

Stay At home 1651

Chapter 1651: Duang, Black And Bright

“Looks like even having a meal won’t be easy.” Master Rom shook his head with a smile, but he still followed Dicus to the end of the line. Although Mag did say that Rom could look for him straight away once he reached Chaos City, Rom didn’t want to break the rules and make things difficult for Mag, since everyone was lining up.

“Master Rom, which dishes have you tried before?” Dicus asked curiously as he stood behind Rom.

“Steamed fish head with diced hot red peppers,” Rom replied without thinking.

“If it’s steamed fish head with diced hot red peppers, I’m afraid you won’t be able to eat it now,” Dicus said.

“Why?”

“Mamy Restaurant only provides a selected breakfast menu for their breakfast operating hours. The dishes with heavier flavors and those that require more preparation time are not available during breakfast. That includes the steamed fish head with diced hot red peppers,” Dicus explained.

“I see.” Rom fell deep in thought. He didn’t expect that he wouldn’t be able to eat the steamed fish head with diced hot red peppers that he had been craving even after waking up early in the morning. What a pity.

“Boss Mag is someone who goes by the rules. Even I won’t be able to convince him to make steamed fish head with diced hot red peppers for you. But, Mamy Restaurant’s breakfast menu is superb as well. Whether it’s soybean milk with youtiao, or tofu pudding with Yangzhou fried rice, or even a bowl of warm congee with pork and century egg, you are sure to be satisfied for the entire morning,” Dicus advised with a smile.

“Although the names sound strange, it seems like the food is not bad. Then I shall try the other dishes for breakfast.” Rom nodded. Actually, he was not certain if he really wanted to have steamed fish head with diced hot red peppers early in the morning. He would have it later at night—after he was done with his things—coupled with some wine. That was the life.

Joss stood behind the two of them, and looked at the beautiful restaurant in front, and then at the ever-increasing line behind him. He was speechless. He didn’t think that Mr. Mag’s restaurant would be so famous that so many people would be willing to line up early in the morning for breakfast.

Not long later, a black horse-drawn carriage stopped at Mamy Restaurant.

“Mamy Restaurant, we’ve reached Mamy Restaurant.” The butler lifted the curtain and glanced outside. After that, he hesitantly said, “But the line seems a little long. If we were to join the line, I don’t know how long we’ll have to wait.”

“So many people? Then we would have to wait for ages.” Ian lifted the curtain and glanced out. He quickly put the curtain down, and said, “Let’s go back. I’d rather fish than to wait in line here.”

“Yes.” The butler nodded, and instructed the coachman to head back.

No one noticed that such a horse-drawn carriage stopped by for a while and left.

Not long later, the restaurant's door opened. Mag walked out and welcomed the customers with a smile.

Mag looked towards the end of the line habitually and saw Rom. He was shocked and surprised, but still greeted the customers with a warm smile.

"Master Rom, I didn't expect you to really come," Mag said with a smile as Rom approached him.

"If I didn't, I'm afraid I would never be able to enjoy that delicious steamed fish head with diced hot red peppers again," Rom replied with a smile, and continued, "No one in this world can make anything as delicious as that."

"If it's the steamed fish head with diced hot red peppers, I'm afraid..."

"I know. I'll come back again at night for that. I'll just settle with something else for breakfast. I'll have to find a place later to set up the forge," Rom said with a smile, and went straight in so he wouldn't block the entrance.

"The city lord told me to help Master Rom with the forge," Dicus explained to Mag with a smile, and followed Rom into the restaurant.

Joss looked at Mr. Mag and bowed before following behind them quickly. If it was not for this man, he might not be his master's disciple anymore, much less come to Chaos City with him to learn forging.

Mag smiled. Master Rom was an understanding person, and didn't like to trouble others.

Master Rom ordered a bowl of congee with pork and century egg, and after finishing it, he ordered another bowl. Before leaving, he walked to the kitchen, and gave Mag a thumbs-up as he complimented, "Young friend, your culinary skills are extraordinary. I'm afraid I'll become the restaurant's regular too."

"I will be more than willing to welcome you if you're willing to come," Mag said with a smile, and watched them leave.

"Isn't that the legendary weaponsmith, Master Rom?"

"I heard from the traders who entered the city today that Master Rom was in Chaos City, but I didn't expect him to come to Mamy Restaurant early in the morning for breakfast."

"Yeah. It looks like he's quite close with Boss Mag. Could Boss Mag be the reason he wanted to shift his forge over to Chaos City?"

"Well, if I was him... That's really possible."

The customers conversed softly as they watched Rom walk out.

As the most famous and legendary weaponsmith on the Norland Continent, Master Rom, who made the Tian Du sword and other famous swords, would always be the center of attraction no matter what he did.

For the past few years, there was suddenly no news of Master Rom. He closed himself up in his workplace and rejected all customers. There was also a long period of time where he did not make any new weapons, and there were even rumors going around saying that he had already retired.

But no one would expect him to suddenly announce his departure from Issen Castle, and move his forge to Chaos City.

On top of that, rumor had it that his recent work was a cleaver named Fat Head Fish

Of course, that was only a rumor, and no one would believe that Master Rom would make a cleaver for anyone. That was the kind of job that only a roadside blacksmith would take up, and it was completely unbecoming of Master Rom's status.

Everyone could be certain of one thing today: Master Rom had indeed come to Chaos City, and he looked rather energetic. Perhaps they would hear news of a new divine weapon soon.

The morning operating hours had ended, and Miya and the rest had gone to the ice cream. Mag opened the door, and Harris, who was waiting outside with a smile, walked in with Chapman. Smiling, he asked Mag, "Master, are we learning 'Buddha jumps over the wall' today?"

"No." Mag rolled his eyes. "I've already told you hundreds of times, even if you know how to make it, you won't be able to find all the ingredients."

"Master, you're belittling me. I am still a very famous chef. Even if I can't find all the ingredients, we can still find replacements," Harris said with a smile.

"If the ingredients could be replaced so easily, it wouldn't be called 'Buddha jumps over the wall'." Mag glanced at Harris's thick hair. "On top of losing its true taste, it would also lose all of its special effects."

"If it can't prevent hair loss and promote hair growth, I'd rather not learn." Harris ran his fingers through his hair, and proudly said, "Look at my hair. Duang[1], black and bright."

"Oh, right. Master Rom has come to Chaos City. Aren't the two of you old friends?" Mag said casually as he set up the grill.

Chapter 1652: Combing It Neatly So It's Easier For Amy To Burn

"What did you say? Who's here?" Harris was stunned, and looked at Mag in disbelief.

"Master Rom from Issen Castle," Mag said. "He came to the restaurant for breakfast today."

"How's that possible? That fellow is the kind who would stay in his forge forever." Harris's eyes widened. He was really shocked.

"Maybe the steamed fish head with diced hot red peppers is too good," Mag said calmly.

"You mean... he came over because of your steamed fish head with diced hot red peppers? He would actually give up his resolution and belief to stay in his forge, and travel miles away to Chaos City just for a fish head?" Harris looked at Mag in disbelief.

"Isn't the charm of a fish head enough?" Mag asked Harris.

Harris thought carefully and nodded, saying, "It's enough."

Didn't he stay in Chaos City because of one dish? It might sound unbelievable, yet that was how it was.

"We'll learn how to make beef kebab today. It's the simplest skewered food." Mag took out a lump of beef and some bamboo skewers, and placed them on the countertop. "We'll start from cutting beef cubes and skewering the meat."

"Grilling meat is my expertise. I'll definitely learn it fast," Harris said confidently.

Chapman stood at the side, watching like a serious student.

"Grilling is a technical job. You can only make good grilled meat if you have good control over the temperature. The preparation of ingredients is also very important. This beef that we're using..." Mag started teaching very seriously.

Harris and Chapman were very good disciples. They already had a very good culinary foundation, and were humble and serious when cooking.

Therefore, other than the husband and wife lung slice, Mag also intended to teach them how to make beef kebab.

Without kebabs, suppers would be so lonely and boring.

Mag didn't have the ability to let more people enjoy the kebab yet, but Harris, who loved to roam around and battle others, could bring the kebab far and wide.

Perhaps he could bring kebab to greater heights in Norland Continent's supper scene.

One would never be able to earn all the money in the world. Adding a new, peculiar dish to a world's food structure, and making it a trend would not be easy.

Just in Chaos City alone, even though Mag had never disallowed copies of his dishes, those restaurants in Aden Square which came up with various versions of his dish never really made it big after the hype was over.

Therefore, a professional disciple was equally important.

"Master, don't worry. We won't impart all these to another person after learning. It's just for our own growth and learning," Harris promised as he looked at Mag. He was very touched by Mag's straightforwardness and contribution without asking for any returns. Recipes were very private secrets that even fathers might not impart to their sons, much less to two other complete strangers. Yet, he actually taught them everything without hiding anything because of a bet that they made.

Such character and trust made him admire Mag from deep down; therefore, Mag deserved the title "master".

"You don't have to keep it a secret for me. I think the current standard of the culinary world is too low. I hope that you can spread these two dishes out for me to increase the standard of the culinary world a little," Mag said with a shake of his head.

“Er...” Harris was stunned. When he saw that Mag was calm, and didn’t seem like he was kidding, he could not help but sigh. “So this is the loneliness of an expert. I once felt that too, but I didn’t expect to meet you one day, Master. Don’t worry, in the future, I will spread the recipe whenever I go to a new place so that these two dishes can spread far and wide.”

“You’ll have to master it first.” Mag glanced at Harris with a smile, and asked, “You don’t want any tips from me this time as well?”

“No. A qualified student shouldn’t ask for tips without even trying. Although tips would mean fewer mistakes made, that would also mean fewer chances to find out where I am lacking and find room for improvement.” Harris rejected outrightly.

Chapman, who was standing at the side, hesitated for a while. He looked at Mag, and said, “Grandmaster, I would like to try it on my own this time.”

“Alright. Then go ahead. I’ll go out for a while.” Mag undid his apron, took some beef kebabs that were done, and walked out.

“Hey, why don’t you want the tips this time?” Harris asked Chapman with a smile.

“Master, you’re right. Shortcuts won’t help a chef grow. The things that are spoon-fed to you and the things that you understand through thinking are different. This is what you taught me since young,” Chapman said seriously.

“Alright. Let’s start from cutting the meat.” Harris took out a knife, and started cutting the meat seriously.

“Studying the blueprint?” Mag had gone to the blacksmith next door with the kebabs. Mobai, Lulu, and Hannah were sitting around a small table as they talked about the blueprint.

“Yes, Boss. Boss Mobai is really impressive. He’s almost done with the first part.” Hannah raised her head. There were three gray streaks on her face, making her look like a dirty little cat.

“Boss Mag.” Mobai looked at Mag and greeted him.

“I made some beef kebabs. Have some before you continue.” Mag passed the kebabs over. They were just right—two for each person.

“...Boss, I’ll bring you over to look at the machine.” Hannah brought Mag over to the forging room next door.

Hannah pointed at a row of big parts in the corner of the forging room, and said, “Look, these parts are already done. Now we just need the main body of the brewing machine. Boss Mobai said that the size was too big, and the forging room wasn’t large enough, so he had to go to his friend’s place, and get a few blacksmiths to make it with him.”

“The efficiency is good, and so is the quality. This is way better than what you initially had.” Mobai squatted down to check on the parts. He had to give it to Mobai. Although the parts were handmade,

they were all very precise, and would be perfect for brewing wine. *Mobai indeed lives up to his reputation as someone who could make canons.*

Hannah seriously said, "I made it myself. Although it's a little uglier, it helped me make high-quality rum, and that shows that it's a good machine."

"Alright, alright, alright. I know you're awesome," Mag said with a smile. It seemed like the construction of the brewery could start at the same time. When it was done, the machine could be brought in, and they could start producing rum in large quantities.

Mag could already imagine how much of an investment it was to own a top-grade rum factory and own a top brand.

"Carry on, I'll go get some sun." Mag did not stay for long. After leaving the blacksmith, he saw Urien, who was combing Black Coal's remaining few feathers outside the magic potion shop next door, and smilingly greeted, "Master Urien, are you combing Black Coal?"

Black Coal stretched its neck as it enjoyed the feeling of the teeth of the comb gliding down its body.

"I'm combing it neatly so it's easier for Amy to burn," Urien said in a hoarse voice.

"Hm?!"

Black Coal returned to its cage stiffly.

Chapter 1653: Magic Is Just An Appearance. Knighthood Is Justice

Mag returned to his restaurant, placed a lounge chair by the door, and sat there under the sun. "System, didn't I gain the chance to learn how to make two types of alcoholic drinks?" Mag asked inwardly.

"The reward has been released for a long time. Please collect it quickly," the system replied.

Mag went through the different alcohols in his mind, and curiously asked, "Whisky is also coined the Spring of Life. Is it related to the elves' Spring of Life in this world?"

"The host can ascertain the specific effects after he picks it," the system said slowly.

Mag frowned and thought about it for a while before saying, "Alright, I want the Scotch Whiskey and Maotai."

"Ding! Scotch Whiskey and Maotai recipes have been successfully released!"

The system notification rang, and two golden experience bags, labeled Whiskey and Maotai, respectively, appeared in Mag's mind.

The Scotch was the ancestor of whiskey, while the Maotai was the classic alcoholic drink of China. Coupled with the beer that the restaurant currently had and the rum, Mamy Restaurant's alcoholic drinks would be more varied and diversified.

It was a pity that the red wine in the system was not available for him. Otherwise, just with the quality that could thrash Romanée-Conti, Mag could easily sell it at a very high price.

Of course, he would not know if the staple alcohol of the Chinese people would be popular here.

Interesting. I'll learn the whiskey first tonight, and see if the Spring of Life created by the English gentlemen is befitting of its name. Mag smiled. He had quite some expectations for the country that was known for producing bald men and warm-hearted gentlemen.

Since he had nothing to do, Mag finished up the experience bags, and closed his eyes for half an hour to digest them. When he opened his eyes again, he felt as though he was an invincible master brewer.

Mag stroked his chin as he thought, *It looks like we can make the brewery bigger and produce all four alcohols. Dwarves love alcohol, demons love alcohol, orcs love alcohol, humans also love alcohol... There are even drinkers even among the elves. This business has a very big market.*

But to date, only a few kinds of alcohol were popular within the drinking circle. There was almost no alcohol with a high supply and good reputation.

Judging from the positive reviews the customers had towards beer and rum, these two alcohols would not be oversupplied even if they were produced in large quantities. As long as they could produce enough and market widely enough, they might even become world-renowned.

I can negotiate with the city lord for the land. As for the labor, there are still around 20,000 idle Night Elves for me to employ. Mag planned inside. He could think about that again later, but it seemed he couldn't escape burning the midnight oil to come up with the design for the machines and factories.

"Krassu and Urien intend to go for a night exploration in the Thunderstorm Mountains. Do you want to come along?" Just as Mag was thinking, Irina's voice suddenly sounded from beside him.

"Something happened there?" Mag said in shock as he opened his eyes, and turned to look at Irina, who appeared from nowhere.

Irina had told him before that there might be a certain Evil God being trapped under the Thunderstorm Mountains. The worst part was that the seal was already imperfect, and the evilness had already started leaking out. It could possibly attract the descendants and followers of the Evil God.

"We don't know the situation. It's said that recently, there has been a mysterious person loitering around the Thunderstorm Mountains. They were afraid that the person might discover the seal and destroy it, thereby releasing the Evil God, so we've decided to take a look.

"Then why at night?"

"We have received information that there would be a strange phenomenon happening at the Thunderstorm Mountains during the night recently, so we're going to take a look while we're at it," Irina explained.

"Then I'll join you." Mag nodded. The shadows of the Great Old Ones had always been looming over him. Once the Evil God broke free from the seal, it would be irreversible, and the Norland Continent wasn't ready for the Evil God yet.

"Alright." Irina nodded. She looked in the direction of the magic potion shop with a smile, and said, "I've seen Amy's recent homework. It seemed like Urien and Krassu had already progressed quite well with Amy."

“Would it be bad for Amy to be learning both ice and fire magic, as well as long- and short-range attacks?” Mag asked Irina. He wasn’t sure if allowing Amy to become both Urien’s and Krassu’s disciple was a good decision anymore.

“It would be bad if you let such an opportunity go to waste.” Irina smiled, and said, “She’s our daughter. She inherited my magic talent and your close combat magic talent. Her future will be very bright after learning from both of them.”

Upon hearing that, Mag smiled. Since Irina had already said that, he wouldn’t have to worry further.

“Besides, I’m considering letting her learn swordsmanship from you at the age of five,” Irina said.

“You want a magic caster to learn swordsmanship?” Mag looked at Irina in shock. Although he did teach Amy some basic swordsmanship occasionally, it was only so that she could stay healthy. After seeing her talent in magic, he had second thoughts about nurturing her into the new-generation dragon slayer.

“Didn’t you always tell me that magic is just the appearance, and knighthood is justice?” Irina asked.

“Er... that sounds about right.” Mag thought for a while, and then said, “If Amy wants to learn, I will work hard to nurture her into an outstanding knight.”

“You must teach her.” Irina became serious. “We don’t know what the future holds, and we’re unsure if we could annihilate or seal the Evil God back. Having one more ability means she will be more capable than others to survive in this world.”

Mag looked at Irina. He fell silent for a while before saying with a nod, “Alright. I will make her into an outstanding dragon-slaying knight. She is my daughter, so she will be able to achieve it.”

“My dream is to become a magic caster who wields a sword. If it weren’t because I wasn’t talented enough, hmph...” Irina pressed her lips together. Then, she expectantly said, “Say, if you pull out your magic caster’s staff, and while the enemy is waiting for you to cast your spell, they realize that you’re advancing at an incredible speed, then they exclaim in shock that you’re actually a close combat magic caster, but in the end, you pull out a sword from the staff, and stab him, don’t you think that’s exhilarating?”

Mag thought carefully about that scenario, and then said with a frown, “I feel like it was just a somewhat useless fake...”

It was something that could be settled with a fireball, but after doing all that, things would be a little complicated.

“No, the point is to make your enemy always be unsure of what your next move will be. That way, you will never lose,” Irina said with a shake of her head.

“Is this the reason why you have a few hundred chairs stored in your distort space?”

Chapter 1654: I’m Just An Iron Fool Who Knows How To Forge

Mag listened to Irina’s suggestion, and really started planning a schedule to make Amy a female knight.

This was very challenging.

This was because Amy was not a piece of blank paper. Even though she was not even five years old, she was already reaching the 7th-tier for both her fire magic and ice magic, and she was also a close combat magic caster.

Krassu's close combat magic tactic relied on his powerful magic to create a sudden and powerful blast within a short distance, for example using the magic caster's staff to split the head. It was violent and impactful.

However, such a tactic was just child's play to Mag, who was a master at sword techniques. At the moment the magic caster's staff was raised, his sword could already find countless loopholes to attack.

With Krassu's abilities, one would have to worry if the enemy was able to resist his attack.

However, Amy was still growing, and if she met a powerhouse of the same tier or an even higher tier, she would be disadvantaged.

Of course, using magic in close combat was a very noble creation, and Amy was doing very well in it.

What Mag wanted to do was not to overthrow all that Amy had learned, but to work on the existing basics she had in close combat magic so that she could learn more comprehensive knight attack techniques and combine them with the explosiveness of close combat magic to make her attacks even more powerful.

His goal for her would be a magic caster with superb sword techniques.

This would probably be a combination like never before, and thinking about it alone made him excited.

I would still have to discuss it with Master Krassu if there's a chance. I need to have a better understanding of close combat magic so that I can find a suitable training method for Amy. Mag stroked his chin.

Rom came over very early in the afternoon.

He had been starting to get forgetful again recently. Although it was not to the extent of affecting his everyday life, it had reduced his efficiency in thinking about problems, and that made him uncomfortable.

The taste of the steamed fish head with diced hot red peppers was unforgettable, but what Rom really cared about was its special ability to make one become clear-headed.

He had not much time left, so he needed a clear head so that he could use his final moments to forge a real legendary weapon that would surpass all.

He had spent his entire life on a forging table, and would ideally want to die at the forging table too.

"Young Master Cyril, that is Master Rom over there. He is the best blacksmith on the whole Norland Continent. If we could hire him in our shop as the senior blacksmith, even if it was just in name, we would still become the best forging shop in the entire Norland Continent. That way, we wouldn't have to worry about getting orders," a sly-looking man in a horse-drawn carriage said while pointing to Rom.

“Then he’s it. I want him to join our shop at whatever cost.” Cyril looked squinted as he looked at Rom, and said with a scoff, “This time, I will definitely make Gloria have a taste of failure, and get everything she took from me back!”

“You have to be mentally prepared for a master of his caliber,” the man beside Cyril reminded the latter.

“How much would you estimate it to be?” Cyril frowned. As he had been losing with his battle with Gloria recently, his status in the family had been getting lower and lower, and the money that he could command was getting more and more limited.

“I suppose...” That man pondered for a while, and said with certainty, “1,000,000 copper coins.”

“1,000,000 copper coins?” Cyril frowned. This amount used to be his pocket money for a month, but in order to make the forging shop’s account look better recently, he had been filling in most of the gaps from his own pocket. If he really had to fork out 1,000,000 copper coins, he would have to borrow from a few friends.

“Young Master, he is a real master, the kind that is super famous. This investment is definitely worth it,” that man encouraged.

“Alright. Let’s meet this master.” Cyril nodded. He lifted the curtain of the horse-drawn carriage, and tidied himself before walking to Rom, who was in the line.

Cyril went to Rom with his head slightly tilted up, and said, “Hi. I’m Cyril.”

Rom glanced at him and nodded slightly. It seemed like these people asking for weapons had followed him to Chaos City.

“That’s your reaction after hearing my name?” Cyril frowned. He didn’t expect this old fogey to be so disrespectful.

“This is Young Master Cyril from the Moreton Family,” the man standing behind Cyril quickly introduced.

“Mm-hmm.” Rom nodded out of courtesy again, and turned to face the direction of the restaurant entrance. Over the years, there had been countless royal princes, court officials, and young masters of certain families from different races who begged him to make them a weapon.

The people around in the line all looked over. Most of them recognized Cyril, and knew that he was the young master of the Moreton Family.

There were people who recognized Rom. Though this legendary forging master didn’t appear much in public, his fame was not something an aristocrat like Cyril could compare to.

Everyone was curious about why Cyril would look for Master Rom. He was not one who would wield a knife or a sword, so it didn’t seem like he would ask Master Rom to make him a weapon.

Cyril could not maintain his expression anymore. After all, he could be considered a celebrity in Chaos City. How could he be ignored by a dwarven blacksmith just like that in the public eye?

“Young Master, bear with it for the greater good. The forging shop’s business is the top priority,” that man reminded Cyril as he quickly tugged the corner of Cyril’s shirt for fear that Cyril would mess things up in a moment of rashness.

Cyril recalled his three-month bet with Gloria, and took a deep breath to calm himself down. He looked at Rom, and tried to as calmly as possible say, “Master Rom, right? I would like to discuss a business with you.”

Rom looked up at Cyril in a bit of shock, and then shook his head as he said, “I don’t do business.”

“This is not a small business. If we make a deal, I can guarantee that you will live in comfort in Chaos City.” Cyril stuck out one finger with a smile, and said, “A-million-copper-coin business!”

“A million? Copper coins?” Rom frowned. He sized Cyril up. *Is this fellow here to look for trouble?*

“A million copper coins, and you’re asking Master Rom for a deal? Tsk... I really don’t know if I should say that he’s fearless because he’s ignorant, or that he’s just dumb.”

“I heard the last one who collected a knife from Master Rom, a demon elder, paid with around 1,000,000 dragon coins and a lot of top-grade forging materials.”

“If Young Master Cyril manages to close the deal, he would be a god.”

“Do you think the master is on the same level as him?”

The customers in the line could not hold back their laughter when they heard what Cyril said.

“Shocked by 1,000,000, huh?” Cyril was rather satisfied with Rom’s reaction. He smiled, but was regretting a little. He should have offered 500,000 to test him out first, and he might even get to save some money.

“I’m just an iron fool who knows how to forge.” Rom shook his head with a smile, and said, “A-million-copper-coin business is beyond me.”

Chapter 1655: How Dare You Beat My Man Up

Cyril looked at Rom. He frowned. *Is he really an iron fool? He doesn’t even want a million?*

“This is how things are, Master Rom, Young Master Cyril wants to invite you to join his forging shop. As long as you agree, you can receive 1,000,000 copper coins as your compensation. All you need to do is sit in the shop every day. It’s such an easy job,” the middle-aged man told Rom with a chuckle.

He wasn’t able to rush back into the city before sunset, and happened to witness the people from the city lord’s castle come out to welcome Rom into the city. He heard some news about Master Rom from some of the peddlers, so he went into the city early in the morning to look for Cyril. After asking around everywhere, they finally managed to find Master Rom in the afternoon at Mamy Restaurant.

He only knew that Rom should be a very outstanding blacksmith, but he had no concept of specifically how outstanding. However, 1,000,000 copper coins wasn’t a small sum, even more so for a blacksmith.

Joss went up, and seriously said, “Master Rom has already rejected your invitation. Please do not disturb him further.”

Joey, who was standing by the side, was also dumbfounded with Cyril and his henchman. 1,000,000 copper coins? Who would come looking for Master Rom with only 1,000,000 copper coins in his pocket expecting a weapon to be made? He wouldn't even have the cheek to ask, much less to hire him to work.

Back then, when the Roth Empire wanted to hire Master Rom, they offered a huge amount of money and the status of a duke, but even that didn't work.

The other people who knew who Rom was looked at Cyril the same way.

"Is he a fool? Why did the Moreton Family choose such a person as their heir?" Harrison asked softly.

"Hehe, you don't know this. Back then, President Jeffree chose the first young master, Lance, to be the heir, and this second young master was basically just living off the family. After that, Lance suddenly gave up business, and went to become a teacher, so this second young master became the heir.

"Lance almost cut off all ties with President Jeffree just to become a teacher, so this second young master practically became the future master of the family without doing anything. Since no one could threaten his position, he went from bad to worse, and is still a wastrel. This behavior is already pretty normal," Gjerj said with a chuckle. "But that's no longer the case. I heard that the president has been considering transferring the heirship to his oldest granddaughter recently."

"Another Scheer Buffett from the Moreton Family?" Harrison exclaimed.

"Probably. If I were President Jefree, even if I were to get a pig to be heir, it would be better than this young master. At least a pig isn't that stupid," Gjerj mocked softly.

Seeing that Rom was ignoring him, Cyril suddenly pulled a face. How could a dwarf henchman use such an arrogant tone to talk to him? He shouted, "What do you think you are? How dare you talk to me like this?"

Joss glanced at Cyril coldly. Although he only reached Cyril's waist, as a blacksmith who grew up in a forging shop, he was very adept with the use of the big hammer, and was not at all afraid of weak humans like him. He even thought that he could fight 10 Cyrils alone.

Of course, the most important part was that he would not allow anyone to humiliate Master Rom!

Joey had the same expression, and was even gripping the hammer he carried on his back.

From the looks of it, Gloria has a high chance of winning. Mag watched everything that was happening outside with a smile while standing in front of the restaurant window.

He was not worried that Master Rom would be humiliated by Cyril. After all, Dicus was around, and if Master Rom were to leave because of Cyril, Michael would probably tear the latter apart.

The customers who knew who Rom was looked at Cyril pitifully. If this matter spread to those who wanted weapons from Master Rom, Cyril would probably become a rare treasure hunted by them in an attempt to curry Master Rom's favor.

The funniest part was that that fellow had no idea at all.

The man who brought Cyril over saw Cyril blow up, and knew that the deal was off. If he wasn't careful, he might even end up offending Cyril. He thought quickly, and put on an angry expression, pointing his finger at Joss as he shouted, "Don't push your luck! I think you're just too tired of living— Ouch! Ouch! Ouch!"

Crack!

After the crisp sound, Joey loosened his grip on that man's deformed and fractured finger as he continued standing in front of Master Rom to protect the latter.

Cyril jumped back. When he saw that man's drooping finger, his eyelids twitched. However, this was Chaos City, after all. He regained all his confidence, and howled, "How dare you beat my man up! Today, I will—"

"Cyril, Master Rom is the city lord's distinguished guest. You'd better be more respectful." Just then, Dicus, who was standing slightly at the back, spoke up.

"It's Sir Dicus. I didn't expect you to be here." Cyril was stunned when he saw Dicus. He could recognize this city lord's castle official, and his father even reminded him that Dicus was the city lord's confidante, and should not be trifled with.

However, he quickly came to his senses. He looked at Dicus in shock, then at Rom, and said, "You mean he's the city lord's distinguished guest?"

"Master Rom is the most famous forging master on the entire Norland Continent. No matter where he went, he would be the guest of honor and a distinguished guest," Dicus said sternly. He looked at Cyril a little speechlessly as his heart went out for Jeffree for a moment. How did he father such a son?

Cyril's eyelid started twitching violently upon hearing that. At first, he thought Rom was just some impressive dwarven blacksmith. Never would he have thought that this fellow would have the city lord's castle behind him.

Cyril previously attempted to get into Chaos City's underground world during Bennett's arrest, but Bowen and his son's arrest served as a warning bell to him. After that, he quickly sent the "friend" who suggested that to the city lord's castle, and that was how he escaped a beating from his father.

However, he did not expect that he would trifle with the city lord's guest of honor just after a turn around the corner.

"I see. I'm so sorry for my impudence. It seemed like Master Rom has no intention to be my forging shop's senior consultant. I will not bother you then. Goodbye." Cyril quickly left after bidding farewell.

He finally understood that he was the real iron fool.

Dicus looked at Rom apologetically, and said, "I'm so sorry, Master Rom, this person..."

"It's alright. Weird people exist. I wouldn't stoop to their level," Rom said with a shake of his head.

Upon hearing that, Dicus smiled. The master was of a different level indeed.

“You fool! You almost did me in!” Back in the horse-drawn carriage, Cyril kicked the man who was holding onto his fractured finger while following behind.

“I was wrong. I was wrong...” That man held his hand and sat in a corner, his face full of grievance as his body shook from fear.

Chapter 1656: Isn't This Fish Head Delish?

Clap!

“Idiot!”

Jeffree was staring at Cyril, who was covering his face aggrievedly, with anger. He was so angry that his mustache stood up.

“Father... I-I didn't do anything...” Cyril said softly. He didn't expect his father to summon him as soon as he reached home, and slap him as soon as he met the other party. Perhaps his father had found out about today's incident?

“Didn't do anything? You tried to give Master Rom 1,000,000 copper coins to work at your blacksmith shop, and you dare to say you did nothing?!” Jeffree was so angry that he actually laughed out loud.

Cyril peeped at Jeffree as he softly said, “Didn't that fail? Furthermore, I didn't do anything to him. Didn't you say that we have to be bold when doing business? I simply failed in making a business deal...”

“Shut up, you idiot!” Jeffree back slapped Cyril's face again. He was so furious that he spoke with shaking hands. “Wh-why did I have such a stupid son like you!?”

Cyril covered his face with his hands as he stared at Jeffree with fear. He hadn't seen his father lose his cool for a long time.

“Do you have any idea what kind of existence Master Rom is? The Tian Du sword that Alex used to slay dragons was forged by him! The king of the Roth Empire's sword was forged by him! The sword of Auster, the chief of the Aug Tribe, was forged by him! Five out of the top 10 weapons on the Norland Continent's weapons' ranking came from his hands! The other five are almost all heirloom weapons of all the tribes!”

“Do you have any idea how many 10th-tier powerhouses are lining up and begging him to forge them a weapon, and are rejected by him? If they knew that you had annoyed him, as long as they could please Master Rom, they would stomp into our manor, pluck your head off, wrap it up and send it to Master Rom tonight.”

Jeffree panted as he stared at Cyril, who had seriously failed his expectations. “Do you think you are talking about business? The stupid thing that you did was to offer your head as a gift!”

Thud!

Cyril's knees went weak, and he knelt in front of Jeffree straight away with an ashen face.

He thought he had only made a small blunder, and would get it over after paying a small price. He hadn't expected that he had courted such terrible trouble for himself.

“Father, save me... Father, save me...” Cyril said with terror as he crawled to Jeffrey on his knees.

A group of 10th-tier powerhouses were lining up to pluck his head off. It was scary enough just to think about that scene.

“You have caused such terrifying trouble. Even I cannot save you from this.” Jeffrey pulled back the leg that was grabbed by Cyril.

“Th-then, what should I do? Simply wait at home for them to come and kill me? No, I don’t want to die, I don’t want to die...” Cyril wailed as he shook his head.

“For this matter to be resolved, the only way out is to seek Master Rom’s forgiveness. And, you’ve got to do it before sunrise.” Jeffrey’s expression had already slowly calmed down. He looked at Cyril coldly, and said, “If this matter isn’t resolved properly, not only you will be in dire straits, all of us in the Moreton Family will be in trouble too. Even if you manage to save your life, I’ll still have to exile you from the Moreton Family!”

“Yes! Yes! I’ll apologize to him right now. I’ll go right now!” Cyril got up and stumbled toward the door. He would really lose everything if he actually was exiled.

“Idiot, do you know where to find Master Rom? And how to seek his forgiveness?” Jeffrey’s voice sounded.

Cyril halted his steps instantly. He met Master Rom at Mamy Restaurant at noon, but he really had no idea where he was now. He also had not thought about how to gain his forgiveness. Most probably, he would have to kneel in front of him and kowtow to him in tears as he begged for his forgiveness.

“He had both his breakfast and lunch at Mamy Restaurant today, so he most likely will still appear at Mamy Restaurant tonight. Secondly, he hates people who pester him, so you’d better find someone whom he trusts to put in a good word for you,” Jeffrey said in a calm voice.

“Someone whom he trusts...” The two young dwarves popped into Cyril’s mind first, but obviously they would never help him. As for Dicus, it was even more impossible with his earlier attitude. Even after thinking very hard about it, he still couldn’t think of anyone who could help him.

“There was news which mentioned that Master Rom’s latest piece of work was a cleaver. This cleaver was given to the boss of Mamy Restaurant by him. Furthermore, Master Rom has already eaten two meals continuously at Mamy Restaurant since he arrived at Chaos City. This matter might be resolved if you could ask the boss of Mamy Restaurant to put in a good word for you,” Jeffrey said.

“The boss of Mamy Restaurant?” Cyril looked as if he had swallowed a fly. Of course, he could remember that man. He had conflicts with him at both the Chamber of Commerce’s meetings. This fellow had taken Gloria’s side completely. Asking him to put in a good word for him would be equivalent to a mouse asking a cat for a favor.

However, who was this fellow actually? There were weapons that 10th-tier powerhouses weren’t able to obtain, and he was able to ask Master Rom to forge a cleaver for him? A cleaver?!

“I know you don’t get along well with him. As for what to do, you can decide for yourself,” Jeffrey calmly said. “I’m not going to let the whole family die along with you.”

“Yes.” Cyril left with a dark expression. Being humiliated by that fellow was nothing when compared to losing his head. As long as this matter could blow over, he would still be the second young master of the Moretons. “Prepare the carriage. We’re going to Mamy Restaurant!”

Harris placed his chin on his hand as he watched Rom, who was eating the steamed fish head with diced hot red peppers, with amazement, and mumbled, “This is really perplexing. You actually came to Chaos City too, Old Rom.”

Rom sucked out the brains in the bones, and then instead asked, “Isn’t this fish head delish?”

“Don’t tell me... you really came here for this fish head? You really shifted the workshop thousands of kilometers here to Chaos City because of that?” Harris still couldn’t believe that.

“I wouldn’t have moved if I could have had this at the Issen Castle.” Rom nodded, and then flicked a glance at Harris. “Didn’t you say you liked to wander around, and hated to remain at one place? Why are you staying here too?”

“Because the fish head is really delish.” Harris sighed.

Rom laughed. About 30 to 50 years ago, when Harris was at the Issen Castle, he always went to look for Rom at the workshop. Different from those people who came to ask him for a weapon, he always came with a big box of food. He persevered for many years, and Rom eventually could no longer reject him. Hence, he had forged a chef’s knife for him. They were really chummy, and Harris could be considered as one of his few friends.

“Furthermore, didn’t you say that you wouldn’t forge a chef’s knife for anyone else again? Why did you make one for Boss Mag too?”

“I exchanged it for the fish head.” Rom put down the fish bones that he had finished sucking out the brains from and sighed. “I simply couldn’t resist it.”

Chapter 1657: We Still Have To Obey The Rules In Chaos City After All

Cyril gathered a group of friends at the teahouse. When almost everyone had arrived, he gravely asked, “Do any of you know the boss of Mamy Restaurant?”

A young master in opulent golden clothes chuckled. “The boss of Mamy Restaurant? Is he the guy who keeps thwarting your plans? Why? Are you finally going to teach him a lesson?”

“I’ve heard this restaurant’s boss earns quite a lot. The dishes are exorbitant, and yet the restaurant’s full of customers every day. He can earn hundreds of thousands daily,” someone chimed in enviously.

“Isn’t it still a small restaurant? How dare he antagonize our Young Master Cyril. Do you want us to go to his restaurant? We’re not good at anything, but we’re great at looking for trouble. We can thrash a shop no matter how good its business is.” A ruffian-looking man chuckled as he tried to suck up to Cyril.

Everyone knew a little about Cyril and Gloria’s competition, and the boss of Mamy Restaurant seemed to be on Gloria’s side. They had heard his name from Cyril a few times.

Cyril asked them about the boss of Mamy Restaurant after he gathered them today. Perhaps he had decided to strike against him?

"I'm not going to make trouble for him. Instead, I need to ask him for help," Cyril said with furrowed brows.

"Ask him for help?" Everyone was shocked to hear that. Cyril actually wanted to ask a restaurant's owner for help. Moreover, it was someone who had always been against him?

Cyril nodded. "I need to ask him for help. Do any of you know him well?"

"Ever since I heard that you didn't like him, I haven't gone to his restaurant. Hence, I don't even know what the boss looks like."

"I have never been there, either."

All of them shook their heads.

"None of you knows him?" Cyril furrowed his brows tightly. It seemed like he couldn't depend on this bunch of good-for-nothing friends at all.

"Doesn't your niece have a great relationship with him?" someone reminded him.

All of them glared at him. This chap got to rub his nose in it. Cyril had been very frustrated lately because of Gloria, and this chap still asked him to go and look for her.

Cyril descended deep in thought after hearing that. Although it was humiliating to ask Gloria for help, and she might even not help him, she was the only person that he could look for now. His pride was nothing when it was compared to his life.

"You guys drink on your own. I need to go now as I have something on." Cyril turned and strode to the door, leaving the rest of them looking at one another in befuddlement.

Someone softly asked, "Did Cyril really go to ask Gloria for help?"

"Mars, is what you said for real?" Gloria asked Mars, who had just returned, with a frown in the lounge of the Blue Suede's new factory.

"I met someone I knew on my way back, and he witnessed that incident personally. I'm afraid Cyril has caused huge trouble this time." Mars nodded, and continued, "However, this is actually a good thing for Young Mistress. Master will lean more toward you even if this matter is resolved eventually."

"We shouldn't care about personal gains when facing such huge troubles. If what you said is true, then Master Rom's followers may take their anger out on the Moreton Family because of Cyril. This is no longer just Cyril's matter alone, it concerns the safety of the hundreds of people in the Moreton Family." Gloria shook her head with a worried expression.

"Young Mistress is still thinking about the family's welfare at this time. You have put me to shame." Mars looked at Gloria with admiration before he chuckled. "However, the Moreton Family has been sinking our roots down in Chaos City for decades, and the reputation of the four major families is not

just for show. The city lord's castle and the Gray Temple will not sit back and watch them harm the Moreton Family. Therefore, you don't have to worry too much."

Gloria nodded thoughtfully after hearing that. She still didn't have the full grasp of the Moreton Family's influence. She continued, "But the Marquis Family..."

"That was Bowen and his son asking for it. They decided to run into the city lord's castle's and the Gray Temple's swords. Bennett's incident was enough to make the Marquis Family suffer." Mars shook his head. "However, the father and son's crimes were not serious enough to get them killed, so they will be released sooner or later. But the Marquis Family will never return to their full glory again."

Gloria nodded. "We still have to obey the rules in Chaos City after all."

Right then, a door guard strode in, and respectfully said to Gloria, "Boss, someone who said that he was your uncle requests to see you."

"Uncle?" Gloria frowned, and then doubtfully said, "Could it be Cyril?"

After a moment of pondering, Gloria said to the guard, "Bring him to the lounge."

"Yes." The guard acknowledged and left.

After the guard left, Gloria perplexedly asked, "Perhaps it's because of Master Rom's incident? But I don't know that master, either?"

"He most likely comes to ask you for a favor. Listen to him first, and don't agree to his request directly no matter what he says." Mars was also surprised about Cyril's visit.

"Alright." Gloria nodded. She also wasn't sure about the motive of Cyril's visit.

Cyril followed the guards through the factory's gates. He felt rather upset seeing all the neatly lined up factory buildings.

He had gone to Blue Suede's previous factory earlier, but most of them had shifted to the new factory. Gloria had come to the new factory, so he came here as well.

He didn't expect Gloria to have upgraded to the second factory in a few short months. She had invested a great deal of money, and bought a big piece of land in the north of the city to build this big factory. It was at least 10 times bigger than his blacksmith shops.

He wasn't sure about Blue Suede's sales volume now, but judging from his subordinates' information, Blue Suede was already famous in Chaos City. The exorbitant prices didn't douse the ladies' love for it. It was even out of stock often. It was known as the Mamy Restaurant of the fashion world.

Many haute couture orders that belonged to the famous tailors were now transferred to Blue Suede. The factory operated continuously day and night, and yet they still couldn't meet the demand.

However, Gloria had taken over the Moreton Family's entire textile industry now. From the cotton farms to the textile shops that were spread throughout the Norland Continent, the years of accumulated bad practices, the long chain of sales, and the products that had gradually lost their competitiveness had

made this industry that was once the Moreton Family's main industry became the leech that was hanging onto the family.

Jeffree had tried to transform it before, but it ended in a failure. There were too many Moretons and old staff who had followed him since he started the business. Furthermore, the problems were very complicated, and there was almost no way for him to start.

Gloria was merely a little girl who had just turned 18 years old. What abilities did she have that could revive the industry that Jeffree had already given up?

It's impossible. That doesn't exist, Cyril thought. He tried to make himself less jealous by taking deep breaths. Then, he began to think about how to ask Gloria for help after he met her.

Chapter 1658: Really Heartless

"Uncle Cyril, what a rare visitor." Gloria sat at the main seat with a smile, and said to Cyril, "Come and have a seat here."

Cyril's eyes twitched when he realized Gloria didn't stand up to welcome him. Then, he threw a glance at Mars, who was standing behind her, and a hint of darkness flashed across his eyes, but he soon forced a smile and nodded. "I heard you have moved to a new factory building recently. As your uncle, of course I have to come and take a look."

"Then I will thank you right here, Uncle." Gloria nodded, and then looked at Cyril without uttering a word.

Cyril was still waiting for Gloria to ask him why he came so he could bring up the topic of asking her to introduce him to the Mamy Restaurant's boss and asking him for help. He didn't expect the atmosphere to freeze so awkwardly.

After freezing for a while, Cyril realized that Gloria didn't even have the intention to serve him some tea, yet he couldn't just leave. Hence, he could only smile awkwardly. "Actually, I have come to ask you for help today."

"Given Uncle Cyril's abilities, are there still things that I can help you with?" Gloria asked smilingly.

"This..." Cyril wished he could burrow into the ground. There was no chance for any reconciliation regarding Gloria and his fight for the inheritance rights. His asking her for help now was equivalent to him asking her to slap him across his face.

If he was in her shoes, not only would he watch Gloria suffer, he would also join in and kick her while she was down.

This lass has become shrewd and not easy to fool anymore. Cyril flicked a glance at the unmoving Gloria before he rolled his eyes. He slid down from his chair to sit on the floor and wailed. "Gloria, you have to help me. I have said the wrong things and offended Master Rom. If I don't obtain his forgiveness by sunset today, there will be people lining up to kill me. It's not only me alone, the entire Moreton Family will be involved too."

"Oh, it seems like Uncle has done something great today." Gloria nodded with a calm expression. She wasn't shocked by Cyril's words or behavior.

Cyril and his family had been setting hers up for the past 10-odd years. That she didn't kick him while he was down was already taking into account that they lived under the same roof. But now, he still dared to come and ask her for help shamelessly.

Mars nodded slightly when he saw this scene. He had seen Miss Gloria's improvement with his own eyes in the past few months. He watched her grow from a simple maiden into an inscrutable and mature businesswoman. Her speed of growth had astonished him.

This fellow is really heartless. A hint of gloom flashed across Cyril's eyes, and he continued to cry in despair. "Gloria, maybe you do not know who Master Rom is—"

"Master Rom is the most famous legendary weaponsmith on the Norland Continent. Alex's Tian Du sword came from him. Besides that, he forged nearly countless legendary weapons, and he was honored as the number one weaponsmith in Issen Castle. Countless 10th-tier powerhouses would line up to ask him for a weapon that he had personally forged," Gloria interrupted Cyril. While looking at his surprised expression, she said, "I'm really shocked that Uncle didn't know who he was, and even dared to offend him."

"I..." Cyril choked on his words. This fellow knew everything, but she behaved nonchalantly. It was obvious that she wanted to watch him make a fool of himself. Her sarcastic words even made his cheeks hurt.

But it was close to the evening now, and he still couldn't find anyone else who could put in a good word for him, so he had to pin all his hopes on Gloria.

"The incident has already happened, so it's useless no matter what I explain now. I only hope you can help me plead with the boss of Mamy Restaurant. Ask him to help me apologize to Master Rom and ask for his forgiveness," Cyril pleaded with Gloria earnestly. "I know I have done you many wrongs, but I'm really at my wits' end now. You won't want to see people lining up to kill your uncle too, right?"

"Mr. Mag?" Surprise flashed through Gloria's eyes. What did this incident have to do with Mr. Mag?

Mars also showed a perplexed expression. Cyril should be trying his best to get Master Rom's forgiveness before sunset right now, but what did this got to do with Mr. Mag?

"Yes. I'm afraid only Mr. Mag could help me now." Cyril swiftly nodded. "Master Rom has just arrived at Chaos City. I've heard that Mr. Mag knows Master Rom very well, so there's no one more suitable than him. As long as he's willing to put in a good word for me, this incident will definitely be resolved."

"So, Mr. Mag and Master Rom knew each other?" Gloria was a little surprised, but she didn't show it on her face. After pondering for a moment, she said, "Then, you should be looking for Mr. Mag. Why did you come to look for me?"

"You also know that he and I have some conflicts. I'm afraid he won't listen to me if I go and look for him straight away, let alone ask him to help me," Cyril embarrassedly continued to Gloria. "I know you and he have a good relationship. I hope you can ask him to help me put in a good word with Master Rom since I am your uncle, and this incident will be resolved."

"Mr. Mag and I only have business dealings with each other. Your request will put me in a very difficult spot." Gloria pulled her lips into a sarcastic smirk, and said to Cyril, "Furthermore, don't you think it's

very fake to talk about an uncle-and-niece relationship now? I have never seen you treat my family slightly better because I was your niece.”

“This... This...” Cyril paled and then blushed.

After Cyril’s father chose his older brother to be the successor, he wouldn’t allow Cyril to touch any of the family business. Hence, Cyril could loiter around with those good-for-nothing friends. He didn’t even care when his reputation suffered.

Anyway, no matter how hard he tried, he was no match for his outstanding older brother. Moreover, their father had already chosen his older brother as the successor, and he had never taken a good look at Cyril.

Cyril hated his older brother who gained his father’s favor so easily, so after getting the chance to be the successor, he began to ask for things that he had been missing out on all these years.

Cyril got up from the ground while holding onto the chair. He said to Gloria, “Tell me, what do you want me to do before you will talk to Mag for me?”

“I’ve already made it very clear. Mr. Mag and I are not as close as you imagined.” Gloria still rejected him with a calm expression.

“I don’t want to know about your relationship with him. You’re already a businesswoman now, so let’s talk business. What do you want to gain from me before you would help me,” Cyril said with a frown.

“Perhaps you have already forgotten that I don’t have to do anything to get what I want now.” Gloria smiled.

Chapter 1659: Send Our Guest Out

Cyril’s expression froze completely. His eyes gradually widened as he stared at Gloria. This maiden who was once self-conscious and weak, and didn’t even dare to show her face had become so terrifyingly ruthless.

Just as she said, she didn’t even have to do anything now. She would become the only heir to the Moreton Family simply by watching him being killed by those people who wanted to butter up Master Rom, and then she would get everything that she wanted.

“Gloria, do you really think that I am dead meat this time? I’m the second young master of the Moretons, and this is Chaos City. No matter how powerful those people are, they won’t dare and can’t kill me!” Cyril stared at Gloria with clenched fists.

“I do believe that. Grandfather may use the Moreton Family’s influence to save you considering that you’re his son. But, do you believe you would still remain on the list of successors if he really did that?” Gloria smiled at Cyril. “You are the Moreton Family’s second young master, so this incident will only be pinned on you alone. However, if you become the head of the Moreton Family, and you do such a stupid thing again, this will be a catastrophe for us.”

Cyril turned white instantly. He also released his tightly clenched fists helplessly.

His father didn't have a choice before, so he wouldn't punish him too harshly even when he made a mistake.

However, it was different now. People were already comparing Gloria to Scheer Buffett. As they were both the eldest granddaughters of the four major families, people could find many common traits in them.

This girl who had just entered the business world for a few months had already made a name for herself.

Scheer Buffett had already proven that Ian Buffett's judgement was correct. Women weren't any less than men. Moreover, they could do even better than men.

Cyril's father was an obstinate person, but ever since he agreed to give Gloria a chance, and even handed the textile business to her, he already had a second choice.

Cyril descended into a complete panic. He took two steps forward, and said in a quivering voice, "Gloria, please help me. I was wrong. I promise I will never go against you again—"

"Uncle Cyril, I suggest you better leave and think of another solution while the sun is still up," Gloria interrupted Cyril mercilessly before saying toward the door, "Send our guest out."

Two strong orc security officers came in. They coaxed and dragged Cyril out.

Gloria looked at the door without any signs of elation on her face.

Mars stood at the side quietly. He, too, was silent.

The silence continued for a long time before Gloria softly said, "Was I too ruthless?"

Mars shook his head. "Young Mistress is a kind person. Given all the things that Cyril had done to you and your family in the past, you have already taken your kinship with Cyril into account by not kicking him when he was down today."

"But Grandfather..."

"Everyone has to be responsible for their own actions. Master is a reasonable person."

Gloria was thoughtful. Then, a smile appeared on her face again. As she walked out, she said, "I'm going to check on the progress of the new employees' training."

Mars swiftly caught up with her with a smile, and answered, "This new batch's elves are nimble and careful. They learn very quickly even if they don't have previous training. Their skills become on par with those of the experienced tailors in only a matter of days. Their speed has even exceeded the ordinary tailors'."

"Elves are indeed nature's favored ones. They have the natural advantages and talent for handiwork. We really have to thank the Night Elves for this batch of excellent workers." Gloria was surprised to hear the report. She halted after a few steps, and asked Mars, "Have we decided on the new salary model? Those who are capable should be paid more. We should give the good employees the salary that they deserve."

“We have basically decided on it. According to your wishes, the new factory produces clothes in a pipeline fashion. Different workshops are responsible for different procedures, and every employee is responsible for a certain part of the clothes. The salary is paid according to the number of clothes that they made. The more they do, the more they will receive.” Mars nodded. “After retrenching the majority of the old tailors, our manpower cost has decreased greatly. Moreover, judging from today’s test, the increase in efficiency is rather significant. It’s already enough to satisfy the Blue Suede’s demands now. Your reform solution is simply marvelous, and it solved the greatest problem of expansion.”

“That’s great.” Gloria nodded slightly and continued to walk ahead. However, she was thinking, *Mr. Mag’s solution is indeed awesome!*

“What about the fabrics’ sales channels and farms?” Gloria asked again after walking a few more steps.

“According to your instructions, the fabrics’ sales channels everywhere are conducting a large-scale retrenchment now. They’re only retaining the core sales team in every city. All the fabric stores are trying to clear their inventories as much as they can right now. After deducting the retrenchment payouts, we’ve got back quite a big sum of cash.

“As for the farms, we have shut down a batch of them that were badly run, and had been losing money for a long time. We’ve sold a few farms that were profitable. We only retained the farms focused on growing cotton. The first set of funds meant to expand the scale of cotton growing is already sent to the farms. Many farm owners whose farms had been shut down or sold were looking for you recently, but I have stopped them all. Many of them are members of the Moreton Family.”

Mars perplexedly asked Gloria, “However, Young Mistress, please pardon me for asking this, but if you want to close down the fabric shops, why are you still keeping the core sales team in every city? Why are you still expanding the scale of cotton growing?”

“The Moreton Family’s textile industry has accumulated a ton of problems over the years. In order to expand our market shares in the past, we had opened so many shops everywhere with no regards to the cost. Many of these shops are not even 100 meters away from one another. We have too much frontline sales personnel, and there is serious corruption among them. This costs a huge sum in expenditures every month. Everything has been living off the blood and sweat of the other Moretons’ businesses, and it is barely afloat,” Gloria calmly said. “Grandfather has already decided to shut down the production completely. He’s simply giving me three months’ time to save this business. If I don’t have a ruthless determination, it’s only going to extend their lifespans for another three months.”

“Master started his business empire with the textile business then, and he was even called the ‘King of Textiles’. The Moreton Family’s textile business’ current mess was caused by many complicated reasons. Some were within the family, while others were external. The rapid expansion to open shops was one, the loss of control of the shops was another one. But the crux is the rapid development of the Roth Empire’s textile industry in the past 10 years. With their cheap labor and massive textile manufacturing systems, they managed to grab a huge share of the market on the Norland Continent. The Moreton Family couldn’t even keep its market share in Chaos City,” Mars lamented. “Master had even tried to carry out a few reforms personally a few years ago, but they all ended in failure. Hence, it’s extremely difficult to turn the losses into profits in three months’ time.”

Chapter 1660: I'm Just A Silly Doorman

"Get lost. Let me go in!!!"

"Do you know who I am?! How dare you stop me? I'm going to fire all of you!"

Cyril glared at the tightly shut doors and the two orc guards who escorted him out as he screamed hysterically.

The honest-looking orc shook his head. "I'm just a doorman who is sad every day. My wages are only enough for breakfast, and love has nothing to do with me. I'm just a silly doorman, and I don't know who you are."

The other doorman took out a bag of teddy biscuits out of nowhere, and began munching as he murmured, "I am a doorman who loves to eat teddy biscuits."

"I..." Cyril clenched his fists as he stared at the two security officers who didn't give a damn about him. He was so furious, yet there was nothing he could do.

This was Gloria's factory, and they were Gloria's people. He indeed couldn't do anything to them.

"Alright, Gloria. I have finally seen through you. I'm definitely not going to let your family have any good time if I survive this ordeal and become the head of the Moreton Family!!!" Cyril got into his carriage in a huff.

The coachman gingerly asked, "Young Master, where do we go now?"

Cyril scratched his head in the carriage for a long time before he gravely said, "To Mamy Restaurant!"

"If an ordinary solution is used to rebuild the Moreton Family's textile systems, how am I, an inexperienced person, going to succeed when even Grandfather has failed." Gloria shook her head with a smile. "The objective of shutting down and selling all the weaving and spinning businesses is to make the Moreton Family's textile business into an asset-light business. The sales network that has been operating for decades is the valuable part in the entire industrial chain. This is also why I kept the core sales in all the cities."

Mars responded, "However, we will have nothing to sell if we close all the production lines. Won't the sales network become useless then?"

Gloria smiled. "Mr. Mag's textile factory has been up and running for some time. I went to inspect it a few days ago. Its annual output is even higher than that of all our weaving workshops combined, and its fabric quality is much better."

"Are you planning to work with Mr. Mag? Are we going to use our sales channels to help him sell fabrics?" Mars looked very shocked.

He had known about Gloria and Mag's collaboration for a long time, and had even interacted with Mr. Mag a few times. He was very impressed by the latter's wisdom and unique business insights. Mars even

thought that Mag would have been a greater business prodigy than Scheer Buffett if he hadn't been held back by cooking.

Mr. Mag, who was their fashion designer, definitely deserved the most credit for Blue Suede's rapid rise as the number one female apparel brand in Chaos City.

However, he didn't expect Mr. Mag to venture in the textile industry so quickly. Furthermore, the new factory had already achieved the combined output of all the Moreton Family's weaving workshops?

"Yes. Mr. Mag will sell the high-quality fabrics to us at a price that is lower than the market price, and then we will sell them all over the world with our sales channels." Gloria nodded.

"What is that price approximately?" Mars pursued. He was worried that Gloria, who had just taken over the textile business, had stepped into a trap.

"It's 30% lower than the cost price of our factories in the Roth Empire."

"30%!!!" Mars screeched. He halted and stared at Gloria in disbelief. "You are saying it's 30% lower than the cost price, and not the sales price?"

Gloria nodded with a smile. "Yes. It's 30% lower than the cost price. Furthermore, Mr. Mag said that if we could supply them with high quality cotton at a low price, he could even forgo another 10% of the price."

"Thus, you kept all the farms that grow the cotton. You gave them the funds to buy more land, and asked them all to plant the best cotton plants." Mars was enlightened, and he said to Gloria with amazement, "I didn't know that Young Mistress has already made begun an important collaboration with Mr. Mag. If we can get high-quality fabrics and cotton yarn at such a low price, then we will gain a huge competitive advantage in every market in the world with the price."

Gloria nodded. "Mr. Mag made a request while giving us such a good discount. He and I will both invest and set up a fabric brand. We will share this brand and its profits."

"This is a reasonable request." Mars nodded. With a low price, it would not be difficult if Mag decided to break into the market himself. He simply needed some time.

He'd chosen to collaborate with Gloria, and had shown such sincerity by setting up a brand and investing in it together; their collaboration would also be so much more closely knitted.

"After we clear and close all the shops of the brands under our umbrella, we can start to plan how to distribute the goods for the new brand. We are not going to set up too many stores this time round. We will only open big stores, and promote our products with their low price so we can lower the cost of our manpower while increasing our sales volume." Gloria chuckled. "Mr. Mag said that as long as we can make the sales, he could double his output anytime."

"Mr. Mag is really a genius." Mars was already more than amazed with him. The Moretons had been trying to lower the cost and increase the output for decades to no avail, but it became as easy as child's play with Mag.

"Mr. Mag and I have agreed to hand over the goods early next month. Before that, we will need to come up with the funds, and make sure that our sales teams are ready to market the new brand." Gloria

looked at Mars. “Whether we can turn the textile business’ losses into profits within three months will all depend on this.”

“Mr. Mag, help me. Please help me...”

When Mag opened the door, he was stunned to see Cyril bowing and pleading earnestly.

Something was not right. What was wrong with this Moreton Family’s second young master who always looked down on Mag, and insulted the latter in the Chamber of Commerce’s annual meetings?

“Did I get the wrong person?” Mag tried to ask.

“No, you didn’t. I’m Cyril. The Cyril that you know.” Cyril quickly shook his head, and cried to Mr. Mag, “Mr. Mag, I came to ask you for help today.”

Mag rolled his eyes, and asked, “Do you really think that I will help you?”

“Errrr...”

Cyril, who had been building up his emotions, suddenly choked on the words that he had prepared to say as he stared at Mag. Hey, the other party wasn’t playing by the rules!

Why did he speak like that? He wasn’t giving Cyril a chance to talk at all!