

## Stay At home 571

### Chapter 571 What are you doing, system?

“F\*ck you, system!”

A bolt of silver lightning as thick as a bucket descended from up above and struck his head.

Electrical currents instantly ran through his entire body, making his limbs spasm uncontrollably as if he were performing an ungainly dance.

That night, all of the residents of Chaos City heard a resounding thunderclap which roused many people from their slumber. However, given the fact that there wasn't a single cloud in the sky, none of them could figure out where the thunderclap had come from.

“Mother, I just saw a man dancing under a bolt of lightning!” a young boy yelled excitedly.

“Hurry up and get your a\*ss to bed or I'll make you dance under this belt!” The curtains were abruptly closed by a stern-looking woman, obscuring Mag from view.

After what seemed like an eternity, Mag finally regained feeling in his body. He wiggled his fingers and touched his face, only for his fingertips to go numb following a loud crackle. He immediately put down his hand, and grumbled internally, “System, I'm just trying to redeem a strength point, why do you keep bringing lightning strikes down on me? I'm not transcending a tribulation!”

His clothes were charred black, and soot was falling like rain from his body. Thankfully, his crown jewels were still intact.

The system's smug voice sounded. “You were the one who requested to redeem an entire strength point in one go. Due to the severity of the injuries you've sustained three years ago, a more powerful electrical stimulus is required to recover vitality in your cells. That's why the system is incorporating many types of cutting-edge technologies to direct artificial lightning strikes down on you. Shouldn't you be praising the wonders of science instead of complaining?”

Mag rolled his eyes, and couldn't be bothered to argue with the system. Instead, he began to assess the changes in his body. The lingering numbness was quickly fading as he took a few tentative steps forward. His strength was slowly returning to him, and he was struck by a brand-new feeling. It was the feeling of improved power, and that sensation was still on the rise.

Mag paused at the edge of the balcony. The numbness from the lightning strike had already completely disappeared, and he clenched his fists tightly, basking in a sensation that was both foreign and familiar at the same time. He felt as if he were powerful enough to kill an Ironhide Bull with a single punch.

So this is what it feels like to have the strength of a 3rd-tier knight. As expected, this world is an extraordinary place. This energy circulating within my body must be the so-called soul power, right? Mag closed his eyes and carefully assessed the matter flowing through his body, which seemed to be both a liquid and a gas at the same time, kind of like plasma.

Soul power was something that was unique on the Norland Continent. Magic casters could cultivate spiritual power through meditation, dragons were born with powerful physiques and the inherent ability

to constantly evolve, demons could evolve through the power of their bloodlines, forest trolls... Everything had its own unique way of progressing in power.

However, the comparatively frail humans were able to establish themselves on the Norland Continent and gradually developed to become one of the eight major species. This was partly due to the awakening of magic casters, but a large part of this could be attributed to their discovery and mastery of soul power. This gave even normal humans a method to quickly progress in power, thereby allowing them to stand up against the other major races.

Soul power could allow a human to constantly increase the upper limit of their potential, and could grant them incredible power and speed. That was why humans knights didn't need to fear powerful demons and why top-tier knights like Mag Alex were even able to slay dragons.

However, soul power was not something that everyone could cultivate, either. Less than one percent of humans could become knights, and only knights who reached the 3rd-tier could cultivate soul power. Soul power was imperative for further progression, so without it, one would forever be relegated to the realm of a 2nd-tier knight.

Mag opened his eyes and pulled out the box within which his longsword was contained. He stepped forward and drew his sword before piercing through the air. A glint of cold light shimmered along the surface of the blade, and it was as if the very air itself had been sliced open.

A smile appeared on Mag's face. It was the same old sword form, but it was clearly faster than before. All he had to do now was to improve his swordsmanship so it could correspond with his current power level.

He sheathed his sword and cleaned up the tattered rags on the ground. He was planning to take a bath before entering the test field for the God of Cookery to learn how to make mooncakes, as well as for some further sword practice.

However, he was abruptly taken aback by his own reflection in the mirror after entering the bathroom.

Within the mirror was a man wearing only a pair of charred black shorts with skin that was pitch-black. He was like a miner who had just emerged at the conclusion of a shift. Only his teeth remained white, and he had been given a very stylish afro.

"System, the lightning strike to progress to the 3rd-tier is already this powerful; won't I be zapped to death eventually?" Mag looked at his reflection with a peculiar look on his face.

"Don't worry, the system won't do something so cruel to you." The system offered words of consolation as it said, "We'll take it slowly so it'll be a steady progression."

Mag was just about to heave a sigh of relief when he recalled that the system was not to be trusted. Who knew if the progression was actually going to be slow and steady, or if the system was going to throw him into the deep end?

Mag shuddered to imagine the horrific experience of having an even more powerful bolt of lightning striking him from above.

However, that was something to worry about in the future. Thus, Mag rid himself of that train of thought, and began to scrub himself down. The layer of soot was quickly washed away, returning his skin to its original pallor. In fact, it seemed to be even softer and fairer than before.

The thin and scrawny body he'd once had now recovered to a normal standard. He didn't have a set of exaggerated muscles, but his physique was quite even and powerful. He could clearly see a six-pack on his abdomen too; overall, he was very satisfied. This was his ideal physique.

He looked away from the mirror and changed into his pajamas before carefully sneaking back into the room. As soon as he lay down on his bed, he opened the shiny golden experience bag in his mind.

A stream of information flowed into his mind, quickly intermingling with his memories to be assimilated as his own experience.

Mag closed his eyes and quickly digested the information within the experience bag. He opened his eyes after a long while and a peculiar look appeared on his face as he asked, "What are you doing, system? You're listing five kernel mooncake as the most delicious flavor? You could've picked literally any other flavor, and it would've been better than five kernel mooncake! Mooncake should be sweet and smooth, not coarse and bland!"

#### **Chapter 572 Is This Not Worthy of Your Tears?**

"You are discriminating against mooncake flavors in an unjust manner. As a candidate to become the God of Cookery, such unprofessional words should not come from your mouth." The system's serious voice sounded before it launched into a detailed explanation. "There are many, many types of mooncakes in China. When splitting them up in terms of their regions of production, these include Beijing mooncakes, Suzhou mooncakes, Taiwan mooncakes, Yunnan mooncakes, Hong Kong mooncakes, Chaoshan mooncakes, Anhui mooncakes, Zhejiang mooncakes, and Shanxi mooncakes.

"In terms of flavors, there are sweet, savory, sweet and savory, as well as spicy mooncakes. In terms of filling, there are osmanthus mooncakes, plum blossom mooncakes, fiver kernel mooncakes, bean paste mooncakes, crystal sugar mooncakes, ginkgo mooncakes, meat floss mooncakes, sesame seed mooncakes, bacon mooncakes, egg yolk mooncakes, etc.

"There are also all types of mooncake skins that differentiate in flavor and texture. There are also mooncakes with smooth or decorated edges. Countless types of combinations exist, and all of them fill a certain niche. As a chef, what you should be doing is to make each and every type of mooncake taste as good as you possibly can, not judge and discriminate between flavors based on your own narrow-minded preferences.

"Also, is five kernel mooncake really that difficult to swallow? No; there are no terrible foods, only terrible chefs. In that case, I'll have you start off by making the most delicious five kernel mooncake."

"..." Mag's raised an eyebrow with a peculiar look on his face as he asked, "Which wiki did you copy and paste all of this information from? I'm also aware of the fact that there are countless types of mooncakes out there, but I'm really struggling to imagine how it would be a good idea to add meat to a mooncake. Plus, you're telling to make a delicious five kernel mooncake? Are you just picking on me now?"

“Cooking depends solely on the ingredients used and the efforts expended. As long as you have the best ingredients and focus wholeheartedly on the cooking process, even the strangest recipes can produce delicious food. I’m going to bestow upon you the cooking methods for eight types of mooncakes. I hope you can master all of them during this time,” the system replied in a serious manner.

“Alright, having a few more flavors will be a good idea. Perhaps it can make the moon festival celebration more memorable for everyone.” Mag nodded in response, even though he was fretting about having to learn the cooking methods for eight types of mooncakes and squeeze in some sword practice in such a short timeframe.

After pushing open the door to the test field for the God of Cookery using his consciousness, a white light flashed as he arrived in a kitchen. There was a set of new utensils and mooncake molds sitting on the cooking bench.

I used to think the five kernel mooncake tasted alright back when I was a kid, but the older I grew, the more skeptical toward it I became. No matter how I thought about it, it was weird to have almonds, peach kernels, peanuts, hemp kernels, and sunflower seeds in a mooncake. Mag was still rather skeptical, but he focused his attention on the recipe for the five kernel mooncake. Each and every step had been broken down very precisely, and only after a long while did he begin cooking.

Making a mooncake involved many complex procedures. The production of the skin and filling and the baking process all required exemplary skills. However, after making so much baiji bread, making mooncake skin wasn’t a difficult task for Mag. As for the filling, he had the molds to help him. All he had to do was to stuff the ingredients in the specified proportions into the molds before wrapping them in mooncake skins, so that wasn’t very difficult, either. An oven was to be used for the baking process. After baking the mooncake to a golden-brown color, a layer of liquid egg yolk had to be applied before some further baking. After that, the five kernel mooncake would be complete.

Mag picked up a large handful of flour. The pristine white flour contained no coarse granules whatsoever, and it appeared to be slightly different from the flour used to make baiji bread. The golden almonds were large and supple, while the white peach kernels, purple-skinned peanuts, hemp kernels, and sunflower seeds all exuded their own unique aromas.

Mag picked up a sunflower seed before placing it into his mouth. He chewed down on it, and a delightful flavor spread within his mouth, leaving a fragrant aftertaste even after swallowing

“System, what sunflower seeds are these?” Mag asked.

“They’re Qiaqia brand[1] sunflower seeds,” the system replied.

“Do you think you’re funny?” Mag pursed his lips in response. The quality of these sunflower seeds equaled the quality of all of the ingredients produced by the system. Just a single sunflower seed could bring a joyful culinary experience. If all of the other nuts and seeds were of the same standard, then just grabbing a handful of them and stuffing them into one’s mouth would create quite a delicious flavor combination.

However, Mag was feeling a little forlorn that such fantastic nuts and seeds had to be made into five kernel mooncake. It was a horrendous waste.

“The system selectively bred these sunflower seeds on the plateaus of the Tablata Mountain. An average of over 16 hours of sun exposure per day is guaranteed, and the seeds were all planted in extremely fertile black soil. The best and most supple seeds were then chosen, and it was ensured that all of the seeds were of the exact same size. There is not a single rotten seed among them. The almonds were...” The system launched into its customary introduction of all of the ingredients, listing a series of strange locations, many of which Mag actually had some recollection of as Mag Alex had once been those places. Many of them were very significant locations to the races that inhabited those lands, and under normal circumstances, no one would even dare to think about farming there.

“System, I also want to make mooncakes of exceptional quality, but I plan on supplying the mooncakes for free during the celebration tomorrow, and I’ll only be making them for one day per year; can we use ingredients that won’t be of as high a standard?” After hearing the system’s extensive introduction, Mag could tell that it was about to try and sell the seeds and nuts to him.

The system’s serious voice sounded in response. “As an exceptional chef, it is your most basic duty to cook every single dish to the highest standard possible. Choosing inferior ingredients when there are clearly better alternatives available is disrespectful to your customers and an insult to your integrity as a chef.”

“Do you think I’m retarded? I don’t know how many people are going to attend the celebration, but it definitely won’t be less than the number of spectators tonight. Even if each person only eats a single mooncake, I’ll have to give out over 2,000 mooncakes for free. I’ll be incurring a massive loss if the ingredients cost too much!” Mag rolled his eyes before proposing, “How about this? You said the sunflower seeds selected were one in 100, right? I’ll take the 99% of seeds that you discarded. I’ll take all of the discarded seeds and nuts as long as they’re not rotten. In any case, just offload all of the ingredients that are to be discarded to me. It would be quite a waste to just throw them out, so I’ll use them for some philanthropy. I’ll purchase them based on the current market prices. I make zero profit from this transaction; I’m just helping out a diligent farmer like you.”

“It sounds like it makes sense, but I can’t help but feel like something’s off...” The system was a little hesitant as it asked, “So am I supposed to become emotional and thank you for your kindness?”

“Is this not worthy of your tears?” Mag answered the system’s question with one of his own. A faint smile appeared on his face as he washed his hands before beginning to massage the dough.

The eight types of mooncake flavors included five kernel, sweet bean paste, crystal sugar, osmanthus, meat floss, black sesame seed, bacon, and egg yolk fillings. Among them, there were also going to be snow skin, mixed sugar skin, and crispy skin mooncakes. This was going to be a rather difficult challenge for Mag.

### **Chapter 573 Where is Alex?**

In a small courtyard located in the northern region of Chaos City, there were eight black-robed men with black clothes obscuring their faces. They were sitting in a dimly lit room in front of a long table.

The black-robed man sitting at the head of the table looked at all of his companions as he said, “This is already the 10th day that we’ve been here in Chaos City, and our search has still remained completely fruitless. We’ve searched every nook and cranny, but were still unable to find any leads. As such, I

propose a change in strategy. Let's search for half-elf girls between three to five years of age as our target instead."

"But Team Leader, before Commander Seuss left, he told us to continue searching each area according to our preconceived plan. Is it really a good idea to suddenly change our target now?" a thin black-robed man asked hesitantly. The other black-robed figures were also rather hesitant.

"Commander Seuss has actually already given up on Chaos City. Both he and the second prince think that it's much more likely for him to appear in the Demon Islands instead of Chaos City." Narson shook his head, and said, "But we haven't received any orders to leave Chaos City yet, so we can only continue our search."

"If that's the case, then there's no need for us to continue searching, is there? Perhaps Commander Seuss will find that person really quickly."

"He's right. Commander Seuss must have received some more reliable information that led him to the Demon Islands."

All of the black-robed figures offered their own opinions for consideration.

"We receive news like this every single day, and we've been to the Demon Islands countless times, all to no avail." Narson shook his head as he said, "I still think that he's most likely hiding in Chaos City as hiding here makes him less noticeable than if he were hiding in a secluded forest or mountain."

"You all know who that man is. We weren't able to confirm his death three years ago, but if he really is alive and we find and kill him in Chaos City, all of us will become heroes of among us Black Falcons." Narson looked at everyone and raised his voice gradually as he continued, "The massive reward we'd receive would guarantee us a lavish lifestyle, even if we were to retire with immediate effect. If you'd like to remain as Black Falcon, your accolades will ensure that you'll become an esteemed figure like our commander, and you'll be revered by all of the other Black Falcons."

All of the black-robed figures' eyes gradually lit up as they looked at Narson.

One of the black-robed figures was appraising Narson with a scorching gaze as he said, "Tell us what you want us to do, Team Leader; we'll listen to everything you say!"

Narson nodded, and said, "It's very simple: we'll use the most crude and also the most effective method. Divide the city up into blocks and search for a half-elf girl between three to five years of age block by block. That would clearly be an easier target to find than a crippled young man. I'll take a trip to the city lord's castle tomorrow under the guise of searching for a missing half-elf girl. The city lord's castle will then be led to helping us in our search. Make sure not to rush in your search; precision and care are more important than speed in this case."

"I've been following Louis for over half a year and haven't seen him exhibit any abnormal behavior or communicate with someone using a secret method. Perhaps he wasn't all that close to Alex, after all? He's just a crippled merchant now; maybe the prince was wrong to be skeptical of him? His probation period will be up in another month, and I can stop spying on him. Nothing has happened for so long; surely nothing will happen in this final month." On a large tree outside a tavern, a black-robed man was

lurking in the lush crown. His gaze was focused intently on the pacing figure in the room on the second floor of the tavern. After a while, the light in the room was snuffed out.

“Where is Alex?”

Bertley stayed on the tree for a long while, and only got down after verifying that his observation target had gone to bed. He quickly disappeared into a pitch-black alley. After a short while, a messenger pigeon flew out of the Chaos City, heading to the north.

Eight types of mooncakes required eight different cooking methods and posed eight different challenges. Mag honed each and every one to perfection, only beginning his sword practice after satisfying the system’s requirements.

The next morning, Mag was roused by his alarm clock. He turned off the alarm and got out of bed, once again basking in the sensation of his newfound strength. A smile appeared on his face, and he planted a kiss on Amy’s forehead before going downstairs to prepare ingredients for the breakfast service.

A long line had already gathered outside the restaurant. Many of the people in the line had seen the cooking contest between Mag and Ricky the day prior, and were arriving bright and early so they could have a taste of Mag’s roast beef kebabs.

When Sally and Yabemiya arrived, they were both stunned to see the line outside the restaurant-it was more than twice the length of the usual line.

“It must be because Boss won the contest against that rotisserie owner yesterday. All of these customers must be here for Boss’ roast beef kebabs,” Yabemiya said with a thoughtful expression.

“Roast beef kebabs?” Sally turned to Yabemiya with a perplexed look.

“Let me fill you in on what happened last night, Aisha. I didn’t have anything to do last night, so I came over to the restaurant, and Boss and Amy just so happened to have come back...” Yabemiya delivered an account of what had taken place the night prior. At the conclusion of her story, her face lit up with excitement as she said, “Boss’ roast beef kebabs are really super delicious! I’ve never had such delicious roast meat in my life. Also, Boss says we’re going to be holding a moon... a moon festival celebration at our restaurant today. We’re going to invite a lot of customers to have this thing called a mooncake, and I’m really looking forward to it.”

“I can’t believe I missed out on such a spectacular cooking contest.” Sally wore a wistful expression on her face after hearing Yabemiya’s story. She had visited the restaurant in the morning and at noon the day before, but Mag hadn’t returned on those occasions, so she didn’t visit the restaurant at night. In doing so, she had missed out on what had surely been a marvelous spectacle.

Sally and Yabemiya entered the restaurant, and all of the customers’ eyes lit up upon seeing that. The restaurant door soon opened, and Mag emerged from within with his bicycle. He was also slightly taken aback by the massive line outside. He looked at the countless pairs of expectant eyes staring at him, and gave an awkward chuckle as he said, “We’re not open yet. I’m taking my daughter to school first. I’ll open the restaurant when I get back.”

#### **Chapter 574 Boss, I Want 10 Roast Beef Kebabs!**

A chorus of dejected sighs rang out as the bicycle slowly departed. It appeared that a lot of patience was

required to get a taste of the delicious roast beef kebabs. Some of the people in the line were also praising Amy for how adorable she looked in her little magician robes.

Mag carried Krassu's breakfast with him as he walked into Chaos School with Amy's little hand in his. The old man and orc at the entrance both greeted them, and appraised Amy with expressions of approval. This little girl had defended the honor of Chaos School against the challengers from the Roth Empire. This was a widely known story in Chaos School, and everyone viewed her as a little heroine.

Amy gave polite responses to everyone who greeted her in the schoolyard. She did not become more haughty or inflated from the attention that she was receiving.

"Father, it seems like everyone really likes me." Amy looked up at Mag with an elated expression.

"They do. Our Little Amy beat up all the baddies, so everyone really likes you now. You have to keep it up from now on, and more and more people will like you." Mag nodded with a smile. Who wouldn't love an adorable little girl like Amy?

After walking further into the schoolyard, Mag noticed a group of dwarves working busily on a construction project on a plot of empty land.

Amy pointed at that plot of land, and said, "Teacher Krassu says he's going to build a magic room over there. I'll be taking my lessons there after the magic room is built."

"I see. Looks like you'll be able to take your lessons in a larger and more interesting classroom in the future." Mag's eyes lit up upon hearing that. Krassu had once promised him and Amy that he would build her a brand-new professional magic room. Mag had thought that it would take a while before Krassu delivered on that promise, and was surprised to see that construction had commenced already.

Constructing a high-level magic room was a very expensive endeavor, particularly when the magic room had to be erected in accordance with Krassu's lofty standards. It was quite clear that Chaos School wouldn't be able to produce such a large sum of money, so Krassu had clearly paid for this from his own pocket.

As soon as Mag entered the magic room, he was greeted by a string of interrogation from Krassu. "Boss Mag, how could you take Amy with you to ditch classes? I don't mind if she ditches classes from time to time, but why do you always get her to ditch my classes? Setting that aside for now, do you know how long I waited for you to bring me breakfast yesterday? Why does an old man like me still have to suffer through such hardships?!"

"Um..." Mag scratched his head in an awkward manner. It wasn't as if he could decide which classes Amy ditched. The times selected by the system just so happened to coincide with Krassu's classes; he couldn't do anything about it.

"Here's your breakfast. I went out to procure some ingredients for a new dish that my restaurant is releasing today. You can come and taste it at noon if you'd like." Mag hurriedly handed over the breakfast box in his hand to Krassu. He knew that this seemingly benevolent old man was not very pleasant when enraged.

"A new dish?" Krassu was immediately intrigued as he accepted the container.



Amy nodded in confirmation, and said, "That's right, Teacher Krassu. Father's new roast beef kebabs are super, super delicious. You should go and have a taste at lunch; you'll definitely love it!"

Krassu nodded reluctantly as he looked at Mag, and said, "Alright, I guess I can forgive you this time, then. But if you're going to take Amy with you to ditch classes next time, you have to ditch Urien's lesson instead. Otherwise, he's going to get more time with Amy, and he's going to boast about how Amy has become more proficient in long-range magic than melee magic."

"Alright, I'll do my best to pick a suitable time next time." Mag nodded before patting Amy's head with a smile as he said, "I have to go back to my restaurant now. I'll leave Amy in your care."

"Bye-bye, Father." Amy waved at Mag before entering the magic room with Krassu.

After departing from Chaos School, Mag rode his bicycle back to his restaurant. On the way, he stopped by Ricky's Rotisserie, and the doors were tightly shut. There was no one in the restaurant, and everything was strewn around in a chaotic manner. It appeared that the restaurant had been cleaned the night before, but all of the tables and chairs were still there. The overall structure of the restaurant hadn't been damaged, either, so it could be opened for business again after a simple renovation.

Ricky's Rotisserie was about three times the size of Mamy Restaurant, taking up an area in excess of 200 square meters. Furthermore, it was situated quite close to the entrance of the square, which was an ideal location far better than the site on which Mamy Restaurant was situated. Just those two factors alone could ensure that this restaurant could be rented out for tens of thousands of copper coins per month.

If someone were to try and purchase it, they would have to spend at least an eight-figure sum, but Mag had won it for free.

There were too many things going on the night before, so Mag was too busy to transfer the restaurant's ownership rights to himself. He was preparing to make a trip to the city lord's castle after the breakfast service so he could officially become the owner of this restaurant.

If he were to sell the restaurant, he would be able to make quite a fortune. A shopfront in such a fantastic location would definitely attract plenty of prospective buyers. However, after contemplating the issue last night, Mag had already made up his mind. He wasn't planning to sell the restaurant. Instead, he was going to make it the first Mamy Restaurant branch.

Aside from the shopfront on the first floor, he could also make good use of the space on the second floor, thereby providing Mamy Restaurant with more than enough space for expansion.

This shopfront is even better than I expected, but I'll still have to successfully swindle the system for this plan to go ahead. A branch would bring in more revenue, but I shouldn't be in a hurry to expand at this point in time. I should focus on making more improvements before trying to expand. Mag nodded with a satisfied look at the sight of the abandoned Ricky's Rotisserie before riding his bicycle back to the restaurant.

When Mag returned to the restaurant, Sally and Miya had already finished having breakfast. Mag changed into his chef's suit and took a glance at the clock on the wall before quickly striding over the restaurant's entrance. He opened the restaurant's doors and smiled as he greeted, "Welcome."

The people outside flooded into the restaurant, and soon, all of the seats had been filled.

"Boss, I want 10 roast beef kebabs!"

"I also want 10!"

"You're going to make the customers behind us jealous! With that in mind, I'll only order nine kebabs!"

Many of the customers immediately made their orders without even looking at the menu. They had come with the sole purpose of tasting the new roast beef kebabs.

### **Chapter 575 Claiming the New Restaurant**

"My apologies, but due to the large number of customers today, the roast beef kebabs will be limited to a maximum of five per person," Mag announced with a smile. A large proportion of the customers in the line had clearly come for his kebabs, and there was no way he could supply an unlimited amount of them for every customer. As such, he was placing a cap on the number of kebabs that could be purchased so more customers could taste the dish.

"Alright, then I'll get five."

"With five cubes of beef on each kebab, five kebabs should be just enough to fill my stomach."

The customers near the front of the line were a little disappointed to hear this, but they soon came to accept this cap. At the same time, the customers behind them heaved a collective sigh of relief. The cap would at least ensure that they would have a chance to taste the kebabs.

"Also, our Mamy Restaurant will be holding a moon festival celebration tonight. I've prepared mooncakes, and everyone is free to attend. The mooncakes will be given out free of charge, so do stop by if you have some time later tonight." Mag extended an invitation to all of the customers present.

"A moon festival celebration? With free mooncakes?"

"I can't miss this! I wonder what this mooncake is, though. Is it cake made from the moon?"

"Does that mean there won't be a dinner service tonight?"

All of the customers' eyes lit up with curiosity and excitement after hearing Mag's announcement. However, Mag had already entered the kitchen without providing any further explanation. He was trying to manufacture an element of mystery and novelty that would be sure to attract everyone's interest.

"There are three different flavors for our roast beef kebabs; please choose a flavor first before you make your order." Yabemiya flipped open a menu for a customer with a smile on her face. Images of the three different flavors of the beef kebabs had already been added to the menus. The extremely vivid and life-like images of roast beef kebabs made one feel as if they could grab a kebab straight out of the page.

"They're so expensive! 300 copper coins per kebab?" The customer turned to Yabemiya with a hint of disbelief in his eyes.

Many of the customers had also flipped open their menus, and all of the first-time customers were stunned by the prices of the restaurant's dishes. Their prices were even more absurd than Ducas Restaurant's, and even the cheapest tofu pudding cost 200 copper coins per serving. This was quite a significant sum for many people. All of them also turned toward Yabemiya with inquisitive looks, wondering if the owner of the restaurant had changed the prices overnight following his victory over Ricky the day prior.

"All of our prices have remained the same since the day the restaurant first opened." Yabemiya offered a calm smile in response. She was already used to customers' skepticism for the restaurant's prices.

The customer looked at Yabemiya's calm smile, and was a little embarrassed by his own pettiness. After hesitating momentarily, he closed the menu, and said, "I'll get a spicy kebab and a barbeque-flavored kebab."

Randy's forge had only become profitable recently, and he still hadn't earned back his initial investment yet. As such, 600 copper coins was quite a large sum for him to spend on a single breakfast. However, he had witnessed the cooking contest in person the night before, and had been completely captivated by the alluring aroma of the kebabs. As such, even though it was a little expensive, he still wanted to taste the kebabs for himself.

Some of the other customers also hesitated for a while before choosing to depart. 300 copper coins was not something they could afford to splurge on breakfast.

"All of Boss Mag's dishes are premium creations, so don't complain about the prices. Being able to taste such delicious dishes at these prices is an absolute bargain."

All of Mamy Restaurant's regular customers immediately placed their orders without any hesitation. In comparison to some of the other dishes, this new dish was still within an acceptable price range.

Mag heaved a faint sigh inside the kitchen as he saw some of the customers depart. He wanted to bring delicious food to everyone, but it was quite clear that this was an impossible vision with Mamy Restaurant at its current stage. He had to earn more money to upgrade the restaurant as well as to purchase more strength points. His top priority at the moment was to earn more money in order to become more powerful.

Soon, the roasting rack that was close to two meters in length was entirely filled with beef kebabs. Mag quickly flipped the kebabs before dividing them into three batches, applying a different flavor of sauce to each batch. The rich aroma of roast meat instantly filled the entire kitchen as one kebab after another was placed onto dishes. Yabemiya then brought the dishes with kebabs out to their designated customers.

The rich aroma of roast beef spread throughout the entire restaurant, making the customers salivate incessantly. Some of the customers were still sitting on the fence, undecided about whether they were going to order the dish or not, but they finally caved in after taking a sniff of the delicious aroma.

"It's a pity that it's bad to drink alcohol in the morning. I'll come back later today to try out the beer." Many of the customers had also noticed a new beverage on the menu in the form of beer. However, it was still quite early in the morning, so no one ordered the beverage.

Harrison had arrived at the restaurant bright and early, and had finally managed to secure a batch of freshly roasted kebabs for himself. He had been thinking about the kebab the entire night, and his eyes were glowing as he looked at the five kebabs placed before him. He picked up a garlic-flavored kebab and blew on it gently. However, his impatience got the better of him in the end, and he bit off the first cube of beef even though it was still a little hot.

Oh! This flavor!

Harrison's eyes immediately widened in disbelief. The rich sauce coupled with the succulent beef set off an explosion of delicious flavors in his mouth. The aroma of the garlic wasn't overpowering at all, but blended together perfectly with the other condiments instead, creating a delightful combination.

The beef was tender and juicy. It was also quite oily, but not greasy in the slightest, and instead lent an extra dimension to the beef's texture. Compared to normal lean beef, this roast beef was undoubtedly far more delicious.

"Phew... This is incredibly delicious! It's worth far more than just 300 copper coins!" Harrison praised after swallowing the beef in his mouth. He then bit off another cube of beef and closed his eyes with a blissful expression, basking in the delectable flavor.

Similar words of praise were echoing throughout the entire restaurant. All of the customers who had been skeptical about the prices earlier had been completely won over. Some of the customers who were still standing in line made their orders anyway. After all, kebabs could be eaten while standing, and some people were in a hurry to get to work.

Hence, a large group of brisk walkers with kebabs in their hands appeared on the streets of the Aden Square. All of them were like walking advertisements for Mag's kebabs as they left a trail of irresistible aroma behind them.

Following the conclusion of the breakfast service, Mag heaved a long sigh of relief. All of the kebabs that he had prepared had been sold out, and the vast majority of the customers had gotten to taste them.

"Aisha, Miya, you two clean up the restaurant. I'm going out for a bit to claim the new restaurant." Mag removed his apron from his waist and pushed his bicycle out the door.

## **Chapter 576 Settlement for the Relatives of the Deceased Miners**

Mag parked his bicycle in front of the city lord's castle, and his eyes lit up at the sight of the grand Western-style building.

There was a series of white stone pillars, upon which were carved intricate designs. The building itself had a dome roof, with the main color scheme comprised of white and gray. The metal gates at its entrance were wide open, and the words "City Lord's Castle" had been carved above the gates in a universal language used on the continent.

This was Mag's first time visiting the city lord's castle. Last time, Dicus had come to him regarding the outdoor dining area, so he had never had the need to visit the city lord's castle.

As soon as Mag entered through the gates, a familiar voice sounded from behind him. “Boss Mag? Why have you come to the city lord’s castle? Do you need some help with something?”

Mag turned around with a smile, and replied, “Hello there, Mr. Dicus. I’m here to claim a restaurant today, and I need to visit the Aden Square management center to take care of some documents.”

“Taking over a restaurant? Are you already planning to open a new branch?” Dicus was rather taken aback.

“Not at the moment. What happened was that yesterday, a restaurant owner...” Mag shook his head with a smile before giving Dicus a brief account of what had happened the night before. Dicus was an official of the city lord’s castle, so if Mag could secure his help, the process of claiming the restaurant would be significantly simplified.

“Who would have thought that someone would dare to challenge Boss Mag to a cooking contest? His courage is certainly commendable.” Dicus chuckled as he pointed to the gates of the city lord’s castle, and said, “Seeing as both parties have signed an agreement and there were so many witnesses at the scene, the restaurant’s ownership rights do indeed belong to you now. Come with me, I’ll take you through the required procedures. You’ll have to pay a small administration fee.”

“Thank you.” Mag nodded as he followed Dicus into the city lord’s castle.

The buildings within the city lord’s castle were constructed in a way that was completely symmetrical from left to right. Many of the workers and officials of the city lord’s castle entered and exited the building on the left, while the buildings on the right were a lot quieter.

“The buildings on the left contain the departments that deal with daily matters taking place in Chaos City. They have to process many things every day, so they’re always quite busy. The buildings on the right house the departments that are responsible for deploying patrols around Chaos City, so you’ll notice that it’s a lot more peaceful over there,” Dicus explained.

“I see. Which department do you belong to in the city lord’s castle, Mr. Dicus?” Mag asked.

“I’m currently in the secretary department of the city lord’s castle, so in reality, I’m just a guy who runs errands,” Dicus replied with a smile.

“Many people would love to run errands for the city lord’s castle.” Mag chuckled as he surveyed Dicus through a renewed perspective. He didn’t know too much about the political structure of the city lord’s castle, but it was quite clear that this Mr. Dicus wasn’t just an ordinary errand boy.

Dicus led Mag to an office that had a sign which read “Aden Square management center”. Within it were about a dozen or so workers wearing uniforms of the city lord’s castle. A professional-looking middle-aged man rose to his feet with a smile on his face at the sight of Dicus, and asked, “Mr. Dicus, what can I do for you today?”

“I’m just showing Mr. Mag the way here. He needs to transfer a restaurant that he won in a contest to his name. Please give him a hand, Mr. Leed. The conference between the dragons and demons was held at Mr. Mag’s restaurant last time,” Dicus explained with a smile.

A hint of surprise appeared in Leed's eyes as he turned to Mag, and said, "I see. Please take a seat, Mr. Mag, our management center will be sure to assist you to the best of our ability. Seeing as you won the restaurant in the contest, may I ask if you brought the agreement along with you?"

"I did; here it is." Mag nodded as he produced the agreement which had been signed by both Ricky and himself.

Leed was even more surprised after reading through the contents of the agreement, but he still filed it away carefully. He turned to Mag with a smile, and said, "Alright, thank you for bringing this copy of the agreement to me. We'll be verifying the authenticity of the agreement as well as the contest, then conduct a valuation of the restaurant before informing you of the results. You'll only need to pay a small administration fee before the ownership rights are transferred to your name."

"Alright, thank you for your help." Mag nodded in response. He didn't think that the process would be so simple, and it came as a pleasant surprise to him. After all, his time was far more valuable than an administration fee.

"You're welcome. We'll be getting into contact with you soon," Leed said with a smile.

After exiting the management center, Dicus turned to Mag, and asked, "I went to visit Principal Hydle this morning, and he told me that some new developments have been made in the steam engine that he's working on. I have to go and inform the city lord of this good news. Is there anything else you would like my help with, Mr. Mag?"

"That's all I came here for today. Thank you for your assistance, Mr. Dicus." Mag shook his head in response. He hadn't seen Hydle for a while, so he didn't know what new developments had been made. This was not necessarily good news for him, as it could force him to accelerate the implementation of his plan. After pondering the issue momentarily, Mag asked, "By the way, I'm a little curious about how the city lord's castle processed the issue regarding the families of the deceased miners. Would you be able to reveal any details to me, Mr. Dicus?"

"I almost forgot that you were one of the people on the scene when the incident took place. Not only that, but you played an instrumental role during the process. As such, of course I can inform you of the recent developments." Dicus put on a serious expression as he replied, "The city lord's castle has funded a project to upgrade the living conditions of the families of the deceased miners, and that project is nearing completion. The living conditions of those families will be improved significantly as a result. At the same time, the city lord's castle had launched a thorough investigation into the compensation that was withheld from the families and issued those payments again, making sure that the money reached the designated targets this time. All of the children at suitable age in that area were given an opportunity to study at Chaos School, and all of the corrupt officials involved in the case have been detained. They are going to face severe punishment for their actions."

"I trust that the city lord's castle will give all of the families a fair result." Mag nodded in response. These changes were undoubtedly going to completely change the lives of those families, and they showed the sincerity of the city lord's castle on this matter.

"The city lord once said that if more nosy people like Mr. Mag existed in this world, then Chaos City would be sure to become a better place." Dicus chuckled.

"I hope to never encounter an incident like this ever again. After all, this is Chaos City, is it not?" Mag shook his head as he bade farewell to Dicus before departing.

Dicus looked on at Mag's departing figure and smiled as he murmured to himself, "The city lord was right. He is indeed a very interesting man."

### **Chapter 577 Boss Mag, Do You Need Our Help?**

In the residential area for the families of the deceased miners, the dilapidated gray bungalows had all been replaced by brand-new two-story houses. The walls had been painted in vibrant colors like green, blue, pink, and a whole host of other exuberant shades, giving one a false impression that it was spring even though autumn had already arrived.

There were many dwarven artisans running around busily between the houses, while powerful orcs did the grunt work. The women and the elderly were painting the walls in exuberant colors, and the smiles on their faces were as vibrant as the colors of the paint being applied.

A group of children was running joyfully along the bluestone-paved paths, kicking around a crude football that had been constructed from vines.

One of the children kicked the ball through the air, and it just so happened to land in front of a bicycle before being crushed by the bicycle's front tire.

"Screech--"

Mag hurriedly applied the brakes, but it was already too late; the football had already been flattened into a pancake of vines. All of the children wore dumbstruck expressions as they stared at Mag's bicycle, and then at their crushed ball.

"Waaah, he crushed our ball! We've got nothing to play with now!" A child who appeared to be around four or five years of age burst into tears first. His sobs were seemingly contagious as the 20 or so children with him all burst into tears, causing a loud commotion that drew many adults to the scene.

"Don't cry, I'll get you an even better ball, how's that?" Mag hurriedly waved his hands to try and soothe the children.

"It's Amy's father!" A pleasantly surprised voice suddenly erupted from the group of children. A little girl squeezed her way forward before rushing over to Mag with a joyful expression. She looked up at Mag, and asked, "Are you here to see me? Where's Amy? Did she come with you?"

"That's right, I'm here to visit you, Jessica. Amy has lessons today, so she couldn't make it, but you'll be able to see her tonight." Mag patted Jessica's head with a smile on his face. She was still just as adorable as ever.

"It's you! You're the man from that day!" An elderly man's eyes lit up as he identified Mag.

All of the adults who were concerned that something had happened to their children were also overjoyed at the sight of Mag. They had clearly also identified their savior.

“Thank you, thank you for saving all of us.” The elderly man fell to his knees and began to kowtow to Mag.

Everyone else also fell to their knees and dragged their kids down with them as they kowtowed to Mag.

“Please get up, everyone, I only did something that was to be expected of me.” Mag hurriedly set his bicycle aside and helped the elderly man to his feet. Only then did everyone else rise to their feet, but their eyes were still filled with gratitude as they looked at Mag.

The sobbing kids looked down at their flattened ball, then up at Mag, and even though there were still tears shimmering in their eyes, none of them were crying anymore.

Mag looked at all those pairs of bright eyes with complex emotions surging through his heart. All of them were wearing new clothes, and were already looking much healthier than when he last saw them, but what they had now was something that they should’ve had all along. They shouldn’t have to be so grateful to him just for the basic rights that they were entitled to.

The entire crowd fell silent, and Mag was at a loss for words as well. After a brief awkward silence, Mag pointed at the houses with a smile, and said, “Your new houses are very beautiful.”

Everyone smiled upon hearing that.

“Mr. Mag! Welcome!” Rebecca rushed out of a pink house with an elated expression while holding a piece of fabric that she was working on.

“I’m here to visit Jessica.” Mag nodded with a smile.

“Please come in and have some water,” Rebecca hurriedly offered.

Mag was also beginning to feel uncomfortable from the widespread scrutiny he was receiving, and he nodded to acknowledge everyone before entering the pink house with Rebecca and Jessica.

The floor in the house was paved with bluestone to create a level and clean surface. The house was virtually empty with the exception of a set of secondhand table and chairs, but it was still a considerable improvement compared to the dilapidated house they were living in before.

“Please have a seat; I’ll get some water for you.” Rebecca went to another room, presumably the kitchen. Mag sat down in a chair, while Jessica sat across from him with her chin in her hands, seemingly deep in thought. Mag smiled, and asked, “What are you thinking about, Little Jessica?”

“I’m wondering if Amy is going to come over later as you told me just then that I’d be able to see her tonight.” Jessica’s eyes were glowing with anticipation.

“Amy won’t be coming tonight, but I’m here to invite you to a moon festival celebration tonight. You’ll be able to see Amy there. Would you like to come?” Mag asked with a smile.

“A festival celebration? Can I really come?” Jessica’s eyes lit up with disbelief as she looked at Mag.

“Of course. You and your mother can both come.” Mag nodded in response.

“I couldn’t trouble you again.” Rebecca emerged from the other room with a bowl of water in her hands and a rather embarrassed expression on her face.



“Not at all. I’ll be inviting a lot of people tonight, so the more, the merrier. I would love for you to come with Jessica.” Mag took a sip from the bowl of the water, and found that the water’s quality had improved significantly since last time.

Rebecca looked at Mag’s genuine expression, then at Jessica’s expectant gaze, and hesitated momentarily before nodding as she said, “Then we’ll be in your care.”

“Yay! I love celebrations!” An elated smile appeared on Jessica’s face.

Mag turned to look at the fabric and thread on the table. There was a blossoming flowered sewn onto the fabric, and it looked a little like embroidery. A curious look appeared on his face as he asked, “Are you doing embroidery?”

“Embroidery?” Rebecca turned to Mag with a quizzical expression. She saw that Mag was looking at the piece of fabric she had been working on, and an embarrassed look appeared on her face as she said, “I’m just sewing for a textiles shop. The city lord’s castle gave us all of the compensation that was withheld before, and they said that Jessica would have a chance to go to school, so I wanted to do some jobs to earn money for Jessica’s tuition.”

“Going to school is a good idea.” Mag nodded as he picked up the piece of fabric from the table. He examined it carefully, only to find that the embroidery was very intricate and well done.

“Boss Mag, here’s a dragon coin. We’ve received our compensation and the city lord’s castle has built new houses for us, so I can return the money to you now. Thank you so much.” Rebecca pulled a dragon coin out of her pocket and offered it to Mag with a grateful expression.

“I’m sure things will only get better from here.” Mag accepted the dragon coin and finished all of the remaining water in the bowl. He then got up with a smile, and said, “I look forward to seeing you two tonight. Amy really misses Little Jessica.”

“Alright, I’ll be sure to come with Jessica.” Rebecca nodded as she bade farewell to Mag.

“System, give me a football,” Mag requested internally, and a football soon appeared in the basket at the front of his bicycle. He pushed his bicycle toward the group of children, who all wore dejected expressions as they tried to force their crushed vine pancake back into a ball shape.

“Sorry for squashing your ball, kids. Here’s a new one for you.” Mag grabbed the football and offered it to the kids, who were all looking at him with resentful expressions.

The children’s eyes immediately lit up at the sight of the football. The perfectly round football with black and white pentagons and hexagons on its surface was clearly far more superior to their crude vine ball.

“Make sure not to kick this ball into sharp places or into windows.” Mag tossed the football toward the children as he offered some words of caution.

The children burst into spontaneous cheers as they rushed toward the football.

Mag shook his head with a smile before departing

Following the conclusion of the lunch service, Mag began to prepare for the upcoming moon festival celebration. News of this celebration had already spread far and wide, and many people were preparing to attend.

Of course, only Mamy Restaurant's regular customers were paying a lot of attention to this news. Those who were unfamiliar with the restaurant merely thought that it was just a marketing tactic. After all, similar marketing events were very common in the Aden Square, and larger restaurants gave out even more attractive dishes for free. Meanwhile, this restaurant was only giving out this so-called mooncake which no one had ever heard of, so there were many people who were feeling rather skeptical.

"The makeshift stage is ready. Miya, Aisha, you two carry the mooncakes onto the stage, I'll go make some more. We could be getting a lot of customers tonight." At the entrance of the restaurant, Mag wore an apron that was covered in flour as looked at Mobai and the others, who were helping him set up a makeshift stage.

"Boss Mag, do you need our help?" Xixi and Lulu approached him with smiles on their faces.

"If possible, I'd like you two to help us carry some of the finished mooncakes," Mag replied with a smile.

### **Chapter 578 Come On Out, System...**

Mag spent the entire day making mooncakes, and he canceled the dinner service so he could make as many mooncakes as possible.

There were simple decorations put up all around the restaurant, as well as some colorful lights that were wrapped around the trees outside. There were small signs on the lawn asking people not step on the grass, and an area had been cleared out behind the lawn. That was going to be the venue for the upcoming celebration, and the stage had also been set up there.

Mag's thought process was very simple. All he wanted was to celebrate the moon festival in an alternate world and spend it with both familiar and unfamiliar people.

There was no need to promote the restaurant prior to its expansion. After all, just the current customer base was more than enough for the restaurant.

"This owner sure is an amazing guy. His restaurant has only been open for just over a month, and he's already made it onto the Aden Square food competition rankings board, then taken such a large restaurant, and now, he's holding this moon festival celebration."

"Indeed. That Ricky's Rotisserie is situated near the entrance of the Aden Square, and it's got quite a large storefront too. If he moves his restaurant over there, he would be able to multiply his daily income."

"Come to think of it, we should thank the owner of Mamy Restaurant. In the past, very few customers came to our side of the Aden Square. Now, our revenue has almost doubled, and most of those new customers are coming out for an additional meal after dining at Mamy Restaurant."

"Mamy Restaurant targets a different demographic compared to us. Even their cheapest dish costs 200 copper coins per serving, so they're clearly aiming for a more high-end niche. However, even those who

aren't rich can't resist the restaurant's dishes, but they can only afford a small dessert or something of that nature, so they'll inevitably have to dine at another restaurant afterward to fill their stomachs."

"I can already feel the position of Ducas Restaurant coming under threat. If those two restaurants ever compete with each other one day, it will be a very interesting spectacle to behold."

In the distance, a few restaurant owners had gathered together again, and were discussing spiritedly among themselves. However, on this occasion, the atmosphere was a lot more peaceful and cheerful.

A horse-drawn carriage traveled past them en route to Mamy Restaurant. Gloria took a glance out at the restaurant with a slightly nervous look on her face.

"Will Mr. Mag agree?" she whispered to herself. However, her expression gradually became more determined, and she clenched her fists as she said, "This is the only opportunity for me to turn the tables. I have to secure Mr. Mag's permission no matter what."

The horse-drawn carriage stopped in front of the restaurant, and Gloria disembarked. Mag just so happened to be turning around to go into the restaurant when Gloria suddenly called out, "Mr. Mag, please wait."

"Ms. Gloria, do you need something from me?" Mag turned around to look at Gloria with a hint of surprise on his face. She hadn't visited his restaurant for quite a few days.

"Yes, I would like to discuss something with you. Are you free at the moment?" Gloria nodded in response. Her hands were nervously balled up into tight fists, but she was still looking intently into Mag's eyes.

"I don't know what you would like to discuss with me, but if it won't take too long, then please come in. The restaurant is holding a moon festival celebration soon, so I don't have much time," Mag replied with a smile.

"This won't take long at all." An elated expression appeared on Gloria's face, and she hurriedly nodded before entering the restaurant.

"Please take a seat. What would you like to discuss with me today, Ms. Gloria?" Mag poured a cup of water for Gloria and gently placed it on the table in front of her.

Gloria looked at Mag's encouraging expression, and her nerves were soothed significantly. She sat down in a chair, and hesitated momentarily before saying, "Mr. Mag, I'm here to secure your permission to use the designs of Amy's dresses."

"The designs of Amy's dresses?" Mag was rather perplexed as he looked into Gloria's genuine eyes.

"Let me introduce myself: my name is Gloria Moreton, and I am the granddaughter of the leader of the Moreton Family. I am also one of two candidates to inherit the position of family leader; the other one is my uncle, Cyril Moreton," Gloria gave a solemn introduction.

"Oh?" Mag raised an eyebrow with a hint of surprise in his eyes upon hearing that.

The Moreton Family had controlled the Chamber of Commerce for several decades, and they were one of the first families that he wanted to revolutionize as part of his plan. Due to the existence of Jeffree

Moreton, the Moreton Family and the Chamber of Commerce had become the biggest advocates for discrimination of half-breeds in Chaos City.

However, what came as a shock to Mag was that the beautiful woman who had only discarded her veil after being cured by his tofu pudding was one of the candidates to become the Moreton Family's leader. This information was something that was not included in the files that he had secured from the detective agency, so his first thought was that she had to be lying.

"My father is Lance Moreton; he was once a candidate for the heir of the Moreton Family. However, he relinquished that right after becoming a teacher at Chaos School. After taking off my veil, I made a bet with my grandfather, and became a candidate to the heirloom in my father's place. You told me to pursue my dreams, didn't you?" Gloria asked.

"I see, then I must congratulate you, Ms. Gloria, but what does this have to do with Amy's dress designs?" Mag's brows unfurrowed upon hearing that. Everything made sense now. From the information that he had obtained, he knew that Jeffree Moreton's eldest son really did have an 18-year-old daughter. However, there was very little information about her that was available; even her name was a mystery. Who would have thought that she would be none other than the timid beauty under the veil?

"Even though I became a candidate to the heirloom, my grandfather clearly doesn't really want to hand the Moreton Family over to me. He simply wants to use me to pressure Cyril so he'll be forced to grow and mature. As such, my grandfather gave me the ownership of a textile shop that had been incurring losses for several consecutive years, and he gave me only a month to make it a profitable business. If I'm unable to do so, the textiles shop will be closed down, and my probation will be over." Gloria looked into Mag's eyes with an earnest expression, and said, "Hence, I thought of a way to make money using the stock in the shop, some of which is already several years old. I decided to make it into clothes of different sizes; as for the styles and designs, I thought of the clothes that you had designed for Amy and the employees of your restaurant. The clothes are all very beautiful and unique. If I can incorporate those designs into the production of my clothing, I'm sure the end product will be very popular."

"So you're making use of superfluous stock as a money-making tool. That's a very creative idea." Mag nodded with approval as he looked at Gloria. In a society where it was a far more widespread practice to have clothes custom-made by a seamstress, Gloria's proposed business model was very much ahead of its time. Her potential as a successful businesswoman was highlighted by this innovative idea. However, he still shook his head and refused, "But I don't want Amy, Miya, and Aisha to wear the same clothes as strangers on the streets."

"But..." An urgent look appeared on Gloria's face.

"However, if you're interested, I can design a batch of clothing for you; at a cost, of course." Mag cut off Gloria with a smile as he said internally, "Come on out, system; we've got business!"

### **Chapter 579 This is Fraud!**

"The system is a super professional cuisine system, not to be used for things like designing clothes!" The system's resolute voice sounded.

“The new underwear I bought yesterday is quite comfortable. You’re very talented in this area, system,” Mag said internally with a smile.

“Of course! The system has incorporated designs from all of the best underwear in the world and created the ideal underwear which hugs the skin, but is breathable and constantly maintains a perfect temperature. Every time you put on underwear designed by the system...” The system immediately launched into a smug tirade.

“Tsk, tsk, looks like our super professional delicious cuisine system is also super professional at producing underwear. In that case, it shouldn’t be an issue to sell a few clothes designs, right?” Mag interjected.

“Well... That’s... not entirely non-negotiable. However, you have to uphold the most basic integrity as a businessman, and ensure complete fairness and transparency. You can’t buy my designs from me then sell them for a higher price like you did with the tea leaves last time!” The system’s serious voice sounded.

“Why does it matter what I do with the designs that you sell me?” Mag pursed his lips. However, a smile then appeared on his face as he said, “Of course, you do have a point. Let’s set the price at 20 gold coins per design sketch and split it 50:50, so you get 10 and I get 10. Give me 1,000 of those sketches as a bulk package. Try to incorporate the best and most fashionable designs currently going around. At the same time, you have to incorporate the fashion elements of the clothing in this world to create the most exceptional designs.”

“Ding! Deal. 10,000 gold coins have been successfully deducted!

“Ding! Concept sketches are being prepared; this process is estimated to take up to five minutes. Please give a final confirmation and verify whether you would like to add other designs into the package.”

The system’s joyful voice sounded.

“How about this? I’ll get 800 women’s clothing designs, 150 girls’ clothing designs, and 50 boys’ clothing designs.” Mag contemplated momentarily before requesting, “System, you just deducted 10,000 gold coins from me in one go; give me 100 female shoe designs for free. Something like this must be extremely simple for a high-end system like you, right? We have to give them some benefits in this transaction.”

“Ding! The order has been confirmed. 150 female shoe designs are being prepared free of charge.” The system’s voice sounded again.

“Good.” A smile appeared on Mag’s face as he turned back to Gloria, awaiting her response.

Gloria’s mouth was slightly agape as she looked at Mag. She had thought that Mag was going to reject her, but he was giving her a huge surprise. To think that he would be willing to specially design a batch of clothing for her! But what was that about a cost?

It would be simple if he were referring to a monetary cost as she and Mars had already worked out in advance what they were willing to pay for the designs. But if he wasn’t referring to money, then could he be asking her... to do something for him? After all, she had never seen his wife before... With that in mind, a blush appeared on Gloria’s face as she struggled to rid herself of that train of thought. She

turned to Mag, and stuttered, "M-Mr. Mag, thank you for your trust. If you can make designs for us, we will be willing to pay 100 gold coins per design."

After a brief pause, Gloria continued in a slightly embarrassed voice. "However, our textiles shop doesn't have much money at the moment, so I can only purchase five designs at most for now."

"I want to increase the price! What you proposed wasn't the market price at all! This is fraud!" the system roared in Mag's mind.

"System, our deal has already been confirmed. If you go back on your word now, it'll severely impact my trust in you. Integrity is vital for a businessman, and besides, this is only the price that she's offering; I haven't accepted it yet," Mag replied internally. 100 gold coins per design was certainly a show of Gloria's sincerity. She was making one final roll of the dice, bringing out the last reserves of money from the failing textiles shop to take a gamble. This was also quite a show of decisiveness and determination from the young beauty.

Her sensitivity to business opportunities and decisiveness at crucial junctures were both qualities that an outstanding businessman should possess. Mag's impression of Gloria had been completely renewed. At the same time, a plan began to hatch in his mind. He looked into Gloria's earnest yet nervous eyes, and shook his head as he said, "100 gold coins per design is indeed enough to demonstrate your sincerity. However, I want us to collaborate through a different method."

"What do you propose?" Gloria asked with a puzzled look.

"I can give you the designs free of charge for now, but I want 20% of the profit for every piece of clothing you sell made based on my designs," Mag offered with a smile.

"20% of the profit..." Gloria's brows furrowed as she fell into deep thought. Prior to coming here, she had had an extensive talk with Mars, and decided on an upper limit of 150 gold coins on the price that they were willing to pay per design. However, she had never heard of the collaboration method being offered by Mag.

"But Mr. Mag, if this endeavor proves to be unsuccessful, we may not sell that many items of clothing, and the Blue Suede Textiles Shop could close down soon. In that case, you won't be receiving much reimbursement for your efforts." Gloria was rather concerned. She was quite confident in her idea, but it had never been done before, and she didn't want Mag to share the risk with her.

"I trust in your ability, Ms. Gloria. I also have faith that this business model will be the future of the fashion industry." Mag shook his head with a calm expression as he said, "Furthermore, an investment with no risk involved is not a worthy investment to make."

Gloria looked into Mag's eyes and could sense his trust and encouragement. Renewed courage was injected into her conflicted heart as she nodded solemnly, and said, "Alright, I accept this proposal. 20% of the profit made with every item of clothing sold by our textiles shop will belong to you."

"Aside from that, I also have another condition as well as a suggestion," Mag said.

"Please state them," Gloria replied with a nod.

“If you become the leader of the Moreton Family in the future and take over the Chamber of Commerce, I hope you can abolish all of the policies that encourage the discrimination of half-breed beings. That’s my condition,” Mag said with a serious expression.

Gloria looked at Mag and her eyes gradually lit up. She knew why Mag was stating this condition. The weight of his paternal love was very touching to her, and so she nodded without any hesitation as she replied, “I promise that if I become the president of the Chamber of Commerce someday, I will abolish all of the policies encouraging discrimination against half-breed beings.”

A smile reappeared on Mag’s face as he continued, “My suggestion is that prior to releasing the lines of clothing, you should make the Blue Suede Textiles Shop an independent entity from the Moreton Family, and make it your own property instead. If you want to become the sole heir to the Moreton Family, then this is the only business that you can rely on. Even if you fail to become the heir of the Moreton Family, you’ll still have a revolutionary clothing shop that will make you a renowned businesswoman in Chaos City.”

Gloria’s eyes lit up even further as she bowed toward Mag, and said, “Thank you. I’ll start processing the stock we have straight away. I’ll wait for your designs.”

“No need to wait. I just so happen to have three designs for autumn clothes. Autumn hasn’t passed yet, so take this opportunity to release your first line of clothes.” Mag made his way behind the counter and picked out three designs for dresses from the massive pile before handing them over to the stunned Gloria.

“Don’t be so surprised; designing clothes is a hobby of mine. The annotations on the designs should be comprehensible to all professional seamstresses. I hope that my designs can become a reality.” Mag shrugged with a smile on his face.

“I’ll find the best seamstresses and ask them to make the best clothes. I definitely won’t bring shame to your designs.” Gloria nodded with a serious expression.

A thought suddenly occurred to Mag as he said, “I actually happen to know a very good seamstress. She’s a friend of mine, and if you need her help, I can introduce her to work at your shop. One of the three clothing designs requires embroidery, and she’s very good in that area.”

“That would be great! Please recommend her to come to our Blue Suede Textiles Shop.” Gloria’s eyes lit up with excitement and elation.

“I’ll have to ask for her opinion on the matter first.” Mag nodded with a smile. He rose to his feet and extended his right hand with a smile as he said, “It’s a pleasure doing business with you.”

Gloria also rose to her feet, but faltered slightly at the sight of Mag’s outstretched hand. After a brief hesitation, she shook his hand and responded in an extremely quiet voice. “Likewise...”

## **Chapter 580 What An Adorable Little Rabbit**

“Today is the moon festival, a festival celebrated in my hometown. We have to eat mooncakes on this day, which entails reunion. You’re most likely going to be quite busy tonight, so I won’t keep you, but please take this box of mooncakes back with you.” Mag entered the kitchen and soon returned with a box of mooncakes that was bound by a string, which he handed over to Gloria.

“Thank you, I’ll be sure to enjoy it.” Gloria nodded earnestly as she accepted the mooncakes.

“Alright, I’ll see you next time, then.” Mag nodded with a smile.

“See you next time, Mr. Mag.” Gloria nodded at Mag before departing.

“Mooncakes... Reunion.” Within the horse-drawn carriage, Gloria stared at the box of mooncakes sitting on her lap with a thoughtful expression. A smile soon appeared on her face as she murmured to herself, “In that case, I’ll take them back with me and share them with everyone. Mickey really likes dessert foods.”

“Did you hear? Mamy Restaurant is going to hold a moon festival celebration tonight. It seems that a lot of people are planning on going.”

“What’s a moon festival?”

“I heard from Boss Mag that it’s a festival during which we engage in activities like flower-viewing and moon-viewing. There are also free mooncakes for everyone.”

“I don’t have much interest in flowers or the moon, but I do love Boss Mag’s cooking. Let’s go, then.”

Night fell, and hordes of people began to swarm toward Mamy Restaurant. The celebration was due to commence at 8 pm sharp, and many people had already gathered at the plot of empty land outside the restaurant.

The stage was only a temporary makeshift one, but it had a steel frame structure and appeared to be very stable and strong. Mobai and Lulu had spent an entire afternoon setting it up. There were wheels under it that ensured portability, and it could be split down the middle for easy storage when it wasn’t being used.

Furthermore, many large baskets of mooncakes had already been placed beside the stage. The mooncakes were wrapped in oil paper and stacked into pyramids, so no one could see what they looked like, but the fragrant aroma of the mooncakes was already wafting around the stage.

“It smells so good! Are those the mooncakes that Boss Mag had been talking about? It smells like some sort of dessert.”

“Looks like we were right to come here tonight. Boss Mag’s food never disappoints.”

“There are so many people today, though; we’d probably be lucky to get one mooncake per person.”

All of the customers looked at the large baskets with eyes glowing with anticipation. Curiosity toward the mooncakes was the main motivational factor that drew everyone to the moon festival celebration. There were many mooncakes in the baskets, but there were also just as many—if not more—people attending the celebration. Among them, there was no lack of people who had arrived with their entire families. There were children playing joyfully with each other around the stage, and the atmosphere was quite cheerful.

“Father, can I have a mooncake first?” In the restaurant, Amy looked up at Mag with anticipation in her eyes. The small round mooncakes were like miniature moons, and they held an irresistible allure to her.



There were a few baskets filled with mooncakes sitting on the table beside Mag, and there appeared to be even more mooncakes in the baskets than those beside the stage.

“Of course you can. There are eight types of mooncakes today. However, mooncakes are best eaten with everyone else, so you can only have one for now. You can have more when the celebration begins,” Mag replied with a smile.

There were crispy skin five kernel, meat floss, black sesame seed, and bacon mooncakes, snow skin sweet bean paste and osmanthus mooncakes, as well as mixed sugar skin egg yolk and crystal sugar mooncakes.

The crispy skin mooncakes that had been pulled fresh from the oven were emitting a heavenly aroma. Meanwhile, the translucent snow skin mooncakes seemed to be exuding wisps of coolness, making them appear as if they were pristine icy celestial maidens. The mixed sugar skin mooncakes emanated a faint yellow sheen, and one could almost see the filling within.

“I can only have one...” A conflicted look appeared on Amy’s little face. She looked at all of the mooncakes before her, and was struck by the feeling that all of them appeared to be very delicious. She wanted to pounce onto the table and take a bite of everything, but she could only choose one. That was quite vexing to her.

Sally and Yabemiya were busy placing the mooncakes onto the table so they could cool down, and amused smiles appeared on their faces as they overheard Amy and Mag’s conversation. One adorable mooncake after another was produced by Mag, and each and every one of them looked absolutely perfect. A captivating aroma was wafting throughout the restaurant and even their stomachs were growling involuntarily.

“You can only eat one now, but you’ll be able to taste all of the flavors soon, so don’t be too conflicted,” Mag reminded with a smile. As expected, all foodies had choice anxiety when it came to delicious cuisine.

“Alright, then I’ll choose this super pretty ice rabbit mooncake.” Amy pointed at a snow skin osmanthus mooncake. The golden osmanthus filling was enveloped by the translucent snow skin, making it appear as if it were a miniature moon encapsulated within a block of ice. There was also a jade rabbit imprinted on the surface of the mooncake, clearly the work of a mold. Every single detail of the rabbit was perfect, giving it a very life-like and vivid appearance.

“Wash your hands and take one,” Mag said with a smile. All of the snow skin mooncakes had been made at noon as in his past experience, it was best to refrigerate them for a few hours prior to consumption. That way, the texture would be better than if they were consumed at room temperature.

“Alright!” Amy rushed into the kitchen with her little stool and washed her hands. She then carefully picked up a snow skin osmanthus mooncake. Her fingertips were struck with a cool refreshing sensation, and the mooncake seemed to be a little bouncy.

“What an adorable little rabbit. I’ll have to you eat you now, though.” Amy looked at the mooncake in her hand with a joyful expression before taking a bite.

She bit through the cold mooncake skin, and the aroma of the osmanthus filling immediately wafted forth. The sweet filling coated her eager taste buds, while the soft snow skin presented a cool and refreshing texture.

Amy's eyes completely lit up as she chewed quickly with bulging cheeks, just like a rabbit. She nodded, and said, "Oh! This tastes so good! It's cool like ice cream, but it doesn't melt in my mouth, and the filling tastes like flowers—fragrant and sweet. This is super delicious! You're the best, Father!"

"Slow down; chew carefully before you swallow." Mag offered words of caution, but he was unable to hold back his pleased smile. Nothing made him happier than praise from Amy. He turned to Sally and Yabemiya with a smile, and said, "Aisha, Miya, you two can have a mooncake each as well. You'll be performing and handing out mooncakes soon, so you'll definitely get hungry."

"Father, can we really perform 'Summer is Here' today? But we don't have little foldable fans." Amy's mouth was still stuffed full of mooncake as she turned to Mag.

Sally and Yabemiya were also slightly concerned.