

Stay At home 631

Chapter 631 Before She Comes of Age...

Goodenia took a pained glance at Cyril's front pocket. The pocket watch that Cyril had taken was the most expensive one in his shop. However, he only bowed deeper as he gratefully said, "I will be sure to repay you for your kindness. It's just that Devoe and the owner of that restaurant..."

"Don't mention anything about Devoe to me; I'm afraid of being dragged down by him. As for the owner of Mamy Restaurant, if you don't want to be detained by the Gray Temple again, I suggest you leave him alone. I'll take care of him for you." Cyril's smile disappeared as he made his way closer to Goodenia, and whispered, "Next, all you have to do is keep an eye on Gloria and her little textiles shop, and cause as much trouble for her as you can..."

"Yes." Goodenia's expression changed before he hurriedly nodded.

After Cyril walked out the door, the man following him whispered, "Young Master, Goodenia has already been kicked out of the Chamber of Commerce, so surely he doesn't have any value left to us."

"Goodenia was released by the Gray Temple. I didn't pay a single copper coin to bail him out, but that idiot thinks I saved him. He's earned a lot of money selling clocks and watches these past few years, so he has a few tricks up his sleeve. It'd be perfect to use him to deal with Gloria." Cyril looked at the gem-studded pocket watch in his hand and tossed it to the man behind him with a smile as he said, "Ask him if he wants to buy this watch."

In a tea shop, a thin man in black turned to Noya Gould, and asked, "Boss, are we going to do it tonight or not?"

"Of course we're going to do it!" Noya's voice rose a few octaves in response, but he immediately lowered his head as he adjusted the brim of his hat. He then threatened in a severe voice, "But you'd better not ditch me again like last night, Luke. Otherwise, I'm going to slap you senseless."

"I was just buying some breakfast for you, Boss," Luke said with a smile, but he rolled his eyes internally as he thought to himself, If this guy's going to be as indecisive as he was yesterday, then I'm ditching him for good!

Noya nodded as he whispered, "Alright. We'll go a bit later tonight, then. I heard they're keeping a really alert eye out for criminal activity lately, and if we get caught them, we're going to get thrown into jail!"

That night, Mag stood at the restaurant's entrance and looked on as Yabemiya and Sally departed into the distance. He then flipped over the sign on the door before closing the door itself.

A silver figure appeared on a tree branch outside the restaurant before disappearing again in the blink of an eye.

Sally, who was walking on Yabemiya's right, turned to glance back behind them with a cautious look. However, she didn't discover anything there, and a confused expression appeared on her face.

"What's wrong, Aisha?" Yabemiya turned to Sally with a concerned look.

“Nothing.” Sally shook her head before turning to Yabemiya as she asked, “Miya, do you get the feeling that you’re being watched or followed recently?”

“Huh?” Yabemiya faltered slightly upon hearing that. She thought back to the feeling of being watched and followed in that alley the night before, only for Elizabeth to appear before taking her on an aerial ride. However, Elizabeth and Sally didn’t seem to see eye-to-eye with each other, so after a brief hesitation, Yabemiya shook her head, and said, “No.”

Sally looked at Yabemiya for a while before nodding her head. “Good.”

“Aisha, you go on ahead today. I want to stay in the ice cream shop for a while longer.” As they were passing by the ice cream, Yabemiya stopped in front of its entrance as a smile appeared on her face.

“Alright, but don’t stay here too long, and look after yourself on your way home.” Sally took a glance at the ice cream shop and nodded before departing.

Yabemiya pulled a key out of her pocket and unlocked the door before walking into the ice cream shop.

The shop wasn’t entirely pitch-black; there was a small circle of light around the statue of the ice and snow queen. There was also a row of small lamps that lit up the ice cream shop with a warm glow, but wasn’t intrusive in any way.

Miya walked around the statue of the snow and ice queen a few times before looking up at it as she said in a faint voice, “This is my ice cream shop. Can you see this, Mother? This is Miya’s ice cream shop! Even though it belongs to Boss, I’m the manager! If only... If only you were still here with me...”

A tear slid down from the corner of her eye before dripping onto the ground, but there was no sound of her crying.

“It’s her.” On a tree branch outside the ice cream shop, Elizabeth was holding a ball that was emitting a faint golden glow. At the same time, she was looking at the young woman who was soundlessly sobbing in the ice cream shop with a complex expression.

The dragon origin was emanating a slightly scorching heat in her hand. This was the last verification method her father had left to her, and was also the only foolproof method.

After standing on the tree branch in silence for a while, Elizabeth put away the dragon origin in her hand, and disappeared from the tree branch. In the next instant, she had appeared in the ice cream shop, standing behind Yabemiya.

“Giant dragons don’t cry,” Elizabeth said in a cold voice as she looked at the weeping Yabemiya. Her voice was just as cold as her expression.

“Huh?” Yabemiya faltered slightly before turning around. She stared at Elizabeth, who had appeared behind her completely without her noticing, and said, “H-how did you in here? I made sure to lock the door!”

“That door can’t stop me.” Elizabeth shook her head in response.

“Then... do you want to eat ice cream?” Yabemiya wiped the tears off her face and looked at Elizabeth with a concerned expression as she said, “Boss says you can’t eat ice cream at night before bed.”

Otherwise, you'll get a stomach ache. If you really want to eat ice cream, you can come back tomorrow during the day."

"Huh?" It was Elizabeth's turn to be taken aback now. She looked at the serious and genuine expression Yabemiya's face, and suddenly felt as if the conversation was developing in a direction different from the one she had anticipated.

"I know that ice cream is really delicious, but it's very cold, and it really isn't a good idea to eat it before bed," Yabemiya continued in a persuasive tone.

Is she looking out for me? Elizabeth's heart shuddered as an indescribable feeling welled up deep within her. She furrowed her brows as a frosty aura emanated from her body, dropping the air temperature in the ice cream shop to a freezing point as she asked coldly, "Is the ice cream even colder than I am?"

"So cold!" Yabemiya exhaled a big puff of white breath as she hugged her own shoulders and began to shiver.

A hint of a smile flashed through Elizabeth's eyes, but she didn't immediately withdraw her frosty aura.

Yabemiya looked at Elizabeth with a smile as she said, "Even though you can make your surroundings even colder than ice cream, you have a warm heart; I know that for sure."

Her vibrant smile was like a sunflower blossoming amid a vast expanse of ice and snow, making it impossible for Elizabeth to look away.

Before she knew it, the air temperature in the ice cream shop had risen slightly.

"You see? I was right, wasn't I?" Yabemiya's smile grew even more exuberant as she looked at the slightly stunned Elizabeth.

"The heart of a giant Frost Dragon is also cold." Elizabeth gave an awkward cough, but her expression had already eased significantly. She looked at Yabemiya's glorious smile, and her heart rate began to accelerate for some reason. It had been a long time since she had experienced this kind of feeling.

"Perhaps you're an exception." Yabemiya shook her head in response.

"I'm here today to ask you a question." Elizabeth looked at Yabemiya with a serious expression, and asked, "If you had a choice, would you become a giant dragon soaring in the sky or continue to remain here as a waitress?"

"Didn't you already ask me this yesterday? Of course I'd continue to stay here as a waitress. Also, I'm already a manager now," Yabemiya replied without any hesitation.

"Alright." Elizabeth looked at Yabemiya's innocent smile in silence for a while before nodding as she turned to leave.

"Wait," Yabemiya suddenly called.

"Hmm?" Elizabeth turned back to look at Yabemiya.

"You don't look like the type of person who would go to bed this early, so I'll sneak out an ice cream for you. You can put it on my tab." Yabemiya jogged into the kitchen and switched on one of the ice cream

machines. Soon, a vanilla ice cream was ready, and she handed it to Elizabeth with a smile as she said, "I recall you ordered the vanilla flavor last time."

"Thank you." Elizabeth looked at the ice cream in her hand and nodded, upon which a white light flashed beneath her feet before she disappeared from the ice cream shop.

"What an interesting woman. Giant dragons aren't so cold and aloof, after all," Yabemiya murmured to herself with a smile as she turned back to the kitchen.

"Father, if she wanted to become a giant dragon, then I would do my best to make her the chief of the Golden Dragons. However, this is her choice, so I'll protect her before she comes of age." Elizabeth appeared on a tree branch outside the ice cream shop. She looked at the figure busily scurrying about inside the shop, and took a lick of her ice cream, upon which a gorgeous smile appeared on her face.

Chapter 632 Do You Know What Love is?

"Boss, how about now?" Luke asked in a quiet voice as they hid outside the ice cream shop.

"Let's wait for a while longer. The lights in the shop are still on; there's still someone in there. If we break open that crystal door, we'll definitely be discovered. It'd be disastrous if we got caught." Noya shook his head in response.

"That's not even an issue! I can pick locks!" Luke rolled his eyes. He peeked in through the transparent crystal door for a while before asking, "How about we switch targets and steal this door instead? I've never seen such a large and smooth crystal before. It'd definitely sell for a good price on the black market."

Noya's eyes lit up; he was also tempted by this idea. However, he only contemplated it momentarily before shaking his head as he said, "No. Stealing this door will only provide us one opportunity to make profit, whereas that ice cream machine is a hen that can lay gold eggs."

"You're right." Luke thought about this for a moment before nodding.

Thus, the two of them continued to lay in hiding in a bush. The sky was growing darker and darker, and the nearby shops were closing one after another as the number of passersby on the street began to dwindle.

"Alright, we go now!" Noya's eyes lit up as he rose to his feet.

Luke was sleeping with his head resting on Noya's hand, and he immediately fell headfirst to the ground. He was momentarily disoriented before getting to his feet. He dusted off his face with his hand as he grumbled, "Boss, couldn't you have woken me up before you stood up?"

"Noya Gould, long time no see." Right at this moment, five black figures approached them from all directions, surrounding Noya and Luke in an inescapable pocket.

The leader of the group was a tall and broad knight wielding a black claymore. Standing beside him was a tall and thin young elf with a wand in his hand. The rest of the group consisted of knights in light armor, all of who were glaring viciously at Noya.

“Get out of here.” Noya’s expression abruptly changed as he drew his longsword while pushing Luke aside. He then rushed toward the young man closest to them, and before the latter had even figured out what was happening, Noya’s longsword had already plunged into his heart. He then sped past the young man he had just slain and rushed deeper into the Aden Square.

“Get him!” Bayson glanced at the young man on the ground before charging after Noya, followed by his remaining comrades.

“H-holy f*ck!” Luke stared at the corpse on the ground as his face turned deathly pale. Even the hand that was holding the hilt of the short sword hanging from his waist was trembling. He looked deeper into the square, where the sound of a battle could be heard, and he gulped before running away in the opposite direction.

“So Boss was telling the truth; there really are people hunting him down, and he really is prepared to kill!” Luke felt as if his legs didn’t even belong to him anymore, but he was somehow able to run even faster than he was normally capable of. The only thought in his mind was to get away from this horrifying place.

Luke was just a gangster from the streets of Rodu. A few years ago, he had unintentionally bumped into the young master of a noble family after having a few too many drinks. The young master wanted to kill him for that, so he was forced to flee Rodu. Outside the city, he encountered Noya and became his underling.

He had thought about pulling off a big heist, then buying some land somewhere, and living out the rest of his life in comfort. However, Noya was simply far too cowardly, and they didn’t manage to pull off any heists on their way to Chaos City.

Now that Noya’s pursuers had caught up to him, Luke was not interested in risking his life to try and save Noya. His life was cheap, but he still wanted to live for a few more years.

On the balcony of Mamy Restaurant, Mag put away his longsword. There was a sheen of sweat on his forehead, while his chest rose and fell slightly.

He had asked the system to activate the soundproof effect, ensuring that Babla wouldn’t be able to hear what he was doing before engaging in his daily sword practice routine.

With the body of a 3rd-tier knight, he was able to unleash 5th-tier swordsmanship, allowing him to kill 4th-tier opponents in melee. This much had been verified on that rainy night.

Furthermore, the combat experience and techniques left behind in his mind by Alex were like instinct to him, allowing him to think and react extremely quickly in battle. That was a major factor contributing to his ability to kill seven of his eight assailants on that day.

A 4th-tier being is still rather weak, but they can be entrusted with some duties. According to Alex’s memory, Josh’s subordinates seem to have another base in Chaos City. Mag sheathed his longsword with his brows furrowed in a contemplative expression.

Right at this moment, the sound of a scuffle taking place below drew his attention. He quickly made his way over to the edge of the balcony, only to find two knights slashing at each other with their swords on the lawn outside Mamy Restaurant, while an elven magic caster lay on the ground nearby.

“Since when did Chaos City become such a tumultuous place? It’s not often you see two people attacking each other on the streets like this.” Mag looked on with furrowed brows, clearly not intending to interfere in this battle.

Both of the knights appeared to be around the 4th-tier, but the one wearing the black cloak on the right had sustained several severe wounds, and was clearly on the back foot. It appeared that he wasn’t going to last much longer.

“Noya, I didn’t think that you would become stronger after being on the run for so many years. It seems like I underestimated you, and my comrades paid the price for my complacency. However, you’re not escaping death today. You shouldn’t have fought with Young Master Timothy over a woman.

“The Gould Family was once considered to be a large family, but the entire family was killed just because you fell in love with someone you had no right to love. If you were given another chance, you’d definitely pick that elf again, right? You’d have that little half-breed with her again, wouldn’t you?”

Bayson looked at Noya with a deriding sneer.

“What do you know? Do you know what love is? As long as she and my daughter are alive and well, so what if I die?” Noya looked at Bayson as if he were looking at a pitiful clown.

Bayson’s expression darkened for a moment. Smirking, he said, “Indeed, I don’t understand. However, if I find them, I’ll be sure to enjoy both of them first before killing them. I heard she was a fine beauty back in the day.”

“No, you won’t have a chance to do that.” A cold light suddenly erupted in Noya’s eyes as his longsword suddenly sped up drastically, tearing through the air and piercing into Bayson’s heart.

At the same time, Bayson’s sword had also pierced into Noya’s heart. Bayson’s eyes were still wide with incredulity as if he were struggling to believe that he would die here.

“I couldn’t let you live after you said that.” A smile appeared on Noya’s face before he fell face-first onto the grass.

A low growl sounded from Bayson’s throat, and he used up the last of his energy to pull out a sheet of sheepskin from his pocket, trying to tear it into shreds. However, he was dead before he could do so.

“Roth Empire, Rodu, elf, a half-elf daughter... What a coincidence.” At this moment, Mag had already appeared on the lawn outside.

Chapter 633 Life is Like a Movie, Acting Skills Are Paramount

Mag wasn’t good at taking care of dead bodies, but it was Alex’s area of expertise. With Alex’s skills, he was able to alter the scene of the incident, making it appear as if one had perished while the other had escaped rather than like it actually was, where both parties had perished.

After returning to the restaurant, Mag calmly burned his bloodstained clothes and got rid of all evidence that would suggest a connection between him and that incident. After that, he went upstairs to take a

shower before returning to the room. He switched on the lamp on his desk before unfurling the sheet of sheepskin.

The bloodstained sheepskin was recording the information regarding a person. From the portrait, Mag could determine that this handsome and dashing young man was the same man as the one he had just buried.

“Noya Gould...” Mag read out the name before looking at the information recorded on the sheepskin.

He had already roughly scanned through the content recorded on this sheet of sheepskin before, which was what prompted him to bury that man’s body in the first place.

Noya Gould was the eldest son in this generation of the Gould Family. He was quite handsome and talented, and was a slightly renowned young master in Rodu in his younger days.

There was an ancestor of the Gould Family who had once been the king’s personal chef. He had sacrificed his life to protect the king from an assassination attempt, and as a postmortem reward, the Gould Family became one of Rodu’s noble families. However, following a few generations, it had been reduced to a small third-rate aristocratic family...

Noya Gould was supposed to inherit the role as the leader of the Gould Family, but he fell in love with the same elven woman as Young Master Timothy of the Barkly Family, thereby leading the Gould Family to an eventual fate of destruction.

Four years ago, Noya and his wife fled Rodu with their half-elf daughter, who was still in her infancy, and disappeared thereafter as the only survivors of the Gould Family.

Timothy had been trying to hunt him down this entire time, and Bayson was part of one of the groups that had been sent out to kill him, leading thus to the events that took place earlier.

Mag carefully read through this information while referencing some of the memories in his mind regarding Rodu. He finally put down the sheet of sheepskin after almost 20 minutes, and he furrowed his brows as he murmured to himself, “Without his beard, this man bears a slight resemblance to me. We also have similar height and stature, and the age of this man’s half-elf daughter when he left Rodu was also quite similar to Amy’s at the time. Everything fits together really well.

“The Barkly Family pledged their allegiance to Sean, and is closely related to the army. Timothy’s father is most likely Eric, that extremist warmonger. Compared to facing off against both Sean and Josh at the same time, it’s much better to start off with a lesser opponent like this one.”

Mag rose to his feet and walked out the door before burning the sheepskin. He looked at the Gray Temple personnel that had already arrived outside his restaurant, and his brows furrowed as he murmured to himself, “Noya Gould, I’ll be borrowing your name for now. I’ll also avenge you while I’m at it.”

Monkey made his way over to Barzel, and whispered, “Team leader, following our investigation, we determined that the people involved in the incident fought all the way from the entrance of this ice cream store to Mamy Restaurant. A total of four humans and an elven magic caster were killed, and this was the place where the final battle took place.”

“That means someone got away! Monkey, take a group of people with you and keep following this trail!

“Bob, report this matter to the Gray Temple as a 4th-tier incident! Search the entire city for the culprit!”

Barzel’s expression was quite grave. Five people had just died in the Aden Square; this was no laughing matter.

A few days ago, signs of an intense battle had been discovered in the Aden Square, but no evidence that could give rise to leads had been found at the scene.

Only a few days had passed since then, yet a brutal multiple homicides had just taken place.

Barzel looked down at Bayson’s body in silence for a while before turning in Mamy Restaurant’s direction.

“Team leader, I have something to say, but I’m not sure if I should say it...” one of his team members said hesitantly.

“Go on.” Barzel turned his attention to him.

“The ice cream was opened by Boss Mag, and the first body was discovered at its entrance, while the final body was discovered in front of Mamy Restaurant’s entrance. Is this really just a coincidence?” the team member asked with furrowed brows.

“You guys keep investigating here; I’ll go ask about the situation.” Barzel nodded before making his way over to Mamy Restaurant with two other people in accompaniment. He didn’t think that Mag was involved in this incident, but the locations of the first and final bodies really were a cause for suspicion. Furthermore, this was the final crime scene, and a fierce battle should’ve taken place here. In such close proximity, someone in the restaurant should’ve heard something.

Mag stood in front of the window, and only went downstairs after Barzel had been knocking on the door for a long time. He ruffled his hair to manufacture a disheveled look before changing into his pajamas, and opened the door with bleary eyes and a confused expression. “What brings you here, Mr. Barzel? The restaurant is already closed.”

“Boss Mag, I’m not here for a meal.” Barzel shook his head with a smile. However, a sharp light appeared in his eyes as he looked at Mag and asked, “A homicide has just taken place outside your restaurant, and the culprit is most likely still nearby. Your restaurant is very close to the crime scene, so I was wondering if you had heard anything or seen any suspicious people?”

“Someone died in front of my restaurant again?” Mag raised an eyebrow as if suddenly snapping fully awake. He turned toward the lawn, and shook his head as he said, “I went to sleep after tucking in Amy, and I didn’t hear anything after that. I’m really sensitive to sounds, so back when I first designed the restaurant, I made sure to soundproof it really well. I didn’t even hear you knock on the door until you triggered the doorbell system.”

“Is the soundproofing in your restaurant really that good?” Barzel was slightly surprised to hear this. Smiling, he then asked, “Would I be able to come in and experience it?”

“Of course.” Mag nodded before stepping aside to allow him into the restaurant.

“You two spar with each other outside the restaurant,” Barzel instructed. His two colleagues immediately did as they were told, and the sound of clanging blades erupted.

Barzel walked into the restaurant, and Mag closed the door. Sure enough, the loud clangs were immediately reduced to what sounded more like the buzzing of mosquitoes. If they didn’t know to listen for the sound, they would be almost unable to hear it at all. This was incredible to Barzel.

“The soundproofing in the bedroom upstairs is even better; it can cut off almost all sounds from outside.” Mag smiled as he offered, “My daughter and one of the restaurant’s waitresses are living upstairs. If you still have some doubts, I’d have to ask that you come back tomorrow morning to verify everything after they’ve woken up.”

“There’s no need for that. Your pursuit of better sleep quality is truly amazing, Boss Mag. Looks like you won’t be able to provide any useful information, so I won’t keep you up any longer. I’ll be sure to come over for a meal if I have some spare time tomorrow.” Barzel shook his head with a smile. All of the doubts in his heart had been completely erased, and he nodded his head at Mag before exiting the restaurant, departing with the other two Gray Temple personnel.

Life is like a movie, acting skills are paramount. Mag shrugged before switching the lights off and heading upstairs.

After finding a suitable identity for himself, he could set some things into motion.

Once he got into bed, he opened the pepper steak experience bag in his mind.

Chapter 634 The Food They Make is Definitely Not as Tasty as Mine!

The annual banquet was one of the most important occasions for the Chamber of Commerce. All of its members as well as prominent figures in Chaos City attended the event.

Such a splendid occasion naturally also became an opportunity for women to display their taste in fashion.

If they could stand out among all of the wealthy and noble women who attended the banquet, it would be something for them to boast about for a long time.

As such, the wives and daughters of noblemen and wealthy businessmen would always bring out their most lavish attire and decorate themselves in extravagant ways.

“Luna, which of these 100 dresses should I wear to the banquet today?” At the city lord’s castle, Vivan dragged Luna over to her wardrobe before opening the door, upon which 100 dresses of different styles and colors were revealed.

Luna stood in front of the wardrobe with her mouth gaping open. She suddenly burst into incredulous laughter, and asked, “Have you gone insane? Haven’t you always disliked dresses? Why did you suddenly get so many of them?”

“That’s all in the past.” Vivian raised her eyebrows, and said, “I actually don’t dislike wearing dresses; some things have to be tried before I can decide whether I like it or not. Besides, look at all those

women dressing up and parading themselves for shallow vanity. I'm going to redefine what it means for women to wear a dress today!"

"Then why don't you pick one for yourself?" Luna pointed at the wardrobe full of dresses.

"I don't know how. I always wear those plain dresses, but those noble women are always wearing gold and silver jewelry, and they wouldn't take any notice of me if I were to wear my usual dresses. Those women have their heads stuffed full of money," Vivian grumbled.

"You can't blame them for that. Young Mistress Scheer is always wearing this red dress, and it looks really good on her even though she doesn't wear any extra accessories," Luna said with a smile.

"Don't mention her; she's a freak! While we were still thinking about where we were going to play, she was already plotting how to take over the business world! Mere mortals like us can't compare to someone like her." Vivian rolled her eyes.

"My point is, dresses and clothes can be beautiful even without excessive embellishment. Otherwise, your best bet would be to craft a dress made entirely from gold!" Luna also rolled her eyes in response.

"You're right! Why didn't I think of that?" Vivian's eyes lit up as she turned to walk out of the room.

"Where are you going?" Luna hurriedly latched onto her arm.

"I'm going to see if the craftsman in the city lord's castle can craft a dress made out of gold for me tonight," Vivian replied eagerly.

"With so little time left until the banquet, the most he'll be able to do is wrap you in a gold cone." Luna rolled her eyes with exasperation as she said, "You'll definitely be attracting attention if you wear a gold cone to the banquet, but it'll be for all the wrong reasons."

"Is that so?" Vivian's footsteps faltered as she gave a sheepish smile.

"Let me pick one for you. This dress is quite nice. The aqua background with azure patterns creates a really nice color combination. There are slits running up the sides of the dress as well, so you can show off your long legs and really make those noble women green with envy." Luna walked into the wardrobe and handed a dress to Vivian.

"Alright, then I'll wear this one. You pick one as well, Luna. We'll attend the banquet as the long-legged beauty duo and blind those other women with our radiance!" Vivian happily accepted the dress before turning to Luna.

Luna shook her head and turned her down. "I'm fine with what I'm wearing."

"No way! You're an esteemed guest from Rodu, and you have to wear something that matches your status." Vivian shook her head before smiling as she said, "Also, all of the wealthiest people from Chaos City will be attending the banquet tonight. Make sure not to get wooed by any of those smooth-talking men, but take the opportunity to swindle some money from them so you can buy some goodies for your students."

Luna's eyes lit up upon hearing that, and she nodded without any hesitation. "That's a good idea!"

“Young Mistress, if you want to get to the banquet slightly earlier than the time it’s supposed to commence, then we should set off now.”

In the Blue Suede Textiles Shop, which had already been renamed to just Blue Suede, Gloria had already put on her dress, and was examining herself in the mirror while Mars looked on with a stunned expression nearby.

Never would he have thought that the shy and timid little girl from a few years ago would become such an exquisite beauty. Her radiance complemented this regal and lavish dress to perfection.

Gloria shook her head as she asked, “Mars, when is the latest I can get to the banquet and still be granted entry?”

“Going by past standards, the latest to arrive at the banquet should be President Jeffree and the city lord, and they’ll get there at around 7 pm.” Mars then added, “However, everyone else must get there before that.”

Gloria turned to Mars, and asked, “How confident are you that the guards will let me in even if I get there late?”

“As the young mistress of the Moreton Family, the guards definitely won’t turn you away. Also, I’m really familiar with Charlotte, who’s responsible for catering today.” Mars’ eyes gradually lit up as he looked at Gloria. He seemed to have figured out what she was intending to do.

“Alright, then we’ll get there at 7 pm,” Gloria decided with a smile.

“Alright, I’ll organize that right away.” Mars nodded before quickly rushing away. As he did so, an elated smile appeared on his face, and he murmured to himself, “Looks like Mr. Mag really did teach the young mistress many things. Also, she is indeed more suited to the business world than Lance.”

“Father, are we attending a banquet rather than hosting a banquet tonight?”

Inside the restaurant, Amy was wearing a pink and white traditional Han Dynasty dress. She looked down at Mag, who was adjusting her sash, and posed the same question for the third time.

“Yes, the big sister wearing the red dress from last time invited us to the banquet, and we can have some fun tonight.” Mag stood up straight and nodded with a satisfied expression as he looked at Amy.

Amy’s long silver hair had been tied into a small bun, from which an adorable jade hairpin was protruding. The dress was tailored to perfection, and imbued Amy with a sense of spritely grace.

“Will there be a lot of people?” Amy asked.

“There should be. Maybe a lot of people that we know will be there.” Mag nodded with a smile as he loosened the collar of his pink dress shirt. He had extensive experience in attending banquets like this one. He was wearing a dashing suit which perfectly complemented his exceptional figure and handsome features. With his mustache lending him a sense of jaded maturity, he was definitely an ideal chick-magnet material.

Of course, he had no intention of getting rid of his single status for the moment, but he was still inclined to leave all the banquet-goers with a memorable impression.

“If there’s going to be a lot of people, then there must be a lot of delicious food, right?” Amy’s eyes lit up as her attention was drawn to what she truly cared about.

“Probably,” Mag grudgingly admitted before reinforcing, “But the food they make is definitely not as tasty as mine!”

Chapter 635 So Much Delicious Food!

The annual mid-year banquet was always held at the main branch of the Chamber of Commerce, in a banquet hall that was five to six meters tall and over 10,000 square meters in area. It was able to house several thousand people at once.

The sky had only just turned dark, and the brightly lit banquet hall had already become the most eye-catching star in the entirety of Chaos City.

There were already many lavish horse-drawn carriages parked outside the main branch of the Chamber of Commerce, and portly businessmen began to make their way out of the carriages, accompanied by well-dressed women. As they walked toward the banquet hall, they began to make small talk with each other, putting on a display of harmony and festivity.

Dazzling lights illuminated the entire banquet hall as beings from all types of species interacted joyfully with each other. Waiters roamed the banquet hall, weaving through the crowd while offering platters of glittering and translucent wine.

The women were already competing over who had the best outfit. All of them had put on amicable facades, but their words were barbed with thorns as they put down others and boasted about themselves.

Of course, the best criterion to determine who was dressed the best came in the form of the attention one received from men. That was a universal and indisputable indicator.

The entrance to the banquet hall was positioned several meters higher than the floor, so there was a staircase leading down into the hall from the entrance. The attendants at the door verified everyone’s invitation letters before announcing their arrival by loudly declaring their names.

“Board Member of the Chamber of Commerce, Cyril Moreton is here.”

The attendant’s voice was loud yet not intrusive, and most of the people in the banquet hall heard the announcement.

Everyone’s eyes instantly lit up as they turned toward the entrance of the banquet hall.

Cyril Moreton was the number one candidate to inherit the Moreton Family heirloom.

It was said that a certain young mistress of the Moreton Family had also become a candidate to the heirloom, but in everyone’s eyes, there was no way that she would be able to come out on top in a competition against Cyril.

While it was indeed true that Cyril had developed a rather bad reputation in the past few years, the vast majority of people in the business world were much more focused on securing profit rather than establishing a good reputation anyway.

If they could converse with Young Master Cyril and make his acquaintance, perhaps they would be able to get closer to the Moreton Family in the future.

Cyril wore a set of lavish green and red robes as he entered the banquet hall. He stood at the top of the staircase for a while, basking in the widespread attention he was receiving, and his heart was fluttering slightly. If he were to become the leader of the Moreton family, then he would also become the president of the Chamber of Commerce.

As for Gloria, she was just an insignificant little girl.

Cyril walked down the staircase with his chin raised slightly. His wife and twin daughters followed along behind him, also with their heads raised in a haughty manner.

Herty and Herny were wearing dresses that were custom-made by the best tailor in Chaos City, Master Quill. Their gold and silver dresses were extremely dazzling under the bright lights, but the excessive application of foundation on their faces created a slightly jarring sight to behold. However, it was still something that drew attention to them.

“Young Master Cyril’s two young daughters are so beautiful, as are their dresses.”

“Indeed. Those dresses were definitely made by Master Quill; they look absolutely stunning.”

The guests were not sparing their words of praise in the slightest.

Smug smiles appeared on the faces of both Herty and Herny. This was their favorite time of the year.

With the Moreton Family behind them, they would always be thrust into the spotlight during these banquets and receive countless compliments from all of the guests.

“Manager of Buffett Banks, Young Mistress Scheer Buffett is here.” Before Cyril had made it to the end of the hall, the attendant’s voice sounded again. However, it was clear that he had raised his voice a few more octaves on this occasion.

Almost instantaneously, everyone turned to face the entrance.

A scorching red dress, a pair of vibrant ruby lips; the woman standing at the top of the staircase was someone that they could only look up to.

Scheer Buffett.

A legendary name for a legendary woman.

It still remained to be seen whether the 35-year-old Cyril would become the leader of the Moreton Family, but the 18-year-old Scheer had already inherited the entire Buffett Family as well as Buffett Banks, making Cyril pale in comparison.

Her exuberant red dress complemented her skin to perfection and accentuated her gorgeous figure to an exceptional degree. Her long wavy curls only contributed to her charm, making people forget that she was only a young 18-year-old woman.

“She’s so beautiful! I feel like I should also buy a red dress.”

“Her skin is so great as well! I feel like if I were to squeeze her cheek, water would come out! I wonder what she uses to wash her face every day.”

“I heard Young Mistress Scheer is going to participate in the election to become the president of the Chamber of Commerce. I wonder if she’ll succeed.”

“I think she has a good chance. Buffett Banks is only becoming more and more powerful. I’ve heard that even the king of the Roth Empire has agreed to protect the Buffett Banks branches in the Roth Empire.”

“Young Mistress Scheer is still the most exceptional among the younger generation of the four major families!”

All of the women were frantically discussing Scheer’s appearance, while the men were also extending praise toward her. All of a sudden, Cyril’s family was cast into the shadows.

All of the attention on him abruptly disappeared, and his expression immediately darkened. Those words of praise directed at Scheer felt like vicious slaps to the face for him.

The old man was unwilling to hand down his inheritance; even at 35 years of age, he was still only a candidate to inherit the heirloom. Now, even Gloria had been given the same right, which was simply downright insulting for him. With that in mind, he sped up and quickly walked into the crowd.

Herty turned back to glower at Scheer, and spat through gritted teeth, “That accursed woman!”

“I hope this b*tch slips and falls down the stairs!” Herty was also appraising Scheer with a vicious look.

However, right after she said that, she wobbled on her high heels and tumbled down the stairs. As she did so, she grabbed onto Herty for support, and they fell together, screaming loudly as they did so. In the end, the two of them ended up face-planting onto the ground, much to the amusement of the guests at the banquet.

The two sisters were helped to their feet by the surrounding guests; they weren’t injured by their fall, but their faces were bright red, and they wanted to die to escape this embarrassment.

Scheer looked down at the farcical scenes unfolding down below, and a smile appeared on her face. She paid the two sisters no heed as she slowly walked down the stairs in a regal and elegant manner.

“Young Mistress Scheer is here already, so the city lord and the president should be coming next, right?”

“That should be the case. There’s a set sequence for these events, after all.”

The guests were quietly discussing among themselves. It appeared that Young Mistress Scheer’s red dress was going to leave the deepest impression on everyone again. There was most likely going to be a spike in popularity in red dresses on the streets of Chaos City after tonight.

The attendant looked at the invitation letter that had just been handed to him, and hesitated momentarily before making his announcement. "M... Mag from Mamy Restaurant is here."

"Hmm?"

Many people turned toward the entrance.

"So much delicious food!"

A little half-elf girl in a pink Han Dynasty dress was looking at the banquet hall down below with an excited expression.

Chapter 636 Are These Guys All Here to Steal My Biscuits?

"Wow! What an adorable little girl!"

"Her dress is so beautiful and unique; it looks like a robe, but also like a dress. I've never seen anything like this before!"

"Indeed. It's very graceful on her, and accentuates her figure really well. I wonder which tailor made it for her; I really want one as well!"

"What's she holding in her arms? Is that an orange kitten? Is it a new breed? Why have I never seen it before?"

All of the women in the crowd immediately erupted into an uproar. They turned toward Amy in unison and expressed a phenomenal level of interest in her.

Not only was her dress very beautiful, it was also quite unique. Only with a dress like this could one be placed in the spotlight.

Of course, the women were all aware that such a dress might look good on a little girl like Amy, but most likely wouldn't have the same effect when worn by them.

"Mamy Restaurant!" Goodenia was joyfully conversing with someone when he abruptly turned toward Mag. He clenched his fists and took a few deep breaths as he chuckled coldly. "Aren't half-elves half-breeds? Since when were half-breeds allowed into the banquets held by the Chamber of Commerce?"

"I've heard of Mamy Restaurant; it seems to be rather popular in the Aden Square at the moment, but they haven't joined our Chamber of Commerce, have they?" The portly businessman beside him was rather perplexed.

"Not only have they not joined our Chamber of Commerce, he announced right to my face that he would never join our Chamber of Commerce, and that he would force it to close down," Goodenia replied with a deriding sneer on his face.

"Then how did he get an invitation letter? Was he even invited?" someone asked.

A small stir began to spread through the crowd.

So that's the Mag that keeps foiling my plans? Cyril also turned to appraise Mag with furrowed brows. Devoe was still locked up in the Bastie Prison, and the Aden Square food competition rankings were completely out of his control. All of this could be attributed to this man.

Mag patted Amy's head with a doting expression. As expected, she only had eyes for food.

Mag turned toward the guests in the banquet hall, and his brows furrowed slightly as he caught sight of a few annoying figures, but he still led Amy down the staircase.

It appeared that he had misunderstood the fashion sense in this world. Most of the men present were wearing lavish robes that made them look like walking poles no matter what their figures were like. The only thing that differentiated them was the colors of their robes.

However, he had been to countless events like this in the past, and he certainly wasn't going to be embarrassed just because his fashion sense differed from everyone else's.

As for the the people that were appraising him and his daughter with enmity in their eyes, he paid them no heed whatsoever.

He had been prepared for this prior to attending the banquet. In the rules of the Chamber of Commerce, there were many that specifically targeted half-breeds, thereby fueling discrimination and antagonism toward half-breed beings.

One of the reasons why he attended this banquet was so that he could meet Scheer, while the other reason was that he wanted to clash with these xenophobic board members.

When Mag led Amy into the banquet hall, Cyril made his way over to them. He glanced at Amy before looking at Mag with a disdainful expression as he asked, "You're the owner of Mamy Restaurant?"

"Wow! Father, I want to eat that biscuit!" Amy tugged on Mag's hand and pointed toward a nearby platter of biscuits with a joyful expression.

"Meow!" Ugly Duckling was also getting quite excited at the mention of food.

"Alright, I'll grab some for you." Mag looked down at Amy with a doting smile, completely ignoring Cyril as he gestured toward a waiter. "Could I please get one of those?"

"You dare to ignore me?" Cyril's voice became very cold. There were very few people in Chaos City who dared to ignore him like this!

"How dare you growl at my father? What kind of... What kind of little biscuit do you think you are?" Amy planted her hands on her hips and looked up at Cyril with a serious expression.

The surrounding guests immediately burst into laughter. However, many people were trying to contain their mirth. This little girl's words and mannerism were simply hilarious, yet no one wanted to offend Cyril, so they could only suppress their amusement.

Cyril's expression darkened even further, and at the at the height of his rage, he burst into laughter as he said coldly, "Heh, you little half

—

"You're not exactly a small child now, are you? Do you really insist on fighting with a little girl over a biscuit?" Mag accepted a platter full of biscuits from the waiter and handed it to Amy as he cut off Cyril.

"I..." Cyril was momentarily at a loss for words.

"If you want some biscuits, then speak up. If you don't say anything, how is the waiter supposed to know what you want? Stealing biscuits from a little girl isn't a very nice gesture, is it?" Mag pressed on with his line of questioning

"You're a biscuit-stealing baddie! Don't come any closer!" Amy hid her biscuits behind her back and looked at Cyril with a cautious expression as if she really were defending her biscuits from him.

The laughter in the crowd was growing in volume, and some of the people who'd been suppressing their amusement earlier simply couldn't hold back their guffaws any longer.

As Cyril listened to the raucous laughter around him, he looked as if he had swallowed a fly. He looked at Mag with a cold smile, and interrogated, "Since when were pets and half-elves allowed into a banquet held by the Chamber of Commerce? Also, your restaurant hasn't joined the Chamber of Commerce, so why are you here? Your invitation letter is fake, isn't it?"

The laughter in the crowd slowly began to die down as a burst of chatter erupted.

The mid-year banquet of the Chamber of Commerce wasn't a particularly serious event, but under most circumstances, only the board members and their families were invited.

It was just as Cyril had said: there was no way that Mag could have received an invitation from the Chamber of Commerce.

If their invitation letter was fake, then they would most likely be thrown out of the banquet hall, making them the biggest laughingstock of the night.

A smile finally appeared on Cyril's face as he looked at Mag with a deriding expression. "I don't know what your intentions are. Perhaps you were desperate for an opportunity to mingle with the upper class. In any case, a fake invitation letter is unacceptable! Guards, throw these two freeloaders out of here!"

A few burly orc guards immediately surrounded them, preparing to evict them from the banquet hall.

"Father, are these guys all here to steal my biscuits?" Amy hung Ugly Duckling from her dress while she grabbed her wand.

"A bastard like him should be taught a good lesson so he won't try to freeload ever again!" Goodenia smiled as his flabby cheek tremored.

"Mr. Mag was invited by me, and I personally wrote his invitation letter." Right at this moment, a voice sounded from within the crowd. The guests parted to reveal Scheer, and she made her way over to Cyril with a smile as she said, "Don't you know that members of the four major families have the right to invite someone to attend the banquet? Oh, I'm sorry, that might not actually be a right that you have."

Chapter 637 The Count's Wife?

The entire banquet hall fell silent as everyone stared at Scheer with incredulity on their faces. They then turned to look at Mag, and were stunned by the fact that Young Mistress Scheer had personally handwritten their invitation letters.

Thus, everything that Cyril had just said had been thrown straight out the window.

Furthermore, the barbed insult that she had delivered at the end was akin to a slap in the face for Cyril.

Indeed, Scheer could invite someone to the banquet, while Cyril didn't have that right.

Of course, everyone was more surprised by Scheer's attitude toward Mag. For Mag's sake, she was willing to offend Cyril, and it could even be said that she was intent on embarrassing Cyril.

Just who was this Mag? Why did Scheer hold him in such high regard?

Cyril's smug expression immediately stiffened. Scheer's words were like sharp pins stabbing viciously into his heart.

It was indeed true that members of the four major families had the right to invite someone to the banquet, but that right was only reserved to the leaders of those families. As such, he did not have that right.

Scheer was exposing that reality for all of the guests to hear, essentially putting him through public humiliation while stamping her superiority over him.

"Hello, Big Sister Red Dress." Amy greeted Scheer happily as she chewed on her biscuit. She liked this big sister.

"Meow." Ugly Duckling was hanging from Amy's little dress by its paws, and it was looking at Amy's biscuits with a pitiable expression.

"It's alright, Ugly Duckling, I'll hold you once I'm done eating," Amy consoled.

"Meow-" Ugly Duckling turned away with a suicidal expression.

"Hello, Little Amy," Scheer greeted her with a smile.

Cyril looked at Scheer with a dark expression, and said, "If this is a guest invited by Young Mistress Scheer, then I'm sure there won't be any problems. It's just that according to my knowledge, this man has insulted our Chamber of Commerce on more than one occasion, taken the spots of the restaurants of our Chamber of Commerce on the food rankings, and caused some of our board members to be thrown into jail. Does a man like him really deserve to attend our mid-year banquet? What are your intentions in inviting him?"

"What? Is that true?"

"I heard this restaurant owner say that our Chamber of Commerce will close down sooner or later."

"You've heard about Ricky's Rotisserie closing down recently, right? An ice cream shop has been opened in its place, and he's the owner."

“I heard he was related to the incident that got Board Members Goodenia and Devoe thrown into jail.”

“Then why would Young Mistress Scheer invite him to the banquet? Isn’t that an insult to the Chamber of Commerce?”

Cyril’s accusations immediately sent another stir running through the crowd.

Scheer’s brows furrowed slightly as she overheard the discussions being held.

A smug smile returned to Cyril’s face.

Scheer was trying to compete with Jeffree in the upcoming election, so if he could somehow throw dirt on her reputation, that would surely curry him more favor with Jeffree.

“I don’t know who you think you are, but I feel the need to debunk the slanderous claims you’re directing against me. Firstly, I am indeed very discontent with the discrimination against half-breed beings encouraged by the Chamber of Commerce. I think that if the Chamber of Commerce upholds these flawed values, it will eventually be led to ruin.

“As for Ricky’s Rotisserie, the owner challenged me to the cooking contest, and he was the one that suggested betting our restaurants, so it’s his fault that he lost his restaurant to me.

“Regarding those two board members from the Chamber of Commerce, they instructed a 4th-tier murderer to attack my restaurant, trying to kill me in the process. That was why they were thrown into the Bastie Prison. You seem to be on really good terms with those two board members? How’s your relationship with that 4th-tier murderer?”

Mag took a step toward Cyril and appraised him with a deriding sneer.

The chattering gradually died down as everyone turned their attention to Cyril. Mag’s first point was rather arrogant, but his final two points were very valid.

For businessmen in Chaos City, there were a few things that couldn’t be encroached upon, and at the top of that list was the authority of the Gray Temple.

If Cyril really were somehow related to a 4th-tier murderer, then he would never be able to become the leader of the Moreton Family.

“You... How could I possibly be related to a murderer?” A panicked expression appeared on Cyril’s face. Jeffree had warned him that he could never allow himself to be swept up in that incident again.

“If you have no relations with them, then why does it look like you’re trying to stand up for them? I must say, you’re very suspicious.” Mag’s smile grew even wider.

“They’ve already been evicted from the Chamber of Commerce, and they did everything at their own discretion. What they did has nothing to do with the Chamber of Commerce, nor myself, and I do not know much about their dealings. If what you’re saying is true, then they deserve the punishment they received.” Cyril forced himself to calm down. At this point, he could only swallow his pride and concede his defeat.

“I see. Do I still have to leave because of them, then?” Mag asked.

“Hmph.” Cyril turned around and walked away. His dignity had been swept to the ground.

All of the bystanders also began to disperse upon seeing this. Never had they expected that Mag would emerge with the moral victory from this conflict.

Scheer turned to Mag with an apologetic look, and said, “I’m sorry, Mr. Mag, I should’ve waited for you and Amy, then come into the banquet hall together with the two of you.”

“There’s no need to apologize. I am indeed rather out of place in this banquet for aristocrats, so it’s only normal for me to be antagonized,” Mag said with a smile. He was quite pleased with Scheer’s actions earlier. At the very least, it was a show of her sincerity.

“For a man of your talents, you could easily reach this status.” Scheer looked into Mag’s eyes with a smile on her face.

“You have to think twice before reaching out for some things.” Mag shook his head in response.

“You’re an interesting man, Mr. Mag.” Scheer chuckled.

“And you’re a smart woman, Young Mistress Scheer,” Mag responded in kind.

“Heh, what a lively event.”

Right at this moment, a seductive voice suddenly sounded.

A black figure with a pair of large wings appeared in the air outside of the banquet hall. She then transformed into a cloud of black mist and appeared at the banquet hall’s entrance in the blink of an eye.

The black mist receded, revealing a sexy woman with a low-cleavage dress and a servant in black robes.

“It’s her!”

“It’s Count Bartoli’s wife! She’s here again this year!”

“Hasn’t she been absent from the banquet for two years? Why is she here again this year? I heard she loves young little girls!”

After identifying who this newcomer was, the banquet hall instantly erupted into an uproar. All of the young women began to stumble back with panicked expressions in fear of being snatched away by this terrifying vampiress.

“The Count’s wife?” Madam turned to the entrance, only to find a young and seductive woman standing next to an uneasy attendant.

She appeared to be around 30 years old, with long wavy curls draping casually down her shoulders. Her green eyes were extremely seductive, and seemed to possess a soul of their own. Her face was slightly sickly pale, but that only worked to further accentuate the vibrant red of her ruby lips.

She wore a tight-fitting black dress, revealing a sliver of sexy snowy white cleavage. Slits also ran high up the sides of her dress, showing off large sections of her long well-shaped snowy white legs.

She looked down at everyone while arching her swan-like neck, appearing as if she were a proud queen.

Chapter 638 Wow, Such a Big BlackCat!

At the mention of the Count's wife, the first thought that flashed through his mind was of the historically renowned vampiress. The seductive yet regal woman standing before him now fitted the image of a vampiress far better than the theatrical depictions he had seen in his past life.

"That's Camilla Bartoli, the princess of the vampire race. However, most people refer to her as Mistress Martoli," Scheer introduced in a quiet voice. She was looking at the vampiress with a remarkably calm expression.

"So she really is a vampiress." Mag raised his eyebrows, but wasn't too surprised by that. This was the second time he had met a vampire. The first such occasion was during the conference between the dragons and the demons, when he had met Dracula.

Mag's gaze then turned to the servant beside Camilla. The servant's entire body was enveloped in a black cloak, revealing only a pair of green eyes, which were glowing slightly beneath her dark cloak, creating a rather eerie effect.

"So she's a big bat?" Amy's eyes were filled with curiosity as she turned toward Camilla and her servant.

"Meow!" Ugly Duckling was holding onto Amy's dress with all its might to prevent itself from falling off. However, as it did so, it was staring intently at the servant with its fangs bared as if it were getting ready to pounce at any moment.

"Why are you all so scared? Do you really think any of you will be able to catch my eye?" A deriding sneer appeared on Camilla's lips as she glanced across at everyone in the banquet hall. However, her gaze settled on Scheer momentarily before turning to Amy, upon which her eyes lit up slightly.

Mag immediately positioned himself in front of Amy upon seeing this. This woman was very beautiful, but she also struck him with a sense of danger. She was clearly far more powerful than him.

It had always been said that vampires preferred the blood of virgins. Amy was still quite young, but there was no guarantee that there wouldn't be any vampires with strange fetishes.

All of the women present heaved a collective sigh of relief. However, they were also slightly disappointed at the same time. Only the most beautiful of women could catch Mistress Bartoli's eye, so attracting her interest was a glowing tick of approval for one's beauty. They were clearly not up to that standard.

However, she seemed to have developed an interest in that half-elf little girl, which drew curiosity from everyone. Could it be that she was going to make her move on a little girl?

"Heh, you're very adorable, little girl. But don't worry, I won't pursue underage kids." Camilla looked at Amy and Mag with a smile as she slowly descended down the stairs.

The soles of her black leather boots clicked down the stone steps, and as she walked, the skirt part of her dress was lifted slightly, revealing her fair and supple legs, which ignited flames of desire in the hearts of countless men.

“Interesting.” A smile also appeared on Mag’s face.

Amy poked her head out from behind Mag with a curious expression, and asked, “I’m Amy; what’s your name, beautiful big sister?”

“They all call me Mistress Bartoli, but you can call me Camilla.” Camilla was slightly surprised as she looked at Amy.

Other little kids were always scrambling to get as far away from her as possible, so she was very surprised to see this little girl taking the initiative to speak to her, and in such a friendly manner, no less.

“Hello, Big Sister Camilla.” Amy nodded in response.

“Hello.” Camilla nodded with a rather aloof expression.

However, Amy wasn’t fazed at all by her slightly cold demeanor. She pointed at the servant in black robes, and asked, “Is that your servant? What’s her name?”

Camilla hesitated momentarily before taking a wild guess. “Little Black?”

“Please call me Caesar, esteemed mistress.” A sharp and slightly eerie female voice sounded from within the black robe. The voice was tinged with a hint of unhappiness and exasperation.

“Caesar? That sounds like a really good name, but why are you covering yourself up so much?” Amy walked in a circle around the black-robed servant with a curious look on her face.

Ugly Duckling extended its neck, and was sniffing like a little puppy as if it were trying to catch a whiff of something.

“This is how I like to dress.” The black-robed servant remained standing on the spot, but her voice suggested that she was a little uncomfortable.

“I see. You must be really ugly then, right?” Amy looked at the black-robed servant with a sympathetic expression.

“Huh?” The servant was clearly taken aback by that question.

“It’s alright. Look at Ugly Duckling; it’s so ugly, but it’s never thought about covering itself up. No matter how ugly you are, you can’t be as ugly as Ugly Duckling, right?” Amy consoled.

“Meow-” Ugly Duckling looked at Amy with a hurt expression.

“Of course I’m far more beautiful than this stupid cat,” the servant replied in a haughty manner.

“Not necessarily,” Camilla suddenly interjected.

“It’s alright, I understand. Ugly Duckling also thinks that it’s very beautiful.” Amy nodded with a knowing expression.

Camilla snapped her fingers at a waitress, indicating for the waitress to come to her.

“Mistress, w-what would you like?” The waitress was clearly very nervous. The platter that she was holding was shaking due to her trembling hands, and the glasses of wine were wobbling slightly as a result.

“Such inferior quality wine is not appealing to me at all. Get me a glass of blood, and make it fresh.” Camilla gave the waitress a seductive smile.

“Argh!” the waitress screamed as the platter slipped out of her hands. The wine glasses all crashed to the floor, sending wine spilling in all directions.

Scheer took a glance at the petrified waitress before making her way over to Camilla with a smile. She said, “I heard that Mistress Bartoli loves wine. I just so happen to have a bottle of wine brewed in our family’s winery. If you don’t mind, I would be happy to offer it to you.”

“Not only is Young Mistress Scheer extremely beautiful, your intelligence and wisdom are also unmatched.” Camilla slowly approached Scheer, and whispered into her ear, “You sure are tempting.”

Scheer’s eyelids twitched, but her expression remained completely unchanged as she replied, “Mistress Bartoli’s beauty is eternal; you make all of us women envious.”

“President of the Chamber of Commerce, Jeffree Moreton is here! City Lord Michael is here!”

Right at this moment, the attendant made two loud announcements in succession, drawing everyone’s attention to the entrance.

The stern-looking Jeffree and the broad and powerful Michael walked down the stairs side by side. The chatter in the banquet hall slowly died down as everyone looked at the two of them with awe and veneration in their eyes.

Vivian and Luna were just behind them, and they were also walking side by side.

“Whoosh!”

Right at this moment, the sound of fluttering clothes erupted.

“Wow, such a big black cat!” Amy cried out in surprise.

Chapter 639 If You Don’t Understand, I Can Teach You

Everyone’s attention was drawn by Amy’s voice, upon which their eyes widened in unison.

Amy was holding one corner of the black-robed servant’s robes, while the rest of it was draped onto the floor. As a result, the servant was revealed to be a thin and wiry cat hovering in the air with its green eyes wide open as if it had been frozen in shock.

Mistress Bartoli’s servant was a cat?!

“Meow!”

Ugly Duckling had already climbed onto Amy’s shoulder, and it cried out as it leaped high into the air, extending a tiny paw to swat the black cat on the head.

“Smack.”

The paw didn't land with much of an impact at all.

Ugly Duckling tumbled through the air before rolling onto the ground, finally ending up on its backside, looking as if it had been hurt more by the fall than the black cat had been hurt by its paw strike.

"Argh!"

However, the paw smack had brought the frozen black cat back to its senses, and all of its smooth black fur immediately bristled. It let loose a sharp scream before diving into Mistress Bartoli's arms, where it nestled, trembling uncontrollably.

"Scaredy-cat Caesar." Amy was giggling in delight.

"You're so embarrassing, Little Black! How could you be so terrified of a little kitten?" Camilla was reprimanding the black cat, but her smile indicated that she wasn't actually angry. Instead, she was looking at Ugly Duckling with a hint of a smile on her face.

Mag looked down at Amy with a resigned expression. She really was a little naughty at times. Even he was surprised that a black cat would be hiding under the cloak, but he really did have to find an opportunity to educate Amy on banquet etiquette.

The farcical episode caused by Amy completely ruined the serious atmosphere that greeted the arrival of the president and the city lord, and no one knew how to react.

"Pffft! It's that Little Amy! She conjured up a black cat!" Vivian's eyes lit up, and she almost laughed out loud.

"Indeed, it's Mr. Mag and Amy. Amy seems to have caused a bit of trouble..." Luna's expression lit up, but she was then concerned at the sight of the expressions on the faces around them.

Jeffree also turned his attention to Mag, upon which his brows furrowed slightly. However, he quickly withdrew his gaze and resumed his stern expression.

City Lord Michael also turned toward the commotion. As his gaze settled on Mag and Amy, a hint of surprise appeared in his eyes, but a smile appeared on his face as he made his way toward them.

Cyril's eyes lit up as he saw Michael approaching Mag and Amy. If he could curry the city lord's favor, then he would be able to recover his dignity, which had been swept to the ground. As such, he strode forward and looked at Amy as he said coldly, "Hmph, you uncultured brat! You shouldn't even be here in the first place! How dare you disrespect the city lord like that? You two-"

Before Cyril had finished his tirade, Michael had already walked right past him. He looked at Mag and Amy with a smile, and said, "Boss Mag, Little Amy, I didn't expect to see you two here. I thought your restaurant didn't join the Chamber of Commerce."

"City Lord." Mag nodded in a greeting, and also smiled as he replied, "Our restaurant indeed refrained from joining the Chamber of Commerce, but we were invited to the banquet by Young Mistress Scheer today."

Amy pointed at Cyril with a pitiable expression, and said, "Uncle City Lord, that baddie keeps growling at me. I'm scared."

“Who dares to growl at our adorable Little Amy?” Michael’s brows furrowed as he turned to look at Cyril.

Cyril’s expression had already stiffened when he heard Michael greeting Mag and Amy, and his flesh was crawling as he heard Michael’s displeased words. He forced a sheepish smile onto his face as he said, “City Lord, I think there’s a misunderstanding here.”

“Who are you?” Michael’s brows furrowed even deeper as he looked at Cyril.

Cyril’s expression stiffened even further. He didn’t think that Michael wouldn’t even know who he was. However, Michael was far too important for him to criticize, so he could only give him a rushed self-introduction. “I’m Cyril Moreton, a board member of the Chamber of Commerce.”

As he spoke, he cast a surreptitious glance at Jeffree. The sight of Jeffree’s frosty expression made him feel as if his heart had been plunged into a glacial pit.

Michael also glanced at Jeffree before turning back to Cyril as he said, “It is the basic requirement of a gentleman to be respectful and loving to little girls[1]. If you don’t understand, I can teach you.”

“Yes! Yes! You’re right!” Cyril hurriedly nodded in response. There was already cold sweat beading on his forehead.

“Have fun, Little Amy.” Michael turned back to Amy with a warm smile before glancing at Camilla and her black cat.

“Long time no see, City Lord.” Camilla met his gaze with a smile.

“It’s good to see you here tonight, Mistress Bartoli. I hope you can also have a good night.” Michael nodded with a smile, and cast one last meaningful look at her before joining Jeffree again.

“Just who are those two?”

“I’m wondering the exact same thing! Young Mistress Scheer invited them to the banquet, and even the city lord is looking out for them!”

“I heard the conference between the demons and dragons was held at Mamy Restaurant instead of Ducas Restaurant. This restaurant owner is definitely no ordinary person.”

“That man’s attire is so unique, and he’s really handsome as well! It’s a pity that he already has a daughter.”

As Michael and Jeffree made their way over to the VIP area, everyone was looking at Mag with new eyes. Many people were discussing Mag and his daughter in hushed tones, and quite a few young women had developed an interest in him.

“Teacher Luna! Big Sister Vivian!” Amy quickly caught sight of Luna and Vivian. She rushed over to them before walking in a circle around Luna, who was wearing a plain green dress and her usual white silk scarf. Amy’s eyes lit up as she praised, “Teacher Luna, you’re so beautiful today.”

“What about me?” Vivian stepped forward to try and untangle Luna. Her aqua dress complemented her figure to perfection, and the slits running up the sides of the dress revealed large sections of her gorgeous long legs.

Amy carefully assessed Vivian before firmly siding with Luna. “Big Sister Vivian is also very beautiful, but Teacher Luna is more beautiful.”

“Tsk, you’re way too biased!” Vivian pursed her lips before turning to Luna with a smile as she said, “Having said that, though, I also think you look really beautiful today. Barring any mishaps, you should get the award for best-dressed of the night.”

“Stop it, you two.” Luna chuckled with an expression of feigned anger.

At the mention of the best-dressed for the night, many women turned their attention to Scheer and Camilla. Scheer in her red dress and Camilla in her black dress were both extremely attractive in their own unique ways, making onlookers unable to look away nor muster the courage to compete with them.

Surely only one of these two could be best-dressed for the night?

At this moment, the attendant was just about to retire for the night when he received another invitation letter, and a conflicted look appeared on his face.

Chapter 640 Best-Dressed!

The discussion regarding who would receive the title of best-dressed for the night was slowly becoming more heated among the women. All of them were praising Scheer and Camilla while also throwing in snide compliments for each other. Even if they couldn’t win best-dressed for the night in the context of the entire banquet, it would still be quite pleasing to win best-dressed in their circle.

It was actually very simple to make a woman happy at times.

Meanwhile, Cyril had already shuffled away after being scolded by Michael. He took a glance at Mag with an expression of resentment intermingled with wariness.

The little half-elf girl had two 10th-tier great magic casters as her masters, but as long as he didn’t do anything too out of line to the girl, there would be no problems. However, it was quite clear that the city lord was also on very friendly terms with Mag, and that was making him quite cautious.

In Chaos City, the city lord’s castle and the Gray Temple were the most powerful forces. Even the president of the Chamber of Commerce had to abide by the laws of Chaos City.

Cyril withdrew his gaze from Mag, and began to search through the crowd for his target. He had heard that Gloria was also going to attend the banquet, but he hadn’t heard her name being announced, and he couldn’t seem to see her, either.

She hasn’t appeared in any public settings for years, so she must have chickened out! A deriding sneer appeared on Cyril’s face as he thought to himself, How is a little brat like her going to compete with me? Even her father was no match for me; she’s just a kid who doesn’t know anything.

“Didn’t they say that that b*tch, Gloria, is also going to come? Why haven’t I seen her?” Herty whispered to Herty.

“You think she has the right to attend a banquet like this? Is she going to turn up with her face hidden under that veil of hers?” A disdainful look appeared on Herty’s face.

“Hahaha, she’s probably hiding in a corner and eating like a dog somewhere.” Herty’s mood was also improving at the thought of Gloria’s pathetic display.

In the crowd, Mickey looked around for a long while before turning to Lance as he asked, “Father, didn’t Big Sister say that she’s going to come today?”

“She did say she was going to come. I hope nothing’s happened to her.” A concerned look appeared on Debra’s face.

“It’s alright, she’s probably just been caught up at her textiles shop. Maybe she’ll turn up soon.” Lance put down his glass of wine and offered Debra a few words of consolation, but he was also quite concerned himself.

Jeffree and Michael had only just taken their seats in the VIP area when a middle-aged man in black robes rushed over to them before whispering in Jeffree’s ear, “President...”

“She’s late?” Jeffree glanced at the entrance, and was silent for a while before nodding expressionlessly.

“Yes.” The man nodded before rushing away. He soon reached the entrance before whispering something in the attendant’s ear.

The attendant’s expression immediately eased significantly as he stood up straighter. He looked at the invitation letter in his hand, and announced, “Gloria Moreton from Blue Suede Apparel is here!”

“Huh? There’s someone else?”

“Haven’t the city lord and president always been the last to arrive at these banquets? And who’s this Gloria Moreton?”

“Blue Suede Apparel? Why haven’t I ever heard of this shop? Is it a renowned one?”

“The shop isn’t anything special. I’m not sure, but I think Young Mistress Gloria is the president’s granddaughter, and she just became one of the candidates to the Moreton Family’s heirloom recently. Could it be that the president is trying to hint at something by making her arrive at the banquet last?”

The attendant’s words immediately sent a stir running through the crowd as everyone turned to look at the entrance.

All of them wanted to know just who this young mistress of the Moreton Family was to dare to arrive after the city lord and the president.

“She actually came?” Cyril was slightly surprised to hear this. He then took a glance at the VIP area, and burst into laughter as he said, “If you’re late, then you might as well not turn up! This is nothing but an insult to the president! Looks like her idiocy is also rubbing off on Mars.”

“Big Sister Gloria?” Amy’s eyes lit up as she turned to face the entrance.

Mag also turned in that direction with an expectant gaze. The decision that she had made was very bold, but he liked it.

"Is she supposed to be really beautiful?" Vivian raised her eyebrow as she also turned toward the entrance.

"I didn't think that b*tch would actually dare to turn up. How dare she come late to a banquet like this? I look forward to seeing Grandpa punish her later." Herty and Hery were taking pleasure in what they thought was going to be Gloria's imminent misfortune.

Gloria... Is she going to be my rival in the future? Scheer turned to the entrance with an intrigued gaze.

Right at this moment, a gorgeous figure in a blue dress appeared at the top of the staircase, and the entire room seemed to have dimmed slightly in the face of her dazzling radiance.

She was an exquisite beauty with long golden hair tied up into a bun. However, what was far more eye-catching was the gorgeous blue dress that she wore, which was like an artistic masterpiece. The dress accentuated her slender waist and draped onto the ground behind her like an artistic cloud. The bold bare-back design further highlighted her beauty by exposing her chiseled thin shoulder and her snowy white back.

There was a thin platinum necklace around her swan-like neck, from which a bright blue teardrop-shaped pendant was hanging, dangling right in front of the center of her collarbone.

Sexy and pure.

Those two words that seemed to reside on different extremes of a spectrum were perfectly personified by her in that moment.

It was as if she were glowing, and onlookers simply couldn't look away.

The entire banquet hall had fallen completely silent. Everyone was looking at her in disbelief regardless of whether they were a man, woman, or animal.

"Wow! So beautiful!" Amy praised with her mouth gaping wide open.

"Indeed, she's so beautiful," Vivian chimed in earnestly. She discovered that she was unable to look away.

"Who is she? I feel like this is the best prey I've found in decades!" Camilla's eyes also gradually lit up.

"She's so beautiful! How can there be such a beautiful person and such a beautiful dress in this world?"

"That dress is absolutely amazing! It's so unique, and the bare-back design is the epitome of perfection!"

"I feel like she is by far the best-dressed of the night! I wonder where Young Mistress Gloria got that dress from; I also want one custom-made for myself!"

All of the women present were in an uproar. They were staring at Gloria's dress with glowing eyes as if they wanted nothing more than to rush over and strip it off her body for their own possession.

“H-how could this be? How... How could that b*tch have such a beautiful dress?” Herty was completely dumbfounded.

“It definitely isn’t hers! And how dare she wear such revealing clothes? What a shameless slut... Grandpa is surely going to punish her severely for this!” Herty was still trying to put down Gloria, but it was apparent from her expression that she had been dealt a heavy blow.

Mag took a glance at Herty and Herty before divulging a morsel of wisdom. “Humility lies in one’s heart, not their attire.”

He was very pleased with this late entry for best-dressed for the night.