

Stay At home 2031

Chapter 2031: He Is So Fierce To Me

The first step of the plan to attract customers with the liquor's aroma was successful. This was the first time Saipan Tavern had customers waiting before it opened for business. Moreover, there were more than 10 of them.

Of course, this was only customers with intentions. The 2000 copper coins price tag would filter out some more customers. Those who remained were the real customers.

Irina wasn't back yet, and Annie went upstairs to draw.

Mag looked at Amy, and smilingly said, "Little Amy, let us serve the customers that come to the tavern today."

"Mm-hm." Amy nodded obediently, clenching her fists, and said, "I will be gentle with them."

Mag opened the tavern's door, and smilingly said to the 10-odd customers waiting outside, "Thank you for waiting. Welcome to Saipan Tavern."

"Boss, you really open on the dot. You won't even let us in to wait when you see us waiting outside for so long," a customer complained as he had never suffered such grievance before. It was all because that liquor's aroma was simply too enticing.

The other customers also grumbled.

"The tavern will be open on time every day. All of you will just have to come after the sun sets," Mag replied calmly. The opening time would not change. This was the tavern's rule.

Even though they were a little displeased with Mag's inflexible reply, since the tavern was already open, they weren't going to stand at the door. They all went in, wanting to taste that mesmerizing liquor.

"Maotai—2000 copper coins a bottle."

"Whiskey—2000 copper coins a bottle."

The customers discovered the price tag of the two liquors and the side dishes hanging obviously above the bar counter.

"It's so expensive!" someone exclaimed.

There weren't many taverns on Romo Street, and their prices were usually friendly to the ordinary people's pockets. They were usually priced from tens of copper coins to over 100 copper coins a bottle.

However, this tavern's two liquors were priced over 2000 copper coins a bottle!

"Boss, are you selling your liquor by the vat?" a customer asked.

“They are displayed on the cabinet.” Mag pointed at the cabinet which was filled with the two kinds of liquors.

“It’s a little expensive for such a small bottle.”

“I have a friend coming over. I’ll go fetch him.”

“What a coincidence. I also have a friend...”

In the blink of an eye, there were only three or four customers left in the tavern.

A man in an official’s robe asked Mag, “Boss, what is the liquor that you hang at the door?”

Mag pointed at the round Maotai bottles on the cabinet, and replied, “It’s Maotai.”

“I would like a bottle of this Maotai and a helping of each side dish,” that man said before taking a seat with the man who came with him.

The customers were placing their orders. The customers who stayed behind naturally could afford a bottle of 2000-copper-coins liquor. They, too, placed their orders and took a seat.

2000 copper coins a bottle liquor was considered expensive on Romo Street, but it wasn’t an unusual price at the famous taverns and bars in the north of the city.

And the liquor’s aroma was what attracted these customers to order a bottle to try.

A black horse-drawn carriage slowly drove on Romo Street.

Abraham was sitting in the carriage with a grave expression.

He had just come out from the Ministry of Defense. Because of Josh’s incident, he, who hadn’t been caring about the official affairs for a long time, stepped into the Ministry of Defense for the first time.

However, the incident was as bad as he had heard before. Josh was no longer the Josh he knew, and there was no way Abraham could oppose Andre’s decision.

The devil was indeed a terrifying existence.

He didn’t know how Josh got involved with the devil. Perhaps no one would ever know.

Currently, he couldn’t do anything about it. He didn’t even know how to explain this incident to Vanessa.

He only wanted to find a place to have a drink alone.

Right then, a whiff of liquor’s aroma came in through the carriage’s window.

“What fragrance is that?” Abraham’s nostrils flared, and he lifted the carriage’s curtains in surprise. A whiff of liquor’s aroma washed over him, and the words “Saipan Tavern” appeared in his line of vision.

“Stop,” said Abraham.

The horse-drawn carriage stopped after moving forward for a short distance.

Abraham said, “Turn back to that tavern behind us.”

The horse-drawn carriage turned back, and stopped in front of the tavern. Abraham alighted from the horse-drawn carriage, and sized up this tavern that looked rather new. His gaze was quickly attracted by the small metal cage hanging on the pillar at the door. A cup of liquor was locked up in there. The enticing liquor's aroma came from that small cup.

"This liquor's aroma is simply too enticing." Abraham went up to take a sniff before he pushed open the door, and walked into the tavern.

Since he wanted to have a drink, he should have something good. If he was going to get drunk, he was going to get drunk on good liquor.

There weren't many people in the tavern, but as soon as Abraham entered, he almost fainted over the rich liquor's aroma.

It was the aroma of the liquor that he had smelled at the door, but it was much richer and seductive in the tavern.

Furthermore, judging from how those customers were sipping and savoring the liquor with small glasses and their sated expressions, this liquor was indeed a great one. It didn't just smell nice.

Amy saw Abraham, and her eyes lit up immediately. She was about to call him.

Mag happened to walk out of the kitchen with a plate of pig ears salad. His gaze, too, flickered when he saw Abraham. He calmly asked, "What would you like to drink?"

Amy threw a glance at Mag, and as if she suddenly remembered something, she shut her mouth obediently, and didn't make a sound.

Abraham looked at the pig ears salad on Mag's tray, and was surprised at how similar this red salad was to the sliced beef and ox tongue in chili sauce. Even that spiciness smelled similar. He took a quick look at the drinks' list on the wall, and said, "I will have one bottle of what they are drinking and a helping of each side dish."

"Alright." Mag nodded, and went to serve the dishes.

Abraham retracted his gaze. He intended to find a seat when he saw that quiet little girl sitting behind the bar counter.

The little girl looked about four or five, and her looks were exquisite. She had a head of black hair and a pair of shiny black eyes. She sat there quietly, looking very well-behaved and cute.

I didn't expect this boss to have such an adorable daughter. Abraham couldn't help thinking about Mamy Restaurant. He wondered where Boss Mag and Little Boss were now. He really began to miss Mamy Restaurant's delicious food.

"Hello, little girl." Abraham greeted her with a smile.

"Hello, Fat Grandpa." Amy greeted him docilely too.

"How dare you...!" The guard at the side turned solemn. How dared this little girl call the lord duke that.

“He is so fierce to me.” Amy immediately looked pitiful and whined. There were tears glistening in her big eyes.

“What’s wrong with you? Go out, go out.” Abraham turned around to kick that guard on his butt, and chased him out before smiling pacifying Amy, “Don’t be afraid, sweetie. F-Fat Grandpa already chased him out.”

“Mm-hm.” Amy immediately revealed an angelic smile.

Abraham heaved a breath of relief as he looked around him. Fortunately, they weren’t at Mamy Restaurant.. Otherwise, Little Boss wouldn’t say anything about being afraid—she would just release a fireball instead.

Chapter 2032: Pour Us Some Wine

The atmosphere and style of the tavern made Abraham feel very at ease. There weren’t many people, and they were all seated sparsely. There were already some tipsy customers in the tavern, perhaps due to the alcohol being too good, or because they didn’t have good alcohol tolerance. This tavern was unlike usual ones that were full of noise.

Abraham chose a seat in the corner which faced a wall. He sat alone, and was not worried about being recognized or disturbed.

All he wanted to do was to drink quietly. He did not want to think. He just wanted to get drunk, go home, and sleep. Everything else could wait until tomorrow.

Not long later, Mag brought out three side dishes and a bottle of Maotai to Abraham.

“Thank you,” Abraham thanked Mag, but his gaze was already attracted by the three side dishes.

The peanuts were peeled and fried, with a layer of chili and sugar on top. Multiple spices had already been infused into the peanuts, making the fragrance very distinct.

It looks not bad. I will try these drunkard peanuts. Abraham reached out and threw a peanut into his mouth.

Crack!

It was crispy. A gentle bite caused the fragrance of the peanut to explode in his mouth.

At the same time, the flavors of the spices infused into the peanuts also blossomed.

For a tiny peanut to contain so much flavor and changes, making it increasingly fragrant the more he chewed, did catch him by surprise.

Incredible. A tiny little peanut could be done so beautifully. Besides, it goes really well with the wine. The numbing spiciness attacked his lips, and just as Abraham was exclaiming at the wonderful taste of this drunkard peanuts, he unknowingly opened up the wine beside him.

The clear liquid was poured into the crystal glass. Abraham brought the glass up to his nose, and the rich fragrance of the wine wafted into his nose.

Even Abraham, someone who did not really like drinking, could not help but exclaim, "Great wine!"

Abraham knew a thing or two about wine tasting. He did not chug the glass of wine down straight away. Instead, he took a deep whiff of the fragrance, and allowed it to swirl around in his head. After that, he took a small sip.

The warm and fine liquid wet his lips, and flowed into his mouth. It had a rich fragrance, and was very gentle and fine with a refreshing taste, complementing the drunkard peanuts. After swallowing the wine, he could still taste the fragrance in his mouth.

"To think such great wine actually exists in this world. I'm afraid all the great wines from the different places would be a far cry from this," Abraham exclaimed.

All these years, the king had received great wines from all over as tribute, and Abraham had his fair share of tasting these wines. However, none of them could surprise him as much as this Maotai.

He could not help but take another sip. This time, he closed his eyes to taste the various flavors within the wine. It was not sweet like fruit wine, and it was not bitter like grain wine. This wine was so mesmerizing, and could make one fall right into it. Abraham had no idea what skills the winemaker employed or what was added to make the wine like this.

After that, he could not help but recall the past: how he had to be extra cautious during the fight for the throne, and how his brothers had killed each other. Now, Josh and Sean had gone on the same path, and Josh had even lost himself on the way. He was now on the path of no turning back leading into a deep abyss.

"This child. How could he be so foolish..." Tears welled up in Abraham's eyes. It was as though he could see the little fellows when they were still children right before his eyes.

"Ah." Abraham sighed. He sniffed and controlled his emotions. He put the glass down, and looked at the pig ears salad and pig tongue salad.

To be honest, when he first saw these two dishes, he was immediately reminded of Mamy Restaurant and a salad of a similar bright red: the husband and wife lung slice.

The familiar spiciness and the ingredients that no one would usually serve: pig's ears and tongue.

He would not even suspect it if someone told him this was the new dish Boss Mag just launched.

However, he was indeed shocked to see these two peculiar dishes in a newly opened tavern in Rodu.

Could the owner have gone to Mamy Restaurant to learn? Abraham turned to look towards the wine shelf, where the owner of the tavern was sitting behind the counter, reading a book.

Boss Mag has been hustling all his life. He would never be in such leisure. Abraham turned back and picked up a piece of pig's tongue with his chopsticks.

After being reshaped by Mamy Restaurant, Abraham's view of delicacies was completely different. He now was very accepting and embracing of such strange food.

After all, he could eat the pig's eyes that would explode in his mouth. The pig's tongue and ears were just a piece of cake in comparison.

He picked up a piece of pig's tongue that was covered in red oil. The feeling he got from picking it up felt like lean meat. After the tongue was sliced into thin pieces, it surprisingly did not look disgusting. It was just like a piece of beef with a layer of red oil on top, garnished with some sesame seeds. It actually looked rather enticing.

Abraham could not resist putting the tongue into his mouth. After that, he took a bite.

The spiciness of the red oil exploded in his mouth first. Its rich fragrance and numbness spread from the tip of his tongue.

After that came the flavor of the pig's tongue. It was braised fragrantly, and the unique texture of the pig's tongue was even chewier and juicier compared to beef. The tongue had completely soaked up the braising sauce. It was spicy and numbing, and the umami caused his taste buds to shiver and come to life after a really long time!

Rip!

Abraham suddenly felt multiple buttons from his shirt burst open, exposing his long johns.

Err...

What the... Did he steal Boss Mag's spice sauce?!

How can it be so good?!

Abraham was stunned. He looked at the plate of pig tongue salad in front of him in disbelief.

Compared to wine tasting, his real expertise was in food tasting.

On a small deserted street, a new little tavern opened, and he managed to find food as good as that of Mamy Restaurant's here!

Oh my heavens!

If this owner has not learned from Boss Mag before, he is simply a genius!

Abraham took a sip of wine to suppress his shock. He looked at the pig ears salad at the side.

The pig's ears were also covered in a layer of bright red oil with sesame as garnish. They looked very appetizing.

Without any hesitation, he put a piece of the pig's ear in his mouth. The spiciness was still the same, but the pig's ear had a special cartilage, which gave it a crunchy and marvelous chewing experience. The soft pig's ear covering the thin layer of cartilage gave it a crispy crunch as Abraham chewed.

This is superb!

Abraham raised his brows. He felt so much more relaxed.

Indeed, food was the best cure for anything.

However, the best way to have it was with great wine to complement the former.

A sip of wine, a bite of food. Even though Abraham was alone, he still enjoyed himself.

Just then, a group of middle-aged men wearing official uniforms entered the tavern. They found an eight-seater, sat down, and ordered a few bottles of wine and a few side dishes.

“Little brat, come over here and pour us some wine,” a middle-aged man said as he pointed to Amy, who was sitting behind the counter.

Chapter 2033: I Wonder If I May Have The Honor Of Pouring Your Wine?

The unrest during this period in the Roth Empire court had caused those in the Ministry of Defense, as well as the Ministry of Law, to be very busy.

A few of the prisons in Rodu were filled as almost all the crimes in Rodu had been dug out to catch the arsonists or the murders of the generals' families. In the end, almost all the criminals of other age-long crimes had been dug out.

Yesterday, when the king announced that Josh was the culprit of the case, the heavy burden on the shoulders of the Ministry of Law was finally put down.

Today, a few of the courtiers from the Ministry of Law had decided to come out for drinks. They heard from the Ministry of Defense that there was a newly opened tavern on Romo Street, and the wine there was too good to be true. Therefore, they came over to try.

The moment they stepped in, the fragrance did hit them.

However, upon seeing the simple renovation, most of them frowned. But they still sat down on account of the alcohol.

Aulden was one of the higher-ups in the Ministry of Law. He was the one who organized this drinking session, and most of those who came along were his confidants. After days of suppression, he invited everyone over for a drink and to relax.

To him, this tavern was rather bad. The price of the wine was high, but there were only three pathetic types of side dishes. Even things like peanuts, pig's ears, and tongue were served on the table.

However, this tavern was decided on by Lord Joseph, who was Aulden's superior, and joined in this drinking session at the last minute. Therefore, Aulden could not reject him.

However, the service of this tavern was terrible. There was not a single service staff available to pour their wine. In other taverns, the moment they entered, the owner would personally go up to them and pour their wine. Therefore, he targeted the little girl sitting behind the counter.

Although the lass was a little small, she was rather cute. Getting her to pour their wine would still be rather pleasurable.

Therefore, Aulden pointed at Amy, and commanded, "Little brat, come over here and pour us some wine."

Aulden's voice was not soft, and his command made many heads turn.

Many of them had noticed the owner's cute little daughter. She appeared to be only three or four years old. How dare someone come up with such an unreasonable request, getting her to pour wine?

However, when they turned to look and saw Aulden and the gang, they quickly looked away.

Many officials were wary of the Ministry of Law since nothing good would come out of being noticed by them.

Joseph frowned upon hearing that as well. He glanced at Amy, who was sitting behind the counter, and said, "It's alright. A child so young wouldn't know how to pour wine."

"Sir, there is no need to sympathize with her. It's just a bottle of wine. Since they can't afford service staff, someone got to pour the wine for us, right?" Aulden waved his hand with a laugh. He looked at Amy, who was still sitting behind the counter, and said coldly, "Little brat, didn't you hear what I say?"

"Little brat? Are you referring to me?" Amy looked at Aulden in bewilderment as she propped her chin on her hands.

"Is there anyone smaller than you?" Aulden glared at Amy.

"Here." Amy lifted Ugly Duckling, which was on the chair next to her. "You must be calling him, then."

"Aoo." Ugly Duckling, who was dressed up as a panda, yawned and continued sleeping on the counter.

Everyone smiled upon seeing that.

"You... Are you kidding me?!" Aulden's face turned black. No one had ever dared to tease him in front of so many people.

Amy shook her head seriously, and waved her hands as she said, "You don't look fun to kid."

Aulden slammed the table, and stood up as he howled, "Impudent! Do you know who I am?"

"Sir, since you're an official, isn't it inappropriate to bring up such a request to a child?" Mag walked out from the kitchen with a cleaver in his hand as he stood beside Amy.

Irina happened not to be in the tavern. Otherwise, the foldable chair would probably have smacked this high-ranking little fatty to the ground.

The other customers in the tavern also looked at Aulden with displeasure. How could such a big-sized official treat such a cute little girl so unreasonably? That was simply detestable.

Aulden laughed. He looked at Mag, and said, "You darn peasant! I am an official in the Ministry of Law. Getting her to pour my wine is her honor. Aren't you afraid that I will close down your little tavern and throw the two of you into prison?"

“Exactly, you’ve only opened a pathetic little tavern, and you think you’re somebody?”

“Aren’t you going to apologize to Lord Aulden? Otherwise, it would only take a word to seal this tavern of yours.”

The other officials at the table chimed in. They had not seen such an arrogant person in a really long time.

Upon hearing that, the other customers quickly turned away, afraid to be implicated.

Joseph was rather unhappy hearing that. He hesitated, but did not speak.

Mag pressed his lips together. He swung the cleaver in his hand, and decided that he would not want this tavern anymore.

“Prison your head!” Just then, a shout came from the corner. A big silhouette rushed over from the corner, and he pressed a plate of half-eaten pig ears salad into Aulden’s face with a smack.

Slap!

The plate fell to the ground with a crisp sound.

The tavern was dead silent immediately.

Everyone looked at the stupefied Aulden with his face smeared with red oil and pig’s ears in shock.

This was a big boss in the Ministry of Law. Such a distinguished status and identity.

“Sir.” The other law officials were also stunned. They did not expect someone in this small tavern to do such a thing to Aulden.

“This fatty is getting into trouble.” Everyone looked at the plump, rich businessman, and could not help but worry for him.

Although he had done something that everyone wanted to do, he also had gotten himself into trouble.

“F*ck...” Aulden came back to his senses and was furious.

“Your... Your Highness!” Joseph, who was at the side, stood up immediately. He was stunned when he saw Abraham, who was dressed like a rich businessman.

“Your Highness?” Aulden was stumped. He removed the pig’s ear that was covering his eyes, and saw what the large man actually looked like. His legs went jelly, and he kneeled down immediately on the broken pieces of the plate.

Duke Abraham!

One of the most distinguished persons in the Roth Empire, and also the beloved and most trusted brother of the king.

Although he almost had no real power, everyone knew very clearly that Duke Abraham was ranked way higher than the other dukes in His Majesty’s heart. In the past, Duke Abraham contributed greatly in helping the king ascend the throne.

Although he was a high-ranking official, it was nothing at all in front of this duke.

“Your Highness!” The other officials at the table quickly stood up, and bowed respectfully to Abraham.

This duke had not interfered with politics for many years, so they had not managed to recognize him immediately.

“Lords of the Ministry of Law, I wonder if I may have the honor of pouring your wine?” Abraham asked with a seeming smile as he received the handkerchief handed over by his butler to wipe the red oil on his hand.

Chapter 2034: He’s So Fierce, I’m Very Scared

Aulden was stupefied.

He merely exerted his dominance in a little tavern, and did not expect to trifle with Abraham, the sleeping tiger.

Aulden’s face had already become swollen, and it was beginning to hurt. He even had a few pieces of pig’s ears hanging on his face. The red oil trickled down his face to his neck, dripping on his official suit, but he did not dare to wipe it away.

Abraham was known to be good-tempered. However, those of a certain age, or of a certain position, would know very clearly that he had killed two of his older brothers in the past to help the current king ascend his throne. He was a ruthless person.

“I wouldn’t dare... I wouldn’t dare...” Aulden quickly shook his head as drops of perspiration formed on his forehead.

As someone with a lot of experience in the political scene, being aware of the situation was basic. Aulden could tell that Abraham was in a bad mood right now.

Joseph quickly said, “Your Highness, you must be kidding. How could we have you pour our wine? We didn’t notice you in the tavern earlier. We should have gone over to greet you.”

The other officials from the Ministry of Law all agreed. They were all flustered, and were no longer as arrogant as they were.

“So it’s Duke Abraham. I didn’t expect him to be drinking here too.”

“Yeah. These lords are in for a good time.”

“In that case, this tavern has quite some backing. Even Lord Abraham is backing them up.”

The other customers in the tavern understood the situation. While they were shocked at Abraham’s identity, they were also watching the show to see how things would turn out for Aulden and the gang.

Their arrogance just now had rendered them so pathetic. This turn of events was rather satisfying.

Abraham looked at the kneeling Aulden and scoffed. “I think you’re so used to being an official that you think everyone has to bow down to you when you’re outside, right? Even such a young and cute little girl has to pour your wine?”

“Your Highness, listen to me...”

Just then, Amy, who had been watching the show, suddenly turned to grab Mag’s arm with tears welling up in her big eyes as she said pitifully, “Boohoo... He’s so fierce, I’m very scared...”

“It’s alright, it’s alright.” Mag glanced at Amy. When did this little fellow become such a drama queen?

“Look, you’ve scared the little girl, and you’re still trying to find excuses.” Abraham kicked Aulden to the ground, and felt even angrier.

He was furious to begin with, and this incident completely pushed his temper out. Aulden coincidentally came over, and became the target for him to vent his anger.

Aulden was walloped, but he did not dare to retaliate or dodge. Even his moans had to be stifled.

Joseph and the others watched at the side with their expressions changing, but none of them dared to go up to stop or persuade Abraham.

Even if they were officials from the Ministry of Law, with Abraham’s status, he would at most get some scolding from His Majesty since the beating was done. Nothing would really happen to this duke because of them.

Aulden got into trouble because of his words. At least Abraham would not beat him to death there and then.

Abraham got tired of beating Aulden and stopped. He glanced at the man who was lying on the ground, covering his crotch, and said, “I’ll let tonight’s incident go. Let me tell you. This tavern is under my care. If any of you need someone to pour your wine, look for me, and I’ll make sure to satisfy you.”

Everyone quickly shook their heads. Who would dare to actually do that?

Mag looked at Abraham in shock. He did not expect Abraham, who was back in his place, to be so fierce and overbearing.

However, it was a good thing for Saipan Tavern to be under the care of a duke.

I didn’t expect to have a sugar daddy so quickly. Mag nodded. It was naturally the best if he did not have to handle some small problems personally.

With Aulden as a warning, there would probably be no one who would dare to create trouble at the tavern for a long time.

“You wasted a plate of my pig ears salad. I’m taking this away.” Abraham took the set of pig ears salad away from the table, thought for a while, and took the pig tongue salad along with him as well.

Joseph and the others naturally would not say anything about that.

Abraham went to the counter with a smile, and told Amy, “Little girl, don’t be afraid. Fat Grandpa is here. Nobody will dare to bully you again.” He was a completely different person from who he was just now.

“Mm-hmm. Thank you, Fat Grandpa. You’re so suave!” Amy nodded her little head as she looked at him with admiration.

“Hehe.” Abraham returned to his seat with satisfaction as he mumbled to himself, “This little fellow is so obedient. If only Little Boss Amy spoke half as nicely as her.”

Aulden was helped up from the ground. Some of his companions took out a handkerchief to help him wipe away the pig’s ear and red oil on his face. There was still a very clear plate mark with a bruise here and there. It was a very sorry sight.

“Hmm... I... will not drink with everyone today.” Aulden was completely embarrassed. Right now, every part of him was in pain. All he wanted to do right now was to find a healing magic caster to heal him.

“I’ll see Lord Aulden out.” One of the officials helped Aulden out.

The rest also knew that Aulden would not be able to stay behind, but they could not leave. If they left, it would be akin to saying that they were unhappy with Abraham.

Mag brought a mop over to clear the red oil in case the other customers were to slip on it.

Joseph and the others started to see Mag differently.

He was a mysterious owner of a tavern, and his daughter actually dared to call Duke Abraham “Fat Grandpa.” Who exactly was this fellow?

You’d be shocked if you knew. Mag smiled. He naturally knew what these lords were thinking.

After Aulden left, Joseph and the others drank cautiously. Although they had great wine with them, they were in no mood at all.

Abraham was drunk. He finished more than half a bottle of Maotai, and had six plates of side dishes alone.

“His Highness was a great help just now, so this meal will be on the house,” Mag told the butler, who was about to foot the bill.

The butler glanced at Mag, nodded, and said, “Alright. I will tell His Highness.”

Mag watched with a smile as four big men came in to bring Abraham out.

This was the benefit of a powerful fatty going out. There would be people to carry him home even if he was drunk.

After Abraham left, Joseph, and the others who were tipsy, settled the bill and left.

At 9.30 pm, Mag sent out the last drunk customer. He flipped the tag hanging at the door to announce the closure of the shop for the day.

“Boss Mag, can we still go in for a drink?” An old man and young man looked at Mag with a smile at the door..

Chapter 2035: Big Sister Amy Will Protect You In The Future

After a few days of recuperation, Merante had almost recovered from his injuries.

Moreover, Merante could even get to eat the scrumptious food that Mag delivered every single day. The initially thin Merante plumped up obviously. His face became rosy, and looked healthier than before he had been injured.

However, because of that, he looked less like a member of the Ghost Clan, and more like an ordinary old man.

“Come on in.” Mag naturally wouldn’t reject their request to come in for a drink. Since Merante had recovered from his injuries, he would return to his search for Josh. He was a giant living radar.

Mag closed the door, and smilingly asked, “What would you like to drink?”

“Boss Mag, we will have the liquor that you gave me previously. My grandpa has been scolding me for wasting good liquor for the past few days,” Noah replied miserably. He had been lectured by his grandpa for that small bottle of liquor in the past few days.

“Is it Maotai? Take a seat first. I’ll go make you some side dishes to go with your drinks.” Mag nodded, and went into the kitchen.

Shortly after, Mag came out with three side dishes and a bottle of Maotai.

Noah was playing with strings with Amy.

“You are so stupid. You can’t even do this.

“Oh heavens. It’s not like this. You have to go through here first. You are so stupid.

“It’s not this string, it’s that one. So stupid.

Amy, who wasn’t good at playing strings, met Noah, who was very bad at playing strings, and finally discovered the fun of this game.

Seems like... I’m really stupid? Noah stared at the bunched up yarns in his hands with wide eyes, and thought hard.

Merante crossed his legs as he watched Amy and Noah smilingly. He looked just like an ordinary old man, and not like a big boss from the Ghost Clan.

Mag pulled out the cork, poured Merante a glass, and asked, “How’s your injury, old master?”

“I have completely recovered. I can do anything now,” Merante answered, but his gaze was completely attracted to the liquor in the glass in front of him.

This liquor was extremely fragrant. He had never smelled such an enticing liquor’s aroma even when he had lived for 700 years.

Therefore, he kept thinking about it after he drank the last few drops of liquor in the bottle that day. He already couldn’t wait when he smelled that liquor’s aroma which drifted in from the street in the house. He came to ask for a glass of liquor after the tavern closed.

“Come, have one.” Mag could see that Merante was focused on the liquor, so he wasn’t in a hurry to discuss the matter.

Merante picked up his glass, and solemnly said to Mag, “Thank you for saving us and for your hospitality.”

“You’re welcome.” Mag clinked his glass with Merante’s before taking a sip.

Merante downed his glass in a single gulp.

This liquor was sweet and soft when it hit the throat. Its rich aroma spread in the oral cavity like a dense fog, trapping one within it.

“This is good...” Merante only opened his eyes after a long time, letting out a long sign.

He had never had such great liquor in his life before. He felt a little high after downing one glass of it. A warmth emerged from the bottom of his heart, making him feel warm throughout.

Mag poured another glassful for him, and smilingly said, “If you like it, old master, just drink as much as you like. We have plenty of it.”

“Then, I won’t stand on ceremony with you.” Merante picked up his glass, and downed it in one gulp again. He hadn’t drunk a sip of alcohol for the past few days while he was nursing his wounds. He couldn’t wait to drink alcohol again.

“C-can I have some too?” Noah said softly as he reached out for the bottle.

Merante looked up, and said to him, “A child can’t drink alcohol. You’re just responsible for pouring it for us. Go get yourself some water.”

“I’m already an adult,” Noah rebutted.

Merante pursed his lips, and said, “That’s according to human standards. In the Ghost Clan, you are just a baby. You’re not even as old as Little Boss.”

“I...” Noah was actually lost for words at that moment.

The eyes of Amy, who was holding a glass of freshly squeezed juice, lit up, and she smilingly said to Noah, “Really? Then, can I call you Little Brother Noah in the future?”

“No, you can’t.”

“Little Brother Noah.”

“I said no, you can’t.”

“You have to be good, Little Brother Noah.” Amy reached out to pat Noah’s head before taking out a candy, and passed it to Noah.

“I don’t want it.” Noah rejected it with exasperation.

“This is a preserved plum candy. It’s sour and sweet. It’s super delicious. You definitely have to try it,” Amy said with a serious expression.

“Really?” Noah threw a glance at the tiny candy in Amy’s palm and gulped.

“Come, sniff it.” Amy tore open the wrapper, and got close to Noah. The preserved plum’s faint sourish aroma could be detected.

Noah gulped. It was indeed the preserved plum’s sourish and sweet taste.

“For you.” Amy placed the candy on Noah’s hand.

After a brief hesitation, Noah still tossed that preserved plum candy into his mouth.

The sourish sweet taste made his face scrunch up for a second, but after he got used to it, the taste was mesmerizing.

Smiling, Amy said to him, “After eating my candy, you will be my little brother in the future.”

“Hmm???” Noah was full of question marks.

“Father said that you can’t beat me, so resign to your fate.”

Amy was still smiling brightly, but in Noah’s eyes, that smile became the smile of a little devil.

She was indeed the offspring of formidable parents. Although Amy was only four years old, she was Alex and Irina’s daughter!

A product of such a terrifying union had to be an existence with extraordinary talents. Otherwise Krassu and Urien wouldn’t have fought to have her as their disciple.

As for whether she was indeed more powerful than Noah, the latter had already heard about how she had won the championship at the Magic Caster Tournament by defeating an 8th-tier magic caster after coming to Rodu.

Hence, it’s all this little preserved plum candy’s fault that I became your little brother?

Noah was a little sad, and he looked at the sky.

“It’s fine, little brother. Big Sister Amy will protect you in the future,” Amy spoke in a mature tone to her new little brother.

Noah had no doubt about that.

This was a monster that had defeated an 8th-tier magic caster at four years old. Perhaps she would become a great magic caster before she turned 10.

Moreover, she was a super-second-generation who was well-versed in both long-range offensive and close combat magic, and had a father who was the mightiest powerhouse in this world and a mother who was the most beautiful in this world.

In fact, even the princess of the Roth Empire paled when compared to her.

Of course, he would kneel down even quicker if he knew that the archbishop of the Holy See was currently searching for her everywhere to get her to be their holy maiden.

Since they were drinking, Mag didn't discuss any serious matters with Merante, as the latter would forget everything when he woke up tomorrow morning. Mag might as well save his effort.

After drinking half a bottle of Maotai, Merante was knocked out and lying on the table.

Mag put down his Maotai, which still had half of a small cup left, and said to Noah, "Come and have breakfast tomorrow morning. We'll talk about it tomorrow."

"Alrighty." Noah, who didn't drink a single sip, carried Merante on his back and left.

Looking at Mag, who just returned after closing the door, Amy expectantly asked, "Father, did I perform well today?"

"Mm-hmm. Little Amy has done an excellent job. You'll be rewarded with a big chicken drumstick tomorrow." Mag nodded. The little one's acting skills were so natural that nobody could link her to that cute and fierce little boss who placed her hands behind her back when she collected money from the customers.

A smile bloomed on Amy's face, and she nodded her head.. "Little Amy likes big chicken drumsticks!"

Chapter 2036: Make The Elven Race Great Again

A huge change had appeared at the City of Life. Many domain lords and nobles had burned their slaves' contracts, freeing many elves.

Moreover, there were even some slave owners who gave some of their lands and properties to their former slaves, giving them a means to survive in the City of Life.

Of course, not every elven noble was willing to give up their special privileges and return to normal again.

Therefore, all the big and small resistance movements began to appear in the City of Life and everywhere in the Wind Forest. The elven slaves charged at the nobles' stores and domains in attempt to end their slavery by snatching their slave contracts.

Meanwhile, the Night Elves began to get active, helping the elven slaves to fight for their freedom.

This exercise was just a raging fire. It swept through the Wind Forest in an instant, and was already beyond control.

Surprisingly, Helena didn't intervene at all. She didn't even render any assistance when the slave owners sent her calls for help. The garrison didn't provide any support, either.

In the Starry Cave.

"High Priestess, in the current situation where all the noble families are under attack, and their slaves are escaping, please order the garrison to arrest those rioters! The Wind Forest will collapse if this continues," a middle-aged elf worriedly said to Helena, who was sitting on the platform.

There were also other elven nobles present, and they were also looking at Helena worriedly.

The Wind Forest's system was on the brink of collapse, and Helena, who had set up and promoted this system, chose to ignore and sit out of this terrible revolution.

Helena was silent for a long time before she turned around slowly to look at the several elven nobles and domain lords below.

There was a hint of a sneer in her gaze.

All the elves avoided her gaze and looked down.

"If you guys had done your part to uphold the contract that I had set up with you years ago, and had been completely loyal to the queen and the elven race, this wouldn't have happened today.

"I have finally understood what went wrong after pondering for days. It wasn't me or the system. It was because I had chosen you greedy and lazy fellows back then.

"Since a wrong was done, someone needs to be responsible for the consequences to appease our people."

Helena's cold voice echoed throughout the cave, and a light wall rose up at the cave's entrance.

Thud!

"High Priestess, please forgive us. We are loyal to you and the elven race."

"Spare us, High Priestess!"

The elves in the cave fell to their knees immediately, pleading for mercy.

"Save your breath for the time to apologize to our people." Helena waved her hands, and two troops from the garrison came forward to escort the elves away.

The sounds of pleas gradually died down beyond the cave. The Starry Cave soon regained its peace and quiet.

"Ha, cutting your losses. You didn't even hesitate." A chuckle rang out in the cave, and a figure in a long silver dress slowly walked in from the entrance.

"I can do anything for the elven race. What's getting rid of a few pests?" Helena looked at Irina, who halted her footsteps.

Irina mockingly said, "Then you should commit suicide to make amends for your crimes first. After all, you had specially picked those pests and made them fat. You're now using them as your scapegoats. It's so despicable that it didn't look like something that a high priestess would do."

Helena wasn't provoked by Irina's words. Instead, she calmly said, "I have exhausted myself, and spared no effort for the elven race. I have no regrets. I'll leave the comments to the future generations, but now I'm going to lead the elves into the next phase."

"You have already lost that right."

“I am still standing here. No one has that right other than me. I will make the elven race great again,” Helena said confidently.

Irina coldly said, “Our people chose you and the queen to lead them out of the dark age back then, but you have led most of our people into a darker age for the past 100 years.

“Everything is over now. Our people have already woken up, but you’re still not willing to admit your mistake when most of our people have chosen to oppose the system that you’re promoting. What right do you have to talk about making the elven race great again?”

“This time, I will let them choose the ruling class that they like. If the queen was here right now, she would also stand on my side,” Helena said with a frown.

“You’re wrong. The elves don’t need a ruling class. It’s not powerful garrison troops or impenetrable fortresses which can’t be overrun that can make the elven race strong again, but freedom and equality that the other races envy and the determined heart to defend the Wind Forest.” A magic caster’s staff appeared in Irina’s hands.

“Just like you now?” Helena looked down at Irina. “I’m surprised that you didn’t bring Alex this time.”

“This is my matter. I don’t need him to do anything for me, even though he has already done a lot,” Irina answered calmly.

“You are the most talented elf in the last 1000 years. You once had the chance to lead the elven race to a greater future. The queen and I had high hopes for you, but you fell in love with a human, and even had a bastard with him. This is an unforgivable betrayal.” Helena had a disappointed expression.

“This is none of your business.” Irina smiled. “Furthermore, meeting him was the luckiest thing in my life, and that child is the most beautiful gift that the God of Life has bestowed upon us.

“In fact, sometimes I even think that you became such an obstinate old lady because you never met a man who loves you in your life.”

“You—”

“We talk too much. I came to fight you, and not argue with you!” Irina interrupted Helena. She took a step forward with her magic caster’s staff, and disappeared on the spot. She reappeared above the platform, holding her magic caster’s staff high above her head with both her hands, and smashed it down onto Helena’s head.

The starry sky crystal ball hovering in front of Helena released a starry sky barrier.

The magic caster’s staff landed on the barrier, and made a dull thud.

The barrier vibrated strenuously before it disappeared, and the force of the magic caster’s staff was dissipated too.

However, the Holy Light exploded at that very moment.

That night, a terrifying battle shock wave broke out in the Starry Cave.

The Tree of Life lit up brightly, and a thread-like beam of green light connected to the Starry Cave.

That battle lasted for over an hour before the Starry Cave collapsed. A purple-striped griffin landed on the ruins, and left with Irina.

The elves dug out the seriously injured Helena from the ruins.

“That old witch... still has some things up her sleeves...” Irina lay face down on the griffin’s back. She slowly lost her focus, and lost her consciousness.

“Ow~”

Ah Zi looked back with concern, and flapped its wings even harder as it flew towards Rodu.

Chapter 2037: You’ve Got To Bring Me Along Too. I’m A Good Fighter

Mag could sense Ah Zi’s aura. He saw Ah Zi dashing down with Irina on its back as soon as he got to the rooftop.

“Is she injured?” Mag immediately carried Irina off Ah Zi’s back. There weren’t any obvious injuries on her body, and her breathing was smooth. She was simply out cold.

“Ah Zi, leave the city first, but don’t go far. Stay at the usual place,” Mag instructed Ah Zi.

Ah Zi nodded. It flapped its wings, and disappeared on the horizon.

Mag carried Irina downstairs, and placed her gently on the bed.

Did she go fighting? Mag looked at Irina, who was still unconscious, and asked inwardly, “System, help me give her a checkup. Is she injured? Is her life in danger?”

“Irina, female, 30 years old, elf. Physical conditions: serious exhaustion of magical power. Multiple soft tissue injuries have been repaired. The body has entered into a protective sleep state. Nothing serious.” The system’s checkup report quickly appeared in Mag’s mind.

“Then she should be fine after a sleep.” Mag nodded and covered her with a blanket.

The Wind Forest was Helena’s territory, but it was also the territory of Irina, who had the enhancement of the Tree of Life.

As for the result of this battle, he had to wait till tomorrow morning to ask Irina after she woke up.

Rodu.

The Holy See’s Great Hall.

The archbishop asked the pope, “Your Holiness, we don’t know where the holy maiden is, so what do we do now?”

The pope smilingly said, “We don’t have to worry about this matter. The Holy Spirit has Its own plans. She didn’t come, because it isn’t the time yet.”

“But the devil has reappeared now. It’s bewitching people. Even the second prince was bewitched and controlled by it. The Holy Spirit hasn’t given any instructions about this matter yet. We...”

“The Holy See has already given the instruction. The holy maiden is the most important existence to resolve this catastrophe.” The pope shook his head slightly instead. “Find her. Convince her. Let her lead the Holy See through this catastrophe. Protecting this world is our most important concern now.”

“However, she’s half-elf, after all. I’m afraid His Majesty will...”

The pope looked at him meaningfully, and said, “You must remember this. The Holy See has never existed for imperial power. We set up imperial power back then to better protect the human race.”

In the Aug Tribe.

“Chief, the orc tribes that used to align with us have mostly joined the Falk Tribe now. If we don’t do anything now, the orc race will be dominated by the Falk Tribe in the future,” an orc said to Auster in a fluster.

Auster, who had lost an arm, furrowed his brows deeply. “What can we do?”

That orc was at a loss for words. The Falk Tribe received many tribes’ goodwill and friendship after rendering assistance to all the various tribes. The Aug Tribe had missed the opportunity at the start. They could only watch all these tribes lean towards the Falk Tribe now. They indeed couldn’t do much now.

“Unless we kill Connie and make the Falk Tribe descend into chaos again. Perhaps they will lean towards our Aug Tribe again.” A cruel smile appeared on Auster’s face.

“But, Chief—”

That orc tried to reason with Auster, only to be abruptly cut off as Auster waved his hand, and said, “I have already made up my mind. The Aug Tribe will never rise up again if we don’t get rid of Connie.”

In the north, in the snow plains.

A frost dragon slowly glided over the sky above the snow plains, scanning the ground with its gaze.

“Father, where are you?”

A heartbreaking murmur reverberated at a low altitude, but no answer ever came.

Mag made a big pot of nourishing Buddha jumps over the wall for Irina overnight. She could have a bowl of freshly made Buddha jumps over the wall after she woke up tomorrow and had a bowl of porridge first.

Surprised, Irina nibbled on an abalone as she asked Mag, "Are we being so extravagant?"

Mag shrugged his shoulders, and helplessly said, "You don't want me to go fighting with you, so I can only make up with the logistics."

Irina curled up her lips, and said, "It's not that I can't defeat her. I don't need to bring an assistant with me."

"Anyway, you've got to bring me along when you go for a fight in the future. Even if I don't fight along with you, I can still watch you by the side," Mag said seriously.

"Alright," Irina answered casually.

Amy looked up from her bowl, and seriously said as well, "You've got to bring me along too. I'm a good fighter."

Irina tilted her head, and smilingly asked, "How many opponents does Little Amy want to fight?"

"Are 10 too few?" Amy asked.

"Usually speaking, you still need to fight a few dozen in the least."

Mag listened to their conversation as he ate the porridge quietly.

They didn't give any chance to men.

Irina didn't say much about the situation last night. She only said that Helena's injuries were as bad as hers. The other party shouldn't be making trouble for the time being.

However, the Wind Forest's revolution and uprising had already reached a critical point. Helena wanted to select and create a new ruling in the midst of the chaos, and continue to rule Wind Forest in a different skin.

Irina would never allow that to happen.

Mag was a complete noob in this area, so he didn't try to give any advice.

Soon after, Noah and Merante came.

After breakfast, Mag and Merante decided on the next search direction. Their primary goal was to find Josh first, and then destroy the devil that had escaped from the seal through him.

In comparison, the rest was nothing but small matters.

Once those sealed devils were released, the day of apocalypse would arrive on the Norland Continent.

Amy passed her bowl to Noah, patted his shoulder, and said, "Follow my lead, and you will never starve. You will never be mistreated."

"???" Noah.

Merante, who had fully recovered, began to search for the evil aura with Rodu as center.

After experiencing this incident, Mag also wasn't sure if Josh was still in Rodu.

Besides, other than finding Josh, how to topple the Edward Family's rule in the Roth Empire was also a problem that Mag had been thinking about recently.

If they wanted to promote the Chaos City's system throughout the Norland Continent, and completely resolve the problem of racial war, they would have to change and revolutionize the races that were stuck in their old ways.

Given Andre's current model of centralized power and Sean, who was going to take over the throne, it was obvious that they weren't going to do that.

What they wanted was to sweep across the whole world, and then become the king of the Norland Continent, making all the races bow to them.

In comparison, letting Vanessa be the queen as the transition is a good choice too. Mag was thoughtful.

Of course, it wasn't a small affair to topple an empire. It was much more difficult than killing Josh.

However, there was some good news today. Mag's faith value had finally reached 100,000 three days after the *Perfect Food* magazine was released!

Mag's path to become the God of Cookery had also risen by two levels.

"Congratulations on receiving the reward: cooked wheaten foods' experience bag!"

"Congratulations on receiving the power: mind control!"

"Congratulations on receiving an item: one mysterious rolling pin."

Chapter 2038: Annie, The Little Comic Artist

Mag was a little overwhelmed by the continuous rewards given out by the system.

It was as if he had received an unexpected windfall or a huge amount of passive income.

Mag clicked open the cooked wheaten food gift package which contained: soup dumplings, shaved noodles, hot noodles with sesame paste, and Sichuan spicy wonton in red oil!

Four cooked wheaten dishes that covered almost every genre. Sichuan spicy wonton in red oil was even Mag's favorite.

These four dishes could create more variety for their breakfast, and provide more selection for the customers.

For example, they could have a bowl of hot noodles with sesame paste or two piping hot soup dumplings if they didn't want to eat rice.

The system was surprisingly generous.

Then, Mag checked out that so-called mind-control ability.

It sounded just like a shameful ability that could rival with the "time-stopping" ability.

Fortunately, it landed in the hands of a righteous person like Mag.

However, after finding out more about it, instead of calling it mind control, it was an ability that could cause a brief spell of dizziness, and granted an immunity to powerful spiritual skills.

That was all?

That was all the mind control ability could do?

Wasn't it too inferior to time-stopping?

Mag was slightly disappointed.

However, this was an upgradable skill. As long as the host's spiritual power was strong enough, the ability could become more powerful.

Of course, what Mag cared about was the immunity effect against spiritual skills.

When he could already take down the whole world with a chef's knife, only the Great Old Ones could threaten him.

Additionally, mind control was what the Great Old Ones were best at. It was also the ability that gave him the most trouble.

Even the current Mag was afraid he could suffer at their hands if he wasn't careful.

Tentacle monster + mind control.

See, such a natural pervert was just that invincible.

As for that mysterious roller pin, it was actually just a waterproof rod that could expand and shrink according to the occasion.

Of course, Mag had no idea why the system specially labeled its waterproofness.

However, since he had so many cooked wheaten food items to make, a roller pin was an essential tool.

"Father, Mother, Big Sister Annie drew a picture book yesterday. I'll bring it over to show you guys," Amy suddenly said after breakfast.

"Oh? Really?" Mag was a little surprised.

Annie revealed a shy smile, and nodded slightly.

Irina looked at Annie expectantly. "Has Annie already learned how to draw? I would like to see it."

"I'll go take it." Amy ran upstairs, and came down with a picture book in a short while.

On the cover of the picture book was a beautiful mermaid with a giant blue colorful fishtail, red curly hair, and a beautiful face. She looked a little like Gina. The mermaid was leaning against a rock with the vast blue ocean behind her.

"The Little Mermaid."

It was Annie's favorite children's story.

"Wow." Mag's lit up. This mermaid was so nicely drawn.

Unfortunately, he wasn't cultured.

He only knew how to use the description "beautiful."

"It's much better than most of the picture books' covers that we have seen that day. It's very well-drawn." Irina praised her too.

Mag took the picture book, and flipped it open. It was indeed the story of "The Little Mermaid."

The blue rippling sea, the splendid ship sailing on the sea, the flying seagulls, and the dolphins that leaped out of the sea...

Be it the backdrop or the characters, they were all drawn excellently.

If he had to pick a flaw, then the storyboard was a little weak, making the story's flow seem less smooth.

However, it was already very good for a first-timer. The level of completion was already amazing.

Yes.

Annie completed the entire "The Little Mermaid" by herself on the second day she learned how to draw.

What was this?

This was talent.

Her amazing drawing talent and the tentacle monster's speed that every comic artist envied.

With the enhancement of such talent, she was destined to become an excellent comic artist.

"It's very nicely drawn. It's beautiful and interesting, and it tells the story perfectly." Mag looked at Annie with gratification, as if he had just found an excellent child laborer.

The smile on Annie's face got even brighter, as if she had never been so happy before.

Mag put down the picture book, and lamented to Annie, "However, if only we could add a scene whereby the prince cooks for the little mermaid, it would then explain why the little mermaid fell in love with the prince and why she loves him so much."

Annie tilted her head and pondered. Her eyes slowly brightened. She smilingly nodded and accepted Mag's suggestion.

However, Annie quickly asked Mag with sign language a question. "What dish is the little prince going to cook for her?"

"Spicy grilled fish?" Mag replied without any hesitation.

"What???"

The three of them stared at Mag.

"It's not really suitable, right..." Mag murmured. After thinking for some time, he said, "The red braised pork, then."

"Why is it red braised pork?" Amy asked.

Mag smilingly answered, "Because the mermaid has never eaten pork, nor seen a pig run before, so she was amazed when she ate the red braised pork, and fell in love with the little prince."

"But Gina's favorite food is the beggar's chicken." Irina raised her doubt.

Annie and Amy nodded in agreement. Big Sister Gina's favorite was the beggar's chicken. She even ate the mud casing.

"This is an artistic work. Making the beautiful mermaid munch on mud casing... doesn't seem too elegant." Mag shook his head.

Of course, his main concern was that those people could never master a high-end dish like the beggar's chicken.

Just to apply the mud casing on the chicken would cause many of them to flop.

As for the red braised pork, this was indeed a nice dish that was quick and easy to cook.

Yes, after seeing Annie's drawing, he had already decided to add an advertisement in the middle of this version of "The Little Mermaid."

An issue of the *Perfect Food* had already let him jump two levels up and receive many awards. He came to know the benefits of it.

Therefore, he became much more attentive to the matter of increasing his faith value. This was a solid passive income which had an astonishing input-output ratio.

Mag's seemingly reasonable explanation convinced three of them successfully.

Annie decided to add the scene of the little prince cooking red braised pork in the comic.

Mag was very attentive to it. He specially demonstrated to Annie on the spot a simplified but detailed version of red braised pork. At the same time, he crazily hinted to Annie that this was the most important part of the entire comic, and she had to draw it as realistic and detailed as possible. The best was to let the readers replicate the process from the comic.

At the same time, he tactfully pointed out the problems of the storyboard to Annie.

Mag wasn't a comic artist, but he had grown up reading all kinds of comics. He still knew how to appreciate one.

Annie went upstairs, and continued her creation.

She was indeed a hardworking little comic artist.

"Is this one of your plans to expand your influence?" Irina looked at Mag with a faint smile.

Mag nodded with a smile. "I just want to give my child's comic some core competitiveness. One that no one can ever imitate."

Yes. A priceless red braised pork's recipe.

While Mag was trying to expand his influence with Annie's help, at the same time, he had also given a powerful core to Annie's comic..

Chapter 2039: It Was So Hard To Be A Woman!

Annie went upstairs and continued drawing.

Even though Irina's injuries weren't serious, her body was still in a weakened state. Therefore, the whole family canceled their planned excursion. They let down the hidden giant screen, and entered the family movie mode.

"Woah! This Nezha looked like me. I have wind fire wheels too!"

"However, her master is so fat, just like that pig."

"Is that long white thing a snake?"

"That's a dragon."

"Is Nezha a girl?"

"He's a boy."

"Did he come out from an egg? Can Ugly Duckling turn into something like her?"

"It most likely won't."

"Hahaha..."

After watching three movies in the morning, Mag kept the giant screen to let the little one rest her eyes while he went into the kitchen to cook lunch for them.

Mag saw that extendable and water-resistant roller pin on the shelf.

It was golden, but there weren't any engravings on it, so it was a slight pity.

Mag grabbed that roller pin, and chanted softly, "Small, small, small..."

The 30-cm-long roller pin indeed swiftly became small, and was finally as small as a sewing needle.

"The Monkey King[1] did not lie to me indeed." Mag looked at the tiny golden bludgeon in his palm, and resisted the urge to put it in his ear.

It was one thing whether it would stay in place, but it would definitely pierce through his eardrum.

"Big, big, big..." Mag continued to chant. The needle-sized roller pin slowly expanded, and quickly became three meters tall, touching the ceiling and reaching the floor.

This is interesting. I can use it as a crushing weight if needed. Mag nodded. He turned it back to a normal roller pin, and placed it back on the shelf.

Up till now, he still hadn't discovered the secret of this roller pin.

That mysterious name was perhaps the most mysterious aspect of it.

That liquor last night... Abraham sat on his bed to let his beautiful handmaidens wash up and dress him. He was still reminiscing about the liquor that he drank last night.

He was carried back home last night. He had passed out from drinking.

According to his past experience, he should be feeling very miserable in the morning.

However, surprisingly, he slept all the way till noon, and felt extremely refreshed after waking up. He had a rare good night's sleep.

"What's the name of that tavern that I went to last night?" Abraham asked the butler, who was waiting at the side.

"My Lord, that tavern is called 'Saipan Tavern.' It's on Romo Street," the butler answered softly.

"Saipan Tavern?" Abraham was thoughtful.

The butler continued, "My Lord, I have prepared some porridge for you. Would you like to have it now?"

Abraham got up, and said to the butler, "Their side dishes should go well with the porridge too. Send someone to buy and bring some side dishes for me."

"Yes," the butler replied, and then turned to leave.

Abraham suddenly stopped him. "Oh yes, forget it if they are not open yet. We have to be civilized."

"Yes," the butler smilingly replied. "I'll go personally."

Mag just happened to finish cooking when he heard the sound of knocking on the door.

"Hmm?" Mag wore his mask, and walked to the door. He looked out of the peephole, and saw an old man standing outside.

This old man looked very familiar. He was that old butler that usually followed Abraham around.

"Hello, can I help you?" Mag opened the door.

"I'm sorry to bother you, Boss. My master loves your side dishes, and sent me to buy some from you. I wonder if it's convenient?" the old butler asked smilingly.

This chowhound really knows how to enjoy his food. Normal people can't really execute the move of buying side dishes at a tavern. Mag raised his eyebrows slightly.

However, based on the fact that Abraham had stood up for Amy last night, Mag said, "The tavern only operates at night. We haven't started to make the salad side dishes yet, but we still have some drunkard peanuts left. Please give me a minute, and I'll go get them for you."

"Alright, thank you very much then," the butler quickly replied.

Shortly after, Mag packed one helping of drunkard peanuts in a wooden box, and gave it to the butler.

“May I ask how much it is, Boss?” The butler took out his money bag.

“Your master helped the tavern last night. These peanuts are the token of my appreciation.” Mag shook his head with a smile.

“There’s no need for that. Master has already scolded me for not paying you last night. If he knew that I was taking things for free out here, he would chase me out when I returned.” The old butler gave one silver coin to Mag. “Please keep this. Master loves your dishes. He will definitely return again.”

Mag tossed the silver coin into the air as he watched the butler leave in a horse-drawn carriage before going back into the tavern.

On the second floor of Titan Tavern across the street, Eiffie peeped at Mag through a half-opened window. *This man is really unfathomable. He can actually get to know Duke Abraham. What’s his identity?*

“Miss, what are you looking at?” A maid spoke up behind her.

Eiffie got a shock, and quickly shut the window. A blush appeared on her pretty face. She coughed dryly to alleviate her embarrassment, and said, “The window was opened slightly. I closed it because I felt a little cold.”

“Oh.” The maid didn’t suspect anything. She put down a takeaway box in her hands, and took out the hot food within while saying, “Miss, I heard that the tavern opposite us had a roaring business last night. Moreover, the liquor that they sell is extremely expensive. A customer’s minimum spending is at least 1000 copper coins.”

“Mm-hmm,” Eiffie answered distractedly.

“Miss, why don’t we increase our liquor’s prices too? Our customers’ minimum spending is not even 100 copper coins?” the maid asked perplexedly.

Eiffie flicked a finger at the maid’s forehead with exasperation. “Silly girl. Our customers are not rich. They even thought that 10 copper coins for a glass of liquor was expensive. Increase the price? We’re going to lose this group of customers too if we do so.”

The maid felt pain. While covering her forehead with her hand, she aggrievedly said, “I-I was just saying.”

Eiffie rolled her eyes, and said, “He dares to take 2000 copper coins for a bottle of liquor because his liquor is indeed good. How are we going to follow suit?”

“Th-then, we can sell his liquor too.” The little maid pursed her lips.

“So, should I exchange you for the liquor with the boss of that tavern opposite?” Eiffie replied with an exasperated smile.

“I-I...” The little maid thought seriously for a moment. “If that boss wants me, I’m willing to sacrifice myself.”

“...” Eiffie.

“I’m saying... he definitely won’t accept me.” The little maid quickly shook her head, and then looked at Eiffie. “However, if it was Miss, I don’t think he could ever reject you. No one could reject Miss in this world.”

I’m sorry. There’s one right opposite. Eiffie sighed inwardly. Hadn’t she been rejected more than once?

There was only one reason.

He had a more beautiful one at home.

It was so hard to be a woman.

[1] Seems like a Sun Wukong reference. He had a famous staff that could change its length at command. By the way, Prince Nezha mentioned before is a character from the same story, though he is also an actual deity..

Chapter 2040: Acting Cute Can Also Sustain A Living

News of Aulden from the Ministry of Law being bashed up by Duke Abraham in a little tavern at Romo Street started spreading around the royal court.

The little wish of many officials was fulfilled in a little tavern.

On top of that, the name of this little tavern that was spreading around also became a new spot for many officials to go for a drink at night.

Romo Street had declined for many years, but it was still a part of their youth.

The beautiful ladies who used to stand by Romo Street in front of little houses under bright red lights, showing off their beauty to passing customers, how were they?

“Peanut with porridge?” Abraham looked at the wooden box filled with drunkard peanuts. He chuckled and threw a peanut into his mouth.

The thrill of the spiciness woke his taste buds up immediately. He took a sip of warm seafood porridge.

Perfect!

A peanut and a sip of porridge, and just like that, Abraham finished three bowls of porridge before he ended his brunch, wanting more.

“Master, now there are rumors outside that you invested in and opened that tavern,” the butler said as he passed Abraham a silk handkerchief.

Abraham wiped his hand with a smile, and said, “The owner of this tavern is rather interesting. Let them spread the rumors so that he will have less trouble going for him.”

“Alright.” The butler nodded.

“Prepare the horse-drawn carriage. I’m going to the palace.”

“To see His Majesty?”

“No, to pick Vanessa up. You don’t have to prepare the formal dress.” Abraham walked out. “She will definitely like the side dishes from this tavern.”

“Master, isn’t it a little inappropriate to bring the princess to a tavern?” The butler voiced his worries.

“What’s inappropriate? We’re there for the food,” Abraham said with a smile.

Before even opening, there were already more than 10 customers waiting outside Saipan. Most of them were wearing courtier uniforms.

Of course, they did not arrive earlier to book a spot. Most of them did not know when the tavern opened, so they came early.

“Woah, look at their tavern. There are already so many people waiting before it even opened.”

“Yeah. How envious. It has been years since we saw such a sight at Romo Street.”

“I heard that this tavern might’ve been opened by Duke Abraham. These courtiers aren’t here for the wine.”

“No matter who opened this tavern, it is a good thing for Romo Street. There is finally some life here.”

The business operators along Romo Street gathered together as they chatted softly and looked at Saipan Tavern enviously.

No one would have expected that this tavern would be able to win over so many customers within a short span of a few days.

Mag did not expect the popularity of the tavern to increase so quickly. After dinner, he rested for a while, and when he opened the door, he almost got a shock from the customers outside.

“Please, come in.” Mag opened the door, and welcomed the rather displeased lords.

“If this tavern hadn’t been related to Duke Abraham, I would have taught this owner a lesson. How could it let an old man like me stand outside for so long,” an old courtier grumbled as he pounded his legs.

“Calm down. What happened to Aulden yesterday is a warning. The owner here isn’t to be trifled with,” an official who came over with him said with a smile.

“Not to be trifled with. We’re just here for the drinks. I heard that the wine here is really good,” the old courtier said with a smile.

Everyone took their seats, and ordered their wines and dishes.

Romo Street was not far from the various ministries, so it had its glory days.

Everyone chatted and reminisced about the old days.

Time passed by in a flash, and everything on Romo Street had changed.

The wine was good, and it was worth its price of 2,000 copper coins.

The side dishes were even more of a surprise. They would never find an even better side dish to go with drinks in any tavern around Rodu.

They would not be able to find anything like that even in a restaurant.

“This is a tavern with a good chef and good brewer.” That old courtier took a sip of the fine wine, and smacked his lips in satisfaction.

His displeasure had completely disappeared, just like the wine that went down his throat. The only regret he had was not discovering this tavern earlier.

“Yo, why are there so many people here today?” Abraham brought Vanessa into the tavern, and was shocked to see that more than half of the place was filled with seated customers.

“What a strong smell of alcohol.” Vanessa covered her nose, and took half a step back.

“Come on in. When did I ever lie to you? There really is good food,” Abraham said with a smile.

Vanessa glanced around, and saw the side dishes ordered by one of the customers. The bright red salad resembled the husband and wife lung slice.

When she saw the customer pick up the glistening pig’s ear covered with a layer of red oil and put it in his mouth, heard that clear crunchy sound of the cartilage, and took in that expression of enjoyment...

Gulp~

Vanessa swallowed her saliva.

Ever since she had come back to Rodu, she had not seen such beautiful red oil.

Therefore, she took a step forward again.

When Abraham and Vanessa stepped inside, the noisy tavern turned quiet immediately.

Princess Vanessa had attended a few royal events, so the courtiers were all rather familiar with her.

As for Abraham, there was no need to speak further. Most of them were here because Abraham beat Aulden up here.

Most of the courtiers stood up immediately to greet Abraham and Vanessa.

“Alright, just take it as you don’t know us. Don’t affect their business.” Abraham raised his hand to stop the bootlickers who wanted to come over.

Upon hearing that, everyone stopped in their tracks, and did not dare to speak further.

Hmm? Big Sister Vanessa! Amy, who was sitting behind the counter, saw Vanessa, and her eyes lit up. However, when she recalled her father’s words, she resisted the urge to greet her.

What a cute little girl. Vanessa also noticed the small Amy behind the counter. It was a little girl in a cotton dress. Her two short legs dangled over the chair, swaying gently, and making her look very cute.

There was a round black-and-white pet beside her. It was lying on its back, sleeping soundly. It had a round face and large round eyes, making it look very cute.

“Hello, pretty big sister,” Amy said to Vanessa.

“Hello, you’re so obedient.” Vanessa smiled. She reached over and stroked the belly of the pet, and said, “He’s cute too.”

Ugly Duckling opened its eyes and glanced at Vanessa. After that, it continued to sleep.

“Mm-hmm. It’s just a little stupid, but everything else is fine,” Amy said with a nod.

“What pet is this? Is it a magic beast?” Vanessa asked curiously. It was too cute, and was just like the kitty that the little boss had called Ugly Duckling. If only she could have one as a pet.

“This is a panda. It is not a magic beast. It is an animal that sustains a living through acting cute.” Amy shook her head.

“Can acting cute sustain a living?” Abraham asked with a smile.

Amy propped her chin upon her hands, tilted her head, and said, “Fat Grandpa, Ay hasn’t eaten for three days, can you give me some monnies to buy some bread?”

“How much do you need? I’ll give you all I have...”

“Look, acting cute can also sustain a living,” Amy said with a smile as she shook the money pouch in her hand..