

Stay At home 661

Chapter 661 You've Committed a Severe Breach of the Rules!

In the northern region of the city, where the Roth Empire's embassy was, Cayrols made his way out of his study and passed an envelope to the waiting butler. He wore a serious expression on his face as he said, "Send this letter to Prince Josh via a messenger falcon."

"Yes, Master." The butler accepted the envelope with both hands before hurrying away into the backyard.

Cayrols was just about to return to his study when a series of slightly urgent footsteps sounded from behind him. "Father, I have something to speak to you about."

A tall and thin young man approached him quickly from the courtyard outside. The young man's hooked nose bore a slight resemblance to Cayrols' and he had a head of brown hair. His face was of a slightly sickly pallor, but he seemed to be in high spirits as he quickly made his way over to Cayrols.

"What do you want to speak to me about, Ryan?" Cayrols asked with a smile. He had always been very benevolent and loving toward this frail second son of his.

"Father, after you return to Rodu and are debriefed, will you be staying in Rodu and no longer act as an ambassador here in Chaos City?" Ryan asked.

"That's right. If everything goes according to plan, I'll be assigned a role in Rodu and stay there. That's why your mother and sister went back to Rodu a month ago. You'll be returning to Rodu with me." Cayrols nodded in response. He had mentioned this to Ryan once before; he was wondering why Ryan was bringing this up again.

"Has it already been confirmed..." A slightly dejected look appeared on Ryan's face.

"After returning to Rodu this time, Prince Josh has promised me a higher-ranking position in the capital. This is a good thing; why do you look so depressed?" Cayrols asked with a smile.

"I..." Ryan's expression was a little hesitant.

"Go on, you can tell your father anything. Could it be that a girl caught your eye tonight?" Cayrols chuckled. Ryan was already 18 years old, officially an adult.

Ryan scratched his head in a slightly embarrassed manner, and replied, "It's... it's Young Mistress Gloria of the Moreton Family. I was thinking that if we're going to leave Chaos City in half a month... I was wondering if you could come with me to the Moreton Family manor so I can ask for her hand in marriage?"

"You've got a good eye, my boy. That Young Mistress Gloria is indeed a beautiful and cultured young lady." Cayrols nodded with a smile. Young Mistress Gloria had left all of the banquet-goers, including Cayrols, with a deep impression of her.

A gorgeous young lady like her would make a fantastic addition to their Earhart Family. Even though the Moreton Family wasn't a family with a long history, as the Chamber of Commerce became more influential in Chaos City, the Moreton Family was quickly becoming more and more renowned. Even

though they were still inferior to the Buffett Family, they could already be considered to be quite a prosperous aristocratic family.

Ryan's eyes lit up as he looked at Cayrols with an expectant gaze.

"I'll go the Moreton Family with a marriage proposal soon. President Jeffree and I are old acquaintances, and the Moreton Family has always wanted to expand their business empire to the Roth Empire. I'm sure he'll make the right decision." Cayrols patted Ryan's shoulder with a smile.

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"Nonsense! The system would never do something like stealing wine! All I did was... borrow some soil from the Domaine de la Romanée-Conti for research purposes, then set up a winery on Francis Island with the exact same minerals and elements contained in that soil sample.

"After that, the system cross-bred the Pinot Noir grapes with the grapes of this world, and selected only the largest and most supple grapes as part of the Pinot Noir number two species. Only the top 5% of those grapes was selected to brew this wine.

"The brewing process was refined, shortening the brewing time required while also improving the wine's quality. Even though the wine has only been stored in the cellar for a short time, its flavor and texture completely surpass those of the wine from the Domaine de la Romanée-Conti. Furthermore, as long as it's stored properly, the wine can be kept in a cellar for over 300 years."

The system was enraged and also more than a little smug.

"Have you no shame? You would even stoop so low as to steal soil? Soil created from such methods has no soul." Mag rolled his eyes, but his eyes were shimmering as he looked at the red wine in his glass.

Domaine de la Romanée-Conti was the best winery in France, and arguably one of the best in the world. It had a long history spanning several centuries, and it only produced 6,000 bottles of wine per year on average. On the market, there was always an extremely high demand for their wine despite their astronomical prices.

In his past life, even Mag was only able to get his hands on one or two bottles of this wine per year, and one would be taken by his father. As such, he was very familiar with this type of vastly renowned red wine of exceptional quality.

"Wait!"

Mag was just about to taste this wine that was apparently similar to Domaine de la Romanée-Conti's wine when the system suddenly stopped him.

"Hmm?"

Mag stopped what he was doing with a confused look on his face.

"This red wine can only be used as an ingredient for cooking black pepper steak, and is not to be consumed on its own nor directly sold!" the system warned.

Mag put down his glass, and asked, "System, how much money are you going to sell this wine for as an ingredient?"

"With this barrel of wine, you'll be able to make 1,000 portions of steak, amounting to a total price of 100,000 copper coins," the system quickly replied.

"Alright, then you can deduct the 100,000 copper coins right away. I'll pay for this wine by the barrel from now on," Mag quickly replied.

"You're not going to barter this time?" the system asked.

"Nope," Mag confirmed.

"Ding! The transaction was successful; 100,000 copper coins have been deducted!" The system's joyful voice sounded.

"Alright, that's the deal done; this barrel of wine belongs to me now." A smile appeared on Mag's face as he raised his glass again. Just from the aroma alone, he could tell that the system wasn't exaggerating when it proclaimed that this wine was superior to Domaine de la Romanée-Conti's wine.

Paying just 100,000 copper coins for such a large barrel of wine of this exceptional caliber was a huge bargain.

In his past life, bottles of dated Domaine de la Romanée-Conti wines would start at 100,000 dollars during auctions. If there were avid drinkers present at those auctions, there was almost no upper limit to how high the bids could reach.

The system's enraged voice sounded. "You've committed a severe breach of the rules! Your actions will incur—"

"Don't worry, I won't sell any of this wine. I won't profit from it aside from using it in my cooking." Mag pursed his lips as he cut the system off before taking a sip of wine.

He first detected the mellow flavor of strawberries, followed by a strong earthy undertone. The texture was very full of body and complexity, yet it wasn't sharp nor overwhelming in the slightest as it glided over his tongue and down his throat. Instead, it was very gentle and harmonious, sweet yet rich.

Even after swallowing the wine, its fragrant aftertaste lingered in his mouth for a long time.

Chapter 662 There's No Need to Explain, Run 10 Laps Around the Restaurant First

Mag had tasted many types of exceptional wine in the past, including the likes of Domaine de la Romanée-Conti, Chateau Petrus, Château Lafite-Rothschild... But in comparison, none of those extremely renowned wines of exceptional quality and astronomical prices could compare with the glass of wine he was holding.

The aroma of roses intertwined with the scents of other fruits, creating an indistinct yet irresistible flavor.

The texture of the Pinot Noir grapes was still clearly detectable, but it was interspersed with another unique aroma. It was exactly this aroma that set this wine apart from its Domaine de la Romanée-Conti counterpart, transforming it into something completely different.

Perhaps it was due to the alcohol content in the wine, but Mag was feeling a hint of heat rise up within his body after swallowing the mouthful of wine.

He felt as if he were situated within a winery, with an abundance of large, supple black grapes hanging on the vines around him. Off to the side, there was a cellar emanating the faint aroma of wine, and there was a series of oak wood barrels filled with red wine stacked on top of each other, silently waiting for someone to sample their contents.

“This is an exceptional wine.” Mag only opened his eyes again after a long while, and he stared at the glass of wine in his hand with an incredulous expression.

In terms of texture and flavor, this wine had indeed completely surpassed Domaine de la Romanée-Conti wine. It was just that it was slightly lacking in body, which was a consequence of its relatively short period of storage in the cellar. However, its other outstanding qualities more than made up for this slight flaw.

Mag put down his glass, and murmured to himself, “It really does feel like a waste to use such fantastic wine to cook steak...”

If this wine were to gain sufficient fame, it would definitely sell for a higher price than Domaine de la Romanée-Conti wine at auctions.

If someone in his past life were to proclaim that they were going to use Domaine de la Romanée-Conti wine to cook steak, they would most likely get beaten to death by all of the avid wine enthusiasts in the world.

“Using the best ingredients to cook the best food is the most basic benchmark a God of Cookery should strive for. You have to rectify your pettiness; only then will you have the chance to become a true God of Cookery!” The system’s vehement voice sounded.

“Then how about you give me a one-copper-coin discount for each barrel of wine?”

“No way! A discount of one copper coin is one too many!” the system refused sternly.

“You sure aren’t petty at all.” Mag pursed his lips.

He pulled out three portions of steak from the fridge and began cooking.

The steaks also came from Ironhide Bulls, and Mag could tell that the steak had been procured from the same batch of cows that had supplied the rib-eye beef for the kebabs. This reduced the wastage of ingredients, and would also ensure that the quality of the beef was even better than that of the beef used during the banquet.

Three portions of steak were quickly cooked, and Mag plated them in an expert manner. Black pepper sauce was then poured over the steaks, while vibrant secondary ingredients embellished the dishes, making the steaks appear even more appealing.

That smells so good! Babla gulped involuntarily as she turned toward the kitchen. The delectable aroma of steak was wafting out of the kitchen; this was a more mellow scent in contrast with the scorching stimulative aroma of the roast beef kebabs. However, it smelled no less delicious, and the faint accompanying aroma of wine threatened to intoxicate her before the dish had even reached the table.

No! I can't make it look like I really want to eat it. I have to be reserved and graceful like a princess should be! Babla thought to herself as she wrenched her gaze away from the kitchen, but her stomach betrayed her as it began to growl like a hungry beast.

She had just fainted from hunger, and even though she had been slightly reinvigorated by the sugar water, waves of feebleness and desire were washing over her uncontrollably as she caught a whiff of the steak's rich aroma.

She wanted nothing more than to stuff a massive piece of beef into her rumbling stomach.

"Huh? Is someone's stomach growling?" Amy looked around with a confused expression.

"It's the cat!" Babla immediately pointed her finger at Ugly Duckling.

"Ugly Duckling, didn't you have a lot to eat tonight already? Why is your stomach grumbling again? This won't do! You'll get so fat that you'll become a ball!" Amy looked down at Ugly Duckling with a stern expression.

"Meow~" Ugly Duckling looked up at Amy with a pitiable expression as it tried to explain itself.

"There's no need to explain, run 10 laps around the restaurant first." Amy placed Ugly Duckling down onto the ground with a stern look.

"Meow~" Ugly Duckling aimed a resentful glance at Babla before reluctantly jogging around the restaurant.

Babla looked up at the crystal chandelier and heaved a faint sigh of relief. Her dignity as a princess had been preserved.

"Grooowl..."

Babla's stomach began to growl again; her expression changed slightly as she took a sip of water from her glass, trying her best to make it appear as if she were oblivious to the incessant rumbling noise.

"Huh?" Amy began to look around again with a curious expression.

"Alright, the black pepper steaks are done." Mag carried three portions of steak out of the kitchen, placing one each in front of Babla and Amy. He then took off his apron and sat down with the final portion of steak on the table in front of him. He hadn't had a chance to taste the steak yet.

"Wow! It smells so good! And it looks really pretty as well!" Amy's eyes lit up as she was immediately drawn to the steak before her.

Babla heaved a faint sigh of relief, but her gaze was also quickly attracted to her steak.

The steaks had been pan-seared to a golden brown color. Each portion was around the size of a human hand, and there were thin long lines running along the surface of the steaks, glistening with droplets of oil. The thick sauce was emanating a unique aroma, making one involuntarily salivate.

The aroma of the beef was intermingled with the fragrance of the red wine as it wafted through the air, entrancing and intoxicating.

Compared to the rather dark color of the steak, the secondary ingredients positioned beside the steaks were very bright and vibrant in color. There were colorful peppers, as well as a green vegetable that looked like a flower; the combination of the two immediately lit up the celadon porcelain plate.

Will a big chunk of beef like this really taste good? Babla's heart was filled with a mixture of suspicion and anticipation. However, she didn't know how she was supposed to eat this large steak. Grabbing it and taking bites straight out of the beef was for neanderthals, yet using chopsticks would make the dining process very inconvenient. As such, she was at a loss for what to do.

"You know how steaks should be eaten, right?" Mag asked.

"O... Of course I do," Babla replied stubbornly, but she still didn't dig in. Instead, she looked at Mag and Amy out of the corner of her eye, trying to figure out how to eat this steak by observing them.

"Good." Mag nodded, and dragged Amy's plate over to himself before using his knife and fork to slice her steak into bite-sized chunks.

So you have to slice it up! Babla's eyes lit up as she turned her gaze toward the knife and fork beside her. She then emulated Mag by picking up her silverware and slicing into her steak.

The knife was able to easily tear through the succulent beef, upon which the delectable aroma lurking within the meat instantly blossomed, causing Babla's eyes to light up even further.

"What?!" However, Babla immediately stiffened after slicing off a small morsel of beef as she could see bloody red fibers within the steak.

Chapter 663 It's Probably... Sick?

"Bl... Bl... Blood!" Babla was suddenly struck by a sense of dizziness, and her body swayed as she fell to the side.

"What's going on with you?" Mag hurriedly supported her by laying a hand on her shoulder. He then looked at the pink section at the center of the steak, and a peculiar look appeared on his face as he asked, "You're not scared of blood, are you?"

Babla turned her gaze away from the steak. After taking two deep breaths, she managed to recompose herself as she shook her head stubbornly. "I'm not scared of blood! I was just suddenly feeling a little ill."

"Your steak was cooked to medium, so the center looks a little pink, but it's definitely not raw and it won't taste like blood, either. It'll be really good for your body considering you're anemic. If you're really scared of blood, then we can swap steaks," Mag offered as he withdrew his hand. It appeared that she was quite frail, after all.

“There’s no need for that; I’m not scared of blood!” Babla shook her head with a firm expression as she looked down at the steak on her plate. She lifted her fork again, stabbed it into the small piece of beef she had cut off earlier, and then placed it in her mouth with her eyes closed.

The dreaded gush of metallic blood never came. Her teeth easily bit through the tender beef, and the rich flavor of wine fused with the juices of the meat spilled into her mouth. Coupled with that special sauce that instantly ignited her taste buds, Babla felt as if there was a tiny fairy dancing on the tip of her tongue, smoothing out her tightly knitted brows.

She chewed the steak carefully, only to find that the beef was incredibly tender and supple. Having been soaked in red wine prior to being cooked, none of the rank odor that was normally present in beef could be detected, yet the original flavor of the beef had been perfectly preserved.

Only then did the faintly sweet tang of blood spill out from the beef, but it wasn’t a gut-wrenching metallic tang. Instead, it was a subtle sweetness that lent even further complexity to the flavor of the steak.

Babla felt as if she were sitting in a large bathtub with her entire body submerged in red liquid. The rich aroma of red wine wafted around her, tinged with hints of blood-filled sweetness. It struck her with the urge to moan with pleasure.

Wisps of warmth slid down her throat and into her stomach before coursing through her limbs, giving her the same sense of comfort that she derived from actually taking a warm bath.

Furthermore, some of this warmth gathered in her chest. She found the fuzzy feeling indescribable, yet it was very comfortable.

Babla could clearly sense her feeble body quickly recovering its energy. If that sugar water from earlier had merely been an appetizer soup, then this steak was well and truly the main course.

This steak really is just as delicious as the roast beef kebab! Even though the flavor is completely different, it’s not inferior to the roast beef kebab at all! After swallowing the mouthful of beef, Babla opened her eyes and stared at the steak before her with amazement in her eyes.

The bloodstained fibers that had evoked in her a sense of nausea suddenly didn’t appear so repulsive any more after she had tasted the delicious steak. Instead, they were looking quite alluring.

Babla immediately had another piece of steak without any hesitation. The incredible flavor spread in her mouth with reckless abandon, filling her empty body and completely ridding her of that feeble sensation.

What an amazing feeling! Eating this dish has the same effect as eating roast beef! Perhaps it’s due to those bloody fibers, but I feel like even my blood flow has quickened and been replenished. Also... there’s a strange feeling in my chest. Babla sensed the changes taking place within her body, and was completely immersed in bliss as her large steak rapidly shrank in size.

Mag shook his head with a smile upon seeing this. Babla’s body was always more honest than her mouth. He placed the plate of sliced-up medium-well steak in front of Amy before picking up his silverware as he dug into his own steak.

The medium-well steak had been cooked to perfection; the ridges of the grill pan had imprinted straight lines on the beef, giving it a sense of artistry. His knife glided through the steak, and he could clearly feel the sensation of juices spilling out of the supple beef as the rich aroma of red wine wafted toward him.

Just for the fact that 100 milliliters of that red wine had been used to marinate this beef, this is most likely the most expensive black pepper steak in this world. Mag looked at the beef on his fork as he heaved an internal sigh. Even he had never used Domaine de la Romanée-Conti wine to cook steak before.

As the steak entered his mouth, the first flavor he detected was the black pepper, and his taste buds danced with elation in response. The other condiments in the sauce had made the flavor of the black pepper much more mellow, leaving only a pleasantly numb sensation in his mouth. It was like the perfect catalyst facilitating a better fusion between the beef and the red wine.

The texture of the beef was very tender, and as the juices of the meat itself spilled out with the red wine, the flavor was simply indescribably exquisite.

What an amazing flavor! This is truly top-of-the-range steak!

Mag's eyes had completely lit up. He had tasted many outstanding cuts of steak in his past life, but none of those could compare with this portion of steak.

1,500 copper coins is not too high a price for this, is it? Mag thought to himself. The ingredient cost per portion of steak amounted to 300 copper coins, but Mag felt that it was still too cheap even if he were to set the price at 5,000 copper coins. There was no way that anyone could source such exceptional red wine from anywhere, and the flavor of the steak was also completely peerless.

Even though the flavor of red wine was quite strong in the dish, Mag had already confirmed with the system that the majority of the alcohol content had already evaporated. Furthermore, condiments like black pepper didn't have any special effect on children, though it did have a certain effect on women and developing young girls.

As for any effects that it could have on men, the system's response was slightly ambiguous, yet it guaranteed that there would be no negative implications involved.

The restaurant was very quiet, with only the occasional clink of silverware on a plate, and the words of praise that the three of them expressed toward their steaks.

"Meow~" Ugly Duckling finished running its 10 laps and sat down at Amy's feet, looking up at her with an expectant gaze.

"Alright, seeing as you finished the 10 laps, I'll give you a small piece of beef." Amy looked down before picking up a piece of beef and passing it to Ugly Duckling.

Ugly Duckling's eyes lit up as it laid its two front paws on Amy's foot and accepted the piece of beef with glee. It chewed on the beef with a blissful expression, clearly thoroughly enjoying the treat.

"Meow, meow, meow, meow~"

However, right after Ugly Duckling swallowed the beef, its body began to sway as it rapidly ran circles around the table. Its body had almost transformed into a blur with the speed of its movement, and it was as if it had suddenly gone insane.

“Father, what’s wrong with Ugly Duckling?” Amy stared at Ugly Duckling with a look of bewilderment on her face.

“It’s probably... sick?” Mag raised an eyebrow in response. He was also quite surprised by this peculiar development.

“Thud!”

Ugly Duckling crashed headfirst into a table leg before lying spread-eagled on its back, having already fallen asleep.

“System, didn’t you say there’s barely any alcohol content left? Why is the kitten drunk?” Mag looked at the sleeping Ugly Duckling with a confused expression on his face.

Chapter 664 Big Round Mandarin

“General, this is the report we just received from Chaos City.”

In an encampment within a valley, a black-robed man quickly walked into the centermost tent, and passed a long wooden bamboo tube to Seuss.

Seuss opened the seal on the bamboo tube and pulled out the letter within. As he read through the contents of the letter, his brows gradually began to furrow.

The black-robed figures in the tent immediately began getting nervous as they focused their eyes on Seuss.

A ball of black flames abruptly ignited, incinerating the letter and bamboo tube in Seuss’s hands as he instructed, “Pack your things; we have to go to Chaos City immediately.”

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At the border of the Roth Empire, in army barracks. Sean looked at the map on the wall, and asked, “Have the Cheetahs discovered anything of late?”

“Your Highness, we did receive some news, but they were all determined to be false in the end. We still haven’t discovered Alex’s whereabouts,” Quine said in a low voice. “However, the Cheetah responsible for keeping an eye on Louis, Bertley, hasn’t delivered his monthly report yet. I’ve already deployed people to investigate the situation, but the reason is unclear for now.”

“Louis?” Sean’s brows furrowed as he recalled the saber-wielding knight who seemed to be constantly by Alex’s side. He was renowned for battling like a madman with no regard for his own safety, and was extremely loyal to Alex.

“It’s unlikely that he was the one who saved Alex, but Bertley’s disappearance does need to be thoroughly investigated. Situations like this haven’t commonly arisen in the past few years,” Sean said.

“Yes.” Quine nodded in response.

“Did you receive any news on what Josh is doing?” Sean asked.

“According to a secret report from our spy in the Asuras, they don’t appear to have found Alex, either. Seuss should currently be on his way to Chaos City; this information was delivered to be 10 days ago,” Quine replied.

“Interesting. Alex was once able to make the entire continent aware of his location, yet now, he’s able to make the entire continent oblivious to his whereabouts. This Alex really can’t be underestimated.” Sean chuckled coldly.

Quine bowed his head even lower and didn’t reply.

Sean’s smile receded as he turned to Quine, and remarked, “I’m going back to Rodu in 15 days for His Majesty’s birthday celebration. Have you gathered everyone I asked for?”

“Everything has been prepared. I’ve already deployed people to keep an eye on the medicine masters who are refining the Longlife Pills.” Quine hesitated momentarily before continuing, “Your Highness, I have a question.”

“Go on,” Sean prompted calmly.

Quine looked at Sean with a perplexed expression, and said, “Your Highness, your influence within the military is currently unmatched, and the seven armies in the northern region all answer to your commands. Even if His Majesty were to abdicate and pass the crown to the second prince, there’s no way that the Magus Tower will be able to stand up against the seven armies of north, so you’ll be able to easily defeat the second prince. Regardless of whether His Majesty passes down the crown to you or not, you’ll still become the king, so why would you refine Longlife Pills for the king at a time like this? Also, even if—”

“Insolence! Is this something for you to discuss?” Sean’s expression immediately darkened.

“Please forgive me, Your Highness!” Quine fell to his knees, and didn’t dare to raise his head.

“Remember this: as long as the king still sits on that throne, he will continue to be the king of the Roth Empire. No one can take the crown away from him, and anyone who’s tried in the past is dead.” Sean looked at Quine with a derisive sneer, and said, “Also, as long as the king lives on, he will remain the most influential figure in the military. Even among the seven armies of the north, at least three of them would turn against me should I stage a rebellion. Do you still think I have any chance of victory now?”

Quine bowed his head even lower, his forehead drenched with cold sweat.

“You may go now. If you find any more information about Alex, make sure to report it to me at the first possible opportunity.” Sean dismissed Quine with a wave of his hand.

“Yes.” Quine rose to his feet, and quickly disappeared from the barracks.

“When are you going to die, old man? Everyone’s waiting for you,” Sean murmured to himself as he stood in front of the map of the Roth Empire. His finger slowly traced along the northern region down the map before landing heavily on the word “Rodu”.

“Josh and those old bastards in the Magus Tower are also waiting. However, ever since Krassu left the Magus Tower, the pressure on my side had been alleviated significantly. If he could side with me... Perhaps it’s time I sent someone to Chaos City.”

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Beef contained an abundance of iron, and these micronutrients were extremely well preserved within a medium steak. As such, after eating a portion of steak, Babla’s complexion had already returned to normal, and there was even a hint of redness on her cheeks, giving her a very healthy and radiant look instead of the previous sickly pallor.

Is that it? Babla looked at the empty plate before her, and was still craving more.

Her resentment for half-cooked beef had been completely dispelled, and she had even developed a decent level of immunity to the taste of blood. She felt that even if she were to see blood again next time, her reaction would be far less pronounced.

Mag just so happened to also put down his silverware. He turned to Babla as he asked, “Are you full?”

“I am.” Babla nodded in response. The steak had evoked within her an incomparable sense of satiety, and also provided her with a vast amount of energy. She looked at Mag, and hesitated momentarily before saying, “It was very delicious.”

“Then hurry up and go to bed. You have to get up for work tomorrow,” Mag said with a smile. It was rather difficult to win praise from this princess.

“Alright.” Babla stood up and went straight upstairs.

“Ugly Duckling, wake up! Wake up!” Amy squatted down and began to slap Ugly Duckling’s fat cheeks, alternating with her right and left hands. However, Ugly Duckling didn’t show any reaction.

Mag placed the plates and silverware in the dishwasher before emerging from the kitchen, and said to Amy, “It might be drunk. Let it wake up on its own tomorrow.”

“Alright. I’ll take it upstairs to bed, then.” Amy heaved a resigned sigh before dragging Ugly Duckling behind her by the tail and walking up the stairs.

Mag looked on as Ugly Duckling’s face slid along the smooth floor before being dragged up the stairs with its head thudding into each and every step, and he couldn’t help but smile as he shook his head. Moderation when it came to alcohol consumption applied to both cats and humans. Otherwise, the situation would always end badly.

After taking a bath, Amy placed Ugly Duckling on a nearby chair with a disdainful expression. Tucking Amy into bed, Mag soon lay down on his own bed before opening the ice cream cake experience bag, and entering the test field for the God of Cookery.

The ice cream cake was an extension of this ice cream range. In this world, the concept of birthday existed, but it was up to him to instill within everyone the habit to eat birthday cakes.

Mag felt like that would be a great business opportunity, and there was no better way to promote the concept of a birthday cake than to offer one to the king of the Roth Empire on his birthday.

Mag suddenly discovered that he was thinking more and more like a businessman.

Soon after Amy and Mag both fell asleep, orange light suddenly appeared over Ugly Duckling's body as it lay on the chair.

Its body slowly expanded and became round as if it were a balloon that was being inflated. All of a sudden, a pair of white wings sprouted from its back. It gently flapped those wings, upon which it rose into the air like a big round mandarin and flew in a circle around the room.

Ugly Duckling, which still had its eyes closed, suddenly sneezed. It then began to rapidly deflate like a punctured balloon, whizzing wildly around the room before diving headfirst into Amy's little bed.

"Meow?"

Ugly Duckling opened its eyes with difficulty. It caught sight of Amy's face before closing its eyes again and settling into a more comfortable position to sleep in.

Chapter 665 Alex Loved My Roast Chicken In the Past

"Principal Hydle, I'm really sorry to disturb you so late at night." In front of an old yard door with ivy vines climbing all over it, Scheer was looking at Hydle with an apologetic expression on her face.

"Not at all, Young Mistress. You've always been supporting our research, so it's no issue if you request to meet with me at any time of the day." Hydle hurriedly waved his hands in response. He looked at Scheer with a hesitant expression, and asked, "Young Mistress Scheer, could it be that you're asking me these questions because someone has already developed a steam engine?"

"I'm not particularly sure of that myself yet, but I'll notify you as soon as I can confirm things on my end," Scheer replied with a smile.

"That would be great. If someone really has managed to develop a steam engine, that would be an occasion that's very much worthy of celebration." Hydle nodded with a smile.

Scheer looked at Hydle with a perplexed expression, and asked, "Principal, you've expended years of time and effort on this project; wouldn't you feel sad if someone else developed a steam engine before you?"

"Why would I be sad? I've indeed worked on this project for many years, but I've never made any significant breakthroughs. Mr. Mag provided us with some suggestions recently, but we're still very far away from creating a finished product. If someone can make a steam engine now, then this is a major breakthrough and that's very much worthy of celebration." Hydle shook his head with a smile.

A smile also appeared on Scheer's face as she nodded, and said, "Principal Hydle, if you require any funding in your future projects, you can come and find me."

"Then I'll thank you in advance, Young Mistress Scheer." Hydle nodded with a smile.

"I'll be taking my leave now." Scheer got onto her horse-drawn carriage and departed.

"If someone really has produced a steam engine, then that means the direction I've been working toward in these past years was correct. I wonder who has managed to develop a steam engine, though.

Once Young Mistress Scheer reveals that information to me, I'll be sure to pay the inventor a visit and discuss some ideas," Hydle murmured to himself as he stood in front of the door.

Scheer was also murmuring to herself in her carriage. "He is a truly dedicated researcher. I hope Mr. Mag isn't simply taking the fruit of their research to try and swindle me."

...

Within Moreton Manor, in a study that was filled with shelves full of account books.

Jeffree was getting changed with the assistance of the family butler. Cyril stood beside him with a vehement look on his face, and said, "Father, that accursed Gloria completely sided with Scheer during the banquet tonight, and swept the dignity of our Moreton Family to the ground! She's also making an extremely selfish donation without any regard for our family's estate. Also, there's definitely something going on between her and Mag. I don't think she's suitable to continue to act as a candidate to the family heirloom and the owner of Blue Suede Textiles Shop."

"Slap!"

A crisp slap rang out within the room.

The butler quickly exited the room with Jeffree's clothes in his hands and closed the door behind him as he left.

Jeffree withdrew his trembling hand and glared coldly at Cyril, who had a red handprint on his face, and had only prevented himself from falling by leaning on the desk for support. "Do you know why I hit you?"

Cyril had a hand clasped over his face, and was rather dizzy. Jeffree rarely ever struck him, and listening to Jeffree's voice now, Cyril felt as if he had been plunged into a glacial pit.

"The one who swept our family's dignity to the ground at the banquet tonight wasn't Gloria; it was you, you useless bastard! Instead, she was the one who recovered some scraps of dignity for us so that at the very least, people wouldn't think that our Moreton Family is a family of fools! How dare you slander her like this as her uncle? I think you're the one who doesn't deserve to be a candidate to inherit the family heirloom!" Jeffree said in a cold voice.

Cyril's expression changed drastically upon hearing this, and he immediately fell to his knees. He threw his arms around Jeffree's leg, and sobbed, "Father, I'm sorry! I've realized my mistakes; I truly have this time!"

"Piss off!" Jeffree kicked Cyril to the ground, and continued, "I began my first foray into entrepreneurship at 12 years old, and I've had to be extremely careful with my words and actions along the way in order to accumulate such a massive estate. You don't ever think about striving for improvements, and all you do is wallow in complacency and cause trouble for me and the family no matter what you do. If I leave the family in your hands, you'll lead it to ruin sooner or later!"

Cyril's face paled as he rolled up onto his knees again. He didn't dare to throw his arms around Jeffree's leg again, so he slapped himself over and over again as he sobbed, "Father, I'll change... I'll definitely

change! From this day forth, I won't cause any more trouble for you, and I'll strive to improve myself... I know the errors in my ways..."

Jeffree looked at Cyril with a cold expression. Only after Cyril had slapped himself to the extent that his face was beginning to swell up did he continue, "Remember what happened today. If I hear you doing anything to put the Moreton Family's name into disrepute again, I'm going to kick you out of Moreton Manor!"

"Yes! Yes!" Cyril hurriedly nodded as he heaved an internal sigh of relief.

"Don't think that you're not off the hook quite now!" A cold smile appeared on Jeffree's face as he pulled out a thick accounts book from one of the nearby shelves, and slammed it onto the table as he said, "These are the account books of the businesses you've been handling in the past few years. You thought that you could swindle me by manipulating the figures in these account books, yet you failed to realize the accountant always keeps two copies of the same account book!"

"I'm not going to punish you for all of the money you've taken from those businesses in these past few years, but from this day forth, I'm taking back all of those businesses from you. Kerry's Forge has been making neither profits nor losses in the past two days; I'm giving you 20 days from now to make it a profitable business. If the money on the forge's account exceeds that of the Blue Suede Textiles Shop, then I'll return all of these businesses to you. If the Blue Suede Textiles Shop has more money on their account by the end of the 20 days, then I'll give all of these businesses to Gloria."

Cyril's expression was quite strained, but he still gritted his teeth and nodded at the sight of Jeffree's implacable look. "Yes."

"Don't think about playing any dirty little tricks. If you can't even beat a woman fair and square, then you're not worthy of inheriting the Moreton Family." Jeffree looked at Cyril with a warning in his eyes before exiting the room.

"Gasp..." Cyril slowly rose to his feet with a hand over his cheek. He laid both hands on the desk and looked at the accounts book with a twisted expression as he murmured to himself, "You've never trusted me, old man. Even that little brat, Scheer, has already inherited the Buffett Family, yet you're making me fight over this position with a little girl..."

...

"Princess! Princess..."

Firis rushed into a spacious cave, and caught sight of Irina squatting down in front of the Tree of Life, seemingly in the process of starting a fire. Firis' footsteps faltered as she sniffed the air, and she asked, "Princess, are you burning something?"

Irina was holding a tree branch with a serious look on her face as she replied, "I'm making roast chicken. Alex loved my roast chicken in the past. When I find them, I'm going to cook roast chicken for them every single day."

Firis looked at the roast chicken on the branch, which had almost been roasted into an unrecognizable chunk of charcoal already. With a complex look on her face, she asked, "Are you really going to do that?"

Chapter 666 I Didn't Think That Alex Would Have Such Strange Taste

"Of course. I feel like Little Amy would also love my roast chicken." Irina nodded firmly.

"Have you tasted your own roast chicken yourself?" Firis asked.

"No. I don't like roast chicken, so I always bought something else for myself when I cooked this for Alex." Irina shook her head as she looked at the chicken roasting over the fire. She then turned to Firis, and a smile gradually appeared on her face.

A shiver ran down Firis' spine upon seeing Irina's dangerous smile, and she hurriedly said, "Princess, I've already had dinner tonight."

"That's alright, you can eat this as a late-night snack. You won't find such delicious roast chicken anywhere else." Irina looked at Firis with a smile as she thrust her charcoal chicken toward Firis.

"I really can't. I'm still very full now, and eating at night will result in rapid weight gain." Firis shook her head with a resolute expression, and unconsciously took a couple of steps backward. She had no idea how anyone could eat this chicken, which had essentially been transformed into a chunk of charcoal, and she was even more perplexed how Alex could possibly find this delicious.

Before Firis could say anything else, a chicken drumstick had already been stuffed into her mouth.

"Hmmm..."

Firis felt as if she had taken a bite out of an extremely heavily salted chunk of charcoal.

Even though it was just a single bite, Firis felt as if she were already about to pass out. This was not something that any elf could stomach!

"Is it really that bad? Alex really liked it back then." Irina looked at Firis, who was cupping dew water in her hands and desperately rinsing out her mouth, with a suspicious look on her face. She hesitated momentarily before taking a bite out of the other chicken drumstick.

Firis stood by and looked on in silence.

"Eurgh! How is this even edible?!"

Irina threw the entire chicken drumstick out of the cave before also rinsing out her mouth with some dew water. She looked at the roast chicken in her hand with a complex expression, and said, "I didn't think that Alex would have such strange taste. Back when I fell in love with him, I thought he was a pure and innocent young man."

"I feel like Master Alex most likely fell in love with your purity and innocence." Firis sighed.

"Why do you have your hand over your heart when you say that?" Irina was looking at Firis with a confused expression.

"That's... Oh, right. Princess, I'm here to report a very important piece of information to you." Firis's eyes lit up, and her voice rose by a few octaves as well.

"Hmm? Has Snarr reported back?" Irina's eyes also lit up.

Firis made her way closer to Irina, and whispered, "No, this is information regarding the latest batch of elves who have been captured. They're going to reach the border of the Wind Forest in three days."

Irina's expression immediately cooled as she clenched her fists, and said, "That old witch, Irina, still isn't willing to give up. If they don't want to come back, what right does she have to capture them? And to think that she's using demons and orcs to do her bidding!"

Firis looked at Irina with a concerned expression, and asked, "Princess, are you going to strike this time?"

"I've already done the wrong thing on so many occasions in the past; how can I just continue to stand by and watch? I wouldn't be Irina if I did that." Irina chuckled coldly.

"But you've only just recovered, and Her Majesty approved the plan to return elves to the Wind Forest. If you strike, Helena will most likely join forces with the major families and turn on you. In that case, your situation will be even more difficult than it is now," Firis said in an urgent tone.

"Ever since what happened five years ago, this problem has ceased to be a problem for me." Irina shrugged nonchalantly before flicking Firis' forehead with a smile, and said, "I'm hungry; get me something good to eat."

"Ow! That hurt!" Firis rubbed her forehead as she aimed a resentful glance at Irina. She then made her way out of the cave to find some food for Irina. She knew now that no one could change the princess's mind after she had made her decision on something.

In the past, she felt that Alex was perhaps capable of doing this, but it appeared that this was an impossible task, after all.

"Those bastards are wreaking havoc and abusing my brethren again. Looks like they've forgotten about my existence already." Irina chuckled coldly. However, her gaze then fell on the wild chicken that hadn't been roasted yet off to the side, and a conflicted look appeared on her face as she murmured to herself, "Does Alex really like my roast chicken? Will Little Amy like it? Perhaps it's time I made some improvements for them..."

...

The next morning, the alarm clock had only just begun ringing when it was turned off by Mag.

He sat up and stretched lazily to loosen out his body. Even though he had been making ice cream cake in the test field for the God of Cookery for almost the entire night, he was feeling quite well-rested and energetic.

Mag turned and caught sight of Ugly Duckling, which was barely hanging onto the sheets on Amy's little bed with the rest of its body hanging precariously off the bed, and he prepared to give it a hand.

However, right at this moment, Amy rolled over in her sleep, and her tender little foot struck Ugly Duckling square in the face.

"Meow~"

Ugly Duckling let loose a cry of despair as it fell off the small bed, rolling a few times before coming to a halt with a resentful look on its face.

Mag shook his head with a smile. The same thing happened almost every single morning, so he couldn't be bothered to do anything about it. He got up and changed his clothes, then brushed his teeth, and went downstairs to prepare ingredients for the breakfast service.

This morning, Mag was planning to release his steak as a new dish for the restaurant. However, he wasn't planning on immediately releasing his ice cream cake. Instead, he was going to save it as a trump card on his trip to Rodu.

The ice cream cake was, as its name suggested, a perfect blend between ice cream and chocolate, combining the cool and refreshing taste of chocolate with the smooth texture of cake, so there was no reason why it wouldn't be popular.

While preparing ingredients, Mag thought about his upcoming meeting with Scheer. That was going to be a life-changing conference.

The restaurant was well and truly up and running, yet compared to the staggering prices of the strength points, his daily income was still not enough. That was why he was taking the risk with this steam engine.

However, aside from profiting financially from using the steam engine, Mag also had another important consideration, and that was how he was going to tie himself together with the Buffett Family and Chaos City.

He didn't want the tragedy of three years ago to repeat itself, so he had to do things differently compared to Alex. He had to gather powerful allies in order to better protect himself from his enemies.

Right at this moment, Amy's voice suddenly cut off Mag's train of thought. "Father, look! Ugly Duckling's grown a pair of little wings!"

Chapter 667 Roast Goose is Very Delicious, But...

"It grew wings?"

A surprised expression appeared on Mag's face as he turned to Amy, who was standing at the kitchen's entrance with Ugly Duckling in her arms.

Amy pointed to Ugly Duckling's back, and said, "Look! Look! The two patches of fur on its back here have turned white; it's like a pair of little wings."

Mag put down the knife in his hand and made his way over to Amy. Ugly Duckling didn't appear to be fully awake yet, and it snuggled up in Amy's arms before closing its eyes with a content expression on its face.

Sure enough, two small patches of white had appeared on its orange fur, and upon closer inspection, they really did appear to be like a pair of little white wings. The patches were completely symmetrical on either side, and made for a very adorable sight.

“They do indeed look like little wings.” Mag nodded in response. The little white wings that had suddenly appeared on Ugly Duckling’s back really were rather strange. Could it be that its body had evolved after eating the wine-infused steak the night prior?

“I knew it wasn’t a kitten! It’s an ugly duckling, and when it grows up, it’s going to become a beautiful white swan!” Amy looked down at Ugly Duckling with elation in her eyes as she licked her lips, and said, “When that time comes, I’m going to...”

“Meow~”

All of the fur on Ugly Duckling’s body suddenly stood on ends as it looked up at Amy with a horrified expression, and shook its head vigorously.

“It’s alright, you’re still small; I’ll wait until you grow bigger.” Amy put on a smile and gently stroked Ugly Duckling’s little head.

“Meow~”

Ugly Duckling closed its eyes in a satisfied manner, and settled in Amy’s arms again.

Could this thing be a mutated beast of some sort? Mag stroked the two little wings on Ugly Duckling’s back, only to find that the white fur was clearly slightly harder than the surrounding orange fur. Furthermore, the fur was stacked in layers like feathers on a bird’s wings, but there were no wings growing under the tufts of white fur.

“Father, will Ugly Duckling be able to fly when it grows up?” Amy looked up at Mag with an expectant gaze in her eyes.

“If it really is an ugly duckling, then it should be able to fly when it grows up.” Mag nodded with a smile. Ugly Duckling had originally hatched from an egg, and it appeared to have grown a pair of wings, so even Mag was rather unsure just what it was going to become after it grew up.

However, one thing was certain: they had picked up a treasure!

“Yay! Roast goose is very delicious, but... I can consider letting it grow up so I can ride on it into the sky.” Amy’s eyes lit up after making what appeared to have been an extremely difficult decision.

“That’s a good idea.” Mag nodded with a smile, and then said, “Go and brush your teeth, Amy. I’ll braid your hair later.”

“Alright.” Amy nodded obediently before carrying Ugly Duckling upstairs.

...

“Have you heard about what Boss Mag did during the mid-year banquet held by the Chamber of Commerce last time? He competed in a cooking contest with Head Chef Beate from Ducas Restaurant!” In the long line outside the restaurant, Harrison wore a mysterious look on his face. While out drinking with a friend the night prior, he had heard some very interesting news.

“What happened? Who won?” All of the customers were immediately intrigued upon hearing that. After all, Head Chef Beate was an extremely renowned chef in Chaos City.

Off to the side, a man wearing a set of lavish long robes smiled, and said, "Do you even need to ask? Of course Boss Mag won! I was there at the banquet last night, and during the cooking contest, Boss Mag won over the entire judging panel with his black pepper steak. The city lord, the president of the Chamber of Commerce, and Young Mistress Scheer were all judges on the panel, and Boss Mag secured a unanimous-votes victory!"

"So Boss Mag beat Head Chef Beate!"

Elated, the customers outside the restaurant immediately erupted in an uproar.

They felt as if something that they loved was finally gaining widespread acknowledgment.

However, at the same time, they were slightly concerned that if too many people knew about Mag's cooking, his dishes would no longer solely belong to their exclusive customer group. This was quite an indescribable and conflicting feeling.

"Steak? I don't recall that being a dish on Mamy Restaurant's menu; could it be that Boss Mag is going to release another new dish?"

"It must be an extremely delicious dish to have secured the approval of both the city lord and the president of the Chamber of Commerce. I wonder if Boss Mag is going to release it today!"

All of the customers instantly became very excited. Not too long ago, the new roast beef kebabs had been a massive hit. Everyone was wondering what kind of surprises this new beef dish would bring to everyone.

As soon as Yabemiya walked in through the restaurant doors, she rushed over to Mag with a bewildered expression, and asked, "Boss, I heard you beat Head Chef Beate last night! Is that true?"

The head chef of Ducas Restaurant, Beate, was widely acknowledged as the most exceptional chef in Chaos City. He used to be her idol, yet he had been beaten in a cooking contest by Mag.

In Yabemiya's heart, Mag had exceeded Head Chef Beate long ago, but she was still unable to contain her astonishment upon hearing such news.

Sally was also looking at Mag with a surprised expression on her face. She was Mamy Restaurant's first-ever customer, so she was naturally aware just how much effort Mag had put in to take the restaurant from an obscure establishment to one that was renowned throughout the entire city.

"That's right, Father cooked a super delicious steak last night, and then he won." Before Mag had a chance to reply, Amy nodded her little head, and said, "If you don't believe me, you can ask Big Sister Babla; she also tasted the steak last night."

"The steak was very delicious." Babla nodded in confirmation. It wasn't an easy task for her to compliment others, but it wasn't too much to ask her to give her honest opinion.

"Today, our restaurant is going to release a new dish: the black pepper steak. If you want to try it, I can make it for all of you for breakfast today," Mag offered with a smile. The act of spreading joy was a very joyful endeavor in itself.

During the cooking contest the night before, not only had he beaten Beate and won a storefront, he had also attracted a group of new customers with enormous spending abilities. This was undoubtedly extremely beneficial to the restaurant's development.

"I want to eat the steak, then I want two tofu puddings!" Amy was the first to raise her hand.

"I'll also get a steak. I feel like it's going to be very delicious." Yabemiya was the second to raise her hand.

Sally nodded, and said, "I'll get a steak as well."

"I'll get... a medium steak," Babla said rather hesitantly.

"Steak and tofu pudding; that's an interesting combination." Mag chuckled as he made his way toward the kitchen.

...

At the same time, a long line had also gathered outside the Blue Suede clothing store. A noblewoman in the line complained, "When is this Blue Suede going to open? I've been waiting here for almost half an hour!"

Chapter 668 Rip!

A long line had already gathered in front of the Blue Suede clothing store, and all of the people in the line were well-dressed noblewomen. All of them were dressed in a very lavish manner as if they were attending some kind of event, and their attire drew a lot of attention to themselves.

These noblewomen were greeting each other amicably, yet the atmosphere was clearly not as harmonious as they were trying to make it seem.

Everyone had heard that there was only going to be a limited-edition release of the dress that Young Mistress Gloria had worn the night before, and only one dress of each color was going to be made, which meant that there was only going to be around a dozen of these dresses made in total. At present, there were already over 20 people in the line, and it was only continuing to lengthen. As such, the people in the rear half of the line were unsure of whether they would be able to secure the dress of their desires.

Thus, everyone present was competing with everyone else.

A horse-drawn carriage slowly approached from the distance, and Gloria disembarked in an elegant manner. She faltered slightly at the sight of the noblewomen gathered in front of Blue Suede, but she quickly came to her senses again. With an apologetic smile on her face, she said, "My apologies for not preparing a proper welcome; I didn't think everyone would get here so early."

"Not at all, Young Mistress; you're already here very early. It's just that we were too eager, and came here even earlier than you," a noblewoman replied with a genuine smile on her face.

"Young Mistress Gloria, there are a lot of us lined up here, so would you be able to make a few extra dresses to at least guarantee that all of us can get one?" a noblewoman at the back of the line asked.

She was wearing a rather tense expression on her face. She had thought that she was already coming quite early, but a long line had already formed by the time she got here.

“Thank you for displaying such keen interest in our dresses, but the number of dresses is going to be based solely on the number of colors. If we have stock in a color of your liking, then that’s naturally ideal, but if not, our store has two other styles of dresses that are also quite nice. All of you are free to try out those dresses as well.” Gloria shook her head and refused to make any concessions on this matter.

Mamy Restaurant had its own set of rules, which it firmly upheld, which was why it held a special, almost sacred place in its customers’ hearts.

If she wanted to make Blue Suede a shop that was as successful as Mamy Restaurant, then she had to stand by her own set of rules. Otherwise, these wealthy and picky noblewomen were going to become a massive headache to deal with.

There was one important idea that Gloria had learned from Mag: customers couldn’t be mollycoddled.

“I see.”

The noblewomen were dejected yet also elated upon hearing this.

They were disappointed as there was a chance that they wouldn’t be able to pick a color they liked, but they were also elated as what Gloria was doing was ensuring that their dresses would be absolutely unique, with no replicas of the same color.

Exclusivity was something that they held in the highest regard.

“Please come in, everyone. I’ll get all of you to pick dresses in the sequence that you lined up in,” Gloria said with a smile. She knocked on the door and said something to the employees within the store, following which the tightly shut door was quickly opened, and an employee with slightly visible dark circles around her eyes emerged to welcome the customers.

...

In the kitchen, Mag was frying steaks with a focused expression on his face, and the aroma of beef was wafting out into the rest of the restaurant.

Yabemiya inhaled deeply, and her eyes lit up with anticipation, but she wore a slightly concerned look on her face as she said, “It smells so good, but I don’t drink alcohol. Am I going to get drunk from eating this steak?”

“Ugly Duckling only had a tiny piece last night, and it immediately got drunk,” Amy said as she stroked Ugly Duckling’s head.

“Is it that strong?” Yabemiya’s eyes widened. In a conflicted voice, she said, “My alcohol tolerance is probably about the same as Ugly Duckling’s; if I get drunk on just a bite of steak, then I won’t be able to work later.”

Is my alcohol tolerance supposed to be really good? Babla thought to herself in befuddlement. She had eaten an entire steak the night before, but she hadn't felt drunk in the slightest. She could even clearly recall herself going upstairs the night before in a completely conscious state.

"It shouldn't be too much of an issue. After all, Amy had some, and she's still fine." Sally took a glance at Ugly Duckling, and as her gaze fell on its back, a peculiar look appeared on her face. She asked, "Has it grown a pair of wings?"

"I think it has! Could it be... that it's actually going to grow up to become a white swan?" Yabemiya inspected Ugly Duckling with a curious expression upon hearing that.

"This is a magic beast from your world, right? I can't sense any magical power from it, though." Babla was surveying Ugly Duckling with an inquisitive look.

"Meow~" Ugly Duckling was getting a little unsettled by the widespread scrutiny it was receiving, and it didn't dare to move as it squirmed deeper into Amy's arms.

"This is black pepper steak; have a taste, everyone." Mag made his way out of the kitchen with a platter in his hands, and set down a plate of steak in front of everyone.

"Wow! It smells and looks really good!" Yabemiya stared at the steak before her with amazement in her eyes. The steak and the secondary dishes on the plate complemented each other to perfection, and the rich aroma wafting through the air was making her salivate involuntarily.

It was the aroma of beef and red wine, as well as some other type of unique fragrance.

This unique fragrance was like a little kitten scratching at one's heart, making one desperately want to find out just what was giving off such a delicious aroma.

Sally closed her eyes and inhaled deeply through her nose, upon which her eyes also lit up. This wine smells really unique. Its fragrance is even richer than that of the wine my father brewed using the Spring of Life. Even for a non-drinker, this is still a very alluring aroma. In this dish, it smells more like a condiment rather than an alcoholic beverage, lending the beef another layer of flavor complexity.

After eating the steak last night, I slept really well, and I feel really good today. It seems to be even more effective for my condition than roast beef kebabs. I should take this chance to verify if that's the case, Babla thought to herself as she looked at the steak in front of her.

"Dig in, everyone," Mag said with a smile. He then dragged Amy's plate over and prepared to slice up her steak again.

However, Amy picked up her own knife and fork, and looked at Mag with a serious expression as she said, "Father, I can do it myself. Teacher Luna said that we should strive to do everything ourselves, including eating."

Mag looked at Amy's earnest expression, and hesitated momentarily before placing the plate in front of Amy again. He smiled, and said, "Alright, but do be careful when using your knife and fork."

"I will!" Amy nodded with a joyful expression before using her fork to stabilize the steak and carefully cutting into the beef with her knife.

Mag sliced off a piece of beef and dipped it in the black pepper sauce before putting it into his mouth, basking in the joyful experience of feeling his taste buds spring to life.

Yabemiya and Sally also imitated Mag by slicing off pieces of beef for themselves, and they tasted their first mouthful of steak at almost the exact same moment as Babla did.

“This steak is delicious!” Sally’s eyes immediately lit up. After swallowing her mouthful of beef, she could feel a flow of warmth trickling toward her chest, and an incredulous expression appeared on her face as she exclaimed, “This feeling! Could it be that this steak can enhance chest development?!”

“I’m quite small there, but... I really do feel a hot sensation in that area!” Babla’s eyes also lit up.

“Rip!”

Right at this moment, the sound of tearing fabric rang out.

Chapter 669 Unmissable Cuisine!

The sound of tearing fabric was very pronounced, just as if something were suddenly bursting its way through a piece of material, and everyone turned to Yabemiya in unison.

The button on the chest of her adorable and sexy maid uniform had already come undone, revealing two slivers of fair and tender skin.

Her clothes tore open again!

Mag’s eyes lit up slightly upon hearing this. It was quite a pleasant surprise to see Yabemiya carrying such heavy artillery on her small body.

Sally and Babla looked at Yabemiya’s chest, then down at their own unresponsive chests, and their expressions instantly became rather complex.

They were all women, so why was Miya so much more exceptional than them?

“Ah!”

Yabemiya looked down at her torn clothes, and a blush immediately appeared on her face as her hand flew to her collar.

“How does this keep happening?! Could it be... that I’m really too big? And it feels like it’s only getting bigger!” Yabemiya was so embarrassed that she was at a loss for words. At the same time, the delicious taste of the steak was still wreaking havoc in her mouth, while the swelling sensation in her chest was becoming more pronounced.

“Wow, Big Sister Miya, your melons are showing!” Amy exclaimed. She then turned to Sally and Babla with a curious look on her face, and asked, “But why don’t Big Sister Sally and Big Sister Babla have that?”

“Ahem.”

Sally and Babla both cleared their throats in unison, feeling as if Amy had just stabbed them right in the heart. The two of them then continued to dine on their steaks, trying to intensify the swelling sensation in their chests.

“That’s... You’ll know why when you grow up, Amy,” Mag said with an awkward expression. This area of education was rather difficult for him to handle. If only her mother were here in situations like this.

“Really? Alright, then.” Amy nodded, and didn’t ask any further questions as she continued to eat her steak.

Yabemiya turned her body to the side, and quickly buttoned herself up again. The same thing had happened when she had tasted roujiamo for the first time. However, at the time, she had been too immersed in the delicious flavor to exhibit much of a reaction. On this occasion, her embarrassment quickly subsided in the face of the delicious steak, and she began to focus on her meal again.

“This is absolutely amazing. I didn’t think that beef could taste this good. The red wine combines perfectly with beef, creating a texture and flavor that’s completely different from roast beef kebabs, but it’s just as delicious.” Yabemiya put down her silverware and turned to Mag with admiration in her eyes.

Sally savored the flavor of her steak with her eyes closed before opening her eyes again as she said, “I feel like this sauce is the most extraordinary component of this dish. There’s a flavor in it that I’ve never tasted before, and it makes this steak a lot more unique.”

Only someone who’s constantly immersed in cooking can churn out such delicious dishes one after another, Sally thought to herself as she looked at Mag.

This is a lot more delicious than the beef cooked by even the best chefs in the moon nation, Babla thought to herself.

“Looks like we’ll be able to sell quite a few portions of steak today,” Mag said with a satisfied smile. For a chef, there was nothing more pleasing and satisfying than receiving the customers’ approval.

As soon as the restaurant was open for business, Harrison rushed in, and asked, “Boss Mag, I heard you cooked a steak at the mid-year banquet held by the Chamber of Commerce last night; are you releasing a new dish today?”

All of the other customers were also looking at Mag with expectant expressions on their faces. Among them, there were many members of the Chamber of Commerce who had attended the banquet the night before.

“That’s right, the restaurant is going to release the new dish, black pepper steak, today.” Mag nodded with a smile. It appeared that there was no need to further advertise the dish.

Harrison’s eyes immediately lit up as he said, “Alright, then I’ll get a black pepper steak today!”

“This black pepper steak received the approval of even the city lord, so I naturally have to taste a portion for myself as well.”

“We have to support all new dishes released by Boss Mag; I’ll get a black pepper steak as well.”

All of the customers began to state their orders, and many of them ordered portions of steak.

“Alright, please wait for a moment, everyone.” Mag turned toward the kitchen and began to prepare the ordered dishes.

Soon, one delicious dish after another was carried out of the kitchen and placed in front of the customers.

Not long after that, the aroma of beef intermingled with red wine wafted out of the kitchen, instantly drawing widespread interest from all of the customers.

“This is that aroma from last night! But it seems to be even richer and more alluring than it was during the banquet!” David exclaimed with elation. He had been dying for a taste of this dish after watching the judges deliver their appraisals the night before, so he had hurried over to Mamy Restaurant bright and early in the morning after ascertaining its location.

David owned three furniture stores in the Aden Square, all of which specialized in high-end furniture. His stores almost completely dominated the high-end furniture market in Chaos City, so he naturally held a very important position in the Chamber of Commerce as well.

However, he had never been interested in competing with others for superiority, so he had turned down many offers to become a board member of the Chamber of Commerce. He simply wanted to accumulate wealth without offending anyone, so it was clearly not a good idea for him to get too heavily involved with the Chamber of Commerce. Furthermore, he wanted to have enough time on his hands to visit all kinds of delicious restaurants as he was quite an avid foodie.

Back in his younger days, he often had to travel very far to source wood and other materials for his furniture. As such, he had traveled almost the entire continent, and dined everywhere he went, and thus he had a set of strict standards for the food he ate, and mediocre dishes couldn’t satisfy him.

For such an enthusiastic chowhound, he considered himself extremely fortunate to have been able to witness the cooking contest the night before. He didn’t know much about Mag, but as a regular customer of Ducas Restaurant, he couldn’t be more familiar with Beate.

Beate’s cooking skills definitely stood at the very pinnacle of the gastronomic industry of Chaos City. There was still a gap between him and the top chefs of Rodu, but his dishes were already extremely delicious to David.

However, Mag was able to quite literally crush Beate with his steak, and that was more than enough to indicate the disparity between the two of them.

David had no doubt that the judging had been completely fair, which was why he had made the effort to get up this early this morning.

In this world, delicious cuisine was the only thing that one absolutely couldn’t miss out on.

To his surprise, even though he had woken up very early, a long line had already formed in front of the restaurant.

“Here’s your medium-well black pepper steak.” Yabemiya placed a steak in front of David with a smile on her face before turning to attend to the next customer.

The dish is arranged in an even more intricate manner than the dish last night, and there's no mistaking it: this aroma is even richer than it was during the banquet. This disparity has most likely arisen from the red wine used! David's eyes lit up as he looked at the steak in front of him, but a surprised look quickly appeared in his eyes. But the red wine used in the steak yesterday had been provided by Young Mistress Scheer. That's the best wine that the Buffet Family winery has to offer; could there be even better wine in this world?

With confusion and anticipation in his heart, David took his first bite of steak.

This flavor!

David's eyes immediately widened!

Chapter 670 Your Ambitions Aren't Limited to This Small Restaurant, Are They?

David had traveled to many places and tasted a vast array of delicious cuisine in his life.

Rodu was known as the delicious cuisine capital of the Norland Continent, and he once spent three years there, dining at almost all of the renowned restaurants within the city.

However, in his memory, there was no dish that could compare to the steak that he was tasting now.

The rich wine and the juicy steak combined together in an extraordinarily harmonious manner, creating an incredibly delicious flavor. Furthermore, the sauce was igniting his taste buds as if it were a magic potion.

David loved wine. Every year, he would purchase a batch of wine from the Buffett Winery. The wine he purchased was inferior to the wine from Scheer's personal collection, but it was still the best wine that could be sourced in the entire Norland Continent.

However, the wine that he regarded as treasure and drank only in limited amounts couldn't even hold a candle to the wine used to cook this beef.

Just the rich and mellow aroma alone was something that his prized wine collection was completely unable to compare to, and his inner alcoholic had been completely captivated.

When the steak had first been carried out of the kitchen, he had felt that it was a great pity for Mag to use such exceptional wine to marinate beef.

However, such thoughts had since been completely banished from his mind.

Beef of this caliber is the only thing that is worthy of such outstanding wine! Without such delicious wine, this dish simply wouldn't be complete!

Even the best restaurants in Rodu wouldn't use wine of such an extraordinary caliber to cook their dishes, and even if they were provided with this wine, there was no way they would be able to use it to cook such delicious steak!

Who would've thought that such delicious food would exist in Chaos City? It really was the right decision to come here today!

The more David chewed on the steak, the more delicious it became. After swallowing his first mouthful of beef, his taste buds burst into an elated frenzy, prompting him to immediately place another piece of beef in his mouth to fill in for the absence of the preceding morsel of beef.

Next time I want to have a delicious meal, I won't have to spend the better part of a month traveling to Rodu; there's an exceptional restaurant right on my doorstep! David finished his steak with a blissful expression before turning his attention to the other dishes on the menu.

"That beef was simply far too delicious. Please get me another portion!"

"Indeed! 1,000 copper coins for such a delicious dish is an absolute bargain! The fresh Ironhide Bull beef, the black pepper that's worth more than its weight in gold, and the exceptional wine; all of it culminates in creating the most delicious steak imaginable. The wine used here tastes even better than the wine from the Buffett Winery, which is sold for 10,000 copper coins per small bottle!"

"As expected, Boss Mag never disappoints!"

All of the customers who had tasted the black pepper steak were full of nothing but praise.

Mag wore a wide smile on his face as he continued to prepare food in the kitchen. The joy of having customers praise his cooking was unmatched. All of the customers were more than willing to pay for their dishes, and they felt as if they were paying bargain prices.

Of course, Mag was also of the same opinion.

If such exceptional ingredients were being used to cook such delicious steaks elsewhere, a price tag in excess of 5,000 copper coins would be more than justifiable.

Following the conclusion of the breakfast service, Sally, Yabemiya, and Babla cleaned up the restaurant. Mag told them that he had to meet an important guest in the restaurant, so the three of them went out for some shopping, leaving only him behind in the restaurant.

A lavish horse-drawn carriage soon stopped in front of the restaurant, and Scheer disembarked, looking over at Mamy Restaurant with a slightly grim expression. However, a confident, elegant smile soon appeared on her face as she strode over and knocked on the door.

A short while later, Mag opened the door for Scheer with a smile on his face, and said, "You're very punctual, Young Mistress Scheer."

"Punctuality is a habit of mine. Aren't you going to invite me in to have a seat? I haven't had breakfast yet." Scheer also smiled as she looked at Mag.

"Please come in, Young Mistress Scheer. Our restaurant is outside of business hours at the moment, though." Mag stepped off to the side to allow Scheer passage into the restaurant.

"If Mr. Mag can serve me a steak as a friend rather than customer, I'm sure collaboration would kick off with a good start," Scheer said with a smile.

"Alright, seeing as Young Mistress Scheer skipped breakfast to honor our meeting, then I'll make an exception to cook a steak for you. You'll be my last customer of the morning," Mag replied with a nod.

“You really are a great businessman, Mr. Mag.” Scheer glanced at Mag with a meaningful look on her face before entering the restaurant.

“I still can’t compare to you, Young Mistress Scheer.” Mag closed the door behind him, and said, “Please take a seat anywhere you like, Young Mistress Scheer, I’ll pour you a glass of water and prepare your steak.”

“Alright.” Scheer nodded as she surveyed the restaurant around her. This was her first time here in Mamy Restaurant. During Mag’s cooking contest with Ricky, she had filled in as a judge, but she didn’t get to enter the restaurant on that occasion.

The decor within the restaurant was very pleasant. It wasn’t extremely lavish and extravagant, yet the crystal chandeliers in the restaurant lent it a heightened level of sophistication.

“This artwork...” Scheer’s gaze fell on the artwork on the walls, and her pretty brow creased as she looked around the restaurant. Her furrow disappeared as she turned to Mag, who had emerged from the kitchen with a glass of water, and she smiled as she asked, “Mr. Mag, your ambitions aren’t limited to this small restaurant, are they?”

“Indeed, I also opened an ice cream shop recently,” Mag replied with a nod.

Scheer faltered slightly upon hearing this before smiling as she said, “You really are an interesting person, Mr. Mag.”

“As are you, Young Mistress Scheer.” Mag placed the glass of water before entering the kitchen again to prepare Scheer’s steak.

The steam engine was a big deal; even though Scheer was only 18 years old, she was already a seasoned veteran of the business world, but thankfully, Mag was also well versed in business dealings himself.

Looks like this is going to be an interesting meeting. Scheer sat down at the table that the glass of water had been placed on, and turned her attention to the kitchen. It had been a very long time since she had last felt nervous about anything. She gently wiped her white handkerchief over the surface of the table, and visibly became even more intrigued upon seeing the handkerchief remain completely pristine and spotless.

“Here’s your medium-well black pepper steak; please enjoy.” A short while later, Mag emerged from the kitchen with a plate of steak in his hands, which he gently placed in front of Scheer.

“Hmm? The aroma of this wine is very interesting!”

Scheer’s eyes immediately lit up as she caught a whiff of the dish’s aroma.

Mag stood off to the side with his hands clasped behind his back, and looked on in silence.

“The dish is arranged even more intricately than it was last night. You really are very serious about your cooking, Mr. Mag,” Scheer said with a smile. She picked up her knife and fork before gently slicing into her steak.

Red wine and juices from the meat spilled onto the plate under her knife, and the aroma of red wine became even more pronounced, reaching the extent that it felt as if the cork stopper had just been removed from a barrel of wine, and the aroma was wafting forth from within with reckless abandon.

Scheer's eyes lit up even further as she placed the piece of beef on her fork in her mouth.

"This wine! How did you do it? It's even better than the most delicious wine from our winery!"