glass partition so that the customers can see it...” Mag’s lips turned up slowly. Otherwise, he would have wasted those over 100 days of hard work to perfect the roasted pig’s eyes.

The number of pig’s eyes he’d roasted could be linked together to make 10 rounds around a pigsty.

That would be a very impactful advertisement.

Mag did not waste any more time in bed. He dispelled the discomfort from staying in the test field for the God of Cookery for too long, and went straight out of bed to take a cold shower. He then changed into his chef’s suit, and went downstairs to prepare breakfast.

Mag suppressed the urge to add the roasted pig’s eyes into the luxurious morning breakfast set, fearing that it might scare everyone early in the morning and affect their appetite.

“Father, what delicious food have you made today?” Amy was the first to be downstairs. She tip-toed and looked through the kitchen door.

“Soybean milk, youtiao, tofu pudding, everything. Amy, you can have whatever you want,” Mag said with a smile as he looked at Amy, who had a little lump of hair standing amidst her long silver flock.

The young fellow had already changed into her white down jacket. She looked extremely cute, just like a round little penguin, but her hair was not brushed.

Because of Irina’s special hair-brushing technique, Mag had taken the initiative to be responsible for Amy’s hair.

After all, Irina had her hair down all the time, so she had no experience with hair brushing. She would usually follow her imagination, and end up with a lightning rod hairstyle.

“Mm...” Amy pondered for a while before saying, “Then I’ll have a set of youtiao with sweet tofu pudding and a serving of pepper steak, medium-well, with more ketchup at the side.”

“Alright. Let’s wait for the big sisters to come before we eat together.” Mag nodded with a smile. He had no opinions on the little fellow’s matching since she would come up with different pairings to eat every day.

During breakfast, Mag announced the addition of a new dish.

“R-roasted pig’s eyes?” Babla, who was drinking her soybean milk, choked. She looked at Mag in disbelief.

“Is it really pig’s eyes?” Miya looked at Mag, equally shocked.

The women all had similar expressions. Other than shock, there was also a hint of horror.

“Yes. Charcoal-grilled roasted pig’s eyes,” Mag affirmed with a nod.