

Stay At home 2021

Chapter 2021: What's Wrong With A Man Being Perverted?

"This texture! This taste! How can it be so delicious!"

Noah's eyes widened. Tears welled up in his eyes uncontrollably, and soon slid down his cheeks.

This scrumptious sensation was simply too touching.

This food made a grown man weep, and ripped the shirt of a 700-year-old man. Was this the test of humanity...

"A grown man weeping over a tiny dessert," Merante said disdainfully.

Noah sniffled as he reminded Merante, "Then pull up your shirt first, Grandpa. Take care of your image."

The tiny salted egg yolk pastry went into their stomachs soon.

The two of them looked at each other, and saw the unfulfillment in each other's eyes.

If it weren't for the fact that they couldn't go out now, and they were embarrassed to ask Boss Mag for more, they could easily eat another 10.

"Come, let's eat." Noah took out the braised chicken, sat down, and started eating.

They didn't know if it was because they had missed breakfast, but the braised chicken and rice tasted extra delicious today. Even the rice tasted better as they chewed.

The news of the great general's residence being burnt down and Great General Blum being assassinated last night had already spread in the city of Rodu. It became one of the people's hot after-meal discussion topics.

Together with the massacres of the few Ministry of Defense's courtiers in the past two days, all the courtiers began to fear for their lives. Even the ordinary folks were terrified.

Furthermore, there were gossips that General Blum had called out the name of the second prince, Josh, before he died, and the 10th-tier knight Lear, who was in charge of his protection, mentioned Josh too.

There was also news that the orders to invade the orcs and the elves were also given by Josh behind the king's back. He massacred the Ministry of Defense's courtiers' families because he was furious over getting exposed.

Of course, such news couldn't be spread aboveboard, but because it was shocking and rather reasonable, it began to spread uncontrollably.

Of course, the news of Great General Blum's horrible death spread together with that bit of gossip. Some said he had met a ghost, while others said Josh was the devil.

No matter which piece of news it was, they were all terrifying and nerve-wracking.

Moreover, nobody had seen Josh going to court during this time, so it sort of proved the authenticity of this news circumstantially.

The palace.

In the royal study, Andre swept the documents that were piled up high onto the floor, and yelled angrily, "Bastard!"

The courtiers in the royal study lowered their heads in fear. They didn't dare to make a sound.

Lear stood in a corner with his head lowered nervously too.

He reported the incident to His Majesty in the palace last night. The king was furious, and ordered 10-odd 10th-tier powerhouses to comb through Rodu a few times, but the suspect couldn't be found.

Richard bowed, and said, "Your Majesty, this matter hasn't been investigated thoroughly yet, but there were already rumors about Prince Josh becoming the devil's puppet and massacring the courtiers. I think we should stop the spread of such rumors."

Andre's gaze landed on Richard. It was razor-sharp.

Sweat began to bead on Richard's forehead.

"Then, you will go get me Josh, and let him explain to me face to face," Andre said coldly.

"I... have no idea where Prince Josh is right now." Richard's voice quivered.

"If so, how can you prove that he is innocent? Lear saw with his own eyes. Blum called out his name before he died. Have you seen his body? If he hadn't seen something so horrifying, how could an experienced veteran general have died of fright? How could he have gotten drained of all his blood?" Andre's tone became piercing.

Richard dropped to his knees with a plop, and his sweat began to drip onto the floor.

Andre coldly said, "Find him. However, I don't want to hear anything about this incident anywhere else."

"Yes!" all the courtiers answered, and a few of them quickly left.

"All of you may go now. Lear, stay back," Andre said.

All the courtiers left, and Lear was the only one who stayed.

"Are you certain that it was Josh that you saw last night?" Andre asked Lear.

"Yes. Although he was wearing a black robe, I wounded him when I was fighting with him. I happened to see his face, and I am certain that it was Prince Josh." Lear nodded.

"He is a magic caster who has never learned how to wield a sword." Andre frowned.

"His movements were shifty and weird. He didn't fight with me directly, but his power should be above the 9th-tier, and not that of a magic caster's. Furthermore, there was an uncomfortable aura emanating

from him. It made one fearful when one got close to him.” Lear recalled the situation where he fought with the man in black robe last night. He was still getting chills down his back.

Andre nodded slightly, and frowned silently for a while before waving his hand, and said, “You may leave.”

“Yes,” Lear answered, and quickly retreated out of the royal study.

Andre sat down slowly. He was silent for a long time before saying to a corner, “What do you think about this?”

A black shadow slowly appeared from the corner, and said hoarsely, “Your Majesty, Lear isn’t lying. Blum’s corpse is indeed weird too. I checked the scene last night, and an eerie evil aura was indeed found there. Although I am not certain that it was done by the second prince, I’m afraid it has something to do with the devil.”

“Find him and bring him back to me,” Andre said.

“Yes.”

“What’s going on now? Seems like Josh has indeed become the devil’s puppet. He has even killed Blum. I’m afraid he will kill more people to start a war so that he can absorb more resentment,” Louis, who was next to the window, told Douglas, who was sitting at the table.

“It seems like Andre doesn’t want anyone else to know about it. Even when his son has done him a misdeed behind his back, he would rather undertake all this silently himself after he came back,” Douglas coldly said. “But we can’t let him cover this up. The Norland Continent will never have peace if the devil assumes control over him too.”

“So?”

“We will pull off his underwear since he wants to cover it up.”

“Woah. Are you that perverted?”

“What’s wrong with a man being perverted?”

“It’s great. I like it. But, what do we do?”

“Since he doesn’t want people to know about this, we will make this known to everyone on the Norland Continent, and make Josh a wanted man. We will find him, and then kill him,” Douglas said coldly.

“I need to run an errand. I’m going to get a letter,” Mag informed Irina before going out.

The Gray Temple had an office in Rodu. As an individual who had received the highest clearance, Mag had gotten in touch with the Gray Temple’s office on the first day that he arrived at Rodu. He could receive the latest intel every day.

This was much more convenient and accurate than the intel that he had to search for and buy outside himself. These were the latest first-hand news.. Perhaps even Michael hadn't even received them yet.

Chapter 2022: This Secondary Attack Was Professionally Done

Mag got today's intel from the secret tree hole. He altered it a little and embellished it a little. He then changed his appearance with the face-altering mask, and sold this latest intel to the few information centers in Rodu. At the same time, he gave a free copy to all the storytellers in the teahouses.

By the afternoon, the news of Second Prince Josh committing the unforgivable crimes of selling his soul to the devil, starting a war, massacring the courtiers and their families, and trying to kill the king and rebel and the king removing Josh's prince title and hunting Josh for his crimes had spread throughout Rodu.

This shocking news shook the court.

Meanwhile, on the other side of the news, it meant that the fight for the throne that had lasted over 10-odd years had finally ended.

If Josh chose to sell his soul to the devil, that meant that he was kicked out from the fight for the throne. First Prince Sean would become the only candidate to succeed the throne.

The first prince's residence.

"Josh, that idiot. He finally kicked himself out of the race. I won it effortlessly." Sean laughed heartily while looking at the intel that he had just received.

He was, without a doubt, the person who benefited the most from this incident.

At first, he was still sad over Blum's death. After all, the man was Sean's greatest supporter, and he just died suddenly.

However, judging from the results now, his death was so worth it. He brought Josh down to the abyss with him, and there was no way Josh could come up again.

"Your Highness, the palace hasn't released information regarding that yet. I'm afraid we have to take this information with a pinch of salt," a subordinate reminded him.

Sean smiled, and said, "This news has already become a fact now that it has spread. Josh is already dead from today on."

"This..." Abraham couldn't close his mouth for a long time after hearing the news that his butler reported to him.

"My Lord, should I prepare the carriage for you to go to the palace?" the butler asked softly.

Abraham pondered silently for a while before shaking his head, and said, "There's no need to. His Majesty didn't summon me, and he didn't announce it to the world, either. I think it's most likely to be just rumors. Pass down my orders. No one in the duke's residence is allowed to discuss this. Otherwise, they will be fired and evicted."

The butler left with Abraham's orders, while Abraham began to pace around in the hall with a troubled expression.

"He shouldn't have done it. No matter how we look at this fight for the throne, Josh still has a 50% chance of winning. Why did he do such stupid things before His Majesty has made his decision?"

"Vanessa is going to cry her heart out if she finds out about this.

"Sigh... the youngsters nowadays are unfathomable."

Douglas looked at the intel in his hand with surprise, and said, "Seems like we are not the only ones monitoring this event."

"If Chaos City didn't do it, then it was most likely done by Alex and Irina. This is a drastic measure." Louis nodded too. He was rather impressed by it.

Both of them knew the wisdom of the person behind all this. Many people were desperate for the truth in current chaotic situations. They only needed to throw a seed into the world of intel, and the news would spread like wildfire without the need for them to do anything else.

"The fire is already raging. Then, let's create a gale." Douglas smiled coldly.

Soon, an open letter in the giant dragons' name was sent to the Rodu's palace, and its contents quickly spread throughout the Norland Continent.

In the letter, the giant dragons condemned Andre for protecting Josh, who was controlled by the devil, allowing him to start a war on the orcs and the elves, massacre the courtiers and their families, and attempt to start a new racial war.

Moreover, the giant dragons issued an ultimatum to Andre. They wanted Andre to apprehend Josh as soon as possible, and give all of them an explanation.

If the rumors that were spreading during the day were limited in their influence, the giant dragons' open letter was equivalent to a bomb. It ripped the fig leaf away.

The second prince had become the devil, and was massacring people in Rodu. People panicked immediately.

"This secondary attack was professionally done." Mag looked at the open letter that he had just received with surprise.

This impact was equivalent to announcing the end of Josh directly.

No matter how Josh could try to whitewash it later, there was no way Josh could become the king of the Roth Empire in this lifetime with a stain like this unless he could control everyone.

He could already imagine Andre's and Josh's fury when they received this news.

Irina looked at the letter in Mag's hands with a smile, and said, "We simply start the ball rolling, and it just continues to roll by itself. Its effect is much better than what we have anticipated."

The devil made the Norland Continent feel threatened, yet the second prince of the Roth Empire, Josh, chose to sell his soul to the devil. The public opinion would force Andre to investigate this matter thoroughly and cut ties with Josh completely.

What was certain was that an anti-Josh alliance was about to be set up.

Andre had already completely lost the legitimacy and initiative to start a war. Furthermore, he might even have to consider how to prove that the Edward royal family didn't all succumb to the devil and become its slave.

"This is quite good." Mag kept the open letter, and smilingly said to Irina, "My mood is great today. Let's have a good meal. Order whatever you want."

Amy poked her little head out from behind the counter, and was the first to announce, "I want to eat salted egg yolk pastry, grilled meat, roasted pig's eyes, grilled fish..."

"Then we will have a big barbecue. I'll go prepare for it." Mag walked to the kitchen smilingly. Letting the other party have a taste of his own medicine felt great.

"You lied to me! Things didn't go as you said they would! I have nothing now!!!"

Beyond Rodu, a furious voice echoed throughout a dark, spacious cave.

A faint light cast a vague shadow of the man in black robe on the wall. The shadow was moving gradually, and many tentacles extended from it.

"There is no problem with the plan's execution, and the war has already started. You have even gained your current power with that resentment. It's because some horrible fellows have disrupted our plans. You have to find them, and then kill them. I will help you, and everything in this world will belong to you, and everyone will bow to you." A hoarse and low voice sounded in the cave as the black shadow swayed gently.

"Kill them? Ha..." Josh laughed hopelessly. "They want to lure me out and kill me. How am I going to kill them? Even you were resealed by Alex too!"

"I have nothing now, and it's all because of you... I shouldn't have trusted you. I shouldn't have trusted you..."

"Whom else can you trust besides me... Relax, it's just the beginning..." That shadow's voice became gentler and gentler.

Suddenly, the shadow on the wall rushed onto Josh, changed into a black fog, and merged into his body.

The shadow on the wall was swaying, and the tentacles could be seen burrowing into Josh's head before disappearing completely.

"Now, I am you, and you are me..."

Chapter 2023: What Design Is This?

The night fell, and Romo Street was as forlorn as ever.

Some customers who were nostalgic would come over to take a look. However, looking at the deserted street and the few opened restaurants and taverns, there wasn't much urge to go in and spend in their hearts.

This scene had continued for over a year, and the remaining shops' owners were also beginning to consider the issue of closing down. They couldn't survive on passion alone.

A few Ministry of Defense's officials followed Lucien on Romo Street, and one of them said, "Lord Lucien, there aren't many taverns left on Romo Street apart from Titan Tavern, but Titan Tavern is too boisterous. Why don't we go somewhere else?"

Some of the officials lamented, "Yes. It's only been a year, and it's already so deserted. Romo Street was once the top choice for entertainment."

"Let me bring you guys to a good place. We really can't find another place like it other than on Romo Street," Lucien said with a smile.

The officials were surprised to hear that. Lord Lucien had invited his colleagues from the Ministry of Defense out for a drink today. Due to the big incidents that had happened recently, and how they had nothing on hand to do, they all felt stifled, so they all readily agreed to join Lucien.

"Come to speak of it, it was Bobby who brought me here," Lucien said to Bobby, who was standing at the edge.

"So it was Lord Bobby who recommended this place. Then, it must have great drinks." The officials were thoughtful and mindful at the same time.

Everyone in the Ministry of Defense knew that Hector and Bobby were great friends, and they often drank together.

Besides, Lucien and Hector were close friends too. Now that Hector had left, Lucien and Bobby got close to each other. In fact, with Bobby's rank and status, he shouldn't be among the main Ministry of Defense's officials to be invited for a drink, but Lucien still brought him along. Hence, this gave people something to ponder.

"I happened to bump into this newly opened tavern two days ago, and the drinks were not bad, so I dare to bring my lords here to try them out," Bobby humbly replied. His rank was the lowest among them, and Lucien probably brought him along to give him a leg up in his career. He naturally had to put on his best performance.

Soon, their group arrived at the door of Saipan Tavern.

All the courtiers were surprised that there was a new tavern here, but since it was Lucien who brought them here, they naturally wouldn't make any comments. They followed him into the tavern.

This was a new establishment, but the decor and furniture were all very simple. It wasn't opulent at all, and was vastly different from the taverns they used to frequent.

However, due to the recent incidents, they really didn't have the mood to enjoy themselves at the taverns. They only wanted to find a quiet place to drink and chat so that they could ease their dejection.

"Oh, we have customers again." Amy poked her little head out from the counter, and looked at the group of people that just came in curiously.

"Woah, what an adorable little girl." Everyone's eyes lit up as they looked at the exquisite little girl, and they couldn't help smiling.

"How do you do?" Amy smilingly said. She was well-behaved and adorable.

"Mm-hmm. How do you do, young lady?" Lucien smilingly replied. He had a great impression of this tavern. He enjoyed himself thoroughly last night too.

He had a rare good night's sleep when he went home last night, and woke up fresh this morning. He would have thought that it was a great day if not for the news of Blum's murder.

Mag heard the voices, and came out from the kitchen. His lips curled up imperceptibly when he saw Bobby. It was as if the latter was the tavern's promoter. He brought people here to drink frequently, and the groups got bigger and bigger.

"What would you gentlemen like to drink?" Mag asked calmly. He wasn't intimidated by their officials' attire and aura at all.

Lucien took a quick look at their group of eight, and pondered briefly before saying, "We'll have three bottles of Maotai, a bottle of whiskey, and two helpings of the dishes to go with the drinks. Oh, yes, two extra helpings of drunkard peanuts, please."

"Alright, please give me a minute." Mag nodded and went into the kitchen.

A courtier chuckled, and said, "This boss is really interesting. Wherever we go for drinks or meals, those bosses would try their best to suck up to us, but he isn't flustered at all."

A courtier also doubtfully said, "Yes. This boss looks very young. Can he really brew great drinks?"

"Perhaps that is his character. However, this boss does indeed brew great alcoholic drinks," Bobby explained with a smile.

All of them chose seats that were further in, and started chatting. They soon began to talk about Blum's assassination.

They saw that the tavern was empty, with just a little girl playing at the bar counter, and the boss busying himself in the kitchen, so they began to discuss it tactfully.

Blum was an important general in the military, but he didn't hold any position in the Ministry of Defense, so the Ministry of Defense's officials weren't familiar with him. Hence, his death wasn't as

impactful to them as the deaths of several Ministry of Defense's officials and the massacre of their families.

However, this assassination brought out other information, which terrified them in hindsight.

If it was really Second Prince Josh who killed Blum, then the murderer who massacred their colleagues' families was very likely to be Josh too.

Those courtiers were already sent to prison because of Josh, and their families were massacred before they could be proven innocent. Therefore, many of them committed suicide in prison because they couldn't withstand it.

As a highly ranked courtier and due to the sensitivity of this matter, Lucien quickly changed topic after saying a few words about it.

"Your drinks and dishes. Please enjoy." Mag quickly served them their drinks and dishes before retreating cleverly.

"What design is this? It's so unique."

Everyone's eyes lit up when they saw the three roly-poly Maotai bottles and the thin and narrow crystal whiskey bottle.

Given their identities and status, they naturally had drunk good liquor before, but no taverns had spent so much effort on their liquor bottles before.

"This is Maotai, the most scrumptious liquor I have ever tasted." Bobby picked up a bottle of Maotai, and twisted the cap open familiarly.

A rich liquor aroma wafted out instantly.

"This smell!"

All the courtiers' eyes lit up. Some of them who were alcohol lovers even took a deep sniff of it.

"I know it's a great liquor just by smelling its aroma. I didn't expect such great liquor to exist in a newly opened tavern on this Romo Street," a courtier praised.

Bobby took a few glasses, and poured a glass for each of the courtiers.

"I'm not drinking Maotai, either. I want to try the taste of this whiskey." Lucien declined Bobby's drink, and instead picked up the bottle of whiskey on the table.

It was rare to see crystal bottles of such design. Mag could even get a good price just by selling this crystal bottle alone, but he was using it to hold the liquor. The 2000-copper-coins-a-bottle liquor was already worth its price tag just with this bottle alone.

"Let me open it for you." Mag approached just at the appropriate time. He took the whiskey from Lucien, and removed the seal before using the opener to remove the cork.

"Please enjoy." Mag put down the whiskey..

Chapter 2024: Hearing You Call Me Dad Makes Me Feel Good

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

Lucien, who was rather expectant, started frowning. He poured a glass for himself, and put it next to his nose to take a sniff. After that, he turned to Mag, and said, "Sir, is your wine burnt?"

"Yeah. There's the smell of smoke," another person agreed. Although it was not a nasty smell, it was not something that should appear in alcohol.

The other courtiers all pulled a face. They had never been fooled with inferior goods when they were out for a drink. This owner was not being honest.

Bobby looked at Mag. He had a rather good impression of this owner, but if there was something wrong with this alcohol, the other party had better explain himself.

"This is not burnt. It is the unique burnt fragrance and smoky smell of whiskey. This is the soul of the whiskey," Mag explained. "Of course, there would be people who would fall in love with this smell and those who cannot accept it, but it has nothing to do with being burnt."

"Aren't you trying to smoke your way through?" A courtier frowned as he suppressed his anger.

"The whiskey and Maotai are both made by me with all my heart. How can you say that I'm trying to smoke my way through? Why don't you try it for yourself? If you don't like it, don't drink it," Mag said as he stood his ground.

Lucien raised his hand slightly, telling the fellow courtiers not to blow their top. He looked at Mag with a smile, and said, "I believe a person who could brew a wine as beautiful as Maotai would not lie. Let me try this drink and see if it suits my tastes."

After saying that, Lucien took a sip of the whiskey.

His brows were tightly knit at first. After that, he raised his eyebrows, and was surprised. After that, the tension between his brows relaxed, and the tasting ended with a smile on his face.

This alcohol was rich and dry the moment it entered his mouth. The faint smokiness in his mouth made it rather mysterious. The light burnt smell was not too stinging or bad. In fact, it added some layers to the alcohol.

This was very different from the pure and rich fragrance of Maotai. It was unique just like that, yet there was a stunningly high quality that was maintained. It was also top-grade alcohol.

The smooth and fine alcohol swirled around in Lucien's mouth, and slid down his throat. Its fragrance lingered in his mouth.

Lucien knew that he had already fallen in love with this alcohol called whiskey. It was so special and so surprising. Only those who truly knew how to appreciate it could find the beauty hidden behind its deceptive fragrance.

“Great alcohol! Fabulous!” Lucien opened his eyes slowly. He looked at Mag apologetically, and said, “Sir, we were rash. This is beautiful alcohol that is on par with Maotai.”

“Enjoy.” Mag nodded slightly and left.

Now, Bobby and the rest were shocked.

“Lord Lucien, is this alcohol really that good?” The courtier who had criticized Mag was in disbelief.

“Have a glass and you’ll find out.” Lucien picked up an empty glass at the side, and poured some for him.

“Sure. If you say that it’s good, I’ll give it a try too.” That courtier picked up the glass, and took a sip.

He frowned at first as well, but his eyes lit up after that, and he looked down at the glass in his hand in shock, and then looked at Lucien. He swallowed the drink, and carefully recalled its taste before nodding in agreement as he said, “This is indeed good! I didn’t expect a small tavern like this to have such beautiful drinks.”

“Lord Cataula even said that he was trying to smoke his way through with this drink,” Lucien mocked.

“Hehe...” Cataula smiled awkwardly. He turned toward the bar counter, and said, “Sir, don’t mind me. I speak before I think. Your alcohol is fantastic.”

“No worries, as long as you like it,” Mag replied.

“Do you want to give it a try?” Lucien asked the other courtiers.

“I have been craving this Maotai because of its fragrance. I’m afraid this alcohol might not be to my liking. I think I will try this first.”

“Yeah. I haven’t smelled a wine so good before. Pour it all out. Let’s try this first.”

The others seemed more interested in Maotai before them.

“Sure. The side dishes are all served. Let’s be at ease and start drinking.” Lucien raised his glass with a smile, and reminded them, “Let me warn you first, this alcohol is really strong. Drink it slowly.”

After that, the tavern echoed with praises for the liquor. Be it Maotai or the whiskey, everyone was pleasantly surprised.

This table of people brought the rather desolate tavern a little more life that taverns should have.

“Opening a tavern saves a lot of manpower compared to a restaurant. I went into the wrong field.” Mag sat behind the bar counter as he watched the two little fellows play chess on a little stool, and listened to the group of grown men chat.

“Reminder: please quickly increase the popularity of the tavern. Current popularity points: 8! A small goal for popularity points can be set at 1000 first! Go for it! Gambatte!”

“Gambadad? Hearing you call me dad makes me feel good.” Mag nodded. “Daddy will work hard¹.”

(◡̈•̀•́)!

“Piss off!” the system hollered!

“This is not bad. Look at these people chatting happily. After a couple of shots, they will be talking about anything and everything. If there are other customers around, they might not even dare to listen to the conversation.” Mag completely ignored the system’s hollers.

“Don’t forget that you’ve bought the other half of the street,” the system reminded him.

Mag frowned. He realized that things did not seem so simple. He might be making a loss in this investment.

The whiskey and Maotai were both strong alcohol, especially so for these men who had only been drinking low-alcohol-content fruit wines.

At first, they were still able to chug down the alcohol, but after a few shots and a few peanuts, they were all gone.

Recently, Mag did not have any hobbies other than listening to drunk customers and chatting with them. For example, about Blum, who was killed by him and Irina, or about how the courtiers were feeling recently and what they thought of Josh.

Even the Gray Temple might not be able to collect such first-hand news.

Mag went out and got the coachmen of the courtiers to bring them back. He flipped the wooden plaque at the door, and officially closed for the day.

This was it for Josh. His reputation was down the gutter, and the effect was apparent.

Now, Josh was akin to the devil in the eyes of these courtiers from the Ministry of Defense. On top of that, they even wanted him dead to take revenge for the dead families and generals of the Ministry of Defense.

Besides, they had happily come to a conclusion tonight to write a petition to the king so that he could investigate this case thoroughly and apprehend the killer.

Well done!

Mag generously waived the cost of a helping of drunkard peanuts off their bill.

Chapter 2025: To This Dog A*s Life

“When you feel that life isn’t working out for you, don’t be flustered. Touch your empty pocket, and cry it all out,” Mag calmly told the middle-aged man who was sitting at the door of his tavern, and looking out at the crowd at Titan Tavern diagonally across the road.

That man turned back to look at Mag woefully. His lips moved and tears welled up in his eyes.

Judging from his attire, although he did not seem rich, he was definitely not a homeless man.

But, one thing Mag could be sure of—the man definitely did not have enough money in his pocket to buy even a glass of wine. However, he did not feel like going home. Therefore, he sat at the door of a tavern while looking at another tavern.

The crowd and noise there had nothing to do with me because I had no money.

“If a man has no money in his pocket, he can never stand up tall.” Mag sighed and took out the few gold coins he collected last night, tossing them in his hand.

The man appeared to become even more resentful. He glanced at the gold coins in Mag’s hand, and retracted his gaze angrily.

Judging from physical size, he was not certain that he could snatch those gold coins from this darn tavern owner.

After a moment of silence, that man turned back and looked at Mag. “I have a story, and you have wine.”

“I’m sorry, but I’m not interested.” Mag shook his head.

The middle-aged man: π__π...

“But, since you’re so interested in the tavern there, why didn’t you sit at their doorstep?” Mag asked curiously.

“There are so many people there. I’ll be embarrassed. Besides, it’s rather warm to sit here.” The man glanced at Mag, and was still plenty resentful.

“Oh, I see.” Mag thought for a while, and felt offended all of a sudden.

Why?

Did he think there’s no one here at all?

On top of that, he’s here for the free warmer?

“It is rather cold outside today.” Mag stomped his feet. Although the warmer inside made the air at the door feel slightly warmer, there was still the chilling wind.

“Yes. It would be great if there was a place to sit.” The man nodded as he rubbed his hands together, and looked at Mag expectantly.

“This step is rather flat. I’ll leave the door ajar for you.” Mag smiled generously. After that, he left the door slightly open so that the warm air from the tavern would blow out.

“Thanks.” The man nodded woefully.

“You’re welcome.” Mag waved his hand generously, and turned to walk into the tavern.

“Ah...” Pasa sighed, and pulled his little blanket tighter around himself.

It was too hard to be a man.

He had been a long-distance horse-drawn carriage coachman for more than 20 years. He had been delivering goods for traders, and had been to several places. However, he had just lost his job today.

His boss said that war might happen soon, and the trading route would be blocked. There was no idea when it would resume, so all the coachmen were dismissed.

It would take two more days before he could receive his salary for the month. Even if he did receive his wages from his boss, he would have to hand it over to his wife immediately.

Of course, he was not afraid of his wife. He... respected his wife.

Yes, exactly.

He had three children at home, and they were all growing. Initially, they could still get by with his meager salary.

After sitting around for a while, Pasa got up to go home. He had thought things through. He would look for a job tomorrow, and even if he was not going to be a coachman anymore, he could go somewhere else to find other jobs to do. At least he should not let his family starve.

“A drink or two?” Just then, a familiar voice came from behind.

Pasa turned back, and was shocked at Mag, who was carrying a little stool and a tray.

Mag placed the tray on the little stool. On the tray was a plate of drunkard peanuts and slightly less than half a bottle of Maotai left behind by the group just now. Because there were too many of them, Mag didn't know whom to pass it to, so he decided to settle it this way.

Mag sat down beside Pasa on the step with the stool in between them. The door behind them was wide open, and the warm air from inside blew out, chasing away the chill.

Pop~

Mag pulled out the cork, and poured it into two glasses.

“Fantastic wine!”

Pasa's eyes lit up the moment he smelled the fragrance of the alcohol. He was not a drinker, but coachmen would always drink in the winter to get rid of the cold. After roaming around for so many years, Pasa had also tried wines from various places, but he had never smelled something so aromatic.

“You have great taste.” Mag poured two glasses of wine. He reached for a cup, and told Pasa, “Here, to this dog a*s life.”

“To this dog a*s life.” Pasa picked up the glass, clinked with Mag, and chugged the liquid down.

This was a great wine that Pasa had never had before in his life. The moment he swallowed the wine, the warmth started rushing up to the rest of his body. There was the warmth from this great wine and also the warmth from the wine offered by a stranger in this chilling wind.

“Drunkard peanuts. Try it.” Mag threw one peanut into his mouth, and crunched on it.

Pasa also put a peanut into his mouth. He was shocked that this ordinary peanut could be so crunchy and spicy. This made him feel like having another glass.

Mag filled up Pasa's glass once again. However, he did not clink glasses with him again. This was not beer. If they drank one cup after another, this leftover wine would be gone in no time, and he would not know what to do if this fellow got drunk.

"I'm a coachman. I've been to many places. Twilight Forest, Wind Forest, Chaos City... I've been to all of them. The only place I haven't been to is Demon Islands. I heard that demons eat humans. Besides, you need to take a ferry there, so I didn't go..." Pasa started chatting with Mag. However, he did not talk about his hard life, but about the things he saw and heard as a coachman roaming around Norland Continent for all these years.

Mag was listening rather intently most of the time. He was listening about the world from the perspective of a coachman and what a coachman thought of this world.

This was a rather interesting experience. At least it was not something he would experience often in his life.

Looking at an ordinary man living life seriously.

"Thank you for your beautiful wine. When I have money in my pocket, I'll drink with you again. Next time... it's my treat," Pasa, who was slightly tipsy, told Mag seriously.

"Sure, your treat next time." Mag nodded with a smile. He packed the leftover drunkard peanuts, and hung it at Pasa's waist. There were three sweets in there too because he heard about his three children at home.

"Goodbye." Pasa waved his hand, and staggered off.

Mag stood by the door, and watched him disappear down the street. After ensuring that Pasa could go home on his own, he turned to enter the tavern, and switched off the light for the signboard.

That fellow... is rather strange? The door to Titan Tavern opened. Eiffie frowned and was puzzled.

"Lady boss, another bottle!" A shout came from the tavern.

"Coming." Eiffie entered the tavern to continue hustling.

"Where did you go and have fun? You didn't even come back for dinner? You're getting all capable, aren't you?" A big woman stood at the door of an old house. When she saw Pasa staggering over, she raised her voice, and tightened her grip on the clog in her hand.

Three little heads peeked out from the door behind, looking at Pasa pitifully.

Chapter 2026: The Man Was Tipsy

“Wh-who are you? Where is my Baby Clara? I... I’m telling you, she’s the world’s most beautiful and best woman... Don’t... don’t stop me from going home...” Pasa staggered in as he mumbled and fell into the woman’s embrace.

“Bastard...” The woman smiled shyly. She used the clog in her hand to gently smack Pasa’s bum, and helped him into the house.

“Take a seat. I’ll boil some water for you to wash your feet,” Clara said as he put Pasa on the bed.

Pasa opened his eyes to glance at Clara as he exclaimed inwardly, *Boss Hades did not lie to me indeed! A 70% drunk man can make you cry with his acting!*

“Father, are you peeking at Mother?” A little head appeared, followed by another two little heads.

“Hush. I brought you guys goodies.” Pasa took out the peanuts and sweets Boss Mag had packed for him, and passed them to his three children.

“Alright!” The three children took the packet, and went aside happily to eat.

Mag closed the door, and ended the day.

Right now, no one could find Josh. However, the net was cast, and the sea was full of fishermen. He would be caught sooner or later if he still wanted to cause trouble.

Based on his understanding of Josh, Mag knew that the former had been plotting for so many years. Now that the Norland Continent was in such a precarious situation, Josh would never let things pass so easily. Therefore, Mag only had to wait for Josh to jump out on his own or come knocking on his door.

Mag switched off the light at the door. Just when he turned to go upstairs, he saw Irina and the two little fellows sitting in a straight row at a table, looking at him.

“Why? Do you want to eat supper?” Mag asked with a smile. He thought they had gone to sleep.

“If it’s supper... sure.” Amy nodded without thinking further.

“Hot pot would be fine too,” Irina said.

Annie nodded along.

“Meow, meow.” Ugly Duckling stood on the chair at the side as it meowed in agreement.

“Alright. I’ll get the ingredients ready. Let’s have hot pot.” Mag walked into the kitchen with a smile.

“Right, Mother, weren’t we looking for Father to discuss upgrading the tavern business?” Amy asked Irina as she blinked her large eyes.

“It’s alright. Having hot pot will not affect our discussion,” Irina said with a smile.

“Oh.” Amy nodded thoughtfully as she dangled her two short legs. She suddenly jumped off the chair, and ran to the kitchen door. While Mag was preparing the ingredients, she said, “Father, I want to have some youtiao. The kind that you put in the hot pot to cook for a while.”

“Alright, but it will take some time to make the youtiao. You’ll have to wait for a while,” Mag replied.

“Mm-hmm. No rush. Father, you’re the best.” Amy nodded her small head. After that, she ran over to bring a little stool over to the kitchen door and sat there, blabbering with Mag.

The little fellow would always have random ideas on what she wanted, sometimes youtiao, sometimes soybean milk, sometimes durian pizza... therefore, Mag would always have small amounts of prepared ingredients in the refrigerator, such as prepared dough for the youtiao. All he had to do was to form it into long strips, and prepare the pot of hot oil, and it would be ready for frying.

Not long later, a double-flavored pot was put on the table. Mag brought out two large trays of ingredients, including the golden youtiao, and laid them on the table.

Amy reached out to take one youtiao. She placed it near her mouth, and blew on it gently before giving it a big bite.

The freshly fried youtiao was fragrant and crispy. The little fellow smiled subconsciously to display her happiness.

Mag helped Irina put a plate of different mushrooms into the clear soup. This was her favorite way of eating.

The thick bone soup had become a mushroom soup, making it even more delicious. The soup on its own was already very good. The light, refreshing soup had become rich, just the way she liked it.

Irina picked up a slice of beef, and dipped it in the clear soup. She looked at Mag, who was adding red soup base to her dipping sauce, and asked, “Are you intending to let your tavern be like that?”

“Like what?” Mag dipped his chopsticks in the dipping sauce and tried it. He nodded with satisfaction.

“We have no customers every day, so we have nothing to do.” Amy swallowed the youtiao in her mouth. She looked at Mag seriously, and said, “We can’t continue to be lazy like this. Therefore, what must we do to have more customers and earn more monies?”

Mag knew what the little fellow was thinking of. Earning money was definitely the more important goal; he was rather glad that the little fellow had such a realistic sense of money. At least he would not be worried about her being in need of money.

Of course, the little billionaire would never need to worry about money for the rest of her life.

Naturally, earning money was just a hobby.

But that did somehow coincide with what Mag was planning to do. The mission for the tavern had already been given, and it was the third day since he had opened. Saipan Tavern was only making a small hole in the military’s circle. Although his earnings had increased from 2,000 copper coins to more than 10,000 copper coins, his popularity was still pathetic, at single digit.

Oh, right. That man who had Maotai just now also added on to the popularity of Saipan Tavern. However, it was still at a single digit.

“Where are the earnings for today?” Irina reached her hand out to Mag with a smile.

“Here.” Mag froze for a while. He recalled his arrogance at the door just now, but still handed over the money bag with today’s earnings to Irina obediently.

“What is your plan?” Irina asked Mag with a smile as she kept the money.

Mag’s marketing strategy would not only stop at that if he could make Mamy Restaurant the top restaurant in Chaos City and rake in all the loyal customers to make the restaurant a full house every day.

“As the saying goes, good wine needs no bush. As a tavern, the key to good business still lies in the wine,” Mag said.

“Don’t tell me you want Amy to drink at the door?” Irina frowned. Mamy Restaurant had already used this tactic several times at Mamy Restaurant.

“How’s that possible? Children can’t drink.” Mag quickly waved his hands.

“If not?”

“The fragrance of Maotai is irresistible to all drinkers. Starting from tomorrow, I will pour a cup of Maotai, and lock it up in a cage at the door to attract the passing customers and surrounding residents,” Mag said with a smile.

“This idea...” Irina thought for a while, and nodded in agreement. “Superb!”

“However, if there are more customers, it might be a little more tiring for you guys. Since the tavern has only opened for a month, I do not have the intention to hire workers for now,” Mag said hesitantly.

“It’s alright, I can settle the cashier’s role.” Irina waved her hand calmly.

“I can entertain the guests with my cuteness.” Amy blew on the tripe that Mag had cooked for her as she pouted cutely.

“I can serve the dishes..” Annie signed.

Chapter 2027: It’s So Embarrassing...

What happened in Rodu swept through the whole Norland Continent like a hurricane.

As one of the successors of the Roth Empire’s king, Josh was actually controlled by the devil. He planned and started the war on the orcs and the elves, ordered the massacre of dozens of orc tribes, cruelly massacred dozens of the Ministry of Defense’s courtiers’ family members, and killed Blum.

A commotion broke out all over the Norland Continent. All the races questioned the Roth Empire following the giant dragons. They demanded Andre to hand out Josh and investigate this matter to give an explanation to all the races.

Meanwhile, this matter also caused huge repercussions within the Roth Empire. Mutinies broke out in many military camps after the news of Blum being murdered and him shouting out Josh’s name before

he died spread in the military, which was forced to shoulder the blame initially. A few Roth Empire's generals, with Marshal Dominic in the lead, requested Andre to investigate this matter thoroughly and give all the courtiers in the Ministry of Defense and Blum an explanation.

The Roth Empire was turned upside down overnight.

Andre sat in the Royal Study alone, and looked at the report submitted by Dominic in front of him. Other than him, there were three other generals' signatures on it. Andre's expression was grave, and veins were twitching on his forehead. He was obviously on the verge of a violent rage.

After being alone quietly for a long time, he finally said to the door, "Let them come in."

The royal study's door opened, and 10-odd of the Roth Empire's most powerful courtiers streamed in, and stood on both sides with complex expressions.

If launching a war on the orcs and the elves was still within the Roth Empire's range of control, then Second Prince Josh allying himself with the devil could shake the core of the Roth Empire.

Andre's gaze swept over all the courtiers present, and he gravely said, "Josh was manipulated by the devil, and has committed such unforgivable crimes. From today onwards, his title of prince will be revoked, and all departments will pursue him with all their might to give the civilians and courtiers who died innocently an explanation."

Many courtiers heaved a breath of relief secretly after hearing that.

All the courtiers bowed, and said, "Your Majesty is wise."

Andre's current statement meant he had already given up on Josh completely, and the fight for the throne that had lasted for years was finally over too. Sean would become the Roth Empire's future king.

The courtiers in Sean's faction had a glint of joy and excitement in their eyes. Sean won easily, despite being evenly matched with his rival initially, due to Josh's stupid behavior.

However, the courtiers in Josh's faction didn't look too good now.

This matter had shaken the entire Norland Continent, and even His Majesty had to make a stand, so they naturally wouldn't poke their heads out at a time like this. Furthermore, they were thinking about how to make a clean cut with Josh. In times like this, no ordinary people could withstand any connection to the devil.

Andre paused for a while before saying, "I will announce to the world that Sean will become the crown prince. The Roth Empire is irreconcilable with the devil, and will join all the races to resist against the devil's invasion. We will eliminate everything that is related to the devil!"

This news from the Roth Empire's palace quickly spread all over the Norland Continent. It reached everyone who was concerned about this matter.

"He's indeed a sly old fox. He's much faster and decisive than I expected." Mag received the news earlier the next morning too. He passed the secret missive to Irina, who was drinking soybean milk.

"It's within our expectations. He has already lost his space to choose. It'd already have been the abyss if he'd chosen to take a step back. Compared to losing a son who has already lost control of his actions, this decision isn't hard to make." Irina only took a quick look before she continued to drink the soybean milk.

"That's true." Mag nodded, but he was still rather satisfied with this outcome. At least the show that they had put on the other night had met his expectations perfectly.

There was already no place for Josh to hide in this vast world.

For a person who aspired to be the next king of the Roth Empire and a show-off, this was worse than killing him.

After eating breakfast, Mag brought Irina and two children out shopping again as usual. Their daily activities were just so leisurely and comfortable when they didn't have to open for business.

Of course, he sometimes would still feel a little guilty whenever he thought about Mamy Restaurant's customers waiting for him to return at the restaurant's door.

Amy put on her little bunny hat, looked up at Mag, and expectantly asked, "Father, where are we going to play today?"

Mag looked at Amy, and said, "Let's go to the book square in the west of the city today. I heard it's the biggest book square on the Norland Continent, with countless big and small bookshops. We can find any books if we look hard enough."

Amy's eyes lit up, and she said, "Great. Then I can buy some pretty picture albums. I saw some children reading some interesting picture albums yesterday."

Annie's eyes brightened when she heard about the picture albums, and she began to look at Mag with an expectant gaze.

"The books over there are all for children." Irina didn't agree with Mag's review, but she didn't object to Mag's suggestion, either.

Mag hailed a horse-drawn carriage. He gave the coachman instructions, and they headed straight for the books square in the west of the city.

The west city books square was, in fact, just a square that was formed by many bookshops. Almost half of the bookshops in Rodu were situated here, and almost all the magazine press set up their headquarters here.

There were big bookshops that were thousands of square meters big and small bookshops that were just a few square meters big, with all kinds of ancient books stacked up high.

Going through alleys and turning corners, perhaps you could just find the materials you sought high and low for in an inconspicuous corner.

The horse-drawn carriage stopped in front of the biggest bookshops. Mag paid the coachman, and they alighted from the carriage.

Amy leaped off the horse-drawn carriage. When she saw a giant painting of a chef in front of the bookshop's entrance, she was amazed, and said, "Wow. Isn't that Father?"

Irina and Annie looked surprised too.

It was a magazine cover that was over two meters tall. It was from *Perfect Food*, and was the publicity picture of the new issue.

On that cover, apart from the words "Perfect Food," there was an uncolored sketch of a chef. Be it the clothing or looks, it did look like Mag.

Of course, most importantly, there was a line of words next to the figure: "Number one chef on the Norland Continent: Mag!"

"It's so embarrassing..." Mag shook his head.

"Hoho. You should have received the news long ago, right?" Irina looked at Mag with a smile, as if she had already seen through his tricks.

"I heard that the magazine would be released today, but I didn't know it would be released like this.." Mag shrugged. If he had known, he wouldn't have minded sending the editorial department a good-looking full-length picture of him so that he could attract more female fans!

Chapter 2028: These People Are Only After My Body?

The *Perfect Food* had clearly spent a lot of money on the latest issue. Mag could see his sketch standing sign in front of all the big and small bookshops in the book square.

Other than that, there was also a shocking headline on it: Shocking! The father of the eggplant with garlic sauce accepted the interview for the very first time, and he actually did this to the editor...

"So, did you do anything scandalous with that editor behind my back?" Irina looked at Mag judgmentally.

"That editor is a guy." Mag had an innocent expression. This headline was really misleading. Why were the shocking headlines already a trend in this world?

"A guy?" Irina had a weird expression.

"This is not what you imagine," Mag quickly explained.

"What do you think I am imagining?" Irina didn't make her point clear.

"Forget it. I will just go buy one copy to prove my innocence." Mag walked towards that bookshop with exasperation. In actuality, he also wanted to see what the *Perfect Food* did with this issue. Could it achieve his anticipated effects of publicity?

Mag and his family went out rather late, so most of the bookshops in the book square were already open. This middle-sized bookshop already had many customers in it.

Mag deliberately chose a bookshop that was rather boisterous so that he could see for himself if the *Perfect Food* was indeed as popular as those two chaps said.

"Boss, I would like to have a copy of *Perfect Food*."

“I would like to have three copies of *Perfect Food!*”

“I would like to have two as well!”

Mag saw a group of people crowding at the bookshop’s counter and yelling as if they were ordering food as soon as he entered.

It’s so popular? Is this for real? Mag cocked his eyebrow, and looked at the people crowding at the counter skeptically. The crowd were mainly young ladies.

Mag approached a maiden standing at the edge, and asked, “Young lady, why are you all buying this book?”

That young maiden flicked him a glance before excitedly saying, “Mister, you might not know, but this is the first time that our idol is accepting a magazine’s interview formally. Moreover, it’s said that there is a picture of him in the magazine.”

“Idol?” Mag frowned. “Isn’t this a gourmet magazine? Why is there an idol in there?”

“Of course this is a gourmet magazine. Our idol is a super formidable chef. He has once received the number one chef’s title from the king on his birthday’s feast, but he refused to stay in the royal kitchen. The eggplant with garlic sauce that he created made the *Vegetarianism* break its highest sales record ever. He created...” That young lady was very familiar with Mag’s achievements.

Mag’s expression got increasingly weird as he listened. Why did this plot sound so familiar?

“Forget it. You won’t understand even if I tell you. You don’t even cook.” That young maiden retracted her gaze disdainfully before nobly saying, “He is the idol of us chowhounds. A man who was born to transform the world of chowhounds.”

“I got it. I got it.” Mag nodded. She was his fan. That was nice.

However, looking at those young maidens buying up the magazines fanatically, Mag was a little puzzled. Since his fan groups had already appeared, why didn’t his faith value have any changes? His over 30,000 fan count all came from Chaos City.

“The God of Cookery’s faith value is based on the other party being inspired to learn to cook by you and act upon that thought.” The system’s explanation rang in Mag’s head.

“So, these people are only after my body?” Mag took half a step back with caution.

Eventually, Mag managed to buy four magazines. It was also considered as supporting himself.

According to the system’s explanation, fans who were after his looks and talents didn’t count. He had to convert them into solid fans who would take the initiative to try cooking on their own.

Now, this was really hard.

Everyone had a folder in which they kept a bunch of workout, cooking, and travel tutorials that they would never open again.

Yes, we are talking about you.

Trying to get a whole lot of people to learn cooking from him with just one magazine was indeed a very difficult task.

Of course, if this magazine was popular enough, and had a great base number of readers, he could still get a portion of effective believers even if the conversion rate was a little low.

“There you are.” Mag passed a copy of the magazine to Irina. He then passed the other two copies to Amy and Annie before reading one himself.

He had read the script before, so he wasn’t worried that there would be stuff which couldn’t be seen.

However, he was rather surprised that the *Perfect Food* had used the entire cover to promote him.

“Wow! He’s so handsome! His mustache is so sexy. Aaaaah...”

“He’s indeed my idol! He is really the man who can even mesmerize Princess Vanessa.”

“It’s so worth it. I am going to buy 10 more copies!”

However, before Mag could flip open the magazine, the young ladies’ excited exclamations could be heard.

“I told you there’s nothing between Vanessa and me. You should believe me now, right?” Mag said to Irina.

Irina lowered her head as she flipped through the magazine. Without even looking up, she said, “Neither you nor she have the guts.”

Mag felt a warm feeling in his heart instantly. This was trust.

Flipping open the magazine and skipping over the content page, the very first page was his interview.

This interview, which was written by Mylo, was rather well-written.

Of course, Mag still didn’t think that his style was good enough.

Apart from the questions that they had discussed that day, there was a big chunk of praise written at the back, such as handsome and alert, a gentleman... It was so realistic.

Irina looked up, and said to Mag disdainfully, “Tsk, tsk... This author. Does he have any ideas on you?”

“I will stay away from him in the future.” Mag nodded.

At the end of the article was a reminder: “There is a tutorial for the eggplant with garlic sauce written by Mr. Mag himself at the back of the magazine, and a picture of Mr. Mag is included!”

Mag skimmed through the content page, and he flipped to the second in the middle of the magazine. He skipped over his recipe, and indeed saw that very cartoonish drawing.

Irina took a look at that drawing, and then asked, “Do you feel that this is you?”

“Errrr...”

Mag hemmed and hawed for a long time before saying, "It's just a sketch, so it has to satisfy the readers' imagination. It doesn't matter that it doesn't look like me."

Yes. This drawing looked nothing like him!

However, the sketch still looked rather handsome. The artist had done a good job and deserved praise. At the very least, judging from the maidens' reactions, it adhered to their tastes perfectly.

"Why do you want to get famous suddenly?" Irina kept the magazine and looked at Mag doubtfully.

"Oh well, we always have to try new things in life."

"Speak properly."

"I simply want to see how famous I can get by cooking alone," Mag said seriously.

Irina stared at Mag for quite some time before nodding. "That's quite good.."

Chapter 2029: Writing Novels Is A Dead End

The city's western book square was a paradise for people who loved books. As long as one looked hard enough, one could find the books they wanted.

Mag and his family found a bookshop with many picture albums but no customers, and went in.

The two children looked for the picture albums that they liked in the midst of the books, while Mag chatted with the bookshop's manager.

Mag swept a quick glance in the shop, and said, "Boss, why are you not selling *Perfect Food* magazine? The other shops are doing a brisk business selling it."

That bookshop looked at the customers who were crowding at the other shops' respective entrances to buy the magazine, and pursed his lips disdainfully as he said, "Ha. What's the point of selling a gourmet magazine? You can't earn much selling that. If I can get the exclusive selling rights of a few bestsellers, that will really earn me money."

"Oh, there are bestsellers here?" Mag was a little surprised. Although he had collected many ancient books, he didn't know the books' market in this world very well.

The boss pointed to the next-door bookshop that was still closed, and said, "Oh yes. Can you see that bookshop next door? They only sell three books. They released one issue every 10 days, and they can sell 300,000 copies every month. With those sales alone, that boss married his eighth wife last month."

With a shocked expression, Mag asked, "You can marry eight wives here?"

"Your focus is rather unusual." The boss gave Mag a weird look.

Irina's gaze swept over, and she looked at Mag with a mysterious smile. "Why? Are you planning to marry eight wives too?"

Mag went white. He realized that he had said the wrong thing, and quickly corrected himself, “No, no, no. How would I ever have such lustful and extravagant thoughts?”

The boss looked at Irina, and enviously said, “Your wife is much more beautiful than his eight wives combined.”

“Of course.” Mag stood up even straighter.

Irina curled her lips slightly and retracted her gaze. She flipped through a picture album randomly.

“Oh, yes. What kind of books are the most popular in this book square?” Mag asked the boss.

“The bestselling books have to be the knights’ storybooks. Alex’s story books were breaking all the sales records back then. Men, women, adults, and children were all crazy over Alex’s storybooks. Every edition was a bestseller. No one could break his record now. Those colored storybooks and picture albums with Alex as its protagonist are even more highly sought-after.” The boss looked wistful, with a hint of nostalgia.

“Hmm? There is something like that?” Mag raised his eyebrows. He felt that something was amiss?

“Don’t tell you don’t know who Alex is?” The boss gave him a disdainful look before continuing, “Irina and Alex had made a great name for themselves on the Norland Continent back then. They left behind countless stories and legends, which are important source materials for countless authors. They supported a big group of authors.”

“Yes. I just moved to the city from the countryside.” Mag nodded, and then looked around quickly. “But you don’t have any picture albums that are related to him now?”

The boss finally got it. He now understood why he was a country bumpkin. He explained, “Alex reappeared recently, and he put on a shocking show of ‘The Return of the King’. He saved the world alone, and created new waves in the hearts of the Roth Empire’s people. He is very popular now.

“However, he deserted the Roth Empire, and was disrespectful to the king in his words. No authors would dare to write about him, let alone we, bookshop owners. Who isn’t fearful for their own lives?”

“I see.” Mag was thoughtful. He wondered if he could attract more fans since his popularity was so high now.

The boss picked up a storybook from the shelf at the door, and smilingly said, “The knights’ storybooks are still the main attraction in our shop. The children love to read stories about knights defeating the villains, the maidens love to read the stories about knights defeating villains and saving beauties, the men love to read the stories after the knights defeated the villains and saved the beauties...”

Mag looked at the storybook that the boss passed to him: *Dragon-riding warrior battles Medusa in a demonic cave!*

This...

Mag frowned slightly before putting that magazine down calmly. “Sounds like a heated battle.”

“Hehehe.” The boss made a series of obscene laughter that all men knew very well.

Mag pretended not to understand, and said, "Boss, are your authors popular? Do they have a lot of fans?"

"About this. It depends on the individual," the boss said. "Usually, the ugly authors wouldn't show their faces. They would try their best to create a sense of mystery, and give the readers space for imagination.

"Meanwhile, most of the authors who are handsome like you would get great illustrators to paint their portraits on the books to attract fans who like them besides their talents.

"Of course, there are also some shameless authors who would dress in drag to keep their fans. Naturally, such methods are not permanent. The fans are all fickle now."

"There are actually so many secrets within the trade." Mag was amazed. He didn't expect that there were so many trade secrets.

"Oh, yes. Didn't you see that *Perfect Food* magazine's cover earlier? It's really shameless. It's a gourmet magazine, but it failed to promote food, and instead used a chef's portrait as the selling point. Does one make more delicious food simply because he's more good-looking? Moreover, perhaps that chef looks like a ghost," the boss said disdainfully.

Mag frowned a little. He felt that the man was scolding two people.

The owner sized up Mag, and asked, "Why are you asking so many questions? Don't tell me that you want to write novels too?"

"I... am just asking casually."

"It's good that you are not serious about it. Writing novels and drawing comics is a dead end. Not everyone can do it. I make 10-odd illustrators and authors cry daily," the boss said with a laugh.

As soon as he spoke, it showed that he was an old capitalist.

Mag flipped through the picture albums on the shelves casually as he chitchatted with the boss. He was thinking about the probability of transforming the teaching tutorials into picture albums.

Compared to the immature spread of video technology and the dry literature, the picture albums with words and pictures had a relatively mature operating system and a group of readers. Wasn't it quite a suitable means of transmission?

The two little ones chose a bunch of picture books. Annie rarely chose more picture albums than Amy. She took dozens of them. It was obvious that the little one liked picture books a lot.

After paying and leaving the bookshop, they spent half a day in the book square, and Mag bought many ancient books and popular storybooks. He even sneakily bought a storybook about Alex from a boss in a small corner bookshop.

Amy halted her footsteps, and turned to say to Mag, "Father, I'm hungry. What are we eating today?"

Chapter 2030: Cooking Master Boy

Reading his own storybook had to be a very embarrassing experience.

That's all?

Mag skimmed through that picture book about that dragon slayer battling the evil dragon, and immediately sent it to the corner of history's rubbish.

Be it the story's plot or the drawing style, it was difficult to imagine that storybooks of this standard were treated like a treasure by that boss.

Of course, this could be due to the scarcity of the topic.

They returned to the tavern after lunch. The two little ones were reading the new picture books happily, while Irina went out to run errands. Mag was left behind to read through the few ancient books that he had just bought to kill his boredom.

Although he was holding a book, Mag wasn't reading it. Instead, he was thinking about Josh's possible actions in the future.

The Roth Empire's war with the orcs and the elves was already over for the past few days. The initially tense situation became mysterious due to Josh's incident.

The orcs, who had lost dozens of tribes, wouldn't let it go so easily just because they said Josh was being controlled by the devil; and the elves, who almost lost their City of Life, would demand an explanation as well.

Andre didn't make any response, and he even dispatched more troops to the borders. The situation was still as tense as ever.

Now, Josh was being hunted on the whole continent. He could be deemed a public enemy, and was targeted by countless pairs of eyes. It became difficult for him to stir bigger trouble.

However, they still could not find his traces now. It was also a troublesome thing.

"Father, take a look at this. This is Big Sister Annie's drawing." Amy's voice interrupted Mag's deep thoughts. He looked down at the drawings that were passed to him, and his eyes lit up.

There was a little elf with silver hair on the drawing. It was drawn by watercolors, and Amy was the model.

The artistic style was juvenile, but it made it look cute and innocent. Moreover, every stroke was smooth, making the subject alert, cute, and realistic.

"Wow. It's a great drawing." Mag looked at Annie with shock. "Is this your first time drawing, Annie?"

Annie nodded with a smile.

"Yes, it is. I only know how to draw not very round circles, but Big Sister Annie already can draw me," Amy said proudly, as if she had contributed a part in it.

She's a superb natural at drawing. Mag caressed his chin as he looked at Annie with bright eyes, and said, "Annie, are you interested in becoming a comic artist?"

Annie tilted her head and looked at Mag, as though she didn't understand what Mag was saying.

Mag explained, "Comic artists are professional picture books' illustrators. These picture books are created by comic artists."

Annie's eyes lit up when she heard that. She nodded, and said in sign language, "I am."

Mag smilingly said, "That's great. You can continue to draw whatever you like first. If you are really interested, I will give you a script later, and you draw a story according to the script."

Annie nodded obediently. She sat down and read through the picture books before picking the watercolor brush at the side to continue drawing.

"In this case, perhaps the project of 'Cooking Master Boy'¹... can be launched soon?" Mag rubbed his chin and thought deeply.

Amy saw that Mag was in a daze, so she softly reminded, "Father, remember to go get customers today."

"I really would have forgotten about it if Amy hadn't reminded me." Mag patted the little one's head, and then walked to the bar cabinet.

He took out the half bottle of Maotai that Irina had drunk two days ago under the bar cabinet. He opened the cap and put a small glass of Maotai into a small container that resembled a small aromatherapy diffuser.

The semi-sealed small container had a few tiny holes on top, which allowed the liquor's fragrance to diffuse out slowly and not escape all at once.

Fishing for liquor lovers' was similar to fishing. First, he had to make a bait. He would use the liquor's aroma to congregate the liquors' lovers, and he would have no shortage of customers then.

This method was a little different from operating restaurants.

After all, as long as a restaurant wasn't a roadside stall, it couldn't attract customers with its aroma easily.

Mag took the specially made liquor holder out with a small iron cage. He placed the little liquor holder into the cage, and put on a small lock before hanging it on the pillar in front of the door.

Maotai's aroma whiffed out slowly. Although it was very slow and diluted, it still continued to spread its steady and unique fragrance.

The faint liquor's aroma spread to the surroundings with Saipan Tavern as its center point.

"That smells so good! Is that a liquor's aroma?!"

"Yes. It smells like liquor's aroma, but where can we find liquor that smells so good?"

The customers couldn't help looking around them when they passed by. They wondered where this enticing liquor's aroma came from.

Meanwhile, some liquor's lovers already found the little metal cage hanging in front of Saipan Tavern following the aroma.

"What is this? Why is the liquor locked up?"

"This is a new tavern, right? I have never heard of it before. Perhaps it's trying to seduce its customers with the liquor's aroma?"

"We are indeed seduced, but this tavern isn't open yet. It'll only open at 6 pm."

Many passers-by congregated at the tavern's entrance by tracing the liquor's aroma. They stared at the little holder in the metal cage and salivated. At the same time, they felt helpless when they looked at the operating time on a wooden plaque hanging on the door.

In Titan Tavern, Effie just came downstairs after her nap, and a server told her, "Look, Lady Boss. That tavern opposite already has many customers congregating at this time."

Effie stretched out, displaying her curves under her loose cotton clothes as she lazily said, "Did they finally decide to have an opening promotion?"

According to her observations in the past few days, Saipan Tavern operated just like a child's play. Its opening time was extremely short, and there were only a few customers. It seemed more like a hobby.

"No. I think the boss placed a cup of liquor at the door, and the customers were all attracted by it." The waiter shook his head.

"A cup of liquor?" Effie was slightly taken aback. She strode to the tavern's door, and looked at the 10-odd people gathering in front of Saipan Tavern, which was diagonally across the street. They were indeed surrounding a small metal cage that was hanging on the pillar at the tavern's door.

Her nostrils flared a little, and her brows furrowed slightly. Although it was far away, there was indeed a faint trace of liquor's aroma in the air.

As a woman who inherited her family business and operated the Titan Tavern for 10 over years, although she couldn't brew any excellent liquors herself, she had a great understanding of liquors. She had never seen liquor that could give out such an aroma at such a distance.

Effie murmured, "With such excellent liquor, not to mention Romo Street, Saipan Tavern would even have a place in the entire taverns' world in Rodu."

"What are you saying, Boss?" The waiter didn't catch her words.

"Nothing. Be more respectful when you see the boss from that tavern across in the future." Effie retracted her gaze and instructed the waiter before going back into her tavern.

Even if I cannot have him, I have to have his liquor...