

Stay At home 2001

Chapter 2001: Imaginary Replicator!

Supper was great, if one was not afraid of getting fat.

Mag placed the plates and bowls in the dishwasher. The dishwasher would convey the dishes back to the dishes' cabinet after they were cleaned.

Mag came out from the kitchen. He looked at Amy, who was resting on Ugly Duckling's little tummy, and smilingly asked, "Are you satisfied?"

"Yes. Father's crayfish and grilled fish are really delish." Amy nodded. She quickly looked up with a serious expression, and said, "But, don't forget us when you guys eat supper in the future."

"Alright, we will definitely call you next time." Mag nodded with a smile.

The children went upstairs to sleep. Mag lay on the bed alone after washing up, and clicked open the two glowing experience bags in his mind.

The experience and information related to the drunkard peanuts and pig ears salad came surging in immediately.

Mag only pushed open the door to the test field for the God of Cookery after closing his eyes, and digesting the information for a while.

Peanuts were one of the best foods to go with alcohol, and were rumored to have the special effect of relieving hangover.

For example, "He wouldn't have been so drunk if he had eaten more peanuts."

All that showed the peanuts' unshakable status in the drunkards' world.

And that drunkard peanuts were the best among peanuts, as if having been custom-made for drunkards. They cemented their status among the dishes to go along with alcoholic drinks.

The spicy and crunchy drunkard peanuts were perfect whether eaten with the cold and icy beer or the fragrant and mellow Maotai.

Furthermore, the frying method of the drunkard peanuts was very simple; at least the current Mag found it very easy to learn the dish.

Meanwhile, the pig ears salad was equally easy to learn after he had the experience of making the sliced beef and ox tongue in chili sauce.

Every part of the pig was a treasure. Apart from the soft and crunchy pig ears, the pig's nose and tongue were also excellent ingredients for a salad. If he made the preserved tongue just like preserved meats by letting it air-dry naturally for some time before cooking it simply, and making it into a salad, it would be even more tasty.

The usual drunkard peanuts were made by soaking the peanuts in cold water, and removing the skin before deep-frying them. Some of the deep-frying oil would be kept; chili and Sichuan pepper would be added in to be stir-fried, and they could be served.

Meanwhile, the master's drunkard peanuts would be soaked in the mala spicy marinate for two hours, and the skin would be removed and the peanuts frozen for 12 hours before being deep-fried to golden brown. Keeping some of the deep-frying oil, the dried chili and the Sichuan pepper would be added in and stir-fried. Then, the fried peanuts would be tossed in to be stir-fried too. After turning off the fire, white sugar, salt, and pepper would be added in and quickly stirred.

The drunkard peanuts made according to this method would be spicy and crunchy with a hint of sweetness. It was perfect as a dish to eat while drinking alcohol.

"One helping of ugly-looking drunkard peanuts. Fail!

"One helping of charred drunkard peanuts. Fail!

"One helping of too spicy drunkard peanuts. Fail..."

Mag looked at the almost perfect-looking drunkard peanuts that were still struck out by the system, and helplessly said, "Alright. I decided to take back my previous words. This is indeed a very difficult dish."

The God of Cookery was after 100% of perfection. Even the slightest mistake couldn't be tolerated.

That night, Mag was tortured in the test field for the God of Cookery by the peanuts and pig ears.

As a very talented candidate for the God of Cookery, Mag succeeded eventually.

Meanwhile, he used the leftover time to successfully create his own pig tongue salad.

"One helping of almost perfect pig tongue salad!

"Congratulations to the Host for creating your first dish without a recipe. You unlocked a new achievement: Imaginary Replicator!

"Additional reward: three chances to use the test field for the God of Cookery! Power of faith +10,000!

"Please continue to work hard to replicate and create even more scrumptious food!" the system said, and bouquets of flowers even appeared in the test field for the God of Cookery.

"There are rewards for that?" Mag was slightly taken aback. This pig tongue salad was based on his previous life's memory, his experience gained from the pig ears salad and the sliced beef and ox tongue in chili sauce, and his own slight alteration. It was also achieved after countless failures.

As for the name "Imaginary Replicator," it was a little... exaggerated.

No matter what, he had created a dish by himself step by step without relying on the recipe provided by the system, and this sense of achievement had indeed made Mag very satisfied.

"Seems like Saipan Tavern will have three dishes to go with the drinks." Mag nodded in satisfaction before exiting from the test field for the God of Cookery.

As soon as he opened his eyes, he saw four heads hovering around him.

“Father, you overslept today,” Amy smilingly said.

“I’m hungry.” Irina was also smiling. Breakfast was usually ready when they woke up, so they couldn’t get used to it today.

Meanwhile, Annie gave Mag a sweet smile, and used sign language to say good morning to Mag.

“Meow?” Ugly Duckling rolled next to Mag, and leaned its head on Mag’s arm. It placed its little paw on Mag’s chest, as if it was going to sleep in with Mag.

“Did I forget to set the alarm clock?” Mag turned to look at the alarm clock on the bedside table. He didn’t expect that it was already nine in the morning. He couldn’t help exclaiming, “It’s already so late?!”

Although the time in the test field for the God of Cookery was set to move slower, after learning two dishes and coming out with the pig tongue salad, he had indeed spent quite a lot of time there. It was already nine o’clock when he woke up.

However, it felt great to be surrounded by the people he loved when he woke up in the morning.

Mag shifted Ugly Duckling’s head aside, got up, and smilingly asked, “Alright, I’ll get up to make breakfast for you. What would you like to have?”

“Mother said she was going to bring us shopping today, so we’ll just have the simple Yangzhou fried rice.” Amy had already changed into a pretty dress, and was already carrying her down jacket.

“Alright. Please wait a while. It will be ready soon.” Mag quickly washed up and went downstairs. Very soon, five helpings of Yangzhou fried rice were served.

Ugly Duckling came downstairs on its own after it smelled the aroma. Its appetite had been growing exponentially recently. It had to eat a whole helping of Yangzhou fried rice to feel full.

Until now, Mag still hadn’t found out what species of magic beast this fat orange that could fly was. He still hadn’t discovered its combat power, but it was getting increasingly good at acting cute.

When they were eating, Mag looked down at Ugly Duckling, which was munching on the fried rice, and asked, “On, yes. Do we disguise Ugly Duckling too?”

The roly-poly fat orange cat was too recognizable. After Saipan Tavern got famous, others could easily discover the abnormality.

“It’s indeed necessary.” Irina flicked a glance at Ugly Duckling and nodded.

“Then, turn it into a swan.” Amy swallowed her saliva.

“Meow, meow???” Ugly Duckling looked up at Amy, and the fried rice was no longer delicious to it.

“It’s a little difficult to turn it into a swan. How about a panda? It looks like this.” Mag picked the tablet at the side, and searched for a panda cub’s picture.

“Wow. This panda is so cute! I really want to have it.” Amy’s and Annie’s gaze were attracted by the cute little panda cub in the picture.

“What magic beast is this? Why have I never seen it before?” Irina was also rather curious.

Chapter 2002: I Am Going To Be Killed By Its Cuteness!

Irina’s disguise magic was excellent. She successfully turned a roly-poly fat orange cat into a roly-poly panda cub.

With the black fur and two black eye circles, other than having a smaller head, it looked exactly like a panda.

“Wow. It’s so cute.” Amy carried the dazed Ugly Duckling with an ecstatic expression.

Mag looked at the shocked Ugly Duckling, and smilingly lamented, “A hairstyle can indeed change a person’s fate.”

Right now, the persona of a young man opening a tavern with his beautiful wife, two beautiful daughters, and a roly-poly pet panda cub was established.

“Alright, let’s go,” Mag smilingly said. He got up, and was ready to leave.

“Aren’t you going to open the tavern?”

“Father, are you coming with us too?”

Irina, Amy, and Annie were looking at Mag perplexedly.

“Hmm???” Mag looked at the three of them, and pondered for a moment before he suddenly realized what they meant. “So you guys didn’t include me when you said you wanted to go shopping?”

As a tough man, Mag suddenly felt a little hurt...

“The tavern is different from the restaurant. No one will come and drink in the morning. The tavern usually only operates at night,” Mag explained the difference between operating a restaurant and a tavern to his three precious.

“Furthermore, we have only bought this tavern for one day. If we open for business the next morning, people will have doubts once they step in.”

It was already considered fast to complete the renovation of a normal tavern within two weeks. It would easily arouse suspicion if Saipan Tavern completely changed its furnishings overnight.

“Alright. Then, you will be allowed to go shopping with us.” Irina nodded.

“Should I cheer happily?” Mag cocked his eyebrow a little, but he was still rather happy.

The family of four put on their jackets and went out.

“Woah. Look at him. He bought half of the street yesterday, and moved in last night. Rich people’s thoughts are really unfathomable.”

“Wow, his wife is so beautiful!”

“Wow. Are those two his daughters? They’re so adorable!”

“What’s that black and white roly-poly pet? It looks so cute!”

The neighbors, who were sunning themselves and chatting at the doors, came out to look at Mag and his family, and commented on them enviously. They were all shocked by this family of four and their pet’s great looks.

A noodle shop’s boss laughingly said, “I thought Mr. Hades was rather handsome yesterday. Looking at them now, he’s, without a doubt, the ugliest in his family.”

Effie slowly backed out in the crowd. She hid herself behind the restaurant’s boss’s fat body, and blushed slightly.

Last night’s events kept replaying in a loop in her mind after she woke up from her drunken state today. The more she thought about it, the more embarrassed she was. After seeing the family of four, she even wanted to find a hole in the ground and hide away.

“Good morning.” Mag greeted all of them courteously. They were neighbors, after all. They still had to get along for the next one month.

Moreover, he had bought half of Romo Street. The value of this street had to be propped up by these neighbors.

“Good morning, Mr. Hades.”

“What a cute little girl.”

“Are you all going shopping?”

The neighbors all reciprocated since Mag took the initiative to greet them.

Ugly Duckling lay in Amy’s arms, and coldly looked at those stupid humans who were trying to play with it like a king without any emotion.

Amy pinched its round face, and ordered, “Come, give us a smile.”

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Ugly Duckling was forced to put on an act.

“Woah. So adorable... I am going to be killed by its cuteness.”

“What pet is this? I want to have one too.”

“Roly-poly and soft. It must feel great to cuddle it when sleeping at night.”

The little maidens were instantly mesmerized by Ugly Duckling, and they were all asking about its information.

This is a national treasure. Do you think you can keep it as a pet? Mag chuckled inwardly. He didn’t know if pandas existed in this world, so he couldn’t give a definite answer. He only said that he bought it from a hunter, and had no idea what it was, either.

After a brief interaction with the neighbors, Mag and his family quickly left.

“What a rich and happy family. I am so envious.”

“Yes. But why is such a rich family coming to the deserted Romo Street to open a tavern?”

“We can never understand what the rich people are thinking.”

The neighbors watched Mag and his family go away. Their topic of conversation was still their new neighbor.

The fat boss turned around to Eiffie, who was standing behind him, with concern, and asked, “Lady Boss Eiffie, you don’t look very well?”

“Ah, I might have drank too much yesterday. I’m fine now.” Eiffie lowered her head, lit up a cigarette, and took a deep puff. She blew a circle of smoke as she looked at the sky far away in a daze.

“Drink less and take care of your body,” the fat boss said.

“Business is bad. If I don’t drink with those customers, they won’t come again.” Eiffie sighed.

“Customers can only be seen at Titan Tavern on Romo Street now. Boss Eiffie has good business methods, and holds her drink well. I have never heard that anyone defeated you when it comes to drinking.” The noodle shop boss looked at Eiffie with admiration.

“Won’t those men get themselves a good deal if I get drunk?” Eiffie laughed in a self-mocking way.

Everyone changed the topic after hearing that. Eiffie had indeed supported Titan Tavern’s business all by herself. However, the neighbors couldn’t make themselves say that Eiffie was an indecent woman when they knew she wasn’t.

Romo Street was in Rodu’s city center. At the end of the street were all the offices of the court’s agencies. However, because of this, there weren’t many residential areas around, and the shops here were mainly running their businesses with the court officials in mind.

“That’s the Ministry of Defense. Its defense has been heightened after that incident happened.” Mag used his gaze to indicate the row of cottages at the opposite side diagonally.

“If you were him, whom would you choose as your next target?” Irina asked Mag.

After pondering for a brief moment, Mag replied, “A completely random target can create even more panic, and give the opponent no way to investigate.”

“I hope he isn’t thinking like that.” Irina frowned.

“He has two brains now, so it isn’t hard to think about that.” Mag shook his head slightly.

Amy tilted her head, and curiously asked, “Father, are you guys talking about which restaurant we are going to have lunch at this afternoon?”

“Yes, but we just had breakfast, so let’s walk around for a while before we decide about lunch,” Mag said with a smile.

“Hmm, alrighty.” Amy nodded obediently.

Mag reached out to hail a horse-drawn carriage. The family of four hopped on, and headed straight for Rodu's busiest commercial center, Tuck Square.

Tuck Square was Rodu's biggest square. All kinds of big and small merchants gathered here, and all the snacks here were famous too..

Chapter 2003: This Is... Too Amazing?!

The Roth Empire starting a war on the orcs and the elves had caused the Norland Continent to descend into a tense atmosphere.

However, the people's life in Rodu still wasn't affected much temporarily.

There were still crowds in all the big and small shops, and the hawkers on the streets were still yelling and promoting their wares enthusiastically. It was a scene of peace and prosperity.

Compared to Chaos City, Rodu's business atmosphere and the squares' sizes were much greater. They could see interesting things everywhere. The children were so excited.

Mag became the cat-carrier. He carried all three women's shopping in one hand and the national treasure in the other as he followed after them.

"Ring the goose, ring the goose! Five copper coins for one ring. You can bring the big goose home when you ring it. You can braise it, barbecue it, or make it into a soup!"

"Come over here. Throw the darts at the wooden board. 10 copper coins for 10 darts. You can choose any beautiful gift as long as you hit the board!"

Lively shouting could be heard from afar.

"Goose!" Amy's eyes lit up when she heard that. She pulled Annie along as she ran towards the stall a distance away. "Let's see what ring-a-geese is."

"Why aren't there any new innovations..." Mag looked at all the crowded game stalls, and even though he sounded disdainful, he felt a sense of familiarity.

The ring-a-geese game stall was surrounded by many people watching. 20 to 30 geese were kept within a small fence. They squatted around scatteredly, and called out to the people watching with their necks stretched out.

A hunky man threw his last bamboo ring out with a sincere expression. Just as that ring was about to land on that big, fat goose in the center, the big, fat goose took a step backwards, and pulled back its neck.

"Sigh..." That man sighed heavily with a reddened face. Taking out more money, he angrily said to the boss, "Boss, aren't your geese getting too smart? They know how to evade the rings."

The lanky game stall boss chuckled, and quickly picked up the bamboo rings on the ground as he smilingly said, "Hehe, what are you talking about, dear customer? I can see that your technique is

getting better, why don't you buy another 10 rings? I'm sure you will get a big, fat goose home, and your wife is going to praise you for it."

"One more time. One more time."

The customers at the side cheered him on too. It was interesting to watch people try to ring the goose. It was even funnier when the person failed and looked frustrated.

That man hesitated for a long time, and finally shook his head and clenched his teeth as he said, "Forget it, I have already bought 50 rings, and I didn't even get myself a feather. Nobody is able to get these geese."

The boss took the money, and smilingly said, "What are you talking about, dear customer? A young man just won two geese earlier. My geese are good geese."

Right at that moment, a soft voice said, "I would like to have 30 rings."

The boss scanned the crowd around before his gaze landed on a little girl standing in a corner. The little girl looked about three or four years old. She was little and exquisitely cute.

"Little girl, do you want to ring a goose?" asked the boss smilingly.

Amy nodded, and seriously said, "Yes. You have 30 big, fat geese here, so I want to have 30 rings."

"This little girl wants to win one goose with each ring?"

"This little girl is so adorable, and she speaks so adorably too."

The people gathered were all looking at Amy with a smile.

"I didn't even get one goose with 50 rings. This little girl is quite boastful. She wants to catch 30 big, fat geese with just 30 rings." The man who was trying to ring the geese earlier was also laughing.

"You will need to pay money to ring the geese. Where are your parents? One ring costs five copper coins," the boss said smilingly. This was a little sucker who had sent herself right to him.

This little one would have trouble just to lift the bamboo rings up, let alone toss them out to ring the geese.

One had to know that this group of big, fat geese had been specially trained by him since they were born. Their skills at evading the rings were already perfect. Not to mention a four-year-old child, even a knight might not be able to get them.

"I have money." Amy took out two silver coins, and gave them to the boss. "Give me 50 copper coins as change."

"This..." The boss looked around. He wasn't in a hurry to take the money.

Mag and Irina went forward, and smilingly said, "Let the child play if she wants to. We saw that."

"Woah. This family really looks good."

"Yes. The father is the ugliest in the family."

The onlookers noticed Mag and his family, and their eyes widened.

“What ugliest in the family... How can they speak like that?” Mag rolled his eyes. Did these people think that he was deaf?

The boss heard Mag, and instantly took the money, and gave Amy her change in copper coins.

“30 rings. I’ll put them here for you. Take your time. We are not in a hurry.” The boss placed the 30 bamboo rings next to Amy’s feet.

The little ones were usually playful. 30 rings were most likely not enough, and she would most likely buy more later. Her parents looked rich too.

“Alrighty.” Amy picked up a bamboo, and surveyed the big, fat geese within the fences, as if she was considering which one to catch first.

The onlookers were all watching excitedly, and many were discussing if she could catch any.

They had been watching many people trying to catch the geese, but this was the first time they saw such a little girl trying to catch one. If those geese stretched their necks up, they would be taller than this little one.

Most of them didn’t think Amy could do it. After all, the little one even seemed to have trouble lifting up the bamboo rings, let alone tossing it out to catch the goose.

“How are we going to bring them back if we catch all of them?” Mag asked Irina worriedly.

Irina looked at all the bags and Ugly Duckling that Mag was holding and pondered. “We should be able to bring them all back if we hang them on your neck.”

“That will... be too flamboyant?” Mag imagined the scene whereby 30 big, fat geese were hanging from his neck, and couldn’t help frowning.

Meanwhile, Amy threw out the first bamboo ring. “Tossing you!”

The narrow bamboo ring made a beautiful curve in the midair, and landed on a goose’s neck before the big, fat goose could retract its neck. It spun around a few times before hanging on its neck securely.

“Wow. She got it!”

“This is... too amazing?!”

“Luck? Power? Shocking!”

Looking at the big, fat goose with a ring on its neck, the onlookers erupted into a loud commotion following a brief silence.

“Damn...” The big guy who failed to catch a single goose with 50 rings opened his mouth wide in a daze.

“This...” The boss was shocked too, and he stared at the bamboo ring that was hanging on the goose’s neck with disbelief. He only managed to squeeze out a smile after a while. He reached in to get that goose out, and said, “See, it’s really easy to catch these geese. This little child managed to catch one with her very first ring.”

The boss tied the goose up, put it to one side, and simultaneously told himself repeatedly, "Luck... This must be just luck. 150 copper coins. I'm still making a profit even when I lose one goose..."

"Tossing you!"

Then, Amy tossed out the second ring.

Chapter 2004: It Feels So Good To Depend On Women

The ring landed on the second goose.

Looking at the bamboo ring on the goose's neck that was gleaming under the sunlight, the onlookers erupted into a loud commotion again.

"We are not even a four-year-old girl's match."

"One might be luck, but two continuously... This should be her potential, right?"

"The boss is in big trouble now..."

"She looks like a noob, but is, in fact, an expert!"

The onlookers were looking at Amy with shock, as if they had just seen a girl with hidden abilities. As for the boss, they were looking at him with schadenfreude.

Many onlookers had tried to catch a goose themselves before, and they knew how difficult it was. This boss really had a black heart.

Therefore, they were very happy with the boss' reaction while being astonished by Amy's ring-tossing skills at the same time when they saw that Amy was catching one goose with every ring.

The boss' face was sullen. He got that big, fat goose that was looped by the ring out of the fence with a trembling heart and shaking hands. He felt like slamming this goose over his shoulders. How could it let a four-year-old catch it so easily!

"It's too slow to catch them one by one." Amy picked up three bamboo rings, and threw them out like a flower girl scattering petals on a wedding.

"Hit! Hit! Hit!"

"Three hits!!!"

"He's dead meat... R.I.P..."

The three rings that seemed to be tossed out casually caught three fat geese securely.

This... Why is this happening... The boss' lips quivered. He was about to cry.

He could still earn some money for the feed with 150 copper coins for two geese, but now it was a loss after losing three geese in one go.

What made him even more afraid was that this little one looped five geese with five bamboo rings. It was a 100% hit rate.

She still had 25 rings, and there were still 25 geese within the fences...

Going along with this flow, one ring would take out one big, fat goose.

The geese... were in danger!

Amy passed a few bamboo rings to Annie and Irina, and smilingly said, "Wow, this is so fun. Come and play too, Big Sister Annie."

Alright... That will minimize my losses. The boss heaved a breath of relief when he saw that. He might be able to keep a few geese as long as this little one didn't continue to toss the rings.

"That's all?" Irina looked at the bamboo ring in her hand, and casually threw it out.

"Three geese with one ring!"

"How is the boss going to count that?!"

"According to the boss' rule, it's a hit as long the ring lands on the goose's neck. These three geese belong to that beautiful lady."

"Did this family deliberately come here to make things difficult for the boss?"

The bamboo ring looped onto three geese's necks together at the same time. Her skills shocked everyone present!

"Three... Congratulations to this beautiful lady. Three geese with one ring..." The boss looked crestfallen. He finally realized that his 30 geese were not even enough for them to catch.

Meanwhile, Annie hesitated with a ring in her hands for a long time at the side before she tiptoed and tossed it out gently. The ring landed on a goose snoozing in a corner with its neck tucked in.

Now, everyone's gaze landed on Mag instead. They couldn't hide the envy in their eyes.

"It feels so good to depend on women."

"He's a man who makes people envious..."

Mag puffed out his chest with a successful man's smile on his face.

Yes, it was this sensation.

The commotion at the geese game stall attracted even more onlookers.

The people were tempted to try their luck while being amazed at Amy, Irina, and Annie's 100% hit rate.

The onlookers kept cheering. They were already numb to the result of catching one goose, but they still couldn't help cheering when they saw the bamboo rings leave Amy's little hands and accurately land on those big geese that tried to evade them.

The boss had given up completely. He had decided to let it go completely, and cheer Amy on loudly. He swiftly tied up all the geese that Amy caught, and put them at the side. He was taking the loss as an advertisement for his business. It was rare to have so many onlookers, so he could always earn back the money in the future.

There were five rings left out of the 30, but there were no more geese left within the fences.

The boss chuckled, and said, "You have caught all the geese, but if you still want to throw the rings, I will stand here and let you catch me."

"No. You're too ugly." Amy flicked a glance at him, and immediately put the bamboo rings down on the ground.

Everyone erupted into laughter again. Not only was this little girl exquisitely cute and great at throwing rings, her words were very interesting too.

The boss froze slightly, but he still managed to smile and say, "I have already tied up the 30 geese for you. Do you want to bring them away right now?"

He couldn't go back on his words when so many people were watching them.

Moreover, looking at the family of four's dressing and temperaments, they weren't people that a little stall owner like him could afford to offend. All he wanted to do now was to send this family away, and return home to raise another batch of geese.

Mag flicked a glance at the big, fat geese that piled up at the side. Every goose was about five kilograms heavy, so there were about 150 kg of geese here. Furthermore, they were alive.

"Amy, we can't finish so many geese, so why don't we just take the two fattest ones and sell the rest?" Mag asked Amy. He couldn't imagine carrying 30 big, fat geese on him.

"Alright, we will just pick two then." Amy nodded, and went forward to pick out the two biggest geese.

The boss, who was about to pack up and return home, heard that, and his eyes lit up. He went forward, and smilingly said, "Why don't you sell them to me? It will save you the time and effort."

There were so many onlookers right now. He could earn back the money he used to buy the geese today if he could buy back this batch of geese right now.

"I can only sell 10 of them to you. If you want to replenish the number of geese, there is a stall selling geese next door." Mag looked at the boss with a smile. These geese were obviously trained.

This wasn't wrong, because he wasn't running a charity.

However, this boss was a little too much. All 30 geese were trained, so the probability of catching a goose was reduced to zero. That was too much.

The boss's expression froze, and then he stole a glance at Mag guiltily, but he still smilingly said, "Alright, I'll just take 10 then. I will pay 100 copper coins for each of them. It's 20 copper coins more than the market price."

The 10-odd geese left over were all bought by the onlookers with 100 copper coins each.

These big, fat geese looked good, and were about the same price as in the market, so they were rather popular.

“Woah, it’s really fun to ring-a-geese. We got to eat geese and earn money at the same time.” Amy counted the money with a happy smile.

“Please come again,” the boss said with a miserable smile. Of course, he didn’t want to see this family ever again. He would pack up and leave as soon as he saw them come to the square again.

“Let’s go. The darts stall over there seems fun too.” Amy kept the money, and her gaze landed on the stall that threw darts at the wooden boards.

The boss of the darts stall was trembling.

Chapter 2005: Of Course, I Will Try It

Amy eventually let the boss of the darts stall off. It wasn’t because the game was too difficult, but because the so-called exquisite prizes were not attractive to Amy. The result would have been different if the prizes had been switched to geese.

Amy and Annie played a lot of games before stopping in front of a snack street. They turned around to ask Mag, “It’s so fun here, but I’m a little hungry now, so where do we go for lunch?”

“Let’s try out Rodu’s local snacks,” Mag smilingly said. Irina had kept the things that they bought and the two fat geese kept at a shop temporarily. His hands were now free, and he wanted to try the famous Rodu’s local snacks too.

Such squares whose target customers were the locals would have more delicious local snacks than those so-called foodie streets. This was Mag’s years of experience.

Vanessa sat in the horse-drawn carriage, and asked, “Uncle Abraham, did something happen recently? Why do I feel that Father doesn’t seem to be very happy?”

“Children shouldn’t bother with such matters. What’s the most important now is where we will go for lunch. I heard that a nice beef restaurant has opened in Tuck Square recently. I’ll bring you there for lunch.” Abraham changed the conversation topic smilingly.

He had just returned to Rodu yesterday, and met the king in the palace today, so he brought Vanessa out for a fun trip. This little chowhound hadn’t left the palace for quite some time too.

“Chaos City is so nice. Why are you back here? Isn’t Mamy Restaurant nice?” Vanessa couldn’t fathom it.

“Boss Mag brought Little Boss out for a vacation, and Mamy Restaurant was closed for a month.” Abraham sighed lightly. “Did you think I really wanted to come back? Mamy Restaurant is too delicious.”

“Something like that happened?” Vanessa was a little shocked to hear that too, but she soon smiled, and said, “That makes sense too. Boss Mag dotes on Little Boss the most. Of course he would bring her out during winter break.”

“So, I gave myself a winter break too, and came back for some time first.” Abraham nodded.

“Then, you must bring me along when the restaurant reopens. I want to eat hot pot, red braised pork, and spicy grilled fish too...” Vanessa looked at Abraham piteously.

“Regarding this, we’ll have to see if your father will give you the permission. After all, don’t we need to have our parents’ permission for such matters?” Abraham smiled.

“My life sucks.” Vanessa sighed and looked out of the window with a wistful gaze. Cold wind blew against her face.

Abraham smilingly replied, “Alright. I’ll go talk to His Majesty when the time comes. I’ll bring you along if he agrees.”

Vanessa immediately revealed a happy smile and nodded. “Teehee. I knew Uncle Abraham was the best.”

The horse-drawn carriage stopped, and Lola opened the carriage’s door. “Princess, Lord Duke, we have arrived at Iss Beef Restaurant.”

The two of them got off the horse-drawn carriage. This was a big restaurant that was opened at the square’s entrance. It was located in a three-story building, which was completely occupied by this beef restaurant.

“Let’s go. I’ve already made a reservation.” Abraham led the way to the beef restaurant.

The beef restaurant’s boss already received the news of their arrival as soon as they reached the door, and came to welcome them with a fawning smile. He led Abraham and Vanessa into the restaurant and straight to the exquisite private room on the second floor.

Amy held a beef bone, surprised, and commented, “Were those Big Sister Vanessa and the grandpa who has tired the fat eagle out who have just went upstairs?”

“Yes, but we have to pretend not to know anyone on this trip. Hence, we don’t know who they are,” Mag smilingly said. He had also noticed Abraham and Vanessa going upstairs.

They had tried all the snacks on the snacks street, but the little one wasn’t full, so they came to this newly opened beef restaurant under someone’s recommendation.

“Oh, alright.” Amy nodded thoughtfully, and continued eating her beef soup.

The taste at this beef restaurant was actually rather ordinary—at least it was to Mag. However, judging from the reviews of the surrounding customers, a beef restaurant of such standards could already survive in Rodu.

Amy gulped down the beef soup, and looked up at Mag. “May I have another bowl of soup, please?”

“Of course, you may.” Mag got the service staff over with a smile, and got another bowl of soup for Amy.

After lunch, the family spent the afternoon having fun in the square again.

Irina looked at Annie and Amy, who were sitting on the swing in the corner of the square with a lollipop each, and smilingly said, "The two children are really having fun."

Mag looked at her, and asked, "Are you happy?"

Irina turned to look at him. She suddenly pinched his face, and a smile blossomed on that exquisite face. "I'm happy."

"I'm happy too," Mag said, likewise with a smile.

As long as they were with the people they loved, they would also feel happy living simply in a small square.

This was such an amazing experience.

In his previous life, no matter how much money he had had, and how many people he had had by his side, he had still felt out of place in that world. He hadn't felt happy for a long time.

However, although he was also rich now, as long as his loved ones were with him, he felt happy at any time.

After returning to the tavern that night, Irina directed a question at Mag, who was doing preparation work in the kitchen. "What kind of alcoholic drinks are you selling tonight? Beer?"

"No. We're selling two new types of liquors, Maotai and whiskey. The beer isn't suitable to be sold in the tavern. It will arouse suspicion easily," Mag answered in the kitchen.

"Maotai? Whiskey?" Irina looked confused. She had never heard of these two liquors before.

"They're the new liquors that I made. I have intended to introduce them in the restaurant, but I think they're just nice for Saipan Tavern now," Mag explained as he poked his head out. He also pointed at the two rows of small white porcelain wine urns displayed in the corner of the wine cabinet. "That is the Maotai. You can try it later at dinner if you are interested."

"Of course, I will try it. I have never gotten drunk." Irina waved her hands, and a small white porcelain wine urn landed in her hand.

This little wine urn was round with a smooth surface. Both its design and material looked very exquisite.

The wine urn's opening was sealed with a red cloth and tied with a red string. It looked rather interesting.

Irina reached out to remove the string and cloth. There was a wooden cork underneath. The faint liquor aroma could already be smelled.

"This aroma... is rather special?!" Irina's nose twitched, and her eyes lit up.

Although she wasn't an alcoholic drinks lover, Irina could hold her drinks very well. Both of them had tried all kinds of drinks throughout the Norland Continent during their travels in the early years.

This liquor's aroma was very unique. It was even more fragrant than rum. She felt a little intoxicated just smelling it.

Pop~

Without any hesitation, Irina removed the cork.

Chapter 2006: My Hubby Is The Best!

The strong fragrance of wine diffused nearby immediately. It was a completely different style from the refreshing fragrance of beer.

The fragrance of the wine was able to infuse into one's heart and soul. Just its smell alone was enough to intoxicate a person.

"This wine is not bad indeed." Mag, who was in the kitchen, could not help but exclaim with his eyes wide when he smelled the fragrance of the wine.

This wine was not brewed by him, actually. Maotai was not beer, and it was impossible to brew it immediately. It required years of fermentation and a wine base that was years or even decades old. It also involved very complicated details during the brewing process, such as the choice of season and more, which made the brewing process very restrictive.

Now that Saipan Tavern was open, Mag would definitely not turn up only when the wine brewing was done a few years later. Therefore, he purchased a batch of ready-made Maotai and whiskey from the system.

As for the Maotai and whiskey brewery, Mag had intended to hand it over to Hannah after her rum factory successfully started operating, and was in the production phase.

According to the system, it had reinstated the ancient way of brewing the wine. In addition to the refined way of modern wine brewing, it had created the best-quality Maotai.

Mag did not enjoy white wine, but he did have a few cups of Maotai before when drinking with seniors. Comparing the fragrance alone, the system's Maotai did thrash the ones that he had before.

"Don't be in a rush to drink it. I'll get you some dishes to go with it," Mag told Irina, who was grabbing the wine bottle in a rush to down it all.

"There are still dishes to go with it?" Irina was slightly surprised. However, she still sat by the table with the wine bottle.

In no time at all, Mag came out with a small tray. There were drunkard peanuts, pig ears salad, and pig tongue salad, as well as a shot glass.

"They are all new dishes. When did you learn it behind my back?" Irina was surprised when she saw the dishes.

"I didn't learn them. I created them," Mag said calmly. She picked up the bottle of wine, and poured a glass of Maotai for Irina. "You'll get drunk easily with this. It's different from beer. Drink it slowly and savor it slowly."

"Aren't you sitting down to have a couple of glasses with me?" Irina saw that there was only a shot glass.

"Today is the first day of the tavern's opening. I won't be drinking, otherwise I won't be able to serve the customers properly." Mag shook his head with a smile. He was not so conceited to think that he could drink shot after shot and not get drunk.

As a tavern owner with professional ethics, in order to give his clients the best service, his principle was always not to drink during work hours.

"Alright, then I will drink alone." Irina picked up the glass, and took a small sip.

After taking the sip, she furrowed her beautiful brows. It was indeed a little different from beer. This Maotai was rather soft.

However, her frown eased very quickly. The refreshing texture exploded in her mouth, and the rich alcohol made her want to analyze its fragrance.

The fragrance of grains and the sweetness after fermentation... All the fragrances were too much for her to handle.

If beer was a maiden dressed in a sundress, Maotai would be a lady carrying a pipa with her face half-hidden. When you took away her pipa, there was still a veil over her face.

After a very long time, Irina opened her eyes. The taste was still lingering in her mouth. It was a taste that had her asking for more.

"This wine is marvelous!" Irina praised.

It was gentle and sweet like fruit wine, and its refreshingness was different from that of beer. This Maotai made her realize that wine could be savored slowly. The elegant and fine texture made it irresistible.

"Don't just drink, have some food," Mag reminded Irina, who picked up her glass for another shot.

"Would I not get drunk if I had a peanut?" Irina used her chopsticks to pick up a drunkard peanut, and sent it into her mouth.

Crunch!

When her teeth collided with the peanut, there was a soft crunch.

"It's crunchy!"

Irina had tried the goblins' salted peanuts before, and she did not really like their soft, mushy texture. However, this peanut without its husk was actually crunchy!

After that, its fragrance exploded in her mouth. The numbness from the Sichuan pepper, the spiciness and fragrance from the chili, and the amazing fragrances from the other spices were released as she chewed.

Crunch, crunch, crunch...

"This peanut is really fragrant." Irina looked up at Mag, and threw another peanut into her mouth as she smiled happily.

She looked as though she was saying, "My hubby is the best!"

"Of course, can't you see who's the one who made it." Mag smiled brightly too. The drunkard peanuts were his culinary skills condensed into a small plate, representing the powerhouse of all side dishes to go with alcohol.

"I didn't expect Romo Street to become so desolate as well." A middle-aged man in a long black robe walked on Romo Street, sighing when he saw the shops by the street closed and put up for rent.

Bobby was an official with the military. Many things had happened in the military for the past two days, and this made the suave military land into a sorry state within a night.

The military had been cordoned off for three whole days. Many officials were brought away to be questioned, and even those with idle roles like him were not spared. He was only allowed to go back to the military to continue working today.

He heard about the family murder case in Rodu yesterday. It was the family of the superior he respected the most. Last night, when the superior received the news, he smashed his head against the wall and passed away.

Nothing could be expected. After finishing his work at hand, Bobby did not feel like going home. He intended to have a little drink at Romo Street.

However, the taverns he used to visit often with his superiors had all closed down. The familiar restaurants and taverns were all gone. All that was left was the empty street.

"Ah." Bobby sighed. He glanced at the crowded Titan Tavern far away. He had heard of that tavern before. The wine there was so-so, but the lady boss there was quite a beauty.

He just wanted to have a quiet drink alone, but it seemed there was no better choice now.

"Hmm?" Just when he was about to walk to Titan Tavern, a faint alcoholic scent stopped him in his tracks.

He frowned slightly, and sniffed even harder.

"Is that the fragrance of wine?" Bobby was rather surprised and uncertain. The fragrance was too enticing.

After slight hesitation, he followed the scent, and arrived at a brightly lit tavern soon after.

I can't believe this tavern is still around. Bobby was rather surprised. However, after looking at the signboard, he understood. The owner has changed.

However, the scent became stronger when he walked closer to the tavern.

If he had simply wanted to get wasted at the start, then now he would really want to give the fragrant wine a shot, and let himself be intoxicated by this delicious wine.

The tavern appeared to have started operating, so he pushed the door open and entered.

The layout of the tavern was completely different. The hall was very spacious, and the place looked simple and classy. It had a brown, wooden theme, making one feel very comfortable and relaxed.

Meanwhile, Bobby's gaze was drawn to the only customer in the tavern, or rather the little crystal glass in front of her. That was where the rich fragrance came from..

Chapter 2007: That Middle-Aged Man Crying In A Tavern In The Middle Of The Night

Bobby loved to drink. This habit appeared when he entered the military and followed under that superior.

That superior was known to love drinking in the military, and he was very particular about drinking. He knew better than anyone which were the best taverns in Rodu, and Bobby tasted great wines with this senior for all these years.

With his senior's experience, taverns with thriving businesses would not usually have good wine. That was because good wine would require meticulous brewing and strict requirements. Without their own brewery, ordinary tavern owners would not have too much of their own brews.

An example would be the Titan Tavern, which was famous because of its lady boss, with its mediocre wine.

However, not everyone would be particular about the quality of the alcohol when drinking. Most people were particular about the atmosphere and company.

If his senior was still around, he would probably be very happy drinking even if they were sitting by the street with only a bottle of bad-quality fruit wine each.

Of course, if his senior was still around, he would definitely be very happy to have found a new wine and this new tavern.

Mag had also noticed this customer that entered. From the ever-so-familiar uniform, Mag could tell the other party was from the military. However, he did not have a high rank. The exhaustion in his face was apparent. His blood-shot eyes told everyone that he did not seem to have had proper rest.

Based on what had happened in the military over the past few days, his exhaustion was not difficult to understand. On top of that, him being able to come here for a drink at this time showed that he wanted to stay further away from the core power struggle in the military.

"Hi, what would you like to drink?" Mag asked from behind the counter.

Bobby came back to his senses. He looked at Mag, and pointed at Irina's glass as he replied, "Get me a bottle of that lady's wine."

"Maotai, 2,000 copper coins a bottle. We have side dishes to go with the wine. Do you need it?" Mag introduced the price.

Actually, the officials of the Roth Empire did not have very high salaries. This middle-aged man facing a midlife crisis would only have around 10,000 copper coins a month as his salary. Therefore, he might not spend 2,000 copper coins on a bottle of Maotai.

"2,000 copper coins?" Bobby frowned. This price was indeed much higher than that of the alcohol he had before. Even a cup of wine delivered personally from the Titan Tavern's lady boss would only cost 50 copper coins a glass.

"Yes." Mag nodded with appropriate warmth and distance.

Bobby thought for a while, and said, "Give me a bottle then, and a helping of drunkard peanuts. And two glasses."

Compared to the Maotai and whiskey which cost 2,000 copper coins per bottle, the 30-copper-coins drunkard peanuts were way too affordable.

Bobby did not have much appetite, so he did not order the other two side dishes that looked a little strange. Weren't pig's ears and tongue things that only the peasants in slums would take back home to cook?

"Alright." Mag nodded slightly. He took down a bottle of Maotai from the shelf and two shot glasses. After that, Mag poured a plate of drunkard peanuts out, and served it to Bobby, who was sitting by the door. "Enjoy."

"Thank you." Bobby nodded slightly. He picked up the white circular bottle. The bottle was very smooth. He undid the cloth sealing the bottle, and saw a cork underneath.

"Professional." If his senior had been around, he would definitely have praised it.

Now that his senior was not around, Bobby praised Mag in his stead.

Pop~

The moment the cork was pulled out, the rich fragrance of the alcohol wafted out.

Although the entire place was already filled with the fragrance of the wine, the fragrance that rushed out of the bottle still made his eyes light up.

This was not fruit wine. It did not have the refreshing fragrance of the former. However, it did have an even stronger and lingering fragrance. It should've been made from grains. He had tried many grain wines, but none of them had a fragrance this strong.

He poured the alcohol out. It was clear, and even reflected the light from the crystal glass.

His senior once said that a good wine deserved a good wine set. The clarity of this wine would not show if it was poured into an ordinary ceramic cup. However, the crystal glass was able to bring it out even more since it was even clearer than crystal.

How was that done? Bobby was astonished.

No matter how much distillation was done, be it fruit wine or grain wine, there would definitely be some sediment left in the wine. Even if there was a minimal amount of sediment, the wine could never be this clear. This just looked like water scooped up from a mountain spring.

If it was not for the fragrance wafting out from this small glass in front of him, Bobby would not dare to believe that this was a glass of wine.

“Sir, you’ve brought me to places to try good wine. This wine here must be one you’ve never tried before. I’ll pour you a glass. Give it a try.” Bobby placed the filled glass in front of him, and fell silent for a while before pouring another glass for himself.

Irina, who had two glasses of wine, started to look out of focus. She turned back to glance at Bobby. She frowned, and then looked at Mag as she raised a brow.

Mag shook his head slightly, indicating that he, too, was not very clear what that man was doing. However, it seemed like he was not waiting for a living person.

Saying that might be a little scary.

The correct way to put it was that he was drinking with a dead person.

Oh, no, he was here to reminisce about his senior.

There had been many deaths in the military for the past few days. It seemed like one of them was someone close to this customer. Would he have any relevant information?

Mag sized Bobby up silently, and thought of what he could get out of him after the man got drunk.

“Sir, this first glass is a toast to you for helping me at work all these years.” Bobby picked up the glass, and finished everything in a shot.

Mm...

It was different from the refreshing and sweet fruit wine, and was also different from the bitterness of grain wine. This wine was smooth, and the fragrance seemed to explode in his head, flowing into his limbs. The texture was fine, and the taste was refreshing and sweet as the wine flowed past Bobby’s teeth.

After swallowing the wine, the fragrance lingered, making him want more.

Bobby did not put down the glass for a very long time as he enjoyed its taste in shock.

All these years with his senior, Bobby could be considered half a professional. This was definitely the best wine he had ever had!

For some reason, the memories of the past started flashing past his mind. Two middle-aged men walking down the streets, two middle-aged men supporting each other after getting tipsy as they vomited while walking, and two middle-aged men sleeping on the streets after getting totally wasted.

Bobby could not take it anymore. He started crying.

That was the senior he respected the most, his best drinking buddy, and his brother for life...

Within a night, everything was gone. Even his family and mansion.

All he did was obey orders and whatever he should do... Why were he and his innocent family members the ones dead?

Chapter 2008: This Taste! Superb!

In the empty tavern, there was a bottle of wine, a plate of peanuts, two shot glasses, and a crying man.

A middle-aged man could break down the very next moment.

Mag raised his brow slightly. He could not empathize much. Perhaps it was just like what Mr. Zhou Shu Ren[1] had said: people's feelings were not interconnected.

As he cried, Bobby poured himself another glass of wine before chugging it down.

After he chugged the second glass down, he felt calmer because he was a little tipsy.

Therefore, he started mumbling to the empty space in front of him.

"S-Senior, say, although we're officials in people's eyes, we're still ordinary people. You were at least a 6th-tier knight. I'm not even a knight. We didn't do anything bad. We just followed orders from above. Now that something happened, why is it our fault?"

"Tell me. All you did was listen to orders and press the seal to send out the secret message, but then they arrested you. Military orders are absolute. If you hadn't sent that secret message, you would have been arrested a few days ago..."

"Sigh... This is all a mess, a mess..."

Bobby chugged down another two glasses. He started to mumble as he rambled on.

Mag understood what was going on. This customer was an official from the military, and he had a close senior who was involved in this incident. He was one of the generals whose family was wiped out the night before.

"Don't just drink, have some peanuts." Mag sat before Bobby. He pushed the plate of drunkard peanuts that had not been touched yet towards Bobby.

Bobby turned to look. His gaze was unfocused. After spacing out for a long while, he reached out, and put a peanut into his mouth.

Crunch, crunch.

The peanut was chewed into pieces, and the fragrance woke Bobby up a little. He also became a little more talkative. He pulled Mag's hand, and started to tell him about his love story, no, scratch that, his brotherhood with the senior.

Mag grabbed a handful of peanuts, and became a qualified audience.

Irina, who was drinking alone, came over with her wine curiously. She sipped on the wine as she listened intently, even cheering at the exciting parts.

"But do your wives know you two were so gay?" Irina asked curiously.

"Gay? That's pure brotherhood... brotherhood, okay?" Bobby tilted his head, and he looked at Irina as he emphasized the important part loudly.

"Got it. Brothers are more important than your wives. The most important thing after work is to go drinking with your brothers." Irina rolled her eyes. She glanced at Mag, and said murderously, "If you dare to do that, I don't mind being a widow."

"I have no brothers," Mag quickly clarified when he saw the half-tipsy, half-vengeful Irina.

"Sigh. Life is so unpredictable. I thought we could drink until we were old. I didn't expect him to leave before me just like that..." Bobby sighed deeply.

"Here, have a little more." Mag poured him another glass of wine.

Bobby chugged it down, and went back to his stories.

"You mean your senior was wronged? This has nothing to do with him?" Seeing that Bobby was almost gone, Mag started to lead him on with questions.

"Isn't... Isn't that so. What was he? H-how could he deploy the army from the borders. Besides, it's a war against the orcs and elves. No one would believe it was possible," Bobby mumbled with a nod.

"Who gave the order? If it was the king, why was he arrested?" Mag continued asking.

"Wh-why are you asking about this?" Bobby glanced at Mag cautiously.

"Here, here, here, have another glass. You're not drunk enough." Mag poured him another glass.

Gulp.

Bobby gulped it down, and started talking again.

"I heard my senior say that it was not the king who gave the orders. It was the second prince who did it in the king's name. I have no idea what he did to trick everyone. After that, the king came back to Rodu, sent troops to surround the military, and arrested all the generals. Everyone in the military had to be questioned..."

"Sigh... what's all this?"

"Besides, a killer from nowhere slaughtered the families of many generals the night before, and burnt everything to the ground. There was not a single complete corpse to be found."

“Now everyone is just afraid that they will be the next target. There was no explanation from the top as well. This is too much...”

Bobby was completely drunk before he even finished half the bottle of wine. Thankfully, Mag had managed to get the address out from him, and even took out his money pouch to settle the bill. After that, Mag helped Bobby out, and got him a horse-drawn carriage, even instructing the coachman to send him home.

“Right now... Andre is probably... stumped.” Irina staggered to the door and into Mag’s embrace without realizing.

“I told you this was strong, and you didn’t believe it.” Mag looked at Irina, who had fallen asleep in his embrace, and picked her up with a pampering smile to send her upstairs.

Fruit wine had even less alcohol content than beer. Therefore, Bobby and Irina would be drunk before even drinking much of Maotai, which had high alcohol content.

After sending Irina upstairs, Mag was about to go downstairs again when Amy and Annie peeked their heads out from the playroom next door.

“Father, is Mother already asleep so early?” Amy asked curiously.

“She drank a little, and is slightly drunk, so she turned in early tonight,” Mag said with a smile.

“I see. Alright.” Amy nodded. However, she said very quickly, “Did you only drink and not eat?”

Mag could tell what Amy had in mind, and smilingly said, “We still have some leftover side dishes downstairs. If the two of you are hungry, you can go grab some.”

“Alright.” Amy quickly nodded happily, and went down hand-in-hand with Annie.

Because Irina got drunk very quickly, she still had quite a lot of drunkard peanuts left on her plate, and the pig ears salad and pig tongue salad were almost left untouched.

Mag warmed some milk for the two little fellows. The side dishes actually went quite well with milk too.

“This peanut is deshelled.” Amy picked up a peanut with her chopsticks, and threw it into her mouth. She chewed quickly, and the munching sounds made her look like a little squirrel nibbling on pine cones.

“It’s good. Fragrant and crunchy. Delicious.” Amy popped another peanut into her mouth happily, and even reminded Annie to try it.

Annie also put a peanut into her mouth as she chewed softly. She was also smiling very brightly. It seemed that she also liked the drunkard peanuts a lot.

“Meow, meow~” Ugly Duckling walked over and meowed impatiently.

“I want to try this pig ears salad.” Amy picked up a piece of pig ear.

In the middle of the thin pig ear was a white tendon. It was coated with a layer of red oil and a dash of sesame seeds. Amy put it into her mouth.

Crunch, crunch~

“Wow~ This taste! Superb!”

Amy’s eyes lit up as she chewed happily.

Chapter 2009: Are You Teaching Me What To Do?

The two children ate the side dishes with a cup of warm milk to go with them. Under the warm neon light, they chuckled heartily.

Mag was sitting at the side, throwing peanuts into his mouth occasionally. There was a pint of beer beside him as he smiled in a warm, fatherly manner.

On the first day of the shop’s opening, he had one customer.

At about 9 pm, Mag walked out. A gust of cold breeze caused him to shudder.

There were only a few other taverns open for business along the street. Among them, Titan Tavern, which was diagonally across, had the best business. At that moment, laughter could still be heard from the tavern, while the situation in the other taverns was almost like that in Saipan Tavern. There were probably more staff than customers.

There was not a single soul on the pitch-black street. Only the cold wind blew.

With a crowd like that, Mag could not help but admire the shops that had not closed down. There was nobody out there at all.

“Closed for the day.” Mag flipped the sign hanging on the door, and switched off the light for the signboard. A day had ended just like that.

Although there was only one bill, they had earned 2030 copper coins. That would have surpassed many at Romo street.

Just as Mag had thought, opening a tavern here could allow him to meet some officials of the Roth Empire and find out much useful information from them.

“Alright, it’s getting late. Our two princesses should go up to get ready for bed,” Mag told the two children playing the cat’s cradle game as he locked the door.

“Alright.” Amy placed the clump of tangled wool on the table, and jumped off from her chair. She had zero talent for the cat’s cradle.

Annie also stood up. She reached out and took the messy ball of wool. Her fingers moved quickly, and the knotted string had gone back to its original state in no time at all. After that, Annie wrapped the string around her wrist.

Mag told the two fellows a bedtime story, and left the room silently only after they had fallen asleep, not forgetting to close the door behind him.

Just when he was getting ready to wash up and go to bed, an urgent knock came from downstairs.

There were nine soft knocks and one hard knock. A familiar tempo.

Mag went downstairs to open the door. He saw a flustered Noya supporting Merante, and quickly stepped aside to let them in.

After going out to clear the bloodstains around the tavern, Mag went back and closed the door behind him. He looked at the pale Merante sitting on the chair and Noya with beads of perspiration on his forehead. Mag asked, "What's going on?"

"It's all my fault. I'm stupid. Grandpa got injured while saving me. I'm so useless!" Noya said with frustration as he slapped himself.

Merante reached out to hold Noya's hand as he said breathlessly, "I... I'm fine..."

"Grandpa, don't move." Noya quickly supported Merante. He looked at Mag, and begged, "Boss Mag, please save my grandpa."

"Don't be anxious. I'll get the medic," Mag reassured Noya, and turned to walk upstairs.

Merante's injuries were serious. With Mag's band-aid medical skills, he probably could only send him on his way.

Thankfully, there was a superb medic upstairs who was still drunk. Mag was also unsure if he could wake her up.

Mag opened the door and saw Irina, who was originally on the bed, lying sprawled on the floor, with a pillow in her arms.

"Indeed, no matter how beautiful you are, once you're drunk, you will still do something out of your control," Mag mumbled to himself. He pulled out the newly bought fresh apple juice from the system, and helped Irina up.

"Thirsty... Water..." Before Mag could open his mouth, Irina was already mumbling.

"Here, water." Mag quickly passed her the apple juice.

Irina grabbed the apple juice, and started gulping it down.

"Delicious. Thank you." Irina placed the cup accurately into Mag's hand, and went back to sleep.

"Wait. We have an injured patient downstairs. Why don't you treat him first before going back to sleep." Mag quickly held her up so she would not lie back down.

"Injured patient?" Irina turned to look at Mag. She was much more awake than before.

"Yes. If you don't save him, he'll be gone." Mag nodded. He had already decided not to let her drink Maotai again. The most he would allow her to drink was red wine and beer.

"H-help me up," Irina commanded.

Mag quickly helped her up.

"W-wait for me to get changed." Irina turned to look at the closet.

“No need to get changed. This is fine. I’ll just get you a jacket.” Mag took the down jacket lying at the side, and put it on Irina before helping her down the stairs.

When they had arrived downstairs, Noya was already a cat on a hot tin roof.

Merante, on the other hand, was much calmer. He had pasted a few talismans on himself. He was leaning on the chair without any expression of pain, and was even consoling Noya.

When Mag and Irina arrived, Noya quickly went up to them.

“You’re not okay?” Irina sized Noya up and down.

“N-not me. It’s my grandpa.” Noya quickly shook his head. He could smell the alcohol on Irina, and she seemed rather drunk. Noya could not help but worry if she could work her spells properly.

“Here.” Mag helped Irina over to Merante.

“Let me go.” Irina pushed Mag’s hand away, and started to observe Merante carefully.

“Boss Mag, is she up to it?” Noya whispered worriedly to Mag.

“It should be fine.” Mag was uncertain too.

Merante was severely wounded. There was a big hole through his abdomen. It was as though a sharp weapon had pierced through him, spun one round, and brought his flesh and blood out together with it.

Other than that, there were a few other injuries elsewhere, some inflicted by spells and some caused by weapons.

“He’s not dead yet after all this?” Irina exclaimed in shock after looking at Merante for a while.

“Is that how you should react?” Merante, who still had his final breath, almost vomited blood and dropped dead at that moment.

“Please, save my grandpa,” Noya pleaded.

“Alright.” Irina reached her hand out, and a foldable chair appeared in her hand.

“Huh?”

Everyone in the tavern was stunned.

“Oh, wrong one.” Irina threw the foldable chair aside, and pulled out her magic caster’s staff.

“O’ Holy Light, wipe out all darkness and filth,” Irina chanted as she raised her magic caster’s staff.

The dazzling Holy Light landed on Merante.

“Aaah...” Merante let out a painful howl. The talismans on him started lighting up.

“Is that the wrong spell?! How can you use the Holy Light for treatment?! You should use your healing magic!” Noya exclaimed in shock. He went up immediately, wanting to stop Irina.

“Are you teaching me what to do”? Irina turned to look at him..

Chapter 2010: There's Nothing Wrong, You're Really

Rbq! Rbq1!

Noya shut up the moment she glanced over.

This was the aura of a big boss. Even if she was wrong, she would be rightfully wrong.

Mag watched as Merante was roasted in the Holy Light, and his eyelids twitched frantically. He glanced at Irina, who seemed rather drunk, and was worried if this would end up becoming medical malpractice.

After all, Merante was from the Ghost Clan. He would feel uncomfortable before the Holy Light.

The Holy Light continued shining on Merrante for three minutes. Other than the talismans, Mag could even see some black wisps being purified by the Holy Light.

Merante was already unconscious from the excruciating pain.

"Grandpa!" Noya wanted to rush up.

Mag held Noya back because Irina had started chanting her healing magic spells.

Bits of faint golden glow fell on Merante. The horrifying wound started to regenerate and heal at a visible speed.

The entire process went on for around 10 minutes. The empty area in Merante's abdomen grew new flesh, and he regained some color on his pale face. It seemed as though his breathing became stabler.

"Alright." Irina kept her magic caster's staff, closed her eyes, and fell backward.

Thankfully, Mag reacted fast enough and caught her.

Since she was not completely sober from the alcohol just now, she fell asleep from exhaustion after using her magic on such a tricky case.

"Grandpa." Noya went up. Although Merante had not regained consciousness, it seemed that his life was no longer in danger.

"Th-thank you." Noya thanked Mag and Irina as he kneeled on the floor.

"Alright. There are no rooms upstairs. It's rather inconvenient to have you staying in the tavern. I'll come back down later to bring you to the house beside. You can stay at Romo Street for the time being," Mag said as he carried Irina upstairs.

Noya put the unconscious Merante on his back as he asked Mag worriedly, "Beside...? Won't we be found out?"

"Half of the houses on this street belong to me. You can choose a random house later," Mag said calmly as he put on his coat, and walked to the door.

"Rich..." Noya raised his brow, and looked at Mag with admiration.

Mag opened the door, observed the surroundings, and brought Noya out of the tavern after making sure that there was no one around.

At last, Noya chose a black two-story building in the corner. The first floor was a little teahouse, while the second floor offered more privacy. There was a complete set of old furniture, and the previous owner even left two beds and blankets behind.

Mag kicked away the torn blankets that Noya was about to lay out. He bought two new sets of bedsheets from the system, and helped Noya lay them out. After that, Mag watched Noya place Merante gently on the bed.

“What happened? How did he get so seriously injured?” Mag finally asked the question that troubled him for so long.

“We had been tracing the evil aura, and traced it all the way to the first prince’s mansion. In the end, we were ambushed just after we climbed over the wall. We did not even have the time to investigate anything.

“In order to save me, Grandpa got this seriously wounded. Otherwise, they would never be able to hurt Grandpa with their capabilities. I am too useless,” Noya said self-reproachfully.

“That’s true. You are really useless.” Mag nodded. This was the prime example of being dragged down by a burden teammate.

“Hm???” Noya looked at Mag with bewilderment.

Even though he was feeling very remorseful, at a point like this, shouldn’t one be saying things like “this is not your fault,” “you didn’t do it on purpose,” or “your grandpa won’t blame it on you”?

“You can only protect people you care about when you become strong,” Mag said calmly.

Noya was slightly stunned. His expression turned determined gradually as he nodded with resolution.

“Don’t go out for the next few days. There will probably be many people in Rodu looking for the two of you. If you’re caught, I might not be able to help you escape.” Mag looked at Noya, and instructed, “I will send you your three meals every day. We will talk about other things when the old man has recovered.”

“Thank you.” Noya bowed deeply at Mag once again.

He had been completely flustered just now. If it were not for Mag and Irina, his grandpa would probably be gone now.

“Drink a little of this, and have a good sleep. No one will disturb you.” Maotai placed a small bottle of Maotai by the bed with a packet of drunkard peanuts. He patted Noya on his shoulder, and turned to leave.

Gulp~

Noya did not have dinner, so his stomach was grumbling a lot. He opened the packet, threw a handful of peanuts into his mouth, and chewed on them.

“It’s so spicy!”

Other than the fragrance, the numbing spiciness made his face flush red immediately. As a young lad who barely took spice, Noya had a very low tolerance for spiciness.

He looked around, and the only thing in the room was the bottle of wine beside him.

Pop.

Noya pulled out the cork, and chugged two mouthfuls down.

“Ah~ Delicious.” Although he was not very knowledgeable about alcohol, he still knew how to tell what tasted good and what tasted bad. Noya could not help but compliment the alcohol. Grandpa would definitely love it.

The wine was able to curb the spicy taste, so Noya threw another handful of peanuts into his mouth.

After finishing a packet of peanuts and half the bottle of wine, Noya sealed the bottle with the cork again. He felt his head grow heavy, and very quickly fell asleep by the bed.

At the entrance of the military, a big and tall general looked at the knights in front of him, and asked, “Have you found them?”

“Sir, our soldiers have split up to trace them, but we’ve still lost their tracks,” one of the knights reported.

“Useless! You can’t even find a heavily wounded old man!” the general chided loudly with displeasure.

All the knights lowered their heads, afraid to speak.

“Sir, you’ve pierced right through that old man. After receiving such a fatal blow, he must have died. As long as we increase the scope of our search operations, we will definitely find them very quickly,” a deputy general beside him said.

The general’s expression became a little better. He said seriously, “Continue searching! They might very well be the murderer from the incident the night before. Find them, and His Majesty will reward you handsomely!”

“Yes!” The knights left quickly after receiving their order.

“Already at Rodu? Hehe, interesting...” A cloud of black fog slowly seeped out from the first prince’s mansion. A silhouette in a black robe walked out slowly from the black fog. His low voice was jarring to the ears, just like the sound of metal rubbing against each other.

The man in black robe turned his head in the direction of the mansion, and quickly became a cloud of black fog and disappeared.

“Senior!”

Bobby woke up with a start. He sat right up on the bed, and was drenched in perspiration.

“Master, are you alright?” a middle-aged woman asked worriedly as she sat up beside Bobby, and passed him a handkerchief to wipe his perspiration.

Bobby came back to his senses. He looked out at the light coming in from the window, and then at the middle-aged woman, who was looking at him with concern. He shook his head, and asked, “Why am I at home? What happened?”