

Stay At home 2121

Chapter 2121 You're Setting Fire Here!

Teaching a disciple who had no basic cutting skills, or he should have said, with misled cutting skills, wasn't an easy task. Fortunately, Mala got the gist quickly, and was very proactively practicing in addition to Mag's "Midas Touch."

After practicing for the whole afternoon, Mala could already slice a potato into even, thin slices.

Mag watched Mala slice a potato slowly but steadily and nodded. "Mm-hmm. Not bad. I'll give this cleaver to you then. Practice your cutting skills whenever you're free at home."

"Really? Master, this cleaver... is mine?"

Mala looked at Mag with surprise. Although this cleaver was rectangular, it was easier to use than the chef's knife she had back home.

After spending the whole afternoon together and obtaining Mag's permission, Mala started to address him as "master."

"Of course." Mag nodded with a smile. "That's all for today. You can go back after having dinner."

"Yes." Mala nodded. After pondering, Mala hesitantly said, "Then... my young mistress..." "Miss Eiffie?"

"She doesn't know how to cook." Mala nodded.

"Go and get her over for dinner then," Mag answered smilingly. He suddenly remembered that he had forgotten to ask Eiffie to recommend service staff after he got caught up in teaching Mala how to cook.

"Yes. Thank you, Master." Mala smiled and placed all the sliced potatoes in a basin at the side. Master said they could be made into mashed potato and potato cakes.

Irina watched Mala jog out, and turned to Mag who was about to make dinner, asking, "Do you intend to let Mala make the side dishes in the future?"

"Yes. This child is quite talented in cooking, and she's very enthusiastic, so I want to teach her a few side dishes to go with the drinks to maintain Saipan Tavern's competitiveness." Mag nodded.

However, this was equivalent to poaching from Eiffie. Whether it would succeed, it had to depend on Eiffie's attitude. He couldn't really force it, right?

Mala ran back to the tavern, and yelled loudly, "Miss, Master asked me to invite you over for dinner."

Before she saw anyone, she smelled a burnt smell coming from the kitchen. There was also smoke.

"Is there a fire?! Miss, are you alright?!" Mala ran to the kitchen, and kicked open the kitchen's door.

Then, she saw Eiffie, who was holding a spatula and covered in soot, turn around with reddened eyes.

Meanwhile, there was a puddle of unknown black objects in the pot that was smoldering.

Mala was stunned before coughing after choking on the smoke. She regained her wits, ran to a vat at the side, and poured a ladle of water into the pot to cool the unknown objects down. Then, she opened the window to let the smoke out.

After doing all that, Mala pulled Effie out of the kitchen with a perplexed expression, and asked, "Miss, what's wrong? Are you trying to commit suicide?"

"Sui- my a*s." Effie blushed. Fortunately, there was a layer of soot on her, so nobody could see the blush. She turned her head to the other side, and said in a low voice, "I-I just want to cook a meal." "It doesn't look like you are cooking here. If I came back a little later, the neighbors would be rushing in to put out the fire." Mala shook her head seriously.

"I said I was cooking means I was cooking." Effie waved the spatula, and asked Mala, "You have learned how to cook?"

Mala pulled out a cleaver.

"Wh-what are you doing? A mutiny?" Effie looked at Mala's cleaver, and then looked at her own spatula. Obviously, she wasn't very confident.

"No. This is the cleaver that Master gave me." Mala shook her head with a smile. She even waved it around. "It's a breeze to use."

Effie was rather taken back. "Master? Did Mr. Hades take you in as his disciple?" "Yes. Mr. Hades agreed to let me call him master. I only learned how to use the cleaver today." Mala nodded with an ecstatic look. Effie's face was filled with envy, but she still pursed her lips, and said, "Isn't it just cooking? I know how to cook too."

"You're setting fire here!" Mala corrected her. "Darn girl. How dare you." Effie raised the spatula. "No, no, no. My miss is the best. Master asked me to invite Miss over for dinner. Let's wash up and change," Mala quickly said.

"Did Mr. Hades specially ask you to get me over for dinner?" Effie halted with a hint of joy in her eyes.

"No. I was worried that you might starve at home, and specially mentioned that to Master." Mala shook her head honestly.

"Hmph." Effie snorted, but she still put down the spatula, and went upstairs to wash up and change happily.

Effie changed her clothes, washed her face, put on light makeup, and then brought Mala to Saipan Tavern.

During dinner, Mag asked Effie, "Miss Effie, we would like to employ a few more servers, but we couldn't find any suitable candidates. I wonder if you know anybody who is suitable?"

"Mr. Hades wants to recruit service staff?"

Effie looked at Mag. After pondering briefly, Effie understood. Saipan Tavern was having a roaring business now. It was obviously impossible to depend on Mr. Hades and his family alone.

Titan Tavern had eight service staff members, and even she felt overwhelmed in the past two days. She intended to employ two more servers.

“What kind of service staff do you intend to hire? How much is the salary?” Eiffie asked.

“They have to be fast workers and gracious hosts. It will be good if they can be younger. As for the salary, it will be around 5000 copper coins. Of course, if they are good, I can pay them more,” Mag answered.

Mag didn’t expect the service staff to come by themselves just like in Chaos City. As long as they could start to work immediately, it would be okay. After thinking briefly, Eiffie said, “I do know a few candidates like that. Are you free tomorrow afternoon? I can ask them to meet you at your tavern, and you can talk to them face-to-face.” “Thank you very much then.” Mag’s eyes shone. He had indeed asked the right person.

After dinner, Eiffie and Mala said their goodbyes. Titan Tavern was about to start its operation.

After coming out from Saipan Tavern, Mala asked Eiffie with wonder, “Miss, didn’t you ask to meet those servers for yourself?”

“Mr. Hades’ manpower crunch is worse than ours. He helped us so much, so this is nothing.” Eiffie shook her head with a smile.

“Oh.” Mala nodded. After thinking briefly, she said, “Since that’s the case, I will go help Master then.”

Eiffie turned to look at Mala with a weird smile. “Why? Do you already want to escape from me now?”

Chapter 2122 Are You A God?

The news of Titan Tavern being robbed and its Boss Eiffie experiencing a scary night had already spread in the tavern circle.

Fortunately, after Titan Tavern rested for a day, it resumed its operations. The lady boss looked fine, which made the customers relieved.

“As long as you are fine, Miss Eiffie. I didn’t sleep for the entire night when I heard the news two days ago. I was afraid something untoward had happened to you,” Marcus said to Eiffie with relief.

“I’m sorry to have made the president worried.” Eiffie poured the liquor for the members of the Wine and Liquor Association with a smile.

Fergus angrily said, “Boris was really a scumbag, and to think that we’ve even given him the silver award for promoting the brewery industry.”

The others at the table had similar expressions.

Everyone still couldn’t quite believe it when the news of Boris being the perpetrator first spread.

Only when Boris’ taverns were closed down and the news of Boris committing suicide were confirmed did the news finally spread in their circle.

Eiffie’s background was already very pitiful. Her parents died in a burglary.

And Boris actually hired an assailant to commit the same crime against Eiffie and reenact the nightmare in order to steal the Titan Liquor's formula.

Fortunately, Eiffie was blessed. She escaped unscathed, and the perpetrator was punished.

Eiffie drank a glass with them smilingly before she went off to busy herself.

She knew very well. She wasn't blessed, but she happened to meet Mr. Hades.

After daily operations, Mag saw the last customer off, and was about to close the tavern when he saw Xi standing out there.

Mag looked at her and pondered a little before saying, "Do you want to come in for a drink?"

"Alright."

Xi's answer was as short and cold as usual. Xi walked by Mag and straight into the tavern.

Irina had already cleaned the tavern with magic. Amy was asleep with Ugly Duckling in her arms on the chair behind the bar counter, while Annie took out her drawing supplies from under the bar counter, and was about to start her work at night. "She would like to have a drink," Mag explained to Irina.

"What would you like to drink?" Irina asked Xi, treating her just like how a lady boss treated her customers.

"Maotai, please," Xi answered.

Irina took a bottle of Maotai from the bar cabinet and waved gently. That bottle landed on the table in front of Xi lightly.

"Thank you," Xi said as she sat down, but her gaze was on Annie.

Annie hugged the picture book in her arms tightly subconsciously. She was a little afraid instinctively.

Mag went forward to block Xi's gaze, and smilingly said to Annie, "Annie, go upstairs to draw, but you'll have to sleep early tonight."

Annie nodded obediently, and ran upstairs with her picture book and drawing supplies.

"Do you like side dishes?" Mag turned around to ask Xi that question with a smile.

He knew Xi didn't mean any harm to Annie, otherwise she wouldn't have given him that ring.

Looking at it currently, the Elder Things hadn't come to take Annie away, so he still treated Xi as a "customer."

Furthermore, Xi had saved their lives in the snow plain previously, so it was only right for him to make a few side dishes for her.

Xi flicked a glance at the menu on the wall before calmly saying, "I would like all of them."

This is indeed how a willful adult places her orders. Mag raised his eyebrows slightly, but he didn't reject Xi's request.

He was about to go to the kitchen to make them...

"That..."

...but Xi spoke again.

Mag faltered in his steps. He was a little surprised that there was a hint of emotions in Xi's perpetually calm tone of voice.

"Red braised pork. Do you know how to cook it?" Xi said with her usual cold expression.

"Red braised pork? I do." Mag nodded and stared at Xi strangely.

It seemed like Annie's drawing skills were indeed powerful. It made Xi bring up red braised pork on her own accord.

There was a hint of joy in Xi's eyes, but she concealed it quickly. She murmured, "Add a helping of red braised pork too."

"Red braised pork. That would take some time," Mag said.

Red braised pork wasn't hard to make, but it would take time to braise. It couldn't be served quickly. "It's fine. I have time to wait." Xi was patient.

"But I want to sleep." Mag frowned.

Xi was a little taken aback, and she stared at Mag. This fellow actually dared to reject her?

"Why don't I exchange a helping of red braised pork for a battleship with you?" Mag said in a negotiating tone.

"No way," Xi answered coldly without any hesitation.

This human was simply dreaming. He wanted her to exchange one of the Elder Things' most advanced battleships for a food item.

"Then, how about exchanging for a main cannon. The one that sent Cthulhu flying." Mag lowered his expectations.

Xi simply looked at him quietly. She didn't even bother to open her mouth.

"I don't need the electromagnetic gun, even an ordinary cannon will do." Mag didn't want to give up yet. After all, this was a reward that the system would never give him. The Elder Things' technology was way more advanced than the Norland Continent's and the Earth's. Any one of their cannons would be the main combat force against the army of the dead.

"You're a human knight, and she is a magic caster. You guys can't use the cannon even if you are given one," Xi said.

“You’re looking down on me in this case. Isn’t it just firing a cannon? Why are you looking down on me?”
Mag pursed his lips.

Irina rolled her eyes at him and blushed. No one knew what she was thinking.

“I said before that the existence of the Elder Things has to be kept a secret. Do you think it’s reasonable for a battleship’s main cannon to appear in this world?” Xi said to Mag.

However, Mag seriously replied, “Any attacks made by the powerful are reasonable. At most, we will just carry it on our shoulders and use it as a weapon. That will be very reasonable.”

Xi frowned, as if it was hard for her to imagine that scene.

“The army of the dead is not alive. They do not fear, and they’re not afraid of death.

“Even if all the races on the continent formed an allied force, there are families behind all those brave warriors who went up north to stop the army of the dead. It isn’t just a simple number if they die on the battlefield. There will be many broken families.

“If possible, I want to give some more power to the allied forces. We can reduce the allied forces’ casualties as long as we can kill more of the undead,” Mag said gravely.

Xi looked at Mag with a respectful gaze for the first time, but she still coldly said, “I want to try its taste first before deciding if that red braised pork is worthy to exchange for a cannon.”

“Sure. Please give me some time.” Mag’s eyes shone, and he went into the kitchen.

He knew there was a chance to get the cannon tonight when she nodded.

He needed a powerful solo combat weapon and a seductive bait.

Was I convinced by him? Xi frowned slightly, feeling as though she had stepped into a trap

Irina sat across from Xi, looked straight into her eyes, and asked, “Are you a god?”

Chapter 2123 The Picture Book Indeed Didn’t Lie?

Xi looked at Irina, a beautiful young elf who had an amazing talent, and had already reached the Norland Continent’s power pinnacle.

Among all the Norland Continent’s races, Xi had the best opinion of the elves.

This was a beautiful, kind, freedom-loving, extremely nature-loving, and highly cohesive race.

Oh... yes. That was the record left by the Observer 100 years ago.

According to her recent observations, the truth didn’t seem to be like that.

The Wind Forest, which was called the last paradise on the Norland Continent, was in a mess.

The human’s lowly hierarchical system was razing through the elves. She even saw elven slaves who were treated like cattle. These observations subverted her outlook of the elves. She pitied those elves who were treated like slaves, but her favor for this race was almost all eliminated.

The beautiful elf in front of her didn't belong to the oppressed elven class. She should be from the ruling class. "I'm not a god." Xi shook her head.

"Did you come to save this world?" Irina continued to ask.

In the snow plain that day, the glowing gigantic object made an attack that shocked her. It even sent Cthulhu flying backwards.

"I didn't come to save this world. I'm not obliged to do that." Xi continued to shake her head.

"You should know that I'm his wife, so I know everything." Irina smiled and crossed her legs. "Since your target is also Cthulhu, then you're here to save this world. Only a real powerhouse can save this world. We can't."

Mag, who was chopping pork in the kitchen, enjoyed their conversation. Irina was indeed better than him when it came to praising people.

Xi listened to Irina's words with a frown, as if she was deep in thought.

"This is your issue," Xi answered.

Irina shook her head with a smile. "No. You appearing here and interacting and collaborating with us, the so-called primitive existences, means that this isn't just our issue."

Xi sat up straight and looked at this elf in front of her seriously for the first time.

Irina stopped smiling, and said in a low voice, "You might have come from the heavens or the underground, this doesn't matter to us. Just like those marks would never have the real gods appear.

"What we want is just a world where we can survive, even if this world has a border and an upper limit.

"Hence, we can continue to stay in this not very rich world, but you have to let us survive first, even if it's just by resealing those fellows."

Xi stared at Irina silently for a long time before saying, "I am the upper limit of the Elder Things' assistance to this world, and I have to make sure that I won't expose the Elder Things' existence.

"According to the requirements, you guys shouldn't be in this world, or have this memory and this conversation." Irina leaned against the chair, and smilingly said, "If you are the Elder Things' upper limit, then your only choice is to work with us."

"I'll admit that you guys are my only choice." Xi nodded.

Xi began to reassess Irina inwardly again. Talking to this woman was more stressful than talking to Mag.

However, this also meant they were indeed good collaboration partners. She didn't like to work with idiots.

Mag carried a few side dishes out from the kitchen, and said to Xi, "If you Elder Things can't send us any men, perhaps you can just send us weapons. We will rearm all the races on the Norland Continent, and fight with Cthulhu and the devils. You can fight a proxy war."

"A proxy war?" Xi frowned. This was a new term to her.

However, Mag had already explained that it was to let the Elder Things supply the weapons to the Norland Continent's races.

"This isn't something I can decide." Xi shook her head.

Mag gravely said, "I hope you Elder Things can evaluate the risk of the races on the Norland Continent giving up fighting, and becoming the devils' servants completely. You should know very well that an allied force that is formed at the last minute isn't very reliable. Moreover, they have deep hatred for one another."

"I will relay your suggestion." Xi nodded at Mag.

"Please enjoy." Mag put down the side dishes, and opened the Maotai's cover for Xi.

He didn't have much hope for Xi's promise. After all, this indeed wasn't something that she could decide.

As for what kind of status the Norland Continent had in the Elder Things' minds, he could only probe them slowly.

Xi ate and drank quietly.

Irina picked up a glass, and began to drink with her.

Mag looked at Irina, trying to say something.

After three glasses of Maotai, Irina was slightly drunk too. She looked at Xi with narrowed eyes, and smilingly asked, "How do you Elder Things live? Do you also eat, sleep, and hit the dots?"

Xi put down her chopsticks, and asked Irina seriously, "Who are the dots? Why are you hitting them?"

"Dots are dots. Everyone is hitting dots, so we just do it," Irina answered with a smile. "We don't hit dots there." Xi shook her head. They did eat and sleep, but they seemed to lack an interesting exercise.

"Do you fly when you go out?" Irina continued to ask. "Or, do you use teleportation portals?"

"We choose our transportation depending on the distance, but the teleportation portals are already phased out."

Mag listened to the two women's chitchat in the kitchen. He couldn't help feeling amazed that women could chitchat no matter what, even when one of them was already drunk.

He knew Irina most likely wanted to get Xi drunk, and then get words out of her.

However, Xi was already someone who could walk out of the tavern by herself after drinking a bottle of Maotai and a bottle of whiskey.

Irina, who would get drunk after three glasses, simply couldn't compare to her, okay. Soon, Xi looked at Irina, who was lying drunk on the table, and ate the drunkard peanuts calmly.

Right then, a rich meat aroma whiffed out from the kitchen.

Smells so good! Xi's actions paused, and she looked at the kitchen with amazement.

This meat aroma was so rich that it was enticing. She couldn't help gulping.

This was an aroma that exceeded her cognition and an aroma that she had never smelled before in the Underground City. Only the Buddha jumps over the wall previously could compare to it.

However, compared to the Buddha jumps over the wall's aroma which was intertwined with many delicious scents, this aroma was much purer. It was simply the aroma of meat. She could already imagine how the red braised pork was being cooked until it was red and glowy in the pot.

Meanwhile, her current situation was like that of a mermaid who had just woken up on her bed, and was attracted by that sudden aroma.

The picture book indeed didn't lie?

Xi took a sip to suppress her shock, and couldn't help looking forward to it.

Chapter 2124 A Historical Trade

After simmering for more than an hour, the reduced red braised pork was finally done.

After drinking two bottles of liquor, Xi stared at the kitchen, and watched Mag carry a bowl of red braised pork out.

"Your red braised pork." Mag put down the bowl, and the red braised pork jiggled, looking even more enticing. "Thank you," Xi said while her gaze was fixed on the red braised pork in front of her. This was the first time in her life that she couldn't wait for a food item.

The cube-shaped red braised pork was almost exactly the same as in the picture book. However, compared to the flat drawing, the real red braised pork in front of her shimmered slightly with a layer of oil, and the enticing aroma in the air brought along an even stronger impact.

Xi opened her mouth slightly and gulped. She looked exactly like the little mermaid who saw the red braised pork for the first time in the picture book.

Xi looked up, and asked Mag, "Isn't there supposed to be a bowl of rice too?"

Mag was slightly taken aback. He couldn't help laughing as he replied, "You're really stringent."

In the picture book, the red braised pork was served along with a bowl of rice.

The red braised pork wasn't a side dish. Even when it was well done, it would still be greasy.

However, together with a bowl of rice, it would be perfect.

Xi wasn't in a hurry to pick up her chopsticks, because the little mermaid in the picture book ate the dish with rice. It looked much more delicious than eating the red braised pork on its own.

Soon, Mag came out with a bowl of rice. He had cooked it while he was simmering the red braised pork

"Thank you."

Xi received the bowl and thanked Mag. She picked up the chopsticks, and prepared to tuck in.

“Wait a sec. We have agreed earlier that if you are satisfied with this red braised pork, you will give me a cannon, right?” Mag said to Xi.

Xi looked at Mag and then at the red braised pork in front of her. After a brief hesitation, she nodded.

“Alright, please enjoy.” Mag kept the tray and took two steps back.

Xi picked up a piece of red braised pork with her chopsticks.

This wild boar meat was cut into long cubes, and the thick gravy dyed the wild boar meat a deep red color. The interlaying fat and lean pork was soft and bouncy.

This human’s cutting skill is indeed an astonishing artwork.

Xi looked at the meat that was equally cut at all sides with appreciation. Even the angles were perfect. Then, she fed it into her mouth.

The tender pork melted almost immediately in her mouth. The lean meat was chewy and not dry. The pork skin was soft and sticky. It wasn’t hard to bite down.

She bit softly into the meat, and the sweet and fragrant sauce seeped out from the meat. At this moment, the beauty of the pork was brought out to the fullest. It was fatty but not greasy, and was fragrant and tender.

This taste!

Xi’s eyes widened. It was as if a giant, wild black boar had bumped into her heart, and it galloped around like how her heart was beating

The taste buds were cheering, and her body was trembling due to the excitement. The sensation of joy due to the scrumptiousness was actually that impactful...

“Ah !

She opened her mouth slightly, and could not help but let out a soft moan.

It was too exquisite!

This sensation made her excited, and also made her feel blissful!

However, Xi soon realized her gaffe, and a rare blush appeared on her face. She picked up the bowl in front of her, and ate a mouthful of rice.

The soft rice had a new rice’s fragrance. The rice got even more fragrant after chewing, and the slight greasiness was quickly suppressed by the sweet and fragrant white rice. It was as though it was meant for the red braised pork! She got it!

The picture book was real.

Even she couldn’t resist such delicious red braised pork, let alone the innocent little mermaid.

Additionally, marrying a prince who could make such delicious red braised pork didn’t seem so hard to imagine.

This wasn't a love-at-first-sight story, but a seduction-by-food story.

Thinking in that manner made the story much more reasonable.

The little mermaid had to be very desperate when she thought of how she couldn't eat such delicious red braised pork ever again, and how the chef whom she reserved was being stolen from her.

Xi couldn't help popping another piece of red braised pork into her mouth. She felt the taste blossoming on the tip of her tongue, and she couldn't hide the arc of her upturned lips.

The bowl of rice was soon finished, but there were still a few pieces of red braised pork, and she hadn't eaten the gravy that she was craving yet.

Just as Xi was hesitating if she should ask Mag for another bowl of rice, Mag already put a new bowl of rice in front of her and a spoon in the red braised pork's bowl.

Xi looked up at Mag, and felt good about this human for the first time.

At least in the aspect of food, he was very understanding and considerate.

Mag smiled. If it weren't for that cannon, he would be sleeping with his wife in a warm bed by now. He wouldn't be serving her here.

Soon, Xi finished the bowl of rice together with the red braised pork's gravy.

Burp

Xi covered her mouth and burped.

That feeling of satiation was really so comfortable.

"Thank you for your hospitality. The red braised pork is very delicious," Xi said to Mag seriously.

"Thank you." Mag nodded smilingly at Xi.

Xi used a tissue to wipe her mouth before walking to the door. With her usually cold voice, she said, "I'll leave the cannon at that mountain 160 km north of Rodu. You'd better ship it away by tonight."

"Thank you." Mag watched Xi's figure disappear at the door before saying a sincere thank you again.

After carrying the drunk Irina and the sleeping Amy upstairs, Mag activated the tavern's spell formation before leaving right away.

The purple-striped griffin landed on the peak of that mountain 160 km north of Rodu. The 100-meter-long cannon was placed vertically at the peak like a pillar supporting the sky.

"How awe-inspiring." Mag went two rounds around the mountain on Ah Zi's back before landing on the peak.

And next to this cannon, there were four crates of ammunition. There were a total of 24 artillery shells.

"I guess this should be a miracle in the history of trade, right?" Mag caressed the iron beast that made him shudder. He actually traded for it with a bowl of red braised pork and two bowls of rice.

He hoped the future generations would not label this trade as a scam.

In that ice plain that day, Mag had witnessed the firepower of Xi's battleship personally.

The firepower of one cannon was already above a 10th-tier magic caster's might, and the artillery shells left behind by Xi were all cluster warheads. It was the kind of bomb that was more suitable for eliminating targets that were densely packed together.

She's good and understanding. I'll treat her to other goodies next time she visits. Mag nodded, feeling very satisfied with Xi.

After keeping the cannon and ammunition with a space magic ring, Mag leaped onto the griffin's back. He looked toward the north, and hesitated briefly before ordering Ah Zi to fly northwards.

He had already gotten the cannon, so he really should find a base now.

Ending the war beyond the Roth Empire's borders was the best promise to the civilians.

Chapter 2125 Is This System... An Idiot?

Mag circled one round above the snowy plain. He hadn't found any traces of the army of the dead yet, but he had seen many Roth Empire's scouts coming and going into the ice plain continuously.

It was obvious that Andre had finally begun to treat it seriously when it concerned the survival of his empire.

Mag chose a few spots, and marked them on the map before returning to Rodu.

He wasn't sure what were Cthulhu's considerations right now, but it could be deemed good news now that the army of the dead showed no signs of coming southwards before the allied force could form and head north.

And two days later, all the races would hold a meeting at Chaos City to sign the peace treaty again and establish a new alliance to resist Cthulhu and the army of the dead.

"This girl Connie is surprisingly capable." The next morning, Mag received the latest news from the orcs.

The Falk Tribe had taken over the Aug Tribe. The orc race that was fractured for many years was finally unified, and Chief Connie from the Falk Tribe was unanimously elected as the chieftain.

Mag was in a daze. That timid girl from back then had become the queen of the Twilight Forest in the blink of an eye.

Irina accepted the water that Mag gave to her, and downed it in a gulp. Still a little hazy due to the hangover, she asked Mag, "Did that woman get drunk last night too?"

"Yes. She was a little drunk too." Mag nodded.

He didn't want to tell Irina the fact that Xi happily walked away after drinking two bottles of liquor and eating a bowl of red braised pork with two bowls of rice.

That would be too cruel.

As expected, Irina became much more energetic after hearing that. With a hint of smugness, she said, "Hah, I knew her alcohol tolerance was only so-so."

"That lass Connie is already the queen of the Twilight Forest now." Mag passed the letter to Irina with a smile.

"Something like that actually happened." Irina took the letter with wonder. After skimming through it, she, too, smiled as she said, "That's rather surprising. She actually killed Auster personally."

"Her master is the Hairless Monk, after all. Killing Auster, who had lost an arm, is still quite reasonable." Mag nodded.

Mag took out the map next, and talked with Irina about the few positions that he had chosen in the north.

"System, where's my reward for finding the snail yesterday? Why aren't you giving it to me? My snacks are almost finished." Amy lay on the bed, and complained inwardly.

"Erm... Although Little Mistress found an edible snail yesterday, you have sought help from your parents, so the system judged the mission as incomplete..." the system answered carefully.

"Hmph! You didn't say that I couldn't seek help, and now you used it as an excuse to decline me. I'm not going to play with you anymore. You can play on your own from now on." Amy got up from bed, and went downstairs in a huff.

"..." The system.

Life is so hard!

It is so demeaning...

"Little Mistress?"

"Baby?"

"Little Precious?"

"Little Ancestor..."

The Life Experience System finally panicked after realizing that its host had blocked it.

It could very likely become the very first system that was abandoned by its host...

And it was because of a snack package reward?

I have no choice... Seems like I have to seek help from my seniors!

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Amy went downstairs, ate three soup dumplings in a row, a bowl of congee with pork and century egg, and a bowl of sweet tofu pudding before she felt less angry.

“Little Amy, you found an edible snail yesterday, so what did the wishing well reward you with?” Mag teased Amy. The little one had surely redeemed the snack gift package again.

Amy got angry again as soon as Mag mentioned it. Putting her arms on her hips, she angrily said, “Hmph. That stupid wishing well. I’m not going to talk to it anymore. Idiot, idiot, idiot!”

Mag smilingly asked, “What happened? It didn’t give you a reward?”

“Anyway, I am not going to talk to it anymore. I’m going to fill up the well later,” Amy replied seriously.

“Sure. Father will help you fill it up later.” Mag nodded. It seemed like that system needed to be educated.

“Little Mistress... I was wrong. I know I was wrong already. Please talk to me...” The system’s humble voice rang in Amy’s mind. However, Amy wasn’t moved at all.

After breakfast, Mag found a shovel in the tool shed, and behaved as if he was really going to fill up the well with Amy.

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On the System Forum.

Post for help: Yes... It’s me again. What should I do if my little mistress blocked me? Urgent!!!

P.S.: The little mistress and her father even want to fill me up! Help!!!

Replies were as follows.

Most Powerful Guiding System: Is this system... an idiot?

Star Student System: Systems are existences that belong to the information flow. We don’t exist physically, so how is your host going to fill you up? Perhaps we have a physical system lately?

Bootlicker System: Told you that you need to suck up to your host until you have everything you want!

God of Cookery Cultivation System: Embarrassing! Usually systems like me ignore the host. How can the system be threatened by the host?

Villain System: Moderator, can we mute the guy above? Otherwise, I will send my host over to kill its host and his entire family!

The God of Cookery Cultivation System replies to the Villain System: Come over then!

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Notice: The God of Cookery Cultivation System is muted for seven days due to posting antagonistic expressions...

Mag and Amy went to the backyard with a shovel each.

Irina and Annie stood at the door, and watched the two of them with befuddlement. They didn't know how the well could anger the father-and-daughter duo.

"Rest in peace." Amy shoveled up some soil with her little shovel, and solemnly spoke before pouring the soil down the well.

Then, an amazing scene appeared. Bags of snacks began to gush out of the well continuously.

"Hmm?"

Amy stopped her actions, and looked at the Mimi prawn snacks that fell next to her feet. Then, she stared at the gushing snacks with brightened eyes.

"This is?"

Irina and Annie watched this scene with shock.

"Did you prepare this?" Irina asked Mag.

"You can say that too," Mag replied with a laugh. He had intended to help Amy keep her system a secret from others, Irina included.

"Wow. Is this the latest chips' flavor? Green Lime? I don't think I've tried this before." Amy had already tossed her shovel aside. She grabbed a big bag of chips, and started eating them.

As for filling up the well, she forgot all about

it.

See, the little chowhound was so easily appeased.

"Little Ancestor, are you satisfied now?" The system's voice rang in Amy's mind again. "For the sake of so many snacks, I'll forgive you temporarily." Amy ate the chips happily, hugging a few more packets of chips in her arms.

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"Then I really have to thank you..."

"Bro, I can only lend you that many. Remember to pay me back next month. Five points."

"Thank you, Big Bro! We can be considered brothers now. Please take care of me in the future..."

"Nonsense! Who is your brother? I have always been bossy and dominant to my host. You have to learn from me and be a system with principles! "Alright..."

End of trade.

Chapter 2126 Where Exactly Did This Girl Go?

Looking at the snacks bursting out from the well, Mag nodded with gratification.

This meant that the initial stage of Amy's education was successful. She was already a junior keeper who could make the system bow to her will.

Amy hugged the chips, and said to the three of them, "Take whatever you want. It's my treat."

Annie took a bag of Snickers from the pile of snacks. She would feel hungry sometimes when she was drawing late at night.

After eating one of these, she was no longer "you're not you when you're hungry."

Irina took a bag of Weilong spicy strips. She didn't eat junk food usually, but this spicy strip seemed to have some kind of magic. She stole a bag of it from Amy's snack gift package previously. Oh, it couldn't be considered as stealing, since it was her daughter's snacks. She took it legitimately.

Mag didn't like to eat snacks. After watching Amy keep all the snacks in the magic wand and informing the other three, he left the tavern to place a bamboo container under the locust tree at the alley's entrance.

The news regarding Cthulhu and the army of the dead had already spread to all the races on the Norland Continent. As for the news regarding Rankster, Mag didn't choose to hide it after serious consideration.

Rankster was too powerful. Even the current Mag wasn't confident that he could beat him.

It would be a disaster to the allied forces if he concealed such a powerful combat force.

He also couldn't rescue Rankster from his current controlled state. Even with Xi's intervening, she could only rescue Mag's party from Cthulhu and the army of the dead's ambush.

Elizabeth had already left the restaurant. He didn't know if she had received this news.

Mag knew very well what Rankster meant to Elizabeth. If she knew about him, she would definitely rush to the ice plain in the north before the allied forces took on the army of the dead.

This was what Mag worried about the most.

Perhaps, Rankster might still have a hint of consciousness left, but Cthulhu had complete control over him in the ice plain. Even Elizabeth's appearance in front of him might not let him recover his consciousness.

What was more plausible was that she could be torn apart by the wandering army of the dead before she could even see Rankster.

Therefore, he wanted to use the Chaos City's intel networks to find Elizabeth and stop her.

Irina saw Mag returned home with a worried look, so she gently asked, "Are you worried about Elizabeth?"

Mag nodded. With a gentle sigh, he said, "Yes. I'm afraid she would turn into someone like Rankster if she appeared in the ice plain in the north now."

Irina shook her head, and replied, "She's very smart. I believe she won't get herself in danger."

"I certainly hope so. I've got Chaos City to help look for her. At the critical moment, her presence could perhaps help us deal with Rankster easier."

Mag could only wait for the news now. He still had to return to Chaos City to attend the racial meeting tomorrow. He hoped he would receive good news then.

"Oh, yes. How's the situation in the Wind Forest now? In the current situation, adding me, are you confident in taking over the City of Life?" Mag asked Irina.

"I've been suspicious about why Helena's attitude became so gentle suddenly. She even allowed the system that she created to disintegrate. Looking at it now, she's taking a step back to move forward." Irina shook her head.

"The chaos in the Wind Forest has gradually subsided now. The living environment of the elves in the lower classes has improved.

"Although some of the elven nobles have lost some of their privileges, they still maintained their excellent conditions in all areas.

"The initially sharp class contradiction was dissolved. The lowliest elven slaves have left the forest, so the basic condition to start a large-scale fight against oppression is already gone," Irina said, shaking her head.

Mag also lamented, "It's indeed the older, the wiser."

Helena appeared to back off and accepted the conditions, but she had never lost control over the elven race. She even dissolved the internal conflict in a gentle manner.

Once the low-class elves accepted the current living environment, Helena and the nobles could change the conditions at any time. They had no way to resist that.

This string had always been grasped by Helena.

Mag had to admit that Irina and he were still noobs at power play.

If it was his father who came, perhaps he could really spar with Helena and Andre, those sly old foxes.

Actually, there was another way to regain control over the elves, which was to kill Helena.

However, in the current situation, not only would the other races not allow Helena to die and the elves to descend into a chaos, even Mag, who knew about Cthulhu and the army of the dead best, wouldn't do something like that to hurt themselves.

"Let's wait after this war is over. Currently, Cthulhu and the army of the dead are our most important opponents," Mag said.

“Mm-hmm.” Irina nodded, and continued, “But I intend to make a trip to the Wind Forest to get something tomorrow.” “Alright.” Mag nodded. He didn’t probe.

Golden Dragon Island, in the Golden Hall.

“How was it? Did you find Elizabeth?” Louis asked all the Golden Dragons present.

Jinx got up, shaking his head, and said, “Chief, we have searched everywhere on the Norland Continent, but we didn’t see Elizabeth.”

All the other giant dragons shook their heads too.

“Where did this girl go?” Louis furrowed his brows tightly.

“I wonder if the Frost Dragons are looking for her too. She’s a Frost Dragon, after all. Perhaps, her counterparts should be able to sense her presence easier,” Jinx lamented. “I’m only afraid that they aren’t looking for her at all.”

“Alright. Let’s put this aside first. Regarding the racial meeting tomorrow, the Dragon Islands meeting yesterday has already reached a consensus. Douglas and I will go as the representatives. You guys will stand by on the Dragon Islands, and prepare to head north at any time.”

At the same time, all the Frost Dragons gathered at the Frost Hall looked solemn too.

“Great Elder, we still couldn’t find Elizabeth, but we already posted our people at the edge of the ice plain. We should be able to stop her before she enters the ice plain,” the third elder said to Douglas.

“Where exactly did this girl go?” Douglas furrowed his brows tightly.

“I say we should ignore this stupid girl. I have long known that Rankster was no good. He always escaped unscathed in dire situations back then. I thought he was lucky, but in fact he has long become the devil’s puppet.

“The giant dragons are all gossiping about us Frost Dragons now. They say we let the devil out, and they need to guard against us turning against them in battle,” the second elder said angrily.

All the elders present looked grave too. There had been plenty of gossip on the Dragon Islands in the last few days. The Frost Dragons were really in a dire situation.

“Shut up!” Douglas flicked a glance at the second elder coldly. His terrifying aura even created frost in the air.

Chapter 2127 The New Chief Of The Vampires

“If Rankster had gained his power by selling his soul to the devil back then, then do you think you could still stand here and sprout nonsense today?” Douglas said to the second elder coldly.

The second elder was speechless, and he lowered his head in silence.

"I don't know how Rankster became the devil's puppet, but I don't see any problems with him becoming the chief.

"Furthermore, I'm telling you guys now that Elizabeth is the hope of us Frost Dragons. She's also the hope of us keeping our place among the top 10 dragon tribes.

"If we lose her again, you guys might have to get out of this island because none of you has the power to defend it, and you guys have been trying to kill the person who made it possible for you to stay here."

Douglas' voice reverberated in the great hall. All the Frost Dragon elders went white, but they still had to agree with him in silence.

Fox was a hopeless idiot. The Frost Dragons would only lose their status even faster on the Dragon Islands if he became the chief.

"We have to find her at all her costs, and then bring her back," Douglas ordered coldly.

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The Boundless Sea Realm. The Demon Islands.

An ancient gray castle towered next to the sea on the archipelago covered by gray fog.

"As an ancestor of the vampires, I should have the right to remove you from your position, right?"

Dracula sat at the main seat as he swirled a crystal glass filled with blood-red liquid, and smilingly spoke to the chief of the vampire race, Maynard.

The upper echelons of the vampire race had gathered in the castle's hall, but the current ambiance was a little stifling.

Dracula, the vampire ancestor, had gathered them here today to discuss the reelection of the chief.

Maynard had been the chief of the vampires for over 100 years. Everyone thought that his position would only be stabler after Dracula became the new ancestor.

They didn't expect the first person to target him would be Dracula.

What was even more surprising was that the other ancestor didn't attend the meeting. This meant that he wouldn't interfere with the meeting's outcome.

This meant...

Maynard's chief position was completely decided by Dracula, and he could also appoint a new chief at will.

At the same time, Camilla, who hadn't appeared on the island for a long time, was standing behind Dracula. This gave people ideas.

Previously, Dracula receiving the ancestorship had a lot to do with Camilla being forced to marry.

Maynard turned grave, but he still lowered his head, and respectfully said, "Yes, that is the ancestor's power."

In the vampire race, the vampire ancestor had an absolute suppression over the other vampires with his Ancestor Bloodline. That was why the ancestor had a supreme status in the vampire race.

The chief was only managing the race's daily affairs. The ultimate decision lay with the ancestor.

Maynard was already very miserable as he failed to sell his daughter for gains, and even let Dracula become the vampire ancestor. He didn't expect he would lose his position as the chief today too.

Some vampires began to plot. Although the chief's power wasn't as great as the two ancestors', the ancestors normally didn't manage affairs, so the chief was in fact the real controller of the vampires.

If Maynard was deposed, who would become the new chief?

"Excellent. Seems like Big Brother still remembers our rules very well even after being the chief for so many years." Dracula smiled sinisterly. His gaze swept over the vampires present, and he loudly said, "Maynard's morals and behavior are appalling. He will be removed from the position of chief today, and Camilla will take over the position."

"Camilla?"

All the vampires' gazes landed on Camilla as they wore shocked expressions.

Meanwhile, Camilla also looked taken aback. Obviously, she didn't know about Dracula's arrangement in advance.

"I'm afraid that th-this arrangement isn't appropriate, right?" Maynard looked at Dracula and Camilla with an ugly expression. "Camilla is still a child. She doesn't have much experience with the affairs of the race. We're in an eventful period right now. I'm afraid she will mess up if we let her take over the chief's affairs now."

Many vampires nodded in agreement.

Dracula swirled his red wine glass, and mockingly said to Maynard, "I'm afraid it's inappropriate to say that she's a child now, right? You know you had already forced her to marry twice for your benefits, right? Are you fit to be a father when you force a child to do such a thing?"

Maynard's face twitched, and yet he couldn't rebut at all.

"Uncle, you're awesome!"

Camilla looked at Dracula with little stars in her eyes. Only he would protect her like this in this life.

As for that so-called father...

Perhaps he had treated her as a chip that could be used to exchange for benefits since she had been born.

The other vampires finally realized that this was a family argument, so they quickly kept quiet.

It was over for Maynard. Dracula wanted to put Camilla in the chief's position, and the other ancestor had already accepted it.

The vampire race would enter the ruling period of Camilla.

Maynard took a deep breath, and said to Dracula, "You're fooling around. I don't believe the great elder will agree with your decision!"

"Ha. Since he's not coming, it means that he has agreed with my decision." Dracula shook his head. Taking a sip of wine, he said to Maynard, "Dear Big Brother, I am no longer the little brother whom you could boss around. I hope the term 'fooling around' will never appear in our conversation again."

A terrifying aura emerged from Dracula. Fear appeared on Maynard's face, and his legs trembled. He couldn't control himself, and he knelt on the floor.

Dracula kept his aura. Still with a teasing expression, he said, "Now, do you still have an opinion?"

Maynard lowered his head, bit his lips, and replied, "N-no..."

Yes. Dracula was no longer that useless little brother whom Maynard had absolute control over.

The absolute suppression of Dracula's bloodline and power made it impossible for him to resist.

Camilla felt gratified with a hint of sadness when she saw Maynard kneeling on the floor.

"Very good." Dracula nodded, and then said to all the vampires present, "Now, I declare Camilla as the new chief of the vampires. She will take on the position immediately."

"Greetings, Lady Chief!" All the vampires bowed to Camilla.

Camilla, who was still in a daze, quickly said, "P-please rise."

She had never expected that. She thought she was just coming back with Dracula to throw her weight around. She didn't expect to take over the chief's position from her father.

However, this homecoming sensation...

...was fantastic!

Looking at Maynard being dejected and submitted, she finally vented that seething feeling in her chest.

She had once thought of never returning to these waters and castle, even if she had to wander forever.

But Dracula brought her back, and gave her the foundation of life and more.

Chapter 2128: A Scary Genius

Chaos City, the Buffett Manor.

In the brightly lit study, Scheer was poring through the documents on the desk.

The secretary came in, and reported, "Young Mistress, the entire steam engine department was diverted into the study and production of cannons. The engineers and workers are very enthusiastic."

Scheer put down the documents, and looked up at the secretary. "Well done. Give all the engineers and workers one month of salary in advance. Give it to them tomorrow according to the previous standard."

This was the city lord's castle's request. Scheer already knew about the incident in the ice plain in the north of the Roth Empire.

This was a matter that concerned the survival of all the races on the Norland Continent. As a banker whose market was the Norland Continent, she saw the opportunity under the crisis.

All the races would meet in Chaos City tomorrow to discuss the matter. If things went as expected, they would sign a new peace treaty on the spot.

This meant that if the Norland Continent could get through the current crisis of the devil and the army of the dead, it would welcome another 100 years of peace.

This was an extremely precious opportunity. To the Buffett Family, this concerned their life and death.

Hence, she didn't hesitate at all when she got the city lord's castle's request, and diverted all her engineers and workers into the production of cannons.

She might not be able to make any contributions at the frontline, but with the Buffetts' financial power, she still could do many things at the rear.

"Oh, yes. Have you run tests on the firepower of the cannons?" Scheer curiously asked.

The city lord's castle didn't say where the cannon came from, but if City Lord Michael put such an importance on it, it should be rather powerful.

The secretary took out a piece of information from his bag, and said, "The city lord's castle has just run a test this morning. We got a report from them. A small caliber cannon's power was equivalent to that of an Exploding Fireball released by a 3rd-tier magic caster. A medium caliber cannon's power was equivalent to that of an Exploding Fireball released by a 4th-tier magic caster, and a big caliber cannon's power was equivalent to that of an Exploding Fireball released by a 6th-tier magic caster."

"It can reach the power of a 6th-tier magic caster?!" Scheer was rather shocked.

Although a super big caliber cannon was considered as a steel giant, this was a tool that even an ordinary person could manipulate.

This meant as long as there were ample numbers of super big caliber cannons, they could have the combat power of a batch of 6th-tier magic casters all of a sudden.

"This designer is a scary genius." Scheer couldn't help but praise.

She had seen the raw materials necessary to make a cannon. Although they were unusual, they were not expensive and rare. The goblins could provide them in abundance.

However, no one could imagine that those assorted things could have such terrifying power when they were pieced together.

Meanwhile, those circular barrels gave those cannons the ability to fire at long range.

However, if this weapon of mass destruction had appeared 100 years ago, the previous racial war would have been even more terrifying.

That designer had to have chosen this time to debut the cannon because he saw that the various races had decided to sign the peace treaty, and there wouldn't be a war in the next 100 years.

Scheer also admired the designer's foresight.

Scheer said to the secretary, "Recruit more blacksmiths in Chaos City. Pay them double and let them join the cannon-making team. We have to expand our output as much as we can."

"Alright." The secretary left quickly after receiving his order.

Scheer couldn't help but pace in the study. It was an eventful period, but it also was a great opportunity.

If she could go along with it and grasp the chance, she might be able to create a huge business empire like her grandfather.

The Moreton Manor.

Gloria listened to Jeffree explain the Norland Continent's current situation with a grave expression.

After a moment of silence, she said to Jeffree, "Grandfather, I would like to donate all our cotton yarn and cloths to make winter wear for the soldiers who are going north to fight against the army of the dead."

Surprise flashed through Jeffree's eyes, but it soon became gratification as he nodded with a smile. "The cloth factory is already yours, you don't have to ask me whenever you make a decision. However, why are you doing this?"

With a serious expression, Gloria said, "All the races are in a dire situation now. We can only survive by facing the crisis as one.

"We cannot go to the front line to kill the enemy, but we can do our part in the rear. Even if we can only provide a piece of winter wear for the soldiers, it's better than doing nothing at all."

Jeffree nodded with gratification. "That's right. This is a completely different crisis from 100 years ago, but it's also a rare moment in time when all the races on the Norland Continent come together to fight against an enemy.

"If we win, the Norland Continent will enter into another 100 years of prosperity, and it will trigger the conditions for all the races to intermingle."

That would be a great age filled with imagination. It would also be the era that people of his generation would like to witness the most.

However, this age was destined to belong to the youngsters.

Jeffree looked at Gloria with praise. He didn't have to worry about the Moreton Family's legacy now. Gloria would definitely leave her own legend in the next generation.

Mag didn't wait for too long before someone knocked at the door.

"They're here." Mag got up to open the door. Four young ladies who looked quite capable stood at the door.

Mag smilingly said to the four maidens, "Hello, are you ladies here for the interview?"

Smiling gently, the short-haired girl in the lead said, "Yes. Boss Eiffie recommended us to come for an interview here.

Mag stepped to the side, and said, "Please come in."

The four maidens came in. Judging from their temperament and demeanor, they should be quite experienced. They knew what they were doing, and they looked at ease, making people feel rather comfortable.

"Please take a seat." Mag poured them a glass of water each before sitting across from them with Irina.

They were sizing up the four maidens who came for the interview, and the four maidens were also sizing up the young boss couple.

They were supposed to go for an interview at Titan Tavern. They heard that Titan Tavern had just won the liquor-tasting's event's gold award, and its business was booming.

However, Miss Eiffie recommended them to this Saipan Tavern opposite. Apparently, this Saipan Tavern had gotten the liquor-tasting event's gold award too, and it had no employees yet. The bosses needed manpower, and they gave quite a high salary.

Mag spoke up first. "I'm Hades, the boss of Saipan Tavern. This is the lady boss. Can you guys do a short introduction first? It will be great to talk about your resume too."

The maiden with short hair was the first one to reply. "I'm Jones, and I'm 18 years old this year. I have worked as a tavern and restaurant's service staff for five years, and I was a small captain for one year..."

Chapter 2129 Don't Tell Me That You Guys... Are Thinking Of Letting Me Be The Manager?"

The four maidens' resumes were all ordinary. They were simply experienced service staff, and had worked in taverns before.

However, this was the standard of normal service staff. Mag couldn't be picking up princesses and queens everywhere he went, right?

One good thing about it was that Eiffie had obviously chosen them in advance. The four maidens had good characters, and were down-to-earth people.

The pros of employing experienced people was that they could start working right away. He didn't have to teach them slowly from the beginning

30 minutes later, Mag smilingly said to the four of them, "You guys are fine. If you have no objections to the salary, you can start working tonight."

"So fast?" The maidens were taken aback.

A famous tavern like Saipan Tavern would usually have all kinds of requirements when they employed service staff. They didn't even have many hopes when they came. They didn't expect that they would all be hired.

"Yes. This is your uniform. Come in them when you guys come to work tonight. Try it when you go back and see if it fits." Mag got up and took a few sets of red and black uniforms from behind the counter, and gave them to the four maidens.

Mag had already thought it through. He couldn't be too demanding. As long as the service staff were willing to work hard, the rest was secondary.

Saipan Tavern had already done most of its historical purpose, so he only needed to find someone who could continue to run the tavern on his behalf. He was already prepared to be a hands-off boss.

Jones was the first to react. She took the uniform from Mag, and seriously said, "Yes. Thank you, Boss. We'll work hard."

"Alright. I appreciate your help." Mag nodded and looked at Jones with appreciation.

He rather liked this maiden. She was a natural leader and a good management candidate.

The other three maidens also accepted the uniforms, and said thanks with an ecstatic expression.

The boss was very generous, at least with the salary given. 5,000 basic salary with commission. Based on the daily sales of 100,000, their monthly salary could easily go over 10,000.

This was what they usually didn't dare to imagine. It was considered very good for the usual service staff to have 3,000 copper coins of monthly salary.

"Oh, yes, Jones, please stay back. I have some questions to ask you privately," Mag said to Jones, who was about to go out.

"Alright." Jones bade farewell to her companions, and returned to her seat.

Mag got straight to the point, and said, "I intend to make you the team leader. As the management, your pay will be 2000 copper coins more than the normal service staff, but you'll have to be responsible for arranging everyone's jobs and maintaining the team's proactiveness. Do you think you are up for the job?"

Jones was slightly taken aback, but she quickly reacted. After pondering seriously for a while, she nodded solemnly, and said, "Thank you for trusting me, Boss. I believe I can do this job well."

Mag nodded and smiled. "Alright. Then, come to the tavern an hour earlier today. I'll go through your job's scope in detail with you."

Jones nodded and then left.

After the ladies left, Irina turned to ask Mag, "That's all?"

"I know they are not as good as your elves, but they are already the better ones among the maidens who work as service staff in Rodu," Mag said helplessly.

He had gone to the human resource market that day himself, and he couldn't even find a young lady, let alone experienced staff.

Irina didn't say anything else after hearing that.

Eiffie knocked on the door. She stood at the doorway, and smilingly asked, "Mr. Hades, are you satisfied with the maidens?"

She had seen the maidens leave excitedly on the second floor earlier, so she wanted to come over to ask Mag about the recruitment of his new staff.

"If there's a need, I can recommend more people to you."

Listen, listen. If he was in a different place, Mag would definitely answer, "The next batch, please."

However, it obviously wasn't appropriate now. After all, his wife was sitting next to him right now.

"The ladies are great. Thank you for your concern, Miss Eiffie. I've employed all of them," Mag answered with a smile. He was really grateful to Eiffie.

"I see. That's good." Eiffie was surprised that Mag employed all of them. She felt gratified, though her heart was in pain.

They were the most outstanding batch of maidens that she had found recently. They were nimble and of good character. They also could start work immediately, which could save her plenty of trouble.

Mag said to Eiffie, "Oh, yes. There's one more thing I would like to discuss with Miss Eiffie. It's regarding Mala."

"Mala?" Eiffie's heart sank. Had Mr. Hades really taken an interest in Mala? He took her in as disciple yesterday, and he wanted to poach her from her today.

Mag explained, "It's like this. My wife and I didn't have much interest in making money, and we don't like boisterousness. Although Saipan Tavern has just gotten on track, we already feel a little tired. So, we would like to find someone to take over the tavern while we continue our travels."

Eiffie only regained her wits after being dazed for a while. She exclaimed, "You mean... you don't want to run this Saipan Tavern anymore?"

Mag smilingly replied, "I don't intend to close the tavern. I just want to find someone to manage it so we can be the hands-off bosses."

"So... don't tell me you guys have chosen Mala?" Eiffie had a weird expression.

That girl... There was nothing else in her head apart from food, okay!

She could make the tavern's business collapse at any time if you let her operate such a popular tavern.

Mr. Hades was also a smart and dependable person. Why would he make such a rash decision?

"Mala has a good talent for cooking. I intend to teach her how to cook and supply the tavern's side dishes, and then let her manage the tavern." Mag nodded. "However, this matter will have to depend on Miss Eiffie's attitude. After all, Mala has grown up with you, and you are just like her parent."

“Mala is kind-hearted. She doesn’t have any bad thoughts.” Eiffie shrugged, and helplessly said, “But just because of that, her mind is relatively simple. She is more suitable to take orders like brewing liquor and cooking, but she isn’t suitable to manage a tavern. This is beyond her capability.” “Then, who does Miss Eiffie think is the correct candidate?”

“Saipan Tavern is one of the best taverns in Rodu now. Its business is booming, and its customers are varied. You need a manager who can control the situation and is capable, and someone like that...” Eiffie looked at Mag and Irina, who were smiling at her, cocked an eyebrow, and asked, “Don’t tell me that you guys... are thinking of letting me be the manager?”

“Miss Eiffie, you are outstanding, of great character, and you have plenty of experience after managing a tavern for so many years. You’re indeed the best candidate,” Mag replied seriously.

“But I still have to manage Titan Tavern...” Eiffie lamented.

Mag continued, “I will continue to recruit more staff and establish a set of work regulations. Miss Eiffie only needs to do the job of coordination and management. If Miss Eiffie is willing to join, I will give 30% Saipan Tavern’s shares to you, and we will be partners.”

Chapter 2130: Black Cat Opera

Eiffie looked at Mag with despair.

I like you so much, but you just treat me as a tool?

How sorrowful...

Besides, once she accepted this arrangement, she probably would not see Mr. Hades and his family anymore.

Whatever was left between them would be monetary ties.

But under Mag’s gentle gaze, she was unable to bring herself to say those hurtful words.

She knew she had fallen in too deep...

If it had been in the past, she would have definitely exclaimed, “Pah... Scoundrel!”

Mag saw the conflicted look on Eiffie’s face, and said apologetically, “I know this is too much to ask for. Please do not take it to heart. Just take it that I’ve never said it.”

If he had not been in a rush to save the world, he would not have thrown the tavern out right now. After all, he had to be the vanguard for the fight against the army of the dead.

“I’ll have to consider it. After all, it’s not a small matter,” Eiffie said with a smile.

Mr. Hades’s conditions were very enticing. Judging from Saipan Tavern’s current profits, she just had to manage it to get 20% of its shares.

All emotions aside, this was a huge sum of money.

“Alright.” Mag nodded. Eiffie was taking it seriously. That made him even more assured to hand the tavern over to her. It was still a multi-million business. Not just anyone could take over it.

Eiffie could be considered a professional in this industry. She had plenty of experience after years of running her tavern alone.

As for Mala...

It was just as Eiffie had said. Mala was too simple. Getting her to manage the tavern was too much to ask for.

“Young Mistress, are we here so early for the free meal?” Mala held a cleaver in her hand as she asked Eiffie a question softly while rubbing her sleepy eyes.

“All you know is to eat.” Eiffie’s face flushed red as she smacked Mala’s head.

“But we haven’t had breakfast,” Mala said with grievance as she took a step back.

“I’m going to get cucumber soup. Do you want any?” Eiffie asked.

“Yes.” Mala nodded immediately. It had been days since she last had it, and she was rather craving for it.

“Master, I’ll be back in a while,” Mala told Mag before leaving with Eiffie.

Irina watched Eiffie leave, and looked at Mag with a smile as she said, “It seems like she’d fallen for you.”

“Many have fallen for me, but I only have you in my heart,” Mag said seriously.

“Heh. Glib talker.” Irma rolled her eyes at Mag, but still could not help but smile.

Hell. Women. Mag smiled to himself.

There was nothing going on in the morning. Mag took out the stack of information that Fitch had handed to him. Many of the businesses that provided their information according to the requirements included strong contenders from the food and entertainment industry.

However... aside from the pharmacy, what is the coffin shop doing here?

They couldn’t wait for someone to die from overdrinking so that they could choose a good coffin and bring it home with them? On top of that, two brothels caught Mag’s eye.

This was an era of legalized prostitution.

Brothels were a legalized entertainment center for men to vent their extra energy.

There were a few at Romo Street, but due to the loss of businesses in the entire street, the ladies were unable to get customers, and therefore they closed

down.

Now that Romo Street seemed to be making a comeback, the brothels set their eye on this land once again.

Based on the pricing of Titan Tavern and Saipan Tavern, the customers drinking here had enough spending power, and they were a source of top-quality customers.

“Don’t all men like this?” Irina, who walked past, glanced at the information in Mag’s hand, and paused in her steps.

“No. Those are just common men. A good man like me is a family man,” Mag said righteously. After that, he threw the two pieces of paper with the information on the brothels into the bin.

“It’s making money. There’s no discrimination,” Irina said with a smile. “It’s mainly because these two are subpar.” Mag shook his head.

“Oh, do you know of a better place?”

“In heaven and on earth...” Mag glanced at Irina, whose gaze looked increasingly dangerous, and said, “...there’s no place better than home. A man’s fuel station should be a warm family.”

“I have to make a trip to Chaos City to settle the affairs of the Night Elves. You can go back with the children tomorrow.” Irina did not continue the nonsense with Mag.

“Alright. Be careful on the way.” Mag nodded. He knew that there was a lot that Irina had to handle on the Night Elves’ side.

After Irina left with her magic, Mag picked up the two papers he threw into the bin, and placed them at the bottom of the pile.

To create a holistic entertainment commercial street, it was important to have a holistic ecosystem.

With taverns as the core, the other aspects could not be missed out.

However, Mag was not in a rush. There was an increase in customers coming

over to take a look at the shops these few days. There was no fret that he could not get the shops rented out. The first thing he had to consider was who to choose.

This opera troupe is rather interesting. It seems they are quite broke. I wonder how they fare.

Mag looked at the application form of the Black Cat Opera House within the pile. They wanted the shop at the corner to make it into a theater, but their offer was very low.

However, interestingly, there was a line written in the application form in small handwriting, saying, “This is all that we have, please...”

There also was a small black cat stamp.

This offer was completely unattractive to anyone.

On top of that, an opera house would have limited attraction to men compared to brothels.

However, Mag was rather curious about this opera troupe.

One had to know that operas were considered a new form of entertainment even in Rodu, and there were barely any opera troupes around.

Mag went to one with his family once. The ticket cost 50 copper coins, but there was barely anything to watch.

It was horrible screeching and dancing with no beauty, and more than half of the customers left halfway through the performance.

However, this Black Cat Opera troupe described themselves as a “rather impressive” opera troupe, but was lacking a fixed performance venue, and thus they were in this difficult situation.

“In that case, I want to see if you are worth this shop.” Mag pulled out that piece of paper, and kept the other information below the counter. After that, he went to Amy and Annie, and said, “Do you want to watch the Black Cat Opera perform?”

Amy’s eyes lit up as she asked curiously, “Is it Caesar?”

“Meow-” Ugly Duckling was rather interested upon hearing the name.

Caesar was Camilla’s cat. Mag shook his head with a smile, and said, “No, it’s an opera troupe.”

Amy was rather confused, and asked, “In that case, do I have to bring my blankie along? The big sisters in the opera troupe could sing me to sleep.” Mag glanced at Amy. The opera actors would probably want to beat her up if they heard that.

“I think we can bring three beds,” Mag said with a smile.

After packing up briefly, Mag brought the two little ones out..