

Stay At home 2061

Chapter 2061: The Wine Is A Good Wine

Aman had to protect himself well when outside, and should not enter an unknown tavern.

Although they were neighbors, it was the first time Mag entered Titan Tavern.

Unlike its name, the internal decor of Titan Tavern was like a warm home.

That caught Mag by surprise.

After all, this was actually one of the most happening taverns on Romo Street.

“Take a seat here. Do you want a drink?” Eiffie arranged for Mag to sit near the bar counter, and looked at him with a smile.

“It’s early in the morning, I will not drink.” Mag shook his head. He looked at Eiffie, and said, “I would like to ask you about the details of the liquor tasting event.”

“Judging from the popularity of your tavern, I think you will be able to get a full house even if you don’t join this liquor tasting event.” Eiffie sat opposite Mag, and looked at him with her beautiful eyes.

“However, I think you also have the ambition of letting more people know about your wine.”

“All men have ambitio!

” Mag nodded, finding it a good reason.

“Yes. Men are much more ambitious than women. They all want to have multiple wives,” Eiffie said with a smile.

Err...” Mag raised his brow. That escalated quickly.

Eiffie continued, “The liquor tasting event is a big annual event for the liquor industry in Rodu. The taverns of Rodu, and even all over the Roth Empire, would take out their best wine at the liquor tasting event to compete.

“If they could emerge victorious in the liquor tasting event, or even win a gold medal, the popularity of that tavern would boom, and it would become the next star tavern in Rodu.

“Is there a limitation to the registration? Where and when exactly is it held?” Mag asked.

“You can qualify as long as you’re a tavern owner, but you have to use wine brewed specially in your tavern. It has already been a month since the preparation for this year’s event started, and the event itself will be officially launched three days later. Today is the last day for registration,” Eiffie said.

“Tse. In that case, can I still make it for the registration?” Mag did not think that time was so tight and today was the last day.

Nodding, Eiffie said, “I know the organizer of the event. If you would like to take part, I can help you with the registration. All you need to do is to send the wine over today.”

“Thank you so much. Saipan Tavern has just opened, and I hope that it could be more known through the liquor tasting event.” Mag knew that this was an opportunity that was hard to come by. Mag stood up and got ready to take the wine sample.

“There’s no rush, Mr. Hades.” Eiffie pulled Mag’s sleeve gently.

Mag glanced at her hand, and then at the woman. Did she want him to sell himself over this little thing?

“Titan Tavern is also intending to take part in the liquor tasting event, but the wine that we are sending is rather lacking in texture. I hope you could help me taste it, and see if there’s anything I can improve on.”

Miss saw the seriousness in Eiffie’s pleading eyes and hesitated. In the end, he nodded and said,

“Actually, I’m not very knowledgeable about wine brewing, but if you trust me, I can give it a try.”

“Please hold on.” Eiffie was elated. She walked towards the wine cabinet, and took out a bottle of wine and a glass from the cabinet in the center.

“This is the signature wine of Titan Tavern. Have a try.” Eiffie placed the glass of wine in front of Mag.

Mag picked up the coarse ceramic glass, and took a whiff of the wine.

It smelled like grape wine, and its fragrance was so light it could almost be neglected.

Just that faint fragrance made Mag’s anticipation of the wine go downhill.

Since it was named Titan, the smell of the wine should be as impactful as its name. That would live up to people’s expectations of the name.

Eiffie, who was full of anticipation, felt her heart stop for a while when she saw Mag’s expression.

Mag took a sip and closed his eyes to taste it.

Mm.

Nothing much to taste.

‘The wine was like water. If it did not bum a little and have a little fragrance of wine, Mag would think Eiffie poured him a glass of cold water.

It was very difficult to imagine that a wine like this could actually become a signature wine of a tavern.

Of course, there was also something that took Mag by surprise.

This was actually a spirit—grape spirit—which reminded him of brandy.

However, this was not comparable to brandy.

Mag opened his eyes, and met Eiffie’s nervous gaze.

Eiffie could already guess from Mag’s expression, but she still asked, “Mr. Hades, what do you think?”

“Miss Eiffie, do you want to hear something nice or something real?” Mag asked her.

“I’ve heard nice things every day. I’d rather you tell me the truth,” Eiffie said sincerely.

Mag placed the glass down, and said, “The wine was tasteless, and had a very distorted fragrance which disappeared quickly, and there was no lingering taste.”

Eiffie opened her mouth and looked at Mag, defeated. “Is it... really that bad?”

Although she did not make it to the ranks for five consecutive years of the liquor tasting event, Eiffie had yet to hear such critique that made Titan’s wine sound worthless.

The servant-maid at the side looked at Mag angrily. How could someone bash up the wine that their young mistress made like that?

Mag looked at the hurt Eiffie, and realized he seemed to have accidentally revealed his true nature. He quickly comforted her, saying, “Of course, the wines from the other taverns on Romo Street might be even worse.”

Eiffie felt as though she was shot in her heart once more.

“I get my wine.” Mag could sense the atmosphere, and was ready to scoot.

“Hold on.” Eiffie pressed Mag down again. “I have another bottle of wine. Please help me try it.”

Mag saw her perseverance, hesitated for a while, and sat back down.

Eiffie walked to the wine cabinet, stepped on a chair, and took out an exquisite bottle from the top-most cabinet.

“Young Mistress, that is...” the servant maid said nervously when she saw the wine in Eiffie’s hand.

Eiffie ignored her, and brought the wine to the counter. She looked at Mag, and said, “Mr. Hades, try this.”

Pop~

Eiffie pulled the cork.

A light, refreshing scent wafted out.

“This is?!”

Mag’s eyes lit up. Such a mild and elegant fragrance might be incomparable to Maotai’s, but it was still shocking.

It did resemble an authentic brandy, the very old kind at that.

Its unique fragrance was one only present in a grape spirit that had been fermented long enough.

Aging like fine wine would probably be how this could be described.

Eiffie took a new glass, and poured the wine out.

The color was a beautiful gold, and the liquid swirled in the glass, sparkling like a gem..

Chapter 2062: Go On! Go On!

Mag was indeed shocked.

This glass of wine was perfect, be it the fragrance or color.

The elegant and fine grape fragrance, the rich aged wood aroma, and the clear golden liquid all showed the quality of this glass of wine.

On the Norland Continent, other than Hannah's rum, this was the second wine that shocked Mag.

It had the fragrance of brandy. It was pure enough, and had been fermented underground for long enough. Additionally, it was worlds apart from the one that Eiffie gave him just now.

Mag took a sip of the wine.

The liquid slipped into his mouth gradually. It had a very soft texture, and was sweet and cold.

Mag closed his eyes and indulged in the joyful experience of tasting the wine.

After a very long time, Mag opened his eyes. The fragrance lingered. It was a very elegant, comfortable, and enjoyable experience.

Mag looked at Eiffie, and said sincerely, "This is an incredible wine. The taste is mild, and it is sweet and cold. The fragrance is very enticing, and it lingers in your mouth after drinking it. Very enchanting." Eiffie finally smiled. She lifted her chin slightly, and said proudly, "This is Titan Liquor."

"So is the wine that I drank just now fake?" Mag glanced at the wine bottle at the side.

Eiffie froze.

"That's the wine our young mistress made! How could it be fake wine?" the servant maid at the side interrupted.

"This?" Mag looked at the wine bottle Eiffie was holding in her arms.

"This is the wine my father brewed more than 30 years ago," Eiffie said calmly.

Mag glanced at Eiffie and fell silent for a while. After that, he consoled, "It's alright. Not everyone could take over their father's business."

Eiffie raised her beautiful brows, and actually felt like blowing her top.

"Miss Eiffie, please do not misunderstand me. What I mean is, sometimes, talent is predestined. If something is not suitable for us, we can give it up," Mag explained.

"Hm?" Eiffie started shaking.

"Don't understand? It's like this bottle of wine. Even though it's almost your age, you're still unable to come up with a brew half as good as this," Mag continued.

"Go on! Go on!" Eiffie's brows were almost about to stand on their ends.

"Go on?" Mag looked at her innocently.

Eiffie took in a deep breath and calmed herself down before she forced out a smile, and said, "Your little mouth is as sweet as honey."

"Very few people praise me like that," Mag said sincerely.

The corner of Eiffie's mouth twitched. If it were not for her years of experience in the tavern that made her extra good-tempered, she would have stormed off.

"This is a bottle of good wine. If Miss Eiffie were to attend the liquor tasting event with this bottle of wine, I think you could win with rather good standing," Mag said as he pointed to the bottle of wine in Eiffie's arms.

Besides, the quality of this bottle of wine should be able to make Titan Tavern's business boom or even bring it out of Romo Street.

"Yes, this bottle of wine won the top prize in the first liquor tasting event 28 years ago." Eiffie nodded.

"In that case..."

"15 years ago, my parents died in a robbery case. The perpetrator came to the tavern after we were closed for the day, killed them, and took all the money. From that day on, no one could brew the authentic Titan Liquor anymore." Eiffie's eyes reddened, but she was still as calm.

Mag fell silent.

He saw the change in Eiffie's gaze.

Usually, those with both parents who passed away would have most probably taken the script for a protagonist.

A woman like Eiffie probably took the harem politics script of an imperial concubine in the palace.

Of course, Mag was still deeply sympathetic towards Eiffie's experiences.

"Apologies, I'm sorry for my rash words just now," Mag said.

"It's alright. What you said is true." Eiffie shook her head. She smiled, and said, "It's just like what you said, the wine I brewed can't even be compared to the one my father brewed. It would even sully his name."

Mag fell silent again. That was not wrong at all.

"Young Mistress just didn't want Titan Liquor to cease to exist. Do you know how much effort she had put in all these years? Before Madam and Master passed away, she had never brewed wine before," the little maid said with her face red with fury.

"Mala, cut it out." Eiffie shook her head at the little maid.

Mag could not help but ask, "So... you are just doing it without knowing how?"

A maiden, who had no experience in brewing wine and had lost her father since she was young, had to take up an entire tavern. On top of that, she even made the business boom, and that did sound like an encouraging story.

However, throwing out the disguise of being inspirational, wasn't all this nonsense?

'Wine-brewing was not like cooking. One could not throw everything into a pot and still whip out a dish. If the steps were wrong, wine could not be made, and even storing the wine was knowledge on its own.

"I'm not doing it without knowing how!" Eiffie's face reddened and her chest shook as she said agitatedly, "My father left me a wine-brewing manual with a record of all the wines that he brewed. I learned from that manual!"

"Just that?" Mag frowned. "You didn't learn the essence of it."

"L.. I'm still learning," Eiffie emphasized.

"Your learning period isn't short at all." Mag nodded.

Eiffie said resolutely, "Sooner or later, I will make Titan Liquor reappear!"

Mag looked at Eiffie with a shake of his head, and said, "You're going in the wrong direction. You won't be able to brew the real Titan Liquor in your life."

Eiffie was stunned. She looked at Mag, pressed her lips together, and her eyes reddened. However, she managed to hold her tears back.

Mala's heart went out to her young mistress, and she glared at Mag.

"If you trust me, Miss Eiffie, you can bring me to your brewery," Mag told Eiffie.

He was a great person; it was just that his heart softened easily.

Of course, he also pitied the wine.

Such a good wine should be passed down. Otherwise, it would be quite a pity.

"Of course." Eiffie nodded. Although she did not know what Mag wanted to do, she still led Mag to the back of the tavern.

Her guard was down as long as Mag could not brew anything better than Titan Liquor.

Titan Tavern was twice the size of Saipan Tavern, and there was a rather large brewery behind the operating area.

The moment one entered the brewery, the thing that stood out the most was the distillation unit right in the center.

There was a faint wine fragrance in the air, and there was a little cellar at the side.

Mag went up to check the old-looking distillation unit, and quickly found the reason for Eiffie's wine being as tasteless as water.

"Is there an issue?" Eiffie went up to ask Mag, who was shaking his head.

"Miss Eiffie, when you brew your wine, is there white smoke and wine fragrance coming out?" Mag asked with a smile.

"Yes, yes. It's a grand sight when our young mistress is brewing wine." Miss nodded proudly.

"Mala." Eiffie glared at her. She then turned to nod at Mag. "Titan Liquor's brewing is like that."

No, it's only like that when you brew Titan Liquor." Mag shook his head with a smile..

Chapter 2063: Hidden Rich Woman

'The Titan Liquor aged with time. The older it was, the more mesmerizing it got.

However, that didn't apply to the brewing equipment.

A set of distilling equipment that had been used for 34 years should have been scraped even if it had been made using stainless steel.

This distillation equipment couldn't form a sealed distillation space. This meant a lot of liquor escaped during the distillation process, and the excessive interaction with air caused the liquor's purity to greatly decrease.

Furthermore, the design of this distillation equipment actually had a lot of defects. The conversion efficiency was low, and the operation was very complicated. If the user wasn't this distillation equipment's designer, or didn't go through professional training, it would be very difficult to control it. Frankly speaking, it was much worse than Hannah's set.

Mag had designed the entire set of equipment for Hannah's rum brewery, so naturally he could see the defects in this set of equipment.

"But that was how Father brewed the liquor back then..." Eiffie said with a frown. She had seen how her father was surrounded by steam during brewing when she entered the cellar as a young girl.

"This set of equipment is too old, and its productivity is already low to begin with. There is also something wrong with the way you use it. The essence of the distilled spirit is in that steam, and yet you let it escape. That's why the liquor you brewed is tasteless like water." Mag looked at Eiffie, and said, "If

I have guessed correctly, your distillation output is extremely low, so you have to increase the water usage during the mixing, and that further decreases the liquor's quality."

Eiffie stared at Mag with disbelief and an open mouth. Did this fellow observe her secretly?

"My Maotai's brewing process is similar to your Titan Liquor's, that's why I can pinpoint the problems with your equipment. Of course, there might also be a problem with your brewing techniques, but I can't say much, as I haven't seen how you distill your liquor," Mag explained.

Eiffie finally understood. She reached out to caress that old distillation equipment. After a long time and seemingly setting her mind to it, she turned around, and sincerely said to Mag, "Mr. Hades, can I ask you to modify this equipment for me? I am willing to pay you an appropriate fee."

"There's no need for a fee. Just take it as reciprocation for Miss Eiffie telling me about the liquor tasting," Mag shook his head smilingly. He took out the measuring tape to measure the dimensions of this brewery. After standing there and pondering for a while, he said to Eiffie, "May I see Miss Eiffie's brewing manual?"

“This...” Hesitation appeared on Eiffie’s face.

“Don’t be mistaken. I’m not after your brewing manual. I simply want to custom-make a set of distillation equipment for you according to your brewing methods. We will settle everything in one go and minimize any operational mistakes,” Mag explained.

Eiffie stared at Mag, and hesitated for a moment before she nodded, and said, “Please give me a minute.”

Shortly after, Eiffie returned with a yellowed booklet, and passed it to Mag solemnly.

The booklet looked old. Its kraft paper cover was already torn, but it was still very clean. It was obvious that Eiffie treasured it very much.

Flipping open the little booklet, Mag soon found the records of the Titan Liquor’s brewing method.

It was almost as Mag guessed: the Titan Liquor’s brewing method was similar to brandy’s brewing method. All the ingredients and formulae that were needed to brew this liquor were recorded in the manual, including all the procedures in detail. However, the details on how to operate the brewing machine were minimal.

Eiffie’s father was at the prime of his life then, so he didn’t consider the issue of passing on his legacy. The operation which he knew very well naturally didn’t need to be recorded in detail. And because of that, it made the path of becoming a brewer for Eiffie, who had no experience in brewing at all, very difficult.

Finally, there were two incomplete drawings of his modification of the distillation apparatus at the end.

Mag closed the booklet, and seriously said to Eiffie, “Your father was an outstanding brewer and a designer who was very imaginative.”

“My father would’ve been very happy if he could’ve heard your praises.” A smile appeared on Eiffie’s face, and she proudly said, “This brewery, the whole tavern, and this underground cellar were all designed by him.”

“The steps of the brewing process were very well-documented. I believe Miss Eiffie is already familiar with them, but your brewery needs to be torn down and rebuilt.” Mag looked into Eiffie’s eyes, and said, “You should start your own era, and not defend the glory that your father left behind.”

Eiffie was quiet for a moment before nodding with a solemn expression.

Mag smilingly said, “I will draw the brewery’s design and the distillation equipment’s blueprints for you. You can get a few blacksmiths to build the spare parts, and I will come to assemble them for you.”

Eiffie felt warmth in her heart. She had been supporting the tavern by herself. She flirted to sell the liquor, and had heard a lot of gossip about her, but she had never thought of relying on anybody.

However, in that fleeting moment, she seemed to see a glimpse of her father in Mag.

Perhaps they were both outstanding brewers, or perhaps they both had wisdom and capability that differed from those of ordinary people.

Eiffie looked at Mag, and an impulse suddenly arose in her heart. “Thank you very much. I don’t even know how to repay you. I can only mar—”

“It’s a pity that you’re a woman, otherwise I would definitely become sworn brothers with you.” Mag sighed softly.

Eiffie swallowed the words that she almost spouted out. She stared at Mag for a while before forcing a smile. “That really is a pity...”

“Oh, yes, did your father have any liquor collection? If I am not wrong, the Titan Liquor should taste better as it ages?” Mag asked.

Eiffie said, “Father did keep some liquor in the cellars, but he had placed a seal on every cellar. I can only open it when it’s due. I have only opened one small cellar in all these years.”

“Can you please bring me to take a look?” Mag’s interest was piqued. He was certain that the small cellar next to the brewery wasn’t used to store liquor for a long time.

“This way, please.” Eiffie brought Mag to a corner of the brewery.

There was a heavy locked manhole cover at the corner. A magical screen appeared immediately when the manhole cover was opened.

Eiffie waved the jade tablet that she hung on her waist above the screen. The screen disappeared immediately, and a wooden ladder appeared in its place.

“L got a magic caster to add this screen a few years ago to prevent theft, and this cellar can act as a temporary refuge in case of emergency too,” Eiffie explained.

“It’s not bad. It will be even better if only we can improve it a little.” Mag nodded. This could only withstand a 3rd-tier attack. He could destroy it with just a poke of his finger.

A faint liquor’s fragrance came from below as soon as the screen was removed.

The two of them went down the ladder. They saw over 10 cellars with a seal on it on both sides of the long walkway. Mag’s eyes widened with disbelief.

Mag tilted his head, and asked Eiffie, “Did your father dig up everything under the tavern and fill it with liquor?”

Eiffie regretfully said, “The space was indeed as big as the tavern, but he had spent 10 years of his time, and two of the cellars were not filled.”

Mag looked at Eiffie with a different expression.

This was a real hidden rich woman!

Cellars that were filled with aged liquor that was decades old. Who would need a bicycle in this case”?!

Chapter 2064: It’s Not What You Think It Is!

Mag made an inventory of Eiffie's cellars. There were a total of 12 cellars, and they were categorized by date. Every cellar held about 300 barrels.

Yes, they were humongous oak barrels.

No one could have guessed that such a valuable treasure was hidden underground.

Mag stared hard at Eiffie, and asked, "You have such precious liquor in your cellars, and yet you used that liquor to fool your customers?"

"But all these cellars are sealed," Eiffie replied with a frown.

Rip!

Mag threw the seal onto the floor.

"It's no longer sealed, and you now have 300 barrels of 30-year-old Titan Liquor," Mag said with a smile.

Eiffie stared at the seal on the floor with her mouth slightly agape before looking at the doors of the cellar.

"This is the wealth that your father left for you. He didn't mean for you to keep them all in the cellars to reminisce about him. Instead, you should continue to let them rule the world of liquor, just like what your father did before." Mag tore away the old lock on the door, and gently pushed open the cellar's doors.

The faint fragrance of the oak barrels greeted their nose. Even though they were underground, the ventilation system was very well-done. There was no rotting smell even after decades.

"Of course, I hope you can already fill this cellar with the Titan Liquor that you brewed after the Titan Liquor in this cellar is finished," Mag said to Eiffie, who was a little out of sorts.

Eiffie looked at Mag, and solemnly nodded, "I will."

Mag entered the cellar, and reached out to touch the oak barrels. He suggested, "I personally suggest that you use the liquor in this cellar to take part in this year's liquor tasting, and then use this batch of Titan Liquor to replace the liquor that you are selling in your tavern now. Put it in small bottles, and increase its individual price to put Titan Tavern back in the realm of high-end taverns."

"What price should I pick then?"

"At least 2000 copper coins. This is a real master's legacy. It's one less bottle left in the world for every single bottle consumed."

"But my father only sold them for 200 copper coins per bottle back then," Eiffie exclaimed.

"That was the price of commodities 20 years ago. You have to take inflation into consideration, Sister. The price of pork was only 5 copper coins per 500 grams back then, and if you can find pork that is priced at 20 copper coins per 500 grams now, you can be sure that it is problematic." Mag rolled his eyes.

Furthermore, how could high-end liquor that won the liquor tasting's gold award only sell for 200 copper coins per bottle?

This boss was really cute.

“Oh, yes. You have to limit the number of bottles you sell daily, and they can only be consumed in the tavern.”

“Why?”

“Because you only have 12 cellars of liquor, and the Titan Liquor needs to age to give it its soul. Without aging for 10 to 20 years, it cannot be considered as a good liquor.

“Therefore, you have to calculate how much liquor to sell per day to make sure that the liquor in these 12 cellars can support your tavern’s normal operation for 20 years.

“As for restricting the consumption in the tavern, it is to prevent the scalpers from bringing the liquor out and selling it outside, and to prevent the prevalence of fake liquor.”

“Why would the yellow cows! do that? Are they some kind of magic beast with wits?” Eiffie exclaimed.

“That’s not important, alright!” Mag sighed.

‘The two of them came out of the cellar. Eiffie was blushing and slightly panting.

The little maid looked at Mag warily, and she also looked at her young mistress worriedly. She had no idea what happened to them in the cellar.

“Thank you so much, Mr. Hades,” Eiffie said to Mag with gratitude.

“You’re being too polite, Miss Eiffie. I’ll go get the liquor now, and I’ll need you to help me to register for that liquor tasting.” Mag shook his head slightly.

“I believe the liquor that you brewed will wow everyone at the liquor tasting event.”

“Actually, I expect the Titan Liquor to reclaim its glory at the liquor tasting event more.”

“Oh, yes. I have some questions for Mr. Hades regarding the distillation equipment’s problems...”

30 minutes later, Mag came out of Titan Tavern with his hand on his back. It was really difficult to explain the principle of machinery to women.

“Father was pulled into Titan Tavern for one hour by a pretty big sister. He came out with his hand on his back.” Amy, who was writing her diary by the window, saw that scene and added that into her diary.

Mag returned to the tavern, and sent a bottle of Maotai to Eiffie.

It wasn’t that the whiskey wasn’t good enough. It was because he felt that it was enough to show off once, and he should save some pride for his colleagues.

‘As for why he was helping Eiffie so enthusiastically, it was all business.

He had to leave Rodu sooner or later, and Saipan Tavern would most probably close down.

For the value of the over 100 houses on Romo Street, a significant tavern that would exist for a long time would ensure that he wouldn’t lose money.

If Maotai and Titan Liquor could both get the gold award at this year’s liquor tasting, these shiny twin stars would attract all the liquor lovers’ attention to Romo Street.

‘As long as they had their attention, the business would naturally revive when the people returned.

The value of the half of the street that he bought would naturally increase as well.

This was a business that wouldn't lose money.

As for being interested in Eiffie?

Were you joking?!

How could that ever happen?

He had a beautiful wife at home.

"This is the reason why you came out of Titan Tavern with a hand on your back?" Irina crossed her arms, leaned against the wall, and looked at Mag judgmentally.

"No... Amy might be mistaken about something. That wasn't what happened." Mag had an aggrieved look. "My back, of course, would hurt after I work for a long time."

"Hoho." Irina sneered. "Of course, it would hurt after you 'worked' for a long time. Should I be considerate to you?"

Mag quickly explained, "No, no. I meant I was working hard at explaining the principles and usage of the distillation equipment in the cellar."

"In the cellar some more. You guys are really romantic." Irina's gaze was getting increasingly dangerous. She was already holding a folding chair in her hand. "Why have I never discovered that you are so good at time management? You can even explain the equipment's usage at the same time."

"It's not what you think it is!"

Oh crap.

Mag felt it got worse as he tried to explain.

He looked at Amy, who was holding onto her diary at the side.

Amy shrugged with an innocent expression. "You said children have to be truthful."

Mag made a forced smile. It was an impeccable answer.

His gaze landed on Irina again. He regained his composure. As a man, he had to fight for his status in his family for himself. How could he just take this lying down? It was an insult to his masculinity.

"Wifey, calm down. Sit here and I'll give you a massage. This folding chair is not bad. It's perfect for me to sit on it.

"Why are you getting angry? It's not worth it if you hurt your health. My heart will ache.

"Why did it never cross your mind that I wouldn't dare to even if I had that intention?

"Come, drink some water. It's hard for you to travel for such a long distance. I'll boil some hot water for you to soak your feet later. It'll be very comfortable for you."

Chapter 2065: Shocking

Mag firmly believed that Irina could get over this calmly because she trusted him.

Nothing was more solid between a husband and wife than trust.

“He would have climbed into my bed if he had had the guts. Why will the little b*tches out there ever stand a chance?” Ha, men.” Irina put down her pen and closed the diary.

After sitting on the bed for some time, Irina got up and opened the adjacent room’s door.

Mag, who was drawing the blueprints at his study desk, heard the sound, and turned his head around with surprise.

Irina was wearing a light gauze night dress, and her perfect body could be seen vaguely. Her face seemed to have an enticing glow under the warm light.

However, Mag felt a little afraid when he saw her mysterious smile.

Perhaps... she was going back on her word?

He flicked a quick glance at her left hand. After making sure that she wasn’t holding a folding chair, he heaved a breath of relief.

Mag got up, and smilingly asked, “What’s up? What’s the matter?”

“Why? We’re husband and wife. Can’t I come look for you at night even if I don’t have any issues?” Irina asked with a smile. Her thin gauze dress slid down a little when she leaned to her side.

Looking at that exquisite collar bone and snowy smooth skin, Mag’s Adam’s apple couldn’t help moving.

He had seen so many so-called “goddesses.” He thought he could already take it easy when it came to women.

However, in front of Irina, he was mesmerized, and his heart couldn’t help but race.

It felt just like... first love?

As if she had sensed Mag’s change, Irina’s lips curled up a little. She sashayed into the room, and closed the door with a click.

Mag looked at the locked door and at Irina who was walking towards him. He felt something was definitely going to happen tonight.

Irina approached him, and stopped about 50 cm away from him.

She should have taken a bath as her face was still red and moist. He could smell the fragrance on her body. It was the faint fragrance of the Spring of Life and a hint of jasmine. It was a comforting and intoxicating scent.

Irina looked up at him with a sparkling gleam in her eyes. A blush tinged her face, and her breathing seemed to hasten.

Even the air seemed to be getting a little intimate.

Mag took half a step forward, and their bodies almost touched each other as he teasingly said, "Why? Does a queen feel shy too?"

"No, a queen will never be dictated." Irina extended her hands. Mag fell onto the bed, and she came onto him.

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The next morning, Mag was woken up by the sound of knocking.

Mag sat up on the bed with a hand on his back. He glanced at the sated-looking beauty who was still sleeping at his side, and he couldn't help but smile smugly too.

"Father, we're starving..." Amy's voice came from beyond the door.

Mag quickly got up to put on his clothes. He pulled the blanket over Irina, and covered her long and fair legs before he opened the door and went out.

Looking at Amy and Anna who were standing at the door, he smilingly said, "Why? Are you hungry?"

"Yes."

Both the little ones nodded at the same time.

However, Amy poked her head into Mag's room to take a look as she said, "Mother isn't in her room. Did she sleep with you last night?"

Mag quickly closed the door, and smilingly explained, "Erm... she said there was a mouse in her room last night. She came to sleep in my room because she was afraid"

"So, you guys didn't sleep well, because you spent the night whacking the mouse?" Amy was thoughtful. "Hence, you guys woke up late."

"Yes, that's it." Mag held back his laughter. He accepted the excuse that the little one gave him, and said, "Let her sleep a little more. I'll go make breakfast for you guys."

"alright!" Amy nodded and followed Mag downstairs obediently.

"A mouse?" Back in the room, Irina opened her eyes and stretched out lazily. Her gaze was still a little confused. She pouted, and said, "He should have been gentler..."

Mag made a table full of scrumptious breakfast. He specially scooped a big bowl of soybean milk for himself.

Amy went up to get her mom down for breakfast.

Shortly after, Irina came down in a homely long dress. Her gait was slightly unnatural.

Mag quickly got up to pull the chair out for her. He held her hand naturally, and helped her sit down.

Irina's finger tickled his palm, and she glared at him with a dash of lingering and a hint of grief. She looked just like a newlywed wife with her charming behavior.

Mag placed a bowl of "ten essence herbal soup" in front of Irina, and smilingly said, "I brewed this specially for you. I have put in some Spring of Life. You deserve some nourishment."

“You’re drinking that?” Irina looked at Mag’s soybean milk.

“I deserve some nourishment too.” Mag nodded in agreement.

Irina seemed to think of something, and a blush instantly rose up on her cheeks as she glared at Mag.

Mag sat down at his seat with a smile. He took a bite of the youtiao, and drank two sips of soybean milk. He was also hungry, and needed to replenish his energy.

Mag cleaned up the table after breakfast.

He worked too hard last night, so all outdoor activities were canceled today. He only wanted to recuperate at home.

Irina flipped through Annie’s picture books. Amazed, she commented, “Annie’s so good at drawing, and she’s very fast too. She has already finished three picture books while I was away for three days.”

“Yes. She has a pair of hands that are envied by every comic artist.” Mag nodded in agreement. Perhaps this was a comic artist that had the tentacle monster’s natural talent.

“Oh, yes, what is that big machine of yours for?” Irina asked Mag

“It’s for Annie to print her picture books. That’s a machine that can print colored picture books,” Mag explained.

“But nobody at the factory knows how to use it.” Irina shook her head.

“It’s fine. I’ll return to operate it myself two days later.” Mag wasn’t going to let someone else operate it, either. That was a nuclear-powered printing machine. If it exploded due to mishandling, Chaos City would be completely leveled.

Mag made a pot of tea, and poured himself a cup. He was reading a book about abnormal magic beasts.

Right then, someone knocked on the door.

“Who is it?” Mag turned around.

“That beautiful lady boss who made you come out with a hand on your back has come looking for you,” Irina said with a mysterious smile.

“I’ll go get the door!” Amy leaped off her chair and skipped to the door.

“Danger!”

Mag put his book down with an unnatural expression.

Although it was just business between him and Eiffie, he could still sense trouble brewing.

After all, Eiffie wasn’t even a match for one of Irina’s fingers if they started to fight..

Chapter 2066: Why Don’t You Marry Him?

Effie was standing at the door with a small basket. She pulled her cotton vest tighter. The weather was still so cold. This damn winter seemed especially long.

Of course, she wouldn't be feeling so cold if it wasn't for the fact that she was wearing a dress.

She specially came to thank Mr. Hades today and to inform him that the registration for the liquor tasting was successful.

She had already given up the plan to seduce Hades to get the liquor. This would make her look like a beautiful bad woman who would do anything for benefits.

After all, she already had a cellar full of the world's best Titan Liquor, which would allow the Titan Tavern to safely operate for 20 years.

Therefore, she planned to establish a firm friendship with the outstanding Mr. Hades now.

Of course, she also wouldn't mind if something beyond friendship happened between them.

Right at that moment, she felt she already had the capital that put her on equal footing with Mr. Hades, including the right to have a conversation or verbal spar with his wife.

She took out a small mirror from her little bag to make sure that her makeup was still maintained in tip-top condition, and her face still had a perfect smile.

Crack.

The door opened inwards. A little girl stood at the door, and sized Effie up curiously.

"Hello, pretty little baby. Is Mr. Hades at home?" Effie said to Amy smilingly.

She had to admit that this little girl was really exquisite. She inherited all her mother's positive traits, which made people want to steal her away.

"Yes. Not only is my father home, my mother is home as well." Amy nodded. She turned her head to take a look before stepping forward, and softly said, "Mother knew that Father went to your tavern to pay yesterday. He was punished and made to stand."

"I see..." Effie had an awkward expression, and she was feeling a little self-reproachful. She didn't expect Mr. Hades to suffer at home because of her.

"I came to look for Mr. Hades regarding the liquor tasting event. We were discussing work yesterday too," Effie smilingly explained. She didn't deliberately control her volume as she wanted the people inside to hear her too.

"Please come in, Miss Effie." Mag's voice rang out from within.

"Please come in." Amy stepped to the side too, but she still softly reminded her, "Don't antagonize my mother. She's really very formidable."

Effie laughed it off. She was not a pushover. She puffed out her chest, and walked into the tavern confidently.

This was her first time walking into Saipan Tavern. Its decoration and size were simpler and smaller than she had expected.

However, her gaze was immediately attracted by the woman sitting at the center of the table.

Words could hardly describe her beauty. At least, this was the first time she felt inferior when she saw her face and figure.

She was simply sitting there calmly with a picture book in her hand, and yet she looked like the master of the house.

When Irina looked up and fixed her gaze on Eiffie, the latter instinctively halted her footsteps.

She sensed an unprecedented pressure that came from being suppressed by another woman, who even had a smile on her lips.

However, she had sensed a cold murderous intent in that smile.

This was the feedback from a woman's powerful sixth sense.

This was a terrifying woman, and also one whom Eiffie had no power to go against.

Her uplifted head couldn't help lowering slowly. Her puffed-up chest couldn't help deflating too. Only her gaze was still focused on Irina stubbornly.

Irina was also sizing up Eiffie. This young woman had an air that was way beyond her age. Didn't some men prefer such an aura?

She flicked a glance at Mag, and wondered if he was one of those men.

However, she tossed that thought away when she thought of his performance last night. Well, he didn't have the guts to do that.

But, that woman did have that kind of thoughts.

Come to think of it, there had been many years since a woman like that had appeared.

Ha, interesting.

There was a hint of interest in Irina's gaze. She wanted to see what that woman would do to seduce her man. She would take it as a form of practice.

Mag, who was sitting between the two of them, could sense the terrible presence of a love battlefield.

Currently, he didn't know if he should be happy or unhappy.

"Miss Eiffie, right? Why are you here looking for my man?" Irina asked Eiffie with interest.

"You must be Mr. Hades' wife." Eiffie smiled and placed the small basket on the table. "I'm here to inform Mr. Hades that your tavern has successfully registered for the liquor tasting event. I'm also here to thank him for doing me such a favor yesterday. These are some specialty snacks which are a token of my appreciation. I still have many things that I need to ask Mr. Hades for advice on in the future."

"Miss Eiffie is being too polite. It's just a small matter. You helped me to register too." Mag forced himself to stand up and make polite small talk with Eiffie. "Please sit down. It's so cold. Let's have a cup of hot tea."

He only wanted to make Eiffie go home as soon as possible. It was the man who suffered the most in such an ambiance.

“Yes. It’s so cold today, but Mr. Hades’ tavern is so warm. Do you have a furnace on?” Eiffie sat down on the chair next to Mag smilingly. She put her reddened hands over the furnace, and gave Mag a bright smile. “It’s so warm.”

He threw a glance at Irina. He really was just being polite.

Irina didn’t speak, either. She was simply looking at him with a smile, seemingly waiting for him to resolve it himself.

Eiffie had already sat down, so Mag naturally couldn’t chase her away. He could only pour her a cup of tea.

“Thank you,” Eiffie said sweetly. She held the teacup with both her hands to warm them up.

‘Mag nodded and sat down again.

Eiffie said to Mag, “I have passed the blueprint to three old blacksmiths this morning. The end products should be ready in three days’ time. I will have to bother Mr. Hades to help me assemble them then.”

“Alright, I will help you assemble the spare parts once they are ready. I have to teach you how to use it on the spot too.” Mag nodded. Eiffie wasn’t Hannah. The former had no idea about machinery at all.

“I don’t even know how to thank you.” Eiffie looked at Mag gratefully.

“Why don’t you marry him?” Irina interrupted with a smile.

Eiffie froze before revealing an ecstatic expression?

Mag’s eye twitched a few times. What’s going on now?

Eiffie flicked her hair, shook her head, and said, “How can I do that? Mr. Hades is a married man with children, after all. Moreover, he has a beautiful wife like you and adorable daughters.”

Irina nodded, and said, “That’s good. At least you’re not blind.”

Eiffie’s hand froze immediately.

Chapter 2067: Friends Of Women

When the elephants fight, the grass gets trampled.

Mag felt as though he was an innocent blade of grass.

Thankfully, the two women were not on the same level. Therefore, the clash was not very competitive, and Eiffie quickly ended up defeated.

This woman... is impressive. Eiffie drank the tea in her hand. She glanced at Irina, and did not speak further. She turned to look at Mag, and said, “Mr. Hades, I want to restore the glory of Titan Tavern to

the times when my father was running it. Could you give me some suggestions?"

Mag thought for a while, and said, "First, you need to find your place. To restore the glory of Titan Tavern's Titan Liquor, you need to eye the fame of the best tavern in Rodu. Therefore, you will be targeting the wealthiest and most valuable batch of customers as well.

"Secondly, you need to discard things on the menu. Titan Liquor is a gem of the tavern, but there should be limited supply every day. Otherwise, you will soon be running out of supply.

"However, the other alcohols cannot be too low in quality. Quality over quantity. They must at least be of a certain standard, and that is also a very important step to sieve out your customers.

"Lastly, it's the issue with operations. As a top-tier tavern, you must have an atmosphere and service that align with its standing. This is something you have to think through on your own."

Eiffie thought for a while, and said hesitantly, "But I only have a limited repertoire of wines I know how to brew. There is currently no wine that can be compared to Titan Liquor at all. It's nowhere near."

Titan Liquor was already the best wine she had brewed, but it was worthless in Mag's eyes.

"At this time, you'll require external help. I think you should be able to buy the wine from other breweries in Rodu, right? Even if it is slightly more expensive, and your profit margin will be slightly lower, if the quality reaches your expectations, you can use it to solve your problems," Mag said with a smile.

Eiffie's eyes lit up. She suddenly felt relieved, and said gratefully, "Thank you, Mr. Hades."

"You're welcome." Mag shook his head slightly, and glanced at Irina, who was sitting at the side.

"In that case, I shall not disturb you." Eiffie stood up and left.

Mag watched Eiffie leave, and closed the door gently behind her. He let out a sigh.

"Why, miss her?" Irina looked at Mag with a seeming smile.

"I'm not like that. She's not my type." Mag shook his head resolutely.

"A 20-year-old woman is at her prime. She would be sensible and doting. Don't you like it?" Irina asked with a smile.

Mag looked at Irina and raised a brow.

"Aren't you 30?"

Irina blushed immediately and glared at Mag.

Mag was rather innocent. He was only stating facts.

"New mission: a wish from Eiffie. Help Eiffie bring Titan Tavern back to the glory of her father's times! Please participate actively in the process. The System will decide on the mission reward according to your participation and influence!" Just then, the system's voice rang in Amy's head.

"But... Saipan Tavern has not had its glory, and I have to help another tavern reach its glory?" Amy asked, bewildered.

"Please complete the System's mission. The System will reserve all rights for final explanations."

“So explain it.”

” System.

ee

Garlan and Mylo looked at the tightly shut door of Mamy Restaurant in shock.

They finally came out of Rodu, and traveled all the way here, but did not expect to be locked out.

“Did Mr. Mag say anything about the restaurant being closed in the letter?” Garlan asked with a frown.

“But he didn’t say that the restaurant would be operating as usual too,” Mylo said with a bitter smile.

“What now? We might not be able to enter the city even if we return now.” Garlan scratched his head.

“We’re already here... what a waste of the budget. Why don’t we go for a massage?” Mylo said with a smile.

“No! How can we waste the budget away?” Garlan shook his head seriously.

“No, what I mean is, we should find a place to stay first and wait for Mr. Mag to return. While we’re at it, we go for a massage.”

“Mm-hmm. That’s right. Let’s go to that place from last time,” Garlan said happily.

ee

“Father, when is Mamy Restaurant opening again?” Parmer looked at the shut door of the restaurant, and then looked up at Gjerj.

“Er... I’m not sure, either. Maybe when Boss Mag had enough fun, he would be back,” Gjerj said helplessly as he rubbed his grumbling stomach.

‘They came expectantly again, and would be going back with disappointment.

“I saw Uncle Harrison yesterday. He had slimmed down,” Parmer said.

“Tsk, tsk. This fellow is really putting in a lot of effort for a woman.” Gjerj smiled. “Speaking of that, I have not seen him in a while. Indeed, it’s the best time for a fatty to lose weight when Boss Mag closes the restaurant.”

“What are we having for breakfast today, then?”

“Let’s go have that lousier version of the eggplant with garlic sauce in front. After that, I’ll buy you ice cream,” Gjerj said as he stroked Parmer’s head, and brought him up the horse-drawn carriage.

Although Mamy Restaurant was still closed, there would still be many customers who would make their way over to take a look.

However, because Mag had disclosed some recipes, there were many restaurants in Aden Square that would launch these few dishes. Although the taste was far from that made by Mamy Restaurant, customers could still have them to comfort their hungry souls.

“Since we’ve learned their dishes, and used their dish names, we should put our heart and soul into the dishes, and not ruin their reputation!

“The eggplant with garlic sauce today is not fit for eating. Even the most basic cutting is not done well. The eggplant pieces are in different sizes. Can you cook a dish well with this attitude?”

“Let me tell you. I’ll give you three more days. If you can’t bring out the right attitude to make this dish, all of you will leave! Even the housewife living beside me cooks better than you. Aren’t you ashamed?” a restaurant owner chided with his arms akimbo at the back kitchen agitatedly.
ee

“Here, try the eggplant with garlic sauce I made today.” A housewife put the eggplant with garlic sauce on the table. It looked and smelled fantastic, and every member of the family was already dying to try it. There were also red braised squid tentacles, squid tentacles, octopus balls, and more.

The housewife took her seat, and everyone began eating.

“Mother, the squid tentacles you make today taste even better.”

“The octopus ball is so good!”

“Grandma is fantastic! I love Grandma’s cooking!”

“Nanny’s eggplant with garlic sauce is delicious.”

Everyone was full of praises.

“Eat more if you like it. I’ll make more for you tonight.” The housewife smiled widely.

As a woman who had been dissed as a lousy cook for half her life, she had never thought that she would earn praises from her husband and children with her cooking one day.

All this was because she had met Mr. Mag!

He was the true friend of women!

Chapter 2068: Observer’s Diary

Entries in the Observer’s Diary.

“The new inhabitants of the southwestern waters, the Lantide, found a way to break out of the seal by eating a certain dark-yellowish soil, and found a way to breathe out of the sea.

“However, due to the limited amount of soil, there are currently only about 2300 of them who have broken out of the seal. The numbers are increasing steadily, and all of them will be able to break out of the seal in three years.

“This race has guarded the entrance of the ancient city R’lyeh for 5230 years, exceeding the promised period by 230 years. The sea is currently in good condition, and the risk of it being damaged is rather low.

“The sealed memory status of this race has yet to be removed, and there is a rather low risk of the agreement being leaked.

“Situation evaluation: do not intervene!”

wee

“Traces of activities of the Great Old Ones were found in the southwestern waters, and are suspected to be related to the Cthulhu. However, an intervention was successful, wiping all out.

“Due to the failure to trace to the origin, it is suspected to have been done by a light-type magic caster.

“The remaining spiritual activity fluctuations have been removed.

“Situation evaluation: proceed to Cthulhu’s seal point for an in-depth investigation!”

wee

“The seal beneath Sky Isle had been broken. The lower half of the Cthulhu has disappeared.

“On-site: yet to discover the traces of the Cthulhu’s servant races. Judging from the extent of the damage, this is related to the strongest tier of the current ancient continent, or the Cthulhu’s mental control.

“Situation evaluation: category 1 incident! Already reported! Trace Cthulhu down immediately and reseal it!”

wee

“Central region’s seal has lost its effects due to the passing of time. Cthulhu’s upper half has succeeded in breaking out of the seal.

“However, the new inhabitants have resealed it, and left a set of cutting tools and mysterious transporting setup there. The cut-up body was transported somewhere else. The location cannot be confirmed currently.

“Very strong lightning traces were found in Cthulhu’s body. This power exceeds the upper limit of the new inhabitants. It is suspected that an off-limit powerhouse has appeared on the Norland Continent.

“Failure to trace the origin once again. Conjecture: perhaps it is related to the powers outside space?

“The new seal is currently stable. Due to the unlimited cutting, Cthulhu is currently weak, and might possibly be completely killed.

“Situation evaluation: surveillance elves left at the seal location to prevent Cthulhu’s lower half from attempting to break out of the seal to merge with its top!

“Continue tracing the mysterious powerhouse. Report if an off-limit powerhouse appears!

“New inhabitants have discovered the existence of Cthulhu. The extent of understanding under evaluation.

ke

“part of Cthulhu’s body was found in an undocumented big city about 15 km away from the central seal region. Incredibly, it could be sold as an ingredient after it was processed, and was being bought by the new inhabitants to be cooked and eaten.

“Oh my gosh! Someone was actually eating Cthulhu!

“This ingredient was called: octopus tentacle.

“The method for eating this ingredient originated from a chef known as “Mag.” The shop selling Cthulhu’s body seemed to be related to him too. Take note!

“A machine known as a ‘steam engine’ was also found in this city. It produces kinetic energy by using the steam produced by burning coal to push a piston, thereby obtaining a stable and controllable form of kinetic energy to be used for transportation and production.

“This could be the sign of the ancient continent moving into the steam engine era. According to the current usage, the steam engine should be able to gain wide usage on the Norland Continent and cause a societal revolution!

“also, a ‘magazine’ has been hot-selling in this city. The reason was the chef named “Mag.” He seemed to be very popular.

“Situation evaluation: entering the steam engine era might bring about a large change to the Norland Continent. Specific effects are yet to be discovered.

“Take note of the mysterious person ‘Mag,’ and get in contact if necessary.”

ke

“Many mysterious passageways have been found on the ancient continent, joining many mysterious rearing places. There are obvious traces of species being transformed and reared. The owner of these places has yet to be found.

“A series of tools that were way more advanced than the technology of the current ancient continent were found at the rearing places. Suspected to be from external civilizations. Currently unable to ascertain if there are any hostile or invasive intentions involved.

“Situation evaluation: category 2 incident! Investigate the space passages, and find the possible intruder! Obtain samples and analyze the standard of civilization and threat!”

ke

“Traces of Cthulhu’s activity found in the Twilight Forest. The resentment of the dead was sucked out, and judging from the investigation results, it was not done by Cthulhu personally, but by a puppet that it controlled.

“The new inhabitants were still rather weak, and could not defend themselves. On top of that, they did not have the ability to search for the controller.

“Situation evaluation: number of puppets unknown. Cthulhu was attempting to regain its powers, and might cause more tragedies.”

ke

“Traces of Cthulhu’s puppet found in a newly established human country, ‘Roth Empire.’ Through ‘perception,’ the puppet was identified as a prince of the country. His identity has already been exposed.

“However, he was not currently in the city, and has temporarily disappeared.

“A suspected ‘nuclear’ power has been detected in this city.

“Situation evaluation: collect information on the puppet and continue to trace him. Perhaps the lower half of Cthulhu could be found.

“Identify the origin of ‘nuclear’ power. Check if it has anything to do with the external civilization.”

Observer’s codename: 9527

ke

“Host, the System’s water temperature monitoring robot at the boundless sea realm crayfish rearing farm and the sunlight monitoring machine at the Twilight Forest soybean farm as well as the machines at various rearing farms have disappeared in these few days.”

The statement from the System rang in Mag’s head as he was flipping through ancient books.

“You can’t get me to reimburse that, right?” Mag replied without thinking, and continued to read.

“These machines had tracking devices installed for easy collection, but they are all gone.”

“Maybe they were destroyed by magic beasts.”

“There are surveillance cameras located at the farms as well. It is not possible for any magic beast to intrude no matter how powerful it is. Besides, there was no trace left behind in the surveillance cameras.

“They disappeared into thin air, and the tracking device has been blocked. This is a very odd situation. Therefore, I am reporting it to you,” the System said seriously.

Mag placed the ancient book down, and asked, “What does this mean?”

“It might be done by a powerhouse that is far stronger than what I can control, or they could have been taken by a thing from an even more advanced civilization,” the System replied.

“What kind of powerhouse?” Mag frowned.

“Something that is currently more powerful than the upper limit existing on the Norland Continent. Something similar to the Great Old Ones.”

“What about the civilization? Is there an even more advanced civilization than yours?” Mag asked.

“I am a God of Cookery Cultivation System, and therefore am rather low in my technology setting. The objects from the trading center are all goods that the other systems had eliminated. Therefore, my civilization standard is only about that of Earth at 2050. I can only obtain some high-class clearance in the logistic space,” the System said honestly.

“Even if the Great Old Ones had nothing to do, they wouldn’t steal your thermometer, right?” Mag was still in disbelief..

Chapter 2069: Even More Advanced Civilization

How much importance the System placed on the issue determined how much importance Mag placed on the issue.

Ever since he came to this world, the System had given off the vibe that it was in control of everything. However, it was flustered this time?

Of course, it could also be because it was dispirited as its objects were stolen.

The existence of the Great Old Ones had been ascertained, and Mag even cooked half of one of them.

However, such an existence that could destroy the world easily would never go to the various farms to steal thermometers and seeders.

As for an even more advanced civilization, Mag would never believe in the existence of a being from an even more advanced civilization than the System in this world where the various races had yet to break out of their habit of eating raw food.

“Judging from the timeline, could it be done by Amy’s System?” Mag suddenly thought of a factor.

The System fell silent for a while, as though it was analyzing, and said, “The possibility is very low! If that system found the farm, it should be able to tell that another system existed in this world, and would not interact with the other party, much less intervene with the other party’s missions.”

“aren’t all you subpar systems thrown together? Why wouldn’t the systems disturb each other? There would ultimately only be one king in the world. Change is the only constant, the wheel of fortune turns. Why is it not possible?” Mag did not buy that.

“L repeat! I am a perfect God of Cookery Cultivation System. That system’s existence could only be an accident!” the System said seriously.

“In that case, is it possible for this world to have a high latitude civilization? Or that their standard of civilization is even higher than Earth in 2050?” Mag asked in an equally serious tone.

“According to my current observations, the existence of any odd evolution civilization has yet to be detected.”

“In that case, maybe there’s a Wakanda in this boring world?” Mag laughed.

2

The System fell silent for a while, and said, “For now, this possibility cannot be ruled out. I have limited knowledge of this world, and there are various places I have yet to explore.

“I am unable to know if an even more advanced civilization had appeared and continued to exist on this land in the past billions of years.

“In addition, an even more advanced civilization indeed exists on Earth. It is just not Wakanda. It is in the spatial world at Kunlun Mountains.”

This time, Mag fell silent.

There was too much information in the System's words.

Nothing was impossible in this world. Mag being able to arrive in this world was an impossible thing on its own.

'Whether an even more advanced civilization existed on a planet with billions of years in its history was unknown, just like how he still had no answer for whether the "gods" worshiped by the various races actually existed. If they did, where were they?

"So... the System is not all-knowing..." Mag sighed.

"A system's understanding of a foreign world could only be known through exploration other than obtaining basic information from God."

Mag propped his head on his hand, and thought for a while. Suddenly, he asked, "I am suddenly curious about what God is. What kind of existence is it? Why did it create the systems and send them out to various worlds?"

"Your questions have already infringed on a dangerous field. Please take back these dangerous thoughts!" the System warned.

"If God is everywhere and all-knowing, yet is also unknown and indescribable, communicates with the outside world through the systems, and rules world after world by controlling the hosts through systems... What do you think it's like?" Mag swallowed. He did think that his thoughts were rather dangerous.

The System fell silent... and remained silent

"Alright, let's think of it in another way." Mag closed the ancient book in his hands. "If there really is a more advanced civilization in this world, and they have also discovered your existence, what could happen?"

"There are two possibilities. Firstly, as a member of a foreign civilization and someone who could possibly result in a large-scale invasion, you would be taken away and cut up into pieces for research so that they could trace our origin. Secondly, they might try to establish a new connection with the foreign civilization through you. You would become the bridge between them and the foreign civilization, but would lose your freedom," the System replied.

"Doesn't sound good either way." Mag shook his head.

"Have already cut all logistical systems connecting the farms and the restaurant, and built a new virtual logistical system. They will be unable to find the restaurant through the space passage for the time being. However, we cannot rule out the possibility of them finding you through other means, because we know nothing about them."

Mag heaved a sigh of relief, and said, "One more question. If an even more advanced civilization did exist, would they be responsible for the Great Old Ones? If they join us, it may be a little easier to handle those fellows."

“A cutting machine from the octopus processing plant is missing. They should be aware of the Great Old Ones’ existence, and should most probably be on the side of kindness and order. Otherwise, it would be a piece of cake for them to destroy the seal,” the System replied.

Mag ended his conversation with the System, and sat by the study table, spacing out.

The Great Old Ones’ existence was just like the Sword of Damocles hanging above their heads.

The existence of an advanced civilization, and the fact that they might have already found out about him, caused him even more worries.

Forget it, leave them be for now. No matter how advanced they are, they are still made of flesh and blood. If they really come knocking, I can only hack their heads off. Mag shook his head and left.

He went downstairs, and kept all the things that could possibly expose that he was from an out-of-this world’s civilization, including Amy’s toys and Annie’s watercolor brush, and made them promise that they could only use those upstairs.

Mag was not ahead of himself, so he decided to live like a mole in the coming days.

Irina had returned to Chaos City. Mag, who had just had kidneys for lunch, decided to cancel the raw oyster feast at night in case he got too full of himself.

Business at the tavern tonight was still not bad. Although it was not at the full-house level, earning 10,000 copper coins a night was still rather easy.

Meanwhile, Titan Tavern right across the street had hung up a “temporarily closed” notice for their upgrading phase.

Of course, the most attractive thing was still the notice outside.

Titan Tavern had announced that it would open the cellar sealed by its founder 30 years ago, and would start to supply the authentic Titan Liquor stored in the cellar for 30 years.

Effie was a smart woman. Mag had to admit that.

After daily operations, Mag saw the last customer off, and closed the shop as he got ready to clean up.

Just then, the tavern’s door behind him opened outward silently.

Mag paused in his actions, and turned slowly to look at the door. He leaned his body slightly forward, maintaining the best posture to pull his sword out.

A woman dressed in a white body-fitting suit stood at the door, and watched him calmly with her light green eyes. She opened her mouth, and said in an accented common tongue, “I want... to drink.”

Chapter 2070: A Beautiful And Dangerous Woman

A young and beautiful woman stood at the door. Mag had only seen her black-and-white tight-fitting attire in movies before, and it was usually the sci-fi movies or dramatic movies.

She had silvery blue hair and a pair of light green eyes.

The bodysuit showed her figure perfectly, but people couldn't have any dirty thoughts about her.

Because her beautiful face had a very cold expression, she even seemed aloof.

Mag didn't care that her bodysuit didn't fit into this world, nor did he care about how aloof she looked. He only cared about the feedback given by the omnipresent door:

Name: unknown! Race: unknown! Age: unknown! Strength: unknown!

Danger! Danger! Danger!

Yes. This woman was a very dangerous existence.

After Mag had passed the tribulation together with the Cthulhu, he had not felt the presence of danger for a long time. However, he felt it from this woman right now.

"System, is she from the so-called advanced civilization? How many things can you find out studying her if we capture her?" Mag said to the system inwardly.

"The premise is you can defeat her. Otherwise, it will be you who would be sliced and studied," the system swiftly answered.

"What's the odds of me winning?"

"50-50."

"These odds don't look very auspicious." Mag frowned. He instantly relaxed his body, and smiled at the girl at the door. "I'm sorry. The tavern is already closed for the night. Please come again tomorrow if you want to drink."

Mag knew very well that they would come sooner or later, but he never expected them to come so soon.

Hence, he wanted to test if this was an accident.

"Closed for the night?" The woman frowned, and looked at Mag with her cold eyes. She revealed a pondering expression. "Then, do I need to use another excuse?"

'Mags facial muscles twitched. He wasn't quite used to this woman's cold and direct way of talking.

The other party was obviously here for him, and she didn't even bother to hide that intention.

Or perhaps, she did try to hide that intention, but her clumsy way of expression exposed it.

At the very least, the other party didn't just come to him with a discrimination speech, take out a pair of cuffs, and then force him into submission. This meant that there was room for a discussion.

Mag smilingly said to the woman, "Since you have already opened the tavern's door, please come in. I have meat and liquor. I wonder what is the story behind you, lovely maiden?"

'The woman only stared at him coldly. That exquisite face seemed to be made from ice; even the gaze was horribly cold, as if there weren't any emotions in her eyes.

"System, this isn't a robot, right? She's also not an assassin without emotions, right?" Mag asked inwardly.

“In order not to attract the other party’s attention, this System has already cut off all detection devices. However, we can be sure that the other party is still a carbon-based life form, and not a robot,” the system swiftly replied.

“Thanks.” The woman retracted her gaze from Mag. She stepped into the tavern, and surveyed it once before sitting down in a seat close to the door. Then, she continued to stare at Mag.

Mag closed the door again. He felt quite uncomfortable being stared at. He showed a professional smile.

“What would you like to drink, Miss?”

“Liquor,” the woman replied.

This is a freaking tavern. Of course I know you want to drink liquor.

“The drink list is on the wall.” Mag tried his best to say that with a smile.

The woman looked up at the drink list on the wall seriously. After a while, she said, “A bottle of Maotai, a bottle of whiskey, a helping of pig ears salad, a helping of pig tongue salad, and a helping of drunkard peanuts.”

“Sure, please give me a minute.” Mag walked to the kitchen with upturned lips.

He was a little curious about how well this woman could hold her alcohol. Even if she was from an advanced civilization, she would still have a weakness as long as she wasn’t a robot.

After she got drunk... Hehehe

A somewhat obscene male human. One ordinary tavern. However, this place is 32 meters away from the nuclear power start up, and this man is the owner of the property. There might be some useful information to be found from him. Xi looked at the busy man in the kitchen and wondered.

Apart from that, she also sensed an inexplicable aura in this tavern. It was familiar yet strange at the same time. She actually couldn’t make an accurate judgment for a while.

This situation wasn’t common for her, so she didn’t hypnotize this human immediately after she entered the tavern.

Of course, it wasn’t difficult for her to obtain a normal human’s memory, as long as it didn’t go against the Observers’ code.

Her equipment bay had ample food. The ancient continent’s food wasn’t attractive to her at all.

Ordering food was part of learning about the new inhabitants’ behavior.

Of course, investigating the new inhabitants’ food was also one of an Observer’s jobs.

Xi calmly observed this tavern. Soon after, her gaze landed on that counter.

It was a red wooden counter with a marble countertop. The surface was as smooth as a mirror, and its sides were also round and smooth. It made her reveal a perplexed look.

This processing technology seems to be polished by machinery. Has the ancient continent’s manufacturing industry already developed to this extent? Xi wrote down this detail in her Observer’s Diary.

“Your liquor and side dishes.” Mag came out with a tray. After putting down the opened liquor and three side dishes, he stepped to the side.

“Thank you,” Xi answered him calmly, but her gaze was already attracted by the liquor and dishes in front of her.

The rich liquor’s aroma that drifted out from that white porcelain bottle actually made her, someone who had never drunk before, think that it was exquisite.

Additionally, those two side dishes that were made from ears and tongues were completely different from her expectations. They even looked a little... enticing?

It was Mag’s turn to quietly observe her from the side, with his arms wrapped in front of his chest.

Did the advanced civilization’s people need to eat? What were their eating habits and tastes? He was curious about all these things.

Sensing Mag’s gaze, Xi frowned slightly. After a brief moment of hesitation, she still picked up the two bamboo sticks called “chopsticks,” and picked up a peanut clumsily.

She could see the energy in this peanut and all the elements mixed up in it, including the elements that could cause sickness.

The new inhabitants’ diet was still too unhealthy. This was also the main reason that she didn’t like to eat their food.

‘There was a nutritional cream that had all the nutrients well mixed up in the equipment bay. It could provide sufficient nutrition while making sure that it was healthy at the same time.

After a brief moment of hesitation, she popped the peanut into her mouth.

Crunch~

The teeth collided with the peanut, bringing a crunchy texture.

At the same time, the spiciness blossomed on the tip of her tongue. The aroma exploded in her mouth along with the crushed peanut.

Xi’s eyes widened instantly, and she showed an expression of disbelief.

This was a taste that she had never tasted before. It was amazing yet irresistible.