

Stay At home 1711

Chapter 1711: Scared To Tears On The Spot

“This place is a little strange?”

Babla followed behind Irina as they walked through a dark tunnel. Her surroundings felt eerie and a little scalp-numbing. She quickened her pace to catch up with Irina, and walked within the area of the Holy Light to feel a little more at ease.

After breakfast today, Irina brought Babla out of Chaos City to a place where there were thunder and lightning everywhere. After that, they went into a tunnel, and came to this creepy place.

“Don’t be afraid. There really are ghosts here,” Irina comforted.

“Er...” Babla was even more flustered. She quickened her pace again, and was almost sticking to Irina’s back.

The dark tunnel seemed to go on forever, which made Babla increasingly nervous. She suddenly regretted agreeing so quickly last night. She felt way more at ease serving dishes in the restaurant than being here.

“Afraid?” Irina paused and looked back at Babla with a seeming smile.

Babla raised her brow. How could she admit that she was afraid in front of her idol? She widened her eyes, and said, “How’s that possible? I’m not afraid.”

“That’s great. There’s more scary stuff ahead.” Irina smiled and continued walking forward.

What’s up ahead that even Big Sister Irina would be afraid of? Besides, it even has something to do with ancient spell formations. Babla could not help but think a lot.

Bang, bang, bang!

Just then, there was a banging sound coming from up ahead in the tunnel.

“What’s that!” Babla jumped in front, and hit her head against Irina’s back.

“We’re here.” Irina smiled and glanced at Babla. The Holy Light shone at the end of the tunnel to reveal a huge stone door in front of them. At the same time, the horrifying mural was also displayed in front of them.

“That’s scary!” Babla only took a look, and her legs went jelly. She grabbed onto Irina’s thigh and started shaking.

What was that scary-looking monster on the mural? It was huge and terrifying!

It was just a glance, but Babla seemed as though she had seen the devil. It was a fear that came from the depths of her soul, making her forget all her shame and pride.

“It’s just the devil,” Irina said with a smile as she turned her head to look at Babla, who was hugging her thigh as she shook.

“Devil?!” Babla was stunned. She felt her body temperature go down, and did not think that it was *just* the devil.

After leaving the bustling city to come to this deserted place, then going underground a few thousand meters, and marching through a creepy tunnel to this large stone door, combined with the ancient spell formation Irina showed her yesterday, Babla could not help but have a bad feeling about this.

“Could there be a devil sealed behind this door... Are we going to release it?” Babla asked after swallowing.

“You’re half right. There is a devil sealed here, and it’s the one on the mural.” Irina nodded with a smile. “However, we’re not here to let it out. Instead, we are going to try to seal it once again in case it escapes from the seal and causes harm like in this mural.”

Babla heaved a sigh of relief. She did not want to be the henchman of the devil. However, she quickly realized something, and looked at Irina in shock and horror. “Th-the devil on the mural is sealed right behind this stone door?”

“Yes.” Irina nodded.

“We’re... going in?”

“Yes.”

“C-can I reject? I’m not ready yet...” Babla shook her head pitifully.

“No. You’re the only one who could understand the ancient scriptures so far.” Irina shook her head gently and crouched down slowly. She looked at Babla, and smiled coldly. “If you don’t look for it now, when it breaks free from the seal, it’ll come looking for you. Think about it. Those tentacles filled with eyes squeezing through your room door and wrapping themselves around you, the sticky tentacles...”

“Wah...”

Babla was scared to tears on the spot.

So weak? Irina looked at Babla, who was crying, and was stunned. After a while, she smiled and caressed the girl’s head as she said, “Let’s go, what we need to do is prevent such things from happening. Therefore, we have to seal it before it escapes from the seal so that we can buy ourselves more time before we find a way to kill it.”

Babla slowly stopped crying with Irina’s comforting, and let go of the other party’s thigh to slowly stand up. She pressed her lips together with grievance, and said, “Before this, I always thought that the demons were the scariest-looking race in this world, but they really look very kind compared to this devil.”

“That’s because you haven’t seen an ugly demon. There are so many of them who look way worse than this,” Irina said with a smile. “I’ll bring you over to the Demon Islands to take a look when we have the chance, alright?”

“No, no, no. I don’t want to.” Babla shook her head furiously. She looked at Irina with fear in her eyes. This was not what she imagined her idol to be!

“Let’s go. We’ll take a look at the situation inside.” Irina pulled out a foldable chair, and swung it on a protruding rock tens of meters above them. After that, the heavy door started to open slowly.

Irina walked in first.

Babla hesitated for a bit, and followed behind quickly for fear of being left outside.

Upon entering, Babla hid quickly behind Irina, and shut her eyes tightly.

Krassu and Urien, who had already spent a day here, appeared rather exhausted. Novan was studying the spell formation carefully at the side. It was just the three of them in this huge cave.

When they heard the door open, everyone greeted Irina, and then looked at Babla, who was behind.

“Isn’t this a server working for Boss Mag? Why did you bring her here?” Krassu asked with bewilderment.

“Didn’t you say to gather all the spell formation masters in Chaos City? Why are there only the three of you?” Irina asked.

“I showed them the spell formation, but it was too old, and no one could understand it. This fellow can affect our psychology without us knowing, and even Krassu almost fell for it, so I didn’t bring them in,” Urien replied.

“Yeah. This fellow is a little creepy.” Krassu nodded with some fear. After that, he asked, “Why did you bring this lady here?”

“She might just be the only one we could find who could understand the spell formation.” Irina shifted to the side, and patted Babla’s shoulder as she said, “Open your eyes. I’ll block everything for you.”

Chapter 1712: You Mutton Kebab

Babla opened her eyes based on the trust she had for her idol.

Then.

She cried again.

“I can’t do this.” Babla covered her face and sobbed. She felt as though the countless red eyes on those waving tentacles were staring right into her soul.

The real devil was way more horrifying compared to the mural.

That unknown body was huge, with countless tentacles, and there were numerous blood-red eyes on each tentacle. It was as horrifying as it could get.

“Young lady, don’t be scared. There are so many of us here. Yes, we won’t be able to defeat it with our combined strength.” Krassu looked at Babla with a smile, and said, “However, there’s still a seal. This fellow won’t be able to get out.”

“Silly. I’m trying to strengthen your mental capacity. This fellow here could control a person’s mind and spirit. You are the weakest here, and would easily become its target.” Irina went up and held Babla’s

hand. She wiped the tears at the corner of Babla's eyes, and said in a gentle tone, "If you can't overcome the fear of looking at it, I'll have to bring you out of here."

Babla slowly let go of her hand and looked at Irina, who was looking back at her lovingly. She blushed as she realized that she had been scared to tears twice in a row! In front of Irina!

No! I can't let her look down on me! Babla mustered up her courage again, clenched her teeth tightly, and looked in the direction of the seal.

"Chi chi..."

That horrifying octopus monster let out a low growl. Its tentacles kept slapping the seal, causing the golden walls to tremble as though they would shatter any moment.

Babla stared at the octopus monster for a while, and felt her fear slowly disappear.

It was not because she was brave, but because Irina was speaking softly to her by her ear. "Do you see those eyes? If we pick them out and use them as pig's eyes, don't you think we'd save on the pigs?"

With that, those scary-looking, gleaming red eyes suddenly became just like the pig's eyes on the skewers, and they no longer looked that frightening.

"Then we'd better not let Boss find out about it." Babla nodded as she glanced at the octopus monster pitifully.

"This lass is rather bold." Urien looked at Babla in shock. He thought that she would be so frightened she wouldn't even open her eyes.

"However, can she really understand the spell formation?" Novan looked at Babla in shock. This young lady looked around 14 to 15 years old, but her talent in spatial magic was extraordinary. At a young age, she was already a 7th-tier spatial magic caster.

"Yes. But I only saw a corner of the spell formation, so I can't guarantee that I will be able to understand the entire spell formation. I won't even dare to say that I can repair it," Babla replied to Novan. She knew that he was a 10th-tier magic caster in Chaos School, so she used a very respectful tone.

Novan's eyes lit up. Nodding, he said, "It's alright. I'll walk with you so that you can take a good look at this spell formation. If there's any part you can't understand, tell me and we can study it carefully again."

"Alright." Babla nodded. She followed Novan, and they started walking around the spell formation to study it.

"Where's this lass from? Why can she understand such an ancient spell formation?" Krassu mumbled.

"From the moon." Irina looked up calmly.

"Hm?" Krassu and Urien were both stunned.

"There are really living things up there?" Krassu replied in shock.

"It'd never been recorded in history," Urien said with a frown.

“She said she came from the Moon Nation, and is the princess of the Moon Nation. She came here accidentally after repairing an ancient spell formation.” Irina shrugged slightly. To be honest, she did not really believe that Babla came from the moon as well. She had gone through several ancient elven texts, and it was never recorded in those books that humans existed on the moon.

“It’s not recorded, but it doesn’t mean it doesn’t exist. This fellow’s existence proved that, didn’t it?” Krassu said as he pointed at the octopus monster.

“All records about the ancient devil had been completely erased, and even the ancient scriptures and spell formation were not passed down. However, the Moon Nation had such records. Could the Moon Nation have broken contact with the Norland Continent during the same era?” Irina speculated.

“That’s a possibility.” Urien nodded slightly. He said in a hoarse voice, “If that’s the case, perhaps they have a way to kill these devils or put them back under the seal.”

The mutton soup which was launched in the morning was well received by the customers.

This was not beyond Mag’s expectations. After all, even he could not find fault with the mutton soup. Would there be a stricter customer in this world than him?

That was not possible.

Otherwise, he would not be chosen to be the main character by the system.

Of course, he was not proud at all.

He looked at the mutton kebabs in his hands as he flipped them around above the fire. If he could redo things, he definitely would not be so strict with those selling mutton kebab!

No one knew how much he had suffered last night just to make the perfect kebab that was slightly charred outside and tender on the inside!

According to the promise, Mag launched the mutton kebab in the afternoon.

The selling price was: one for 100 copper coins!

Although this price was not cheap, as usual, the mutton was made from the black goat of the snowy highlands. It was a rare treasure that even the shepherds of the Blue Grassland would rarely find. One could only taste the freshly grilled mutton kebab here.

“Three sets of Yangzhou fried rice, five of roujiamo, six of braised chicken and rice, 10 beef kebabs, and another 10 mutton kebabs...” Miya walked into the kitchen, and quickly recited the new orders.

“Alright. Serve these 100 mutton kebabs first!” Mag swung the mutton kebabs in his hand towards the long plates that were laid neatly in a row, splitting the kebabs into sets of 20 neatly on the plates. After that, he sprinkled some spring onions on the mutton kebabs, and the plates were quickly taken away by Jane and Elizabeth.

“I had mutton soup in the morning, and now I’ll have mutton kebab in the afternoon. How delightful.” Abraham looked at the mutton kebab that was brought out from the kitchen, and he rubbed his hands excitedly.

“Oh, right, when is Miss Vansa coming to Chaos City again? If she’s not here, hot pot won’t be as fun anymore,” Randy, who was sitting in front of Abraham, said.

“She probably wouldn’t be coming for the next half a year.” Abraham shook his head, and lamented, “What a pity. She doesn’t even have the chance to try such delicious mutton soup and mutton kebab. Why don’t I write her a letter to tell her?”

“She wouldn’t be able to resist,” Randy replied with a smile.

“Forget it. I don’t even have to write her a letter. She will look through all the gourmet magazines. You, gourmets, would definitely write better than me.” Abraham dismissed the thought immediately.

“Your mutton kebab.” Elizabeth served the long plate with 10 mutton kebabs over, and placed it between the two of them. After that, she went to the next table.

“Wow! This smell!”

Randy and Abraham leaned forward, and exclaimed almost at the same time.

Chapter 1713: Where I Lay In Peace

The mutton kebab, which was just off the grill, was golden brown. It was glistening with oil, and the fat in between the meat was grilled to a translucent state. The spring onions were green and fresh, and the fragrance from the mutton kebab was mouth-watering.

As he was an ardent fan of Mamy Restaurant, Abraham’s only motivation to stay in Chaos City was Boss Mag’s unlimited delicacies. He would always be pleasantly surprised by them.

It was so for the mutton soup in the morning, and it seemed that way for the mutton kebab in the afternoon too.

“I will dig in then.” Randy had already reached out for one mutton kebab. For a meatatarian like him, the most blissful thing was to eat meat in huge mouthfuls. This mutton kebab might look small, but it looked really good and full of meat.

He had yet to submit his draft for this month.

His drafts for the recent months had all been on Mamy Restaurant’s food, and he didn’t expect to have garnered such positive feedback that caused the sales for the Meatatarianism magazines to increase by folds.

Such a great reaction from the readers caused his pay to shoot up, and he was already one of the top earners among freelance food review writers.

Of course, he had not given up his dream of collecting rent every day.

Now that he was the supporting pillar for Meatatarianism's writing, the publisher also started to rush him for his drafts more and more. He had even received seven letters rushing him for drafts, including a two-meter-long blade.

As a food critic with a dream, he would not do something like leaching off a restaurant, but... every time he decided to move on to the next restaurant, Boss Mag would happen to launch a new product, disrupting his plans.

This mutton kebab was the prime example.

"This is really the last time. If this mutton kebab doesn't meet my expectations, I'll leave Chaos City today, without even turning back!" Randy said to himself decisively. After that, he took a bite of the mutton kebab.

The size of the mutton was similar to the beef kebab's. It was just nice for an adult's mouth, so one would not look too unglamorous with their mouth full, but it was not too little, either.

Randy thought that Boss Mag was impressive with that alone.

Even an experienced meatatarian like him only had a rough concept of what was the most suitable bite of meat, but he had never thought of the exact size that it should be.

The mutton was slightly hot, but it was the perfect temperature for Randy as it could quickly awaken his taste buds, and make them quickly get into the right state.

There was a slight peppery and spicy taste on the surface of the mutton, exciting his awakened taste buds. However, compared to the rich sauce of the beef kebab, the spices on the mutton kebab were considered rather light.

He bit into the mutton. The fresh juice squirted out under the slightly charred skin, and the taste exploded in his mouth instantly. The perfect use of the spices complemented the mutton well. It was as though an exploding fireball was thrown into his mouth, making his taste buds busy.

"This taste! It gets better the more you chew on it. It's comparable to beef kebab! Instead, it's even fresher than the beef kebab!" Randy was filled with excitement and agitation.

That was really incredible. He had tried the mutton kebab made by the shepherds in the grasslands, but even the most skillful and experienced shepherd could not roast such delicious mutton kebab.

After mastering the control of the fire, the other elements that could create such a uniquely delicious roast mutton kebab were the perfect combination of spices and the texture and the originally enticing mutton itself.

"How's it, Food Critic?" Abraham asked with a smile. He had already picked up a skewer of mutton kebab, and could already tell from Randy's expression that this mutton kebab would not disappoint him.

"Rather spectacular!" Randy only uttered two words, and could not wait to move on to his second piece of mutton before getting intoxicated with the joy it brought him.

"It looks like Mamy Restaurant has another delicacy added to its menu." Abraham bit into the mutton, and its taste exploded in his mouth. His eyes lit up immediately. The spices were just bits of decoration.

The mutton itself was brought to its best during the roasting process. The sweetness of the meat made it hard to believe that this was mutton. The layers of meat and fat also brought about an enjoyable chewing experience as it was what caused the mutton not to be dry.

“I’ve decided that this week, I will use this mutton kebab for my Meatatarianism draft. Boss Mag is really my source of inspiration.” Now that he had finished one skewer, Randy placed the empty bamboo skewer on the table slowly, as though it was not enough.

“Look at you, you’re spoiling the market,” Abraham said with a chuckle as he picked up his second skewer.

“What I’m worried about is that with the rising popularity of Mamy Restaurant, there will be more food critics coming over for inspiration. That will make things difficult for me,” Randy said melancholily as he bit into a piece of mutton.

Abraham rolled his eyes, and said, “You food critics should be going around looking for delicacies for consumers, but you keep writing about the same restaurant. That’s not very nice.”

“I’ve gone to various places in the first half of my life. I’ve threaded roads covering the areas of the seven largest races. However, if you talk about the delicacies that left an impression on me, there’re really more in Mamy Restaurant than everything else added up together.” Randy sighed. “Tell me, isn’t that infuriating?”

“Then wouldn’t the Food Critic who started from Mamy Restaurant become the chosen one?” Abraham commented as he chewed on his mutton.

“That would be simply the luckiest thing. The same dish from the same restaurant could turn into a different story with a different feel if it was written by a different food critic. Therefore, I believe that Mamy Restaurant will become the most well-known restaurant in the entire Norland Continent, and will definitely leave a glorious record in history. I just hope right now that Boss Mag’s creative recipes can be spread more widely so that the future generation can inherit it,” Randy said with a smile.

“That’s not a bad idea.” Abraham looked at Randy in agreement.

“Lola, look at that black swan swimming in the lake. Do you think it looks like Boss Mag’s roasted duck?”

“Your Highness, that’s His Majesty’s favorite swan...” Lola said as she looked at Vanessa who was leaning on a fence, looking out into the distance. She felt that the princess was rather pitiful.

“Hmph. Royal Father would not let me go out after scamming me into returning home. I want to turn his favorite swan into a roasted duck!” Vanessa said through gritted teeth. She picked up some snow, and threw it hard at the black swan. The snow scattered in the sky and fell onto the lake as snowflakes, scaring the black swan as it escaped quickly in the opposite direction.

“Hahaha, look, it’s a stupid swan.” Vanessa laughed, and seemed a little better.

“Your Highness, if we left the palace now, there would be many people following us, and His Majesty wouldn’t let you go to Chaos City, so I think we should just stay in the palace,” Lola suggested softly.

“No. Mamy Restaurant is where I lay in peace. I will never give up on escaping from the palace!” Vanessa said with a resolute shake of her head.

Chapter 1714: The Law Of Smell Would Never Be Outdated

“But...”

“You don’t have to worry. I’ll just be obedient for a period of time. When Royal Father’s watch on me relaxes, we can escape.” Vanessa smiled proudly. “During this period of time, I’ve decided to send my drafts to a gourmet magazine.”

“Huh? You want to become a food critic?” Lola was a little shocked.

Vanessa nodded, and seriously said, “I’ve read all the female writers in gourmet magazines, and I know all the terms and styles they use. I intend to pen down, in the most honest way, my 49-day trip to Chaos City as a form of memento.”

“But... if His Majesty finds out about this, he might not agree to it. After all, it isn’t too nice for the people to find out that you’ve run away from the palace,” Lola said worriedly.

“Then...” Vanessa thought for a while. Her eyes lit up, and she said, “Then I’ll give myself a pen name. I’ll call myself... Vansa!”

“Mm-hmm. That’s good. Although it’s just a syllable away, I don’t think anyone would think that you wrote them,” Lola said with a nod. She heaved a sigh of relief. As long as the princess was not planning to escape the palace, she could rest assured.

Vanessa nodded, and excitedly said, “Very well. Let’s start from writing the part where we escaped the palace!”

“Err...”

“The mutton kebab is very popular with the customers, and most of them previously swore that they would never eat mutton.” Miya came in through the door with a trayful of plates.

“The law of smell would never be outdated.” Mag smiled. How could anyone resist such a perfect mutton kebab?

“That’s strange. The mutton kebab from today tasted even better than yesterday’s. Boss, did you improve the mutton kebab in your dreams last night?” Gina asked Mag.

Everyone in the kitchen all turned to look at Mag curiously. Everyone had mutton kebab for lunch today. It was indeed different from the one they had last night. Although last night’s mutton kebab was already superb, today’s mutton kebab had reached perfection.

“Perhaps. I had some inspiration today, so I made some minor tweaks,” Mag said with a smile. There wasn’t so much luck in this world. He only managed to achieve such a perfect mutton kebab through tons of practice.

However, he could not tell them.

“Pretentious.”

A small word floated past Mag’s mind silently, but he did not realize it, because it went too quickly.

“Boss, you’re impressive.” Gina looked at Mag with admiration.

Mag smiled. After the infinite failures from last night, he was already dying to hack the system into pieces.

After the busy lunchtime, Elizabeth used her magic to clean the restaurant, and everyone bade their farewells.

Mag went upstairs to change his clothes. After that, he left the city, and went straight to the Thunderstorm Mountains. He was a little worried about the situation there. The seal on the Great Old One was not too stable, so it would be terrible if it escaped.

A servant scrambled into a lavish bedroom as he agitatedly shouted, “Young Master! Young Master! Miss Shirley appeared in Mamy Restaurant again!”

Constantine, who was lying in bed, bolted right up. He looked wide-eyed at the servant, and agitatedly said, “Y-you are talking about Miss Shirley?!”

“It’s her! It really is her! I saw her walk out of Mamy Restaurant,” the servant said resolutely with a nod.

“Quick, help me up! I... cough, cough... I’m going to Mamy Restaurant right now!” Constantine grabbed the edge of the bed as he tried to get up, but his entire body was shaking.

“Young Master, there’s no use going now. Mamy Restaurant has already closed. Let’s get something to eat first, get changed, wash up, and go over at night.” The servant supported Constantine, and looked at him as he said, “If you go looking like this, I’m afraid that when Miss Shirley sees you...”

Constantine looked at his reflection in the bronze mirror. His suave appearance was reduced to that of a thin and disheveled old man with yellowed skin. His current looks disgusted even himself, much less Miss Shirley.

“I want to eat. Get me food.” Constantine sat on the chair at the side with the help of the servant. With a glow in his eyes, he said, “Hire a barber. I’m going to have a makeover.”

“Alright. Have some water and wait just a while.” The servant poured him some water merrily before running out of the door. First, he went to the kitchen to order a feast for their young master before running over to the master’s courtyard. Before even going through the door, he was already shouting, “Master! Master! Young Master is eating! Young Master is willing to eat!”

Kurt, who was teasing maids, quickly stopped. However, the moment he heard the servant’s words, he stood up happily, and asked the panting servant, “That wastrel had finally thought things through?”

“No... it’s... it’s Miss Shirley... She’s... She’s back....” that servant stuttered as he gasped for air.

“Bastard! Useless fool!” Kurt smashed the teapot at the side as his face flushed red with anger.

“Say, how many boyfriends did you have?”

“Five? Or six? I’m not too sure.”

“So how many is it?”

“None.”

“Tsk. How pitiful.”

“Hehe, cut it out.”

Angela pressed her cap down and turned to the side, pretending to look at the scenery afar, but was actually eavesdropping on the two succubi who were teasing each other.

This was the first time she got close to her compatriots ever since she reached Chaos City.

However, the difference with everywhere else was that the succubi in Chaos City were also protected by the law. They were not oppressed, nor were they enslaved. Therefore, this time, she did not choose to reveal her identity straight away. Instead, she decided to conceal her identity and eavesdrop.

I can't believe that the Succubi in Chaos City are so pure. She didn't even have a single boyfriend. Looks like their lives are very pure indeed, Angela thought to herself.

“You don’t like the young master from the Bakra Family?”

“Don’t even mention it. He’s worse than the others before him. He ended before I could feel anything. I dumped him straightaway.”

“Sigh, don’t set your expectations so high. Such wealthy young masters are hard to come by. Earn a little more right now so you can find someone good in the future.”

“Why do I have to find someone good? They didn’t even trifle with me. We should look for scumbags and play with each other’s feelings. That’s a perfect match.”

“Sis, I love your character.”

“Let’s go. We still have to go to that tavern to fish for rich guys today.”

Angela looked at the two succubi walking away as they swayed their hips while she stood alone in the howling wind.

Chapter 1715: The Results Are Out

“I haven’t been to Mamy Restaurant for a while. I wonder if Mr. Mag would like it if I dressed like this?” Gloria looked into the mirror as she compared which pair of earrings she should wear. Her face blushed slightly, and then she glared at herself through the mirror shyly. “I’m just going over there to discuss the textile partnership. Mm-hm. That’s it!”

The lady I love is right in front of me, but she's dressing up for someone else. Who would understand this kind of pain... Camilla lay on the roof with her hand over her chest as she watched Gloria mumble to herself in her room.

No. I can't just wait for things to happen! I must do something! Camilla picked herself up and hung upside down on the roof as she paced around. Her eyes suddenly lit up, and she mumbled to herself, "The gift I gave previously was such a failure. I'm going to do it again! Since Miss Gloria likes to make clothes, I'll make her some myself!"

Yes. That's it! Camilla watched as Gloria did her finishing touches, and could not help but start imagining the latter put on the clothes she made. Gloria would definitely be very touched, and then she would be successfully tamed.

"I'm such a genius!" Camilla smiled proudly. She looked at Gloria again, and disappeared in a puff of black smoke.

Was there something outside just now? Gloria turned back to look out of the window for a while, but there was nothing outside.

It's still early. I will go to the factory first. The last batch of winter wear should be ready. After a while longer, the weather will warm up, and we can launch the spring collection. We have to start production early. Gloria put on her down jacket, and walked out of the door. Mars, who was waiting at the door, received her purse and gave her a verbal report as he followed behind her.

Cyril was neglected because of what happened, and Gloria was now seen as the popular candidate for the heir to the Moreton Family.

What followed after was more work and strict expectations.

Now that Cyril was no longer her opponent, her point of comparison became Scheer, who was also the oldest granddaughter who inherited her family business.

They were of similar age, and were both cross-generation inheritors. Both of them were also very good-looking, so people would always like to compare them.

"Are there any movements from Cyril?" Gloria asked casually while boarding a horse-drawn carriage.

"Cyril is staying at home obediently. He would always greet Master in the morning and at night. It did seem that he had repented. Madam Aviva, Herty, and Herty have gone to Madam twice to make a fuss about their limited monthly pocket money," Mars replied.

"Now he knows to get his wife and daughters to kick up a fuss. However, Grandma dotes on them. This time, without Grandfather's consent, I doubt their restrictions would be lifted anytime soon," Gloria scoffed. Back then, Gloria's family's monthly allowance was not even 5,000 copper coins.

"As long as our partnership with Mr. Mag goes smoothly, you will be able to revive the Moreton Family's textile industry and keep it under Blue Suede. If anything happened to the inheritance, you would be able to stand on your own with these two assets." Mr. Mag admired Gloria. Although his young mistress had started out a little later than Miss Scheer, ever since she set her heart on entering the business field, the decisions that she had made were all praiseworthy.

Blue Suede had unlimited potential, and the partnership with Mr. Mag might cause a revolutionary change in Norland Continent's textile industry.

"I will hold on tight to whatever's mine. At least I won't let it land in the hands of others," Gloria said with a smile. She brushed some hair away from her face, and lifted a corner of the carriage's curtain to look out and allow the wind to blow at her face.

"What's the situation like?" Mag asked as he appeared at the cave and looked at the people surrounding the spell formation.

"Woah!!!"

Babla, who was absorbed in studying the picture, almost jumped as she stared wide-eyed at Mag, who appeared out of nowhere.

"The seal is getting weaker. Judging from this speed, we have around seven days left. If we can't strengthen the seal in seven days, it might be able to break through the seal," Irina said solemnly as she walked over.

"Alex, I have a piece of good news and a piece of bad news. Which one do you want to hear?" Krassu looked at Mag, and before the latter could reply, the former smilingly answered, "The bad news is that we still haven't figured out the spell formation. The good news is this young lady is rather impressive. She has already helped Novan understand the rough meaning of this formation. Otherwise, we would really have to depend on luck to strengthen the formation."

He's Alex? Big Sister Irina's man? He is... rather good-looking. Babla looked at Mag in shock upon hearing that. This was the first time she saw Alex without a mask, and it was rather different from what she imagined.

"Not bad, young lady," Mag told Babla. This lass had not let him down indeed.

"I am Babla. I'm not some young lady," Babla said seriously as she stood up a little straighter to make herself seem taller.

"Alright, young lady Babla, thank you," Mag said with a smile.

"That'll do too." Babla rolled her eyes. In any case, she was unable to outfight him, so she could only continue deciphering the spell formation quietly.

When she found out about the importance of this spell formation, she carried the entire burden of saving the world on her own shoulders. That was way more meaningful than serving dishes in the restaurant. Therefore, she was still very serious even if deciphering a rune with thousands of characters was very monotonous and troublesome.

Mag walked one round around the seal. Perhaps it was because he had chopped off a part of the octopus monster, but ever since he appeared in the cave, the octopus monster kept staring at him, and was waving its thick tentacles furiously. If it were not for the seal, it would have already gone at Mag.

“Stop looking. I’ve already made your tentacle into teppanyaki. It tastes quite good,” Mag said with a smile.

“Chi...”

The octopus monster flared up all of a sudden. Its numerous tentacles dashed towards Mag, causing the spell formation to flicker as though it would shatter any time.

“Ding! The results are out for the unknown organism. Would the host like to receive it now?”

Just then, the system’s notification rang in Mag’s head.

Chapter 1716: The Great Old Ones’ Edibility Research

“Of course!” Mag rattled off his confirmation in his mind while complaining at the same time. “System, didn’t you say that we would receive the results within 24 hours? But now, 36 hours have already passed. Your efficiency is terrible.”

“The composition of this unknown species is more complex and different from all the ingredients that this System has studied before. This System has even developed several advanced pieces of equipment to study it in depth. Hence, there was a delay. The host does not have to be concerned,” the system explained.

“You’re late means you’re late. Don’t make excuses.” Mag pursed his lips. He had already opened that test report in his mind.

This test report was rather professional. Be it the format, the contents, or the testing methods, they all demonstrated the system’s attention to details.

First and foremost: “The research results on its edibility: research shows that after washing away the surface mucus and blanching the tentacles of this species, it could be instantly cooked with methods such as stir-frying, stewing, and deep-frying. Its texture and taste are better than normal octopus tentacles, and it is an excellent ingredient. Meanwhile, the eyeball on tentacles has a rather complicated internal structure. It is rich in various nutrients, and contains many elements that are beneficial to the human body. Eating it could improve a variety of eye problems...

“In summary, this species’ tentacle has a very strong plasticity and the characteristics of rapid regeneration. It’s an excellent ingredient for octopus tentacle and roasted octopus eye!”

Mag stared at that hardcore report and frowned. He felt that things did not seem so simple.

Turning a Great Old One’s report into an ingredients research report. This was really...

“However, it looks rather good. When can we test on the octopus tentacle that we previously froze?” Mag seriously considered it before rolling his eyes. “We do have the cooking methods, but our focus now wasn’t to eat it, right? It’s to make sure that we do not get eaten by it.”

The test report was very long, and the various experiments done by the system were listed in detail, including the use of various methods to conduct damage experiments on it. However, the final conclusion was: “After countless experiments done by this System, it has been determined that physical damage can only weaken its strength mildly. Among all the magical elements, only the light element has

a certain restraining effect on it, but it needs to achieve a similar value before it can exterminate it completely...”

Mag roughly read through this test report. Unfortunately, according to the system’s tests, he couldn’t find any methods to restrain it other than the Holy Light magic.

“This conclusion is a little terrible.” Mag frowned. The only benefit of this conclusion was that it prevented Mag and the rest from making some pointless attempts.

“Although this System couldn’t find a method to kill this species yet, the research shows that if physical damage is being done to it for a long time, and after the accumulation of weakening, it would cause an irrecoverable injury to that species.” The system’s voice sounded.

“What do you mean by that?” Mag frowned. He couldn’t quite understand the system’s meaning.

“After you all are done with the sealing and the fortification, this system will build an octopus tentacle processing plant within the region that is sealed up.”

“You’re impressive.” Mag gave it a thumbs-up and praised it from the bottom of his heart.

Mag continued to ask, “How long will this process take?”

“This System has analyzed this species’ cell division limit. The experiment is not over yet, so the specific time has not yet been determined. It should be over 100 years.”

Mag raised his eyebrows. 100 years was a very long period of time for the humans, but for the Great Old Ones who had existed for ages. Using 100 years to kill it wasn’t a very long time.

Mag began, “We definitely are not able to use up so many octopus tentacles at Mamy Restaurant alone. If you don’t want to waste these octopus tentacles, why don’t we form a partnership and set up a professional company that sells octopus tentacles? We can let the natives on the Norland Continent join in the great cause of eating up the Great Old Ones.”

“According to this System’s calculations, this octopus tentacle processing plant can produce approximately 100 tons daily, and this number will continue to grow in the future. This indeed isn’t an amount that the Mamy Restaurant can use up...” the system lamented. “But, selling ingredients does not meet the positioning of the system, and—”

“Of course it meets the positioning. See, I came to this world as a candidate for the God of Cookery to bring a beam of light to this world’s culinary world which was like a desert. I’m supposed to spread the seeds of scrumptiousness.

“But do you think the people here are able to obtain those ingredients that Mamy Restaurant uses? Such a setting was problematic right from the start.

“Take that mutton soup for example. I can cook a pot of delicious soup without having to process the rank odor. However, if those normal sheep do not go through a few complicated procedures, their rank odor will be enough to destroy a pot of soup and meat.

“However, if we could sell these octopus tentacles that we are going to discard to these ordinary people at a reasonable price, while I share the recipe of cooking this octopus tentacle with the public, then wouldn't we have successfully introduced this dish into the ordinary folks' homes?” Mag said plausibly.

“It sounds... rather reasonable?” the system lamented as it began to waver.

“We will split the profits 30/70. Aren't those farms of yours making a loss now? As long as this octopus tentacle becomes people's favorite dish, you don't have to worry about money again, right?” Mag continued smilingly.

“I'll take 70, while you take 30?”

“Tsk, tsk. Do we still need to care about such stuff with our relationship? Think about it, what's the most important thing when it comes to selling a product?”

“The product's quality.”

“See, you don't know about marketing at all. To sell a product, you need to have an outstanding salesperson. A truly formidable salesperson could sell a piece of rock as if it was a piece of gold. Therefore, the salesperson's commission is the highest in the product chain. If I don't help you sell these octopus tentacles, they could only be used as fertilizer in the ground. But after going through my hands, it would become a valuable product. So, do you agree that I should get 70%?”

“That sounds rather legitimate.”

“That's right. Come, let's sign the contract first. After your factory is ready for production, I will set up the sales channel for you. We, father and son, will be invincible working together.”

“Great, great, great.”

Mag had successfully fooled the system into signing the contract. He then left the underground cave with Irina.

He was very happy to promote the octopus tentacle dishes. He could elevate the quality of living of all the people on the Norland Continent while making money at the same time, so why not.

Although the system had agreed to weaken the Great Old Ones' power through the process of cutting, 100 years was still too long. He couldn't pin all his hopes onto the octopus tentacle factory. He had to think of some other methods.

After leaving the underground cave, Mag said to Irina, “The usual methods have no effects on this octopus monster. Only your Holy Light can cause certain damage to it, but given your current power, you won't be able to kill it completely.”

Chapter 1717: Do You Have The Big G?

“Is that the conclusion you reached after studying that octopus tentacle?” Irina looked at Mag suspiciously.

“Yes. Due to the difficulty of elevating your current power, I decided to eat it up.” Mag nodded seriously.

“You want to eat that fellow?” Irina furrowed her delicate eyebrows. She felt disgusted as soon as she thought of that sticky octopus monster with eyes all over its body, let alone when considering eating it.

Mag nodded. “Yes. After my experiments, I know that this octopus monster is, in fact, an excellent ingredient, and it has a regenerative characteristic. The first batch of tentacles might taste slightly subpar, but the newly grown tentacles taste excellent. It tastes way better and fresher than the usual seafood.” The system had grown a semifinished product of the Great Old One with that severed tentacle, and used it to conduct a huge number of hardcore testings.

“So... you’ve already eaten it?” Irina’s expression became a little complicated, and she took half a step back instinctively.

“As a qualified chef, my exploration of ingredients is never-ending,” Mag calmly replied. Of course, he couldn’t tell Irina the existence of the system.

Irina pondered seriously before asking, “Then, have you explored sheep’s dung before?”

Mag shook his head. “I have never explored sheep’s dung before, but the cat poop coffee[1] is not bad.”

“Therefore... the reason why Ugly Duckling’s toilet is so clean every day...” Irina took another step back with gradually widening eyes.

Mag looked at Irina, who had an increasingly frightened expression, and suddenly realized that she might have misunderstood. He quickly waved his hands, and said, “No. Ugly Duckling’s toilet is completely cleaned automatically. This has nothing to do with me. This cat poop coffee—”

“Alright. I will keep the matter of you eating cat poop a secret for you,” Irina interrupted Mag with a complicated expression.

“Thank you...” Mag said helplessly.

“Now is not the time to discuss whether this octopus monster can be eaten or not. You said only my Holy Light magic can cause substantial harm to it, but its intensity isn’t strong enough. However, I’m already the only great light magic caster on the Norland Continent. Does this mean that we have no ways to deal with it?” Irina asked with furrowed brows.

“In the light of the present situation, yes.” Mag nodded.

“Then, how was its head cut off? And where is the rest of the body sealed?”

“This...” Mag was slightly stunned. That octopus monster’s head was as big as a small hill, so its body naturally had to be even more enormous. So how did those people in the past cut its head off and seal it?

“Perhaps 10th-tier isn’t the real upper limit? There were magic casters and powerhouses beyond the 10th-tier on the Norland Continent in the past, and they sliced and sealed up these devils?” Mag’s thinking began to clear up slowly.

“Therefore, the gods in all the races’ legends are not just legends. They could be a group of top powerhouses that had really existed then?” Irina’s eyes slowly lit up too.

Mag nodded. "If the Goddess of Light really existed, and she was able to establish a connection with you through the spells and bestow the power of Holy Light upon you, then her power would naturally be above the 10th-tier."

"But where are we going to find these gods and get them to help us kill or seal again these devils who are about to escape soon?"

Mag shook his head. "We're still unable to ascertain that these gods are immortal, and could survive for ages like the devils, and we don't know how we can ask them to help, either. We've discussed this problem before."

"Perhaps I should make a trip back to the Wind Forest."

"Huh?"

"Regarding the Goddess of Life, the elven queen might know some secrets that others have no idea about," Irina calmly said. "And the Tree of Life should be the most relevant existence to the Goddess of Life."

After some pondering, Mag nodded, and said, "I will get Ah Zi to bring you there."

Irina nodded slightly. "Great. I'll set off tonight, and return by tomorrow morning."

"Be careful. Helena hates you the most now," said Mag.

"If I had the chance, I would really like to hack her." Irina made a knife gesture with her hand.

Mag returned to the restaurant, and poured himself a cup of water. He sat by the window and pondered.

Searching hard for the ancient gods was one method, while figuring how to break through the 10th-tier upper limit and save the world was another method.

Of course, his most crucial task now was to restore his power to 10th-tier before he could think about how to break through the 10th-tier.

"System, I felt that we're veering off the main objective here? I'm obviously just a reserve for the God of Cookery, so why did the task of saving the world fall onto me? Could you please correct this world's normal development trend? For example, getting rid of those extra Great Old Ones so I could focus on being a good chef again?" Mag dissed in his mind.

"The Host's request is not within this System's scope of functions!" answered the system calmly.

Mag began to bluff. "Why don't you consult with your superior? If this world is destroyed or descends into war, I will have no way to complete my ultimate task of promoting scrumptious food in this world, either."

"In order not to let my superiors suspect my work performance, this System will never do such a thing! Do you think I have the Big G[2]?" the system answered rather proudly.

“You might not have it, but I do. Isn’t it just a Big G? I’ll buy it for you.”

“Haha. I’m sorry, but your Big G cannot enter the Forbidden City[3] avoided tourists and enjoyed the palace.” The post went viral and drew tens of thousands of comments. The Palace Museum, which runs the 600-year-old landmark, later apologized, confirming that a car had been allowed to enter the complex on Monday last week when it was closed to the public.]”

“???”

Mag was puzzled over the system’s answer.

“That’s all you need to know. Otherwise, this System might be resolved too.” Before Mag could ask, the system already stopped him from doing so.

Mag frowned slightly as he discovered that things weren’t simple.

An existence that even the system dared not discuss. Hence, he could only pretend not to know anything, and not ask any questions.

Of course, the plan of making a higher-level existence get rid of the Great Old Ones had failed. This lousy system was rather useless.

Shortly after, Camilla and the ladies arrived at the restaurant one by one, and the busy operation period started again.

“Young Master, look. Is that Miss Shirley?” a servant said softly as he held up Constantine.

“Don’t hold me. I can manage by myself.” Constantine shook away the servant’s hand. He stared at the beautiful young maiden standing behind Mag at the restaurant’s entrance with glistening eyes. That was the maiden whom he had been missing day and night, and he finally saw her again.

He was overwhelmed by complex emotions, and he wished he could rush over to embrace her tightly in his arms. He wanted to tell her how much he missed her.

However, the self-cultivation of a gentleman made him restrain himself, and he straightened his clothes. Although the clothes became loose due to his rapid weight loss, it didn’t diminish his aura.

He slowly proceeded forward with the line. When he finally reached the restaurant’s entrance and stood in front of Shirley, he suppressed his overwhelming emotions, and stared at Shirley lovingly.

Constantine’s story had become a much-told tale in Mamy Restaurant recently. This Casanova had become a devoted prince whom everyone praised.

The male lead and female lead were meeting again today, so many people were watching this scene with anticipation.

Chapter 1718: Uncle, It Seems Like You Aren’t Even The Backup

“Miss Shirley, you’re finally back.”

Constantine tried his best to make himself look more natural, but his voice was still all choked up. However, that had enhanced his devoted image further.

“He’s devoted.”

“Aaah, it’s so touching. If a man treats me like that, I will definitely fall deeply in love with him!”

“I didn’t expect Young Master Constantine, who was deemed a Casanova, would have such a devoted side!”

The maidens at the sides were all touched by him. A rich young master was reduced to such a state for the woman he loved. It was just like a romance novel.

The ladies from the restaurant looked at Constantine. They remembered this man who often came to ask if Shirley was going to come back.

Shirley looked at Constantine with furrowed brows, and puzzledly asked, “You are?”

The restaurant fell into dead silence all of a sudden.

The maidens, who were expecting a lovers’ reunion, stared at Shirley with disbelief with wide eyes.

Meanwhile, the men were looking at Constantine with pity. That was the most tragic experience for a man.

Yes. Even though Constantine had demonstrated his devotion, and even descended into a weakened state as a lovesick man, nobody had expected that he wasn’t just a lovesick man... he was even a pathetic man!

Shirley actually had no idea who he was?

Therefore, while he wasted himself and descended into such a pathetic state for her during this time, it was all just one-sided?!

The other party had no idea about that at all! She didn’t even know about his existence!

“This is so tragic.” Mag sighed. He wasn’t too surprised about this ending.

Some people always liked to be self-indulgent and get all emotional without considering the actual situation.

They always felt that if they were Romeo, the other party had to be Juliet. They thought they were great to starve themselves while they pined for the other party, and the other party would be touched, and decide to marry them when they saw their pathetic state.

Mag was sympathetic towards Constantine. After all, the latter would have never expected that the maiden who he liked was a drag queen.

It would be good if this marriage never happened. If it did happen, then nobody knew who would be f*cking whom on the wedding night.

Tsk.

The silent air and Constantine, who looked like he had been struck by lightning, made the atmosphere a little weird.

People were all looking at Constantine with sympathy. Although this ending was rather unexpected, it was closer to what usually happened to ordinary people.

"Uncle, it seems like you aren't even the backup," Amy reminded Constantine softly at the side while licking an ice cream.

Crack...

Everyone seemed to hear the sound of a heartbreak.

Even though he wanted to fly into a rage, leave right away, or even kill himself right on the spot, Constantine felt his heart melt again when he saw Shirley's pure and innocent face. He began to reproach himself.

Shirley looked at Constantine with a frown and a puzzled and wary expression. *This fellow looked a little perverted. But why do they look like they're expecting us to get together? It's so gross! I need to get away from him.*

How can I frighten Miss Shirley! All this isn't her fault! She's so lovely, and deserves to be pampered! Constantine thought as he reproached himself inwardly. He swiftly adjusted his mentality, and looked at Shirley lovingly again as he extended his right hand, and said, "Hello, Miss Shirley. Let's get to know each other again. I am Constantine."

Shirley flicked a glance at his hand, and coldly answered, "Oh."

Constantine retracted his hand awkwardly as he happily thought, *It's fine. Beautiful maidens always have a strong personality, let alone Miss Shirley. At least she will remember my name now!*

Suckers get nothing. Mag gave Constantine a piteous look. Some people would never treasure what they got easily while they pined for what they could never get.

Constantine's small intrusion didn't diminish the customers' enthusiasm for delicious food. After Constantine took his seat, the line continued to file into the restaurant, and the customers began to place their orders.

The servant sat opposite Constantine. He observed Constantine's expression, and smilingly said, "Young Master, that's a great improvement. This must be Miss Shirley's test for you, and you have accepted the challenge calmly. You must have left a beautiful and gentlemanly image in her heart."

"That sounds right now that you mention it." Constantine's eyes lit up, and he nodded thoughtfully.

"That's right, so you must eat properly to nourish your body back to health, and regain your past handsome self. Otherwise, Miss Shirley might not be interested in you." The servant quickly smiled while he wiped off his sweat secretly. It was fortunate that his young master wasn't very smart whenever Miss Shirley was mentioned. If he did stupid things after he returned home because of this, he would be skinned by Master.

"You sound very reasonable. Such a body is indeed unworthy of Miss Shirley." Constantine nodded as he scanned through the menu, and then said, "I want to order a helping of 'Buddha jumps over the wall', a helping of red braised pork, and a helping of black pepper steak!"

“Sure. I will order them for you shortly,” that servant replied with a smile. This was the first time that the young master had taken the initiative to eat more. It was a good start.

Gloria stepped off the horse-drawn carriage. As she looked at the long line in front of the entrance, she lamented, “It’s as crowded as usual.”

“Nobody can resist the charm of scrumptious food, just like with the clothes from Blue Suede,” Mars said with a smile.

Gloria nodded in agreement. “Yes. Mr. Mag not only satisfied the women’s taste buds, he even designed clothes that they went crazy for. He’s truly an amazing man.”

“Yes.” Mars threw a glance at Gloria, who had an upward smile on her lips.

“Let’s go. We might miss out on tonight’s numbers if we are late.” Gloria hastened her steps as she walked towards the end of the line.

“I brought along the report from the last several days. Do you want to go through it while we’re lining up?” Mars softly asked as he caught up with her.

“No. I read it when I returned home.” Gloria nodded slightly and smiled. “It’s fun to line up at Mamy Restaurant too, isn’t it?”

Mars looked at the middle-aged men, who were arguing over whether the roast mutton kebab or roast beef kebab was the king of the kebabs, and kept the document with a smile. It really wasn’t an appropriate occasion to read documents. However, it seemed like Young Mistress would have to stay up tonight again.

Chapter 1719: Even The Teachers Play Truant Now

The introduction of the roast mutton kebab had added a new member to the Mamy Restaurant’s grilled items.

Customers who liked grilled items had already taken the initiative to match the spicy grilled fish, mala spicy beef kebab, and roast mutton kebab into a set, and ordered a glass of ice-cold beer. A table of friends could spend their night chatting away like this.

Vivian didn’t drink beer, but that didn’t stop her from eating grilled fish and grilled items. She would drink a sip of the fruit juice that she brought along whenever it was too spicy. She still managed to enjoy the meal.

“Are you really not going home for the new year?” Vivian, who was holding a roast mutton kebab, asked Luna, who was sitting across from her while slowly removing the fish bones.

“Mm-hm. The new school building is almost ready, and I have to make sure that the children can start school in the new year. Although it’s almost going to be the new year soon, I still have plenty to do.”

Luna shook her head as she placed the fish meat into her mouth, and smiled with satisfaction.

“Furthermore, I’ve just returned to Rodu a while ago, so it’s fine not to go back for the new year.”

“You just like to burden yourself with all the tasks.” Vivian rolled her eyes at her. She knew Luna’s character very well, so she didn’t try to talk the other woman out of it.

“What about you? How do you feel about yesterday’s test? Do you think you will make it to the interview?” Luna asked smilingly.

“There’s definitely no problem for me to make it to the interview. Who am I? I am Vivian, okay,” Vivian replied with her mouth full as she took a big bite of the mutton kebab. However, she didn’t look as confident as she sounded.

Luna smilingly said, “I heard there were more people taking part in this year’s written test than in the previous years.”

“But aren’t they looking for more teachers this year?” Vivian emphasized.

Due to the mass recruitment, the Chaos School was recruiting over 100 teachers this time. The number was far bigger than in the previous three years.

“I’m just teasing you,” Luna said with a smile.

Vivian suddenly got close to her, and softly asked, “However, did you make any progress with Boss Mag recently?”

“Wh-what progress?” Luna blushed and glared at Vivian. “Don’t talk nonsense. Mr. Mag is an upright man.”

“I didn’t say that he’s indecent, but you two are still connected by the Little Boss. Isn’t it going to be the term-end party in two days? Did you find a chance to talk to him about the party?” Vivian continued to press on the issue.

“Mr. Mag should be attending the party.” Luna stole a glance at the kitchen. Perhaps Mr. Mag was too busy lately, but she rarely got to see him recently.

“That’s great. It’s an opportunity. After the party is over, you can—”

“Can I stuff your mouth with this grilled fish?” Luna placed a big piece of grilled fish in Vivian’s bowl with exasperation.

“Alright, I will eat my fish quietly, and not worry for our Teacher Luna.” Vivian shrugged and continued to eat the fish.

Luna’s gaze went past Vivian’s shoulder, and landed on the busy figure in the kitchen. That distinct profile, lean yet muscular body, and his smooth movements...

Excuse me, excuse me... Luna suddenly realized her gaze was too direct and eager. She quickly retracted her gaze, and lowered her head to eat, but her face was burning bright red.

Vivian glanced at Luna and curled her lips in a smile. And her friend was still saying she didn’t like Mag. It was obvious that she liked him a lot.

Amy came to Luna with Ugly Duckling in her arms, and smilingly said, “Teacher Luna, you’re here eating grilled fish with Big Sister Vivian.”

“Yes.” Luna looked up and smiled at Amy gently. She reached out to pat Amy’s head, and then pinched Ugly Duckling’s chubby cheeks. “I haven’t seen you for days, Little Amy.”

“I’m sorry. It’s because I don’t know where my teachers have gone, so I didn’t go to school. I went to the magic potion shop next door to learn magic from Big Sister Xixi.” Amy shrugged, and helplessly said, “Even the teachers play truant now.”

Luna and Vivian laughed as they were amused by the little one’s animated expressions and actions.

“Little Amy, can you let me hug your fat cat? I have never hugged such a fat cat before.” Vivian was eyeing Ugly Duckling in Amy’s arms greedily.

“Meow~”

Ugly Duckling turned its head to the other side while rolling its eyes at her disdainfully.

“Wow, it even looks so cute when it rolls its eyes.” Vivian had stars in her eyes.

“Big Sister Vivian, do you like Ugly Duckling?” Amy looked at Vivian, a little dubious.

“Oh, yes.” Vivian nodded and looked at her with anticipation.

This adorable fat cat had never looked at her properly every time she came for her meal. However, the more it behaved like that, the more she wanted to squash it and snuggle it in her arms. This roly-poly fat cat with exquisite golden fur was super cute, okay!

“Alright. I’ll let you play with it for a while.” Amy passed Ugly Duckling over.

“Woah, it’s so soft and warm!” Vivian took Ugly Duckling carefully. She felt as if she was given a soft and boneless warm pillow. The golden fur was even softer than the best mink’s fur. It was so soft in her arms she felt that her heart was going to melt. She could only hug it carefully against her bosom.

“Meow~”

Ugly Duckling, which was a little resistant at first, began to rub its head against the maiden’s bosom apologetically as it closed its eyes and meowed.

The surrounding men all looked at them, and lamented, “My life isn’t even comparable to a cat’s!”

“Woah, so cute!” Vivian smiled lovingly, and then she hugged Ugly Duckling’s fat face, and kissed on its forehead.

Ugly Duckling suddenly opened its eyes, and stared at Vivian fearfully before it slowly turned its head towards Amy with an innocent and offended expression.

“I... am despised by a cat again?” Vivian blinked.

“Big Sister Vivian, is that liking it? You’re just after its body.” Amy took Ugly Duckling back from Vivian’s arms, and used her sleeve to wipe its forehead as she consoled it, “It’s fine, Ugly Duckling. I won’t despise you even if you have lost your innocence. You are still my Ugly Duckling.

“Teacher Luna, enjoy your meal. I’m off to play.” Amy waved at Luna before she carried Ugly Duckling away.

“D-did you see that cat’s expression? That shocked and disdainful expression! I, Vivian... gave it my precious young maiden’s kiss, and that cat despised it!!!” Vivian said with disbelief as she looked at Luna, who was covering her mouth and laughing away.

Luna finally stopped laughing, and pointed at the corner of her lips. “I think you should have wiped your mouth before you kissed it.”

Vivian touched her lips, and her hand was stained with red oil immediately. She quickly lowered her head and continued to eat the grilled fish.

Chapter 1720: I Think Big Sister Gloria Likes You

As it got close to the closing time, the customers began to leave one by one. The kitchen that had been busy for the entire night began to slowly quiet down. They only have to wait for all the customers to leave before tonight’s operation would be over.

“The dishes are all served. I appreciate all your help.” Mag put down the frying wok, and heaved a breath of relief.

All of them who were focused and nervous relaxed too. Although they all had very strong power, Mamy Restaurant’s work intensity still made them a little tired.

“When will Babla be back? I miss her serving the dishes with magic,” Miya said to Mag with a hint of tiredness in her expression.

Anna nodded, and said, “Yes. Big Sister Babla can serve half of the dishes alone.. The dish-serving efficiency has decreased a lot when she’s around.”

Irina had brought Babla away, and nobody knew where they had gone.

“She might not be able to return soon. Princess Irina didn’t tell me the exact situation, either.” Mag shook his head, and pushed the blame to Irina.

Everyone nodded after hearing that. Irina didn’t come for dinner tonight, and she didn’t return to the restaurant, either, so they had nobody to ask.

Mag removed his apron, and poured a glass of water for himself. He met Gloria’s gaze when he walked out of the kitchen.

“Mr. Mag.” Gloria got up and smiled at him.

Mag could see from her gaze that she had specially come to look for him tonight, so he walked over and nodded. “Miss Gloria.”

There were only two or three tables of customers left in the restaurant now, and it was only a couple of minutes before the restaurant closed. Hence, they all paid their bills and left.

“I’m sorry to disturb you after you ended your busy work day. There are some collaboration problems at the textile factory that I need to clarify with you,” Gloria said to Mag in a lowered voice.

“How about this? Let’s go talk in the study. They can go back and rest early after they clean up the restaurant,” Mag said, and then informed Miya and the rest before bringing Gloria and Mars to the study.

Mag gestured to Gloria and Mars to sit down, and directly asked, “Have you completed the restructuring of the sales chain?”

“Yes. We’ve already simplified the original fabric distribution chain. We’ve kept the complete elite core sales team, and are already starting to promote the sales of the fabric.” Gloria nodded slightly. “I came over today to confirm with Mr. Mag the amount and the time for the handover of the first batch of cotton yarn so that we could make arrangements for the next step’s work.”

“I will hand over the first batch three days later. The amount is 10,000 bolts,” answered Mag.

“10,000 bolts?!” Shock appeared on Gloria’s face.

“Are you sure you can hand over 10,000 bolts in three days?” Mars was shocked too.

One had to know that Mag’s textile factory was only built over one month ago. Not to mention the time needed for the textile workers to learn and familiarize themselves with their jobs, 10,000 bolts of cloth was the six months’ output of all Moreton Family’s textile workshops combined.

“Yes. Is it too little?” Mag knocked on the table embarrassedly as he explained, “Because the factory was just set up, the output is not maximized yet. I think we should be able to increase the output a little more next month.”

“The output is not maximized yet?! And it can still increase?!” Mars gulped, and he looked at Mag as if the latter was someone beyond his wildest imagination.

“So this is why Mr. Mag dares to offer a price that is way lower than the market price.” Gloria pondered before she quickly shook her head. “Mr. Mag’s textile factory’s output is astonishing. 10,000 bolts of cotton will take our sales team some time to digest. However, in order to catch up with Mr. Mag’s factory’s output, I will expand our sales team immediately. We will try our best to snatch up bigger market shares everywhere.”

“Happy collaboration.” Mag shook Gloria’s hand with a smile before he stood up, and said, “Amy is about to sleep, and I need to tell her a bedtime story, so I won’t ask you two to stay.”

“Goodbye, Mr. Mag.” Gloria nodded slightly, and then said goodbye to Amy who was nodding off at the door with Ugly Duckling in her arms before she went downstairs with Mars.

“Father, I think Big Sister Gloria likes you,” Amy said to Mag with a serious expression.

“Hmm?” Mag looked at Amy perplexedly before he quickly explained, “Big Sister Gloria and I are business partners, and not what you think we are.”

Terrified by the existence of Amy’s notebook, Mag felt that it was necessary for him to explain the truth.

Amy shook her head, and said, “But I saw that she had stars glowing in her eyes when she looked at you.”

“That’s the reflection of the light, and has nothing to do with stars.” Mag pointed at the light in the study.

“Really?”

“Yes. It’s exactly that,” Mag replied with conviction. He went to the door to pick up Amy, and gently said, “Let’s go. Father will bring you to wash up, and then tell you a nice story.”

“What nice story are you telling today?” Amy asked expectantly with brightened eyes.

“Today, I will tell you the story of Cinderella.”

Why am I envying Little Amy? It must be a very blissful thing to fall asleep while listening to Mr. Mag’s bedtime story, right? Gloria looked up at the restaurant’s second floor through the curtains in a daze.

“Young Mistress? Young Mistress?”

“Ah?” Gloria snapped back to her senses with a blush.

“Mr. Mag’s factory’s output is way above our expectations. Although we’ve kept the core sales team, we have not set up collaboration ties with all the textile shops yet. I’m afraid it will be rather difficult for us to digest these 10,000 bolts of fabric before the next shipment is due,” Mars said.

“If 10,000 bolts of fabrics appear at a specific market with a price that is far lower than the market price, it will cause a series of reactions in the market, even in Rodu. It would then alarm the managers of the city, which is very detrimental to us, who are still at the promotional stage.

“I think we should split these 10,000 bolts into many portions according to each city’s purchasing power. We will try to distribute to each and every market to kick-start the promotion, and establish a working relationship with all the textile shops,” Gloria murmured deeply.

Mars nodded, and said, “Although this will increase our transport costs, as long as we can break open the market, a mature multi-market distribution chain will make our sales smoother, and let us avoid the sales chain’s being paralyzed by the unstable factors that could arise from a single market.”

Gloria smiled, and said, “What I am more curious about now is if Mr. Mag’s textile factory was running at full capacity, how many bolts of fabric could it produce?”

Beyond the Wind Forest, a beautiful figure stood on the back of a griffin, and lightly lamented, “The Wind Forest, which used to worship freedom, has become an enclosed city. Helena, you’re really an unforgivable sinner.”