

## Stay At home 831

### Chapter 831 I Think We Climbed the Wrong Mountain...

Women really are enigmatic creatures. Mag couldn't help but shake his head as he made his way downstairs.

He'd prepared a pink princess suite for Babla, a snow and ice themed room for Sally, and a starry sky themed room for Miya.

However, Babla chose the snow and ice room, Miya chose the princess suite, and Sally chose the starry sky room. Furthermore, all three of them were genuinely happy as if they'd all received their first choices, leaving Mag quite perplexed.

"This is great! I finally have a room that's not pink!" Babla twirled around in her room with an excited look on her face. She then nodded with a pleased expression as she said, "Only snow and ice can match my disposition; pink no longer suits me anymore."

"It really is a wonderful feeling to be able to see a starry night sky even while lying in bed." Sally looked up at the stars on the ceiling as she lay on her bed, and she was struck by a soothing sensation.

The bed that she was lying on was extremely soft and warm, just like the bed she'd slept on the night before... Upon recalling the events that had transpired the night before, a faint blush appeared on Sally's face again.

"Wow, a pink bed, pink blankets, and pink walls! It's so pretty and adorable!" Yabemiya carefully sat down onto her bed, looking around at the room in a slightly entranced state. Never would she have thought that she'd come into possession of such a beautiful pink room someday.

...

Within the garden of the Moreton Manor.

"Master, the contest between Young Mistress Gloria and Young Master Cyril will conclude in three days," the butler said to Jeffree in a respectful manner as the latter was pruning a small pine tree.

Jeffree continued to prune the tree calmly as he said, "Then let's wait for the result in three days."

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The brine has been made, but it'll be three days before it can be used. I'm really looking forward to the first batch of stinky tofu to ever appear on the Norland Continent. A peculiar smile appeared on Mag's face as he looked at the large earthenware jug positioned in a corner of the kitchen. He was already envisioning the customers' reactions to such a polarizing dish.

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The sun gradually set, and its dying rays colored the ground a warm red hue.

Two figures climbed to the summit of a tall mountain outside Chaos City with great difficulty.

“Are we... there yet?” Abraham asked in a feeble voice as he turned to the beast tamer beside him. His lavish robes had already been torn by branches on the way here, and he was looking quite disheveled.

Having already climbed onto the mountain summit, the beast tamer cast an expectant gaze into the distance, only to find more and more mountains after this one with no end in sight.

The beast tamer immediately faltered, and a horrified look slowly appeared on his face as a thought suddenly occurred to him. His body began to tremble as he turned in another direction, where a large city lay, but a mountain stood between the city and the mountain summit that he was situated on.

“D... Duke Abraham, I think... we climbed the wrong mountain...” the beast tamer said in a trembling voice.

Abraham was rather perplexed to hear this. “Climbed the wrong mountain? What do you mean?”

The beast tamer gulped in a nervous manner, and then said with difficulty, “What I’m saying is... we have to climb back down this mountain, then scale that mountain over there, then—”

“Piss off!”

Before the beast tamer had a chance to finish, Abraham had already kicked him down the mountain. He then turned to Chaos City with an expression of grief and fury as he let loose an almighty roar of frustration.

...

The lights in the Blue Suede clothing shop were on for an entire night. The slightly cramped and chaotic shop space had already been completely transformed. All of the tailors and equipment had been transferred elsewhere, leaving a few delightful ornaments and dresses of different styles and colors inside the spacious shop.

As a result, the shop looked a little bare, but that only worked to further accentuate the beauty of the dresses that had been positioned at the center of the store.

“Young Mistress, everything has been taken care of; you should take a rest,” Mars said with a sympathetic expression while Gloria continued to work tirelessly, carefully examining the newly transformed shop space.

She picked up a scrap of paper in the corner, then turned to Mars with a smile, and shook her head as she replied, “I don’t need to rest; I don’t feel tired at all. However, I’ll need you to head over to the workshop to see if the tailors have any additional requirements that would ensure their satisfaction with their work environment.”

Mars looked into Gloria’s excited eyes, and a faint smile also appeared on his face as he nodded in response. “Alright, I’ll do that right away.”

The Blue Suede clothing shop had become a place that was extremely popular among the upper-class women of Chaos City due to Gloria’s splendid showing during the banquet held by the Chamber of Commerce.

The 30 custom-made dresses had all been ordered in less than half a day, and many women were disappointed to hear that no further dresses of that style would be produced.

Thankfully, the clothing shop was going to release two new styles of dresses, and announced that there was no cap on the supply of those two styles, so many women were naturally attracted to the store by this news.

At the crack of dawn, a series of lavish horse-drawn carriages had already stopped outside the shop, following which one lavish noblewoman after another disembarked, and then formed a long line outside the clothing shop.

“Hmm? Didn’t you say that you needed your beauty sleep and weren’t coming today?”

“Didn’t you say that you don’t even like these dresses and didn’t want to come?”

Some of the noblewomen conversed with one another with elegant smiles on their faces, while others were already aiming barbed insults at each other.

On this day, the customers lined up outside the Blue Suede clothing shop and Mamy Restaurant presented quite a spectacle to behold.

Night fell, and the employee closed the doors of the Blue Suede clothing shop. Their throats were all dry and hoarse from constant talking, and they felt as if their legs had been filled with lead, but all of them wore excited expressions on their faces.

Many of the employees had been working for a few years at the shop, and there had always been a severe lack of customers, breeding among them complacency, but also a sense of uneasiness about whether the shop would close down and render them unemployed. Never would they have thought that their shop would be packed to the rafters by customers someday.

All of the employees had been quite skeptical about Gloria’s ability to make Blue Suede a profitable business within the short span of a month, but all of their doubts had been completely eradicated now. This young and beautiful employer of theirs was definitely going to take Blue Suede to staggering new heights.

Inside the office, Mars appraised Gloria with a smile as he reported, “Young Mistress, we sold a total of 220 dresses today; almost half of our supply. Each dress was sold for 2,000 copper coins, amounting to a total of 440,000 copper coins. With the addition of the 30 custom-made dresses, we should have earned around 4,000,000 copper coins by the conclusion of this month-long contest, and that amounts to around 2,800,000 copper coins of profit.”

Gloria wore an excited look on her face, and contemplated this report for a while before replying, “Hold back the custom-made dresses until the final day of the contest, and don’t include it in our accounts book for now.”

“Alright, I’ll get that organized right away.” Mars nodded before turning to leave, and the smile on his face grew even more pronounced. The young mistress is becoming more and more mature.

**Chapter 832 Do You Miss Big Sister Irina?**

News of the public announcement made by Chaos City quickly spread across the entire continent, drawing attention from all sides.

The inhabitants of Chaos City weren't opposed to this development. Their city had always been a diverse and multicultural one, so they didn't oppose the notion of having more elves join the city.

However, this was a sensitive time period right before the re-signing of the peace treaty, so this piece of news naturally created quite a stir among those in power across the continent.

In a grand palace in Rodu, Andre looked at the memorial[1] in his hand with furrowed brows, and murmured to himself, "What is Michael thinking here? Is he preparing to accumulate power already? Heh... Interesting."

"Your Majesty, do we need to do anything now?" an official standing off to the side asked in a respectful manner.

"Just watch things unfold for now; the elven race will definitely react soon." Andre set down the memorial in his hand before picking up another one.

...

On an island enshrouded beneath gray mist in the Demon Islands, there was a massive cave that was dimly lit by a few oil lamps. A few sinister-looking demons were gathered in the cave. Bones littered all over the ground, while a few elven slaves held jars of off to the side with horrified expressions on their faces, trembling uncontrollably as they huddled together in a corner.

"How dare those bastards from Chaos City release such a statement! They're going to ruin our business!"

"Exactly! I don't think they know their place anymore; looks like they need to be taught a lesson!"

"We've gotten a lot of spirit stones and resources from those elven idiots during these past few years, and it also gives us an excuse to hunt down elves; we can't just give up on such a profitable business. If Chaos City wants to intervene, then they'll have to ask our Steel Bull Race for permission!"

Within the cave, all of the demons were bickering among one another with vehement expressions on their faces.

"That's enough!" The tiger-like demon sitting on the main seat let loose an enraged roar, and everyone gradually fell silent before turning toward him.

"It's getting harder and harder to find wandering elves nowadays as half of them are in Chaos City, so we've had our eyes on them for a long time anyway. Seeing as Chaos City has released such a statement, there's no need for us to hesitate any longer. Surround Chaos City and capture all of the elves seeking refuge there; we'll capture a few from within Chaos City as well while we're at it." The demon chuckled coldly. "The peace treaty most likely won't be re-signed in three months, so the Norland Continent will inevitably be plunged into chaos again. Let me see just how Chaos City will continue to survive when another war among species arises!"

"Haha! That's a brilliant idea! I've heard that there are women from all races for us to sample in Chaos City..."

All of the demons guffawed in unison.

The elves huddled up in the corner could only look on with horror and resentment in their eyes.

...

In the Wind Forest, all of the elves gathered in the Sette Family mansion again.

“Master Borg, Chaos City has made a public announcement extending an invitation to all of the traitors of our elven race. If they all seek refuge in Chaos City, then it’ll be very hard for us to continue to receive traitors from the demons,” an elf said in an urgent manner as he looked at Borg.

All of the other elves also wore flustered expressions on their faces. This piece of news had undoubtedly dealt them a heavy blow. The issue surrounding Irina still hadn’t been resolved yet, and Chaos City was now further compounding their predicament.

Chaos City had always been known to be quite diverse, but during the past century, they’d already developed to become a major city that wasn’t inferior to Rodu.

They’d evolved to become a prominent power that the Norland Continent could no longer ignore, and due to beings entering and leaving the city, no one even knew just how many powerful 10th-tier beings there were in Chaos City at present.

After all, there were even many powerful beings from the dragon race who liked to live in Chaos City from time to time, and proclaimed themselves to be citizens of the city during that time.

“Stop panicking! So what if Chaos City has made a public announcement? Do they think they can offer refuge to the elven traitors as they please?” As opposed to the uneasy expressions on the faces of all of the elves present, Borg wore a derisive sneer on his face as he said, “Three months from now, the century-long peace treaty will have run its course. With things as they currently are, it’ll be very difficult for the eight major races to come to an agreement and re-sign the treaty. Even if another war among species won’t eventuate, there will inevitably be a few large-scale wars that take place on the borders, and the configuration of the entire continent will be transformed as a result.”

Borg chuckled coldly as he continued, “When that time comes, the symbol of peace that is Chaos City will appear completely superfluous. They won’t even be able to protect themselves, let alone offer refuge to others!”

All of the elves were elated to hear this, but panic soon set in again.

“Master Borg, is our elven race going to refuse to re-sign the treaty as well?” an elf asked in a hesitant voice.

A sinister smile appeared on Borg’s face as he replied, “That’s not something that I can decide. However, I’ve heard that the neighboring goblins have quite a few large-scale underground mines in their territory...”

All of the elves’ eyes lit up with greed upon hearing this.

...

A jug of brine was peacefully fermenting in a corner, awaiting the moment when it would be able to reveal its unique fragrance to the world.

Having sent Babla away to the employee dormitory, Mag was finally alone with Amy again.

It was just as Mag had said: living in a house with only Amy and himself was a lot more comfortable. At the very least, when he got up at night to pee, he didn't have to worry about whether a princess would be sitting on the toilet bowl.

After taking a bath, Amy was skipping on her bed in her pajamas while appraising Mag with a curious expression. "Father, do you miss Big Sister Irina?"

Mag turned to Amy with a smile, and answered her question with one of his own. "Do you miss her, Amy?"

"A little." Amy nodded with a reminiscent look on her little face as she replied, "I want to sleep in her arms. It's so warm and soft and comfortable."

Mag's heart sank ever so slightly, but he still maintained the smile on his face as he said, "You'll be able to see her again soon."

"Where is Big Sister Irina right now? Can't we go and see her right away? Why do we have to wait?" Amy turned to Mag with a perplexed expression.

A pang of guilt surged through Mag's heart as he sat down on Amy's bed and patted her little head. "That's because... she's living somewhere very far away, and she's very busy, as are we. We have to wait until both of us have time before we go and see her."

Amy nodded with a contemplative look on her face, and then turned to Mag with a serious expression as she said, "Alright, but even if you get together with Big Sister Irina, don't forget about Mother. We still have to get Mother down from the moon, and after that, the four of us will live a happy life together with Big Sister Aisha, Big Sister Miya, Big Sister Babla, Teacher Luna, and Big Sister Gloria."

"Er..."

Mag's expression immediately stiffened upon hearing this.

### **Chapter 833 Only Then Will You be Earning Your Keep**

"Have you heard? The results of the contest between Young Mistress Gloria and Young Master Cyril of the Moreton Family will be released today. It's said that the result of this contest will determine who gets to stay as a board member of the Chamber of Commerce, and the winner will also be given a selection of businesses under the Chamber of Commerce."

"Doesn't that essentially mean that the winner will become the designated heir to the family?"

"Not necessarily. President Jeffree has always been renowned to be quite sexist, but if Young Mistress Gloria wins this contest, then she'll at least draw level with Cyril. Perhaps she'll truly have a chance to inherit the Moreton Family then."

"Who do you think will win this contest?"

"I can't say that for sure, but during the past month, whenever I've passed by Kerry's Forge, they always seemed to be super busy. In contrast, Blue Suede has always been closed, and they only opened their doors about two or three days ago. They've gotten a lot of business during these few days, but surely a couple of days of business can't compare to a month."

A few businessmen were discussing among one another as they enjoyed some morning tea on the second floor of a teahouse in the Aden Square.

The Moreton Family was one of the most renowned families of Chaos City, so the subject of its designated heir had always been a hot topic among those in the business world.

Everyone had thought that despite Cyril's many fallacies, he would still inherit the Moreton Family with no competition, but Gloria had suddenly emerged out of the blue to spice up the contest.

Of course, if Gloria were to lose today, then this contest would be treated as nothing but a farce.

It was already quite extraordinary that a prodigious businesswoman had emerged from the Buffett Family; if another one were to emerge from the Moreton Family, then everyone would be struggling to pick up their jaws from the ground.

At the entrance to Kerry's Forge, Cyril disembarked from his horse-drawn carriage with a set of dark rings around his eyes. Kerry hurried over to him from inside the forge with a fawning smile on his face, and Cyril asked, "What's the current situation like?"

Kerry hurriedly replied, "Young Master, up to last night, Blue Suede has earned a total of around 1,000,000 copper coins. Even though most of their textiles were already available as part of their storage supply, they hired many renowned tailors within Chaos City and purchased many pieces of equipment, with the total expenditure amounting to around 600,000 copper coins, so their profits lie at around 300,000 to 400,000 copper coins."

"How have they made so much profit?" Cyril was quite startled to hear this. Blue Suede had been closed for over 20 days and only been open for the past two or three days; how had they managed to earn so much revenue during such a short span of time?

However, Kerry wore a confident look on his face as he said, "Don't worry, Young Master, we've also earned around 1,000,000 copper coins this month, 500,000 of which is pure profit. On top of that, I secured a few big orders during the past few days that amount to around a further 1,000,000 copper coins. I've received 500,000 copper coins in deposits from those orders, so our total earnings amount to 1,500,000 copper coins. The contest had already concluded at 10 am this morning, and most importantly, Blue Suede plastered a notice onto their doors last night, stating that they've sold out all of their supply."

An elated look appeared on Cyril's face upon hearing this, and he patted Kerry on the shoulder with a smile on his face as he said, "I wasn't wrong about you, Kerry!"

At the stroke of 10 am, Jeffrey would send out a group of people to each shop in order to verify their revenue and profits, and then derive the final result from those findings.

Kerry's Forge clearly held an absolute advantage in both parameters. Regardless of how fast Blue Suede was selling their stock, they couldn't make any further profits, as they'd exhausted their supply, so he had won this contest for sure!

I underestimated you in the beginning, Gloria, but you were always destined to lose to me anyway. A triumphant smile appeared on Cyril's face. He was already beginning to envision how he was going to gloat to her following the announcement of the results.

Kerry also wore a fawning smile on his face as he strode over, and said in a low voice, "Young Master, this contest is in the bag for you; do you remember the woman that you promised me earlier..."

Cyril's brows furrowed slightly, but he quickly recomposed himself and smiled as he replied, "Of course I do. I'll send her to your house tonight."

"Thank you, Young Master!" Kerry was absolutely ecstatic. He was already beginning to fantasize about the young woman whom he'd had the pleasure of meeting once before.

A hint of disgust flashed through Cyril's eyes, but he hid it by turning his head to the side before waving a dismissive hand. "Get everyone to tidy up the forge in preparation for the arrival of the verification team. Also, tell everyone that they'll get a three-day holiday commencing tomorrow, as well as a sizeable bonus for their efforts during the past month."

"Yes, Young Master!" Kerry's eyes immediately lit up in response as he hurried away. He spurred the workers into action before informing them of the holiday and bonuses that Cyril was rewarding them with, sending a stir running through all of the blacksmiths as they expressed genuine gratitude to Cyril.

You'll only be receiving a few hundred copper coins each, but I'll be getting the entire Moreton Family! Cyril thought to himself in a smug manner as he looked at the elated blacksmiths.

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A horse-drawn carriage stopped in front of the Blue Suede clothing shop early in the morning, following which Gloria disembarked in a long gray dress. She looked at the notice on the door, stating that their supply had run out, and a smile appeared on her face as she strode into the shop.

As soon as she made her way into the store, Mars quickly strode over, and said in a quiet voice, "Young Mistress, the 30 custom-made dresses are ready, and we've notified all 30 customers last night; they've all confirmed that they'll be issuing the full payment for their dresses this morning."

There were 30 young men and women standing inside the shop in blue and white uniforms, and an intricately carved wooden box was positioned beside each of them.

Gloria looked at the beautiful and fragrant wooden boxes, then at the energetic young men and women beside them, and she nodded with a pleased look as she said, "Very good, you can all deliver the dresses now. Make sure to return to Blue Suede with the payments for the dresses before 10 am."

"Yes," Mars nodded before turning to all of the young men and women as he said, "Remember to face every customer with a smile and to ensure that the dresses are delivered in perfect condition. If any mishaps occur, you'll have to pay 100,000 copper coins as compensation to the shop; only then will you be earning your keep."



“Yes!”

The young men and women all adopted serious expressions as they carefully picked up the wooden boxes beside them, then strode out the door one after another, and got onto the white unicorns that had been prepared for them in the Aden Square.

Gloria looked at the dark rings around Mars’s eyes, and smiled as she said, “Thank you for your hard work during this past month, Uncle Mars. Let’s have some breakfast together.”

Mars’ eyes glazed over slightly at the sight of the smile on Gloria’s face. He felt as if he’d been transported back in time to when little Gloria would also smile up at him in the same manner as she sat on her swing in the garden. A smile also appeared on his face as he replied, “I certainly can’t refuse an invitation from the young mistress herself.”

Not long after that, a horse-drawn carriage departed from the Blue Suede clothing shop, heading toward Mamy Restaurant.

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At 10 am, two verification teams consisting of eight members each entered the Blue Suede clothing shop and Kerry’s Forge at the same time. All of the staff were vacated from the two shops, including Gloria and Cyril.

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Over at Moreton Manor, Jeffree was holding a cup of tea while standing beside a window, seemingly waiting for something.

### **Chapter 834 Barbed Confrontations!**

While the verification team checked carefully through their account books, Cyril stood in front of the forge with a triumphant expression on his face, feeling as if he had this contest in the bag.

Regardless of how incompetent he was, Jeffree had no choice but to let him inherit the Moreton Family.

He was destined to be the victor of this contest from the very beginning as he knew what kind of person Jeffree was. He was an arrogant and sexist man who definitely wouldn’t allow the empire he’d created to fall into the hands of a woman. He had denounced Old Man Buffett countless times for passing on his estate to Scheer, and he definitely wouldn’t allow himself to follow the same path.

With that in mind, Cyril’s smile grew even more pronounced. He felt as if he could already envision a future in which he would rule over the business world of Chaos City.

Kerry also wore a smile on his face as his eyes shimmered with excitement. He had been managing this forge for half his life, and never received any chances for further development. In the end, he simply couldn’t be bothered to try and better the forge anymore, which was why the business had slowly become an unprofitable one.

However, everything was different now. He was riding on Cyril’s coattails, and once Cyril inherited the Moreton Family as well as the Chamber of Commerce, he would also enjoy a meteoric rise in status.

No longer would he be stuck managing a forge; he would truly become an upper-class citizen of Chaos City.

All of the employees of the forge were also very excited. They didn't know anything about this contest, but they knew that with the drastic influx of business during the past month, they would surely receive a significant wage boost. Furthermore, they had a three-day holiday and large bonuses to look forward to; those factors were enough to instill them with elation.

Half an hour later, the verification team locked the account books of the forge into a metal box before emerging from forge.

They were led by a middle-aged man in a set of black robes, and he turned to Cyril as he said, "Young Master Cyril, we've already checked through all of the account books; please return to the manor with us now, and Master Jeffree will announce the results of this contest."

"What are we waiting for, then? Let's go right away!" Cyril said with a smile as he made his way over to a lavish horse-drawn carriage that was waiting nearby. Kerry was kneeling beside the carriage, and Cyril strode onto his back as a stepladder to board the carriage.

All of the members of the verification team boarded two other horse-drawn carriages before traveling toward Moreton Manor.

Almost at the exact same moment, the verification team over at the Blue Suede clothing shop also emerged. Even though all of them maintained calm expression, the astonishment in their eyes was quite apparent.

The middle-aged man who was the leader of the team stepped forward in a respectful manner, and said, "Young Mistress Gloria, please return to the manor with us, and President Jeffree will announce the result of the contest there."

All of the other members of the verification team were also looking at Gloria with a hint of awe and veneration in their eyes.

Gloria nodded with a smile in response. "Sure, thank you for your efforts."

After all of the verification team members had gotten onto their horse-drawn carriages, Gloria turned to Mars, and said, "Mars, you should come with me to the manor as well."

However, Mars shook his head in response, and replied, "I don't think it's time yet, Young Mistress."

Gloria looked at Mars in silence for a short moment before nodding with a smile. "I think that time will come soon, though."

A smile also appeared on Mars' face.

Thus, three horse-drawn carriages departed from the Blue Suede clothing shop, heading toward the Moreton Manor.

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At this moment, the main hall within the Moreton Manor was particularly lively and bustling.

Old Mistress Denise sat on a chair with her eyes closed. Even so, there was still a steely and bitter expression on her face, clearly indicating that she was not an approachable old woman.

Jeffree's third daughter, Aurora, was sitting on another chair with her legs hugged to her chest. She was wearing very loose clothing, but that still wasn't enough to conceal her skeletal figure, and her sunken eyes created a slightly harrowing sight to behold. A lot of her straw-like hair had already fallen out, and she looked like an elderly woman as she wore a derisive smile on her face.

Cyril's twin daughters both wore lavish dresses as they sat across from Lance's family with gloating expressions on their faces.

"What's the point of a contest like this? How could Father possibly lose to a little brat like her?" Hernie scoffed in a disdainful manner.

"Exactly. I think Grandpa shouldn't have organized this contest in the first place. There's only going to be one result anyway, and the whole fiasco just brings shame to our family," Herty chimed in in agreement.

"Shh, don't say that," Aviva scolded as she sat beside them. However, despite her criticism, she also wore a smug smile on her face, clearly in agreement with what the twins were saying.

Meanwhile, Lance simply sat across from them, reading a book in silence as if he couldn't even hear what they were saying.

In contrast, Mickey was glowering at Hernie and Herty with fury in his eyes. He wanted to rebuke them on several occasions, but Debra had kept a gentle grasp around his wrist this entire time, and urged him not to do anything rash with her eyes.

As opposed to feeling any resentment, Debra herself wore a gratified smile on her face. Even if Gloria were to lose this contest, this would still have been a fantastic experience for her. At the very least, she'd learned not to wallow in self-pity and cut herself off from everyone else.

"Master Jeffrey is here!"

The butler's voice sounded from outside.

Herty and Hernie immediately put on wide smiles as they sat in their chairs in an obedient manner. Even though their looks were quite ordinary, the facade they were putting on did make them appear like a pair of young gentlewomen.

Aurora had been slumped in her chair a moment ago, but she also immediately sat bolt upright as a hint of life returned to her eyes, instantly making her look several years younger. However, there was a clear hint of fear in her expression as well.

Lance put down his book and also sat up straighter, while Mickey puffed out his chest slightly and adopted a stiff sitting posture.

Old Mistress Denise opened her eyes, and the atmosphere in the hall immediately became rather tense and oppressive.

Jeffree slowly made his way into the room, and glanced at Lance first before his gaze settled on Mickey for a moment. He completely ignored Hernie and Herty, yet made no effort to hide his disgust as his gaze swept past Aurora, and he made his way over to the main seat before sitting down on it.

Having just been ignored, Herty and Hernie both aimed a resentful glance at Mickey, but neither of them dared to say anything.

The entire hall fell completely silent, and the atmosphere became quite a stifling one.

Six horse-drawn carriages stopped outside Moreton Manor.

Cyril disembarked from his carriage and cast his gaze toward Gloria, who was gracefully disembarking from her own carriage, and a disdainful look appeared on his face as he sneered, "Well, well, well, if it isn't my exceptional niece. It really is quite surprising that you convinced the president to give you an opportunity, but it's too bad that this doesn't change anything."

Gloria turned to Cyril with a smile as she replied, "If nothing has changed, then how would you be standing next to me under this set of circumstances, Uncle Cyril?"

Cyril's smile stiffened, and he harrumphed coldly, "Hmph! You can chirp all you want now, but let's see if you can keep this up later!"

He then quickly made his way toward the manor.

"You should be saying that to yourself," Gloria murmured as a faint smile appeared on her face, and she made her way toward the manor in an unhurried manner.

### **Chapter 835 My Son is a Genius Businessman!**

"Young Master Cyril is here!"

A loud announcement shattered the stifling silence in the hall.

"My son is here." A doting smile appeared on Old Mistress Denise's face as she cast her gaze toward the entrance.

Expressions of elation also appeared on the faces of Aviva, Herty, and Hernie as they also turned in the same direction.

The derisive sneer on Aurora's face became even more pronounced, and she slumped back into her seat as if she were an audience member awaiting the commencement of a good show.

Cyril appeared at the entrance with a triumphant smile on his face as if everything were under his control.

A relieved smile appeared on Herty's and Hernie's face upon seeing this. Cyril's confidence made the result of this contest quite apparent to them.

"Father," Cyril said in a respectful voice as he hurriedly strode into the hall.

Jeffree merely nodded expressionlessly in response.

Cyril turned to Lance with a derisive sneer on his face, and said, "Big Brother, you should really discipline your daughter; she doesn't even know what it means to respect her elders now."

Lance looked into Cyril's eyes, and calmly replied, "You should find someone to teach your daughters humility first so they don't have to learn from you."

A hint of fear suddenly flashed through Cyril's eyes as he met Lance's steely gaze. From a young age, his big brother had always been better than him at everything that they did, and he still couldn't help but feel traumatized by the gulf that had always existed between them.

Herty's and Hernie's expression changed in unison upon hearing this. They had always looked down on Lance's family, and they'd certainly made no effort to keep that a secret. However, Lance was now accusing them of lacking humility. If it weren't for the fact that Jeffree were present at the scene, they would've definitely retaliated with a barrage of insults.

Mickey's eyes lit up, and he turned to Lance with a hint of surprise and wonder in his eyes.

In contrast, a concerned look appeared on Debra's face, but she wasn't all that surprised by his reaction. After all, if there was one person that he would cast aside all pleasantries and risk his life for, then it was definitely Gloria.

Denise glared at Lance, and scolded, "Lance, how could you say that to Herty and Hernie? Look at how adorable and obedient they are. If you have time to be disciplining others, then you should be disciplining your own daughter. I hear she's hallucinating about becoming the heir of the Moreton Family? Has she gone insane?"

"Heh..." Aurora pursed her lips as the derision in her smile grew even more pronounced.

Right at this moment, another loud announcement sounded from outside. "Young Mistress Gloria is here!"

Gloria slowly strode in through the entrance in a graceful and refined manner. She stood beside Cyril, and extended a curtsy toward Jeffree as she said, "Greetings, Grandfather."

Jeffree nodded expressionlessly again in response.

Gloria then turned to Denise with a calm expression, and said, "I haven't gone insane, Grandma; it's just that women are capable of doing everything that men can. People who think otherwise are, ironically, mostly women, and narrow-minded women at that."

Denise's expression immediately stiffened, and she turned to Gloria with incredulity in her eyes. In this family, no one dared to speak to her like this aside from Jeffree.

Herty's and Hernie's eyes were also filled with astonishment, as well as envy and jealousy at the sight of Gloria's exquisite beauty and gorgeous dress.

They had always insulted her for hiding her appearance beneath a veil, but who would've thought that the veil would be obscuring such a set of breathtaking features? Furthermore, she had completely risen above them, and left them in the dust to compete with their father.

Now, she was even directly rebuking their grandmother's words, and that was absolutely incredible to them.

She's dead for sure! A gloating expression appeared on Herty's and Hernie's face as that thought occurred to them.

In contrast, Lance was looking at Gloria with a hint of surprise in his eyes, but mostly approval and gratification.

Meanwhile, Mickey's eyes were filled with glittering admiration as if he were getting to know his big sister again for the first time.

Aurora's eyes also lit up as she reflexively straightened up in her seat. She stared directly at Gloria with an intense unblinking gaze as if she were seeing something completely unbelievable to her.

"You... You..." Denise's cheeks were flushed with rage as she pointed a trembling finger at Gloria, at a complete loss for words.

Cyril turned to Gloria with a cold expression, and was just about to say something when Jeffree suddenly said in a stern voice, "That's enough, everyone, be quiet."

He cast a fleeting glance at Gloria with a hint of approval in his eyes, but quickly turned toward the rest of the people in the hall.

Everyone instantly fell silent, and Old Mistress Denise immediately closed her mouth, not daring to utter another sound.

Cyril still wanted to say something, but the sight of Jeffree's steely expression made him swallow his words in the end.

A hint of amusement flashed through Gloria's eyes. She had been wanting to say that for a long time, and getting that off her chest was very satisfying, but she had also felt a little uneasy during the process. However, it seemed that Jeffree was siding with her in this regard, and that came as quite a surprise to her.

The entire hall fell silent again, and Jeffree turned toward the butler standing beside the entrance before instructing, "Tell the verification teams to come in."

The two leaders of the verification teams soon made their way into the hall, each carrying a metal box in their hands as they stood beside Gloria and Cyril, respectively.

Heh, let's see how long you can keep up that cocky attitude. Cyril glanced at Gloria with a disdainful sneer on his face.

Filthy b\*tch! When Father becomes the leader of the Moreton Family, I'll kick all of you out and sell you to the brothels! Hernie thought to herself as she glowered at Gloria with a resentful expression.

A vicious light also flashed through Herty's eyes. Hmph, let's see who'll continue to protect a filthy b\*tch like you after Grandpa dies! When that time comes, I'm going to scar your face 100 times so you have to wear that veil of yours for the rest of your life!

A cold smile had also appeared on Denise's face. She had already made up her mind: after the result was declared, she was going to banish Gloria from this family. No one could speak to her like that aside from Jeffrey, and anyone who dared to do so had to pay a price for their insolence!

Jeffrey turned to the two middle-aged men, and said, "Announce the results."

The man standing beside Cyril opened the box in his hands, and produced an accounts book as he announced, "Last month, Kerry's Forge had a negative income of 30,000 copper coins, which has turned into 1,550,000 copper coins in earnings this month. Among those earnings, 500,000 copper coins are in the form of deposits for orders due in the next month, and after deducting the 500,000 copper coins of costs, there has been a total profit of 1,050,000 copper coins."

An elated look appeared on Denise's face as she exclaimed, "Flipping a deficit of 30,000 to a profit of 1,050,000? My son is a genius businessman!"

"Yes!" Herty and Hernie were also ecstatic as they turned to Gloria with disdain in their eyes. She hadn't even come into contact with let alone run a shop on her own, so how could she possibly have made more than 1,000,000 copper coins of profit in just a month? It would be a minor miracle if she didn't incur any losses!

Cyril also wore a smug smile on his face as he awaited the announcement of the final result from Jeffrey.

Right at this moment, the man standing beside Gloria also produced an accounts book in a calm manner, and announced, "The Blue Suede clothing shop run by Young Mistress Gloria incurred a loss of 50,000 copper coins last month, which has turned into 4,020,000 copper coins in total earnings this month. After deducting the 850,000 copper coins of costs, the shop made a profit of 3,170,000 copper coins this month, none of which has come from deposits."

The entire hall instantly fell deathly silent.

### **Chapter 836 Do You Think I'm an Idiot?**

Within the silent hall, everyone turned to the middle-aged man as their mouths slowly gaped open in astonishment.

"Four... million?!" After a long while, Cyril finally recovered from his shock, and his voice became as sharp as that of a monkey that had just had its tail trodden on.

He had seen the 1,000,000 copper coins of profit earned by the forge build up on a day to day basis, and he learned for the first time just how arduous this process was, yet it was now being announced that Blue Suede had earned 4,000,000 copper coins during the past month? Wasn't it supposed to be only 1,000,000?

"Surely there must be something wrong! How could that little brat have earned so much?" Denise had already risen to her feet with incredulity etched on her face.

"H-how could this be!" Herty's and Hernie's expression had also changed drastically. Their father's forge had only earned 1,000,000 copper coins for the month if deposits were to be discounted, yet Gloria's clothing shop had earned four times that amount!

“That’s awesome, Big Sister!” Mickey also sprang up from his seat as he appraised Gloria with admiration in his eyes.

Lance was also filled with shock as he stared at Gloria. It was common knowledge that Cyril was useless, but he had been in Chaos City’s business circles for over 20 years, and he had far more relations than Gloria did. Even with an unprofitable business like Kerry’s Forge, he was able to use those relations to secure enough orders to result in profits of 500,000 copper coins for the month, but how had Gloria achieved this?

The Blue Suede Textiles Shop had been incurring losses for several consecutive years; how had she reversed that trend in just a single month and earned a staggering 3,170,000 copper coins of profit?

This was simply incredible!

Jeffree’s expression hadn’t changed much upon hearing Cyril’s revenue figures. This was the upper limit on the revenue that the forge could earn in a month when operating at maximal capacity, so Cyril hadn’t achieved anything out of the ordinary.

However, he had opened the Blue Suede Textiles Shop in person many years ago, and the shop had even been named by him in person. The textiles shop had given rise to the empire that was the current Moreton Family, paving the way for it to become the colossus that it was now.

However, even during the textiles shop’s heyday, it had never earned 3,000,000 copper coins of revenue in one month, let alone over 4,000,000.

Not only was the total revenue astonishingly high, the rate of profit was also over 75%. In just a single month, Gloria had effectively created a miracle with relations at her disposal.

This announcement was finally enough to crack Jeffree’s facade a little, and he couldn’t help but turn to Gloria with a hint of shock and curiosity in his eyes.

Back when Scheer had taken over her first business, it had earned 10,000,000 copper coins of revenue in the first month, 8,000,000 of which was pure profit, and that was the first time her name was heard throughout the business world.

Even though Gloria had only earned 4,000,000 copper coins of revenue in her first month running her first business, it had to be taken into account that she had been assigned a textiles shop that had been on the verge of closing down.

How had she done this?

Jeffree’s heart was filled with curiosity. Even if she’d made fabric into clothes, he had never heard of any tailor in Chaos City earning 4,000,000 copper coins in a month.

The derision in Aurora’s eyes grew even more pronounced, and it was as if there were a pair of fireballs burning within her pupils.

Cyril finally managed to collect himself before turning to the man standing beside Gloria with a menacing look on his face. “You must be lying! That little brat’s textiles shop clearly only made earnings of 1,000,000 copper coins; how could it possibly have been 4,000,000 instead? You’re fabricating counterfeit figures for her!”



Denise's expression also darkened as she coldly threatened, "Do you know the price that you'll have to pay for lying under circumstances like these?"

"Some people really will do anything to win. She probably had to sell her body to convince that man to fabricate those figures for her, but the lie is far too blatant to be taken seriously!" Herty and Hernie's panicked expressions were also instantly replaced by their former derisive sneers.

The man standing beside Gloria adopted a serious expression. In a manner that was neither humble nor arrogant, he replied, "Please respect our verification team. All eight members of our team have vouched for this final result, and the accounts book has listed in detail every instance of income generated and cost incurred by the Blue Suede clothing shop. On top of that, we verified all of their remaining stock and coin registers to find that all of the results were concurrent with their accounts books. There were no counterfeit figures fabricated whatsoever; if either of you would like to express doubts about the results we obtained, then please send another verification team to Blue Suede. If the results they obtain differ significantly from ours, then we will take full responsibility for the discrepancies."

Instead of backing down upon hearing this, Cyril only became even more enraged as he urged, "Then how about you tell me how she was able to earn 4,000,000 copper coins when her shop has been closed for over 20 days of the past month? Up to last night, she had only earned 1,000,000 copper coins; where did these additional 3,000,000 copper coins come from?"

The man flipped open the accounts book in his hand in a calm manner, and recited, "According to our records, the Blue Suede clothing shop sold a total of 525 dresses in the past two days, each of which cost 2,000 copper coins, thereby resulting in 1,050,000 copper coins of revenue. However, this morning, the shop's employees delivered all 30 of the custom-made dresses to their respective customers, and full payments were issued at the point of delivery. Each of those custom-made dresses cost 100,000 copper coins, thereby accounting for the remaining 3,000,000 copper coins, amounting to a total of 4,050,000 copper coins."

Gasp...

Everyone inside the hall drew a collective sharp breath. Only now did everyone understand how the 4,000,000 copper coins had been earned. However, the fact that each of those custom-made dresses had been sold for 100,000 copper coins still came as quite a shock to them.

Herty and Hernie thought back to the dress that Gloria had worn during the banquet. If the same dress were being sold for 100,000 copper coins each, they'd probably trip over their own feet in their hurry to thrust their money into the seller's hands. With that in mind, a hint of panic appeared in their eyes.

"Each dress cost 100,000 copper coins? They're just dresses made from fabrics, not gold and diamonds! Do you think I'm an idiot?" Cyril was already beginning to panic as well, but he was still trying to intimidate the verification team leader by putting on a menacing display.

"Be quiet!" Jeffree cast a cold glance at Cyril as he said in a displeased voice, "I picked the members for the two verification teams myself, and all of them have served me for decades. I would doubt you long before I cast any doubt toward them."

Jeffree raised his voice slightly as he continued, "The final verdict has been reached: Gloria is the winner of this contest!"

An elated smile finally appeared on Gloria's face upon hearing this, and she turned to Lance and her family with a pair of bright and exuberant eyes.

Lance also returned Gloria's smile with one of his own, while Mickey leaped straight up into the air with joy.

In contrast, Cyril's face turned deathly pale as he stumbled over to Jeffree while trembling. "Father, that's impossible... Gloria must've cheated; she must've fabricated those figures. How can anyone earn 3,000,000 copper coins in one morning?"

"Are you saying I'm an idiot?" Jeffree asked in a calm voice as he looked into Cyril's eyes.

Cyril immediately shuddered as he backed down and fell silent, not daring to press the issue any further.

Jeffree turned to Gloria, and announced, "From this day forth, all of the textiles-related businesses under the Moreton Family will be assigned to Gloria. I'll also be nominating you as a board member of the Chamber of Commerce."

"Thank you, Grandpa," Gloria said in a respectful manner, but the excitement in her eyes was quite apparent.

"In one year, I'll be choosing an heir to the Moreton Family between the two of you. I hope you won't disappoint me," Jeffree said in a solemn voice as he looked at Gloria and Cyril before exiting the hall.

### **Chapter 837 Wind Forest, Red-top Tricolor Duck Breeding Base**

Right at this moment, Aurora suddenly rose to her feet, and screeched with all her might, "Heh, you're willing to give her a chance now, so why couldn't you give me a chance? Just because I'm your daughter, I had to marry a man I didn't love at 17? You threw me away like some object to someone you were trying to suck up to, then tossed me aside after I was no longer worthy of exploitation!"

Jeffree stopped and turned around to appraise Aurora with furrowed brows as he asked in a cold voice, "Do you think you're still worthy of being considered a human in your current state?"

"Aurora, stop..." Denise hurriedly urged in a low voice.

"That's right! I'm not a human being! I'm not worthy of being part of the Moreton Family..." A tragic smile appeared on her face as she slammed her fist into her emaciated chest. She looked directly into Jeffree's eyes with an intense gaze as she said, "But isn't this what you inflicted on me, Father? When you forced me to marry that drunkard, Lister, did you think about how much pain and torment your daughter would have to endure every single night? Did you consider what kind of abhorrent addictions he'd force onto me?"

"You knew, you knew all along that he had all of those horrible addictions that you detested. You were the one who made your daughter like this; you kicked me down the cliff, yet you're now standing at the cliff's edge and laughing at me... Does your conscience not ache?" Aurora's eyes were completely bloodshot by this point, and her sinister display was rather horrifying to behold.

Jeffree's brows furrowed even more tightly, but he still calmly replied, "It was your choice to develop those addictions; how does this have anything to do with me?"

“What does it have to do with you? Heh... As expected, you haven’t changed at all even after so many years. Women are just things to you; there’s no concept of equality in your heart.” Aurora pointed a finger at Gloria as she screeched in a derisive tone, “She’s nothing more than a stepping stone for that useless son of yours! Regardless of what skills and talents she may have, from the moment she was born, she was destined to fail to inherit the Moreton Family for no reason other than the fact that she’s a woman! A woman!!!”

A deranged expression appeared on Aurora’s face as the veins on her forehead bulged in an unsettling manner. Her hands were like bony claws as she ran them down the sides of her face, and her eyes had turned completely bloodshot.

The hall had fallen silent yet again, and Denise wanted to say something, but didn’t dare to interject in the end.

Jeffree looked into Aurora’s eyes in silence for a short while before issuing a command. “She’s already gone insane. Take her away.”

The butler standing at the entrance hesitated momentarily before waving a hand. From outside the door, two servants hurriedly rushed in, subduing Aurora before dragging her toward the door.

“You ruined your daughter! You’re the one who’s killed your own daughter!” Aurora screeched in a deranged manner. As she was dragged past Gloria, a bitter smile appeared on her face as she said, “Don’t trust him! He’s a liar! He won’t allow a woman to become his heir! If you make the mistake of believing his lies, you’ll end up like me...”

Aurora’s voice gradually faded as she was dragged away, and the hall fell silent again, but the silence was quite a deafening one.

Cyril’s eyes lit up again, but the light in his eyes quickly faded. However, the dejected look on his face had already been wiped away.

Gloria’s brows furrowed slightly before relaxing again, but her expression remained calm as if she hadn’t been affected much by that intense outburst.

Jeffree looked at the two of them with a serious expression, and said, “Everything that two of you do during this year will be recorded in detail, just like the account books that have been presented today. At the end of the year, I’ll assess what you two have been up to and announce my final decision. During this process, four investigation teams consisting of 16 members each will be assessing all of your actions. Two of them will do so out in the open, while the other two will conduct surveillance in the shadows, so don’t try to play any dirty little tricks.”

Cyril’s heart sank slightly, and he was suddenly feeling quite uneasy again.

Meanwhile, Gloria nodded with a contemplative look on her face.

Jeffree then turned and left with the butler hurrying along behind him. The two middle-aged men also closed their respective metal boxes before exiting the hall, and the four of them soon disappeared as they rounded a corner.

“You’re so awesome, Big Sister!”

Mickey was the first one to rush over to Gloria, and he wore an expression that was filled with admiration. He felt as if his big sister had transformed into a completely different person, one that was super admirable and awesome.

Lance and Debra were also appraising Gloria with proud smiles on their faces.

“Hmph, a woman like you is hallucinating about inheriting the Moreton Family? I won’t allow that to happen. In this family, only Cyril is worthy of becoming the heir.” Denise harrumphed coldly before exiting the hall.

Cyril turned to Gloria, and said in a cold voice, “You won’t be so lucky a year from now. I’ll show you who the true heir to the Moreton Family is, and I’ll banish you from the family on that day.”

Gloria’s expression remained calm as she replied, “From this day forth, Blue Suede will belong to me, but if you lose a year from now, you won’t be able to take anything with you.”

“Hmph!” Cyril turned and swept out of the room.

Herty strode toward Gloria with an enraged look on her face as she said, “I think we should cover up that smart mouth of yours with some bandages, ugly b\*tch!”

“Perhaps you wouldn’t be so conceited if you hadn’t grown up at the bottom of a well your entire life.” Gloria glanced at Herty, and said, “At the very least, you wouldn’t have to make up for your insecurities by wearing a bunch of shiny rocks.”

“You!!”

Herty and Hernie blushed in unison as they looked at the shimmering gemstones that they were both wearing.

Gloria continued, “Also, you two had better watch your mouths from now on. According to our family’s rules, you should be punished for what you just said.”

In the face of Gloria’s warning, Herty and Hernie could only swallow the insults that they were about to hurl at her. If Gloria had said the same thing to them a month ago, they’d simply continue to insult her to their hearts’ content as she was only a denounced woman who didn’t even dare to show her face.

However, Gloria was different now. She had taken over all of the textile businesses that belonged to the Moreton Family, and she had also become a board member of the Chamber of Commerce, taking to the same heights as Cyril.

“Hmph!”

The two twins harrumphed in unison before also storming away.

...

“Hmm, this rich fragrance really hits the spot.”

Inside the kitchen, Mag removed the lid of the brine, and took a long whiff as an intoxicated look appeared on his face.

Right at this moment, the system's voice suddenly sounded. "Ding! Your level of perversion has increased dramatically, thereby triggering one of the system's hidden missions: please capture a Red-top Tricolor Duck within 48 hours! Location: Wind Forest, Warden Lake, Red-top Tricolor Duck Breeding Base!"

### **Chapter 838 You're Just a Nobody**

"???"

"What did you say? What's this about a breeding base in Warden Lake? Isn't that the sacred lake of the elven race?! You're breeding ducks in it?!" The earthenware lid almost slipped out of Mag's grasp upon hearing this.

"Those aren't ordinary ducks. Red-top Tricolor Ducks are an extremely rare breed of wild ducks. In contrast with normal wild ducks that are quite thin with tough and stringy meat, they're more like geese in that they're a lot more supple and with higher fat content, making them the perfect ingredient for cooking roast duck.

"On top of that, Red-top Tricolor Ducks are 1st-tier magic beasts that don't dwell in packs and usually appear as pairs. During the day, they hunt for fish in lakes and swamps, and they sleep up in tall trees at night. They're extremely alert and rare, and very difficult to capture.

"The water quality and diversity of the species of fish in Warden Lake makes it ideal for breeding Red-top Tricolor Ducks, and the system has bred thousands of these ducks on a semi-free-range basis. Now, all you have to do is capture a Red-top Tricolor Duck from Warden Lake and go through the experience of securing an ingredient from a breeding base. You'll also find that the ducks being bred in Warden Lake are completely different from the ducks you'll find elsewhere. Their soft feathers..."

The system quickly launched into a long spiel.

"Wait... the important thing right now isn't what kind of ducks you've bred, it's that you bred them in the sacred lake of the elven race! And why do we have to go all the way there to catch a duck? I'm really busy!" Mag interjected with furrowed brows.

He had just returned to Chaos City; if he were to go out on another trip, his customers would most likely revolt.

Of course, what was even more concerning was that he had to venture to Warden Lake, which was in the heart of the elven territory.

Elves were extremely territorial, so if an outsider like him were to be discovered in the Wind Forest, he'd immediately be seen as an intruder.

At Mag's current power level, he was far from being able to visit and leave the Wind Forest as he pleased. Otherwise, he wouldn't have had to make that one-year promise to Irina.

"The mission has already been released, and the 48-hour countdown will now commence. If you can't complete the mission within the allotted time, 0.5 of a strength point will be deducted along with 1,000,000 copper coins."

“Oi, that’s not fair! You’re forcing this on me!” Mag exclaimed as he raised his eyebrows.

“Successful completion of the mission will garner a reward of a complete Quanjude[1] Peking Duck recipe, as well as all of the ingredients and kitchenware required to cook the dish.”

“Peking Duck?” Mag’s eyes immediately lit up upon hearing this. That was one of his favorite dishes. The succulent roast duck dish was the perfect combination of crispy skin and juicy delicious meat. Regardless of whether it was eaten with spring onion strips and sweet flour sauce or wrapped in a thin chewy pancake, just the thought of the dish was quite a mouthwatering prospect to Mag.

However, after Quanjude had switched to electric ovens to roast their ducks, he stopped visiting the restaurant. Ducks roasted in electric ovens had no soul.

“Are we talking about the recipe that uses electric ovens or traditional woodfire ovens?” Mag asked.

“The recipe being offered is the traditional roast duck recipe used by Quanjude, where woodfire ovens are used and electric ovens are denounced. You’ll learn the specifics after you complete the mission,” the system replied.

Mag was very intrigued after hearing this, but he still cautiously asked, “System, the Wind Forest is very far away and heavily guarded by the elven race; won’t I die there if I go in my current state?”

“The elven race is holding a ceremony to praise the Goddess of Life tomorrow. Most of the elves will be participating in the ceremony, so Warden Lake will be far less heavily guarded than it normally is. As for how to get to the Wind Forest, that’s something for you to figure out,” the system replied in a nonchalant manner.

“A ceremony?” A contemplative look appeared on Mag’s face. The elven race believed in the Goddess of Life, and held a ceremony to praise their deity every year. Most of the elves would attend the ceremony, so that was indeed when security was the most lax in the Wind Forest. However, no one could guarantee that mishaps wouldn’t arise. With that in mind, a concerned look appeared on Mag’s face as he said, “System, this is going to be an extremely dangerous trip; how about you give me another opportunity to return to the height of my powers? If I die, then you’ll have nothing left.”

“As long as you don’t go looking for trouble, you only have a 5% chance of dying on this trip. Hence, you don’t need any special trump cards to ensure your safety. On top of that, an opportunity to return to the height of your powers is a big prize reserved for significant missions, not just something that you can request at any time. You should know your place and realize that you’re just a nobody,” the system jeered.

“Fine. Don’t go crying when your father dies, though.” Mag pursed his lips in response. It appeared that his ploy to try and trick the system into handing out a free trump card wasn’t going to get him anywhere. Otherwise, he could take the opportunity to intimidate the entire elven race during their ceremony, and that would significantly alleviate the pressure that Irina was facing in the Wind Forest.

Alright, looks like I’ll have to go on a duck-hunting trip to the Wind Forest tomorrow, Mag thought to himself. Amy was constantly dreaming of eating roast geese, but the traditional Peking Duck made by the old master chefs of Quanjude was a far superior dish. After obtaining that recipe, he should be able to adapt it to roasting geese as well.

What about this stinky tofu... Mag turned his attention to the brine before him. After making stinky tofu in the test field for the God of Cookery and even taking a sip of this brine for himself, it was no longer a foul-smelling concoction to him. Instead, he could only smell a rich fragrant aroma emanating from it.

I won't release it as a new dish for now; I'll do that after I come back. I can also experiment to see whether the molecular isolation system really can isolate foul odors. That will be the key to selling stinky tofu in the restaurant. Having made up his mind, Mag nodded to himself before placing the lid on the jug of brine, and the air conditioning system in the restaurant automatically filtered fresh air into the kitchen again.

"During this trip, I'm just going to hurry back as soon as I get the duck. It would be rather awkward if I were to run into Irina there... We only just made our one-year promise a few days ago, after all..." Mag murmured to himself as the image of the elven beauty in the flowing white dress surfaced in his mind. She was the most beautiful woman he'd ever seen.

Maybe it won't hurt to steal a glance at her from afar...

...

The outcome of the contest between Gloria and Cyril quickly spread throughout the entire business circle within Chaos City. As it was one of the most esteemed families of the city, the heir to the Moreton Family had always been an intriguing topic for everyone.

After Lance had announced that he was relinquishing the chance to become the heir of the Moreton Family to become a teacher at Chaos School instead, Cyril became Jeffree's only choice.

Everyone had thought that Cyril would become the heir to the Moreton Family and take over after Jeffree's passing, but who would've thought that Lance's daughter would be stepping into the equation?

"Breaking news! Young Mistress Gloria won! She's taken over all of the textile-related businesses under the Moreton Family and has become a board member of the Chamber of Commerce! The business world of Chaos City could be in for a massive overhaul!"

Chapter 839 So You Can Roast it Even Before it Becomes A Swan

Mag had been alerted to this news long before everyone else. This was because Young Mistress Gloria was sitting right across from him, and she was appraising him with an intense gaze that was making him a little uncomfortable.

"Thank you so much, Mr. Mag," Gloria said in a heartfelt manner.

Mag smiled, and replied, "You're very welcome, Young Mistress Gloria. You secured this victory through your own abilities."

He was worried that if he allowed her to continue, she'd say something like "I am greatly indebted to you, and I can only repay this debt using my body". But then again, why was he worried about something like that?

Mag looked at Gloria's shimmering purple eyes and found himself being slightly entranced. She was irresistibly beautiful, and he was worried that he wouldn't be able to turn down such an offer from her.

Gloria continued, "I'll get the account keeper to collate our profits and send 20% to the restaurant, and also 10% to Luna's foundation so autumn clothing can be organized for the children. The weather is already starting to get cold, so we need to get this done as quickly as possible."

A hint of warmth flowed through Mag's heart at the sight of the concern and compassion in Gloria's eyes, and he nodded as he said, "The children do indeed need some new clothes, but I'm going out on a trip tomorrow, so you can wait a few days before issuing your payment to me."

"Are you going on another trip, Mr. Mag?" Gloria was rather surprised to hear this.

"I'm going out to source some new ingredients. The restaurant hasn't released any new dishes in a while, so I'm going to try and find some inspiration," Mag replied with a nod. If it weren't for the system's mission, he wouldn't want to go anywhere, either.

"You really are a conscientious and admirable man, Mr. Mag." Gloria looked at Mag with a hint of admiration in her eyes. He was already such an exceptional chef, yet he was still constantly looking to better himself.

...

The two of them didn't chat for too much longer than that before Gloria departed. Mag looked on as her horse-drawn carriage gradually faded into the distance, and a smile appeared on his face.

She was a woman who constantly wore a mask, and didn't dare to show her true appearance to others, yet she'd taken over all of the Moreton Family's textiles-related businesses and become a board member of the Chamber of Commerce in such a short time. The catalyst for her drastic transformation was a bowl of tofu pudding; this was quite an amusing thought to Mag.

The sense of achievement he derived from playing a part in such a life-changing sequence of events had already surpassed the joy he derived from cooking. It was as if he had found his calling and discovered his purpose in life.

Even as a chef, he could make this world a better place.

...

The sun gradually set. To the north of the city, a pair of humanoid figures finally climbed to the summit of a tall mountain along with a portly falcon. Both of them cast their eyes toward the city wall in the distance, and expressions of elation appeared on their faces.

Abraham's lips were already cracked from dehydration as he turned to the beast tamer, and asked, "We're good to go... this time, right?"

Meanwhile, the beast tamer was in an even sorrier state as there were many large bumps on his head from being kicked off the other mountain. He hurriedly said, "Yes... Duke Abraham, I assure you that it'll be able to fly this time. After these past two days of rest, it's recovered much of its stamina, so we'll definitely be able to fly the rest of the way to the city."

The black falcon beside them also raised its head as if to confirm that it was ready for flight.

Thus, the two climbed onto the falcon's back in an arduous manner.



“Let’s go!” The beast tamer pointed toward Chaos City with an excited look on his face.

The portly falcon spread open its wings and rose slowly up into the air like a bloated balloon. However, its wings were clearly flapping at a slower and slower rate during its descent, and after reaching an altitude of around five meters, they suddenly stopped flapping altogether, causing the giant falcon to plummet straight down as a result.

“Argh! Didn’t you say it was ready for flight?!”

“I... Maybe it’s hungry... Arrrgh!”

Two wails of anguish rang out as the trio rolled down a mountain once again.

...

Following the conclusion of the dinner service, Mag announced to Sally, who was cleaning up the restaurant, that he was going out on another trip.

After that, Miya announced that the ice cream shop would be open for an entire day the next day. At the same time, Babla was hired on a temporary basis with an ice cream as a reward for her efforts, an offer that she gladly accepted.

None of them objected to Mag’s trip to source new ingredients. After all, every time he came back from one of those trips, a new dish would be released quickly thereafter, and all of those new dishes were extremely delicious.

“Father, can I come with you tomorrow as well?” Amy asked with an expectant look on her face.

Mag shook his head, and replied, “Not this time; you’ve just taken a five-day break, and you’ll fall behind in your magic studies if you take any more time off.”

“But...” Amy pouted with a hint of displeasure on her little face.

“When I come back, I’ll cook a delicious roast duck for you,” Mag said with a smile as he patted Amy’s head.

“Roast duck?” Amy’s eyes immediately lit up with excitement as she turned to Ugly Duckling, and said, “So you can roast it even before it becomes a swan!”

Ugly Duckling, which was lying lazily on top of the counter, immediately sprang up, falling off the counter with a dull thump. It then scrambled to its feet and rushed behind the counter, peering out at Amy with a fearful expression as it trembled with fear.

“Don’t be scared, Ugly Duckling; come here and let me hold you.” Amy made her way over to Ugly Duckling with a smile on her face, and then picked it up and gently pinched its round stomach with a pleased nod as she mused, “Looks like you’re quite fat already; you’ll be delicious when roasted...”

An expression of shock and horror gradually surfaced in Ugly Duckling’s eyes, and it turned its head away as it prepared to escape.

...

After tucking Amy into bed, Mag switched on his bedside lamp, and then pulled out a few books from his bookshelf. These were books containing information about the elven race; he'd bought them a few days ago, but had been too busy to read them. However, seeing as he was about to go to the Wind Forest the next day, it certainly couldn't hurt to do some last-minute cramming.

Two hours later, Mag turned off his bedside lamp and went to bed.

The grand elven ceremony lasted for three days, and was held by the elven queen herself. Aside from the servants and guards of the elven race, all elves were mandated to attend.

This was clearly good news for Mag.

As the second-largest inland freshwater lake on the entire Norland Continent, Warden Lake covered an extremely large area, extending all the way into the north from the northern region of the Wind Forest. The lake belonged to the elven race, and there were elven guards that patrolled the lake.

Aside from the beautiful tales of elves bathing in the lake, there were also legends and speculation about monsters lurking within its depths.

However, most of these legends originated from the other races, so the credibility there clearly wasn't very high. Mag speculated that these so-called monsters were most likely just some magic beasts. The ducks that the system was breeding were magic beasts, so the fact that they could be bred in the lake indicated that magic beasts could indeed dwell in its waters. It was just that they were most likely all low-level magic beasts.

...

"This is a public announcement from Her Majesty: 'From this day forth, I will be going into seclusion. Do not disturb me unless the elven race is in grave danger. The ceremony tomorrow will be held by Helena, and all decisions in the race will be made by the panel of elders.'"

That night, the announcement above spread through the entire Wind Forest.

## **Chapter 840 Wind Fores**

Mag woke up early the next morning and cooked some breakfast for Amy, as well as some lunch for her to eat during her lessons. Only after doing that did he wake Amy up. If everything went smoothly, he should be back before sunset.

Due to the fact that more and more customers had been lining up in the morning outside the restaurant in recent times, Mag wrote up a sign and plastered it to the doors of the restaurant after breakfast, and then took Amy to Chaos School on his bicycle.

"I'm taking a day's break to source some new ingredients. A new dish, stinky tofu, will be released tomorrow."

All of the customers who had gathered outside Mamy Restaurant early in the morning were looking at the sign with complex expressions on their faces.

"I'm already used to Boss Mag regularly going out to source new ingredients, and I always really look forward to his new dishes, but I still feel a little disgruntled."

“I support sourcing new ingredients, but... what is this stinky tofu? Could it be that it’s actually tofu that’s stinky?”

“Is this some kind of new tofu pudding flavor?” someone suggested.

Everyone’s expressions changed upon hearing this. Could it be that Boss Mag had invented some kind of unorthodox new flavor?

Thus, all of the regular customers of Mamy Restaurant departed with a smorgasbord of emotions running through their minds.

After dropping off Amy at Chaos School, Mag informed Krassu of Mamy Restaurant’s temporary closure, telling him that he was out to source new ingredients, and asking Krassu to take Amy to the ice cream shop if he didn’t come back in time to pick her up after school.

“Boss Mag, I hope you can keep this up.” Krassu nodded with a pleased expression as he looked at Mag. This was the first time he hadn’t taken Amy out to source ingredients with him.

After departing from Chaos School, Mag rode his bicycle out of the city through the southern city gate, riding down the main path for around a quarter of an hour, and then diverging onto a smaller path that led toward the tall mountain that reached all the way up into the clouds in the southwestern direction.

Half an hour later, Mag stored his bicycle in a safe place, and then arrived at the foot of the mountain. After inspecting the surrounding area to ensure that there was no one around, he began to climb up the mountain.

This mountain was known as Raoh Mountain, and it was situated around 10 kilometers southwest of Chaos City. The mountain was rife with bushes and weeds, with very few tall trees, and it was a steep and treacherous climb given the loose sand and rocks all over its surface. There were also very few magic beasts and wild beasts that appeared in the surrounding area, so it normally didn’t attract a lot of human activity, either.

Mag skipped up the mountain, leaping several meters with every single step, rapidly hurtling toward the summit.

His body of a 5th-tier knight had provided him with explosive jumping power and speed. On top of that, after recovering his full power in Rodu—albeit only briefly—he had gained a far better understanding of his current power as well as superior control over his own body.

This was a wonderful feeling, just as if his body and soul had truly combined as one, allowing him to use every single shred of power within his body to perfection in order to unleash the most power.

Within a dark cave near the mountain summit, a pair of purple eyes slowly opened before turning toward the opening of the cave.

A humanoid figure appeared at the opening, shining a bright light into the cave to illuminate the colossal being within.

Mag looked on as the purple-striped griffin rushed over to him with an excited look on its face, and said, “Ah Zi, we have to go somewhere.”

“Howl~”

Ah Zi rubbed its massive head against Mag’s body before howling with excitement like a dog that hadn’t seen its owner in a long time.

“Shh!”

Mag hurriedly urged to be quiet with a resigned look on his face. No matter how he looked at it, he couldn’t help but feel that this was a husky in a griffin’s body.

After returning to Chaos City, Mag had asked the purple-striped griffin to reside on this mountain.

Even though it was behaving like an overzealous puppy, as a 10th-tier magic beast, it possessed a high level of intelligence, so it had been able to reside on Raoh Mountain during this period of time with no issues.

Mag strode deep into the cave to pick up the Tian Du sword, and then put on a black robe and a mask before jumping onto the griffin’s back, instructing, “Ah Zi, take me to the Wind Forest. Fly a bit higher than normal and try to avoid being noticed.”

Ah Zi let loose another howl as an affirmative response, and then withdrew its wings as it made its way to the opening of the cave. It leaped out of the cave before abruptly spreading open its wings, and in the blink of an eye, it had disappeared into the clouds amid a loud sonic boom.

Mag held onto a protruding scale on Ah Zi’s back tightly and looked around at the rapidly receding scenery with excitement etched on his face.

This was a completely different feeling from sitting on an airplane. After all, there were no convertible planes with retractable roofs.

The feathers on the griffin’s neck were perfectly positioned to shield Mag from the buffeting winds. Otherwise, just the high-velocity winds alone would’ve made it quite difficult for him to sit securely on the griffin’s back.

On the last occasion when he’d ridden Ah Zi, the situation had been too urgent, so Mag hadn’t got a good chance to experience the joy of riding the most renowned steed on the Norland Continent. Now, he was naturally going to enjoy himself to the fullest.

Of course, it was more important for him to acclimate himself to riding and fighting alongside Ah Zi. After all, if he were to encounter a dire situation, his biggest trump card would be this powerful purple-striped griffin rather than the system.

The griffin whizzed through the clouds and after leaving Chaos City, it began to perform all types of aerobatic tricks like swooping down from high altitude and flying through narrow valleys, making what would otherwise have been a rather boring trip quite a fun and exhilarating one instead.

Chaos City was quite far away from the Wind Forest. Warden Lake was situated in the northern region of the forest, thereby making it an even further destination. However, the purple-striped griffin was extraordinarily fast, and it only took less than an hour for a lush forest that spread as far as the eyes could see to appear in Mag’s field of vision.

This was a lush tropical forest with greenery that stretched beyond the horizon. There were countless massive trees that were hundreds of meters tall, and flying beasts roamed the forest in a leisurely manner, seemingly living in a place that was isolated from the rest of the world.

Further up in the north, there was a teardrop-shaped lake that was like a shimmering blue gem under the radiant sunlight.

Mag looked on at this marvelous spectacle with his mouth slightly agape. There was very little information regarding the elven race in Alex's memories, and there were no memories of the Wind Forest at all, so this was his first time seeing the Wind Forest.

He had once tried to trek across the entire Amazon Rainforest, but that trip came to a premature end due to health reasons. However, the Wind Forest was even larger in surface area than the Amazon Rainforest, and its temperatures and humidity were also far more pleasant.

"Fly a bit higher, then we'll skirt around from that direction and head straight to Warden Lake," Mag instructed as he looked on at the grand forest splayed out before him.

The purple-striped griffin flapped its wings and rose up even higher, and then proceeded to fly around the Wind Forest en route to Warden Lake.

...

At the center of the Wind Forest, there were already many elves who had gathered to attend the ceremony, which was going to be held in the large plaza in front of the cave where the Tree of Life stood.