

Stay At home 1661

Chapter 1661: I've Also Once Wanted To Roam The World With A Sword

Mag looked at Cyril calmly. He had already guessed the other party's motive for coming.

However, Mag was not a fool. He wouldn't go over to speak up for Cyril. It was only normal for him to add oil to the fire.

Mag didn't really like the Moreton Family, was a little unhappy with that old-fashioned president, and he really couldn't be bothered with Cyril, who suddenly appeared to show off his IQ. However, if he had the chance, he wouldn't mind lifting his foot up to kill that disgusting cockroach.

Of course, the most important thing was that if Cyril fell from grace, the heir would definitely be Gloria.

Mag was quite fond of this smart lady, and had decided to forge a deep friendship with her.

Of course, it was only in the business aspect.

Although Gloria was still inadequate in many ways compared to Scheer, Mag would rather interact with Gloria, whose wings weren't fully developed yet, than with the overly shrewd Scheer.

Men all prefer things they raised themselves.

Cyril looked at Mag vengefully. This fellow's disgusting tricks were just like Gloria's.

However, he could not blow up, and was even afraid to infuriate Mag at this juncture. Otherwise, he probably wouldn't be able to live past tonight if Mag badmouthed him in front of Master Rom.

"Mr. Mag, I was at fault previously for enraging you time and again. I would hereby like to express my most sincere apology, and hope that you will not take it against me, and will put in a few good words for me in front of Master Rom," Cyril begged with a crying face. After that, he added, "I hope that you can help me on account of Gloria. I know you are quite close to her. I am her uncle, and I heard that you're still single. I can also be your wingman."

"Hm?" Mag looked at Cyril in shock. *What is going on? After failing to ask for help, he's trying to sell his niece now?*

"Hold on. Who said that I'm still single? My daughter is already four. Do you think I could have her myself?" Mag pressed his lips together, and looked at Cyril with a mocking smile as he said, "Also, Miss Gloria and I have the most innocent business partner relationship. We are quite close, and if I helped you, wouldn't I be breaking that relationship?"

"This matter concerns the Moreton Family's safety. Gloria is also on my side," Cyril quickly said.

"Are you a fool, or do you think I'm a fool?" Mag shut the door with a loud thud, and could not be bothered with Cyril anymore.

Mag had witnessed Master Rom's influence. When he was at Issen Castle, there would always be powerhouses lining up outside, begging for a weapon, and he was known as the dwarf that you could not offend because there would always be a group of crazy bodyguards finding a chance to curry favor with him.

Cyril, however, jumped out on his own to become the jester to let others claim the credit.

Mag didn't think that Cyril would really be hacked to death. The city lord would never let something like that happen on account of the Moreton Family. However, no one would let it slide so easily. Cyril would have to lose a layer of skin even if he didn't die.

As for whether Jeffree would still allow him to be a candidate to the heir of the Moreton Family, it would have to depend on whether he really wanted to let Gloria take the helm.

"Interesting." Mag went back to his seat with a smile. The teapot on the little stove was still steaming. He picked up the "Master of Secrets" that he was reading halfway, and continued reading. This book was really a good read compared to the Cthulhu Mythos series.

"Darn!" Cyril punched the tree by the restaurant with an ashen face as the veins on his forehead popped out.

After meeting with setbacks from Gloria and Mag, Cyril started to feel anxious as he saw the sun starting to set and the line forming in front of the restaurant.

It seemed too late to find someone to get him connections now.

Cyril looked at the customers chatting merrily at the door. He clenched his fists, and thought to himself, *It seems like I'll have to apologize to that old fogey. I only have a single chance. I must get his forgiveness!*

"Master Rom, we've already confirmed the place for the forging shop. There will be workers building the new forging shop based on your requirements. If you need anything, you can send someone to look for me. The city lord's castle will do its best to help you." Dicus looked at Rom with a smile, and said, "The city lord has organized a banquet tonight..."

"I thank the city lord for his help, but there's no need to trouble the city lord with the banquet. I'll just settle for something at Mamy Restaurant. I appreciate the kind intention," Rom rejected with a smile.

"The city lord knows that the food at the city lord's castle isn't good enough for you, so he has organized a banquet at Mamy Restaurant to welcome you. This is a private banquet, so he will only bring his family along," Dicus said with a smile.

Upon hearing that, Rom nodded with a smile, and said, "In that case, it would not be nice of me to reject. Of course, I would also like to thank Sir Michael personally for helping me with the things regarding the forging shop."

"Father, is the person we're going to meet today really Master Rom who made the Tian Du sword?" Vivian asked Michael excitedly.

"Yes. The location for Master Rom's new forging shop had been confirmed. It's near Aden Square." Michael nodded with a smile.

“Then can he also make me a sword too?” Vivian asked expectantly.

“I thought you’ve stopped practicing your swordsmanship for years.”

“But I’ve also once wanted to roam the world with a sword...” Vivian said softly. “Besides, showing off a sword that’s of the same league as the Tian Du sword is so impressive.”

“There are so many swordsmen who begged in vain for a weapon. Even 10th-tier powerhouses don’t get a chance, but a lass like you is asking for it so blatantly. How fearless.” Michael let out a speechless laugh.

“I see... I was just kidding. It’s not very convenient to go shopping with a sword. I was just kidding...” Vivian stuck her tongue out, and then curiously asked, “Since Master Rom is so great, why did he come to Chaos City?”

“Yeah, you’ve written him a letter years ago, and were rejected, right?” Michael’s wife, who was sitting in front of him, asked curiously.

“We’ll have to credit Boss Mag for being able to attract such a legendary forging master like Master Rom,” Michael said with a smile.

“Boss Mag?” Vivian exclaimed. “What did he do?”

“According to Master Rom himself, he came to Chaos City because it was more convenient for him to have Boss Mag’s steamed fish head with diced hot red peppers,” Michael said with a smile.

“This reason... is very believable.” Vivian nodded with understanding. “If it were me, I would also move over to Chaos City to be able to have spicy grilled fish every day no matter how far it was.”

“This Boss Mag is quite capable,” the city lord’s wife said with a smile as she covered her mouth.

Vivian’s eyes suddenly lit up. Smiling, she said, “Hey! Father, since Boss Mag could even make Master Rom come to Chaos City, why don’t you get him to try getting talents from other fields to Chaos City as well? For example, the master from the demon tribe who’s good at calculus, the fighting master from the orc tribe...”

Chapter 1662: Aren’t You The Grandpa Who Sells Cleavers At Issen Castle?

“You’re a little clever girl.” Michael could not help but smile. After pondering the suggestion for a while, he said, “I am very confident in Boss Mag’s food, but the prerequisite is that these people have to try Boss Mag’s dishes first, and that is not an easy thing to make happen.”

“That’s easy. Father, you can hold a Norland Continent competition in Chaos City, and get the Chamber of Commerce to sponsor it with a hefty sum for rewards to attract talents of all fields to come to Chaos City to join the competition. After that, send the best batch to Mamy Restaurant for a meal, and then most of them will definitely not bear to leave,” Vivian suggested.

“Mm-hmm. That is a good idea. There hasn’t been a continent-wide skills competition before. If we organize it, we can invite the cream of the crop from every industry to join the competition.” Michael’s eyes lit up excitedly.

“Yes, yes. We can even organize a God of Cookery competition, and invite all the famous chefs on the Norland Continent to fight for the title of the God of Cookery. That would definitely attract a lot of people. Not only could it increase Chaos City’s influence, if there were people who choose to stay, we could also increase our population and strength,” Vivian agreed.

“Didn’t we agree that we were all going to go out for dinner as a family, and we’d not talk about work?” The city lord’s wife looked at the father-and-daughter duo who got increasingly excited. She rolled her eyes at Michael, and said, “You can even talk about work with Vivian even if you didn’t bring your subordinates out.”

With a smile, Michael said, “I didn’t expect Vivian to be so sharp, and she gave me a lot of inspiration. I’m even thinking of getting her a role as a secretary at the city lord’s castle. The addition of new blood might give those old folks some new ideas.”

Vivian quickly shook her head, and declared, “That won’t do. I’m already prepared to join the interview for Chaos School. I want to be like Luna and do something for education! I won’t be joining you, adults, in politics.”

“Don’t you get cocky. Chaos School will not let you have it easy just because you’re the young mistress of the city lord’s castle. You’re already so confident with just that amount of preparation time.” The city lord’s wife doused a bucket of cold water over Vivian’s passion.

“Mother...” Vivian pouted with grievance.

“How could that be? Our Vivian is so outstanding. Although she might be a little quirky, she’s more well-read than most teachers in Chaos School, and is very knowledgeable. On top of that, she has a sincere heart for education. I believe she will get through with no problem at all,” Michael said while looking at Vivian dotingly.

“Hehe. Father knows me best.” Vivian quickly put on a smile, and even started making faces at her mother.

“You can continue spoiling her,” the city lord’s wife said with a smile.

“She’s my only daughter. Whom do I spoil if not her?” Michael said matter-of-factly.

The horse-drawn carriage came to a stop very quickly, and the coachman’s voice came from outside.

“Sir, we’ve arrived at Mamy Restaurant.”

“Let’s go. Honey, today I’ll let you try Boss Mag’s culinary skills.” Michael stood up with a smile.

“Mother, the spicy grilled fish is superb. Today you’ll find out that I wasn’t boasting at all,” Vivian said in a rather proud tone.

“Alright, let’s alight.” The city lord’s wife held Vivian’s hand with a smile, and said, “Let’s not talk about how the food tastes for now. Today, I have to thank Mr. Mag personally for curing your illness. He’s your savior. We’re indebted to him, and we should never forget that.”

The horse-drawn carriage from the city lord’s castle had stopped by the side, but there seemed to be quite some people crowding around, looking at something behind the long line.

“Master Rom, I was wrong. I was shortsighted, and didn’t know better. Please forgive me for my impudence this afternoon.” Cyril was standing beside Master Rom, bowing so deeply his head was almost touching the ground. His voice was a little shaky, and his face was flushed red.

The customers in the line, and even some passersby, crowded over to watch.

Most customers quickly identified Cyril as the cocky one who wanted to hire Master Rom, but they did not expect him to suddenly change his stance, begging for the master’s forgiveness in such a lowly way.

At this moment, Cyril only wanted to find a hole to hide in. He was considered quite a public figure in Chaos City’s business field, and he was once regarded as the next leader of the Moreton Family. However, he was bowing down low to a dwarf, apologizing and begging for his forgiveness now.

“You’re going to give up on the deal?” Master Rom looked at Cyril with a smile.

“I wouldn’t dare not to. I was blind. I beg you to forgive me with magnanimity this time.” Cyril felt his face burning. He sneaked a glance at Rom. If he couldn’t get his forgiveness today, he might not be able to sleep tonight.

“Forgiveness?” Rom looked at Cyril. He didn’t really take to heart what Cyril did this afternoon. It was considered a rather novel experience for him since he hadn’t met anyone like that in Issen Castle.

However, he could probably guess the reason Cyril came back with an apology after leaving.

Although it was not his intention, those people who wanted a weapon from him were always trying to find ways to please him, and that was why there was a period of time no one dared to pass by his forging shop at Issen Castle. They were afraid that even a glance would land them with a crime of disrespecting the master, and they might get caught and thrown in front of Master Rom.

He wasn’t sure how many of those people had followed him over to Chaos City, but he could be certain that this tradition would continue.

Since it was his first time at Chaos City, Rom did not want to cause a ruckus and make things difficult for the city lord’s castle. Therefore, he was going to accept Cyril’s apology and move on.

“Hey, aren’t you the grandpa who sells cleavers at Issen Castle? What are you doing at Chaos City?” Just then, a gentle voice sounded from the side.

Rom turned to look in the direction of the voice, and saw a young lady who was squeezing her way through the crowd. She was wearing a white fluffy down jacket, and her two braids were swinging from left to right as she skipped around. Her cute little face was filled with shock and surprise. It was Mag’s cute daughter.

“Jeez...”

When everyone heard that, they took a deep breath of cold air in. The little boss actually called Master Rom the grandpa who sells cleavers. How insulting!

Master Rom was titled the Norland Continent’s best blacksmith, and to say that he was someone who sold cleavers was akin to scolding him.

Great, this is a chance for me to shine! Mag, I bet it's your turn to cry. Cyril's eyes lit up when he heard the voice. He glanced over and saw Amy, who was skipping over. He stood right up, and bellowed, "Outrageous! Lass—"

"Hey, it's Little Amy. You've grown a little taller." Before Cyril could speak further, Rom was already looking at Amy with a pampering look and smile as he said, "The cleavers aren't selling well, so I came over to Chaos City to sell them."

"It's alright. I'll get Father to buy a few more." Amy looked at Rom, and comforted, "We might not have steamed fish head with diced hot red peppers, but we will always have bread."

"Er..." Everyone's eyes gaped widely at this scene.

Why isn't it going as it should be! Cyril was also in disbelief as he looked at Master Rom smiling benevolently, and felt as though a fishbone got stuck in his throat.

Chapter 1663: Could Also Be Picked Up From The Bin

"So the little boss knows Master Rom." When the customers saw this scene, they came to a sudden realization, and looked at Cyril pitifully. This was fate.

"Master Rom pampers Little Boss so much."

"Yeah. Only the little boss can make the legendary weaponsmith call himself a cleaver seller."

"You're right when you're cute!"

Everyone talked among themselves softly as they looked at Amy with a smile.

Cyril stood at the side awkwardly, and forgot to shut his mouth, which he had opened wide in shock. At that moment, he was so flustered he didn't even know where to put his hands.

He thought that this little brat's mindless words would infuriate Master Rom, and that would give him a chance to perform.

However, he didn't expect Master Rom and this little brat to know each other!

"Isn't this the hateful uncle?" Amy turned her head to look at Cyril after greeting Rom and frowned.

"Little Amy, do you know him?" Rom, who was already going to forgive Cyril, asked with a smile.

"Mm-hmm. This uncle is super hateful. He even made things difficult for the kind Teacher Luna and the beautiful Big Sister Gloria. Anyway, he's just a bad guy through and through," Amy said in disdain with a nod.

"I..." Cyril stared wide-eyed at Amy. He didn't expect to suddenly receive such a huge blow at this important juncture.

"Master Rom, hear me out. Things aren't like what she said. I... I am actually a nice guy..." Cyril quickly explained.

"Tsk. He's no nice guy. He's simply an old wastrel, and is very hateful," Vivian said with disdain with her lips pressed together as she squeezed in.

“Looks like Jeffrey’s going to have a headache,” Michael said with a smile.

Rom looked at Cyril and frowned slightly. It looked like this fellow was worse than he thought. It was not a coincidence that he behaved so cockily in front of him. If it weren’t that he was afraid of being hammered to death by Rom’s followers, he probably wouldn’t be here apologizing so sincerely.

Cyril’s heart pounded quickly. His legs were already shaking, and he almost could not hold back the urge to kneel.

“Although I don’t know you, it seems that whatever you did wasn’t in a moment of folly. As an adult, you should be responsible for your own actions.” Rom looked at Cyril, who had his knees bent to kneel, calmly. Then, he added, “Also, I hate it when people won’t stop bugging me, especially men. Either you leave on your own, or wait for someone to chase you away.”

Cyril straightened his bent knees, and died a little inside. He glanced at Joey and Joss on his left and right, and knew that he was done for. He bowed to Rom, and quickly walked towards his horse-drawn carriage.

He had to go home immediately right now because that was the safest place to be.

Everyone watched Cyril leave sornily. He was really done for this time. Master Rom’s words were akin to sealing his coffin up with a few more iron nails hammered in.

“Master Rom, it’s been a while.” Michael brought Vivian and his wife forward.

“City Lord!”

Everyone noticed the city lord’s family and bowed in respect.

Rom also smiled and nodded to Michael as he said, “Sir, it’s been a while.”

“Dispense with ceremony. I came here today to eat. I’m Mamy Restaurant’s customer just like everyone else.” Michael waved his hand with a smile, and told Rom, “I will be lining up at the back first. We’ll talk again inside.”

“Sir, please, go ahead and stand in front. We can be behind you.” The customers standing behind all stepped back, and made a space behind Master Rom.

“You don’t have to make way for me. We will line up as per the rules.” Michael waved with a smile.

“Chaos City is a city with rules, and Mamy Restaurant is a restaurant with rules. We’ll follow the rules.”

Upon hearing that, everyone smiled. They were all very willing to abide by Mamy Restaurant’s rules. Everyone came together to create and maintain a very special atmosphere because of the delicious food.

Over here, racial tensions and status differences seemed to have become insignificant.

It was because of those strict yet acceptable rules, and also because of the delicacies that made one feel blissful.

“Hello Big Sister Vivian, Uncle City Lord, and Beautiful Auntie.” Amy greeted them. After that, she bade Rom farewell, and skipped towards the entrance of the restaurant.

“What a cute little girl.” The city lord’s wife, Monica, watched Amy skip off.

“She’s Boss Mag’s daughter, Amy, and is also the little boss of Mamy Restaurant. On top of that, she’s also Luna’s student, and is truly the treasure of Mamy Restaurant,” Vivian introduced.

“How cute. She’s way cuter than you when you were young,” Monica said enviously. “Her mother must be elated to have such a cute girl.”

“Mother, I’m still a baby...” Vivian said with complicated feelings.

Michael turned his head, and said, “Says who? I think our Vivian was very cute when she was little. Look at her large eyes, large nose, large ears...”

“Alright, Father, you can shut up now.” Vivian rolled her eyes. “Am I a pig?!”

“Exactly. There was a period when you kept calling yourself piggy girl when you were young,” Monica said with a chuckle as she covered her mouth, as though she had thought of something funny.

“I can attest to that. Your mother isn’t lying,” Michael agreed.

“Alright, alright. I know. Luckily, I wasn’t born in winter. Otherwise, I would start suspecting that I was picked up from the snow,” Vivian said helplessly.

“Even if you weren’t picked up from the snow, you could also be picked up from the bin,” Monica reminded her daughter with a laugh.

Vivian paused in her tracks, and looked at Monica as she seriously said, “Mother, I’m not bringing you here anymore.”

“Then I’ll have no choice but to come with my husband,” Monica said with a smile as she wrapped her arms around Michael’s arm.

Michael shrugged to express that there was nothing he could do about it.

Vivian looked at them, and fell silent for a while. After that, she said, “Alright, if that’s the case, I’ll... I’ll join you guys.” She put on a bright smile and held Monica’s arm.

“When the time comes, it will happen.” Mag watched Cyril escape sornily in his horse-drawn carriage inside the restaurant, and shook his head with a smile. Amy’s coincidental stirring had dashed Cyril’s last hope of solving the problem on his own. Now, he could only return to face Jeffree’s rage.

Amy walked into the restaurant, and hung her bag on Ugly Duckling. She looked up at Mag, and said, “Father, I met the grandpa who was selling cleavers outside the restaurant. He’s so pitiful. He traveled such a long distance to sell cleavers. Why don’t we buy a few more cleavers from him?”

Chapter 1664: It’s Probably Little Red Riding Hood

“If he’s willing to sell, I won’t mind buying a few more cleavers,” Mag said with a smile. As long as it was something made by Master Rom, even if it was just a cleaver, it could fetch a sky-high price.

For example, the Fat Head Fish that Mag had. He would be able to fight a 10th-tier knight with it with no pressure at all.

However, he didn't expect Master Rom to just be a grandpa selling cleavers to Amy. It seemed like there was a need to find an appropriate time to introduce some of the people around her.

Otherwise, she might think that her masters were just a grandpa selling magic potions and an idle grandpa.

"I see..." Amy thought for a while, and said, "Then I'll convince him to sell a few more cleavers to us."

"Alright, as long as you can successfully convince him. It would be best if he could make you a weapon," Mag said with a smile.

"Weapon? I think the magic wand that Master gave me is pretty good." Amy looked at Mag in bewilderment.

"That's just a basic weapon that you can use when you are growing before you become a great magic caster. However, after you become even stronger, it will not be sufficient for your abilities," Mag continued with a smile. "Although that is a custom-made weapon your master made for you, if Master Rom can make you a weapon, that weapon will be the one that you can use for your entire life."

"So do I have to use a cleaver when I grow up?" Amy asked after thinking seriously.

"Ahem..." Mag let out a dry cough. He could not help but stroke Amy's head with a smile as he said, "Alright, now it's still too early to think about that. Go and play with Ugly Duckling."

"Meow~"

Ugly Duckling, who was at the side with Amy's bag, shook its tail in bewilderment. It used its head to caress Amy's calf and lay on her foot, rolling around coquettishly.

"Stupid Ugly Duckling. You dropped my bag on the floor," Amy said in disdain as she kicked Ugly Duckling aside, and picked her bag up.

"Meow???"

Ugly Duckling lay on the floor, facing up innocently. *Am I not cuter than a bag?*

"No, thank you!"

Amy rolled her eyes at it.

"Meow~"

Ugly Duckling covered its eyes sorrowfully.

Although it does seem pretty weird to be using a cleaver, since Father said that I'll have to use the weapon made by Cleaver Grandpa when I grow up, I'll get him to make one for me. I just don't know if my masters would be angry. Amy put her bag behind the counter, and pondered seriously with her chin propped on her hand.

Miya and Babla arrived at the restaurant earlier, and they were chatting while waiting for dinner to be ready.

"What do young ladies talk about usually?" Babla asked curiously.

“Er...”

Everyone exchanged gazes and fell silent.

Everyone was a young lady, but none of them were considered ordinary young ladies.

Yabemiya had been oppressed for years in the kitchen. Babla had been living a life of luxury in the Moon Nation. Elizabeth had been loaded with responsibilities and hatred since she was young. Gina had only been learning magic since she was young. Jane had been working hard just to survive on Carapace Island. Angela was also not considered a qualified succubus. As for Camilla, she was probably no longer a young lady.

If they were to think about it strictly, only Rena could be considered an ordinary young lady.

However, she was currently making the hot pot soup base in the kitchen, so she did not join the conversation.

“I just got home from school, and heard the big sisters on the streets talk about body figures.” Amy looked at everyone with a smile, and said, “So I guess that’s what young ladies talk about?”

“Body figures?”

Upon hearing that, everyone looked around, and their gaze paused at a certain body part of theirs before stealthily moving on to the next person.

Babla shrank back a little. She suddenly regretted asking that question.

“Big Sister Miya’s figure is great! Although she looks thin, her lines are beautiful. The most important thing is... she actually has boobs!” Firis peeked out and looked at Miya enviously.

“So do I.” Gina sat up straight to bring out her full figure.

“Me too.” Angela stood up confidently.

Elizabeth crossed her arms without saying a word, but the silence was more than enough.

Jane looked at everyone, and only realized that all of them had such good figures.

“I...” Babla looked at everyone, and suddenly became depressed as she muttered under her breath, “Am still growing...”

Everyone burst into laughter, and the atmosphere became light once again.

Babla bit her lip, and didn’t feel like she was mocked. She was just a little bewildered. If Miya and the rest were considered ladies with good figures, what was her figure?

“It’s alright. Babla is still a small girl. Just have some more tofu pudding every day, and you will grow even faster,” Miya encouraged as she put her arm around Babla’s shoulder.

“Our school’s vice-headmaster is 68 this year, and her figure is almost the same as Big Sister Babla’s,” Amy reminded.

Everyone was stunned. After that, a roar of laughter erupted.

Babla slowly raised her brow. She suddenly felt a sense of crisis. If this had nothing to do with age, then she was not going to grow anymore?

Mag could not help but smile when he heard the ladies' laughter and joyous chattering from the kitchen. However, it did not seem too appropriate for him to join this conversation, so he continued to grind his beans quietly.

The topics of young ladies naturally didn't just stop at body figure. There were also fashion, relationships, childhood stories, future dreams and aspirations, whether they want to have children... They could talk about life, talk about dreams, and talk the day away.

It was just that the lives of the ladies in the restaurant were too simple. Of course, the most important thing was that they were not good conversation starters. That was why they could only continue dwelling on topics such as whose figure was better.

Everyone could have sat down and talked about interesting things that happened in their tribes. For example, the heroic story of how the Frost Dragon tribe's previous chief got the position, or the story of how the new vampire ancestor started eating grass, or even some of the sad stories of the succubus tribe's rise and fall. These were all topics that could go on for three days and three nights, and they definitely would not be boring.

Seems like I'll have to find some time to do a team bonding for the restaurant's staff to teach these ladies who aren't good at making friends how to carry a conversation, Mag thought to himself. Tomorrow will be an off-day, but it's the day of Mana Hot Pot Restaurant. The team bonding will have to wait.

"Dinner's ready. Everyone, get ready to eat." Mag walked out of the kitchen with a tray of food.

Everyone automatically went to help.

Babla looked at Mag and hesitated for a very long time before asking, "Boss, what's my figure considered?"

Mag glanced at Irina, thought very seriously while looking at Babla, and said, "It's probably little red riding hood."

"Little red riding hood?" Babla was bewildered.

The others also look at Mag in bewilderment. What did that mean?

"Little red riding hood is really pitiful. Her grandma got eaten up by the wolf," Amy mumbled as she bit into a drumstick.

Chapter 1665: Strange

"But I don't have a grandma," Babla said with a shake of her head after thinking through what Mag and Amy said.

The corner of Elizabeth's lips twitched a little. She lowered her head and started wolfing down the Yangzhou fried rice to stop herself from laughing.

Camilla glanced at Mag as she thought to herself, *This fellow is not upright indeed.*

However, Irina had a meaningful smile on her face. She didn't expect him to already learn how to talk like that.

"That's right. Let's eat." Mag nodded as he stifled his laughter, and picked up his chopsticks to start eating.

"Strange." Babla frowned. She still didn't understand what was going on, so she just picked up her chopsticks and started eating too.

"Father, I was wrong. Please save me. Please save me..."

The moment Cyril returned to Moreton Manor, he scurried into the study room, and knelt in front of Jeffree, hugging his leg and crying loudly.

Jeffree watched him coldly and silently.

"Gloria refused to help me. She could have spoken up for me, but she didn't because of her own selfish reasons. She—"

"Shut up! Can you be a human!" Jeffree kicked Cyril away, and looked at him coldly as he said, "It's the trouble that you've caused. What rights do you have to want Gloria to speak up and settle it for you? Is it because you have been taking extra care of them as an uncle? Or do you think that you're such a big shot everyone has to be at your bidding?"

Cyril was a little dazed after being kicked. He recovered his senses after a while, and quickly said with a shake of his head, "No, Father, listen to me—"

"Shut up. Since Master Rom doesn't accept your apology, that means that you have to bear the consequences. This is a fact that you cannot change no matter how you try to shirk responsibility," Jeffree interrupted Cyril.

"Father, save me. I really know my mistakes. Please speak up for me. The Moreton Family is one of the four major families in Chaos City, and you are the president of the Chamber of Commerce. As long as you ask the city lord for a favor, he would definitely close an eye to this incident." Cyril was so anxious his tears started falling again.

"From today onwards, I will remove all your duties to the family, and take back all the assets under your name. You're not allowed out of the house for half a year, and your household allowance will be changed to 5000 copper coins," Jeffree announced coldly.

Cyril was stunned. He exclaimed, "Father, you're so ruthless!"

"If you hadn't been my son, I would have kicked you out right now," Jeffree said coldly.

Cyril looked at the cold gaze in Jeffree's eyes, and felt his heart die a little. He swallowed the words that he was about to say.

He was confident that Jeffree was capable of doing that. If Cyril was kicked out of the house right now, the next thing he knew, he might die somewhere on the streets.

"Yes." Cyril got up and dragged himself out of the study.

To have all his duties removed, have his assets taken away, and be confined in the house for half a year basically meant that he had already been disqualified as an heir.

He could not understand how he ended up like this when he had only just started the war with Gloria.

"Manard. Go to the city lord's castle on my behalf," Jeffree said calmly as he watched the chief secretary enter the study room.

"Sir, about Cyril's case..." Dicus said softly as he arrived in front of Michael.

"Hold on." Michael shook his head a little.

Dicus got the hint, and greeted Monica and Vivian before going back to the line without saying another word.

The restaurant door opened slowly, and Mag walked out to greet and welcome the customers in with a smile.

"Sir, Ma'am," Mag greeted with a smile as Michael and his family walked in.

"You're just gonna ignore me? I'm Luna's best friend," Vivian complained. *This blockhead just doesn't get it. If you want to get a girl, you'll have to first settle her best friend.*

"Is Miss Vivian here for the grilled fish again?" Mag asked with a smile.

"Of course. Absolutely right." Vivian nodded.

"Mr. Mag. I haven't had the chance to thank you personally for treating Vivian. Today, I would like to express my sincere gratitude," Monica said with a slight bow.

The other customers were all shocked when they saw this scene. Upon hearing what the city lord's wife said, they all wondered, was Mr. Mag even Miss Vivian's benefactor? In that case, Mamy Restaurant would have the city lord as their backing as well.

"Ma'am, you're exaggerating." Mag quickly waved his hands. He knew that Vivian came for the spicy grilled fish not just because it was delicious, but he had never thought of receiving any special word of thanks for that.

However, with her actions today at the restaurant door, the city lord's wife had told the entire world that the city lord's castle would be backing up Mamy Restaurant, preventing any other troubles from happening.

Michael and his family walked straight to Master Rom's table after entering the restaurant.

"Master Rom, allow me to introduce. This is my wife, Monica, and this is my daughter, Vivian," Michael said with a smile as he sat beside Rom.

“Hello, Master Rom, I am very honored to meet you,” Monica said with a smile.

“Master Rom, I am your ardent fan, and I really idolize you.” Vivian looked at Rom with gleaming eyes, and was thinking if she should try asking him to help her make a sword.

“Hello, Ma’am.” Rom smiled and nodded at Monica. After that, he looked at Vivian as he said, “What a beautiful girl. You take after your mother.”

“Thankfully so,” Michael said with a smile.

“That’s what I think too.” Vivian nodded in agreement. After that, she opened the menu, and said, “Let’s start ordering. I can’t wait for the spicy grilled fish.”

“I agree. I can’t wait to have the steamed fish head with diced hot red peppers.” Rom nodded, and added, “A single serving.”

“Alright. I will order an additional set of steamed fish head with diced hot red peppers for you. Then, we can have a large size of the insa— medium spicy grilled fish. As for the rest...” Vivian turned the menu and pushed it to Monica. “Mother, since it’s your first time here, you can choose.”

“What a special menu. Are the pictures here what the real dish looks like? They seem very appetizing.” Monica’s eyes lit up upon seeing the pictures on the menu.

“These aren’t able to fully display their beauty. The delicacies Boss Mag makes all look and taste good. He’s simply a meticulous artist. Perfect.” Vivian pointed at the tofu pudding, and suggested, “You can give this a try. This is awesome. After having this, not only would your skin become fairer and nicer, even your scars would be removed.”

Chapter 1666: I Would Have To Be Blind To Be Interested In Him

Master Rom was chatting happily with Michael and his family, and the dishes were soon served. They chatted as they ate, so the ambiance was getting more and more relaxed.

Just as Michael said, it was only a personal dinner, so they only talked about some interesting topics. Not a word about recruiting was mentioned.

Meanwhile, Dicus and Rom’s two disciples sat at the next table and ate quietly.

Joss and Joey weren’t surprised that their master could chat with the Chaos City Lord so amicably. After all, all the people who were lining up in front of the workshop were all powerhouses from all the tribes.

“Boss Mag is indeed the number one chef in Chaos City. Be it the tofu pudding or the grilled fish, their taste is equally shocking and mesmerizing,” Monica lamented. This was her first visit to Mamy Restaurant. She had only heard Vivian heap praises on it before. She only understood that all her praises were truthful after tasting the dishes herself today.

“Hehe. I didn’t lie to you, right? I’ll bring you along next time,” Vivian said proudly, as if she was showing off something very remarkable.

“Are you trying to make me foot the bill for you?” Monica chuckled.

“Of course not...” Vivian popped a piece of grilled fish into her mouth, and pretended that she didn’t understand anything.

Michael smiled at Master Rom. “Come to speak of it, the Weapons’ Rankings have not changed for many years. I wonder when Master Rom wants to update it?”

The Norland Continent’s Weapons’ Rankings had existed for 100 years. They recorded all the top weapons on the continent. They had always been reviewed by the Forging Association. This was a very stable ranking as legendary weapons were not that easily forged, after all.

Meanwhile, Master Rom was this ranking’s greatest variable. Every time he released a new weapon, there would be a change in this ranking. Sometimes, it would even change the status of the top 10 weapons.

However, five or six years had passed since Master Rom had last forged a new weapon. There were still many people lining up in front of the workshop during these years, but there was no news of him promising to forge a weapon for anyone. Therefore, some rumors began to appear.

Some said that Master Rom had exhausted his talent, and could no longer forge better weapons.

There were also some people saying that Master Rom was too old, and could no longer swing his hammer.

Some were saying that Master Rom’s memory was getting bad, and he most probably couldn’t forge new weapons anymore.

There were many rumors, but none was verified. So, it made people very curious.

Michael had met Master Rom over 20 years ago. Apart from being slightly older, the latter still looked energetic, agile, and healthy to him today. He didn’t look like he couldn’t swing the hammer or had bad memory.

As for talent?

If Master Rom lost his talent, there probably were no talented forgers left in this world anymore.

Therefore, Michael was only curious when Master Rom was going to create his next weapon. He had no doubts that his next weapon was still going to get onto Weapons’ Rankings.

“I’m still thinking about it. Maybe I’ll create it, or maybe I’ll not. Let’s see what fate brings us. A good weapon has to meet the right person too.” Rom smiled, shaking his head.

“Fate is indeed too marvelous to describe.” Michael smiled too. He didn’t think that Rom was showing off at all.

The Tian Du Sword wasn’t custom-made for Mag Alex by Master Rom. This sword had been passed down in the Alex Family for over 200 years before Mag Alex used this sword to vanquish countless enemies ranging from the dragons in the sky to the demons in the sea. Only then did this sword advance from 100-odd position to the top three in the Weapons’ Rankings.

Regardless of how excellent a weapon was, without an owner who was the right fit for it, it would only be a piece of art that was collecting dust.

Vivian put down the chopsticks, and expectantly asked Rom, "Master, do you think I look like the fated person?"

"Miss Vivian is someone who doesn't even need to use a chef's knife, so you won't get to use it even if you are fated." Rom smiled.

"Alright. Seems like I'm not 'fated' enough." Vivian shrugged. She wasn't disappointed, as she indeed wasn't strong enough to swing a sword, and she was not going to use a chef's knife anyway.

Dicus went out in the middle of the meal, and soon returned to whisper into Michael's ear.

Michael nodded slightly, and then smiled at Rom. "Master Rom, although I have invited you for a personal dinner today, I do have a favor to ask of you."

"Please say it, my lord." Rom nodded.

Michael smilingly said, "The person who offended you today was Jeffree Moreton's second son. The Moreton Family is one of the Chaos City's four major families, and Jeffree has made a lot of contribution to the city's development as the president of the Chamber of Commerce. I knew that son loved to make trouble and deserved to be taught a lesson for offending you, but as you know, your followers will do anything just to get into your good books, so I would like to ask you to forgive him here. With regard to teaching him a lesson, we will let his father do it. May I know, is it alright with you?"

"So it's about this incident. Since my lord believes that his father will be able to teach him a lesson, of course I'm not going to teach someone else's son for him." Rom nodded, and tilted his head to say to Joss sitting at the side, "Make a trip to the new workshop, and tell them what I said. This incident is considered over."

"Yes." Joss strode toward the door with a roujiamo in his hand.

"Thank you very much." Michael cupped his hands.

"It's only a small matter." Rom smiled and shook his head as he picked up a piece of steamed fish head with diced hot red peppers, and put it into his bowl.

Mars strode in, turned to Gloria, who was poring over the ledger, and seriously said, "Young Mistress, we've just received news from the residence: Cyril has been relieved of all his duties, and all the businesses under his name were reclaimed."

Gloria's eyes lit up. She put down the ledger, and said to Mars, "Does he still have the right to inherit?"

"That wasn't mentioned." Mars shook his head, and continued, "However, judging from the way that Master handled this matter, it seems like he's no longer going to tolerate Cyril's behavior. This is a good thing for you."

“Cyril did this to himself. We just have to make sure we do our jobs properly, and leave the other matters to Grandfather to decide.” Gloria picked up the ledger and continued reading it.

Mars looked at Gloria with appreciation as he backed out of the room quietly.

“What are you looking at?” Camilla asked as she leaned against the wall, and looked at Angela who was poking her head out and peeping sneakily.

“Nothing. I’m simply observing this busy restaurant casually. The job seems busier than I’ve imagined,” Angela calmly replied as she retracted her gaze from Irina without a trace.

“Really?” Camilla looked at her with a questioning smile.

“Then, what is Big Sister Camilla looking at?” Angela leaned forward a little and smiled at Camilla, narrowing her almond-shaped eyes.

Camilla pursed her lips, and disdainfully said, “I’m not the kind of woman that you can seduce easily. You don’t have to try that on me.”

“Excuse me. It’s my occupational disease.” Angela retracted her gaze and shrugged nonchalantly. Then, she perplexedly asked, “However, given Countess Bartoli’s reputation and power, why did you become a Mamy Restaurant’s employee who is in charge of preparing the ingredients? Perhaps you are interested in the boss...?”

“I would have to be blind to be interested in him.” Camilla rolled her eyes, and then told Angela, “I don’t understand, either. Given your talents and power, you should’ve become the succubi’s holy maiden easily. You should be rather busy, so why did you come here to be a service staff member? Perhaps you are interested in the boss?”

“I would have to be blind to be interested in him.” Angela rolled her eyes too.

Their gazes met in the air, and they both saw an inexplicable gleam in each other’s eyes.

It was the presence of their own kind.

Chapter 1667: Little Amy, Why Do You Want A Chef’s Knife?

Camilla began to size Angela up. Her long and slender legs that were covered by white stockings were extremely seductive, while her cute puffy pink dress displayed her seductiveness to perfection. She crossed her arms across her chest, and her ample bosom became even more attention-grabbing. She had both cuteness and seductiveness, so she was a woman that men couldn’t resist.

Of course, she wasn’t the type that she preferred.

Miss Gloria was the one for her.

However, as a woman, she had to acknowledge that Angela was the most beautiful succubus that she had ever seen.

As for being the most seductive, she was far from it.

She was far from being seductive as any succubus in any red-light district on the Demon Islands. She had to experience more about such things to know it.

What Camilla was curious about was: why did Angela come to Mamy Restaurant and be its service staff member when she was an 8th-tier succubus?

The succubi had it rough for the past 100 years. The succubi—who had lost almost all their top powerhouses in the racial war—seemed to carry some kind of curse. It was rare for succubi to advance above the 7th-tier, let alone having a 10th-tier top powerhouse.

Having the beauty and allure without the power to protect themselves, the succubi became the target of oppression of all the tribes. Their territories were already all occupied, and the succubi that went into exile everywhere had to sell their bodies for a living. They were no longer the succubi race that was alluring yet respected in the past.

Angela was the most powerful succubus she had ever seen. She wasn't even 20 years old, yet she already had an 8th-tier power. She had already broken the 7th-tier succubus' curse, and displayed an extremely great talent for cultivation.

There was a legend among the succubi: one day, the Sovereign of Succubi would break the curse, and lead the succubi back to rebuild their homeland and return to their past glory!

However, a few suspected Sovereigns of Succubi had appeared in the past hundreds of years, but they all failed to lead the succubi back to glory. Hence, this legend slowly became a joke among all the tribes.

The vampire tribe and the succubi tribe were rather close in the past, so Camilla knew very well that this wasn't the succubi tribe's self-consolation. The legend of the Sovereign of Succubi didn't appear when the succubi tribe neared its downfall, but instead it had already emerged in the ancient times.

However, the mission of the Sovereign of Succubi then was to make the succubi into the top tribe. That mission only changed to rebuilding their homeland after the succubi tribe waned.

Compared to the previous few succubi who'd barely made it over the 7th-tier after hundreds of years, Angela was barely 20 years old, and she had already reached the 8th-tier. The natural talent that she displayed made it even easier for people to link her to the legend of the Sovereign of the Succubi.

Therefore, why would a young succubus like her who was given the mission of restoring the succubi tribe come to work at the Mamy Restaurant willingly as a server?

Perhaps... she, too, has a secret Photostone that is in Mag's hands? A hint of enlightenment and pity appeared in Camilla's gaze.

Angela was also sizing up Camilla, who was in a long black dress. She was equally perplexed about why this vampire tribe's princess, Countess Bartoli, was willing to do prep work in this small restaurant's back kitchen.

One had to know that the vampire tribe was one of the top 10 demon tribes, and Camilla's status was extremely noble.

Moreover, she had heard that Countess Bartoli was an extremely proud vampire when still roaming around the Demon Islands. There were also secret rumors which said that she was a sadist, and Count Bartoli's early demise might have something to do with that.

She did believe the sadist part, but she thought the part where Count Bartoli died because he couldn't withstand her sadist actions was pure rubbish. After all, that vampire count died suddenly before their wedding night. Even if Camilla had really been into *that*, she hadn't had the time to do it.

Given her status, she wasn't in need of money to have her meals, as even having three meals a day at Mamy Restaurant would be a piece of cake to her. She didn't have to be a secret ingredient prepper at Mamy Restaurant.

Seems like she might be really interested in Boss. If it isn't Boss, then it has to be someone in the restaurant. However, apart from Boss, the others are all female, so she likes females? Angela's eyes lit up as she felt that she had discovered the crux of the matter.

"Ahem, it seems like we have something in common." Camilla cleared her throat. Since both of them had something in Mag's grasp, that meant that they were friends.

"That might be it." Angela shrugged a little. She was a little surprised that Camilla also knew that Angela didn't like men, but she didn't expect her to be so direct, either.

Camilla stepped forward, and said in a hushed voice, "Since we have a common goal, why not be allies?"

"The common goal!" Wary appeared in Angela's eyes. This term was very intriguing. Maybe Camilla was interested in *her too*[1]?

"I know about your worries, but you must know that you won't be able to handle him alone. And neither can I." Camilla looked into Angela's eyes, and earnestly said, "You should believe me here."

Angela looked at Camilla as she pondered seriously. Just as the other party said, she indeed wasn't confident to win over Irina's heart alone by herself. After all, Irina had the famous Alex who couldn't be gotten rid of easily.

"I agree to have this alliance." Angela nodded. After hesitating, she said, "But how are we going to share after we succeed? Of course, using this term isn't very correct."

"Share?" Camilla frowned. She only wanted to take back the Photostone and the unfair contract. She shook her head. "I don't think there is a need to share."

"If there is no sharing..." Angela stole a glance at Camilla, and thought, *Perhaps she wants the three of us to live happily together forever? This sounds... not bad, either.*

"Angela, please help to serve the dishes to the designated hot pot area." Right then, Rena's voice sounded.

"Alright!" Angela answered before extending her hand toward Camilla, and whispered, "I believe we will be able to succeed."

"I believe in that too." Camilla shook Angela's hand, and the alliance of the century was made.

Amy struggled for a long time behind the counter as she hugged Ugly Duckling. Finally, she made her decision. She put Ugly Duckling on the counter, leaped off the barstool, skipped to Rom's table, and seriously said to him, "Grandpa, can you make a chef's knife for me, please?"

"A chef's knife?" Rom asked Amy smilingly. "Little Amy, why do you want a chef's knife?"

Michael's family of three were also looking at Amy curiously. The previous person who asked Master Rom to forge a chef's knife was Boss Mag. They didn't expect Little Boss would make the same request.

"I will ask Father to buy your chef's knife. He said, if only you would agree to forge a weapon for me. But you only know how to forge chef's knives, so I can only ask you to make a chef's knife for me..." Amy tapped her two index fingers together as she worriedly said, "I just worried that my masters will be angry if they find out. After all, they are not very mature."

Chapter 1668: Yes, Yes. I Want To Be A Knight

Everyone was astonished by Amy's speech. They didn't expect that the Master Rom in her eyes was someone who only knew how to forge chef's knives. They were also tickled by her worried look. Her masters were the two legendary great magic casters, but she actually said that they were immature?

Everyone looked at the two great magic casters' designated seats at the table near the window. They were already taken by new customers now. It seemed like Little Boss had made sure that her masters had left before making that comment.

Master Rom was also stunned when he heard that, and then he broke out into laughter.

Most people in this world feared him, respected him, or even had something to ask of him. Not many people treated him like a normal person.

However, Amy thought that he was just a blacksmith who only knew how to make chef's knives, and furthermore one who could barely make a living. She obviously didn't like to use a chef's knife, but she still decided to buy a chef's knife from him to be her weapon. This innocence and kindness made him feel warm and touched in this foreign land.

"Little Amy is Krassu's and Urien's disciple. She should be the first magic caster on Norland Continent to cultivate both close combat and long-range offensive magic, and both fire and ice magic at the same time. Her two masters will freak out if she chooses a chef's knife to be her weapon," Michael teased Amy.

Everyone was smiling kindly as they could see that Master Rom really liked Little Boss, and naturally wouldn't take this innocent comment to heart.

Of course, nobody was going to take Amy's request seriously. Many great magic casters had lined up to ask Master Rom to forge a magic caster staff for them, and they had all failed, so how would Master Rom ever agree to that request.

Mag also heard Amy's words in the kitchen, and he pinched his glabella. He hadn't expected that was how the little one had interpreted his words. How was a magic caster going to make use of a chef's knife? Was she trying to cut the electrical wires with the chef's knife to make sparks and lightning?

Master Rom's eyes lit up when he heard that, and he looked at Amy with astonishment. "Cultivating both long-range offensive and close combat magic, and both ice and fire magic at the same time?"

He only knew that this little one knew some magic, but she was actually the disciple of both Krassu and Urien, and was learning both their expertise simultaneously.

"Actually, I still want to learn about light magic and swordsmanship," added Amy.

"Those aren't enough yet?" Everyone stared at Amy with shock. She, who was only four years old, was actually thinking about learning other types of magic and swordsmanship.

"Why so?" asked Rom. His gaze was getting more and more interested.

"I heard that fire magic together with light magic would create extremely beautiful fireworks." Amy smiled widely. "I simply want to see if that is really true."

Everyone fell to the ground together. They hadn't expected that the reason would be so out of the norm.

However, Rom nodded after considering it seriously. "This sounds rather interesting."

"I know, right. I just knew it," Amy said happily.

Rom curiously asked, "What about swordsmanship? Aren't you a magic caster? Why do you want to learn swordsmanship? Do you want to be a knight?"

"Yes, yes. I want to be a knight. The kind of knight who could fly to the sky with a sword to stab the evil dragon." Amy nodded with little stars in her eyes. "And then, set off a beautiful firework to celebrate."

Rom chuckled. "Therefore, you learn magic just for setting off pretty fireworks?"

Everyone began to stare at them upon hearing that.

Amy shook her head. "Not really. Magic can fly too. I can set off fireworks when I'm happy, and set off hailstones when I'm unhappy. I can toss a little lotus when I don't want to fight. It's very convenient."

"It's perfect."

Everyone blinked. It sounded quite right, but didn't seem completely right at the same time.

Magic... was really for the sake of convenience?

Of course, nobody was taking Amy's words seriously. After all, trying to become a great magic caster by cultivating a certain type of magic was already extremely difficult, let alone cultivating both fire and ice magic and cultivating both close combat and long-range offensive magic at the same time like Amy.

"A close combat magic caster, a long-range offensive magic caster, a knight, an ice, fire, and light magic caster..." Master Rom pondered seriously before he said to Amy, "Little Amy, I'm not confident to produce the weapon that you want right now. Let me tell you again whenever I get the inspiration."

"Can... this be considered as saying yes to Little Boss' request?"

"Master Rom's very trustworthy. He has never failed to fulfil an order that he has agreed on."

“This cannot be considered as agreeing, right? Master Rom only said that he will consider it?”

“Who is able to make that? It has to be a magic wand, close combat magic caster’s staff, resistant to the wear-and-tear of fire and ice magic, and something that could be used as a sword that could slay a dragon in the sky and chop vegetables in the kitchen. Isn’t this request... too much?”

People were staring at Master Rom and Amy and talking softly. Maybe they were witnessing the moment that a great weapon was born. Of course, it could also be a cute kid’s unreasonable request.

“Are chef’s knives so difficult to make now?” Amy looked at Rom with a frown. She still nodded and consoled him after a brief moment of thought. “It’s fine. I’m not in a hurry. Take your time to think about it, Grandpa. Just tell me whenever you are ready.”

“Alright.” Master Rom nodded with a smile, and finished sucking the piece of fish bone on his plate. Then, he got up, and said to Michael, “I have something on today, and need to go back early. Thank you for your treat, my lord and lady.”

Michael got up too, and smilingly said, “Alright, Master Rom. See you again.” Monica and Vivian also got up and bade farewell to him.

“Goodbye, Grandpa.” Amy also waved at Master Rom, and reminded him, “You’ve got to remember it, okay.”

Mag watched Rom, who hurried away, and inwardly murmured, *Is that considered as a “yes”? A magic wand that could be used as a sword. What an unreasonable request.*

However, perhaps Master Rom was the only weaponsmith who could fulfill Amy’s ridiculous request.

Without any surprises, whether Master Rom would forge a custom-made weapon for Little Boss had already become the hottest topic among the customers.

“Father, do you think Little Amy would be Master Rom’s fated person?” asked Vivian.

“Maybe. From the moment he left Issen Castle and came to Chaos City, nothing is impossible to him.” Michael took a sip from his wine glass and smiled. “Besides, we probably wouldn’t find another more unreasonable weapon than that request. To him, it might be an interesting challenge.”

“I also want to see if a weapon like that really does exist,” Vivian said with glowing eyes.

Amy walked to the kitchen’s entrance, and said to Mag in a piteous tone, “Father, the grandpa that sells chef’s knives is so pitiful. He even needs inspiration before he can forge a chef’s knife”

Mag turned around, and smilingly said, “Never mind, let’s wait for his news. Maybe he can really forge the weapon that you want.”

“Mm-hmm. Even if the chef’s knife he made is ugly, let’s buy one from him too.” Amy nodded.

“Good.” Mag nodded with a smile.

Chapter 1669: Are You Serious About Picking Sheep’s Dung For Half A Month?

“Master, are you really going to forge a weapon for that little girl?” Joey asked Master Rom in the carriage.

“Don’t you think that is a very interesting challenge?” Master Rom had an expectant smile on his face. “I have forged countless weapons and many magic wands and magic caster’s staffs, but nobody has made such a complicated and unbelievable request.”

“But... she’s just a four-year-old girl,” Joey still whispered with disbelief.

There were many nobles and 10th-tier powerhouses among the customers who lined up to beg Master Rom for a weapon. Yet, the other party was only interested in the request of a four-year-old girl.

Joey knew very well that this might be his master’s last work. If it was wasted on a little girl’s unreasonable request, that would be the entire continent’s regret.

“Do you think Krassu and Urien are stupid? Given their characters, if they could compromise to take in Little Amy as their disciple, that shows that she must have great talent. Her future is bright.” Master Rom chuckled, and continued, “Furthermore, even though she is only four years old and still weak now, the weapon that I’m going to forge will be one that she can still use when she becomes a top powerhouse.”

Joey pondered, and worriedly said, “If that is the case, I’m afraid that weapon won’t be able to occupy a good spot on the Weapons’ Rankings.”

“Hoho. That’s just a boring ranking. If you want to get onto the ranking, the user’s power is more important than the weapon itself.” Master Rom shook his head. “The Tian Du sword is just a heavy and hard sword. It’s just a work that I used for practice in my early years, and yet it’s ranked number three on the Weapons’ Ranking.”

“But, there is no other sword in this world that is as heavy and hard as this sword,” Joey corrected. His master always judged his previous works harshly; he even put down the Tian Du sword.

However, it was just because Master Rom was such a person that he had continued to scale peak after peak, and created one legendary weapon after another.

“Tell them to hasten the building process of the workshop. Let’s return to our abode right away.” Master Rom closed his eyes and began to design the new weapon in his mind. He knew very well that this challenge would be unprecedented. However, it was just because of that his still heart began to beat again.

“Yes,” Joey answered softly, and then instructed the coachman to return to their abode. Then, he sat in the corner quietly.

“Ding! The system noticed that the Host had set up a hot pot restaurant branch, and made the first step in promoting scrumptious food in the alternate world. Announcing a new mission: the new hot pot restaurant must have 1000 patrons on its opening day! Mission reward: you will receive a mutton soup recipe! Mission failure: you will have to go and pick sheep’s dung at the extremely cold place in the northwestern area for half a month!”

The system's voice suddenly appeared in Mag's mind.

Mag was taken aback and frowned. "System, are you serious about picking sheep's dung for half a month?"

"The real sheep's dung," answered the system.

"Today's operation is already going to end, and you gave me this mission so suddenly. The hot pot restaurant is already going to open tomorrow, where am I going to find 1000 people?" Mag rolled his eyes with exasperation. This system was also too freaking irresponsible.

Mana Hot Pot Restaurant hadn't done any promotion till now, and he had to fill the restaurant completely on the first day. This wasn't going to be a simple task.

Mamy Restaurant only had its first customer after a hard time in the beginning, and it took some time to fill the restaurant with customers.

He didn't want to go and pick sheep's dung in some extremely cold place in the northwestern area. That thing wasn't even as easy to pick as the cow's dung.

After seeing the system remained silent, Mag took a look at the restaurant. The customers were already preparing to leave as it was near to the closing time.

"I can't allow this batch of customers to escape." Mag put down his spatula, and cleaned his hands with a towel before going out of the kitchen with a smile. "Excuse me, everybody, I have something to announce. Tomorrow, Mana Hot Pot Restaurant—which is opened by Mamy Restaurant's designated hot pot area's manager, Rena—will start its operation formally and usher in the new era of the fairly priced hot pot. We welcome all of you to go and try it out. Just turn left when you exit the door, and you will see it after walking for 500 meters."

The customers stared at Mag and fell into a silence for a moment before they broke out into a commotion.

"My heavens. Did Boss Mag open a new hot pot restaurant behind our backs?"

"Fairly priced hot pot? Does that mean that it's cheaper than Mamy Restaurant's hot pot?"

"Mamy Restaurant's hot pot will cost over 1000 per person if we're to order meat. It hurts the pocket badly whenever we have it. I wonder how the new hot pot restaurant is priced?"

"Mamy Restaurant is having its off day as usual tomorrow, and I was just thinking about where to go and have my meals. Why don't we go try out the new hot pot restaurant?"

The customers all expressed great enthusiasm for the new hot pot restaurant.

Is Boss promoting it personally? Rena heard it in the kitchen, and looked at Mag in surprise. Initially, she was still worried that the restaurant might have no business when it opened tomorrow. She also didn't know how to advertise it, as this was her first time opening a restaurant.

Mag returned to the kitchen with a smile. The feedback was quite good. Although it couldn't make up to 1000 people, at least it would resolve the problem of attracting the first batch of customers.

All things were difficult before they were easy. The most worrying part when opening a new shop was that nobody was willing to try it out. As long as the shop was boisterous, it could attract the surrounding crowd to come in to try it out and bring in the first batch of customers.

As for whether those customers would become regulars, that would depend on their potential.

Mag wasn't worried about that at all.

He had eaten at Mana Hot Pot Restaurant before. The hot pot soup bases were very distinct. The spicy hot pot and clear soup hot pot both had their advantages. The ingredients were fresh and of high quality. The crux was that the price wasn't even 20% of Mamy Restaurant's.

The restaurant ended its service, and the cleanup was swiftly done with two to three magic spells.

Mag smiled at all of them. "Tomorrow is our off day, and Rena's hot pot restaurant is also opening for business tomorrow. If all of you have nothing to do tomorrow, you can go and help out at the new restaurant. It might be a little busy on its very first day of business."

Yabemiya raised her hand, and said, "Alright, I will go there in the morning."

"Although I want to sleep in, if there's hot pot for me to eat, then I'm fine with it." Babla raised her hand too.

Everyone said that they were prepared to go help Rena out tomorrow.

"Actually, I've already made all the arrangements for the restaurant, and the employees have already undergone strict training and practice, so they should be able to handle it." Rena shook her head smilingly at all of them. "It's rare for all of you to have an off day, how could I make you all continue to help me out? But all of you can come to the restaurant for hot pot tomorrow. It will be my treat."

"Since Rena is able to handle it, then let's not go and make trouble for her. We will be content with being customers." Mag nodded. It seemed like Rena had already done all the preparations.

Mag said to all of them, "Oh, yes. Invite all your friends to the restaurant tomorrow. It'll be my treat. Let's all go and have hot pot at Rena's hot pot restaurant."

Chapter 1670: It Smelled Full Of Duck Poop

"Ding! This system seriously reminds the Host that you cannot invite your kin and kith to increase the numbers of new customers. Otherwise, the total number will be multiplied by three." The system's voice immediately popped up in Mag's mind.

"Huh???" Mag cocked an eyebrow as he realized things weren't simple.

"Can we call all our friends? I know many children." Amy began to count on her fingers. "Jessica, Daphne, Ignatsu..."

"Can I invite all the Night Elves?" asked Firis.

"20,000 Night Elves!" Mag raised his eyebrows. No way was he going to allow that to happen. He cleared his throat, and said, "In order not to take up too many seats, it's best that we only take up two tables at most. Let's invite our friends after a few days."

Everyone nodded in agreement.

Mag heaved a breath of relief, and said, "Rena, have you prepared any business opening promotion?"

"Mm-hm. I planned to give a free plate of duck intestine to every table." Rena nodded.

"Alright. However, I suggest we only do such free dish promotion for one day. Word of mouth and consistent taste should be why a restaurant is able to thrive." Mag nodded.

"Mm-hm." Rena nodded thoughtfully. She had planned a week of opening promotions at first, but Mag's words were a sharp reminder, so she decided to cancel all the activities after that.

Mamy Restaurant had never lowered its price or given out any free dishes, but it still retained its number one restaurant position in Chaos City with its exquisite taste.

Mana Hot Pot Restaurant's menu price was already very low compared to Mamy Restaurant, and she was very confident about the taste.

Mag smiled at all of them. "All of you have worked hard today. Let's go back and rest."

"Boss, did you say that Shirley is back? Then, will they join us for the hot pot tomorrow? I haven't seen that cutie Anna for a few days," said Yabemiya.

Mag smiled and nodded. "I will invite them tomorrow. I think they will be coming."

"Oh my. This hot pot restaurant is huge. It's even twice as big as ours. When did such a hot pot restaurant pop up?"

"Isn't that so? Our business will be all taken once this hot pot restaurant is opened."

Outside of Mana Hot Pot Restaurant, a man in a mink coat and a man in a cotton coat huddled and mumbled with jealousy.

"Boss, it looks like they will be opening for business formally tomorrow. Their space will be able to accommodate over 1000 people eating at the same time. If their price is even lower, then some of our customers will definitely be stolen by it. What do we do now?" the manager in the cotton jacket said worriedly.

"What can we do? You can't stop them from opening for business." Cassia rolled his eyes, and flicked a glance at the luxuriously renovated hot pot restaurant before boarding the horse-drawn carriage parked at the side.

"Do a big promotion tomorrow. All the dishes in our hot pot restaurant will be buy-one-get-one-free, and our wines will be free flow," Cassia said in a deep voice after getting into the carriage.

The manager worriedly said, "This... Boss, then we won't be earning much."

"We still have to do it even though we won't be earning. We have to crush this new hot pot restaurant with the strength of our promotion and attract all the customers over. We can earn money in the future. Go to the market and pick out all the cheap ingredients. Keep our cost to the lowest," Cassia gravely

said. "Furthermore, send someone to their restaurant to investigate and see what they are selling. The few markets in the south of the city belong to us, so it's not difficult to cut off their supply chain."

"Yes." The manager swiftly nodded.

"I want to see which other hot pot restaurant apart from Mamy Restaurant is able to take our business in Chaos City." A cold smirk appeared on Cassia's face.

Mana Hot Pot Restaurant was brightly lit. The main kitchen on the second floor was filled with the rich aroma of the hot pot soup bases. A few one-man-tall pots were brewing the broth, and the elves were busy in an orderly manner as they prepared for the first day of business.

"Be careful. Separately pack the hot pot bases in advance. We must control the portions carefully." Rena was instructing everyone in the kitchen with a hint of nervousness in her expression.

Rena approached a middle-aged elf and smiled. "Anita, you will go with me to the market at 3am later. Go and rest for a while now."

"It's fine, Boss. I'm not tired at all." Anita shook her head. Instead, she looked at Rena with heartache as she said, "You have been working the whole day, so you should go and rest now. Leave the ingredients to me. I've already remembered all the shops and stores."

"I'll go and rest for a while, but I'll have to go and purchase the ingredients with you." Rena shook her head tiredly. "Apart from the hot pot soup base, the most important part of the hot pot is to control the ingredients' quality. We have to do this part well, otherwise our business won't last long."

"Alright." Anita nodded. Although they had only worked together for a short while, she knew very well that this young boss could be very stubborn in certain areas.

Mana Hot Pot Restaurant was situated near the southwestern corner of Aden Square. Due to Mamy Restaurant's powerful driving effect, the originally quiet southwestern corner began to prosper. The entire stretch was filled with restaurants, and it slowly became a popular dining spot in Aden Square.

Meanwhile, there was a unique batch of restaurants among them like Fox Grilled Fish, Cayman Roast Duck, Elvin Beef Kebabs... They were all taken out from the Mamy Restaurant's menu, and turned into brand-new restaurants.

These restaurants were priced in the middle range to attract those customers who were interested in Mamy Restaurant's legendary dishes but couldn't afford the steep prices.

One had to say that there were plenty of such customers, and they contributed a lot of revenue to those restaurants.

However, those customers didn't look very satisfied when they came out from the restaurants. Those who had violent tempers would even spit at Mamy Restaurant, and said with disdain, "What stupid grilled fish. How dare it cost so much? It's only so-so."

Mag went to invite Shirley and Anna on his bicycle with Amy. On their way back, they happened to pass by two men who came out of a hot pot restaurant called Cassia.

A man dry heaved against a tree trunk, and angrily said, "What stupid hot pot and duck intestine. It smelled full of duck poop. I think this boss is stupid, and take us all as idiots."

"I heard this hot pot was invented by the boss of Mamy Restaurant. This plate of duck intestine would cost 100 copper coins at his restaurant. Fortunately, we hadn't gone to his restaurant, or else we would have been cheated," the other man chimed in with an exasperated expression.

The man leaning against the tree trunk turned around, and said, "Isn't that so. I think that Mamy Restaurant is only so-so. I heard they even eat pig's brain. Can that thing even be eaten?"

A fireball that was the size of a thumb shot through the tree he was leaning against earlier, and left a hole that was the size of a bullet.

The other man trembled and stared at the father-and-daughter duo who rode past them slowly on a weird thing.

"Why do you look like you had seen a ghost?" That man chuckled as he patted his shoulder. He was completely unaware of what had happened.