

Stay At home 2231

Chapter 2231: How Dare You Look At Me Secretly

As the new product released today, even though the Sichuan spicy chicken cost 800 copper coins per helping, it was still highly sought after by the customers.

The customers who had been deprived for one month, released their spending power and appetite at the same time. The average spending rose.

Amy, who already had her meal, sat on the barstool behind the counter with an ice cream as she watched cartoons on a tablet.

“Little Boss is so adorable. Boss Mag is so fortunate. I wonder who will be the lucky woman to be with him in the future.”

“Of course, it has to be me.”

“Why are you drunk when the liquor is not even served yet?”

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The few young maidens sitting near the counter laughed and joked softly.

Amy moved her gaze away from the tablet and landed on those few ladies before seriously saying, “Father likes maidens who eat a lot.” After that, she returned to watching her cartoons.

The four young ladies were taken aback for a second. They looked at one another and their minds began to race.

“Did we order too little? Should we order more?”

“Yes, yes. I was already hungry before I came, and I have been eating a lot recently.”

“Then, let’s order a few more dishes. What about another helping of red braised pork?”

“Meow~” Ugly Duckling laid on its back with its stomach being used as the tablet’s stand. It rolled its eyes at those stupid women.

Amy’s fleshy hand landed on its face as she softly said, “Don’t move!”

Ugly Duckling immediately turned its head to the side to play dead.

“This is Mr. Mag’s daughter?” Hector looked at Amy and said with shock, “She could draw picture books at such a young age?”

“This is Boss Mag’s daughter, Amy the Little Boss. She is four years old this year, but the picture books are not drawn by her,” Mylo smilingly replied.

“Phew, oh man.” Hector smiled. He almost got a shock. He wondered if the threshold for genius children was so high now.

Mylo continued speaking, "Little Amy is the disciple of Krassu and Urien. I heard she won the Magic Caster Tournament some time back and defeated an 8th-tier magic caster."

"Cough... cough!" Hector glared and choked as he looked at Mylo with shock, "Y-you are saying that she is an 8th-tier magic caster?! A four-year-old is an 8th-tier magic caster?!"

"Currently, we only know that she has defeated an 8th-tier magic caster, but we aren't sure if she is an 8th-tier magic caster," Garlan nodded and said strictly.

Hector suddenly felt that his brain couldn't seem to process the information very well. A four-year-old girl had defeated an 8th-tier magic caster and won the Magic Caster Tournament. This was something that wouldn't even appear in a picture book.

Hector gulped and asked, "Which means, we can't even defeat her?"

Mylo pondered seriously before he answered, "I think the three of us together might not even defeat that fat cat."

"Is it some kind of magic beast too?" Hector was shocked again.

"That is a mysterious existence that Little Boss called 'Ugly Duckling'. I believed some kind of mysterious magic beast form is hidden under its fat orange cat appearance." Mylo nodded solemnly as he looked at Ugly Duckling, who was lying on the counter for Amy to prop up a black metallic tablet listlessly, and said, "No matter what kind of powerhouse it faces, it still looks at them with this expression. Hence, you can guess how powerful it is."

Both Hector and Garlan stared at Ugly Duckling's rotund face for a while.

Ugly Duckling seemed to sense something and it gave them a dead stare with a 'how dare you look at me secretly' expression.

"Indeed!"

The two of them quickly retracted their gaze and believed Mylo deeply.

Mylo flipped open the menu. "Shall we have a helping of Sichuan spicy chicken too?"

"Is there no chicken in this Sichuan spicy chicken?" Hector only saw cut chilies when he looked at the picture. The whole plate was red and no chicken could be seen.

"This..." Garlan and Mylo were also taken aback. This really did seem to be a little mysterious.

"Perhaps, Boss Mag wants to tell us that this dish is very spicy and all the chicken pieces are hidden in the midst of the cut chilies." Mylo analyzed.

"Perhaps, Boss Mag has stuffed the chicken into the cut chilies? We're supposed to chew it together with chili?" Garlan guessed.

"These are dried chillies and not fresh chilies. How is he going to stuff them?" Hector rolled his eyes. He pointed and said, "Won't we know after we've ordered it?"

"That's right. Anyway, Boss is giving us a treat today." Mylo nodded.

Hector waved his hand and generously said, "It's my treat today!"

Garlan's eyes lit up and smilingly said, "Shall we look at 'Buddha Jumps Over the Wall' too?"

Hector flicked a glance at the 10,000 copper coins price and his eyelids twitched. He pressed down on the menu. "Is this 'Buddha Jumps Over the Wall' better than the succubus maidens at the massage joint?"

Garlan and Mylo smiled knowingly. They flipped to the next page and ordered grilled fish.

Of course, the succubus maidens were better!

Hector tidied his clothes and smiled too.

A helping of 'Buddha Jumps Over the Wall' cost 10,000 copper coins. Three helpings would cost 30,000 copper coins.

Going to the massage joint for a succubus maiden's massage package only cost 699 coins. Wasn't that cheaper and more enjoyable?

I am such a smart boss.

Hector ordered the dishes and sized up the restaurant.

The wooden renovation was simple yet elegant. The comfortable separation of the tables didn't affect the hall's openness yet it gave the customers a comfortable distance. It was, without a doubt, a demonstration of a master's thought process.

And after the customers took their seats, the restaurant staff took the customers' orders according to their sequence of appearance. They spoke slowly and softly without any fluster, making people feel very comfortable in the restaurant that was now filled with a few hundred customers.

From the moment they stepped into Mamy Restaurant, they could sense a relaxed and comfortable ambiance, including how the servers made you feel. They were close but not too close. The appropriate sense of distance made people feel even more relaxed.

"After eating at so many restaurants, Boss Mag is indeed the best rule-setter I have ever seen," Hector said with admiration.

He had read a few gourmet articles about Mamy Restaurant's rules and order before, but he was still skeptical about the possibility that a super big restaurant could provide a comfortable dining environment with all races sitting together. He was indeed impressed when he saw it with his own eyes today.

"Some of Boss Mag's ideas are indeed very advanced. However, it does indeed give the customers a better dining experience." Garlan nodded with a smile. "If you are in Rodu, you definitely couldn't imagine that demons, orcs and giant dragons could have their meals together so harmoniously and gracefully."

"Actually, you guys failed to notice one thing. Because we are in Chaos City, and most importantly, Boss Mag's dishes are irreplaceable. This gave him greater control in the customers' hearts," Mylo said.

To a chowhound, being blacklisted at Mamy Restaurant was a complete disaster!

After ordering, the dishes were sent to the customers' table one by one.

"Your Sichuan spicy chicken." Miya came over with a tray and put a helping of Sichuan spicy chicken on the table.

Chapter 2232: I Object To This Marriage!

Hector and the other two were eating the grilled fish, and looked at the Sichuan spicy chicken. All they saw was a bunch of cut chilies. They felt hot by simply looking at the piping hot steam.

However, this dish looked just like its picture. They didn't see any pieces of chicken. All they saw were cut chilies.

"This can't be a plate of stir-fried chilies, right?" Hector used his chopsticks to sweep away the chilies as though they were fallen leaves and revealed the crispy yellow chicken pieces underneath.

The chicken that was cut into small pieces was fried till golden brown. The color was beautiful and they were hidden among the large amount of cut chilies.

After sweeping the chilies away, apart from the spiciness, the chicken's aroma spread and all three pairs of eyes lit up.

"This looks quite interesting. I'll taste it first." Hector already couldn't wait. He picked up a piece of chicken and popped it into his mouth.

Biting down, the skin was crispy and after biting through it, the inside was exceptionally tender and juicy. The fragrant spiciness filled his whole mouth. It was numbing but not too overly spicy. It got increasingly fragrant as he chewed. He simply couldn't stop and he picked up another piece again.

This chicken should have been deep-fried twice. The first time was done at a low temperature to cook it. The second time was done at a high temperature to give this chicken the texture of a crispy exterior and a tender interior.

Hector had only eaten chicken that was cooked with this method at a few fried chicken shops in Rodu. The usual chefs treated this method as a secret method.

And, the control of the oil temperature was of utmost importance.

The Sichuan spicy chicken made by Mag tasted way better than the fried chicken at the shops that he had eaten at before.

Every piece of chicken was perfect. It made people marvel at it while they were eating it.

One had to know that these fried chicken restaurants were passed down for generations and their recipes were refined again and again, but they still couldn't compare to this new dish of Mag's.

It was obvious how good Boss Mag's culinary skills were.

Furthermore, this chicken had more than a layer of flavor on the outside. The inside was equally flavorful. Obviously, the chicken was marinated before to have such a balanced flavor inside and out.

The details decided whether a dish could be deemed as a delicacy, and be it the creativity or the details, this Sichuan spicy chicken was impeccable to Hector.

Hector put down his chopsticks and puffed after eating a few pieces of chicken in a row. After taking a breather, he discovered that his nose was covered with sweat.

Hector was amazed. "Awesome! This Sichuan spicy chicken is so delish!"

Now, he could confirm that Mylo wasn't lying. His words could only express 10% of Boss Mag's delicacies. Only the people who had tasted the food for themselves could experience the taste personally. Any words paled in comparison.

For example, his brain couldn't think of many words to describe this Sichuan spicy chicken now. Perhaps, he needed to sit down quietly when he got back later to reminisce on the taste before he would know how to write this article.

Of course, the most important thing now was to settle this table full of goodies, otherwise he would be letting himself down.

Mylo and Garlan ate the chicken quietly. There was no time to make a description about the food right now! They couldn't stop at all, okay!

On the other side, Vivian couldn't wait to pop the chicken into her mouth. As she chewed, her eyes got increasingly brighter. After swallowing it, she marveled, "Mmm!! This is so delicious!"

"The chicken meat is tender on the inside, yet crispy on the outside. It's similar to the beggar's chicken. There are two completely different textures in the mouth, but they have an equally amazing taste. It's spicy and delicious. It's fantastic!" Vivian popped another piece of the chicken into her mouth again. There were tears of happiness in her eyes.

That familiar sense of warmth appeared again!

A warm current flowed gently through her body and nourished her body which had already recovered.

Other than spicy grilled fish, she had a new choice!

"Is it really so delicious?" Michael picked up a piece of chicken skeptically. He could smell the spiciness, but it wasn't very overpowering. At least, it wasn't as insane as the spicy grilled fish.

After breathing out gently, Michael popped the chicken into his mouth.

His teeth tore open the chicken and it indeed had a crispy texture. However, underneath the crispy texture was the tender meat which was juicy. After biting down, the fresh and spicy sensation exploded in his mouth!

Numb! Spicy! Fresh! Aromatic!

Michael's face was slightly flushed. He opened his mouth and fanned his face with one hand discreetly. At the same time, he had to maintain his dignity as the city lord while tears were gathering in his eyes.

"Father, isn't this super delicious!? It's so delicious that the tears are falling." Vivian looked at Michael before feeding a piece of chicken into his slightly open mouth filially.

Michael: (キ`ヾ)!

Michael's tears flowed down gradually as he praised the chicken with a blush, "Mm, it's so scrumptious..."

Luna looked at this filial scene between the father and daughter with a smile. Suddenly, she missed home.

Eunice placed a piece of chicken into Luna's bowl with the serving chopsticks and smilingly said, "Luna try it too."

"Thank you." Luna took a bite of the chicken. She already had expected the spiciness when she saw all those chilies, so it was still within her expectations.

The chicken was perfectly cut into bite-sized pieces. The aromatic spiciness was intoxicating and mesmerizing as one chewed.

She looked toward the kitchen instinctively. She could only see a busy side profile through the crowd, but a smile appeared on her lips subconsciously.

Mr. Mag was still that innovative person who always brought amazing food to people.

Even after eating a few pieces of chicken, Vivian still couldn't stop praising him. "Boss Mag is simply too awesome. He always brings me new surprises."

Eunice smilingly said, "I think you will be the happiest if I marry you off to Boss Mag."

"Mom, can you do that?" Vivian turned to look at Eunice seriously.

"You really dare to think?" Eunice answered with an exasperated smile.

Michael, who finally suppressed the spiciness with the beer, raised his hand and seriously objected. "I object to this marriage!"

"Father, just eat your food." Vivian popped another piece of chicken into Michael's mouth.

"..." Michael.

"I'm not really interested, but our Teacher Luna..." Vivian turned her gaze onto Luna and smilingly said, "Mom, Little Amy is Luna's student. She likes Luna a lot. Do you want to help her out?"

"Vivian!" Luna pinched Vivian on her waist as she blushed immediately. She softly whispered to Eunice, "Auntie... She's saying nonsense... It's nothing..."

Eunice smilingly said, "It's fine. Auntie has been through it too. I understand. Boss Mag is really not bad. I'll help you ask him later."

Michael frowned. He wanted to remind them tactfully that this marriage wasn't a good idea. Irina was no pushover and Mag didn't have the guts too.

However, looking at Vivian, who was reaching out for her chopsticks, he closed his mouth again.

Sigh.

Boss Mag's darned attractiveness.

Chapter 2233: Finding a Scapegoat

"Boss Mag, this is my boss. He specially came to Chaos City today to talk to you."

Just as the lunch service was over and Mag was about to close the door, Garlan brought a very huge middle-aged man over.

Hector stretched out his hand with a smile. "Hello, Mr. Mag. I'm Hector."

"Hello." Mag reached out to shake his hand. After retracting his hand, he said, "There's nothing to talk about if Boss Hector is here to talk about the exclusive column, as I have already signed the contracts with the other magazine presses. This matter is already settled."

"Although it is a pity, I still respect Mr. Mag's decision." Hector nodded before saying, "But I'm not here today for that. Instead, I'm here to talk to Mr. Mag about the matter of color printing."

"Color printing?" Mag frowned. He didn't expect Hector to be the second person to come talk to him, all the way from Rodu, besides Scheer today.

"Your daughter is a drawing genius. She will definitely become a famous painter in the future." Hector took out the picture book that they had bought previously and smilingly said, "And, you, who have resolved the issues of color printing, will become a figure recorded in history."

"Oh, you're talking about that." Mag smiled before saying, "I'm afraid you have misunderstood. I have asked the Night Elves' printing factory to print the picture books for me. They are able to replicate it to such perfection. Their skills are indeed astonishing."

"Huh?"

Both Hector and Garlan were shocked. They looked at each other in befuddlement.

Perhaps, the color printing method wasn't created by Mr. Mag, but by the Night Elves instead?

This had completely exceeded their expectations.

If the other party was the Night Elves, then it would be more troublesome.

The Night Elves had become rather famous on the Norland Continent recently. Irina rebelled against the Wind Forest and set up the Night Elves. She even brought tens of thousands of the Night Elves to Chaos City.

However, they had never expected the Night Elves to set up a printing house after they got to Chaos City? And, they even resolved the problem of color printing?

Of course, if Mag had requested for the Night Elves to print the picture books, that meant this printing house would also accept other printing jobs. He could take the chance to work with the Night Elves first and seize the opportunity first.

However, they had just arrived and had no contact with the Night Elves at all. They didn't know how to get in contact with them either.

Irina was famous and with Alex as her backer, nobody dared to look down on the Night Elves now.

Hector looked up at Mag and his eyes lit up suddenly as he smilingly said, "Mr. Mag, can I bother you to introduce us to the Night Elves' personnel that are in charge of the color printing, please? Our 'Perfect Food' brand wants to upgrade. This is just a small token, please accept it."

Mag looked at the 100,000 copper coins banknote in Hector's hands, waved his hand and smilingly said, "There's no need to give me money. It's just an introduction. I'll bring you guys over, but you have to negotiate the deal yourself."

"Sure, sure, sure. Thank you so much." Hector was ecstatic and nodded repeatedly.

Mag got into their horse-drawn carriage and went straight to the textile factory at the north of the city.

He wanted to reject Hector right away, but on second thoughts, he decided to throw this hot potato to the Night Elves.

Color printing was indeed a very core technology. Its attractiveness was obvious when even Scheer was tempted and Hector came all to Chaos City.

He hated trouble and it would be really very troublesome if different people kept coming here to look for him every day and he had to reject every one of them.

Furthermore, some people would have evil thoughts when such a big interest was involved. That would be even more troublesome.

The Night Elves were a good scapegoat. After all, he also wanted to help them develop the printing business in the future and establish the first printing house on the Norland Continent that could undertake color printing.

Moreover, the Night Elves had Irina and Alex's support. Given Alex's fame as the savior of the Norland Continent, no one would dare to have ideas.

They had the core technology and powerful backers. They were obviously a powerful party.

Speaking of which, he was still borrowing his own reputation, so he felt no guilt at all for making them the scapegoat.

The Night Elves were his people, so it was easy to create a lie.

Hector sat across from Mag and gingerly asked, "Mr. Mag, is there anything we should be aware of in regards to the Night Elves? Was it smooth when you negotiated your deal with them?"

Mag saw the sweat on Hector's nose and he could see how nervous Hector was now. He couldn't help feeling amused, but he still said with a calm expression, "It was quite smooth when I approached them. We signed a contract just after I made a simple request. I wonder if it's because of my face?"

Hector's face twitched, but he still smilingly said, "Mr. Mag's handsome face is indeed a plus point."

"I thought so too." Mag nodded.

"..." Hector.

Although he felt rather speechless inwardly about Mag's narcissism, Hector began to feel more confident.

This meant that the Night Elves' printing house should have sufficient capacity and they didn't have any good long-term customers.

A customer like Mag, who simply wanted to print picture books for his daughter, was not stable. Meanwhile, their 'Perfect Food' had hundreds of thousands of claimed circulation every month. It was a huge business as long as they could agree on it.

The horse-drawn carriage stopped at the textile factory's gates. Mag got out and said to Hector, "Please wait here while I go get someone for you."

Hector quickly cupped his hands and said, "Thank you, Mr. Mag."

Mag waved his hand and strode to the textile factory. The elves at the gates even greeted Mag with familiarity.

"Seems like Mr. Mag is indeed a regular here." Hector put down the curtains and felt more relieved.

Mag went into the textile factory and went straight for Irina's office.

Irina was in the midst of listening to Ashley's report on the slimming drug. After she heard the report, she said to Ashley, "The effect is ample, but we still have to test if it will be popular. Make a batch first and ask a group of intentional customers to test it out before we refine and improve it."

"Certainly." Ashley took the vial of medicine on the table and left.

"Hello, Mr. Mag." Ashley greeted Mag, who was standing at the door.

"Hello, Miss Ashley." Mag nodded slightly. His gaze landed on the blue medicinal vial in her hands and he smilingly said, "Is this the slimming drug that you guys spoke about previously?"

"Yes. This is the finished product." Ashley nodded.

"May I take a look at it?" Mag asked curiously.

Ashley passed the medicinal vial to Mag immediately.

Mag pulled open the cork and smelled it. It had an intense fragrance of grass. It wasn't pungent, but neither was it appetizing, either.

Chapter 2234: Limited Output

There were already more than 40,000 people in the Night Elves and the numbers of elves joining the Night Elves had been steadily increasing since they moved from the Wind Forest to Chaos City.

The textile factory was huge and there was no need to worry about the sales. However, due to the efficiency of the steam textile machines, only 10,000 or so elves were employed.

Of course, based on the current operating status of the textile factory, it could already sustain the Night Elves' daily expenses.

However, it simply wasn't enough to be able to sustain all their expenses and create profit. As the supreme leader, Irina gave the highest order of "creating more revenue to achieve moderate prosperity!" and encouraged the Night Elves to develop in all areas.

Mag happened to overhear Ashley and Irina discussing this slimming drug when he was here previously.

Rather than saying that it was a slimming drug, it was, in fact, a traditional elven herbal formula that increased the bowel movements. It did indeed have the effect of lowering body fat and its side effects were extremely minimal. Even little elves would drink a glass every day to keep their bowel movements smooth.

Irina and her elves decided to improve this formula, turn it into a slimming drug and sell it.

Mag admired Irina's foresight in this area. When it comes to the spending chain of contempt, women took the throne without any doubt.

Be it for wear, use, eat or play, women had the greatest purchasing power.

And on the topic of beautifying themselves, women were willing to pay more money and spend time. This could be seen with the sales of the tofu pudding.

One could foresee the women's enthusiasm when a slimming drug that allowed you to slim down without exercising, completely different from those lousy drugs that only reduced your water content by giving you loose stools, and almost had no side effects, was launched.

However, Mag frowned when he smelled the potion.

Women were willing to accept this flaw in order to become prettier.

However, if they wanted to turn it into a nationwide popular health drink, they couldn't just focus on the women's slimming needs.

Mag used the dropper to pick up a few drops of green liquid. He tilted his head back and dripped the liquid into his mouth.

The taste of grass was intense with a bitter aftertaste. Moreover, it even had some sediments which made the texture very rough.

"I don't know about the effects yet, but I suggest you guys make some improvements on the taste and texture first." Mag closed the medicinal vial as he said to Ashley, "You can make the filter denser or blend the sediments finer. At least, don't let the customers feel the grains in the sediments.

"The taste isn't really friendly to normal people. You elves can accept the taste of the grass easier than others, but it's rather pungent to normal humans. Furthermore, it's slightly bitter. You can improve its taste with fruit acids and sweeteners."

Ashley took out a small booklet and quickly took down the notes. After pondering for a moment, she asked, "If we are going to use fruit acids, what fruit is suitable? it's hard to find fresh fruits in Chaos City in the current season."

“Lemon, orange, apple... You guys can try out all kinds of fruits. It actually isn’t hard to find fresh fruits. The snow in Chaos City hasn’t melted yet, but the Demon Islands are warm all year long. Given your current conditions, it isn’t hard for you guys to disguise yourself and make a trip to the Demon Islands.” Mag smilingly said, “We have to have global awareness when we’re doing business.”

Ashley’s eyes lit up and she nodded with a smile. “Yes. Thank you for your guidance, Mr. Mag.”

“Don’t mention it. I happened to have something to discuss with you and Princess Irina. Let’s talk inside,” Mag replied.

“Sure.” Ashley put away the little booklet and took the medicinal vial, before following Mag back into the office.

Mag told them about his plan to create a Night Elves’ printing house. If they could use color printing on a large scale, it would be a huge industry. His words made Irina and Ashley excited.

“Because I’m worried others will be targeting this technology, I intend to declare to the outside world that this technique is controlled by the Night Elves. Many more people will come looking for you guys for collaborations soon.

“However, our output is limited currently. We can only produce a certain number of exquisite picture books, so we’ll reject all those requests for collaboration with the excuse of limited output. We can keep the clients’ information and we’ll cooperate with them once our output has expanded,” Mag said.

“Alright.” Ashley nodded and noted his suggestion down.

Mag said with a smile, “There’s a client outside right now. He’s the boss of ‘Perfect Food’. He wants to seek cooperation, so you will answer him with that excuse. I brought him here.”

“I shall reject a client brought by you?” Ashley was a little surprised.

“He just wants to use us as the scapegoat.” Irina pursed her lips, as she had seen through Mag’s thoughts.

Ashley was thoughtful, but she wasn’t annoyed.

Mr. Mag was the Night Elves’ most important partner. Be it helping them get out of the lockdown, or helping them out after they arrived at Chaos City and getting them settled in Chaos City, these things were all enough to let the Night Elves treat him as a VIP.

Now, he was even handing such an important industry to them with such trust and care. She naturally wouldn’t reject helping him with such a small issue.

Hector received the invitation to come into the factory and it was the person-in-charge of the printing house, Miss Ashley, a beautiful and demure elf who received him.

However, after he said his request to collaborate, the other party declined his request with the excuse of insufficient output.

“How was it, Boss?” Garlan asked softly after he saw that Hector went in swiftly and came out shortly.

“It didn’t work out.” Hector shook his head. He looked at the vintage-looking building and sighed. “They said their output is currently insufficient and that they can only print the picture books for now, but that they will work with us after the output increases.”

“So, it means that... the output is all taken up by Boss Mag.” Garlan was slightly shocked but he still consoled him. “It’s still not too bad. At least the other party promised to work with us after the output increases. It’s considered a head start too.”

Hector nodded. He could only console himself like this.

Mag walked out from the gates and Hector quickly lifted the curtains and said, “Mr. Mag, let me send you back.”

“Thank you very much.” Mag didn’t decline. He stepped into the warm carriage. He couldn’t be bothered to hail a carriage back on such a cold day.

Mag sat across from Hector and smilingly asked, “How is it? Did you succeed?”

Hector chuckled and replied, “Thanks to Mr. Mag, we are 50% successful. We can collaborate once the output has increased.”

“That’s quite good. I heard that their output is indeed not big. They can only print 1,000 picture books a day.” Mag nodded.

“Yes. It’s all thanks to Mr. Mag’s introduction.” Hector buttered Mag up again. Mag could occupy the entire color printing output alone and he even failed to steal some output away from him after promising to pay more. It was obvious that Mag had a great relationship with the Night Elves. He was someone worth knowing.

Hector buttered up Mag all the way and he tried to get some information about the color printing from Mag too.

Mag enjoyed the sucking up, but he made excuses regarding all the information about color printing. Anyway, he had already found a scapegoat, so he simply said he knew nothing.

“This is a small token for the children to buy sweets. Please accept it, Mr. Mag.” Hector took out the previous banknote and placed it in Mag’s hands.

Mag flicked a glance at him. He thought, let’s take it as the additional royalties for the magazine’s million copies sales. So, he accepted it without any guilt.

Chapter 2235: I Will Work Hard In the Future!

Mag went over to the ice cream shop and told Gina privately about Lantide’s current situation.

Upon hearing that Lantide had successfully assimilated into the Underground City, Gina could not hide her joy. However, when she found out that she could no longer meet them, she could not hide the disappointment in her eyes.

“Don’t worry, Gina. This is only temporary. When Lantide has gained a stable foothold in the Underground City, they will have more of a say and by then, you will probably be able to meet them again.” Mag patted her shoulder gently.

“Mm.” Gina nodded lightly and smiled again. “It’s alright. I chose to stay. I am reassured hearing that they are all fine.”

Mag could not help but pity Gina, seeing her smile, he said, “I’ll ask them again after some time and see if we can enter the Underground City through other means. If we can, I’ll bring you along.”

“Alright.” Although Gina did not think Mag could find a way to enter the Underground City, she still had inexplicable confidence in him.

“Oh, right, Boss, I would like to return to Lantide for the next few days.” Gina took out the crystal ball that Dexter gave her. Within the crystal ball, there was a blue glow. “Something abnormal is going on with the Magical Pearl of the Sea. The High Priest once said that this might be related to the traces of the God of the Sea. I want to go back to take a look.”

Mag knew she was referring to the sea trench where Lantide was at. He glanced at the crystal ball and said with a nod, “I’ll accompany you there in a couple of days’ time. I’ll be worried if you go alone.”

“Alright.” Gina nodded obediently. She felt all warm inside.

“However, what is this legend of the God of the Sea? Is he Lantide’s god?” Mag asked curiously.

“Yes. After Lantide sank into the sea, we prayed to the God of the Sea and formed a relationship with it so that it would protect Lantide. In the past thousands of years, the God of the Sea...” Gina nodded and told Mag about the legend of the God of the Sea.

There wasn’t much difference between the gods that the various races believed in. The relationship between the God of the Sea and Lantide was very obscure. One of the mediums was the Magical Pearl of the Sea. There would occasionally be abnormal phenomena happening and that would be seen as the will of the God of the Sea, which would be interpreted by the High Priest.

This made Mag doubt the existence of the God of the Sea.

The existence of the Underground City had already crushed all his thoughts and beliefs previously.

The so-called gods above the 10th-tier existed in the Underground City and they were called the Extraordinaires.

The Elder Things migrated to the Underground World precisely because they were unable to become gods on the Norland Continent. If what the various races believed in were gods, where were they?

The Extraordinaires were just like any other person but the gods were just coming up with such obscure things?

That was very strange indeed.

The various races did not even have very specific documentation of these gods. Even Irina, a princess who had grown up in the core power of the Wind Forest, had not been in contact with any so-called god.

Therefore, Mag was rather interested in this so-called abnormal movement of the God of the Sea. He wanted to see if it was a natural phenomenon that was turned into a mythicized or if someone was doing something funny.

Of course, the most important reason he wanted to make a trip to the Boundless Sea Realm was that he wanted to have some seafood.

Moreover, it had been a very long time since the restaurant employees went out on a team outing. The ladies could bring along their beautiful swimsuits and take a dip in the sea and relax. Hehe... that's a pretty good idea.

In the evening, Miya came to the restaurant early.

"Miya, why are you here so early today?" Mag saw that Miya seemed rather troubled, so he let her in first.

"Boss, I..." Miya walked in, stopped, and looked up at Mag. She pressed her lips together and said hesitantly, "I am a little worried for Elizabeth."

"Don't worry. Everyone said that she was fine and safe. She might even be back at Dragon Island already," Mag said with a smile. He heard Irina say yesterday that Lance had returned to the Frost Dragon Island and had taken the Frost Throne back. Elizabeth returned with him.

However, they had yet to come for Miya. They might have other plans, so it was not appropriate for him to reveal too much.

"But..." Miya was still worried. She took out a delicate money pouch and asked Mag, "Do you know ways that I can contact her? Do you need money for that? I have a few months' worth of salary here."

Mag thought for a while and said, "I'll ask around for you. I have a friend who happens to be in this field. I'll let you know again in a couple of days."

Miya's eyes lit up and she said delightedly, "Alright! Thank you so much, Boss!"

"Here, this money is for you." Miya put her money pouch in Mag's hand.

"I don't need money to ask my friend. Keep this money for yourself. It's the hard-earned money you earned." Mag smiled and pushed the money back to Miya.

Miya looked at Mag. She held the money pouch out for a while before taking it back. After that, she gave Mag a big hug. She let him go and took two steps back, saying seriously, "Boss, I will work hard in the future!"

"It's fine now. If you work even harder, there would be nothing for others to do." Mag stroked her head with a smile, thinking that Rankster and Elizabeth would probably come looking for her in a couple of days. He wondered if Miya would choose to return to the Frost Dragon tribe to be a princess or if she would stay here.

Although he did have some selfish thoughts, Mag would still respect Miya's decision. This little girl had been through too much suffering. Her father was completely absent and her mother passed away early. She had been roaming the streets as a half-dragon.

Rankster really owed her too much and would probably want to make it up to her.

With his current power and status, it would not be difficult to provide her with a comfortable life.

Besides, with Elizabeth around, even if she was to return to Frost Dragon Island, she would not be lonely.

"I wonder if Big Sister Elizabeth found her father," Miya mumbled softly, a little worried and a little expectant.

Mag nodded slightly and said, "Perhaps. She looked so hard she probably found him."

"It would be great if she found him," Miya said with a smile.

"How is the ice cream shop doing recently? Can you cope?" Mag changed the topic.

"It is rather busy. The children have not started school yet, so many parents bring their children to the ice cream shop to play. That way, they would not be lonely." Miya nodded and said with a smile, "But Gina is probably the busiest. She's the only one who could handle the naughtiest children and crybabies."

Mag smiled upon hearing that. Gina's talent in that was indeed admirable.

"Right, during the period when you were out, a missionary had been coming to Mamy Restaurant often to wait. He said he was looking for Little Amy but did not say what it was about. Sometimes, he would just sit at the door for the entire afternoon. However, he hasn't been coming this week. I almost forgot about it," Miya said suddenly.

Chapter 2236: Amy's Mighty Kick!

"A missionary from the church?" Mag was surprised.

Ever since he saw the pope in Rodu, they had not been in contact with anyone from the church.

However, according to what Miya said, someone from the church even came over to Chaos City to look for them?

"He didn't come these few days, so it probably isn't anything urgent," Mag said.

Amy's pair of invisible wings were given by the pope. That fellow wanted to get Amy to become a holy maiden but Mag would not want Amy to leave home to become a holy maiden at such a young age. It would be a big no even if the pope himself asked.

There's nothing good about a Holy See that was on a decline.

"I heard from Angela that the Holy See in the Roth Empire is very impressive. Even the coronation of the king of the Roth Empire was done by the pope," Miya said curiously.

“That’s just a ceremony. The pope is not that impressive,” Mag said with a smile. However, a thought did flash past his mind.

The Holy See did have a very unique status in the Roth Empire. During the racial war, the Holy See was very respected. Through the Holy See’s meeting, the pope could crown anyone to be the leader of the country, which was the so-called divine rights of kings.

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However, after the racial war ended, the Roth Empire was formed. The country started gathering those loyal to the king and the Holy See’s existence and power were continually weakened by the succeeding kings. Now, it was just like a mascot that would only appear during important events.

The Holy See, which once saw the humans out of a dark era, was only left with their impressive appearance.

However, according to procedures, the divine rights of kings still existed and the pope still had the power to coronate the king in name.

This was the interesting part.

“Why don’t I find the old fellow for a chat when I have the time later?” Mag thought to himself. The best way to bring down Andre’s rule would naturally be from the inside.

“Are you preparing for opening at night? Is there anything I can help with?” Miya asked Mag, who was spacing out.

“You can sit over there and play with Ugly Duckling. Leave the kitchen to me.” Mag pointed to Ugly Duckling, who was laying on the counter and said, “It’s getting too fat recently. Let it move around more. There are cat toys under the counter.”

“Alright.” Yabemiya walked over to the counter with a smile. She pulled out a thin cat wand toy, with a furry gray squirrel hung on one end, from under the counter. The squirrel had a long tail and a little bell tied to it. Miya called out to Ugly Duckling, “Ugly Duckling, come, let’s play.”

Ugly Duckling glanced at Miya disinterestedly and looked away as it closed its eyes.

Stupid half-dragon. Do you think I’ll play with you?

Ding!

The bell rang.

Ugly Duckling’s folded ears pricked right up. Its long eyelashes fluttered but it still could not resist the urge.

“Get up.”

Miya swayed the cat wand toy before Ugly Duckling. The little squirrel’s tail grazed past Ugly Duckling’s nose.

Ugly Duckling opened its eyes immediately and smacked right at the little squirrel.

Miya reacted quickly, lifting her wrist up gently. The cat wand toy bent into an arch and the little squirrel grazed past Ugly Duckling's paws and was flung into the air.

Ugly Duckling changed its laying position quickly and used all its strength from its four limbs to pounce at the little squirrel.

Miya turned her wrist and the cat wand toy turned downwards quickly. The little squirrel slipped through Ugly Duckling's paws and landed on the floor, grazing past its face.

Ugly Duckling's eyes widened immediately. It had already leaped off the counter and onto the ground.

Luckily, it was thick enough and when it fell onto the ground, it even rebounded a little. After that, it rolled two times forward before coming to a stop.

"Hehehe... Ugly Duckling, you're so stupid." Miya could not stop laughing.

Ugly Duckling lay belly up, on the floor helplessly. My glorious lifetime is ruined in the hands of this woman.

Ding ding ding~

The bell rang once again. Although it was very much against it, Ugly Duckling's body still reacted very honestly to give chase to that little squirrel.

"Don't run! Stop! You stupid mouse!"

Mag watched Miya tease Ugly Duckling and smiled.

This little thing was definitely no ordinary species. It even dared to growl at Ah Zi and in just a few months, it had reached a weight of 10 kilos. It was only a matter of time before its bed would collapse under its weight.

"Tsk tsk, is Ugly Duckling working hard to lose weight today?" Amy walked in and happened to see Ugly Duckling running around the place.

Upon hearing Amy's voice, Ugly Duckling, who was concentrating on chasing the little squirrel, lost its footing and fell straight from the beam.

Luckily, Amy reacted fast enough and kicked it to the wall, so that it would not fall onto the ground.

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"Its skin is getting very bouncy." Miya caught Ugly Duckling, who rebounded from the wall and rubbed its chubby face.

Ugly Duckling: "...?"

Amy hung her bag on the hanger behind the counter and told Ugly Duckling, "If you grow any fatter, I'll send you to the school's soccer team, so they won't have to keep picking up balls."

Ugly Duckling: "" ,0o0; \ / !

“If you don’t want to become a soccer ball, you better run 10 rounds around the restaurant before dinner.” Amy took Ugly Duckling down from Miya’s arms and placed it on the floor. After that, she touched its fat paws and said, “Look, your legs are gone. I even wanted to ride around on you in the future. Do you want to roll around everywhere?”

Ugly Duckling raised its short legs in protest.

“Too short means they’re gone!”

Ugly Duckling looked at Amy’s legs.

Amy gave it a mighty kick!

Swoosh!

Ugly Duckling started sprinting around the restaurant and became an orange whirl of wind. Its speed was amazing.

“Good, run another 20 rounds.” Amy praised.

The running whirlwind skidded and banged its head against the wall. After a while, it started running again.

Mag watched on with a smile. Ugly Duckling was Amy’s pet, so he would not interfere with how she would like to teach it.

Besides, it was just as Amy said. As a magic beast, Ugly Duckling was too lazy and was lacking in training. If it continued to grow fatter, going out of the door would be a problem, much less being on the battlefield in the future.

One had to know that a beastmaster would usually train magic beasts from when they were young. The beastlings would have to undergo different battle training, taming, and other horrible sufferings.

Making Ugly Duckling run tens of rounds around the restaurant was really very kind.

“Father, I heard Jessica say that in a week, she would be going to Hope Primary School,” Amy told Mag, who was grinding soybeans as she walked to the kitchen door.

“Teacher Luna’s Hope Primary School has accepted several children for the coming semester but has the date and time for school reopening been set?” Mag asked with a smile.

“Yes,” Amy said with a nod, “I would like to buy Jessica a school reopening present. Can I give her a school bag? I would like to make one myself.”

Chapter 2237: Mastery In Tailoring Obtained!

“You want to make it yourself?” Mag looked at Amy in surprise, wondering if it was that unnamed System of hers that gave her a new mission.

The little one had completely no experience in hands-on work. She did not even know how to thread a needle. How would she be able to make a school bag for Jessica?

Amy nodded and said confidently, “Mm. I think a school bag looks rather simple to make. I should be able to learn it easily.”

Mag also believed that she could learn things easily. It was also a good chance for the little one to train by cultivating some handicraft abilities that she was interested in.

“Let me find you a tutorial that you can follow.” Mag walked out of the kitchen. He took the tablet and found a simpler cloth school bag tutorial for Amy.

After that, he went upstairs and found a thick, pink, waterproof cloth for Amy. That would be more than enough to make a school bag.

“Thank you, Father!” Amy carried the tablet and watched seriously behind the counter. She held a pair of large scissors in one hand as she copied what she saw in the video.

Mag watched as Amy cut out a crooked line on the cloth seriously. His eyelids twitched and he turned to walk back into the kitchen.

Indeed, she could learn things easily but not necessarily do them well...

So be it. In any case, her System would be the one who was anxious if she was unable to complete the mission. As her father, all Mag needed to do was to provide sufficient materials.

After 10 minutes, Amy looked at the piece of cloth that appeared as though a rat had chewed it. She blinked and then looked at the perfect square cloth in the teacher’s hands in the video. She nodded with satisfaction and said, “The one I cut out looks nicer indeed.”

Yabemiya and Annie, who were watching from the side, were holding back their laughter.

“Actually, I purposely cut it like this so that it would look wavy,” Amy explained.

Annie took a pencil from the side and drew a wavy line on the cloth that Amy had cut out. After that, she pointed at it, motioning Amy to cut along the line.

“I’ll give it a try.” Amy picked up the scissors again and cut along the line Annie drew. In no time at all, the cloth with a simple wavy edge appeared.

“Now it looks so much neater,” Miya complimented.

“Thank you, Big Sister Annie.” Annie looked at the cloth in her hands happily. The next step: sewing!

Firstly, she would need a needle and a strong thread. Mag had already prepared all these things for her.

After quite a while, Amy managed to thread the needle. After that, she copied the teacher in the video and started sewing.

However, after just a few stitches, Annie stopped her. She loosened the thread to spread the cloth out again. After that, she used a pencil to draw small dots on the edge of the cloth, which were equal distance apart and motioned for Amy to sew along the dots.

“Wow, this is so much more convenient. I won’t have to worry about it being crooked.” Amy’s eyes lit up and she looked at Annie with admiration. “You’re so smart.”

Annie smiled. She stood at the side and watched Amy sew with interest, and would help Amy detangle her thread from time to time.

Under Annie's watch, Amy made a simple little schoolbag in about half an hour.

The stiff, waterproof cloth gave the bag a shape. The pink little school bag even had wavy edges. If one were to overlook the ends of the thread, the bag actually looked rather well-done.

Amy used her shoulders as a gauge and added two straps to the bag. After that, she tried carrying the bag. It looked pretty good.

"Mm. It's rather pretty. Our Amy baby knows how to make a bag," Mag said with a smile when he poked his head out from the kitchen and saw the bag on Amy's shoulders.

The little one actually succeeded on her first try and that took him by surprise.

Amy smiled proudly and said, "Hehe, I said I'm good."

After turning one round with the bag on her shoulders, Amy put the school bag down and looked at the empty cloth at the back. She could not help but wonder, "It seems to lack something."

"I'll draw something on it for you?" Annie signed.

Amy's eyes lit up but she quickly shook her head. "No, I have to do it on my own."

Annie thought for a while and signed, "In that case, I'll draw it on a cloth for you and you can cut it out and sew it on. That way, you made it on your own."

"Alright, alright! Big Sister Annie, you're so smart." Annie nodded.

Annie thought for a while and drew the back view of two young ladies holding hands on a piece of white cloth. After that, she added a round orange by the side.

"It's me and Jessica!" Amy exclaimed. She looked at the round orange and said, "Can you leave Ugly Duckling out? It looks a little ugly."

"Ugly Duckling: "Meow meow?"

"It's very cute." Annie reached her hand out and caressed Ugly Duckling's head.

"Meow~" Ugly Duckling closed its eyes and used its head to caress Annie's hand. Favorability +1.

"Alright, I'll keep it." Amy took the scissors and started cutting the silhouettes out. After that, she sewed them on the bag.

The empty space looked lively now that the two girls and Ugly Duckling were added to it, making the bag look much cuter.

"It looks good! Jessica will definitely love it!" Amy said happily as she carried the bag.

"Congratulations on completing your mission to make your own school bag. You have gained the title of 'novice tailor' and obtained mastery in tailoring!" The System's voice rang in Amy's head.

"Mastery in tailoring obtained? What is that?" Amy asked with a tilt of her head.

“After absorbing the experience bag, you will gain the life experience of a professional tailor. You would be able to perfectly replicate any complicated clothing designs. That is the mastery in tailoring,” the System replied.

“Doesn’t sound like much. I don’t want to be a tailor.” Amy was disinterested.

“...” Life Experience System.

This batch of hosts is difficult indeed!

What a prized skill that could make one climb all the way to the top in an industry!

She actually said... doesn’t sound like much?

However, it did make some sense.

For those who did not wish to become tailors, this skill did seem rather useless...

“Little mistress, don’t you want to become an excellent fashion designer? Don’t you want to be a well-respected tailor? The chance is right in front of you right now. All you need to do is pick up a pair of scissors and you can be a god in the tailoring world!” The System tried to encourage Amy.

“No, I do not.” Amy rejected it outrightly.

However, she did pick up that pair of scissors and cut out an exquisite little flower casually using two pieces of cloth and stuck it on Ugly Duckling’s head. After that, she smiled happily.

“What a beautiful flower.” Annie looked at the flower, and then at Amy, in shock. How could she cut out such an exquisite little flower without any guidelines after just a short amount of time?

Chapter 2238: I’ve Gained an Epiphany!

“I’ve gained an epiphany.” Amy looked at Annie and nodded as she said, “Now, I know how to cut out pretty bags and clothes.”

“Clothes too?” Annie pointed at her clothes in shock.

“Mm.” Amy nodded. She looked around and her gaze landed on Ugly Duckling. She smiled.

Ugly Duckling cowered in Annie’s embrace with a bad feeling.

“I’ll make Ugly Duckling something to wear. Everyone is wearing clothes and it’s the only one that is naked. Shameful.” Amy started looking for suitable cloth among the materials.

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Ugly Duckling reached its fat paws out to indicate that it had a natural fur coat.

However, Amy ignored it.

“I’ll make something pink. Maybe it’ll make it look cuter.” Amy picked up the leftover pink cloth and held it against Ugly Duckling. After a while, she started cutting the cloth up.

Miya, who was just watching the show from the side, started to open her mouth wider. Amy, who could not even cut a straight line before, was now cutting out symmetrical curves which were even more accurate than the lines Annie drew for her just now.

The cloth was quickly cut into shape. Annie and Miya were both shocked by her skills and her look of ease.

After cutting the cloth up, Amy picked up the needle and thread at the side and started sewing.

This time, she no longer had running thread ends. The stitches were even and close, and on top of that, they were hidden perfectly in the garment.

“Most tailors won’t be able to obtain this level of mastery. How did Amy baby suddenly learn all that?” Miya exclaimed. She was someone who could barely patch her clothes properly.

Upon hearing that, Mag walked out of the kitchen. He watched as Amy stitched the cloth together and raised an eyebrow. It looked like the System’s reward had been credited. It was probably related to tailoring.

Mm. It did look quite good but this was a rather useless reward.

Who would have so many clothes at home to tailor?

One would have to go out and spend money on clothes to experience the charm of money. Women had many sources of joy and if she were to make her own clothes, wouldn’t she be removing one of the biggest joys?

Very quickly, Amy was done making a new raincoat for Ugly Duckling.

“Ugly Duckling, come and try your new raincoat.” Amy beckoned Ugly Duckling over.

Ugly Duckling glanced at the pink raincoat in Amy’s hands and was a little resistant. However, it still crawled out of Annie’s embrace obediently and leaped over to Amy.

Amy carried it over and put the raincoat over it.

The cloth was a little stiff and water-resistant so Amy designed it to be a raincoat.

The raincoat around the waist area was cinched in and so were the areas around the four legs so that the raincoat would not drag on the ground. After its fur coat was contained by the raincoat, Ugly Duckling appeared much smaller.

A hood was also designed for Ugly Duckling’s head and there were even two small ears added to the hood, which fitted its ears perfectly.

The pink color, paired up with Ugly Duckling’s round face and large eyes, made it look very cute.

“Good girl.” Miya pinched Ugly Duckling’s fat face and said with a smile, “Now, you’ve become Little Sister Ugly Duckling.”

Annie looked at Ugly Duckling in admiration and stuck out her thumb at Amy, saying, “Looks good.”

“Amy baby is very impressive. You can even make clothes now. I can’t even thread a needle,” Firis exclaimed as she peeked out of the kitchen.

“Yeah. Your skills are better than our family’s tailor.” Babla looked at Ugly Duckling in surprise. It was her favorite color, pink. After that, she looked at Amy and said with a smile, “Amy baby, why don’t you make me a dress? I’ll give you some sweets.”

“What sweets?” Amy’s eyes lit up upon hearing about food.

“It’s the moon sweet that is only found on the moon. I got them to bring some for me the next time they drop by. It’s soft and sweet. Very delicious.” Babla highly recommended them.

“Alright, alright. I want to try the moon sweet.” Amy swallowed her saliva. She looked at Babla and said, “In that case, Big Sister Babla, what kind of dress would you like?”

“I want...” Babla was stumped. She wanted a pretty dress but this was obviously not the answer Amy was looking for. She looked around and asked Annie, “Annie Baby, can you design a beautiful little dress for me? I’ll get them to bring a coloring book from the moon next time. There are many impressive artists in Moon Nation.”

Annie looked interested and after thinking for a while, she agreed.

“Good.” Babla smiled. Annie could draw beautiful clothes. She’s a reliable person to depend on for designing.

While the others exclaimed, they were not in a hurry to pre order their clothes. After all, Amy could not even hold the scissors properly previously. The leap from that to a master in tailoring was rather big.

Amy admired her work for a while and removed the raincoat for Ugly Duckling.

This material was rather stiff and would be suitable to wear for show but not comfortable to wear on a day-to-day basis.

She would go upstairs to search a little for a more comfortable material to make a new shirt for Ugly Duckling.

“Tailoring seemed rather fun.” Amy felt a huge sense of accomplishment after receiving praises from everyone. She was no longer that resistant to being a tailor.

Of course, the most important thing was that she could tailor clothes in exchange for food.

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“Young Mistress, the factory production right now can be expanded. We could perhaps consider opening a branch. This is the report for Rodu, Demon Islands, and Dragon Island.” Mars placed a thick stack of information on Gloria’s table.

Gloria did not look over the information immediately. Instead, she looked at Mars and said, “Which area is the best to open our first branch?”

“According to the report, Rodu should be the best because there are the most nobility in Rodu that have high purchasing power. On top of that, humans have a more consistent figure so it would be easier to control our clothes’ sizing. This would largely reduce our cost for materials compared to the other races that differ greatly in size. This is also something we learned through experience in Blue Suede,” Mars replied.

“It aligns with my thinking. If we were to open a new shop in Rodu, we can use the same batch of products as Blue Suede.” Gloria nodded. She looked at Mars and said, “I need someone with capabilities to open up a new market in Rodu. Mars, I might need you to go there.”

Mars was rather surprised. He said, “Young Mistress, I am more willing to stay by your side to help you.”

“You know it too. I don’t have many people around me that I trust. Cyril and Grandmother are back and have been kicking up a fuss recently. I need better results to shut their mouths,” Gloria said.

“Thank you for your trust.” Mars bowed. After that, he stood up straight and said, “I am willing to go to Rodu on your behalf to open up a new market.”

Chapter 2239: I’m Afraid I Can’t Handle

Hector returned to Rodu on the same day. Although the delicacies in Mamy Restaurant were difficult to part with, there were many more important things waiting for him to settle in Rodu.

Garlan went back together with Hector. As the Chaos City representative for ‘Perfect Food’, after staying in Chaos City for a month, there was already a heap of work waiting for him to do and he also had to return to Rodu to plan for the next issue.

Other gourmet columns would get Mag’s writing, 10 in total. Whoever could do it well would be able to benefit more.

Meanwhile, Mylo abided by orders to stand guard at Chaos City. His job was to eat at Mamy Restaurant every day and at the same time, take note of news from the printing house. At the same time, he would have to submit three articles on Mamy Restaurant’s delicacies every month.

His workload had tripled but he gladly accepted it for the 3000-copper-coins-meal every day.

Although Boss Mag had personally penned his columns, the readers were not satisfied with that short piece. Mylo loved the life of being able to enjoy delicacies and ride on Boss Mag’s popularity!

“Mylo, I heard that ‘Perfect Food’ is relying on Boss Mag to make an epic comeback.” Randy, who was queuing diagonally behind Mylo, greeted him with a smile.

“Yeah. We broke the million sales record.” Mylo turned back with a smile. He appeared rather proud and just as he was about to add on with something else to continue boasting, he saw the young lady standing beside Randy, dressed in an elegant maxi dress. She looked mature, charming, and sexy. Suddenly, Mylo was not that happy anymore.

“Boss Mag is a talent indeed. If he were to change professions, you would lose your job,” Randy said with a smile as he put his arm around the young lady’s soft and slender waist.

Yes, he was referring to them.

Randy was no longer relying on his writing for a living.

He was living off a high-class woman.

"It's alright. Although Boss Mag always comes out with good food, there is a limited supply so there's no problem making a living off it," Mylo said.

Why were the rich women he heard about big, thick, unglamorous women with odd fetishes but the evidence clearly completely different for Randy?

"Betty, This is the food critic, Mylo, I mentioned to you. He is quite popular in the industry, almost like me, your husband," Randy introduced to the rich woman in his embrace.

"Hi, Mr. Mylo." Betty nodded at Mylo.

"Hello," Mylo quickly greeted back, wondering why Randy started introducing the rich woman to him all of a sudden.

"Betty, didn't you say a couple of days ago that you have a close friend that is feeling rather down and doesn't have an appetite? Why don't we introduce her to Mylo while he's in Chaos City? He is a professional when it comes to food," Randy said with a smile.

"Hm?" Mylo was stunned. He looked at Randy. What's going on?

Randy winked at him and gave him the you-know-it look.

Betty sized Mylo up and appeared rather hesitant. She whispered to Randy, "Tryphaena likes handsome young lads. Your friend... might not be her type."

"One would get tired of handsome young lads. Look, didn't she get her heart broken because of a handsome young lad? Why don't we let her have a change of taste? Perhaps what she needs is the warm embrace of someone meatier," Randy said with a smile. While he spoke, he even breathed gently in her ear.

Betty's ears were red. When Randy breathed in her ear, she laughed and nodded, saying, "Where do you stay, Mr. Mylo? I have a friend. Maybe the two of you could meet up."

Mylo wanted to reject the offer. As a big man weighing over 100 kilos, he would never live off a woman.

However, he glanced at the corner of Randy's shirt which was tucked in, and saw a bunch of keys. He swallowed back the words that were at the tip of his tongue, thinking that if the rich woman was just like Randy's it did not seem like a bad deal.

"I am living in Sana Travel Lodge. I will be staying in Chaos City for this period of time and I am rather free. It would be my honor to meet that lady for a meal," Mylo said with a smile.

Randy motioned a thumbs up with the arm that was resting by his body.

The restaurant door opened. Randy invited Mylo to join them at their table. At the table, Randy managed to fish out a lot of information from Betty.

After the meal, the three walked out of the restaurant. Randy waved at Betty and said, "Go back to our eight horse-drawn carriage first. I'll chat a while more with my friend."

"Alright, I'll wait for you." Betty gave him a meaningful glance and sauntered off.

"Bro, you're very good at freeloading. I take my hats off to you." Mylo looked at Randy with admiration.

Randy put his arm around Mylo's shoulder and brought him to the side as he said softly, "Don't say that I'm not giving you a hand. Here's your chance. You got to grab hold of it."

"Her sister, Tryphaena, has been a widow for three years. She owns a mine. If you can handle her, you would not have to write a single word for the rest of your life."

"Well, I'm afraid I can't handle her." Mylo shook his head and sighed as he said defeatedly, "You know it too, I am not tactful with my words."

"Be courageous, meticulous and thick-skinned. All you need to win a rich woman over are these three points. Oh, right. Don't go all out to curry their favor. That would not fit our image as literary people. If you do that, you would just be played with for a while and then kicked away," Randy preached.

"I can't curry her favor? Then all my bootlicking skills are useless?"

"You have to be reserved. The best case scenario is if she comes currying your favor. That's the way to go." Randy patted him on the shoulder and said with a smile, "You are the cornerstone of 'Perfect Food'. bring out your professionalism and no woman would be able to resist you."

"Professionalism? In that case it would be talking about food." Mylo thought for a while and seemed to have understood a little.

"I'll be off. Someone will probably look for you tomorrow. Wait in the travel lodge, and go find a good hair salon to tidy yourself up at. Find some fitting clothes too." Randy walked away with a smile towards a horse-drawn carriage parked nearby. When he reached the horse-drawn carriage, Betty was already waiting for him with the door open.

"I have to get a hairdo too?" Mylo stroked his prickly chin and curly hair. He mumbled to himself and walked towards a hair salon close by.

He was not doing it to be a freeloader. He was merely providing a depressed, rich lady with a warm home.

"Are you trying to make your literary friend stay in Chaos City?" Betty said breathlessly as she leaned on Randy, her face flushed red, allowing his naughty hands to wreak havoc under her clothes.

Randy stroked, caressed, twirled, fondled and felt the softness at his fingertips, while looking reserved and cold as he said calmly, "It is the fortune of this city to have young talented people stay behind."

Chapter 2240: A Younger Sister and a Mother

Mamy Restaurant resuming operations was probably the happiest event for the chowhounds in Chaos City.

Recently, other than customers from Chaos City, there were also other customers coming from far and wide just to try the food from Mamy Restaurant, the restaurant that was praised to the skies by the various gourmet magazines.

They came excitedly and left happy.

However, not everyone could reach Chaos City so easily. An example would be Vanessa, living far away in the palace at Rodu. She watched her mother cry every day until her eyes were red and swollen but she did not know what to say to comfort her.

A few days ago, news of the victory came from the frontline but at the same time, came another news. It was like a bolt of lightning in the middle of the day, shattering her Royal Mother's heart.

Josh was dead.

Her Second Brother was dead.

Although they were all saying that he was a bad guy, a fool who sold his soul to the devil, a scoundrel who almost destroyed this world, in her memory, most of the time, he was a very gentle brother, a brother who would sneak good food for her, a brother who would stand out to defend her when others mocked her.

She was glad that the allied forces won against the Army of the Dead and that the Norland Continent was spared from annihilation. However, she could not bring her spirits up upon hearing the news of Josh's death.

Her mother doted on her Second Brother the most. When they heard that he had turned into the devil's puppet before, her mother could not stop worrying. She was unable to sleep and recently she had been crying non-stop. She could not eat anything and was growing thinner and frailer by the day. This made Vanessa's heart hurt a lot.

"Royal Mother, have some porridge. I'll feed you some." Vanessa took over a bowl of warm red bean porridge from the palace maid. This was her Royal Mother's favorite dessert.

However, when the red bean porridge was brought to the Queen's mouth, the scent of it made her gag. She threw up a few mouthfuls of stomach acid and waved her hands weakly.

Vanessa passed the porridge back to the palace maid and wiped the Queen's mouth with a silk handkerchief. The Royal Physician said that the Queen was too upset and this was a psychological illness. If she continues to starve, it would be difficult for her to pull through. For the past two days, she had been surviving on forcing her to eat a few mouthfuls of magic potions.

"Royal Mother, Royal Mother..." Vanessa hugged the Queen gently and cried.

"Your Father is too ruthless. If he had chosen Sean as the crown prince back then and not given Josh any hope, Josh would never have lost his life for the throne. Two children fighting for a throne. He's forcing me to lose a child..." The Queen threw up a mouthful of blood, which stained the corner of her lips, making her face look paler in contrast.

The palace maids all lowered their heads in fear silently.

“Royal Mother, I’ll bring you out for a walk. Let’s go to Chaos City, to Mamy Restaurant. I’ll bring you to eat good food. Let’s go out and enjoy ourselves.” Vanessa picked up a thick coat and put it around the Queen. After that, she ordered, “Prepare our flying steeds. I want to bring the Queen to Chaos City overnight.”

“Your Highness, it’s already late at night. Besides, Her Majesty is very weak. I’m afraid His Majesty would not allow you to leave the palace right now,” the chief palace maid said hesitantly. The princess was rather wilful in her actions and they could not afford to be responsible for that.

“You...” Vanessa frowned. She knew that she did not have the power as well.

“I want to go.” Just then, the Queen, who had been spacing out, suddenly sat up straight. She looked at the palace maid and said, “Report to His Majesty. I want to leave the palace.”

“Yes,” the palace maid replied and left hurriedly.

“Royal Mother...” Vanessa was overjoyed to see that her mother seemed to be a little more energetic.

“Help me get changed.” The Queen might not be able to hide the exhaustion on her face but her voice was resolute.

The palace maids started hustling around, helping the Queen change into thick and warm clothes, with an extra fur coat on the outside.

The palace maid from before came back quickly saying that His Majesty had agreed to let the Queen and the Princess leave the palace and that their flying steeds were ready.

Vanessa was surprised that her father would agree. She quickly helped the Queen up on a large flying steed. There was a luxurious traveling palace on its wide back. This was a golden-winged eagle that only the King would ride on when he left the palace.

“To Chaos City!” Vanessa ordered.

Tens of flying steeds took to the skies towards the south.

After leaving the city, the Queen, who had not spoken all the while, suddenly said, “Tell them to turn around. We’re heading north.”

“North? Royal Mother, aren’t we going to Chaos City?” Vanessa asked in shock. She wanted to use her ties with Boss Mag to request that he cook a meal for her mother when they arrive, since it would be very late at night by the time they reached. However, her mother had other thoughts and wanted to go to the north.

“I want to go over personally to see Josh. Otherwise, I would not be able to rest in peace.” The Queen was insistent.

“But...”

“Do you want me to go out to make the order?” The Queen looked at Vanessa.

Vanessa’s heart sank. She turned around and said, “The Queen has orders to turn around and head north, towards the frontline.”

The order was made and the flying steeds paused. There was a little commotion outside but the flying steeds quickly changed direction and flew northwards.

“Syndra still went to take a look for herself...”

In the highest tower of the palace, Andre looked up at the skies, facing the north with a complicated expression.

In a short span of a few days, his hair had turned white and he seemed to have aged a lot.

Tens of flying steeds landed gently five kilometers away from where the devil was sealed. The guards had already marked the spot. Balls of fire lit up on the ice sheets and several 10th-tier guards came rushing over in their direction to surround them.

“This is the garrison of the Roth Empire’s Queen! Do not attack!” the chief garrison shouted loudly.

The guards looked at them cautiously and did not lower their weapons.

One 10th-tier knight rushed over and was stunned to see the golden-winged eagle. He went up and said respectfully, “My respects to your Highness. May I boldly ask what your highness wants, coming here at such an hour?”

This was the devil’s seal where the allied forces guarded together. Even if he was the Roth Empire’s officer, and the person who barged in was the Queen, he would still have to act according to protocols.

Syndra was helped out of the traveling palace by Vanessa. She looked at the 10th-tier knight and said, “I visited tonight and alarmed the allied forces’ guards unintentionally. I just wanted to take a look at my son, Josh.”

The guards from the various races suddenly looked hostile. Even that 10th-tier knight was taken aback. The human knights and magic casters guarding the place all looked over.

The Queen’s son, Josh, died on this battlefield.

However, his death was nothing glorious. It was in an exchange for the lives of tens of thousands of allied forces’ soldiers.

The blood of the warriors had yet to dry up but the Queen of the Roth Empire came all the way to the frontline in memory of her son?

This was such a preposterous and hateful thing!

The guards felt disappointed and could not hide the fury in their eyes when they looked at Syndra.

Vanessa had not experienced such a situation before. She subconsciously clung tightly to Syndra’s arm in fear.

The Queen’s garrison tightened their defense and looked at the guards around them cautiously.

“I hate the devil just as much as you do. However, right now, I am just a mother. I am here to take a look at the place where my child last stood. I just want to take a closer look,” Syndra said, enduring the pain in her heart.