

Stay At home 1821

Chapter 1821: This Lady Is Rather Cute

As a newly promoted vampire ancestor, Dracula was still exploring the Ancestor Bloodline. He had become stronger, but was not yet the strongest, and still could not be compared to the elders of his race.

Although he always thought of himself as a rare talent, Dracula was already prepared to use 300 years to slowly understand and control his powers as the ancestor.

He had been training very hard, and could faintly feel the restrictions of his bloodline, making the fusion not smooth. The problem was that he was unable to look into his body to find out what was wrong, and was stumped for quite a while.

The incredible thing was that after eating that piece of octopus tentacle, he could actually successfully look into himself, and see how the golden Ancestor Bloodline operated within him. Although it was slowly fusing with his blood, the process was not smooth, and there were many obstructions.

However, if he could ascertain the reasons that brought about the obstructions, he could definitely find suitable plans to solve the problem, and complete the step of fusing his blood together even quicker.

That's too magical! This ordinary-looking octopus tentacle could actually have such a miraculous effect? Dracula looked at the stir-fried octopus tentacles in front of him in disbelief, and blinked to make sure that he was not dreaming.

"It's good, right?" Harrison ate a big mouthful of rice, and looked at Dracula with a smile. This was the first time the other party was interested in something he recommended. Harrison reached his chopsticks out to get some more of the dish.

Smack!

A pair of chopsticks smacked Harrison's chopsticks.

"Your stir-fried octopus tentacles are very delicious, but right now it's mine," Dracula said domineeringly as he put the plate of stir-fried octopus tentacles in front of himself.

"???" Harrison.

"Order another one for yourself. This meal is on me," Dracula said merrily as he took the plate of octopus balls as well.

Harrison retracted his chopsticks, and looked at the two dishes that had left him. He suddenly regretted recommending them so passionately.

However, he quickly forgave Dracula since the latter was buying the meal.

"Er... Miss Miya, I'll have two more servings of stir-fried octopus tentacles and two large servings of octopus balls. On top of that, get me a beggar's chicken and two pints of beer," Harrison ordered happily.

“I only took one serving from you. Why did you order two servings and add a chicken and two pints of beer?” Dracula, who was about to dig into his octopus ball, looked up.

“Double the serving, double the happiness,” Harrison said with a chuckle. Since it was free, he might as well eat all he could.

Dracula fell silent. He actually had nothing to say about that, so he continued indulging in the happiness of the octopus balls and stir-fried octopus tentacles.

The stir-fried octopus tentacles and octopus balls gave the customers a huge surprise.

Chaos City was landlocked, and ordinary people would not be able to try such expensive food.

Even the rich customers who frequented restaurants might not be able to find fresh seafood easily. Because of the long distance, even if one were to travel on a flying steed, one would not be able to guarantee that the seafood would still be alive once it reached Chaos City. Therefore, there was no need to even mention experiencing the freshness of it as though it was just fished out of the water.

If one craved for seafood, they would have to make their way to the Boundless Sea Realm.

However, the stir-fried octopus tentacles and octopus balls gave them a pleasant surprise.

The freshness and tenderness of the octopus tentacle made one fall deeper into it.

Nothing could be compared to this, even if one were to rent a boat out to sea to fish up an octopus freshly to make it.

The most incredible thing was its price. A serving of stir-fried octopus tentacles only cost 100 copper coins. The octopus ball was 60 copper coins for the large serving, and 40 copper coins for the small serving.

One had to know that even the soybean milk and youtiao set meal at Mamy Restaurant was already 300 copper coins.

It was not that the soybean milk and youtiao were not worth the price. As it was a must-have breakfast combination, 300 copper coins in exchange for a rejuvenated soul and good mood was very worthwhile.

It was only that it was so baffling that such a precious ingredient like the octopus made into a complicated-looking dish with such extraordinary taste could actually be priced way below everyone's expectations.

Of course, it became the go-to order for almost everyone who entered the restaurant because of its low price.

There was nothing much to lose with 100 copper coins.

“Is Boss Mag suddenly going against capitalism, and treating us to a big meal?”

“I am more curious about where Boss Mag got his ingredients from. How could the price be so low?”

Everyone was even more curious after finishing their food.

The various powerhouses, who stayed far away from the octopus tentacle, ended up not being able to resist all the mukbang customers around them. They all started to jump on the bandwagon and immerse themselves in goodness.

“Hu... hu...” Gloria picked up the octopus ball with her chopsticks carefully and blew on it.

The lady who served the dish reminded her that it was very hot inside the octopus ball, and told her to wait a little before eating it.

This lady is rather cute. Irina sized Gloria up quietly as she ate her fried rice listlessly.

She grew interested in the lady who wrote the letter when she saw it the day before.

However, now that she had met her, Irina found her rather perfect no matter if it was her speech or demeanor. On top of that, she was kind, but not weak.

She did not really want to find trouble with Gloria. Mag had concealed his identity, brought Amy to Chaos City alone, and set up this restaurant.

Some ladies would definitely have thoughts about an outstanding man who was not taken.

But right now, she was ready to come back to claim her possession.

It was alright for them to like him, but they had to know that he belonged to her. Even if they liked him, they had to hide it. Otherwise, her stool would be out.

After blowing on it for a very long time, Gloria bit into the octopus ball carefully.

Although the ball was not very big, it was obviously difficult for her to put it all into her mouth. Besides, it was not elegant and attractive. Therefore, she took a small bite, which also let her test the temperature.

The golden-brown surface was slightly charred and crispy, and had the faint egg’s fragrance. When biting into it, the intense fragrance sealed in the ball surged out all at once.

This freshness!

The soft filling had generous contents.

There were red chili, onions, and cabbage chopped into tiny pieces, corn, and also small pieces of octopus tentacles, all presented in their best form.

Her mouthful contained much of the filling, and she chewed on it slowly. The crispy outer layer and soft filling mixed around in her mouth together with the freshness of the octopus tentacle and sweetness of the vegetables, bringing a wonderful feast to her tongue.

She smiled broadly.

Is it that good? Irina wavered as she started to doubt herself.

Chapter 1822: Holy Light!

It was just as Irina thought. The octopus meat that Mag used to make the stir-fried octopus tentacles and the octopus balls weren't from that octopus monster in the underground cavern, but appeared to be a small octopus with tentacles the size of a thumb.

Although she was very repulsed by ingredients with tentacles, when everyone was indulging in its goodness, and the smell of the stir-fried octopus tentacles filled the air, she also wanted to give it a try. This was especially so when Gloria, who was sitting right in front of her, was eating the octopus ball so deliciously.

Gloria finished her octopus ball in small bites, and opened her eyes, meeting Irina's gaze.

"Miss Audrey, do you want to give it a try? This octopus ball is really delicious," Gloria offered with a smile as she pushed the plate of octopus balls towards Irina.

Irina looked at Gloria's sincere expression, and hesitated for a while. She then picked up a small octopus ball with her chopsticks with a smile, and said, "Thank you." After that, she put the entire ball into her mouth.

Her instinct told her that the octopus ball, topped with bonito flakes and shredded seaweed, and with a dash of seaweed powder and drizzled with ketchup and mayonnaise, should be eaten in a single bite.

The moment she bit into the octopus ball, it exploded in her mouth.

The slightly scalding temperature did not hurt her. Instead, it triggered her taste buds, and woke them up from their slumber.

The sweet-and-sour sauce wrapped around the slightly charred outer layer. The bonito flakes had a slight roasted scent. The seaweed powder and shredded seaweed added to the fragrance, and after the octopus ball exploded, the sweetness of the vegetables, crunchiness of the corn, and goodness of the octopus tentacle fused perfectly in her mouth.

At this moment, Irina felt her soul transcend as she closed her eyes subconsciously.

After that, she saw a ray of light flash across the sky, tearing the dark apart!

"Holy Light!"

Irina was stunned. Her body flew towards the sky. She attempted to search for that light that was growing brighter, and could almost light up the entire sky.

After a very, very long time, Irina opened her eyes slowly, and she was unable to hide her shock.

She did not manage to catch up with that Holy Light, but she saw an even larger sky and earth.

The upper limit she once thought she knew was just the upper limit that she had set. The real Holy Light... had no upper limit.

It could tear apart the dark and shoot through the Milky Way. It came from a limitless distance away, and traveled across the boundless universe. It was unstoppable, and would not stop.

That was the real law of the Holy Light!

The so-called Holy Light Technique should be created when the creator first understood the law of the Holy Light, Irina thought to herself. The upper limit of the technique came from the creator's understanding of the Holy Light.

If she could interpret the law of the Holy Light at a higher level, she would be able to enhance the Holy Light Technique to another level.

The Holy Light could dispel the evil aura in the Great Old Ones, but its harm to their bodies was negligible.

This time, they had only sealed half of the Great Old One, and there might be even more parts of the Great Old Ones hidden in various parts of the Norland Continent, awaiting the day they broke through from the seals.

Even Mag, who had become stronger, would still be unable to kill that half of the Great Old One. He needed an even stronger helper.

The Holy Light was able to deal a huge blow to the Great Old Ones, and might even turn them into ashes.

The scene she just now... seemed to be because of the octopus tentacle?

"Miya, I want another two large servings of the octopus ball." Irina raised her hand as she spoke to Yabemiya, who was walking over.

"Huh?" Yabemiya was a little shocked that this beautiful lady actually knew her name, and she even called her in such an endearing way. However, she quickly nodded with a smile, and replied, "Alright, please hold on."

Gloria was equally shocked, but at the fact that Irina actually wanted another two large servings of the octopus balls. She sneaked a peek at her slim waist, and felt a little envious. *She can eat so much, and still maintain such a good figure. How enviable.*

"Have some more if you like it," Gloria told Irina generously with a smile.

"Then I will help myself to them. I'll return them to you later." Irina was eager to verify her hypothesis, and quickly put another octopus ball into her mouth.

The moment she bit into the octopus ball, and the goodness started spreading in her mouth, the Holy Light came just as expected...

"Indeed."

After a long while, Irina opened her eyes. She was filled with joy and questions.

It was just as she thought that all the scenes she saw were because of the octopus ball, but after she entered the illusion, she had the chance to see the Holy Light and the traces it left behind.

This was a very miraculous state. Based on her understanding of the Holy Light Technique, she could easily capture some of the laws of the Holy Light. The even larger laws were what she was still unable to comprehend.

However, with just this glance, it was akin to a year's worth of self-realization of the Holy Light Technique. If she could see more of the Holy Light, she would have more chances to comprehend the law of the Holy Light.

But why would this ordinary-looking octopus tentacle have such a miraculous effect? Is this illusion related to the octopus monster? What they saw... was it the same as what I saw? Questions started flooding into Irina's head. She turned to glance at Mag, who was in the kitchen. *This fellow. To think he did not even mention it.*

Gloria looked at Irina, who turned to look towards the kitchen, and felt worried. She recalled what she said just now when she just came in. Could Miss Audrey have fallen for Mr. Mag?

This thought suddenly made her regret recommending the octopus balls to Irina. Such cute-looking and delicious food would always easily capture a young lady's heart.

Irina turned back, and happened to meet eyes with Gloria. She smiled slyly. "Are you worried that I will fall in love with him?"

"I... I'm not..." Gloria blushed. She shook her head in a fluster and looked down, afraid to look into Irina's eyes, as though those two clear eyes could easily see through her thoughts.

Irina smiled. She found this lady even more interesting. Although she would never let her have Mag, she could still be friends with her.

The two servings of octopus balls were served quickly.

"Here, I had two of yours. I'll return you three." Irina pushed one serving of octopus balls towards Gloria with a smile, and said, "Of course, do finish it all up if you can."

"I can't eat so much. If I continue eating... I'll grow fat." Gloria quickly waved her hands in a fluster. However, the moment she saw the golden-brown balls, she could not bear to reject them. She hesitated for a while, and said guiltily, "Then I'll have just two more."

"Whatever floats your boat." Irina nodded. She picked up an octopus ball, put it into her mouth, and felt the Holy Light descend upon her again.

Chapter 1823 : Boss, We're Going To Lay Out Our Cards

The afternoon operation time ended in a lively atmosphere.

The customers returned with satisfaction after tasting two completely new dishes at a price lower than what they expected and what was regular at the restaurant.

The various powerhouses were addicted to the mysterious illusions, and many were still standing outside the restaurant after lunch hours.

Irina did not go too far off, either. She was sitting on a bench nearby. If there hadn't been a group of 10th-tier powerhouses standing at the restaurant, she would have long teleported back and asked Mag about it.

“What are you doing, not leaving after eating? I am getting ready to teach my disciple her homework. Get going, don’t disrupt my disciple’s studying,” Krassu said with annoyance as he waved at the various representatives.

All of them rolled their eyes with no intention to move.

“Forget it. Do you think we don’t know what you’re thinking of? We just want to ask the owner about those stir-fried octopus tentacles and octopus balls. Since most of us who had it saw some strange images, and that was helpful to our training to a certain extent, we would naturally have to thank the owner,” Louis said.

“Say, do you think this owner’s culinary skill had reached such an astounding level that his dishes made us see that miraculous imagery?” Dracula asked curiously. He wanted to know if his conjecture was possible.

The powerhouses thought deeply, and could not say for sure.

Those two dishes were indeed very delicious. Other than Mag himself, no one could make food any more delicious.

No one could say for sure if a person with such superb culinary skills could actually reach that level because of his skills.

“We’ll find out once we ask. Why stand here brooding over it?” Douglas pushed the door open, and the bell rang.

“Haven’t we already ended? Why is there someone at the door?” Upon hearing the bell, the ladies turned in shock. Miya put her plates down to go over for a look.

“Let me go.” Mag hung his chef’s suit aside, and walked towards the door.

He had long discovered that the powerhouses were waiting outside the door, and started making guesses about why they stayed.

They were sucking up the stir-fried octopus tentacles and octopus balls, and seemed to have forgotten the nightmare of yesterday. They were all so absorbed with the food they appeared to be in a trance-like state.

One had to know that all of them were top powerhouses of their tribes, and were professionally trained. They would not usually behave like this.

Besides, they did not leave after eating, and were all waiting outside, as though they were trying to ask him for an explanation.

This meant that the octopus tentacle probably aided in their training.

The only thing that a 10th-tier powerhouse could be interested in was the Law of the Way.

“System, what’s wrong with your octopus tentacles? There won’t be any issues with it, right?” Mag asked inside as he walked to the door.

“After countless tests and live experiments from yours truly, this octopus tentacle was found to be poisonless and harmless. It is also rich in protein and nutrients. Having it for a prolonged period could boost immunity and growth. Having a meal a day would even help an 80-year-old climb up six stories in one breath without feeling breathless!” the system said proudly.

“In one breath without feeling breathless is bullsh*t.” Mag rolled his eyes. Whatever the system said was akin to saying nothing.

“Let’s take a look at the situation first.” Since he could not get anything out from the system, Mag could only go take a look at what the powerhouses wanted.

The restaurant door opened, and Mag looked at the dozens of powerhouses standing outside in shock. “Everyone... we’ve ceased operations. Are you still hungry?”

Everyone sized Mag up first. What happened today was too miraculous, and they could not help but suspect if the restaurant’s owner was a hidden powerhouse.

However, be it through the consciousness testing or their spiritual power scanning, this owner looked just like a mere ordinary human.

Perhaps it was due to his long hours of labor in the kitchen, Mag appeared stronger than normal humans, but he was still incomparable to even a 1st-tier knight.

If you randomly threw fireball magic in the streets, you would be able to kill more than 10 of such people.

Louis took a step forward, and said in a loud voice, “Boss, we’re not here to eat. My beloved disciple is working at your place, so I won’t be beating about the bush. We just want to ask you, what’s with your stir-fried octopus tentacles and octopus balls?”

“Are you dissatisfied with these two new products? If that is the case, I can refund you the money, and please do not come over to eat again,” Mag asked to test the waters. He wore a worried expression, behaving as though he was a pitiful restaurant owner who was cheated.

“No, no, Boss, we do not mean that.” Louis quickly waved his hands. It would be his greatest loss to be unable to go to a restaurant with such delicious food again.

“What do you mean, then?” Mag was still puzzled. He looked at the powerhouses, and then asked, “Are you really not here for a refund?”

“Of course not.” The powerhouses all waved their hands.

This restaurant owner was really good at bringing things out of context.

“We just want to ask about how the octopus tentacle and octopus ball were made.” Louis tried asking in a different way.

All the powerhouses looked at Mag expectantly.

“You want to learn?” Mag chuckled. “This is a trade secret. Under normal circumstances, I can’t teach you.”

Everyone rolled their eyes. They looked at Mag in an unfriendly manner. This lad... was asking for a beating.

“Say, everyone here is famous. There’s no need to get a mid-career switch to learn cooking, right? This dish might look simple, but if you were to really make it, you would probably only understand how to do it, but your hands won’t be able to keep up,” Mag dissuaded them.

“Alright, Boss, we’re going to lay out our cards. After eating the stir-fried octopus tentacles and octopus balls you made, we saw some illusions.” Louis was a little frustrated. It seemed as though this restaurant owner really knew nothing. He had to be more direct.

“D-don’t spout such things casually. I did not lace the food with drugs. You can’t malign me with such things just because you’re powerful. I am just running a small business. My shop can’t withstand any tearing apart.” Mag quickly waved his hands and turned to look left and right, ready to call for help.

“Don’t shout. Don’t shout. We saw good things.” Louis quickly stopped Mag.

“Good things?” Mag was puzzled. “I didn’t lace it with any aphrodisiac. How could you see good things?”

“F*ck...”

Louis’s face turned black.

Chapter 1824: I Am Inculcating The Correct Money Sense In My Disciple

Mag had roughly understood the situation. It seemed like this gang of people had some illusions after having the octopus tentacles, and they saw something good in the illusions.

If it had been the dirty kind of good things, they would definitely not have gathered here to ask for an explanation, as they would’ve been treated as perverts and dragged away.

Therefore, what they saw had to be the legendary Law.

The Law was a good thing. When a 10th-tier powerhouse reached his level, training alone would not help with advancing anymore. What he needed was to understand the Law.

Talented people would become stronger easily. He was an example.

Those with normal talents could only fight with their age and experiences.

Others might take a year to understand a Law, while you took three years to understand one Law. However, others could only live to 100 years old, while you could live to 3000 years old.

Therefore, as long as you lived to 101 years old, you defeated him.

And once you lived to 3000 years old, his descendants would never defeat you.

Unless one of them was very talented, like Mag Alex.

The world was cruel and real like that.

The giant dragons weren't really talented. It was also not because they were hatched from eggs. It was just because they could live longer, and therefore they would have more top-tier powerhouses than the other races.

"System, what is this? Were the octopus tentacles not cleaned thoroughly, hence this effect? Would this result in them being enchanted?" Mag asked inside. If the Great Old Ones could control the 10th-tier powerhouses because of him, he would be a sinner.

"According to my analysis, there are two reasons for their illusions. Firstly, it was the host's superb culinary skills that made their soul go into a relaxed mode. Secondly, it was the special effect brought about by the Great Old One's tentacles. This had once been shown in the lab rat test. However, its effect on the lab rat was normal, the illusion only lasted for a very short amount of time, and it did not affect its eating. On top of that, it has also helped to increase appetite. Therefore, this was not raised.

"The Great Old Ones could live up to millions of years, and their genes were engraved with countless Laws which even it was unable to use. However, after cooking it, there was a certain percentage of chance that the consumer could realize it," the System replied quickly.

"I see." Mag was deep in thought. So that was what Krassu and the rest saw. They were the Laws ingrained in the Great Old Ones' genes in their millions of years alive. There would be a certain percentage of chance that the consumer might be able to see the Laws.

These weren't things that could directly make them become stronger, but they were what every 10th-tier powerhouse would desire.

The source of watching the Law up close only required 40 copper coins for one to watch it repeatedly for four times. Such happiness was simply unimaginable!

Mag understood it all, but would not say it out directly in case these people had nasty thoughts. Mag behaved as though he was a good restaurant owner who was trying to protect his restaurant and his reputation.

Louis also realized that this restaurant owner seemed a little daft. However, on second thought, he was merely an ordinary human. Understanding those Laws was too much to ask from him. Therefore, he asked his question in another way. "Then let me ask you, where did you get your octopus tentacles from?"

"Fished it out from the sea, of course. Would they grow on land?" Mag looked at Louis seriously. "Do you know a place where octopuses grow on land? It might lower my cost even more."

Louis was speechless.

He did know a place with an octopus growing on land. It was in the Thunderstorm Mountains, 15 kilometers away from Chaos City.

But no one would dare to eat that.

"Alright, Louis, don't keep questioning Boss Mag. He's just a chef. How would he know all those things that you're talking about? If you really want to experience it again, just come here every day and line up

at the door. In any case, even if you know the answer, you won't be able to replicate it," Krassu interrupted Louis, who still wanted to probe.

Louis glanced at Mag, and thought that Krassu made sense. Talking to Mag was like talking to a horse. It made him mentally tired and frustrated.

"Alright, then, I'll come back again at night." Louis nodded. He looked at Mag, smiled, and then raised his thumb. "Boss, you make wonderful food."

After saying that, he left.

Seeing that Mag knew nothing, the other powerhouses left, and only Krassu and Urien were left behind.

"Masters, is there anything else? Do you want to come in for a cup of tea?" Master looked at the two old men, and became nicer. After all, they were Amy's teachers, and the two elders had always been looking after him and Amy.

"No need for tea. Boss Mag, I just want to ask about a few days ago. I was rather busy, and there were two classes that I had yet to make up for Amy. Could you help me ask her if she wants to go to class today?" Krassu said in a humble tone with a chuckle.

Urien let out a cough, and quickly added, "I... I still have one lesson."

"Isn't it already the holidays? Why are there still lessons? No! I'm not going for lessons!" Amy suddenly peeked her head out from behind Mag, and looked at Urien and Krassu as she said coquettishly, "Masters, why don't both of you just go home and play. We'll all have our holidays, alright?"

The moment Amy acted coquettishly, the two old men's hearts melted.

"Alright, we'll talk about it next time." Urien nodded.

"Alright, alright, alright. We'll not have class. Little Amy can play at home." Krassu shook his head with a smile. After that, he paused for a while, and said, "But we have to set off to Rodu in three days' time. I'm bringing you over to compete."

"Rodu? Compete?" Amy was puzzled.

"Yes. It's a magic caster competition. But I'm just bringing you there to gain some experience and see how amateurish those magic casters outside are." Krassu nodded.

"If you go, you'll have to get number one. If you don't, just don't go." Urien glanced at Krassu, and said sarcastically, "You just want to let Little Amy see how those people at the Magus Tower fawn over you."

"Why? Are you envious?" Krassu chuckled. He was not at all angry.

"Do I get a reward for getting the first place?" Amy asked curiously.

"Of course. If you get first place, you'll get a golden-purple magic stone, and can even get a job in the Magus Tower, or become the disciple of the Magus Tower Elders." Krassu nodded with a smile.

“Master is giving you these three golden-purple magic stones.” Urien pulled out three shining golden-purple magic stones from his storage ring, and passed it to Amy. He smilingly said, “As for the Magus Tower Elders, none of them can defeat me.”

Krassu exclaimed, “Urien, you can’t do this!”

“I am inculcating the correct money sense in my disciple,” Urien said matter-of-factly.

Chapter 1825: Netizens’ Reply: Pretend To Faint

Everyone left, and Amy carried Ugly Duckling to Annie’s to play.

Mag closed the door, turned around, and looked at Irina, who appeared in the restaurant. Smiling, he said, “Do you have a lot of questions?”

“I know you weren’t truthful just now. So what exactly is going on?” Irina nodded and looked at Mag curiously.

“What did you see?” Mag was not eager to reply.

“The Holy Light. The real Holy Light, cutting through the universe.”

“Have you understood it?”

“Not yet. But as long as I see it enough times, I will eventually understand it.” Irina shook her head slightly. “So what exactly is going on? Why would this dish have such miraculous effects? Does it have anything to do with the octopus monster?”

Mag looked at Irina, and thought for a while before replying, “I am not very clear about the details. It is said that when one’s culinary skills reach a certain level, it will have a miraculous effect on one’s cooking. For example, the tofu pudding that could achieve beautifying results and the ‘Buddha jumps over the wall’ that could grow hair. These stir-fried octopus tentacles and octopus balls might just as well be like that.”

Irina looked at Mag for a while. With a strange expression, she said, “Which means your culinary skills have already reached the level where you can cook up the Law of the Way?”

“That’s an exaggeration. Maybe it could only open up a door for all of you. For things like the Law of the Way, those who knew it would know it, and those who didn’t would never be able to understand it. Even if they could see it, there would still be no use.” Mag shook his head. He did not want to keep Irina in the dark on purpose. However, the System was not something that could be easily explained. Besides, the more he said, the more mistakes he might make. On top of that, telling her that she had eaten the octopus monster’s meat might make her throw everything up. Therefore, he could only push everything to his culinary skills.

In any case, they couldn’t be replicated.

Of course, the most important thing was that Irina was obviously very interested in the Law of the Holy Light, and she intended to continue making use of this chance to view the real Holy Light.

This feeling was probably the same as when you ate chicken gizzard and intestines, and the shop owner would not tell you what part of the animal exactly you were eating, and what it would do to your body.

Irina looked at Mag suspiciously. "Does it really have nothing to do with the octopus monster?"

"If I used the octopus monster to make octopus balls, do you think I would sell it for 40 copper coins a set?" Mag shrugged.

"That's true. You're already selling a youtiao at 80 copper coins." Irina nodded. Taking that octopus monster's tentacles might cost him his life. How could he only sell it at 40 copper coins per set?

"That's decided by the market price. I did not set it high on my own," Mag said it without even blushing.

One had to know that the youtiao was hand-made by a half-god knight who woke up early every morning. It was not even too much to set it at 800 copper coins, much less 80 copper coins.

"You look pretty today," Mag told Irina with a smile.

"Do you like it?" Irina smiled shyly.

"Mm-hm. I love it." Mag nodded.

The blush on Irina's face disappeared immediately, and then she looked at Mag with a seeming smile.

"So you like orc-eared girls? Tell me, is there anything between you and Connie?"

Mag glanced at the whip in her hand that appeared out of nowhere, and lost his smile. She was leading him on!

Upon careful thought, this was a suicide question.

If he answered that he liked it, she would say that that was not her, and the whip would be waiting for him.

If he said that he did not like it...

It might be the foldable chair instead of the whip.

"What I mean is, I like you no matter what you look like." Mag tried to keep himself level-headed and clear-minded. His mind worked quickly, and started searching for sweet nothings in his brain.

"Then if I were to look like Gloria, would you like it?" Irina asked with a smile.

"..." Mag.

"System, can you send out an SOS for me? I am in urgent need!" Mag's heart was racing. He did not know what Irina and Gloria said during lunch. How worrying.

"Netizens' reply: pretend to faint," the System quickly replied.

Mag rolled his eyes, and fainted on the spot.

Now, Irina was dumbfounded seeing Mag lying on the floor, unconscious.

“Is this for real?” Irina quickly bent over, and held Mag’s wrist. His heartbeat was a little quick, but it was still within the normal range.

“A pretense?” Irina squinted. She smiled and whipped the ground beside Mag.

Mag’s eyelashes fluttered, but he still controlled his reaction.

“Alright, stop pretending. I’ll skip this question.” Irina kept her whip and kicked Mag lightly with her foot.

Mag opened an eye, and saw Irina keeping the whip. He let out a sigh of relief before opening his eyes groggily. He sat up, and asked with bewilderment, “What happened to me just now?”

“Tsk. You’ve grown capable. Now you’ve even learned how to feign death.” Irina smiled as she pulled out the foldable chair from behind her.

Mag: \ (*.>D<)o °

He was petrified.

Thankfully, Irina did not really hit him.

If they were to really get into a fight, he would not know whether to win or lose.

“That lady is pretty cute.” Irina kept her little stool and sat on a chair.

Mag knew she was referring to Gloria. He raised an eyebrow. Could she be trying to find him a mistress?

However, he quickly dispelled that thought. This might be another leading question. After keeping her stool, she might bring out something two times worse.

Man had to be able to control the situation. Being in a rush would often make things worse.

“You man Annie? She is rather cute. A pity she can’t speak.” Mag poured her some water, and sat in front of Irina.

Irina glanced at Mag, not knowing if he really didn’t know whom she was referring to.

“Oh, right. Just now, Krassu said that he would be bringing Amy to Rodu to join a Magic Caster Tournament a few days later.” Mag quickly pretended not to understand Irina’s expression, and changed the topic.

He did not like living on the edge. If he were to fall off accidentally, it would cost him either his life or his livelihood.

“Such a boring competition. Just some fellows below the 8th-tier. But it’s a good opportunity for Amy to gain some experience,” Irina said with a slight nod.

“Amy is only four. Would it be too early for her to gain fame?” Mag asked worriedly.

“I became an advanced magic caster at 10, and you were known for killing a dragon at 23. This is our family’s tradition,” Irina said matter-of-factly.

Mag thought for a while, and found nothing wrong with that.

"I heard that Andre wanted to talk to you personally. The person coming to invite you over should be on his way." Irina suddenly stopped smiling. "Are you going?"

Chapter 1826: I Was Just Being Cocky

"No." Mag shook his head. Although he did not know where Irina got the news from, he still explained, "Andre just wanted to pull me over to his side again. After that, he would wage war across the Norland Continent, and build an empire never built before."

Mag was a pacifist. Although to the humans, it was just returning the other races the pain and suffering they had brought the humans in the past, the moment war broke out, there would be no winner, and the ordinary citizens and the vanguards would be the sacrifices.

Irina nodded. She seemed to have expected Mag's answer. "Helena also wanted to talk to me."

That was surprising to Mag. Judging from Helena's character, she would not be one to bow down. It was unexpected that she would take the initiative to look for Irina. "Are you going?"

"Yes." Irina nodded. "I will not agree to any of her conditions unless she repeals the feudal system of the elves, and lets the elves go back to their original state. That is also a condition she would never agree to."

"Then what's there to talk about?"

"I just want to see her hopping mad yet unable to do anything to me." Irina smiled.

"Should I go with you?"

"No need. If you went, she would not dare to come." Irina shook her head.

"If they set up a trap, and were luring you in?"

"I don't think anyone would dare to do anything to me within such a short period of time after you attracted the lightning to strike the octopus monster that day. Otherwise, Andre would not have lowered himself to meet you personally. Helena knows better than anyone else what situation the elves are in right now," Irina said with a smile.

Mag nodded. He knew that Irina was very intelligent, and would not put herself in danger so easily.

"I only knew today that there are quite a lot of young ladies who liked you." Irina looked at Mag with a smile.

"That's not something that I can control. It's just like how some men just can't take their eyes off you."

Mag shrugged. He could not be blamed for being too outstanding.

"Jealous?"

"No, I was just being cocky."

Irina left after finishing the cup of water. There had been a sharp increase in the number of elves sent to Chaos City by the other races over the past two days, and there were certain things she had to handle personally.

Mag followed closely behind Irina as she left. He first went to the blacksmith store next door to check on Hannah and Mobai's progress.

Hannah, whose face was covered in ash like a dirty little cat's, saw Mag walk in, and her eyes lit up immediately. She went up, and quickly pulled him to the forging table. "Boss, come and take a look. Is there any problem with these parts?"

After failing once, she had already lost all confidence in her design. Now, she just wanted to wait for instructions.

Mobai also stopped working with his hammer, and looked at Mag expectantly.

Mag picked up a few parts on the forging table, and looked at them seriously. He measured them with a ruler and nodded. "Well done. The measurements and materials are right. These parts passed."

"That's great! Our late-night work paid off!" Hannah jumped up elatedly.

Mobai chuckled, and said, "Hehe, Boss Mag, your design was really well-done. I could understand it with one look."

"I just sketched it casually. You praise me too highly," Mag thanked humbly.

After making sure that Mobai could make the parts by following the blueprint, Mag did not stay further in the hot and stuffy forging shop.

The stir-fried octopus tentacles and octopus balls had gained good reviews, so he definitely had to ride on this plan of selling the Great Old Ones that he and the system collaborated on together.

He had to first find a suitable shopfront as the first shop selling the octopus tentacles.

Next, he would have to create a supply chain for the octopus tentacles, from fishing at the Boundless Sea Realm to transportation and sales.

The octopus tentacles provided by the System could be sent straight to the shop, but once his business got big, it would naturally attract some attention, and there might be a problem of explaining the source of his ingredients.

In the face of suspicion, shouting "I, Alex, am not a cheat!" would be useless.

This was a business that required tons in stock. Even if half a kilogram of octopus tentacles were sold at 50 copper coins, the daily sales would still be at least 5,000,000 copper coins.

"A vegetable seller earns more than a cook indeed..." Mag pressed his lips together after doing some mental calculations.

The Moreton Manor, in the meeting room.

Jeffree took a sip of tea, and listened expressionlessly to Madam Denise who poured out her discontent as she wept. Cyril and his family of four stood at the side, looking equally bitter, as though they had suffered a grave injustice.

“Master, you have no idea. The moment we stepped out of Chaos City, Gloria acted as though she was the head of the house. Throughout the entire journey, she kept ordering us around. She did not even take me, her grandmother, seriously. Tell me... how can I put up with this injustice?”

“If it was like that even for me, our pitiful son, Cyril, and his family had been treated even worse. Although they had been very compliant towards Gloria throughout the entire journey, she had never been nice to them, and they were eating food worse than animal feed. She almost chased them out of the manor...”

“Tell me... you said that she was merely an inheritor at the moment, and she was already so callous. If she really became the head of the family, would we still have a place in this family? Master, you have to be our judge,” Denise said as she wiped her tears.

“Grandfather, you have to be our judge,” Herty and Hery added as they cried. Their eyes, which were stung red by chili, did look the part.

Aviva also wiped her tears at the side, sobbing occasionally to make her presence felt.

Cyril looked down silently, and peeked at Jeffree to watch changes in his expression while he gasped in awe at his mother’s acting skills. She was probably the only one in the family who could make up a story, and even recount it as though it’d actually happened while crying.

“Are you done?” Jeffree, who had been silent, asked coldly as he watched Denise wipe her tears away.

Denise was stunned. She felt as though Jeffree had seen through her, and could not help but feel a little guilty. She lowered her voice a little as she said, “Master, I think you have to give it a good thought before making the decision. Cyril was wrong in the past, but he has already learned from his mistakes, and will change for the better. He is after all your son. Only a man can carry the responsibility of this family.”

“Is Gloria back?” Jeffree asked the people outside.

“Master, Miss Gloria has just returned to the Manor, and should be resting in her courtyard,” Manard said courteously.

“Get her to come over here for a while.” Jeffree nodded.

“Yes.” Manard turned and left.

“All of you have said so much. It’s time to let Gloria tell her side of the story to see if it was really as what you’ve said.” Jeffree watched the slight change in everyone’s expression and scoffed.

Chapter 1827: She Did Not Expect Her Mother To Be So Liberal

Is Miss Audrey in love with Mr. Mag?

Mr. Mag is so outstanding, a fantastic cook, mature, gentle, meticulous, and even good-looking. Even if she is in love with him... that doesn't seem like anything strange.

Aye... she's so pretty, has such a good figure, and is very bold. Mr. Mag would probably fall in love with her as well, right?

Gloria sat on the swing in her little yard, and frowned as she thought.

Ever since she returned from Mamy Restaurant, she felt as though she had gained a new friend and a rival.

"Puh, puh, puh, how can you think of it like this? You're just Mr. Mag's business partner." Gloria blushed. She suddenly realized she was just like a discontented wife thinking about all these things, as though Mr. Mag was already hers.

Mr. Mag was so outstanding, and was always surrounded by a group of beautiful young ladies. The service staff at the restaurant alone were already beautiful.

"What is our Gloria thinking of that made her face so red? Are you thinking of a young master from a certain household?" Debra appeared in the courtyard suddenly, and looked at Gloria with a smile.

"Mother." Gloria looked up and saw Debra. She shyly and guiltily said, "I'm not..."

Debra looked at Gloria's expression, and already knew. She smilingly said, "Tell Mother, which family's young master could make my darling daughter long for him. If he's a suitable match, I'll get your father to talk to his parents. You're also about the age to get married."

"There really isn't any." Gloria quickly waved her hands. She looked at Debra, and then suddenly thought of what Miss Audrey told her. A marriage without your family's blessing would never be a happy one. She hesitated for a while before telling Debra, "Mother, I have a question for you. I have a friend who fell in love with a single man with a daughter. Do you think they could be together?"

"Which friend?" Debra looked questioningly into Gloria's eyes.

"It's... just a friend I got to know recently. A very beautiful orc lady," Gloria replied guiltily.

Debra was not overly suspicious. After all, Gloria never lied. She thought for a while, and said, "Although the man is raising a child alone, he might not be a bad person. However, if your friend is really in love with this man, she would still have to give it a good thought.

"Is she really able to accept the child? Both their future lives are very important.

"Secondly, would her family agree to this marriage? All parents would wish that their daughter could marry a good man. A man with a child would still be a little different."

"Amy is adorable and sensible. Mr. Mag is bringing her up on her own. He's mature and takes care of people well. Besides, he is very talented yet low-profile and well-mannered. He is different from those sheltered young masters," Gloria said thoughtfully. Her family should be very fond of someone like that.

Gloria blushed. She did not expect her mother to be so liberal. In that case, she would be on the same level playing field as Miss Audrey once again.

Just then, Manard, who was outside the courtyard, said, "Miss Gloria, Master wants you to make a trip to the meeting room."

"Alright," Gloria replied, and jumped off the swing.

"I heard that Cyril and his family, together with your grandmother, went there the moment they returned. They..." Debra appeared rather worried.

"Don't worry, Mother, Grandfather is able to make his own judgments. I will be back quickly," Gloria said with a smile before turning, and walking out of the courtyard.

"This child... is all grown up." Debra watched as Gloria disappeared behind the door, and smiled gladly.

Gloria arrived at the meeting room. Jeffree was sitting in the main seat, while Madam Denise was seated on his right. Cyril and his family of four were standing at the side.

"Grandfather, Grandmother." Gloria went up and greeted Jeffree and Denise first before glancing calmly at Cyril and his family.

"Gloria, what attitude is that? Aren't you going to greet your uncle and aunt?" Cyril said with dissatisfaction. "Bad family upbringing and ill-mannered. You're embarrassing the Moreton Family!"

"Exactly! We are your older sisters!" Herty and Herty screeched.

"I wonder if Uncle Cyril had this realization when you were fooling around, and causing trouble outside," Gloria said calmly as she looked at Cyril. As for her two crude older cousins, she ignored them directly, and treated them as noisy ducks.

"You..." Cyril's face flushed red as he got stumped.

Herty's and Herty's face also reddened. They were dying to tear that perfect face apart.

"Gloria," Denise enunciated coldly, ready to give her a lashing.

"Cyril and his family said that you've been making things difficult for them throughout the journey. Is that true?" Jeffree interrupted Denise and asked Gloria.

"We went northwards to evacuate, and I merely acted according to the rules. I have nothing to be guilty of," Gloria answered calmly.

Jeffree looked at Gloria, and suddenly smiled gladly. He nodded, and said, "You've done very well leading our clansmen northwards to evacuate. Go back and rest."

Gloria was a little stunned. However, she still bowed slightly to Jeffree and Denise before turning to leave.

"Father, this matter..." Cyril was suddenly anxious seeing that Gloria was about to leave.

"Shut up. If you still want to stay in this family, you'd better think about how you should behave." Jeffree glared at Denise coldly, and said, "Spare the rod, spoil the child."

Jeffree left, and Denise, Cyril, and the rest were left behind awkwardly.

Mag found a good shop at the entrance of the market. The original dried seafood shop was no longer in operation, so the shop owner was renting the shopfront out. Mag added an extra 20 copper coins to it to buy both floors of the shop.

Mag was not a fool with too much money. The shopfront was located at a very good spot, right at the entrance of the market. People would always walk past this place, and displaying the various octopus tentacles here would definitely attract many people.

As long as this octopus tentacle sale succeeded, Mag would shortly be able to get back the capital for the shop.

After signing the agreement and completing the handover, Mag kept the deed carefully, and rode back to the restaurant. On his way back, Mag called Gina, who happened to return from the ice cream shop, over. Mag wanted Gina to help him write a letter to Dexter so that the latter could help him find a group of fishermen at the Boundless Sea Realm port who would be in charge of fishing octopuses and building a blast freezer to preserve the octopus tentacles.

“Perfect. The supply chain has been set up. Now, what’s left is to get the sales ready..” Mag whistled on his way back to the restaurant as he thought about the next step of the plan.

Chapter 1828: Business Owners Like Us

“Boss Mag, long time no see.”

Robert came up to Mag with a smile just when he parked his bicycle.

“President Robert. Long time no see.” Mag shook Robert’s hand. This president of the Food Association was his old friend and also a regular at the restaurant. However, he had not been coming to the restaurant for quite some time lately.

“I heard that your restaurant had two new products that had very good reviews,” Robert said with a smile.

“Although we’re old friends, if you want to order food, now’s not the time,” Mag replied with a smile.

“I’m not here to eat. I’m here as a representative of the Food Association to pass you an invitation.” Robert took out a gold-plated invitation from his bag, and passed it to Mag. “The annual Chaos City Delicacy Extravaganza will be held officially three days later, and as the host of this event, the Food Association would like to formally invite Mamy Restaurant, the kindest star in the world of delicacies, to join.”

“Delicacy Extravaganza?” Mag received the invitation in shock. “What do I need to do if I attend?”

“The Delicacy Extravaganza is an annual delicacy event of Chaos City, and we will set up a booth for each participating business. Restaurant owners can cook on-site to display their culinary skills to boost their fame, and also sell food to earn extra income. Of course, you could also take part as our special judge to give your opinion on the best delicacies in the Delicacy Extravaganza,” Robert explained.

Mag's eyes lit up upon hearing that. This was quite a good way to advertise. He asked, "Are there many people attending this Delicacy Extravaganza?"

"We already have 14 years of experience organizing the Delicacy Extravaganza, and in the recent three years, there would be around 200,000 people attending the event. This year, the number might be even higher." Robert smiled proudly.

"Alright. I will take part in the Delicacy Extravaganza. However, not as a judge, but as a participating restaurant." Mag kept the invitation and smiled. "Increasing our profits is the way to go."

Robert laughed heartily, nodded, and said, "Alright. I will get someone to send you the detailed information tomorrow."

After watching Robert's horse-drawn carriage disappear into the distance, Mag entered the restaurant.

He was not eyeing the volume of 200,000 attendees, but trying to use this chance to launch the octopus series so that it could be a real hit.

Although business at Mamy Restaurant was very good, the high price restricted its customers to a small circle. Most of the ordinary citizens only knew it as a very expensive restaurant.

Under the circumstances of limited outreach to customers, Mag did not try to change the current situation, as it was already difficult to cope with the current customer volume.

However, the target group for the octopus tentacle business was not the regulars of the restaurant.

100 copper coins for a set of stir-fried octopus tentacles and 40 copper coins for a set of octopus balls was something more affordable than anything else. They could enjoy the food from Mamy Restaurant with a few hundred copper coins rather than come up with something inedible at home.

Mag's target audience was the public. As long as he could start a hype to eat up the Great Old Ones, his business of selling the Great Old Ones would grow.

For the past two days, he had been thinking of how to further promote the octopus tentacles. Taking in many disciples would be one way, but that would take too long.

If he were to reveal his recipe, nobody would be interested in it, since they did not know how the stir-fried octopus tentacles tasted.

Just when Mag was troubled over it, Robert gave him a way out. There was no reason for him not to take it.

There was a super-high volume of 200,000 people and tacky but very attention-grabbing Delicious Cuisine Rankings. If the octopus tentacles series could make it to the rankings, it would definitely garner sufficient attention.

If he were to reveal his recipe at this time to gain more traction for the octopus tentacles, there would definitely be very good effects.

“I suppose I have to hurry up with the shop. Gaining traction was the best way, and if anything were to go wrong, the effect would decrease significantly.” Mag planned, and asked inwardly, “System, I’ve already bought the shop. I’ll leave the renovation to you.”

“Host, the System—”

“System, this is a business partnership. I spent more than 5,000,000 on this shop, and have already invested a large sum of capital in the early phase of this business. On top of that, I will have to be responsible for the sales, traction, operation, and other work. Are you still unhappy with just doing the renovation work?” Mag interrupted the system.

“...” The System fell silent for a while. “Alright. I will start the renovation work for the shop.”

“I will send workers in the day after tomorrow. Please prepare the first batch of resources. If there are no hiccups, this Delicacy Extravaganza would be the key to our seafood sales.” Mag smiled. For the workers, Mag had already decided to hire among the Night Elves. He knew them well, and could trust them. On top of that, they were pleasing to the eye, so they would make the perfect match.

The special effects of the stir-fried octopus tentacles and octopus balls forced all the powerhouses of the various races, who had planned to leave after a good meal, to stay back.

Although they could not apply the Law they had seen directly, and the amount that could be understood differed from individual to individual, this did not stop the powerhouses at all. Who would bear to let a chance to improve pass by?

Alex’s power allowed everyone to see the possibility of exceeding the 10th-tier.

Mag did not mind that at all. He only considered making the octopus balls into octopus pills, and then selling them to the 10th-tier powerhouses at a high price.

However, on second thought, octopus balls were octopus pills. Selling them at only 40 copper coins a set was too good to be true.

“Ding! As a business partner, the System has to inform the host that there was a serious mistake in the pricing of the stir-fried octopus tentacles and octopus balls.” The System’s voice rang in Mag’s mind.

“Hm?” Mag, who was grinding tofu, raised his brow. “Selling it cheap was the only way that there would be a possibility of it spreading widely. What’s wrong with the pricing?”

“A low price is indeed the main condition for something to spread widely. It is just like how pork was the favorite meat of the Chinese before it became a luxurious ingredient. However, that is the price of the ingredient.

“If you want more people to buy the octopus tentacle, other than letting them know that it’s delicious, you also have to let them know that it is very expensive to have a set of stir-fried octopus tentacles and octopus balls in the restaurant.

“If the people could spend less than a 10th of the money to get a delicious dish of octopus tentacles by buying and making it on their own at home, they would gain a sense of satisfaction, and have the

thought of trying it out on their own. That would cause a higher desire for purchasing the octopus tentacles.

“The expensive price on the Mamy Restaurant’s menu and the cheap price of octopus tentacles at the shop would form a stark contrast, and that is where the sales really lie.

“Host, you’ve only seen the first layer of sales tactics, and still have a very long way to go to be the king of sales,” the System said earnestly.

“Very well. I will leave the sales-related matters to you in the future. Business owners like us just need to invest,” Mag said with a snap of his fingers.

“I...”

Chapter 1829: Money Not Important. I Just Want To Befriend Her

The price of the product was already up in the menu, so Mag naturally could not change it. However, he had to agree with the system’s price strategy reasoning. He had made an amateur mistake.

Thankfully, there were two more dishes that had yet to be launched, so there was still room to increase his price.

In the evening, Mag returned to the restaurant to welcome another wave of customers.

The powerhouses of the various races vied to be in front of the line. They walked in excitedly, and ordered the stir-fried octopus tentacles and octopus balls.

Many of the restaurant’s regulars also ordered the value-for-money new product to try it out or revisit its goodness.

Irina, disguised as Audrey, was also in the line. What Mag was secretly relieved about was that Gloria did not come at night. That made him feel a lot less stressed mentally.

There’s nothing between me and Gloria. Why do I feel guilty? Mag could not help but reflect, but he did not find a reasonable answer for that.

“Boss Mag. Your cooking is superb. I feel myself falling in love with...”—Irina walked in and stopped beside Mag—“your cooking.”

“That’s my honor.” Mag smiled. He could feel all the envious and jealous gazes, and suddenly found this feeling rather enjoyable.

“Wow, Bro, I haven’t seen you for only three days, why do you look even weaker?” Randy sat in front of Vicennio as he exclaimed at the latter’s pale face.

“Don’t mention it. I went to the Western Mountains with my wife to watch the snow for the past two days. At first, my wife was a doe, but after that, she became a wolf. I almost died halfway...” Vicennio rolled his eyes, and said limply, “I had to get help to come in. I couldn’t even walk while supporting myself against the wall.”

“Sis-in-law is really sensual...” Randy clicked his tongue. He was suddenly thankful that Vicennio had yet to introduce him to a beautiful and rich old woman. “You should order the ‘Buddha jumps over the wall’

later to replenish your energy. If you have the roujiamo straight away, I'm afraid your body would be too weak to handle it."

"That's what I thought too. Also, I've already thought of an excuse not to go home tonight. I'll find a place to have a good sleep tonight. Otherwise, I really won't be able to make it..." tears welled up in Vicennio's eyes.

Randy sighed to himself. Young people's breaking moments were all so silent. He looked at the pitiful Vicennio, and sympathized with him as he considered inviting him to his house to stay over for the night.

"You're leading the life. Not only do you not have a wife, you still don't have to wake up every morning thinking of the number of places you have to go to collect rent. Look at me. Even when I'm not going home tonight, I'll still have to be frustrated over which house to stay in." Vicennio sighed as he looked at Randy enviously.

"Thanks. I felt offended." Randy was smiling, but not really smiling.

"When I was young, I always felt that I was very outstanding and smart. When I grew up and experienced more things, I realized I was good-for-nothing, ordinary, and useless." Vicennio wallowed in self-pity. "All I have is a face that rich ladies like."

"That's heavens giving you a way out." Randy nodded. He had to live on his talents.

"Yeah. This one mouthful is able to last a lifetime." Vicennio nodded. He looked at Randy pitifully. "Look at you. You only have your talent to depend on. How tiring your life must be."

Randy suddenly felt attacked. He looked at Vicennio's pale face, and suddenly did not pity him anymore. Smiling, he said, "Bro, why don't you go back home to sleep tonight. If Sis-in-law can't find you, she will feel very lonely. Aren't you afraid of waking up the next morning with a cuckold on top of your head?"

"If you think anyone can climb up her bed, then you're really belittling me. Even if it's because you don't want to work hard anymore, not everyone can do this." Vicennio smiled confidently.

Although he did not really say anything, Randy already felt offended.

"Oh, right. Didn't you tell me to introduce you to some ladies? My wife has a best friend whose man eloped with her maid. She has been very down lately, and is currently single and available. At times like this, women would lower their standards for males, and as long as you can come off as gentle and meticulous..."

"...I will have the chance of being recruited as an exception, and no longer have to work hard, right?" Randy continued with a strange expression. He felt offended once again.

"Bingo!" Vicennio snapped. "I've seen this best friend before. She's around 30, and lost her husband when she was young. She maintained herself rather well, and has inherited her husband's properties. She has 30 shops in Aden Square, two taverns, a metal factory, and assets of more than 100,000,000."

Randy, who was rather disinterested, started to pay attention. Especially after he heard that she had lost her husband. He could not help but recall that rainy night, that insane lady boss...

Randy grabbed Vicennio's hand with a grin. "Bro, you have to get Sis-in-law to introduce me to that lady. Money is not important. I just want to befriend her, and while I'm at it, I'll comfort her sad and empty heart."

"Bro, you've got to think it through. There's no turning back once you go on this road," Vicennio said with heartfelt words.

"Don't worry. My nickname is a friend of widows. My mission is to care for those ladies who are lacking love and concern. You have to let me meet her soon. I will definitely bring her out of her sadness as soon as possible to start a new, positive life," Randy said seriously.

Vicennio nodded. "In that case, I'll go back tomorrow and tell my wife, then we can set a time for the two of you to meet up."

"Alright, Bro, let's enjoy ourselves tonight. We're not leaving until we're drunk," Randy said excitedly.

"No, no." Vicennio quickly waved his hands.

"Huh?"

"Bro, you might not know this, but our body is our capital that the ladies are attracted to. Drinking will suck you dry gradually. When there's nothing for you to give, the game's over. Therefore, let me teach you your first lesson today, and that is, how to maintain your healthy body for a long time.

"Quitting drinking is the first step. We also have to sleep early and wake up early to maintain a healthy rest schedule. We have to work out every day so that we are at our maximum physically and mentally, and find a few masters to learn some skills so that we can stay mysterious and attractive to the ladies. At the same time, you have to learn the techniques of sweet nothings, techniques on beds, techniques in carts..."

"Hold on... why don't we talk about all this again privately? I'm afraid..." Randy whispered softly. He felt increasingly jittery as he listened.

Upon hearing that, Vicennio took in a breath of cold air in fear. His face grew a little paler, and he turned his head to look around. "We have to be more mindful. I heard that a demon called 404 is everywhere."

Chapter 1830: Slurp

After the meal, Randy went with Vicennio to take a look at all his mansions in Chaos City. He gained a deeper understanding of how this person could gain so much material enjoyment without having to work hard.

"Look, the life of a rich person is just so real and boring." Vicennio locked the door and sighed. "Let's go somewhere else tonight. This place is too tacky. It's filled with just gold and silver."

"Alright." Randy was already numb to it all. This bro here was fine, just that he loved to add salt to his wounds, and had difficulties with making choices.

"Right, I will bring you to meet a few friends tomorrow. Getting to know them would do you good." After getting on the horse-drawn carriage, Vicennio said, "We have the same livelihood. You can learn from the experiences of these seniors so that you can last longer in your career. You need to know that

among them was a 400-year-old dwarf. He had outlived eight rich ladies, and had gained infinite riches. He's the evergreen tree of the world of gigolos."

"Could this be the legendary... gigolo alliance?" Randy was stunned.

Vicennio thought for a while, and smilingly said, "That's not a bad name."

"In that case, I'll have to go see it for myself." Randy nodded. He suddenly felt that this could be an important turning point in his life, and could possibly change his writing life.

Perhaps many years later, he would write a book *The Years I Was A Gigolo* to remember his youth.

Perhaps he would write a tutorial, and the book would be titled either *How Can The Ordinary You Become A Gigolo*; *Auntie, I Don't Want To Work Hard Anymore*; or *Auntie: What A*s You Eating*.

"Oh, right. Let's continue our conversation from the restaurant. How can a man protect himself when facing a wolf-like woman—"

"Bro, are you the classic example of not protecting yourself well? You look as though you're about to be sucked dry..." Randy interrupted. He had watched Vicennio finish a huge pot of 'Buddha jumps over the wall' before the other regained some color to his face. It was as though he was almost sucked dry.

"You're talking about me? This is talent." Vicennio smiled. "I was weak ever since young, and when I just met my wife, my physical condition was way worse than now. However, I am very resilient. Just when you think I can't do it anymore, I can actually still go another seven times.

"To a woman, this would ignite a strong sense of dominance. It was as though she could suck you dry soon, but she couldn't. It's like tasting something delicious, and you're not able to hold yourself back. Of course, not everyone can master such skills."

"Bro, wicked! Hands down to you." Randy stared wide-eyed, and stuck out his thumb.

He suddenly felt as though he still had a long way to go.

King of Gigolos!

Here I come!

After dinner operation, Mag closed the door, and Irina walked down the stairs with two crystal glasses and a decanter filled with red wine. She swirled the wine in her hand with a smile, and asked Mag, "A little drink?"

"Of course. What do you want to eat?" Mag looked at her with a smile.

Irina thought for a while before saying, "How about the grilled shell from before. And also grilled shrimp. I haven't had grilled shrimp in ages."

"Alright," Mag replied. He walked into the kitchen, and bought two scallops from the System. After that, he fished out two crayfish from the tank, and placed them on the grill after cleaning them.

"I heard that Hannah's brewery exploded?" Irina asked with a smile while leaning against the doorframe as she watched Mag chop up some garlic.

"Mm-hmm. Something went wrong with the machine, so it exploded the moment it was ignited. However, she's going to remake it again within the next couple of days." Mag nodded with a smile, and said, "You didn't see how she looked then. Her face was all gray from the ashes, and her hair also fizzed up."

"I heard them talk about it." Irina nodded with a smile. Ashley told her about Mag bringing Hannah over for treatment.

"Oh, right. I intend to open a seafood shop. Can I hire the Night Elves?" Mag asked.

"Seafood shop?"

"Yes. I intend to work with Lantisde. They will be in charge of fishing and transportation. I will be in charge of sales. This will bring fresh and delicious seafood to the people of Chaos City." Mag nodded with a smile.

"They were the ones who provided your octopus tentacles?" Irina suddenly seemed to have understood.

"Yes. After all, they live in the ocean. They will be better at catching these things compared to the fishermen at the Boundless Sea Realm. On top of that, selling seafood can bring them income. With money, they can buy necessities." Mag nodded.

Irina nodded. "I'll get Ashley to arrange it for you tomorrow. How many people do you need?"

Mag thought for a while, and said, "For the first batch, I will need 10. They have to be quick and able to adapt to a large sales volume. I intend to use the octopus to open up the market before including other seafood slowly."

"Mm-hmm," Irina replied. She knew that Mag would most probably want to use Mamy Restaurant to push the sales. She was not very knowledgeable about such things, so she could not be bothered to join in.

With some soaked vermicelli added to the scallops, then topping it up with a scoop of chili and stir-fried garlic, the scallop was completed in no time at all. The scallops glistened, and the smell of the garlic brought out their fragrance. Before the scallops were plated, a dash of chopped green onions was scattered on top, and two dozen grilled scallops were done.

The crayfish, which was the size of an arm, was slit open on its back and pincers. As it grilled over the fire, the slits opened up. Garlic was stuffed into the slits, and the flavor infused into the crayfish slowly. When the crayfish turned from greenish-black to bright red, its fragrance was already wafting throughout the room. It was ready to be plated.

While waiting for the grilled crayfish to be ready, Mag also made 30 mutton kebabs. It was a pity that he had yet to gain experience from the grilled pork belly and enoki mushrooms. Otherwise, he would have to try out their taste.

Oh, right. Roasted pig's brain was delicious too.

Mag brought two large metal plates out of the kitchen, and placed them on the table.

Irina licked her lips. She glanced at the red wine in her hand, and said, "I feel that red wine isn't a good choice. Grilled food and beer go better together."

"Let's have some red wine to start the appetite going before we have some beer. It's equally good." Mag raised his glass with a smile, and said, "Cheers."

"Cheers." Irina picked up her glass, and finished everything.

Mag, who took a sip, was about to put his glass down. He raised his brow, hesitated for a while, and gulped the entire glass of red wine down too.

"Beer." Irina put her glass down. Her face was flushed red, and she was looking at Mag coquettishly.

"I'll get it." Mag stood up with a smile, and walked into the kitchen. Soon after, he brought out two pints of beer and a small beer barrel.

He knew Irina's alcohol tolerance was very well. Although she was not a very good drinker, she could definitely handle a pint or two beers.

Slurp.

Irina pinched a scallop between two fingers, and put it to her mouth. After that, she used a small spoon to sweep the vermicelli and scallop into her mouth while slurping up the delicious soup.