

Stay At home 2351

Chapter 2351: This Scene Is Really Great for a Funeral Send Off

This was Delmar's second time meeting Cynthia. Just that morning, this woman had delivered a devastating blow to his precious family jewels.

However, the negotiation procedure was much simpler than he expected. The other party agreed to the majority of his terms, including re-signing the contract, extending the licensing period and handing in another manuscript 10 days later.

Delmar returned to the horse-drawn carriage and asked the editor, who was sitting across from him in disbelief, "Is this too easy?"

"She's always been this way. She doesn't care too much about such things," the female editor answered carefully.

"This is great!" Delmar clapped his hands and hugged the female editor, laughing heartily. He generously said, "From today on, you're the chief editor. I'll make the arrangements once we get back. Your pay will be doubled from next month on."

"Thank you, Boss." The female editor was red with excitement. She didn't expect to get a promotion when she was so close to getting fired.

Delmar closed his eyes and began planning the details for tomorrow's contract signing.

Even though he only had a verbal agreement with Cynthia, her book was still in his hands. She had to listen to him if she wanted to make money.

Cyril had already agreed to be the guarantor and the sequels were secured. This business deal was considered done.

Mag met Cynthia again at the motel. She had gathered her stuff to stay at the motel again.

"I have already done as you said," Cynthia said to Mag with an evading gaze and a slight blush.

This was the first time that she was alone with Boss Mag in a small room and it made her heart race.

Mag nodded slightly and said, "Very good. I'll come and find you when I need you. You'd better put on a disguise before you go out in the next two days. Don't let anyone recognize you or find you."

"Sure," Cynthia answered softly. She hesitated for a moment as she watched Mag, who was about to open the door and leave. Finally, she couldn't help but ask, "Boss Mag, can I still go to Mamy Restaurant after this matter blows over?"

"This matter will not end so quickly." Mag glanced at her and smiled before leaving without a backward glance.

Cynthia was stunned and remained frozen. She still couldn't figure out Mag's meaning after thinking for a long time.

“Perhaps... Boss Mag wants to use this matter as a threat and m-make me be his Cyn? A small motel, nobody knows, unable to venture out... Isn't this the captivity trope?!”

Mag didn't know that the girl would imagine so much rubbish. He could only think that someone was going to have a headache over going bankrupt at this time tomorrow morning.

He wasn't very good at commercial war, but it was still in his blood. He heard about those tricks when the old fogeys talked about them when they were drunk. He could easily toy with these fellows with these tricks.

Yabemiya and the ladies came early in the morning and they crowded around Mag as soon as they saw him come back. They asked him with concern, “Boss, what should we do now? The rumors are getting out of hand. Should we explain?”

“Don't worry. It's just a small matter. I've already contacted the author and she agreed to write a letter of apology to clarify all these rumors,” Mag said with a relaxed smile.

“You met the author, Northwestern Lone Wolf? Is it a man or a woman?”

“Is it the restaurant's regular? It must be a female? Cyn?”

“Is she pretty? Or should I say handsome?”

The ladies were excited, but Mag was rather exasperated by their focus.

“I say, why are you all so interested in an author?” Mag rolled his eyes. “It's a guy. He's a 40 year old man who has dug in between his feet.”

“Wah! Why?! My imaginations are dashed.”

“I never expected that it wasn't a pretty young lady, but a foot-digging man who wrote such a delicate book.”

The ladies were disappointed and they lost interest immediately.

Angela said as she looked at Mag with a weird expression, “But Boss, I admire your charisma even more now. What kind of mesmerizing charisma can make a 40 plus man write such an intricate novel? It's really jaw-dropping.”

Mag gave her the side-eye. He didn't want to answer the question.

“This matter will be put to rest after the author speaks up. Those gossip mongers have gone overboard. They simply want our restaurant to be scandalized and then go downhill from there,” Yabemiya said angrily.

“Even if the customers leave because of the scandal, they won't be going over to their place either.” Mag shook his head with a smile. He went into the kitchen to prepare for tonight's dinner service.

“Firis, come here. I'll teach you how to knead the noodle dough,” Mag shouted from the kitchen.

“Coming!” Firis dashed into the kitchen with excitement all over her face. She finally had the chance to unlock a new skill again.

Mag brought along Irina, who was disguised as his secretary, and met Cyril at Delmar Publishing House as he had expected at 10 a.m. the next morning.

Irina took out the contract and let Delmar and Cyril confirm again.

Delmar scanned through the contract, but he double-checked the amount to make sure the contract was correct.

Cyril didn’t even bother to take a look. He asked Mag directly, “Are you guys really going to print 1,000,000 copies?”

Mag looked at him and curved his lips. He nodded with a smile. “Yes.”

“Alright. You guys have to make sure that you sell all of them, so that the story of this jerk and slut can spread throughout the Norland Continent.” Cyril’s smile became even more smug.

“This is a work of literature,” Mag said calmly.

Delmar was afraid that Cyril might antagonize Mag, so he quickly interrupted. “Yes, yes, yes. This is an excellent work of literature. Mr. Lev, we have checked this contract. There’s no problem, so let’s sign the contract now.”

“Alright.” Mag nodded. Irina passed a pen to him. He signed the contract and put his thumb print after his name.

Delmar and his guarantor, Cyril, also signed and put their thumb prints after their names.

“The contract has three identical contracts. Let’s keep one each.” Mag kept one contract and snapped his fingers.

Irina took out a banknote and gave it to them.

“This is a 5,000,000 copper coin banknote. It’s the first payment of the licensing fee.” Mag pushed the banknote to Delmar, stood up and extended his right hand. “Happy collaboration, Mr. Delmar.”

“Happy collaboration, Mr. Lev.” Delmar shook Mag’s hand with a big smile. He took the banknote and checked it carefully before filling out a receipt and giving it to Mag.

Cyril was watching enviously at the side. 5,000,000 copper coins were earned so easily. This was indeed a good business.

Mag left with Irina. The wind blew when they went out of the door. The willow branches were swaying and the catkins were flying.

“This scene is really great for a funeral send off.” Mag smiled coldly.

Chapter 2352: Father, Save Me!

That same day, the headlines of the five most influential newspapers in Chaos City carried an apology letter signed off by a novelist named “Northwestern Lone Wolf”. The letter was a clarification of the recent rumors that had been spreading around.

The apology letter also included a denunciation of Delmar Publishing House’s malicious marketing and refusal to take the product down, causing a negative impact on the people involved.

Lastly, Northwestern Lone Wolf even promised that “Boss Mag’s Indecent Little Wife” would be stopped indefinitely. This letter of apology would also be a notification of the book’s cancellation and Delmar was advised to watch out for himself.

With “Boss Mag’s Indecent Little Wife”’s popularity, the name Northwestern Lone Wolf also became very influential.

When everyone saw the apology letter, there was a fervent discussion immediately.

“The novelist is refuting all rumors! This novel is fiction. We were overthinking it.”

“I knew it, Boss Mag is such an outstanding person. How could he do something like that? It’s ridiculous.”

“Boss Mag isn’t someone like that. In that case, I... have no chance at all then?”

The credibility of the apology letter was very high.

It also reminded everyone that it was a joke to think of a novel as reality.

The news spread quickly to Delmar, who was drinking in a restaurant with Cyril.

“What!” the wine glass in Delmar’s hand dropped to the ground. He snatched the report from his secretary’s hands and looked at the apology letter printed in the headlines. His face turned white as a sheet immediately.

“What’s wrong?” Cyril lifted his head from the depths of several warm embraces as he looked at Delmar curiously.

“We’re done for... done for...” Delmar sat on the chair as he said with a shaking voice, “Northwestern Lone Wolf said that she’s not writing anymore.”

“Who is not writing? What’s going on?” Cyril pushed the women on him away after noticing that Delmar did not look too good.

“Take a look for yourself. This is the author of that book. She said she’s not writing that book anymore.” Delmar passed him the newspaper in his hands.

Cyril received it, took a look, and said with a smile, “She’s just a writer. If she doesn’t write, we’ll find another one. Can’t we live without her?”

“We really can’t do it without her.” Delmar looked at Cyril with a long face. “Without her, we would be breaching the contract.”

“Breach?!” Cyril’s voice grew sharper. He suddenly realized the seriousness of the situation and quickly snatched the contract from his assistant. He flipped over to the page with the contract terms for a breach and his face turned pale immediately.

“Delmar, how dare you f*cking do me in?!” Cyril grabbed a wine glass and threw it right in Delmar’s face.

Delmar did not manage to avoid it. He covered his nose which was bleeding profusely as he said, “Lord Cyril, you’ve wronged me. I... I’m a victim too.”

“You signed the contract this morning, hand now breached it, and have to pay three f*cking times the contract price! How much is that? That’s 60 million copper coins! You made me be your guarantor and that means I’ll have to pay 30 million! You scoundrel, you’re so wicked!” Cyril was hopping mad and his face blushed with fury.

He knew that the contract was written in black and white and he had signed his name. This meant that there was no way he could run.

“I didn’t know that b*tch would cheat me! She told me yesterday that she would continue writing. Who knew she would stab me in the back today.” Delmar was also shaking with rage. “I am going to look for her right now to write another clarification note stating that the apology letter is fake. I’ll then go over to Mr. Lev and explain it to him. I think we should be able to salvage the situation.”

“You’d better salvage it. Otherwise, I’ll see that you will not be able to survive in Chaos City!” Cyril flipped the table and left in a fury.

Delmar quickly went downstairs to his horse-drawn carriage to head towards Cynthia’s place.

There was a huge padlock on the door and the courtyard was deathly silent.

Delmar kicked the door for a while but there were no signs of movement inside at all. He leaned against the door and slid down onto the ground as his face grew pale.

He knew that he was done for.

30 million copper coins was an amount he would not be able to fork out even if he sold the company!

“Boss...” His secretary came up to him nervously.

Delmar looked at him and his eyes lit up. He said, “Help me up, we’re going back to the company.”

The company had just received a sum of money. In addition to the amount that he already had, that was about 5 million. On top of that, he received a 5 million banknote in the morning and that would be enough for his family for the rest of their lives.

It was just a pity that the company he slogged his whole life to establish would be gone. He initially thought that the sudden popularity of the book would become his money-making tree but he did not expect the tree to fall after just two days.

However, that's alright. He would go back to the company to retrieve his money before bringing his family alongside him to flee the city. He shall leave Cyril to bear the consequences since he was the guarantor.

Delmar's horse-drawn carriage stopped in front of the publishing house. Delmar jumped down from the horse-drawn carriage and rushed to the office. In no time at all, he rushed back out with a briefcase in his hands.

However, just when he reached the horse-drawn carriage, two hands landed on his shoulders.

Delmar jumped and turned around to see two officers in uniform. His face turned pale.

"Are you Mr. Delmar? We have received a report. You are suspected of contract fraud and there is a possibility that you might flee. To ensure the security of the victim's assets, we would have to bring you back to the city lord's castle for further investigation. Please cooperate with us," said one officer.

"I was wronged, I was wronged," Delmar shouted.

The commotion outside had attracted the attention of the workers in the publishing house. They rushed out to watch what was happening at the door. When they saw their boss being nabbed by the officers from the city lord's castle, they were all stunned.

Is the control over the publishing of lewd novels so strict now?

"Bring him away." The two officers could not be bothered with Delmar's nonsense and brought him with them into the prisoner's carriage.

On the other side, Cyril had returned to Moreton Manor. The more he thought about it, the more flustered he got. He hid in his room and got someone to watch the door. If anyone asked, his servants were to say that he was ill and that he would not be meeting anyone.

However, that did not stop the officers with the detention order from arresting him.

"I did nothing, why are you arresting me?! This is Moreton Manor! You can't do whatever you like!" Cyril howled at the top of his lungs.

"Cyril, you're suspected of fraud with a large sum of money involved. You're now being brought back to the city lord's castle for investigation. Please cooperate with us," the leader of the officers, who took out the detention order, said.

The people in the Moreton Family had already gathered in the courtyard, discussing the situation. However, when they saw the officer holding on to the detention order, no one dared to step up. They had no idea how Cyril got himself into trouble again and it was so serious that the people from the city lord's castle had to come over to arrest him.

"Who dares to touch my son?!" A shrill voice sounded. Madam Denise walked over with a crutch in her hand and stood in front of Cyril.

“Madam Denise, please cooperate with us. Otherwise, we would have to arrest you for obstruction of justice,” one officer said seriously. They did not step back just because Denise had arrived.

“I’ll see if you dare!” Denise taunted.

“Bring her away!” The officer waved his hand and four officers came over.

Denise grabbed the hand of one officer while scratching his face and calling out to the servants at the side, “They’re hitting me! The officers are hitting me! What are you looking at? Come and protect me and Young Master!”

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The servants exchanged gazes and were not sure if they should do something. They were the officers from the city lord’s castle.

“Those who dare not step forward will be expelled from the Moreton Family!” Denise threatened.

The servants had no choice but to go over.

“Who dares?!”

An angry shout thundered around the courtyard.

There was a sudden silence and everyone moved away to make a path.

Jeffree walked over and looked at Cyril and Denise coldly.

“Father, save me!” Cyril said in a fluster, “They are arresting me for no reason. I was wronged...”

Smack!

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A loud slap echoed around and Cyril’s cheek swelled up immediately.

Chapter 2353: My Lord Is Wise

The yard was in pitch silence. Everyone looked at Jeffree with shock in their eyes.

Cyril was completely stunned too. His face was bloody painful. He had never expected his father to slap him in front of so many people.

“Evil creature! How dare you defy the city lord’s castle?” Jeffree said in a severe voice.

“I...” Cyril was terrified. He didn’t know what to say and could only seek help from Denise at the side.

“Master, you have to help our son. He’s innocent. He would never dare to break the laws.” Denise stepped forward and pleaded as she wept. “Please talk to the city lord. Ask him not to arrest Cyril.”

Slap!

Jeffree gave another resounding slap again. This time, the slap landed on Denise’s face.

The servants in the yard widened their eyes when they saw that. They quickly looked away and avoided looking at the scene.

Cyril was stunned too. His heart turned cold when he looked at Denise, whose mouth was wide open from the slap, and Jeffree, who had a cold expression.

Madam Denise was in a daze for a while before she regained her wits. She covered her cheek and stared at Jeffree in disbelief. Her voice became shrill as she howled, "Y-you hit me!"

"An overprotective mother makes a wastrel! If you hadn't spoiled him so, he wouldn't have turned out this way today. Yet, you're still not repenting and even tried to help him weasel his way out. How am I going to correct the family's ways if I don't hit you?!" Jeffree looked at her coldly.

"You heartless rat. You hit your wife at such an advanced age. If my maternal family hadn't helped you back then, would you have this fortune today? Are you hitting me because I'm old now and you want to kill me so that you can remarry a younger woman, is that it?! Let me tell you, it's not going to be that easy! Today, I..." Denise sat on the floor and began to throw a tantrum.

Jeffree didn't even look at her. He simply gave the order coldly. "Bring her away!"

Although the few old lady servants looked conflicted, they didn't dare to disobey the master. After all, they didn't want to be slapped too. They carried and dragged Denise away.

"You caused the trouble, so handle it yourself. This time, nobody is going to clean up your mess." Jeffree flicked a glance at Cyril and then nodded to the city lord's castle's officers at the side before leaving.

"Father..." Cyril chased after him in a panic, but two officers grabbed his shoulders on both sides.

"Young Master Cyril, please come with us," the leading officer said with a smile before waving his hand and dragging Cyril away.

The servants made way for them. No matter how Cyril screamed, nobody went forward to stop them.

Even though they had no idea what Cyril did, everyone had reached the same consensus inwardly. Young Master Cyril was completely finished. Young Mistress Gloria would be in charge of this family in the future.

The two criminals were brought to the city lord's castle. Mag, who had disguised himself, and Cynthia, who was the witness, turned up at the city lord's castle too.

The judge of the case was Dicus, Mag's old friend.

As for why the city lord's castle was so efficient, it was because Mag had informed Dicus and Dicus had reported to Michael. Hence, they were arrested as soon as the report was submitted.

Cyril and Delmar had their statements taken separately. Under the supervision of the spiritual magic casters, the two normal humans couldn't lie. They told the truth honestly.

The case was very simple. It was just a case of breach of contract.

As long as they could pay the penalty, the punishment wouldn't be severe. However, the sum was huge, so the two of them were arrested in advance.

Dicus read their statements and verified them with the contract that Mag provided. He nodded and said, "The case is very clear. You two signed the contract with Lev. You have undertaken the responsibility in the case of breach of contract and have appointed a guarantor to share the responsibility.

Now, Mr. Lev has provided evidence that the author refused to continue writing the novel and requested to have it removed from the shelves. This is a complete breach of contract. There is fraud in the promise that you two made.

Now Mr. Lev requests to terminate the contract and seek compensation of 60,000,000 copper coins."

"B*tch! You play me! You said you will continue writing!" Delmar pointed and roared at Cynthia in the witness stand angrily.

"I clearly informed you about my stance at the publishing house yesterday morning. Many people in your company heard our conversation and argument. As for your agreement, I have no idea about it. You can list the actual evidence," Cynthia said calmly.

"You lied! You said it!" Delmar grabbed the railing till his knuckles turned white and green veins popped up on his forehead.

60,000,000 copper coins. It would be 30,000,000 copper coins if Cyril and him split it in half.

He couldn't afford the compensation even if he sold the publishing house!

"We're in court. Silence!" Dicus shouted coldly.

Cyril looked at Delmar and his heart turned cold.

Even to the Moreton Family, 30,000,000 copper coins was quite a big sum of circulating funds. To him, it was a sum that he simply couldn't afford.

If it was in the past, he might still think that his father would help him.

However, Jeffrey had already clearly told him today that he wouldn't help him in this matter.

Where was he going to look for 30,000,000 coins from?!

"My lord! I have nothing to do with this, my lord. I was duped into signing. I didn't get anything from it. I have nothing to do with this matter. I shouldn't have to undertake the responsibility, right?" Cyril said to Dicus.

"Isn't this written in black and white? You are the guarantor. You undertook half of the responsibility, so you have to pay half of this compensation." Dicus flicked a glance at him and smilingly said,

"Furthermore, you didn't get nothing from it. Your statements have stated that Delmar promised you 5,000,000 copper coins as a reward. You were going to receive benefits from it, so you have to bear the risk."

Cyril went white. He pointed at Delmar and Mag, "T-they scammed me together! Why would there be such a coincidence? I only signed the contract in the morning and have already breached the contract before I received the money?! My lord, I have been tricked! I'm the one who was scammed!"

Dicus ignored him and passed his judgment directly. "This case is very simple and the evidence is clear. Delmar and Cyril breached the contract and attempted to commit fraud. They have to pay Lev 60,000,000 copper coins according to the contract. They will split the compensation in half and pay 30,000,000 copper coins each.

Due to the huge sum, we will lock the two of you up first. Get your family members to deliver the compensation to the city lord's castle. You will be released after you pay the compensation and receive the victim's forgiveness. If you can't repay the compensation, you will be punished according to the balance!"

"My lord is wise." Mag smiled and cupped his hands together.

Chapter 2354: Had No Choice But To Choose To Get Rich

Everything was in Mag's expectations, including the Moreton Family not getting themselves involved.

Mag could empathize with Jeffrey's feelings. He had to let this useless son suffer, otherwise he would only become a worse wastrel.

Mag didn't care about Delmar and Cyril's cursing and left the city lord's castle.

The rest would be done by the city lord's castle. They would freeze Delmar and Cyril's assets. Their assets would be auctioned off if they couldn't pay the compensation.

This trick of gaining something without any risks had let Mag earn 60,000,000 and resolved the misunderstanding. It solved many issues in one go.

Mag met Cynthia in the motel's room.

"D-did you arrange all that?" Cynthia looked at Mag with admiration.

If she had previously liked Mag for his dishes and gentle personality, she had seen a wise and smart businessman in the past two days.

A wily old fox like Delmar and a rogue like Cyril had both suffered a defeat in his hands.

30,000,000 copper coins. What a great sum of money!

Delmar was definitely going to go bankrupt. As for Cyril, she had heard that the Moreton Family was wealthy. It would depend if they were willing to fork out the money to save him.

"You did a great job in coordination." Mag nodded with a smile.

Cynthia blushed and said softly to Mag, "T-then, regarding the novel that I wrote about you, is it considered over?"

"I'm afraid it's not that simple." Mag shook his head and said to Cynthia, "You have to pay some sort of price for making a mistake, am I right?"

"I..." Cynthia bit her lower lips. She was just an innocent little writer. What could she pay him with? Those few copper coins on her were perhaps worthless to him.

She had already issued the apology letter and was the witness. Wasn't that enough for him to let her off?

Looking at Mag, who had gotten up to close the windows, her heart dropped and she became nervous. Why was he closing the windows? Was he afraid that the weird noises could get out? What was he going to do? But, it was bright daylight right now!

"Come on..."

Cynthia laid on the bed and spread out her arms. Tears flowed down her cheeks.

She did all of it so smoothly that she shocked herself.

Furthermore... why was she not feeling aggrieved or sad? Instead, she was feeling a little expectant?

She remembered it now. In the book, Cyn also had her first rendezvous with Boss Mag in the motel...

As she thought about how the scenario that she had been replaying over and over in her mind was going to happen to her right now, Cynthia blushed and hastened her breathing.

"This is my first time... Please be gentle with me," she said softly.

"What are you doing?" Mag stood next to the bed with a contract. He looked at Cynthia, who was lying on the bed with her legs spread out with an unknown blush and tears in her eyes, and perplexedly asked, "What first time?"

Cynthia jerked her head up and looked at Mag, who was standing by the bed and holding a document and not a whip in his hands. Staring at his decent form, he didn't look like he was going to pounce onto her like in the book's scenario.

After being in a daze for a while, she suddenly realized that she was mistaken. She quickly shut her legs and sat up on the bed.

"That, I-I was saying I..." Cynthia was blushing furiously and her gaze moved around. Suddenly, she stared at the document in Mag's hand and asked, "What's that?"

"Oh, this is a contract. Take a look. Sign it if there is no problem." Mag passed the document over to her. "Sign this and our feud is considered over."

Cynthia's heart dropped to her stomach again. Contract? Why did she need to sign a contract? When she recalled how Delmar and Cyril were tricked and sent to the jail by Mag with a contract, Cynthia panicked even more.

She looked closer and revealed an expression of shock.

This was a contract of commissioned creation. It was similar to the contract that she signed with Delmar Publishing House previously.

The contract stated that Mag had commissioned her to create five works and the right of each piece of work would be purchased with 200,000 copper coins.

After completing these five pieces of work, she could terminate the contract at any time without any restrictions.

However, there were prerequisites for these five pieces. Mag would provide the framework and Cynthia would do the improvisation.

The price of 200,000 copper coins for each book was a handsome remuneration for Cynthia.

Normally, she only needed two months to complete a piece of work, so this was a project that could earn her 1,000,000 each year!

However, with Delmar as an example, Cynthia read through the contract very seriously to make sure that there was no term that could bankrupt her and even cause her to lose her innocence. She still asked with uncertainty, "There's no hidden clauses, right?"

"Don't worry. I'm sincerely looking for a partner. I won't do that kind of thing." Mag nodded with a smile.

"Why me?" Cynthia still couldn't understand. Mag shouldn't like her, so why was he giving her this chance to earn money?

"I'm interested in your talents, so don't overthink." Mag consoled her. He was afraid this maiden would get the wrong ideas.

"Just my talents? What about my youthful and beautiful body?" Cynthia almost blurted out what she was thinking. She held her words back and nodded. "You have good taste."

Cynthia had no choice but to choose to get rich and sign the contract.

"This is the prepayment. You may go home now. Don't move from your home to elsewhere. I'll go look for you when I come up with the storyline." Mag gave her a 100,000 copper coin banknote.

"Thank you, Boss." Cynthia took the banknote happily. She actually had the feeling of being kept, so she said, "Please come often."

Mag, who had reached the door, almost fell. This line... why did it sound so familiar?

Mag felt relaxed all over on his way back to the restaurant.

The rumor incident was over and the rubbish novels on the market would be taken off the market for the moment. He even managed to get Cyril jailed. That was killing a lot of birds with one stone.

Even if he couldn't get all 60,000,000 copper coins back, the amount he would receive would be enough for Hope School to build a few more teaching buildings.

"This plot... has been reversed far too quickly. We were still scolding Boss Mag for being a jerk yesterday and yet today the rumors were dispelled. Furthermore, the boss of the publishing house was even locked up." Vivian was holding onto the newspaper with a conflicted expression. "How should I explain this to Luna now? I just told her that Boss Mag was a jerk yesterday and it's fine to say goodbye to him..."

In order to take care of Luna's feelings, she had done all she could. But, this world had never taken her feelings into consideration!

"However, Boss Mag is really capable. He sent the publishing house's boss straight to jail. I guess no one will dare to spread rumors easily now," Vivian thought. Other than Boss Mag, no one would toy with that publishing house's boss.

Chapter 2355: Are We Going To Form a Team To Try for Tiny Boss Now?

The news of Delmar and Cyril being arrested soon spread in the publishing circle. The actual details were unclear, but it had something to do with that book "Boss Mag's Indecent Little Wife". Delmar Publishing House was already closed down now.

The reactions of all the bookshops were the fastest. The book that was selling like hotcakes in the morning disappeared by the afternoon. When the readers came and asked for it, the bookshop owners all replied that they had never sold it before.

Rumors about that incident began to spread.

Some said that the boss of Mamy Restaurant had acted. He sued Delmar for libel and got him locked up. As for Cyril, people in the publishing circle knew about what he had done to that book. Hence, it wasn't surprising that he was locked up as well.

Some said this matter wasn't related to Boss Mag but that an extraordinary man from Rodu had tricked the two of them and sent them into jail. They were also bankrupted by the compensation and their lives were considered over.

Anyway, the rumors were all connected to "Boss Mag's Indecent Little Wife". This made the people in the publishing circle lament.

It was hard for a publishing house to have a popular item. A small publishing house like Delmar could survive for years with one popular book. They didn't expect it to bring disaster upon them instead.

However, there were different kinds of explanations in the circle. Delmar was already despised by many from the moment he used someone's reputation as a gimmick by forcing a book's plot into someone's life and destroying their reputation.

It could be considered as karma that he ended up in this situation.

At the same time, some publishing houses that had intended to copy Delmar Publishing House, immediately halted their projects. All the novels that were related to Boss Mag were quickly pulled off the shelf. They were afraid to end up in jail too.

This time, the people in the publishing world had witnessed the power of Mamy Restaurant's Boss Mag.

The author clarified the incident personally, the book was pulled off the shelf and the publishing house was shut down. All these successfully rectified Mag's persona from being a jerk.

It was close to evening when Mag returned to the restaurant. All the customers lining up greeted him enthusiastically. Many even apologized to him shyly.

Mag smiled nonchalantly. He wouldn't take the customers' discussions to heart.

"Yee-haw! Yee-haw!" Mag went into the restaurant and immediately saw Kiddo riding Ugly Duckling all over the restaurant.

Ugly Duckling had gotten a lot bigger recently. It was over 20 kilos now and it was furry, just like a big fat fluffy ball.

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Meanwhile, Kiddo was very tiny. Her legs were dangling on either side as she sat on Ugly Duckling. She was holding onto a golden trident and wearing a little cape that was made from a piece of red cloth. She looked just like a little general.

Mag opened the door just as Ugly Duckling dashed over. It crashed into the door and its rotund body rolled forward instantly.

Kiddo on Ugly Duckling was also thrown out forward and she flew towards Mag.

Mag quickly caught Kiddo. The little one was soft and tiny. She was stunned when she was caught, then she laughed and clapped her hands. "This is so fun! Up, Father! Up!"

Mag wanted to lecture the little one on safety sternly, but he couldn't help smiling when he saw that adorable face and heard those cute words. He lifted the little one up high, tossed her upwards and then caught her again.

Kiddo's laughter echoed throughout the restaurant and Gina, who was sitting at the side, smiled too.

"Alright. Kiddo, go play with Ugly Duckling, but be careful." Mag played with Kiddo for a while before putting her back onto the ground.

"Father, when is Big Sister Amy back from school?" Kiddo looked up and asked expectantly.

"Soon. She'll be home in a short while." Mag took a quick look at the clock on the wall.

Kiddo's eyes lit up and she ran to the door, shouting, "I'll wait for her at the door!"

"Meow~"

Ugly Duckling, who was in a daze for a while, ran to the door too. It sat next to Kiddo on the steps and tilted its head to look at her. Then, it gently placed its head on her.

"You're so heavy, Ugly Duckling!" Kiddo pushed its furry head away disdainfully before leaning onto its soft tummy and smiled comfortably.

"So cute!"

"We didn't dare to steal Little Boss in the past. Are we going to form a team to try for Tiny Boss now?"

"This is really too cute! I want to have a cute baby with Boss Mag too..."

“Bro, are you making things hard for Boss Mag?”

The customers lining up at the door glowed. They couldn't resist Kiddo's cuteness attack at all.

Mag flicked a glance at the little one before looking away with a smile.

“Kiddo said she wants to play with Ugly Duckling, so I brought her over earlier.” Gina got up and explained.

“It's hard to care for a child alone,” Mag said to Gina. He had an easy time. He had never taken care of the child before and Gina was caring for her alone.

“Kiddo is very well-behaved, so it's not hard at all.” Gina shook her head and looked at the door with a gentle gaze.

Mag chit-chatted with Gina for a short while. But when he saw Firis and Camilla working busily in the kitchen, he quickly went upstairs to change into his chef's suit.

Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh!

Mag felt a cold murderous intent as soon as he went into the kitchen.

He saw Camilla, who was wearing 10 razor-sharp nail knives, waving her hands. The knives gleamed and all the ingredients were cut into strips and cubes.

Camilla usually worked like this too, but Mag could sense a murderous intent in the kitchen today.

“Were you ditched by a man?” Mag looked at the cold Camilla and asked casually.

Ding!

The nail knives clashed and made a crisp sound. Sparks flew into the air.

“There's no such man in this world and there won't be in the future either,” Camilla said coldly.

Mag was secretly speechless. This woman had a bad temper. Since she was angry, he left her alone and went to grind the beans.

Camilla was furious when she saw Mag ignore her. Wasn't this fellow going to ask her what happened? If not, how was she going to say the speech that she had prepared for so long?!

“Oh yes.” Mag turned around.

Camilla gathered up her emotions and prepared to answer him.

“Come over here, Firis. I'll teach you how to grind the beans,” Mag said to Firis.

“Yes!” Firis walked over happily and watched Mag make the tofu pudding seriously.

“I-I...” Camilla wanted to clench her fist, but the finger-knives blocked her actions. Hence, she could only stomp her feet in anger.

She thought this novel incident could make Mag suffer and distract his attention so that she could get the photostone back. Or, she would have the time to make a video of Mag and exchange it for hers. She didn't expect this thing to blow over in just two days.

Chapter 2356: Stay In Jail For the Rest of His Life!

Everyone from the restaurant knew about the author's clarification note and the publishing house's owner being arrested.

Everyone was naturally overjoyed. After all, they had been hearing customers whispering around for the past two days and that brought everyone's mood down. Now that the rumors were proven to be false and the baddies were caught, this matter had come to an end.

As for who did it, Mag did not admit it, neither did he deny anything. He just said that a friend gave him a little help.

As for who was the author, Mag kept it a secret for Cynthia and said it was a perverted middle-aged man around 40 years old.

"Young Mistress, Cyril has been arrested," a female secretary said while she walked into Gloria's office.

Gloria was stunned upon hearing that. She placed her pen down and looked at the secretary as she asked, "What happened?"

"I heard the news from your family just now. It was said that he was involved in contractual fraud and breach of contract, and he has to pay 30 million copper coins for the contract breach. As the sum was too large, the city lord's castle detained him," the secretary said quickly. "On top of that, I found out that this seems to be related to Boss Mag from Mamy Restaurant."

"Mr. Mag?" Gloria was puzzled. "What has this got to do with him?"

"Erm..." The secretary blushed. However, she did not dare to keep anything from Gloria. She told her about the rumor of Boss Mag being a scumbag, which had spread around Chaos City for the past couple of days because of "Boss Mag's Indecent Little Wife".

"Why don't I know about this?" Gloria frowned. She had been busy with the spring collection for the past two days and did not expect something like this to happen.

"The author came out today to refute the claims and prove that Boss Mag was innocent. The book was also taken down from the shelves." The secretary quickly continued speaking, "I just didn't expect that the owner of the publishing house and Cyril would be arrested."

Gloria thought for a while and did not comment on that. Instead, she asked, "What was the reaction from the family? Did Grandfather say anything?"

"I heard that when the officers came over to arrest Cyril, both he and Madam tried to resist with force but Master arrived and erupted in anger. He gave both Cyril and Madam a slap, and even said that the Moreton Family would not put in even a dime or an ounce of energy for Cyril."

"I understand. You may leave." Gloria nodded slightly. When the secretary left, she showed a shocked expression.

She knew that Grandfather had disliked Grandma and Cyril a lot since they escaped northward. However, she did not expect that he would slap Grandma and even declare that he would not save Cyril.

Grandma cared a lot about her pride and she doted on Cyril a lot. Now that Grandfather behaved this way, it was akin to bruising her pride.

Gloria would definitely not believe that Mag was a scumbag. Otherwise, was she not pretty enough for him to have previously tried anything with her?

She was not too certain if Mag was the one who caused the matter to end the way it did but she still thought that it was a possibility.

Mr. Mag might be gentle and generous, but he was not a pushover. Cyril and Delmar's cooperation this time meant that Mag was also involved in this incident.

Such a retaliation was rather befitting of his character.

30,000 copper coins was not a small sum even for her right now, much less Cyril, who could never keep money in his pockets.

Right now, Grandfather refused to help him and it would now all depend on whether Grandma was willing to fork out her personal stash for her beloved youngest son.

"Serves him right," Gloria chided softly. After that, she smiled and continued her work.

She did not forget Cyril's face when he wanted to chase them out of the Moreton Family. Although she had never thought of exacting revenge, she still felt fabulous seeing grandma and him receive their punishment.

The city lord's castle was very efficient. Within three days, Mag had received the result of the case.

Delmar Publishing House returned the deposit of 5 million copper coins and paid another 6 million copper coins in cash. On top of that, the two houses and one publishing house under his name were auctioned out. These properties were expected to fetch about 4 million copper coins altogether. The remaining 20 million copper coins were impossible to raise.

Meanwhile, Cyril was not doing any better. He had currently only handed 500,000 copper coins over. However, the city lord's castle passed the message saying that the Moreton Family's Matriarch Denise wanted to meet him for a talk.

Mag did not want to meet that old witch so he told the representative from the city lord's castle, "30 million copper coins, not a single cent less, in three days. Otherwise, let your son stay in jail for the rest of his life!"

That was how overbearing he was with a backing.

If it was Jeffree, there might still be room for negotiation. However, even his birth father could not be bothered with this foolish son. So what should Mag be wary of?

Mag had also found out about Delmar's situation. He had a wife and two children, an eight-year-old son and a four-and-a-half-year-old daughter.

To lose everything was a rather heavy punishment for him. Mag had already told Dicus that he could understand and forgive Delmar but that it should only be announced after Cyril forks out the money.

"Scumbag!"

Matriarch Denise smashed the cup in her hand on the floor. She was red with fury as she cursed Mag. "That scumbag is too much!"

The maids all hid at the side, shaking in fear, afraid to speak.

Aviva brought her two daughters with her, crying and wailing, as she said, "Mother, you have to save Cyril, you dote on him the most. If he has to stay in jail for the rest of his life, what would become of us?"

"Grandma, please save father."

"We beg you."

Herny and Herty hugged each of Denise's arms as they begged.

Ever since Gloria came into power, life had been tough for them. Now that Cyril was arrested, they had lost their pillar of support and they had no idea what to do.

Denise held her two granddaughters in her embrace as tears streamed down her face. She said as she pounded her chest and stomped her feet, "I want to save my son too. But where do I get the 30 million? I've only saved up 10 million copper coins after all these years. Even if I sell all the shops and houses under my name, there's still 10 million to raise."

"What should we do then?" Aviva asked as she wept.

"In my opinion, there are two ways right now," Aurora, who had been watching from the side, said with a smile.

"What ideas do you have?" Aviva asked.

Denise looked over as well.

"30 million copper coins is no small sum. It is obvious now that Father is refusing to fork out money and doesn't care about what happens to Second Brother." Aurora said with a smile, "In my opinion, the first

way is to not fork out the money too. We'll let him stay a few years in jail. In that case, we don't have to fork out the 30 million for the scumbag. We can leave the money for the three of you so at least you have something to depend on."

Aviva and her two daughters wavered but they did not say anything at the moment.

"Nonsense! How can I let my son go through such sufferings?!" Denise was enraged.

"In that case, you're left with only the second way. Mother, since Father refuses to help, you can only go to your family." Aurora shrugged.

Chapter 2357: You're a Mortal If You Don't Become a God

This debacle made Mamy Restaurant and Mag famous and let him gain more fans and secure his good man persona.

He could see the increase of his fans from the number of his believers. He was a minor influencer with about 1,000,000 fans now.

1,000,000 fans. It sounded quite formidable, but compared to his tens of millions of fans in his previous life, it was far inferior.

However, the quality of his fans in this life was extremely high. They weren't those anti-fans who followed him because they were afraid that they couldn't find him when they wanted to scold him.

"Ding! New mission! Could the Host please gain 1,000,000 fans as soon as possible. You will receive a special reward once the mission is completed!"

"Mission progress: 986520 people!"

Right then, the system's voice, which had disappeared for a long time, rang in Mag's mind again.

"The achievement of 1,000,000 followers? Just a small reward?" Mag pursed his lips. He didn't look like he was looking forward to it.

"A mysterious reward is a mysterious reward. Its richness will be beyond the Host's imagination! Could the Host please complete the mission and continue on your journey to become the God of Cookery!" The system began its usual encouragement again.

"I've been trying to teach people how to cook and attract fans every day, but why is it so hard to attract fans?" Mag frowned and pondered seriously. *"Why don't I change my tactics and go challenge the other restaurants? Anti-fans are also fans, and it's much faster."*

"This System is warning the Host seriously. If there is an excess of accumulation of negative feelings, it might trigger another transmigration or death! I don't think the Host would want to experience that again. You won't get such a pretty daughter and wife every time you transmigrate," the system said quietly.

Mag tilted his head and thought for a moment. He indeed didn't want to experience it again.

“What if I can’t become the God of Cookery? What would happen?” Mag asked again.

“If the Host is lucky, you can live till 130 to 140 years old. This is the record of the oldest human being on the Norland Continent.

“Before that, the Host would become old, have erectile problems, lose your strength, become paralyzed and have urinary incontinence...

“In the meantime, your daughter will continue to handle things with a maiden’s character and your wife will remain beautiful as usual. Perhaps, they will forget you slowly decades later and then meet...”

“Shut up!”

Mag had a sulky expression.

The human’s life expectancy on the Norland Continent was the shortest. Living to 90 was considered to be an advanced age even for the 10th-tier powerhouses.

Meanwhile, the basic lifespan for the elves was 1,000 years old, and as their power grew, their life expectancy increased as well. It wasn’t unusual for a peak 10th-tier powerhouse like Irina to live until 2,000 years old.

Even though Amy was a half-blood, she had inherited Irina’s beauty and many of her elven characteristics. Her life span would be equally long as well.

Annie was even beyond discussion. Mag suspected she also wouldn’t age or die.

As for Kiddo, she was a baby god. She would most likely be a being that wouldn’t age or die after she regained her divinity.

Therefore...

In the future, he might not only be the weakest in the family, but he could also be the one with the shortest lifespan.

“Why am I so miserable? I’m already... a demi-god, right?”

Mag couldn’t figure it out.

“This demi-god status is simply too useless.” Mag scratched his head.

“You’re a mortal if you don’t become a god.”

“Are you trying to get me to ask you, ‘System, teach me how to become a god?’”

“Ahem... If the Host is asking, I can teach him that.”

“Scram!”

Mag put away the tea set on the table and got on his bicycle.

He stopped his bicycle on a street that was near to Aden Square. It was called Boosey Street. There were many shops on both its sides and it was only two blocks away from Aden Square, but it didn’t have much human traffic.

There were a few repair shops, woodwork shops and blacksmith shops on the street. All of the owners were craftsmen and they were just using this place as their workshops, so it wouldn't have much human traffic.

One week ago, Mag had spent 500,000,000 copper coins to buy over 200 buildings, which was about half of Boosey Street. He bought all the buildings that were up for sale.

Then, he demolished over 50 buildings in the middle of Boosey Street and set up a hoarding. He began to build Mamy Square.

He wanted one saying to spread throughout the Norland Continent: Wherever Mamy Square is, it will be the center!

He had to keep a low profile. He wasn't someone who loved to show off his wealth.

However, he indeed wanted to establish a commercial center outside of Aden Square and set up the first Mamy Cineplex in this commercial center.

The business circle in Aden Square was already saturated. The cost to buy a piece of land to build a cineplex there was too high and it wasn't cost effective.

Mag tasted the sweetness of investing when he invested in Rodu's Romo Street, so he intended to recreate it in Chaos City too.

Mag had given the blueprint to Ashley and the Night Elves construction team had already flattened the land. A forest appeared in a few short days. The trees reached up to the sky and some of their trunks were already a few men thick.

Mag's idea was to construct a mall that had the elven characteristics and wood would be its main building material. It could also let the residents of Chaos City get to know the new residents that came from the Wind Forest.

These trees' growth were expedited by the botany magic casters. The magic seeds were paired up with expedition magic. It wasn't something rare.

There were many botany magic casters in the Night Elves, so they completed the task of planting the raw materials in a few short days.

The elves were already cutting down the trees at the western corner.

The thick trunks were cut into different types of shapes and sizes. They were stacked up neatly according to their types.

Mag admired the elves very much on this point. They could complete the job beautifully while maintaining a high efficiency.

Mag pushed his bicycle as he walked around the construction site once. He happened to hear a man say, "The elven magic is indeed awesome. The trees that were just planted a few days ago are so huge now. Won't they get rich if they were to sell the timber in the city?"

“This gentleman is great at making money.” Mag marveled secretly. He had another great plan for the Night Elves again.

Mamy Square’s construction investment was quite big. Mag estimated that he needed to invest another 500,000,000. He chatted with the investor Little Amy yesterday and received an angel investment, which was just right for it.

Other than Chaos City, Mag still had another construction site at Rodu’s Romo Street.

However, that construction site was much smaller. He was only building a three-storey building. It was contracted to a local construction team, so it was much less efficient.

Mag decided to visit all the big cities, especially some second-tier cities in the Roth Empire. Although they weren’t as famous as the Roth Empire, they had a big population too. They were very suitable for setting up cinemas.

Chapter 2358: What a Tacky Title

Mag’s movie ambition had just taken shape, but Mag wasn’t sure how far this new thing could go.

However, since Vicki’s opera could become popular, it shouldn’t be hard to promote spending a few dozens of copper coins to buy a ticket to watch a movie in this world where entertainment was scarce.

As long as the habit of watching movies were formed, everything would be easy.

Mag didn’t like to make movies, he just wanted to get famous.

Being famous could extend his lifespan!

He didn’t want to die at the age of 100 and pass his wife and daughters to someone else. He couldn’t take it lying down!

Seven days went by in a flash after they returned from Rodu. Mag didn’t care about the favors that Madam Denise threw over at him. He ran to Rodu early in the morning.

“Is it already the seventh day?” Vicki stared at Mag in a daze at the door for a while with two dark circles under her eyes.

“Yes, today’s the seventh day.” Mag nodded smilingly. He came like an editor rushing a writer for a manuscript.

“Wait a sec. I’ll go wash my face first.” Vicki slammed the door and then spent her time freshening up for over an hour.

Mag went to chit chat with Miss Eiffie for a while, before checking out the cinema construction site. He also checked on the quality of the vendors that moved in recently.

Vicki, who had washed up, finally came out with a stack of thick books when he returned to the theater.

“Have you had breakfast?” Mag placed a bowl of shaved noodles that he made in the kitchen of a tavern next door in front of Vicki.

“Grrrr—”

Vicki’s stomach grumbled before she could say she wasn’t hungry.

“Let’s eat first. We’ll talk after you’ve finished,” Mag said with a laugh. Mag could see that this lass must have pulled all nighters to write the script.

“Then, I won’t stand on ceremony with you.” Vicki picked up the chopsticks and started slurping the shaved noodles.

The hungry stomach received the most beautiful consolation. Her tiredness was instantly relieved. It was much more effective than the Spring of Life which she had already built up a resistance to.

“Yummy,” Vicki mumbled with puffed out cheeks.

Mag leaned back against his chair and looked at Vicki, who looked a little silly, with a smile.

This lass looked like a high-born young mistress, but she worked very hard. He wasn’t expecting much when he came today. However, looking at her now, the script should be almost completed.

The bowl of shaved noodles fully ended up in Vicki’s tummy quickly. She even finished all the soup.

Putting down the bowl, Vicki was still reminiscing over it. She hadn’t had such a scrumptious and comfortable breakfast for a long time.

“One more, please,” Vicki said instinctively.

“Should I go make another bowl for you?” Mag got up.

“No, no, no. I’m just joking.” Vicki quickly stopped him with a blush.

This was Alex. She wasn’t that high-and-mighty.

Mag sat down again and Vicki put the bowl to one side before passing that thick book over.

“Is it completed?” Mag took the book. On the cover was: “Love of a Succubus” (tentatively).

“The script is almost completed, but there are still many details that need to be finetuned. Some dialogues need to be amended as well.” Vicki nodded and shyly said, “Especially the ending and the climax. The script was rushed, so there’s a lot of areas which we can improve on.”

Mag read the contents for a while and he could generally see the storyline. However, the plot was still a little rough and indeed had room for improvement.

Furthermore, this was a script. It was different from a novel, so it was harder to read.

With regard to improvement, Mag happened to have someone whom he could make use of.

“It’s quite good. It’s already not bad that you could finish it to this standard in such a short time.” Mag closed the script and smilingly said, “Then, I’ll hold onto this script first and you’ll continue to improve on it. I’ll get a novelist to adapt it into a novel and put it on the market first.”

“Adapt it into a novel?” Vicki was a little shocked.

Mag nodded and said, "Yes. This is a completely new story after all. It isn't practical to try to attract the viewers into the cinema right away. Hence, I intend to adapt it into a novel and make it famous. This will allow the later publicity to achieve a better effect."

"You really have great foresight." Vicki looked at Mag with admiration. His understanding on business operations had exceeded hers.

"Don't worry. I'll let you see the adaptation after it's done. I'll only publish it after it's reached your standards." Mag said to Vicki, "This is your work after all. I'll respect your opinion fully."

"Mmm." Vicki nodded with a smile. She felt a warmth in her heart. She was indeed touched by it.

"I won't be coming to Rodu often in the future. Message me when you're done with the script, and I'll come and get it." Mag got up after saying that.

Vicki got up and said to Mag, "Wait a sec. Do you have any candidates for the actors? How's their acting?"

Mag pondered for a while before nodding. "I think their acting is not bad. After all, it's true to the characters."

Vicki had a weird expression. Mag did look like he was playing himself. After all, even if he didn't slay the Great Old One, he had sealed it.

But, who would be the succubus?

"What about the succubus?" Vicki asked.

"She's my restaurant's employee. Her acting talent is not bad, but after your reminder, I think it's necessary to send her to you to brush up on her acting skills. This way it would prevent her from being a hindrance." Mag nodded thoughtfully.

"Actually... I can play a lot of roles." Vicki flicked her hair and tried to reveal an expression that she thought was seductive.

Mag glanced at her and shook his head. "You're still small. You need to grow bigger first."

"You leave first. I'll give you the script once it's done," Vicki said angrily and got up to send him off.

"Come and visit when you're free. I'll treat you to grilled meat," Mag said with a smile and got up to walk to the door.

Vicki wanted to decline with pride, but she changed her words once he mentioned grilled meat. "Alright, I'll definitely come!"

The grilled meat was simply too delicious and... irresistible!

Mag went back to Chaos City with the script and then went to Cynthia's home.

After knocking, Cynthia opened the door and looked at him with a yawn. She looked like she had just woken up.

“Take this. This is the first work to complete in your agreement.” Mag passed the script to her.

Cynthia took the book and frowned before saying disdainfully, “‘Love of A Succubus’? What a tacky title.”

“What about ‘Phantom of the Kitchen’?” Mag asked.

“That’s even tackier,” Cynthia answered him gravely.

Mag was silent for a moment before he pushed the blame away, “The title was also suggested by the script writer.”

Cynthia flipped through a few pages and puzzledly asked, “What form of writing is this? Is this a theater’s script? But, it seems a little different?”

Chapter 2359: Unlocking His New Identity

“This is a script, but it’s not a theater’s script. It’s a magvie’s script. You’ll find out about it later.” Mag said to her with a smile, “This script will be your work for this month. You need to adapt it into a popular novel.”

“Popular?” Cynthia was already finding the task difficult. “I’ve only written one popular book in my life. As for what it is, you should know it very well.”

Mag’s expression was slightly stiff. Of course, he knew. They wouldn’t have known each other if not for that.

“You just write it like you wrote that book. The script has already provided you with the story’s framework and plot, you just need to add some details to it.” Mag consoled her. “Don’t be too stressed.”

“Like how I wrote that book?” Cynthia pondered seriously for a while before lowering her head with a blush and softly answering, “I got it.”

Mag flicked a glance at Cynthia surreptitiously and said with concern, “Then, let me see the first draft in a week’s time. I need to control the content.”

“Sure.” Cynthia nodded.

Mag didn’t stay for long. After leaving Cynthia’s house, he went to the city lord’s castle.

Delmar’s assets had been registered and processed in these past few days. That publishing house was the most difficult to process.

This small publishing house had over 10 staff members. It didn’t have any outstanding works and its most famous “Boss Mag” series was already sealed, so its value wasn’t high. Till now, there weren’t many people bidding for it.

Mag bought that company with a 1,500,000 copper coins offer.

Anyway, no matter how much he offered, the money would still come back to him. He simply gained a company for nothing.

Dicus helped Mag with the handover procedures and said with a chuckle, "Boss Mag, you have cut the ground from under his feet. I don't think any company will dare to spread rumors about you for a very long time."

"Rumormongers have to ultimately pay the price." Mag smiled and cupped his hands at Dicus. "Thank you for your hard work."

"It's just a small matter. Unscrupulous businessmen like him deserved to be punished. It can serve as a warning to other crooks too." Dicus shook his head with a smile.

"I heard that Cyril has decided not to pay the penalty?" Mag asked.

"Madam Denise personally came this morning to ask for more time. She also wished to communicate with Mr. Lev. Seems like she wants to lower the amount." Dicus shook his head smilingly. "However, Mr. Lev insisted on 30,000,000 copper coins and not a coin less. Seems like he's adamant on taking a big bite out of the Moreton Family's wealth."

"Such a fellow needs to be taught a lesson, otherwise, he won't remember," Mag said smilingly. He bade goodbye to Dicus and went to Delmar Publishing House.

The door of Delmar Publishing House was still sealed. When Mag stopped his bicycle, he saw a middle-aged woman sitting on the steps in despair.

Mag recognized this woman. She was Delmar Publishing House's editor. She was responsible for Cynthia previously.

The female editor heard the noise and looked up at Mag. She seemed to recognize Mag and lowered her head in embarrassment. She pretended not to know him.

Rip!

Mag went forward and tore off the seal on the door.

"W-what are you doing?" The female editor stood up and looked at Mag with surprise.

"I'm the boss of this publishing house now. I can see that you're sitting here in despair. Are you an employee of this publishing house?" Mag asked her with a smile.

"You've become the boss of this publishing house?!" The female editor was completely stunned. She stared at Mag with disbelief.

"Yes. The boss of the publishing house is bankrupt because of his involvement in contract fraud. The publishing house was being auctioned at the city lord's castle and I bought it." Mag nodded and took out the ownership transfer certificate and showed it to the female editor.

"How did this happen..." The female editor was still dumbfounded.

The closing of the publishing house was very sudden. The boss was suddenly arrested, the publishing house was sealed and all the employees were out of a job.

She was still in shock today. She still hadn't gotten her last month's pay and she couldn't find a new job. She happened to wander by today and decided to sit on the doorstep for a moment. She hadn't expected to bump into Boss Mag.

"Are you this publishing house's employee? What was your job previously?" Mag asked again.

"I used to be this publishing house's editor. I'm responsible for getting in touch with the authors and proofreading their work." The female editor quickly answered, "I am Eleanor."

Mag asked her, "So, you are an editor. Then, do you know that author called Northwestern Lone Wolf?"

Eleanor's expression turned awkward immediately. Her gaze was shifty as she mumbled, "I-I have heard of that author before, but I don't know her. I don't know what she looks like, where she lives or what she likes to eat."

"I see." Mag nodded and lamented. "I think that author is very talented. Perhaps, you could introduce me to her if you know her. You can help me send her some knives too."

Eleanor pretended not to hear him and prepared to leave. It was simply too awkward to bump into Boss Mag.

"Eleanor, I intend to reopen this publishing house again, but I'm not a professional and the publishing house needs people. Are you willing to join my publishing house?" Mag asked Eleanor with a smile.

"Erm?" Eleanor was stunned. She looked up at Mag. "Are you saying that you want me to continue working at Delmar Publishing House?"

Mag smilingly answered, "No. It will be an all new Mamy Publishing House."

Eleanor looked at Mag's gentle and kind smiley face and nodded without any hesitation. "I'm willing!"

"Very good. Bring me around this publishing house first." Mag pushed open the door. "And introduce me to your former colleagues too."

"Alright." Eleanor quickly caught up and brought Mag around the publishing house.

The publishing house's most valuable asset was this building. It took up 90% in the auction.

The publishing house had built up some works, but they were mostly unknown and the publishing house had barely survived all these years.

However, even though the publishing house was small, it still contained the essentials. This publishing house had all the essential staff members and it had the ability to publish a book.

Mag listened to Eleanor's fairly just introductions of her former colleagues, so he decided against inviting everyone back.

He didn't have the plan to publish a lot of works currently. The first piece of work would be "Love of a Succubus". He didn't need help for typesetting and printing.

"From today onwards, you will be the company's deputy chief editor. Your monthly salary will be 6,000 copper coins," Mag said to Eleanor.

Chapter 2360: Teacher Mag Is Starting His Class Soon

Eleanor was ecstatic. The 6,000 copper coins salary was 2,000 copper coins more than her previous salary.

Promotion and a pay raise!

She had never expected to achieve that after her boss was arrested.

Eleanor's tiredness went away and she energetically asked Mag, "What do I need to do now?"

After pondering for a while, Mag said, "For the next few days, just come to the company every day to maintain its cleanliness. There's nothing for you to do right now."

Huh?" Eleanor was stunned.

"I'm preparing for a book, but it's not ready to be published yet." Mag explained.

Eleanor nodded. Although she didn't know what Mag was preparing, as an obedient employee, she naturally wouldn't ask if the boss didn't want to say.

Mag continued speaking, "And, go get those employees who are not paid yet. Ask them to come get their salary here three days later at 10 a.m. If they don't have a job, they can take part in the interview. I might employ a few more new employees too."

"Are you going to give them their salary?" Eleanor was shocked.

They already didn't harbor any hopes with regard to getting their salary. She didn't expect Mag to bring this up himself.

"Yes. I have gotten this company's assets, so I have to take over the debts at the same time. This is the rule set before the auction." Mag smiled. "I will have to bother you with this matter."

"No worries. I will notify all of them." Eleanor nodded in acknowledgement.

"These are the company's keys. You shall keep one set of them." Mag handed a bunch of keys to Eleanor.

Eleanor accepted them, feeling very flattered. In the past, other than the boss, only the chief editor held the second set of keys.

"Do a good job and you will have plenty of chances for promotions and pay increments." Mag encouraged her.

"Yes." Eleanor nodded gravely. However, she was thinking, There are only two people in this company. What can I be promoted to? Is this the reason why I am the deputy chief editor instead of the chief editor?

Mag looked up at the signboard.

Eleanor had great situational awareness. She immediately said, "I'll get someone to remove it later."

Mag replied, "I'll make the new signboard myself. You will handle the old one, and get someone to dispose of the things in the publishing house."

"Everything?"

"Yes. I intend to renovate the publishing house. It's too outdated." Mag nodded. He was reminded of that uncomfortable sofa in the boss' office.

"Alright."

Eleanor swallowed what she had intended to say. She thought, This boss is so generous. Delmar that scrooge repaired that broken sofa over and over again and the employees' office furniture was all bought from the second hand market.

Mag nodded and rode away on his bicycle.

It was not bad to have an obedient employee. Being a general without an army would be very frustrating.

He had a publishing house now and the Night Elves could handle the printing. All he needed now was a popular book.

Mag was rather confident about Cynthia's potential.

Mag returned to the restaurant and saw a maiden staring up at a pear tree that was blossoming at the restaurant's door.

Mag stopped the bicycle and smilingly asked Luna, who was wearing a long cotton dress, "Teacher Luna, what brought you here?"

"You're back." Luna turned around to look at Mag with a gentle smile too. "I came to discuss the school's classes with Mr. Mag today. The children showed great results after having one week of classes. After a discussion, we felt that we could start some practical courses, so that the children could experience and adapt to them."

"Let's go in and discuss this slowly. The restaurant is not open for business today." Mag opened the door and entered.

Luna followed him in. She casually asked him as she watched him bring the drinks out from the kitchen, "Is your wife at home today?"

"She went out on an errand." Mag placed a glass of warm water in front of Luna.

"Oh. What a coincidence. She must be a very beautiful woman."

"Yes. She's a very beautiful woman." Mag nodded with a smile.

Luna smiled and placed a timetable on the table. "Please take a look at the timetable. I'll arrange two classes per week. One class on Monday and one class on Friday. Each class is 2 hours long each. What do you think about it?"

"If there are no emergencies, I can promise I'll be present for all the classes." Mag nodded with a smile. Luna avoided the restaurant's operation hours and gave him ample time in advance. She was being very considerate.

As for the class being two hours long, it was in fact suggested by Mag himself.

Learning to cook and learning about knowledge in class was different. They had to practice. Without ample practice, you couldn't be an excellent chef even if you were a genius.

Mag only had two lessons per week, which was a total of four hours. To train an excellent chef, this amount of time was far from being ample.

However, Mag loved to accept challenges. Making a bunch of little ones fall in love with cooking, training them into being the best chefs on the Norland Continent and making Hope School into the West Point in the culinary world. Just thinking about it made him excited!

"Are we going to select the students tomorrow?" Mag asked.

"Yes. We have already notified the children about the practical courses and let them volunteer for them." Luna nodded and revealed a smile. "We've got the most children selecting your God of Cookery advanced courses. There are over 400 of them."

"I'm actually that popular?" Mag was a little shocked. He thought that being a chef was tough and tiring, so the children would most likely like it the least.

"These children are afraid of poverty. At least, they don't have to worry about starving if they become a chef," Luna said softly with a pitiful gaze.

Mag's heart constricted too. He remembered how Amy was munching happily on the tough pancake when he had just transmigrated over to this world. Some of the children had a much tougher time than that.

"I can only take in 100 students for the first term. Seems like I have to eliminate many children hardheartedly," Mag said with a sad smile.

"What requirements do you have? We can eliminate some children first to lessen your workload tomorrow," Luna asked.

Mag pondered for a while before saying, "Children who are too small can't reach the stove and can't lift the pots, so we will set the minimum requirements at being 1.30 meters tall and lifting half a pot of water with one hand. I will decide on the rest after I meet the children."

Luna nodded and took out a pen and notebook to write the requirement down.

Luna put away the pen and paper and asked Mag with concern, "I heard that you had some trouble with gossip lately. Is it all settled?"