

Stay At home 651

Chapter 651 Five Years is Too Long, I Strive Only for the Present

Scheer put down her glass, and looked into Mag's eyes as she said, "I also think that many of the policies in the Chamber of Commerce are unreasonable, and are leading the Chamber of Commerce on a descent into a dark abyss. That's why I hope you can change the Chamber of Commerce together with me, Mr. Mag."

"I look forward to seeing your vision come to fruition, Young Mistress Scheer. However, I won't fire Miya just so I can join the Chamber of Commerce." Mag shook his head in response as he continued, "Also, I don't think I would provide much assistance to you during the upcoming election by joining the Chamber of Commerce."

"With your cooking skills, it's only a matter of time before Mamy Restaurant reaches the top of the Aden Square food competition rankings. In the future, there will be no restaurant that can compare to Mamy Restaurant's influence in the Aden Square. When that time comes, you'll be an extremely influential figure in Chaos City's gastronomic industry. The gastronomic industry is an important constituent of the Chamber of Commerce, holding a lot of weight during the elections. Hence, it is of the utmost importance to the upcoming election." Scheer leaned forward slightly as she looked in Mag's eyes with a serious expression.

Mag looked at Scheer with a smile, and said, "I don't know much about the Chamber of Commerce, but I do know that President Jeffree holds absolute control and authority over the Chamber of Commerce. If things continue like this, there's only a very slim chance that you'll secure victory in the upcoming election, right? In other words, you're doing all of this in preparation for the next election, am I correct?"

"You really are a smart man, Mr. Mag." Scheer faltered slightly upon hearing this, but then a smile quickly appeared on her face. She leaned back in her chair in a leisurely manner, and nodded as she said, "I'll try to win the upcoming election, but my chances are admittedly very slim, so I'm mostly setting things in motion in preparation for the next election. We're still young, yet Jeffree is already old, isn't that right?"

"Indeed. You're only 18, Young Mistress Scheer. Even in five years, you'll only be 23, yet President Jeffree may not be around for that many more five-year stretches." Mag nodded as he looked at Scheer.

In the business world, prodigies were not uncommon. In his past life, he had met many prodigies who had thrived on Wall Street even at just 17 or 18 years of age.

However, it was very rare to see someone so young with so much patience, even to the extent that they were able to bide their time and set a foundation five years in advance. Compared to those impatient and impulsive prodigies, Scheer was more like a seasoned businesswoman.

She was well aware of her strong points, and she knew how to maximize the effect of the advantages that she held.

A woman like her was very terrifying.

“Would you be willing to wait those five years with me, Mr. Mag? When that time comes, Mamy Restaurant will become the number one restaurant in the Aden Square, and all of those terrible policies will be abolished,” Scheer offered with a smile.

“Five years is too long, I strive only for the present.” Mag shook his head as he looked at Scheer before lowering his voice slightly as he said, “My cooking may not be able to influence the election much, but I have something interesting that could perhaps transform the Chamber of Commerce in a short time. Would you be interested in that, Young Mistress Scheer?”

“What are you referring to, Mr. Mag?” Scheer was still leaning back in her chair as she asked back with a smile.

“Young Mistress Scheer, you’re aware of the steam engine that Principal Hyde is developing, right?” Mag asked with a smile.

“No way!” Scheer sat bolt upright as she stared at Mag with a bewildered look.

“If I told you I possess the technology to construct a complete steam engine, would you believe me?” Mag nodded in confirmation.

Scheer continued to stare at Mag with a hint of disbelief in her eyes. However, she quickly composed herself, and nodded as she replied, “I wouldn’t believe you if you were anyone else, but I believe in you, Mr. Mag, because you’re a smart person.”

“You’re also a smart person, Young Mistress Scheer, so you should know how much of an impact the steam engine will make on this world.”

“I actually don’t know what impact it’ll have, but I have a feeling that it will change the entire world as we know it. I just didn’t think you would be the one to develop it first, Mr. Mag.” Scheer looked at Mag with a slightly complex expression.

She was the one who had made an executive decision to fund Hyde’s research, and she would meet Hyde once every quarter to listen to him deliver a report on his research progress, as well as how he envisioned the steam engine was going to be used in this world.

She didn’t know anything about mechanics, but her acute business sense told her three years ago that this was something that could change the world. If something as common as coal could be converted into a controllable form of energy, then it was very difficult to imagine how drastic a revolution the world would undergo.

The first person to master this technology would oversee this revolution, and countless opportunities would be thrown their way.

This was why she was willing to invest large amounts of funds into Hyde’s research, even though it had always been stagnant.

However, Mag was telling her that he had already mastered this technology, which came as a massive shock to Scheer.

“Principal Hyde gave me a lot of inspiration, but I completed this steam engine prototype on my own. If I want to promote the steam engine, my best option would be to cooperate with either the city lord’s

castle or the Buffett Family.” Mag nodded in response. Scheer’s reaction told him that she already understood the importance of the steam engine, which saved him a lot of explaining. As such, he continued, “I already have some ideas about the practical application of steam engines. If you have some time on your hands at some point, perhaps you can listen to my ideas.”

“Tomorrow is fine for me. I want to see the steam engine that you’ve created, is that ok?” Scheer immediately asked.

“That’s fine. You can come to my restaurant tomorrow at the conclusion of the breakfast service, Young Mistress Scheer.” Mag was slightly taken aback by Scheer’s eagerness, but he still nodded in response.

“I trust that this will be an interesting collaboration.” Scheer raised her glass.

“My thoughts exactly.” Mag gently clinked his glass with Scheer before taking a sip of red wine.

Right at this moment, Vivian’s voice suddenly sounded. “Ladies and gentlemen, I’m Vivian. If everyone could spare some of your time and attention, I would like to invite Teacher Luna of Chaos School onto the stage to share some stories with you all.”

Mag turned in the direction the voice had come from with a slightly surprised look. On a tall platform set up within the banquet hall, Vivian handed over what appeared to be a microphone to Luna before jumping off the stage.

The banquet hall gradually fell silent as everyone turned their attention to Luna.

A beam of light shone down on her, and her light green dress coupled with her delicate features made her appear very amiable and likable.

Luna looked down at the pairs of eyes focused on her and hesitated momentarily. Her gaze then fell on Amy, and she suddenly thought of all of the pairs of bright and expectant eyes that looked up to her every day. She stepped forward, and said in a clear voice, “I’m a teacher of Chaos School, and I’m also one of the normal people who give food to the homeless kids on the streets of Chaos City every day. Those kids call me ‘Teacher Luna’, just as my students at Chaos School do...”

Chapter 652 Even Father Doesn’t Know!

Everyone listened in silence as Luna spoke about her vision to provide all of these homeless children a warm haven and an opportunity to attend school.

The expressions on the faces of the guests didn’t change much. Vivian was the city lord’s daughter, and everyone listened because she told them to, not because the stories Luna was telling were very touching to them. They were merely listening as a gesture of respect to Vivian, or more so the city lord.

“Teacher Luna is such a good person.” Amy looked up at Luna with tears shimmering in her large blue eyes.

“Jeez, her eyes practically glow when she talks about things like this.” Vivian looked at Luna with a smile on her face. She then swept her gaze through the wealthy businessmen present, and her brows furrowed slightly. These people didn’t appear to be as enthusiastic as she had anticipated.

Mag's eyes were also focused firmly on Luna. She was a young mistress who had left the comfort of her noble family in Rodu to come all the way here to Chaos City just so she could become a teacher. Furthermore, she had always been dedicated to helping homeless children, planting the seed of hope in their hearts.

There were some people in this world who dedicated themselves to doing good deeds for no return, doing things that other people quite frankly thought to be stupid.

These people were known as saints.

Mag didn't feel anything toward these so-called saints in his past life, but after transmigrating to this world, he suddenly developed the feeling that these saints made the world they lived in a better place.

Luna was perhaps not a complete saint from head to toe, but the acceptance and love radiating from her body were very touching to Mag.

If it weren't for her, the three years that Amy and Alex had spent in Chaos City would surely have been even more arduous.

It was her who had sowed the seed of kindness and hope in Amy despite her poverty.

How could he not want to approach such a selfless and adorable person?

Perhaps it's time I did something to repay her, Mag thought to himself. The restaurant was well and truly on track, and business at the ice cream was also booming. As such, it wasn't a difficult task for him to donate a substantial sum of money.

Is there something going on between her and Mr. Mag? Scheer's gaze switched between Mag and Luna as a curious look appeared on her face.

"I didn't think there were so many poor children in our Chaos City..." Gloria looked at Luna with a sympathetic expression on her face.

"She really is a good girl, but being a good person is a very difficult and often thankless task." Camilla shook her head before turning her gaze away from Luna and back to Gloria. She petted the black cat in her arms, and gently asked, "Little Black, what should I do to swindle this beautiful woman into my hands?"

"Mistress, I suggest you give up on that pursuit. Chaos City isn't going to just stand by and watch as the young mistress of the Moreton Family gets abducted. Also, please call me Caesar!" The black cat was trying to dodge Camilla's hand, but was unable to escape in the end.

"Do you think I'd stoop to a lowly tactic like abduction?" A deriding sneer appeared on Camilla's face. She looked at Gloria and licked her lips as she said, "If I don't win her heart, how will I be able to unlock more positions?"

"Who was it that was constantly talking about throwing prey into rucksacks and abducting them?" The black cat rolled its eyes.

“Shush!” Camilla’s hand balled up into a fist as she aimed a gentle punch at the cat’s head. She looked at Gloria with a serious expression, and said, “This time, I’m going to use my charm to completely conquer this beauty.”

“Meow-” The black cat whined in a pitiful manner.

“This matter should be taken care of by the city lord’s castle; it’s just that the city lord’s castle really doesn’t have any more funds to spare. Who would have thought that Luna would be stepping up to speak out on the issue? If Old Man Field hears about this, he’s definitely going to write a letter to chastise me.” Michael shook his head with an embarrassed look.

Jeffree stood beside him with his brows furrowed slightly, seemingly deep in thought about something.

“What a load of nonsense.” Cyril looked at Luna with a derisive sneer on his face.

“I want to set up a foundation to raise funds for these children. These funds will go toward providing them with daily necessities to ensure their survival while also striving to create opportunities for them to receive education.” Luna paused for a moment before looking down at the wealthy businesspeople below the stage with an earnest expression as she continued, “Ladies and gentlemen, would any of you be willing to contribute the first batch of funds to the foundation?”

The entire banquet hall remained silent. All of the guests were unconsciously avoiding Luna’s gaze, and no one was willing to step up.

“These bastards!” Vivian clenched his fists with rage. She had expected that it would be difficult to get these stingy businesspeople to donate, but she didn’t think that Luna’s pleas would receive no support at all. These people possessed the vast majority of wealth in Chaos City, but they were all so stingy!

Luna’s expectant gaze also slowly turned into one of disappointment. She had experienced rejection of this kind many times in the past. Requesting donations in the Aden Square very rarely ended up being a successful endeavor, but she didn’t want to give up on this opportunity to try and secure donations from so many businessmen.

“Teacher Luna, I’m willing to donate all of my money to buy food for those children!”

Right at this moment, a tender voice sounded

Everyone turned round, only to discover a little half-elf girl with her little hand raised high in the air. She stepped forward with a serious expression and got up on the tips of her toes to give herself a bit more elevation.

“It’s that half-elf little girl! It’s Mr. Mag’s daughter!” someone exclaimed.

“Amy?” Luna was slightly taken aback as she looked at Amy. The light was reignited in her eyes as she squatted down and extended her hand toward Amy.

Amy strode forward and placed her hand over Luna’s before unfurling her fingers.

Two shiny copper coins were revealed.

“Teacher Luna, this is money I saved up myself; even Father doesn’t know about this! I’m giving it all to you now so you can buy some delicious food for them,” Amy said with a serious look on her little face.

“Yes, I’ll be sure to spend it wisely.” Luna clenched the two copper coins tightly in her hand as she nodded firmly. Even though it was only two small copper coins, they were feeling particularly heavy in her hand.

“Go, Teacher Luna! You’re the best!” Amy clenched her little fist as she gave Luna a sweet smile.

All of the guests were suddenly feeling quite embarrassed upon hearing this, and their expressions became rather hesitant.

“Heh, they’re just a bunch of stupid kids with no future and no one to look after them. Even if we give them food to eat and clothes to wear, they’ll only grow up to become low-class trash. Chaos City will only be better without them.” Right at this moment, Cyril emerged from the crowd and looked at Luna with a disdainful sneer as he said, “So why should we donate our money to you?”

Chapter 653 There Are Some Things That You Can’t Say to Children

A stir ran through the banquet hall following Cyril’s loud declaration. The hint of guilt and embarrassment that had just welled up in their hearts were instantly swept away as haughty smiles appeared on their faces.

Indeed, why should they donate their money to those lowly kids? They were the scum of Chaos City!

Luna had packaged these kids through the use of sad and touching stories, but at the core of the matter, what did it matter to them whether these homeless kids died or not?

Cyril listened to the words of praise being directed at him, and his smile widened even further.

The social hierarchy was something insurmountable. In Chaos City, the businessmen in the banquet hall were from the highest echelon. They were standing here, while their children received the best education in Chaos School. After the latter graduated, some of them would become revered magic casters and knights, but most would inherit their family heirlooms, continuing to live lives of luxury as upper-class citizens.

Cyril was a representative of the upper class. Ever since he could remember, he knew that he was destined to be different from normal people, and that he had an insurmountable advantage from birth.

As for those lowly and inferior homeless children, why did they deserve to attend the same schools as the children from noble families? Why did they deserve a chance to escape from their lowly socioeconomic status?

If they all became knights and magic casters, who would continue to work as their servants? Without their lowliness, who would highlight the nobility of all of the guests gathered here?

The homeless children that wandered the streets were indeed very annoying to see, but many people derived pleasure from seeing the envy and admiration in their eyes.

Cyril knew that was what all of the businessmen present thought as it was exactly what he himself thought.

As such, he knew that he had said the right thing in the right place, thereby successfully drawing the limelight to himself and stealing the attention away from Gloria.

This was the voice of the upper class.

Michael stood up with a cold expression, and said, "If businessmen only think about earning money and never about reimbursing Chaos City, then why should the city support them?"

Jeffrey opened his mouth to say something, but he swallowed his words in the end. However, his eyes were already filled with frosty disapproval as he looked at Cyril.

How did this idiot ever end up becoming the heir to the Moreton Family? In comparison, that Young Mistress Gloria appears to far more intelligent. She could perhaps be a worthy adversary for me in the future. Scheer looked at Cyril with a derisive sneer before turning her attention to Gloria, upon which a sharp look appeared in her eyes as if she were a hunter surveying her prey.

Luna looked at Cyril, then at the deriding sneers on everyone's faces, and a chilling sensation suddenly welled up in her heart.

She had anticipated many scenarios, but she still couldn't help but shudder at the sight of the hideous interiors exposed as the businessmen present shed their polite and benevolent facades. In fact, she didn't even know how to respond to this situation.

"You're lying, you baddy! They're not scum; they're my friends, and all of them are very smart!"

Amy spread open her hands as she stood in front of Luna, appraising Cyril with a serious expression. There were already two balls of flames hovering over her hands, one of which was a normal crimson fireball, while the other was a ball of icy flames.

"Heh, your friends?" Cyril glared at Amy. This little brat was just as annoying as her father. A cold smile appeared on his face as he said, "So that means you were also once homeless? You also had to live off food scraps? Is that why you're an uncultured little brat who's showing off her pathetic little fireballs? Is that why your father is an idiot who only knows how to cook?"

Some of the guests burst into laughter upon hearing that. Mag had displayed immense potential earlier, but there was still quite a large disparity between him and Cyril. As such, it wasn't a difficult choice for them to decide whom they were going to side with.

Amy raised her head with a serious expression, and asked, "Are you mocking my father?"

"So what if I am?" Cyril shrugged as his smile became even more pronounced.

"Then... you can go die!" Amy raised her hands, and the two balls of fire instantly expanded. Scorching heat and freezing chill descended in unison as the nearby guests retreated unconsciously.

"Protect Young Master Cyril!" The guards at the banquet were stunned by this sudden escalation of events, and rushed over from all directions.

Cyril had also been given a fright as he reflexively stumbled back a couple of steps. He looked at the shimmering flames and composed himself again as he chuckled coldly. "I'm standing right here; why don't you attack me?"

As soon as his voice fell, a lotus flower constructed from fire and ice flames had already been sent flying toward him, and it appeared in front of him in the blink of an eye.

Cyril's pupils dilated drastically upon seeing this. He was faced with a dazzling lotus flower that was stunningly beautiful, but the power imbued within it struck him with a sense of despair.

The guards in the banquet hall weren't far away, but there was no way they'd be able to stop the lotus flower in time.

Camilla had the power to save him, but she merely stood off to the side with a smile on her face. City Lord Michael also remained standing on the spot without any intention to intervene.

Expressions of shock and panic appeared on the faces of all of the guests. A massive space had opened up behind the Chamber of Commerce. No one dared to imagine that something like this would happen on the mid-year banquet held by the Chamber of Commerce.

If Cyril were to die here tonight, what would be the aftermath?

The same thought flashed through the minds of countless people, yet none of them could provide an answer.

Right at this moment, a shiny leather shoe stomped heavily onto Cyril's backside, causing him to fly through the air like a cannonball. His face slid along the smooth floor for several meters before he came to a stop.

The oncoming lotus flower abruptly slowed down slightly before exploding behind him.

His lavish red and green robes were reduced to shredded rags, revealing a charred black backside amid a howl of pain and humiliation.

"Young Master Cyril, there are some things that you can't say to children. My Little Amy is such a good little girl; of course she wouldn't refuse if you asked her to attack you. You're going to spoil her like this." Mag withdrew his outstretched foot before covering Amy's eyes so she wouldn't be able to see Cyril's unsightly backside. He then turned to the enraged and humiliated Cyril as he shook his head, and said, "A person's value and worth shouldn't be judged according to their socioeconomic status. In my opinion, trash like you is far more worthless than any homeless child on the streets.

"I'll be donating 10% of my ice cream shop's earnings to Teacher Luna's foundation. She is truly doing God's work and deserves our support."

Right at this moment, Gloria stepped forward and looked at Mag as she announced loudly, "I'll also donate 10% of Blue Suede's earnings to Teacher Luna's foundation. The money will go toward making sure every homeless child has enough clothes to wear."

Chapter 654 How Can There be True Love in a Heterosexual Relationship?

Mag turned to Gloria, and a smile appeared on his face. He didn't think that the first person to stand with him would be Gloria. It appeared that she was braver than he had imagined

Aside from Cyril's pitifully low IQ and EQ, the deeply ingrained preconceived notions about social hierarchies were the true source of his confidence.

However, Mag still couldn't understand why Jeffree insisted on trying to groom such a retard into the successor of the Moreton Family. Did he want his family to fall in the near future?

It was indeed normal for children to inherit the heirloom of their fathers, but surely not just any child was deserving of their father's heirloom.

Back in his past life, his father had been much wiser. He knew that Mag wasn't interested in, nor was he capable of, inheriting the family business, so he hired a professional manager to take care of the business. It was an easy and highly efficient decision, and it was certainly much better than forcing Mag to take over the business, and then inevitably run it into the ground.

In comparison, even though Gloria had only recently kindled the urge to try and claim her birthright, she was a much more suitable candidate in Mag's eyes.

She appeared to be quite frail and vulnerable but her judgment and executive ability were clearly far, far superior to Cyril's.

Anyone with even a tenth of a brain wouldn't say something like this in front of the city lord.

The entire banquet hall had completely fallen silent as all of the guests looked at the disheveled Cyril with peculiar looks on their faces.

The young master of the Moreton Family had been reduced to such a sorry state by a spell cast by a four-year-old girl.

Furthermore, Mag was pinning the blame on Cyril and delivering a vicious insult in the process, making everyone wonder what was going to happen next.

Of course, what was even more astonishing to everyone was that after Mag had expressed his intention to donate to Luna's foundation, Gloria had stepped forward and done the exact same thing.

Gloria was a young mistress of the Moreton Family; technically speaking, she was also Cyril's niece. However, her decision to donate was undoubtedly a slap to the face for Cyril.

The two of them were both candidates to inherit the Moreton Family heirloom, and it could be seen that competition was quite fierce between the two.

Initially, everyone hadn't been optimistic about Gloria's chances. However, following her stunning entrance and her recent actions, which pitted her directly against Cyril, many people were starting to change their mind about her.

Looking at this beautiful young mistress, everyone couldn't help but think of the young mistress of the Buffett Family, who had well and truly established herself as the family leader.

Despite Jeffrey's sexist views, would he pass on his position of family leader to Gloria just as Old Man Buffett had? That was the question that had appeared in everyone's minds.

"Damn! She got there before me." Scheer stood at the entrance to her booth and looked at Gloria with a slightly frustrated expression.

"This little girl is quite interesting." Michael looked at Gloria, and a smile returned to his face. He then turned to Amy, and the smile on his face grew even wider. That ice fire ball that she'd just unleashed really hit the spot.

Jeffrey's clenched fists slowly relaxed, and he nodded slightly as he looked at Gloria, but he still didn't say anything.

"That guy seems to be a stumbling block in my way." Camilla's eyes narrowed as she looked at Mag.

"Huh? Is that jealousy I smell?" The black cat looked around with a confused expression.

"Mr. Mag!" Luna looked at Mag, who had positioned himself in front of her and Amy, and her flustered heart was immediately put at ease. She felt as if nothing could harm her with Mag shielding her.

Cyril's backside was throbbing with pain, but aside from that, he remained largely unscathed. However, he had been thoroughly humiliated in front of so many people, and his face was as red as a monkey's bum.

Of course, what enraged him even more was Mag's nonchalant attitude, and the fact that Gloria had decided to stand directly against him. She had already stolen far too much of the spotlight tonight.

"You've only temporarily taken over the Blue Suede Textiles Shop; what gives you the right to donate 10% of its earnings?" Cyril looked at Gloria with a cold sneer on his face, and said, "Also, the Blue Suede Textiles Shop had been incurring losses for three consecutive years. You've been in charge for so many days, yet you haven't even sold as much as a single roll of fabric. In half a month, your shop is going to completely close down; what are you going to donate with, then?"

"Exactly! Do you really think that you're an important member of the family now? How dare you make such a decision on your own?" Herty scoffed.

"And why are you dressed in such a revealing manner? You're an absolute disgrace to our Moreton Family!" Herty also chuckled coldly as she glowered at Gloria with burning jealousy in her eyes. She had dominated the spotlight tonight, and it was all because of that beautiful dress.

"Looks like it's time for me to swoop in and save the damsel in distress! This time, I'm going to beat those bastards until they're half-dead and win the heart of the beautiful maiden!" A dangerous light suddenly flashed in Camilla's beautiful eyes.

"The president has already agreed to give me the Blue Suede Textiles Shop if I can make it a profitable business within a month. Hence, why don't I have the right to donate 10% of its earnings?" Gloria completely ignored Herty and Herty as she looked at Cyril with a carefree expression, and retorted, "I have absolute confidence in my ability to make Blue Suede a profitable business. By the way, it's no longer a textiles shop, but a clothing store instead. This dress that I'm wearing now is one of the new products that our store is releasing."

The cowardly ugly duckling has grown up to become a confident and beautiful swan. It's quite a heartwarming transformation. Looks like I was right to invest in her. Mag turned to Gloria with a gratified look in his eyes.

In business, as well as many other aspects of life, one should never place all of their eggs in one basket. Collaborating with Scheer could change the Chamber of Commerce from the outside, yet investing in Gloria could change the entire Moreton Family, thereby transforming the Chamber of Commerce from the inside.

"H-how is that possible?" Cyril stared at Gloria's blue dress with an incredulous look in his eyes.

Gloria's dress had attracted the attention of all of the guests present, and if such a gorgeous dress was made at her clothing store, then one could imagine how many orders she would receive from women desperate to get their hands on such a prized item of clothing.

Furthermore, she had successfully advertised her Blue Suede clothing store and the dress that she was wearing to all of the guests present.

These noblewomen had an immense spending power. Cyril couldn't even imagine how much they'd contribute to Gloria's clothing store's income.

However, what he could be sure of was that as long as Gloria could provide a sufficient number of dresses, not only would Blue Suede become a profitable business, it would become a highly profitable one.

Cyril laid a hand on the shoulder of a knight standing beside him to prop himself as a crushing sensation dawned on him. He had clearly already been defeated in this Blue Suede challenge, and the level of threat Gloria posed to him was no longer just a joke.

"Jeez, she's not affording me any chances." Camilla had just stepped forward when she withdrew her foot with a frustrated look on her face.

"I think she might like men," the black cat murmured.

"Shush! How could there possibly be true love in a heterosexual relationship? The only thing fueling such a relationship is an animalistic reproductive instinct!" Camilla punched the black cat's head again.

Chapter 655 Very Cold

"That dress was produced by Young Mistress Gloria's clothing store? It's called Blue Suede, right?"

"Hurry up and record this important piece of information! We have to go to the shop and order one tomorrow!"

"Looks like Cyril's beginning to lose his edge over Gloria in the contest to inherit Moreton Family heirloom."

"Indeed. Young Mistress has displayed an exemplary business mind; I wonder if the president will choose her just like how Master Ian chose Young Mistress Scheer."

Many of the women who weren't yet aware of this news instantly became extremely interested, while the businessmen present were beginning to carefully contemplate the situation. They had to analyze everything with utmost caution and pick the right person to support between Cyril and Gloria.

Herty's and Herty's expression had already darkened considerably. It would've been more acceptable to them had Gloria hurled insults back at them. However, the fact that she was ignoring them told them that they were no longer even on the same level as her.

"Jeffree, are you planning to emulate Ian and hand over the Moreton Family to her? I think she'll be a worthy adversary for that little girl from the Buffett Family," Michael asked as he turned to Jeffree. As he did so, he wore a smile on his face, but the expression in his eyes was extremely sharp.

"I gave her a chance, but it's up to her to prove herself. If she wants to inherit the family, she'll have to work harder than her male counterpart." Jeffree looked at Gloria, and shook his head as he said, "She's still very far off compared to that little girl from the Buffett Family."

"You should be happy with what you have. Not everyone grew up in a bank like Scheer did." Michael chuckled.

Jeffree didn't offer a reply, but he was looking at Gloria with an expression of contemplation and gratification.

"Big Sister is so awesome today! I feel like she changed into a completely different person." Mickey looked on at Gloria with his mouth gaping wide open. The concern in his heart had been entirely replaced by shock and pride.

"Gloria really has grown up. She's far more exceptional than I was at her age." Lance's expression was caught somewhere between gratification and heartache.

"Indeed, she's all grown up now. She's become a confident and beautiful young woman." Debra held onto Lance's hand with a smile as tears shimmered in her eyes.

Cyril composed himself and took a deep breath to calm down. He took his hand off the knight's shoulder and looked at Gloria with a cold sneer as he said, "Even if you and he are willing to donate, that's only something that idiots like you would be willing to do. Will you be able to find others as stupid as you here? Let me see how you're going to fill this bottomless pit!"

"The Buffett Family will take care of providing education for these homeless children." Scheer stepped forward and looked up at Luna as she said, "Ms. Luna, please give me a proposed plan and a quote for the costs involved. Regardless of whether you plan on building a separate school or to enroll these children into Chaos School, Buffett Banks will provide all of the funds necessary."

"A-alright." Luna's eyes immediately lit up as she stared at Scheer with an astonished expression.

"President Jeffree, only several decades have passed since the founding of our Chamber of Commerce, but everyone here seems to have already forgotten that your fathers and forefathers were merely ordinary people as well. Now that we've risen to prosperity, why can't we donate some of our money to help these children?" Scheer turned her attention to Jeffree with a smile, and asked, "President Jeffree, would you be willing to act like an idiot just this once and donate for the sake of the children?"

Cyril's face immediately turned deathly pale. Never had he thought that Scheer would suddenly step forward. Not only was she promising what was surely going to be a massive donation to Luna's proposed fund, she was kicking the ball into Jeffree's court as well. Regardless of whether Jeffree agreed to her proposal or not, Cyril knew that he had been well and truly beaten. His dignity had been swept to the ground, and Jeffree's impression of him had deteriorated even further.

A wide array of expressions also appeared on the faces of the guests present. The businessmen that were affiliated with the Buffett Family were contemplating how much they should donate, while the businessmen affiliated with the Moreton Family all turned to Jeffree.

Jeffree and Scheer's battle for the presidency had clearly already begun. Scheer was trying to knock the final nail into Cyril's coffin while exerting an immense amount of pressure on Jeffree. If Jeffree wanted to protect Cyril, then he definitely wouldn't agree to donate, and all of the businessmen that were affiliated with the Moreton Family would also refrain from doing so.

Michael turned his gaze toward Jeffree, but didn't say anything.

Meanwhile, Mag was appraising Scheer with a hint of amazement on his face.

As expected of the woman who was able to take over a major family at just the tender age of 18; she truly possessed a brilliant mind.

If Jeffree refused to donate in order to protect Cyril, then Michael's impression of him would definitely sour, and here in Chaos City, no one wanted to get on the city lord's bad side.

However, if he were to agree to donate, he would please Michael, but he would also be completely leaving Cyril out in the cold. That would undoubtedly prove to be a heavy blow in his plight to inherit the family heirloom, and his decision would definitely sway many of the businessmen affiliated with the Moreton Family toward Gloria.

Jeffree looked at Cyril before turning to Gloria, upon which he nodded, and said, "I concur with Gloria's suggestion. In addition to the 10% of earnings that she'll be donating from her Blue Sude clothing store, the Moreton Family is going to take care of the housing issue for these children so all of them will have a roof over their heads."

"I'm sure the children will be very grateful to you, President Jeffree," Scheer said with a smile. There was a hint of elation in her eyes, suggesting that her ploy had resulted in a resounding success.

"Thank you, President Jeffree." Luna bowed deeply toward the VIP area as tears began to well up in her eyes.

In the beginning, she had only been hoping to secure sufficient donations to buy food for the children over the winter. However, she had gotten far more than she could ever hope for. With these massive donations rolling in, these children would be able to enjoy a much more wonderful childhood.

Cyril stumbled back a couple of steps, and only managed to stay upright after a knight had lent him a supporting hand. However, his face was deathly pale, and there was cold sweat running down his face.

The cold glance that Jeffree had just cast toward him made him feel as if he had been plunged into a glacial pit, and his decision clearly indicated that he had chosen Gloria over him on this occasion.

“The president is donating, and he chose to support Young Mistress Gloria!”

“Could it be that Young Mistress Gloria is going to become the second Young Mistress Scheer?”

“That’s too difficult to predict for now, but one thing’s for sure: we have to play the idiot and donate as well!”

All of the guests present began to discuss urgently among themselves, wondering what drastic changes this mid-year banquet was going to bring to the Chamber of Commerce.

“Ms. Luna’s proposal has touched me greatly, and I’m also very pleased and grateful that all of you are willing to donate to these underprivileged children.” Michael stood up from his seat, and his powerful voice rang out across the entire banquet hall as he said, “At the same time, I hope that everyone can learn a lesson from this. Here in Chaos City, the societal hierarchy isn’t set in stone. We’re going to strive to educate the entire population so that even the lower-class citizens will have a chance to prove their worth.”

Cyril leaned his body heavily against the knight beside him for support, and suddenly felt very cold.

Chapter 656 Mr. Mag, I’d Like to Invite You to Rodu

“Thank you, thank you, thank you...”

Mag looked on at Luna, who was expressing her gratitude to the donating businessmen over and over again, and a smile appeared on his face.

“Those children will be very grateful to you, Mr. Mag.” Scheer made her way over to Mag with a smile.

“You’re providing them with education and a future, Young Mistress Scheer; they should be far more grateful to you.” Mag shook his head as he turned to Scheer with an earnest expression.

“If it weren’t for what you said, perhaps I wouldn’t have agreed to donate to those children. After all, businessmen aren’t philanthropists, and all of us prioritize profits above all else.” A meaningful smile appeared on Scheer’s face.

“No matter what your incentive or intentions are, the important thing is that you’re donating and making a change. That places you above all of the people who only speak empty words yet don’t take any action. After all, no matter how many kind words you offer to a homeless child, it’s still much more practical and beneficial to them if you give them something to eat or somewhere to stay,” Mag said with a smile.

In his past life, many of the philanthropic businessmen were simply donating so they could forge a positive image for and to promote themselves in order to secure greater profits in the future.

However, Mag had always been of the opinion that even though their intentions might not have been philanthropic in nature, they were still at least making a change—as opposed to the keyboard warriors who claimed the moral high ground in Internet comment sections but didn’t donate a single cent themselves.

In this case, the intrinsic motivation was merely a trivial secondary factor.

“Your thoughts and ideas are always so interesting.” Scheer faltered slightly as she looked at the genuine smile on Mag’s face, and she suddenly felt as if she was still unable to see through this man.

“You’re also a very interesting person, Young Mistress Scheer.” Even though she was only 18 years old, Scheer gave Mag the impression of a wily old fox who had been toiling in the business world for several decades.

“Looks like I should afford you some personal space. I’ll see you tomorrow at your restaurant after the breakfast service,” Scheer said with a smile as she looked at an approaching Gloria. She strode forward a couple of steps and stopped in front of Gloria with a smile on her face as she said, “Young Mistress Gloria, I hear that you’re only making one of each color in the style of the dress that you’re wearing. Would I be able to reserve the red one?”.

Gloria looked directly into Scheer’s eyes, and nodded as she replied, “Of course you can.”

“Alright, here are my measurements. Once it’s done, I’ll come to your shop to collect it in person.” Scheer handed a slip of paper over to Gloria and nodded before walking away.

“But we—” Gloria wanted to tell Scheer that the shop didn’t offer tailored clothing, but Scheer had already struck up a conversation with someone else in the crowd.

At this moment, Mag appeared beside Gloria and smiled as he said, “Seeing as only one dress of each color will be made, perhaps you can make an exception and offer tailored clothing just this once.”

“Can I do that?” Gloria was seemingly a little lost.

“The price you charge will be determined by the services you offer. Additional services will incur additional costs.” Mag nodded in reply.

Gloria’s eyes lit up as she nodded firmly. “I understand.”

“Your entrance tonight was very spectacular. As long as you set an appropriate price for your dresses, you’ll be able to easily make your clothing store a profitable business,” Mag encouraged.

“Thank you, Mr. Mag. I really don’t know how to express my gratitude to you.” Gloria turned to Mag with a grateful expression.

“When those homeless children put on their new clothes, they’ll definitely be very happy. Their smiles will be the best form of gratitude for me,” Mag replied with a smile.

“Alright, once these dresses are done, I’ll get them to make a batch of clothes for the children as quickly as possible.” Gloria nodded with an enchanting smile.

“This bastard is going to be the biggest hurdle in my path to pursuing Young Mistress Gloria!” Camilla looked at Mag with a cold expression.

“But his steak is super delicious,” the black cat reminded in a quiet voice.

“It is! That steak was far too delicious! I’ve never had such an amazing steak in my life!” A scorching light appeared in Camilla’s eyes as a conflicted look surfaced on her face. After hesitating for a long while, she

finally heaved a resigned sigh, and said, "Alright, seeing as you cook such a delicious steak, I'll let you live for now."

Mag and Gloria chatted for a while before Gloria was practically wrenched away by all of the noblewomen who were scrambling to reserve dresses from her.

Mag made his way over to Amy, who was stuffing a mandarin into her mouth, and he smiled as he said, "Are you still not full?"

"Father, this mandarin is super sweet. Do you want to try it?" Amy wore a joyful smile as she raised a section of the mandarin high up above her head.

Mag leaned down and bit into the mandarin section, savoring the explosion of fruit juices in his mouth. He nodded with a smile, and said, "Mm-hm, it's indeed very sweet."

"Mr. Mag, thank you so much. All of the children finally have a chance to go to school now." Luna had finally seen off the final donating businessman, by which point she already had a journal filled with names and donation amounts. After doing all that, she immediately hurried over to Mag with an excited expression.

"I didn't think you'd be so influential, Boss Mag. You set the entire scene alight!" Vivian also gave Mag a thumbs-up with an exhilarated look on her face.

"It's Teacher Luna's speech that truly touched everyone. As for influence, no one was more influential than you and the city lord," Mag said with a smile.

"In any case, just for your righteous display tonight, I'm going to visit your restaurant regularly for grilled fish!" Vivian promised with an earnest expression.

"Thank you so very much." Luna bowed deeply toward Mag. She knew that Mag was the one who had effected the turning point, and in doing so, he had offended Cyril and the Moreton Family.

"Teacher Luna, I have a great deal of respect for what you did. In comparison, what I've done is not worthy of a mention." Mag hurriedly helped Luna into an upright position.

Right at this moment, a voice sounded from behind Mag. "Mr. Mag, my name is Cayrols, and I'm the Roth Empire's ambassador. Would I be able to speak with you in private?"

Mag turned round, only to discover a tall and broad middle-aged man with brown hair and green eyes in a set of golden robes. He was none other than the Roth Empire's ambassador who had been one of the judges during the cooking contest.

"Greetings, Ambassador; what would you like to speak with me about?" A hint of surprise appeared in Mag's eyes, but he did his best to calm himself down. This was the first time he was interacting with an official from the Roth Empire, and this was an official who was affiliated with Josh's faction, so he had to be cautious about what he did and said.

"This way, please." Cayrols pointed toward one of the nearby booths before striding toward it.

Mag hesitated momentarily, but still quickly followed him in the end.

After walking into the booth, Cayrols turned to Mag and cut straight to the chase. “Mr. Mag, I’d like to invite you to Rodu to cook some dishes for His Majesty’s 60th birthday.”

Chapter 657 Is Your Wife Really Dead?

“Huh?”

Mag stared at Cayrols with a shocked expression on his face. He had thought of many reasons why Cayrols would perhaps wish to speak with him, but never had he thought that he would extend an invitation for Mag to travel to Rodu and cook for the king.

“His Majesty’s birthday is coming soon, and Prince Josh asked me to find a suitable present for His Majesty. After tasting your steak tonight, I think there is no better present for His Majesty than for you to cook a few dishes for him.” Cayrols was very pleased with Mag’s reaction. Indeed, it was an immense honor to be able to cook for the king of the Roth Empire.

A reluctant expression appeared on Mag’s face as he said, “Um... Ambassador Cayrols, I’m really flattered that you think so highly of me, but my cooking really isn’t worthy of being offered to His Majesty. If something were to go wrong, I would be killed, but most importantly, it would make you and Prince Josh look bad as well, and that would be a heinous crime on my part.”

Only an idiot would go! Mag rolled his eyes internally. Alex had escaped from Rodu under extremely arduous circumstances three years ago, yet Cayrols was asking him to go back? He certainly wasn’t stupid enough to agree to such a suicidal proposal!

Josh and the Magus Tower were definitely behind the ambush three years ago.

He definitely had a vendetta against Josh, but at his current power level, he wouldn’t even be able to take out Josh’s guards, let alone exact his revenge.

As such, he didn’t have any excuse to go to Rodu before he recovered his full strength.

Right at this moment, the system’s voice sounded. “Ding! New mission: accept this man’s invitation and travel to Rodu to cook for the king! Reward for mission completion: one super massive reward! On top of that, the restaurant will immediately be upgraded to level three! Punishment for mission failure: three strength points will be deducted!”

“Did you buy a life insurance policy for me and set yourself as the beneficiary party?” Mag asked internally.

“The system doesn’t offer insurance services,” the system replied in a serious manner.

“Then you’re pushing me straight into a fire pit! Are you that keen to kill me so you can find a new host? Is Rodu a place I can go to as my current self? If I go there, there’s going to be nothing left of me soon!” Mag roared internally.

The system was being downright preposterous! Furthermore, the punishment for mission failure was completely unacceptable to Mag. He current only had 3.5 strength points, and if three of them were to be deducted, he would be borderline disabled again!

“Why don’t you adjust the punishment for mission failure to a deduction of 3.5 strength points instead? Don’t even bother leaving the half of a strength point for me!” Mag added.

“If I deduct 3.5 strength points, you’ll be killed right away. That goes against the system’s moral code, so it cannot be done. Also, don’t get so worked up about this. After consulting the database, I’ve deduced that there’s a 50% chance that there won’t be any danger involved with this trip. Hence, you have a very high probability of survival,” the system replied earnestly.

“I’m fine as I currently am! Why do I have to do something that has a 50% chance of getting me killed?” Mag was still very displeased.

The system gave a serious reply. “This unforeseen event has triggered one of the system’s hidden missions. On the birthday banquet for the king of the Roth Empire, the best chefs of the Roth Empire would be in attendance. You must challenge and defeat those top-grade chefs during the birthday banquet; that will be a preliminary victory for you on your path to becoming the God of Cookery, and it can take your reputation and renown to greater heights. This is a process that a God of Cookery must go through.”

“So there’s no way to change this?” Mag took a deep breath. He had already guessed that this would be the system’s intention. It was planning to plunge him into a make-or-break situation at the king’s birthday banquet, but Mag was still reluctant to expose himself to such a massive risk.

“The system doesn’t have the right to change hidden missions, so this mission must be enforced with absolute strictness. I wish you good luck.” The system fell silent thereafter.

Cayrols’ expression stiffened upon hearing Mag’s unexpected refusal. However, it appeared that Mag was simply concerned about his own cooking skills, so he offered an encouraging smile, and said, “You’re being far too modest, Mr. Mag. Even after dining at all of the renowned restaurants in Rodu and Chaos City, the steak that you made was still the best thing I’ve ever had. City Lord Michael and President Jeffree have also expressed their approval for your cooking skills. If your cooking doesn’t make the cut, then there’s no one in Chaos City that can even call themselves a chef!”

“Well...” A hesitant expression appeared on Mag’s face. He had just had what appeared to be a lengthy argument with the system, but only a few moments had passed by in the real world. At this point, he was still scrambling for a way to get out of this situation, and he didn’t know whether he should accept Cayrols’ invitation or not.

He didn’t want to go to Rodu, but he was even more averse to becoming a cripple.

Thus, he had no choice.

Cayrols was greatly assured by the hesitancy that had appeared on Mag’s face, and his smile widened even further as he said, “Mr. Mag, if you agree to travel to Rodu, Prince Josh will definitely reward you handsomely. Not only will you receive immense remuneration just for making this trip, if your cooking can please His Majesty, then you might get a chance to remain in the imperial palace as a chef. Furthermore, His Highness will give you an additional reward that’ll ensure you’re never left wanting for money for the rest of your life.”

Mag quickly adopted a calm expression as he looked at Cayrols. In a voice that was neither haughty nor excessively humble, he replied, "Thank you for giving me this opportunity, Ambassador Cayrols. However, I'm still running a restaurant and raising a small child at the moment, so I'll need some time to consider whether I can travel to Rodu or not."

"Alright, then I'll be awaiting a response from you, Mr. Mag." Cayrols was slightly taken aback by Mag's response, but he didn't press the issue any further. Instead, he added, "By the way, I'll be returning to Rodu in 15 days to attend His Majesty's birthday banquet, so I hope you can give me a definitive response before then."

"I'll be sure to do so." Mag nodded before exiting the booth.

"This is a fantastic present; I wonder if Mr. Mag is going to agree or not. If this weren't Chaos City, I'd make sure to take him with me even if I had to tie him up!" Cayrols heaved a resigned sigh as he looked on at Mag's departing figure.

As soon as he emerged from the booth, Mag was quickly surrounded by a bunch of businessmen. He only managed to shake them off with great difficulty before returning to Amy's side.

At the conclusion of the banquet, Amy's use of magic was only addressed by Michael in a few airy remarks, but he didn't extend any punishment or warning toward her.

Mag emerged from the banquet hall behind Amy and Luna while cradling a sound asleep Ugly Duckling in his right arm.

Luna was walking up ahead with Amy's little hand in hers. She was wearing a stern expression as she chastised, "Amy, even though you were protecting me today, you can't use magic so carelessly in a setting with so many people. That man today was a very bad person, but not bad enough that he should be killed. The people around him were even more innocent, and if they ended up being injured or killed by your magic, then you would've done something bad."

"But... he insulted Father," Amy retorted quietly with a pitiable look on her face.

"Yes, I heard that as well, but we can't just carelessly take other people's lives no matter what. That is a rule that you must hold yourself accountable to." Luna stopped and squatted down beside Amy. She looked into Amy's eyes with a serious expression, and asked, "Can you do that for me?"

"Hey, is your wife really dead?" Vivian suddenly asked as she walked along beside Mag.

Chapter 658 Stay Away From Her

"Hmm?"

Mag, who was in the process of learning how to educate Amy from Luna, immediately faltered upon hearing that. He turned to the inquisitive Vivian, and a hint of unease welled up in his heart. He was silent for a while before shaking his head as he replied, "She didn't die; she ran away."

"With another man?" Vivian seemed to have suddenly been enlightened. She patted Mag's shoulder with a consolatory expression as she said, "It's alright, you can always find another. A woman like that was always going to leave you anyway."

“Speaking of which, I’m really surprised that there’s a woman in this world capable of leaving you. I’m suddenly really curious; what kind of woman would resist your cooking? Or what kind of man could be even more irresistible than your food?” A curious look appeared on Vivian’s face.

Mag’s expression immediately darkened. He felt as if he had suddenly become a pitiful cuckold.

“It’s not what you think. I can only say that our relationship was a happy mistake; it doesn’t have anything to do with anyone else.” Mag made an effort to make himself look as nonchalant about this as possible.

“It’s alright, I understand. Something like this must be quite difficult to accept for any man.” Vivian nodded with a knowing expression.

Mag rolled his eyes, and couldn’t be bothered to provide any further explanation.

“So that means she most likely won’t be coming back, right? Alternatively, if she did come back, would you forgive her?” Vivian asked.

“Of course I’d forgive her. After all, she’s the mother of my child.” Mag could already guess what Vivian’s intentions were, and he nodded with a smile.

“Tsk, ts, I didn’t think you’d be such a selfless man,” Vivian said with a disappointed expression.

Mag merely gave her an ambiguous smile in response. This little girl’s reflex arc was very strange, and one could easily be led astray in a conversation with her.

“I understand, Teacher Luna.” Amy nodded with a serious expression.

“Good girl. Because of our Little Amy, all of the other kids will be able to go to school and have new clothes to wear.” A warm smile reappeared on Luna’s face as she patted Amy’s head.

“Will they be coming to Chaos School as well?” Amy’s eyes immediately lit up.

Luna shook her head, and replied, “I’m not too sure at the moment. I have to ask the principal first; it would naturally be the best if they could attend Chaos School.”

“You’re the best, Teacher Luna!” Amy wound her arms around Luna’s neck and planted a kiss on her cheek with a vibrant smile on her face.

“You’re also a very good girl.” Teacher Luna planted a gentle kiss on Amy’s forehead.

“Sigh, it’s such a pity.” Vivian looked at Luna and Amy’s interaction with a forlorn expression. She then turned to Mag with a meaningful look.

Mag looked up into the night sky, and murmured to himself, “There sure are a lot of stars in the sky.”

“Looks like there’s a reason why your wife ran off with someone else, after all,” Vivian grumbled as she looked at Mag.

My wife didn’t run off with anyone! Mag was almost unable to resist the urge to retort.

After watching Luna and Vivian get onto a horse-drawn carriage, Mag dragged out his bicycle from the side and was preparing to go home with Amy when two shadowy figures suddenly appeared up ahead.

Mag narrowed his eyes as he shielded Amy behind him. A hint of surprise appeared on his face as he asked, "Mistress Bartoli, what can I do for you? If you thought my steak wasn't bad today, you can come and taste it again tomorrow at Mamy Restaurant."

The two shadowy figures were none other than that sexy Mistress Bartoli and that black cat, which had donned its black robes again.

"Meow!" Ugly Duckling suddenly woke up as it lay in the bicycle's basket before turning to the black cat with a menacing expression.

"I'm here for the steak—" Camilla's voice abruptly cut off as she stomped her foot with anger. She had prepared a script in her mind, but her train of thought had been completely led astray by Mag's words, causing her to immediately think of that incredibly delicious steak. She cleared her throat, and began again. "I'm here to warn you to stay away from Young Mistress Gloria; she's someone that I have my eyes set on!"

Mag raised an eyebrow as he looked at Camilla with a surprised expression. He was finding it difficult to believe that he was hearing such an idiotic threat from the captivating Mistress Bartoli. Furthermore, what was this about her having her eyes set on Gloria? There was too much information in that sentence, and even with Mag's comprehension abilities, it still took him a full three seconds to understand.

This Mistress Bartoli was most likely a lesbian, and she had fallen in love with Gloria, identifying Mag as a rival in love.

That was why she was stopping him in the middle of a street and issuing such an immature warning to him—actions that were more befitting of a middle school student.

Of course, Mag had never done something like this ever since he graduated from primary school.

"Um... Young Mistress Gloria and I are collaborating with one another, so we definitely have to communicate on a work basis." Mag looked at Camilla with a rather speechless expression.

"Don't think that I wouldn't do anything to you just because you make a good steak. My reputation is not something to be scoffed at! I have all sorts of cruel torture devices in my dungeon, and if you dare to refuse, I'll let you taste the sensation of getting belted by a leather whip while having hot candle wax dripped onto your body!" Camilla raised her chin slightly with a menacing look in her eyes.

Mag looked at the threatening Mistress Bartoli, and the mental image of her holding a candle while swiping a small leather whip through the air surfaced in his mind.

Mag got rid of that rather bizarre train of thought, and put on a serious expression as he said, "Please rest assured, Mistress Bartoli, Young Mistress Gloria and I are purely in a collaborative relationship with no romantic elements involved. I'm a man with a daughter."

"That's true." Camilla nodded after a brief moment of contemplation.

"Whoosh!"

The sound of fabric flapping through the air erupted.

“Wow! Such a big black cat!”

Amy had crept over to Camilla, and was holding a corner of the black cat’s robe. The robe had been pulled off its body again, revealing its true form, and Amy was looking up at it with a joyful expression.

“Meow!” The black cat faltered momentarily before all of its fur instantly bristled. It was like a woman who had just been stripped naked, and it immediately dove into Camilla’s arms as it glared at Amy with a resentful expression.

“Meow!” Ugly Duckling cried out in excitement. It laid its two front paws on the edge of the bicycle’s basket, appearing as if it were going to jump out at any moment.

“Remember your promise.” Camilla ignored Amy as she looked at Mag with a cold expression. She then turned around with her black cat in her arms before pausing as she said, “I’ll be visiting your restaurant tomorrow night; you’d better be adequately prepared.”

She then continued onward and suddenly transformed into a cloud of black mist, and then into a huge bat as she disappeared into the distance in the blink of an eye.

Mag laid a hand on his forehead and shook his head with an exasperated expression. As expected, this Mistress Bartoli really was no ordinary person.

“Look at her, Ugly Duckling, she can even fly, yet you can’t even walk without panting! You can’t fly because you’re too fat! From tomorrow onward, your food will be cut in half!”

Amy’s serious voice sounded, followed by a pitiable meow.

Chapter 659 Having a Flat Chest is Also a Disease!

Mag rode his bicycle toward the restaurant with furrowed brows as he contemplated his trip to Rodu.

It appeared that the trip was unavoidable—that much was certain. As such, the most important thing was to ensure a higher level of safety, and that his true identity as Alex wouldn’t be exposed.

His enemies were too powerful; if his cover were to be blown as he currently was, there was no way that he would be able to survive.

“Under the bridge in front of my door, a brood of ducks swims by...” Amy sat on the backseat with a joyful expression, singing a song about counting ducks. She appeared to be in a very good mood.

Meanwhile, Ugly Duckling was lying in the bicycle’s basket, rolling from side to side with a suicidal expression while suppressing the urge to barf.

“Father, do you like my singing?” Amy suddenly cut off Mag’s train of thought.

“Huh?” Mag faltered slightly, and an apologetic look appeared on his face as he said, “That was really good, Amy. Can you sing another song for me?”

“Of course I can! Let me sing about the mushroom-picking little girl.” Amy was very pleased by Mag’s compliment, and she continued, “The mushroom-picking girl has a basket on her back...”

Her crisp and tender voice was very pleasing to the ears, and as Mag listened, he was able to set all of his worries aside.

Amy was always able to instill in him a sense of tranquility as if she was his safe haven.

The bicycle stopped outside the restaurant, and Mag carried Amy and Ugly Duckling as he made his way toward the restaurant. Everything was pitch-black inside the restaurant, and Mag found that to be rather perplexing. Why are the lights off? Is Babla already asleep?

“Is Big Sister Babla a little piglet? Why is she sleeping so early?” Amy giggled.

“Perhaps she is,” Mag replied with a smile. He pulled the key out of his pocket and unlocked the door. Just as he was about to open the door and walk in, he suddenly discovered a shadow lying sprawled at the restaurant’s entrance, and it seemed to be a humanoid figure.

“Holy f*ck!”

Mag was so startled that he almost dropped his key. He crept gingerly into the restaurant, only to find a humanoid figure lying face down on the ground with a head of disheveled long hair.

“It’s Big Sister Babla! What happened to her?” Amy asked with a nervous expression as she held Ugly Duckling in her arms.

Mag turned on the light, and found that it was indeed Babla lying on the floor. Her left arm hung limply by her side, while her right index finger was extended, having seemingly written something on the ground with her fingertip. Her face was very pale, and she lay completely stationary.

Is this a murder crime scene?

A chill ran down Mag’s spine upon seeing this. He hurriedly bent down and put a finger on Babla’s neck. Her skin was slightly cool to the touch, but he could still feel a faint pulse in her neck. He heaved a sigh of relief upon making that discovery—at the very least, she wasn’t dead.

“There are some words here,” Amy said as she pointed to Babla’s hand.

Mag picked up Babla’s hand, only to find a few words scrawled out using black charcoal powder: give me beef kebabs...

Mag then inspected Babla’s outstretched right index finger, and saw that there was also remnant black charcoal powder on her fingertip.

Could she... have fainted from hunger? Mag looked at Babla with a slightly farcical expression. Prior to going out for the banquet, he had left some dinner for Babla in a thermal box. She was sleeping at the time, so he wrote her a note and plastered it onto the kitchen’s door.

“Father, what should we do now?” Amy turned to Mag with a curious expression on her face.

“Let’s get her awake first.” Mag flipped Babla over before picking her up in his arms.

She was only around 1.55 meters tall, and her chest was completely flat, so she weighed about as much as a child.

Mag's footsteps faltered as he said to the system, "System, do a full-body scan on her and tell me what's wrong with her."

The system's voice sounded in reply. "You do not have the right to request diagnoses, please upgrade the re—"

"500 copper coins for one diagnosis; deal or no deal?" Mag immediately cut the system off.

"Deal!" the system immediately replied.

"Ding! Diagnosis completed! 500 copper coins have been deducted! Diagnosis report is ready!" The system's voice soon sounded again.

Mag placed Babla on a table nearby and began to read through the diagnosis report in his mind.

Babla, 15 years old, gender: female, power level: 7th-tier spatial magic caster. Diagnosis report: severely low blood sugar level! Severe anemia! Severe flat-chestedness! Other physical markers are all normal.

"System, what the hell is this flat-chestedness?" Mag was starting to doubt his eyes.

"From a medical perspective, severe flat-chestedness is also a gynecological disease. If left untreated, it could have severe negative implications on a woman's mentality and self-esteem," the system explained in a serious manner.

"You sure know how to bullsh*t." Mag rolled his eyes; he couldn't be bothered to argue with the system. Severely low blood sugar level and severe anemia; it's quite ironic that a pampered princess is suffering from these conditions.

However, seeing as a diagnosis had been made, Mag knew what he had to do. At the very least, it wasn't something serious like a heart attack or terminal cancer. Some food and water should be enough to help her recover.

Mag made his way into the kitchen and poured a glass of Spring of Life water. He then added two spoonfuls of sugar to it before helping Babla up and feeding her the simple concoction.

After a while, a hint of color appeared to Babla's pale cheeks, and her feeble breathing also gradually quickened. At the same time, her body temperature had also risen slightly.

"Hmm... Where am I?" Babla slowly opened her eyes in a feeble manner. Her gaze then fell on Mag's face, and she immediately stiffened upon realizing how close his face was to her own.

Babla suddenly felt as if she had regained feeling all over her body. The sensation of the large warm hand on her back made her eyes widen immediately. A blush appeared on her face as she immediately stood up on the table.

However, she was still quite feeble and unable to support her own weight, and thus stumbled into Mag's arms. Her arms reflexively wound themselves around his neck, and her face was even closer to his than it had been before.

"Come on now, I only saved you in a humane gesture; there's no need for you to dive into my arms like this." Mag was still holding a glass in his hand, and he looked at Babla with a resigned expression.

He simply couldn't even work up a shred of interest in an undeveloped little girl like her.

A panicked look appeared on Babla's face as she unconsciously released her hands. As a result, her face slid down Mag's chest, all the way until she was kneeling before him.

Chapter 660 System, Where Did You Steal This Wine From?

Babla looked up at Mag, and suddenly wished that she were dead.

Not only had a man laid his hands on her, she was now kneeling before him!

What was even more terrifying to her was that her face had slid down this man's body, all the way from his chest to his legs.

She was slightly surprised by the rock-hard body of the man beneath the clothes, but she was much more focused on the sense of asphyxiating humiliation that was crashing down on her.

How could something like this happen to her, Princess Babla of the moon nation?!

How could she let a man touch her body?!

This man should be the one kneeling before her!

And yet...

Babla discovered that she was completely unable to move. She was unable to muster up any strength in her feeble body, and felt as if her knees had been nailed to the ground, rendering her completely unable to move.

She wasn't even able to get out of this embarrassing position.

Could it be that this man spiked the water with something? Maybe it's a drug that would place a woman completely at his mercy after drinking it? But Amy's right there! This bastard! All men really are trash! Babla's eyes widened as she stared at Mag with a panicked expression.

"Big Sister Babla, are you thanking Father?" Amy asked.

Mag was also rather taken aback by the sight of Babla kneeling before him. This little girl was quite haughty at times, but it appeared that she knew the importance of being grateful for other people's kindness. It was just that her method of expressing gratitude was rather jarring to Mag.

"There's no need for you to be like this; you're an employee of my restaurant, after all." Mag shook his head with a smile and helped Babla to her feet. He gently placed her on a nearby chair, and handed her the glass in his hand as he said, "You have severely low blood sugar level and severe anemia, so you can't starve yourself. Otherwise, you could easily faint or have something even worse happen to you. I put some sugar in this water for you to drink."

Low blood sugar level? Anemia? Babla was very confused. Could it be that Mag knew what condition she was suffering from? And was he trying to save her rather than take advantage of her just then?

"She has low blood sugar level, so she has to drink sugar." Amy turned to Mag with a curious expression, and asked, "So if Big Sister Babla's anemic, will she have to drink blood[1]?"

"I won't drink blood even if the only other alternative is death!" Before Mag had a chance to say anything, Babla had already raised her chin with a determined expression.

"I wouldn't have any blood for you to drink even if you wanted some." Mag pursed his lips in response. He had no intention of turning Babla into a vampire. He held the glass gently to Babla's lips before slowly tilting it upward.

Babla wanted to refuse initially, but as soon as the glass approached her, a faint fragrant aroma came wafting toward her, and just taking a whiff of it was making her head feel clearer. It was just like the faint fragrance that was detectable in the Yangzhou fried rice. After a brief hesitation, she opened her mouth and accepted the drink that Mag was offering her.

The liquid in the glass was cool and refreshing, giving her a sense of reinvigoration. As Mag had said, a copious amount of sugar had been added and it was very sweet, yet not overwhelmingly so.

After taking a few sips of the Spring of Life, Babla suddenly felt a delightful and mysterious type of energy rising up in her body. The leaden sensation in her arms gradually disappeared, and her feeble body was filled with energy again.

"Looks like you're alright now. Do you still need me to feed you?" A smile appeared on Mag's face at the sight of Babla's improving condition.

"I don't need anyone to feed me!" Babla snatched the glass away from Mag. She looked at the warm smile on Mag's face and Amy's concerned look, and she cast her eyes downward as she said, "I'm already used to this anyway."

Mag looked at Babla as she sipped her water with her head bowed. This haughty princess seemed to be more resolute than he had imagined. Even though she had had a privileged upbringing, she still had to carry a lot on those frail shoulders of hers.

"With your condition, you can't starve yourself. I prepared some dinner for you before going out and put it in a thermos box. I left a note for you on the kitchen door, and..." Mag pointed toward the kitchen door before turning to look at Babla as an expression of apology appeared on his face. "You might not have been able to see it."

A height that he thought to be normal was already well above head height for Babla. If she didn't actively search for the note, it really would be quite difficult for her to see it.

"Hmph." Babla continued to sip on her drink. The one thing that she detested the most was other people making fun of her height. If it weren't for the fact that Mag had saved her in the nick of time, she would've definitely made him pay for that remark.

"Let me go cook something for you. Beef kebabs require marination, so I'll cook some steak instead." Mag made his way over to the kitchen with a slightly awkward look on his face. If news of the fact that he had almost starved one of his employees to death were to spread, then he would definitely be accused of being an abusive employer.

"Steak?" A hint of confusion appeared on Babla's face. There didn't appear to be such a dish on the restaurant menu.

Amy sat down in front of Babla with a serious expression and said, "Father's steak is super delicious. Everyone who has tasted it has agreed with me."

"More delicious than roast beef kebabs?" Babla was quite skeptical.

"It's just as good as roast beef kebabs," Amy replied.

"Really?" Babla's eyes lit up with a hint of anticipation. Roast beef kebabs were the best beef dish she had ever had.

"Of course." Amy nodded in confirmation.

Mag walked into the kitchen, and found that the kitchenware required for cooking steak was already in there. The roasting bench allowed him to cook eight steaks at once, which was enough to satisfy the daily demand.

In the 32-grid condiments container, a box of black pepper powder had filled up a new grid. After opening the fridge, Mag also discovered a pile of steaks of identical thickness and with almost identical marbling stacked up in plates, which was very convenient for him.

Beside the kitchen cupboard, a new oak wood barrel had appeared, attached to the bottom of which was an antiquated tap that could regulate the flow of the fluid within.

Mag made his way over to the barrel and took a whiff. The faint aroma of red wine intermingled with the distinct fragrance of oak wafted toward him. His eyes lit up, and he praised, "That's some fine wine."

He picked up a transparent glass and turned the tap on, sending vibrant red wine flowing into the glass. The wine was as red as blood yet translucent and completely devoid of impurities. The rich aroma of red wine immediately filled the entire kitchen.

Mag gently swirled the glass, causing the wine to ripple slightly before taking a sip.

A fine yet bright flavor spread over his palate, evoking the imagery of a spritely young maiden who was gentle and reserved. The alluring flavor contained traces of honey, vanilla, and some minerals, all of which were extremely pleasing to Mag.

"System, where did you steal this wine from?"

Mag opened his eyes as he stared at the glass in his hand with surprise and joy on his face.