

Stay At home 881

Chapter 881 Big Sister Bean Sprout's Breasts Are Too Small.

The restaurant would open soon. Mag decided to use eggplant with garlic sauce to compete with other restaurants, but he needed to conduct many experiments to determine the amount of ingredients and seasonings needed for the dish.

This dish was undoubtedly a new challenge for Mag because he didn't have the experience and recipe of the master chefs this time. He not only needed patience, but also had to use his understanding of cooking so far to make the dish to his satisfaction.

He put away the pen and paper and walked towards the kitchen door. Firis hadn't brought out a beef kebab for him to try. He was a little curious about her study progress.

It seems that her talent in cooking doesn't include kebabs, Mag thought. He stood at the door, smiling at Firis standing nervously in front of the grill.

Her smooth forehead was covered with tiny beads of sweat, her eyes fixed on the kebab on the grill. She held the kebab in a stiff hand as if she were holding a bomb that would explode at any moment.

The failed kebabs were piled up on a plate beside her. Some of them were burnt black as charcoal, some of the bamboo sticks were burnt, and some were half cooked. There was not even one beef kebab that looked edible.

Mag took a look at the charred beef kebab in Firis's hand, and walked into the kitchen. He looked at the frustrated Firis with a smile, and said, "I used to burn them like you."

Firis turned around and looked at Mag in disbelief. "But you're a genius chef!"

"No, actually I'm not. I'm just luckier and more diligent than others." Of course, the main reason is that I'm lucky, Mag thought to himself.

Confidence returned to Firis's eyes.

Mag dumped the failed kebabs on the plate into the garbage can, cleaned up the stove, and smiled at Firis. "Your training today is over. You will start work the day after tomorrow. You will be responsible for all the cutting work. Practice in the restaurant in your spare time. If you have something to do tonight, you can go ahead and leave after dinner, or you can stay here if you want."

"I'd like to watch you cook if you don't mind." Firis looked at Mag with bright eyes. Maybe she used to worship only her princess, but now she worshiped one more person.

Mag nodded. "Sure. I'll find you a place to stay tonight." He was happy that Firis was studious. He hoped that she could grow into an excellent cook as soon as possible, because then she could do more kitchen work for him.

Mag had decided to change the dorm where his employees now lived to four bedrooms. Their house was large enough for two more rooms.

“How do you want your room decorated?” Mag asked suddenly, looking at Firis, who was cleaning up the kitchen.

The girl didn’t understand. “My room?”

“Yes. Your room. You can live with other employees in a big house,” Mag explained. “How do you want it decorated?” He had given up on guessing what a woman liked because of what had happened before.

Firis felt warm inside. No one had ever cared about her or considered what she wanted except for the princess. Now she met Mag, who taught her to cook and offered her a place to stay. Her heart was pounding as she looked at his kind smile. “I... I like it simple. I don’t need it to be fancy.”

She lowered her head and stole a glance at Mag. “Am I asking too much?”

“No, of course not,” Mag said, smiling. “You’re asking too little, actually.” She was too shy, but a simple room would save him a lot of money.

“System!” Mag called out.

He haggled with the system and bought a room for Firis for 30,000 copper coins, including decoration and furniture.

“Father!” Amy said as soon as she stepped into the door. “My friends’ parents are going to the parent-teacher meeting. Will you go there too?”

Mag was surprised. “Parent-teacher meeting?” He looked at his daughter with her school bag on her back. Krassu and Urien came to his house every day, and they only had one student. Did they really need to hold a parent-teacher meeting?

Amy nodded. “Yes. Daphne told me about that after school. Everyone’s parents will be there. You’ll be there too, right?” She looked up at Mag expectantly with her big blue eyes.

Now he understood. The parent-teacher meeting was held by the Chaos School. Krassu had never notified him of this meeting, and although Amy went to the Chaos School every day, she had no classmates studying with her, so it would be really strange for him to attend that meeting.

Yet he couldn’t turn his little girl down, not when she was looking at him like that. He stroked her head with a smile. “Of course I will. I wouldn’t miss it for the world!”

“Thank you, Father!” Amy jumped up and down with excitement, swinging Mag’s arm back and forth happily. “You’re the best!”

Firis smiled as she looked at them. She felt envious and happy all at once for the loving father and daughter.

“There is one problem, though,” Amy said. Her excitement had given way to sadness. “Daphne says two parents should both attend.”

“I see,” Mag said, thoughtful. Then his face lit up. “What about we find someone to pose as your mother?”

They both looked to Firis.

The female elf froze for an instant before understanding what was going on. She could hear her heart thumping in her chest. She had promised to babysit Mag's daughter, but she never signed up for this.

Yet Amy was so adorable and Mag had raised her up all by himself. Her heart went out to him. Amy will be isolated by her classmates if her mother won't show, Firis thought. Posing as her mother... it's not that difficult. I can do it.

"No," Amy said, shaking her head. "Big Sister Bean Sprout's breasts are too small."

Mag nodded his agreement. "And she's too young to be your mother."

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Firis: "..."

Chapter 882 Big Brother Blour Would Look Gorgeous In Female Clothing

It snowed all the year round on the frost island. From time to time, a snow-white frost dragon glided across the sky.

The buildings standing in this ice and snow world looked like many huge ice cones, magnificent and beautiful.

In a grand castle, six people were sitting at a table. Fox was at the head, and the other five were old with gray hair.

"Unless you can prove Rankster is dead, Douglas won't approve of you sitting on the throne," said the old man sitting at Fox's right hand.

Another old man nodded. "Rankster was badly injured during his fight with Alex, and then he went missing with Alex three years ago. We have searched the whole continent, and only found some of his personal effects. His body has never been recovered."

Fox snorted. "His fire burned out two years ago. You all know what that means. It means he's dead! Is Douglas too blind to see that? Or did Rankster hit him so hard in the head that he is unable to use his head to think?"

"His fire here has burned out, yes, but the one in the Golden Dragon clan hasn't, low as it is burning, so he is alive, or at least his soul is. Rankster is hard to kill. Everyone knows that."

The table fell silent. Loath though Fox might be to admit it, it was true. Rankster was indeed very hard to kill.

Rankster was a legend. His father was a royal member of the Frost Dragon clan, but he had a golden dragon for a wife.

Frost dragons and golden dragons were at war with each other when his father fell in love with his mother. Countless dragons had been killed. Hatred was spreading like fire.

Both clans wanted to murder Rankster when he was just a fetus in his mother's womb. When he was born, his mother risked her own life and took him back to his father on the frost island.

Douglas, who was then the chief of the Frost Dragon clan, carried the baby into the sea and let the waves wash him away.

When everyone thought he was dead, he came back 20 years later, and began his legendary life.

He killed countless powerful dragons of both the Frost Dragon clan and the Golden Dragon clan, and fought his way to the very top, forcing Douglas to abdicate and give the throne to him, and putting an end to the war between the two clans which had lasted over 1,000 years.

He had been rumored to be dead many times, but he had come back every time, stronger than ever.

He had earned himself the nickname "King Immortal". Just his name alone was enough to strike fear into most people.

He had been one of the three strongest dragons on dragon islands.

About 10 years ago, he met Alex, who was also a most fearsome fighter.

Their power shook the dragon islands. The deep rift across the main island spoke volumes about how fierce their fight had been.

Rankster lost, and was severely injured. He went into seclusion.

Alex won, but was also badly injured. He recovered later, and embarked on his dragon-slaying journey.

No one knew how bad Rankster's injuries were. He had never gone into seclusion because of his injuries before. His seclusion lasted seven years.

Three years ago, word of Alex being ambushed in Rodu found its way to the dragon islands.

Rankster came out of seclusion, and then went missing.

Some said he didn't believe Alex was dead and had gone looking for him.

The others said he had committed suicide because his life was meaningless now that his rival was gone.

One thing was certain: the frost dragons had no leader to guide them now.

So, naturally, there was a lot of discussion about picking a new leader.

Most frost dragons had wanted Douglas to assume the crown, but to their surprise, he refused. He suggested holding off finding a new leader, and wanted to locate Rankster first.

He told them that even if they couldn't find Rankster, the crown should go to a young dragon. He believed the frost dragons needed young blood to lead them.

With Rankster nowhere to be found, many young dragons couldn't help but feel tempted by the throne.

Fox was one of them. He was Rankster's half-brother, and they were close. He was a 9th-tier dragon. Of course his power couldn't hold a handle to that of Rankster, but he was one of the strongest in the younger generation.

Another popular candidate was Elizabeth, Rankster's daughter.

She had the pure blood of the frost dragons in her veins and was talented just like her father. She had reached the 7th-tier before adulthood, and she had the potential to reach the 10th-tier before she turned 100 years old.

Considering that dragons could live for thousands of years, she would definitely go far.

However, since her father had killed many frost dragons and his mother was a golden dragon, not many people wanted to see her on the throne.

Yet Douglas seemed to quite like her, so many frost dragons chose to sit on the fence.

The golden dragons supported Elizabeth, of course. After all, her grandmother was a golden dragon.

The throne was tantalizingly close, but Fox couldn't reach it.

If not for Elizabeth, he would have already become the king of frost dragons.

Fox clenched his fists in anger. "Alex is not dead, so Rankster will challenge him to a duel again if he's also alive. If he ends up dead, the crown will pass on to me."

"That's not going to happen," said a cold voice. "Not when Elizabeth is alive."

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"Big Sister Miya has horns, but I have no horns, so she can't be my mother," said Amy.

"Big Sister Babla's breasts are also small. Very small. Too small. So, she won't do, either."

Babla blushed but said nothing. Amy and Mag looked at Sally in unison.

Amy nodded. "Big Sister Aisha is beautiful and mature, and she's an elf. She can pass for my mother." Then she turned to Mag. "Big Brother Blour would look gorgeous in female clothing, I think." She smiled. "He could pose as my mother too if you don't mind, Father."

"I mind!" Mag said hurriedly.

Chapter 883 If Only I Could Marry Him

"Have you tried the new dish?"

"The one that smells like feet that haven't been washed in years? No. And I don't plan to."

"Yeah. It's stinky as hell, so don't bother trying it. After all, they only serve 100 portions each day."

The guests waiting outside the restaurant were chatting away. Obviously stinky tofu had beaten tofu pudding and become the new most popular topic of conversation.

"Carla, don't tell me you're taking me here to try this new dish they're talking about," a girl in a purple golden outfit said with a worried look to her friend in pink standing in front of her.

Her name was Christy, a manager at a branch of Buffett Banks at the young age of 23. She had only worked there for five years, but her outstanding performance had secured her fame as well as a high position.

Carla was her bestie. Her family owned over a dozen mines in the goblins' territory. They did business together on a regular basis, so they naturally had become best friends.

Carla was a serial eater. She liked hunting for tasty and weird food, and always dragged her bestie along with her.

Christy wasn't a big fan of food, but she accompanied her whenever she could.

She never ate food which had a strong and unpleasant smell, for most of her clients were members of the upper class, and she had to keep her breath nice and sweet at all times.

Tonight she had to attend a formal dinner, over which she had planned to seal a major deal with an important client, so she couldn't allow anything with a foul smell to pass her lips before that.

Carla had asked her several times to come to Mamy Restaurant, but she had been quite busy. Her banquet tonight wouldn't start for a couple hours, so she decided it wouldn't hurt to grab a quick meal with Carla after she badgered her over and over again. She planned to go home and change into her formal dress after eating here.

"No! When did I ever disappoint you? I'm telling you, the owner here is amazing. He even cooked for the king of the Roth Empire not long ago and won first prize. Can you believe that? You definitely should try his cooking." Carla leaned over and whispered in Christy's ear, "And he is super handsome. Your type, I think."

"Stop making fun of me," Christy said with a smile, touching Carla's head. She was intrigued by the owner who had cooked for the king, though.

"It's annoying that I can't eat as much as I want." Abraham sighed. "But the doctors said pretty much the same as Mag had said, so I guess I have to take their advice and try and avoid an early grave. This way, I'll enjoy several more years of good food."

"Welcome! Please come in!"

The door opened with a ding, and Mag stepped out with a smile.

Christy blinked at him. Mag's tight-fitting black-and-white chef's suit made him look tall and well-shaped. Unlike other cooks, he was clean, his apron stainless. His skin was fair, his eyes clear and black, and the moustache on his attractive face making him look more mature.

"He's quite good-looking, right? He has a daughter, though, and she is also very cute. You'll get a little angel for a daughter if you marry him," Carla said, smiling.

Christy looked surprised. "He has a daughter?"

That was when Amy stepped out from behind Mag. "Don't make trouble while eating please. Follow the rules, or I'll get angry. Trust me, you don't want to make me angry."

She was an adorable half-elf, but she was talking like a grown-up. The crowd couldn't help but smile.

"She's so cute!"

"Whenever I feel down, I come here. The food and little Amy never fail to make me feel better."

"She's the owner's daughter? So lovable! I love the way she talks. I'll definitely eat here tonight."

"If only I could marry him. He's handsome and knows how to cook. His daughter is cute and powerful. I'd give anything to marry him."

The crowd was excited at the sight of Mag and Amy.

"She's indeed very lovely." Christy found, to her surprise, she couldn't tear her eyes away from Amy. She was a workaholic. She had thought babies would be nothing but an encumbrance to her, yet looking at Amy now, she found herself desiring a girl just like her.

"He is single, I hear. You should make your move on him," Carla jested. "He is the most eligible bachelor in the whole city, but I'm willing to hand him over to you. Don't worry, I'll pay even after you've become the boss lady here. Just promise me you'll sell me one more tofu pudding every day. They are better than any skin creams."

Christy felt Carla's forehead with her hand. "You're not having a fever, but why are you hallucinating? He is not yours, so it might be a little tricky for you to hand him over to me. Besides, I don't feel like becoming a boss lady here. I have my own career to worry about."

Carla took Christy's hand off her forehead and smiled. "I know you always put your career first. But... that may change after you have tried the food here."

"Come on in!" Mag said, stroking Amy's head. His daughter was his security guard, whose job was protecting the restaurant and keeping customers from dining and dashing.

And she was really good at her job.

Mag and Amy stood aside to let them in.

The regulars greeted the father and daughter as they headed into the restaurant. Mag welcomed them warmly.

"You look really sharp today, Boss Mag," Carla said, giving him a sweet smile.

"Father looks sharp every day. But no second helping of tofu pudding for you, Big Sister," Amy said before Mag could reply.

Carla: "..."

Mag's lips curved in a smile. "You're not looking too bad yourself," he said to Carla, who always asked him to sell her more tofu pudding. Of course, Mag turned her down politely every time.

Chapter 884 You're Even crazier Than Me

“Thank you.” Carla managed a smile and walked in quickly.

Christy was shocked. Other restaurants treated her friend as an important guest, but clearly she couldn't even get a second helping of tofu pudding here. She smiled at Mag courteously, took another look at Amy, and followed Carla in.

Mag's eyes lingered on Christy for a moment. She was so attractive that even Mag couldn't help but stare at her. Her golden hair was tied neatly and beautifully at the back of her head, her purple golden ensemble somewhat like what a lady in his previous life working in an office would wear, her brown eyes giving off such confidence. Mag recognized the emblem on her front. The picture was not strange to anyone living in Chaos City.

She holds a pretty high position in the Buffett Banks, I think, Mag thought to himself. He glanced at the information displayed by the omniscient door. Christy, female, 23, body functioning well, save for inflammation of a small part of the stomach lining.

Mag shook his head. Young people tend to work too hard to remember eating at regular hours. Such a young manager. She must have worked her a*ss off to get where she is today, or she has slept with Scheer.

But there is no way Scheer would let anyone share her bed, so this girl must be very good at what she does.

Smiling, Mag made his way to the kitchen.

“We only supply 100 portions of stinky tofu in the evening every day, so each customer is limited to one portion,” Yabemiya announced with a smile. “Those who want to order stinky tofu, please sit in this area.”

“Only 100? And one portion each? That's too stingy!”

“Even the rules about tofu pudding are not this unpleasant.”

The ones who had tried stinky tofu yesterday were clearly not quite pleased, but there was nothing they could do but complain and come earlier.

“Let's sit over there, Christy,” Carla said, dragging her to the stinky tofu area.

Yet Christy didn't move. “You want to eat that stinky tofu?”

“You'll like it too, I promise. One bite, and you'll fall for its fantastic taste.”

Christy shook her head. “It's stinky!”

“If you really don't want it,” Carla whispered, “order one for me. I can only order one myself.”

“Come on, Christy, do it for me,” said Carla, putting on a pitiful look.

Christy was resigned; she knew how deeply her friend loved food. “Fine. I have a feast to attend tonight, so I'll just eat a little.”

“I’ll recommend something good for you,” Carla said, smiling. “But no one can only eat a little here. The food here is so good, I’ve never seen one leave with food unfinished.”

“Then I’ll be the first.”

Carla and Christy sat opposite Abraham and Harrison. They nodded at each other as a greeting.

Christy looked around and found herself sitting in the cleanest restaurant she had ever seen, picky as she was. The tables, the chairs, the floor, the ceiling, and even the dark corners behind flowerpots... everywhere was as clean as clean could be.

The air was fresh and moist. Christy thought she could smell mint, which made the air even more wonderful to breathe.

She didn’t like the idea of sharing a table with strangers, yet Carla didn’t seem to care, nor did other customers. She was stunned when she saw an elf sitting with a demon, but she never gave her confusion voice.

Out of a professional habit, she looked over the two guests sitting opposite her. One was wearing an expensive-looking robe, fat, with a thick gold chain around his neck. She deduced he was a new-rich from a not very big family.

The other one was dressed in a gray silk robe, around 40. Christy’s eyes went wide as they dropped to the emerald ring on his right thumb.

She recognized the material. The emerald was from a mine in the Phillas Mountain on the main island of the dragon islands. It looked just like normal emerald, except for the golden threads in it. Wearing a ring made of this kind of emerald would keep the body warm when it was cold, or cool when it was hot. To put it shortly, it was able to help regulate body temperature.

The production of Phillas emerald was so small that it was extremely hard to come by outside dragon islands. Dragons seldom sold it. They collected it as treasure. Whenever a piece of emerald found its way to an auction on the Norland Continent, it would always fetch a fortune.

As such, the man wearing the emerald ring had to be extremely wealthy or have really a high position in society.

I don’t recognize his face, so he can’t be an official from the city lord’s castle or the Gray Temple or one of the wealthiest men in the city. Duke Abraham is rumored to have come here and exchanged for some gold coins, could it be... Christy looked surprised. But even the city lord has to treat Duke Abraham with respect. In here, he has to share a table with lowborns?

Before Christy recovered from her shock, Abraham looked around and leaned over. “Are you here to eat stinky tofu, kids?” he asked Christy and Carla in a low voice. “Can I buy some from you? I’ll pay five times the price.”

Christy was even more shocked now. She didn’t know what to say. Duke Abraham wants to buy stinky tofu from us? What on earth is this stinky tofu? Why is everyone so obsessed with it?

“I’ll pay 10 times the price for your portion, old man,” Carla whispered, leaning forward. “What do you say?”

Abraham: "..."

"You're even crazier than me!" said the duke.

The two stinky tofu-lovers exchanged a smile.

That was when Yabemiya walked over to their table. "May I take your orders?" she asked, smiling.

"Yes. I'd like a braised chicken and rice, a sweet tofu pudding, and a stinky tofu," Abraham said, closing the menu.

"I'll have a Yangzhou fried rice, 10 beef kebabs, five spicy and five barbecue-flavored, a savory tofu pudding, and a stinky tofu," Carla said without even looking at the menu.

"I..." Christy opened the menu and looked at the pictures of the dishes. They all looked really inviting. For a moment she didn't know which ones to choose.

Carla smiled. "You like beef, so how about a pepper steak? And you must try tofu pudding, I recommend the savory flavor. It's divine! And a stinky tofu. That will be enough, I think."

Chapter 885 Mmm

"Isn't that too much?" Christy asked her friend hesitantly.

Carla smiled. "Hardly. It's nothing compared to what I have ordered."

Christy thought about the dishes Carla had just asked for and smiled. She closed the menu, turning to Miya. "That's all," she said.

Yabemiya nodded. "Okay, please wait a moment." The young waitress headed for the next table.

One order after another went into the kitchen, and Mag began to get busy.

Firis stood in the corner and looked intently. Mag's culinary philosophy and cooking style were completely different from hers. The varied kitchenware played a wonderful role, making her amazed.

Watching him cook was much like enjoying a performance; ingredients rolling and jumping happily in the woks, flames jumping up into the woks from time to time and dancing fiercely, and all kinds of wonderful scents filling the kitchen were swallowing her whole.

Steaming food was brought out of the small kitchen and delivered to the guests' tables.

Words of praise found their way into the kitchen. Firis gazed at Mag, eyes shining with admiration.

"Yangzhou fried rice and black pepper steak, enjoy."

Miya placed the two dishes in front of Carla and Christy before walking towards the next guest.

The scent of the red wine mingled with the aroma of the steak, flooding Christy's nostrils. She detected another faint smell, strange but inviting, yet she couldn't place it anywhere. Her eyes lit up.

As a manager of the Buffett Banks, Christy was no stranger to fine restaurants. After all, it was easier to do business at the dinner table.

She might have tried all the upscale restaurants in the city, but she was still stunned by the aroma of this black pepper steak.

A large piece of beef with beautifully distributed fat sat on the plate, steaming. The thick sauce lying on the top and the red and green bell peppers on the side made the steak even more tempting.

“Go ahead. You’ll love it,” Carla said, spooning some fried rice into her mouth. A blissful smile appeared on her face.

“I can’t eat much. I have to wear a dress tonight.” Christy picked up the knife and fork. The knife glided through the tender steak, and red wine seeped out along with red meat juices. The aroma of wine in the air became even more noticeable. The brown steak was cut open. The center was pink but not bloody. She forked a piece into her mouth.

The beef was even more tender than she imagined, and as she bit into it, an abundance of wine and meat juices flooded into her mouth. These flavors then combined with the black pepper sauce, and she felt as if a magic caster had unleashed a spell directly in her mouth. All of her taste buds were cast into a state of complete ecstasy.

After chewing and savoring the beef carefully, Christy’s expression abruptly changed. Aside from the amazing flavor of the beef itself, the fragrance of the wine also blossomed in mouth, adding a new layer of complexity to the extraordinary flavor of the dish.

This was a combination that was simply irresistible. The flavor of the beef wasn’t drowned out by the black pepper in the slightest, yet the black pepper featured prominently in the dish, taking the flavor of the beef to the next level and also contributing a unique texture to the dish.

The complexity of the flavors made her feel as if she were experiencing something new and different with each passing second.

After swallowing the mouthful of beef, she felt as if a flow of warmth had slid down her throat, filling her entire body with a warm sensation that almost made her moan with pleasure.

“Mmm~”

A moan escaped her lips as her mouth opened.

The intoxicating aroma of the red wine still lingered between her teeth, but the taste buds on the tip of the tongue had already begun to crave the next close encounter.

Christy opened her eyes and blushed; she had never made such an embarrassing sound before. The impact of the steak was so powerful that the body’s natural response was beyond her control.

However, her shyness was soon overcome by the desire for food. Christy brought a second piece into her mouth, closing her eyes to carefully savor every single minute aspect of this amazing culinary experience.

The wine tasted even better than that collected by rich people. Why would anyone use such good wine to cook?

The owner here was really an interesting man.

She had forgotten that she had said she couldn't eat much. Nobody could say no to this.

Carla looked at Christy and smiled. "Nobody could bear to leave food unfinished here."

"This braised chicken and rice is to die for! Mag indeed never disappoints. It seems I can't go back to Rodu." Abraham sat there, stuffing himself with a satisfied look on his face.

Ding!

The fork clattered on the plate. Christy was surprised to find her plate was already empty. She licked the sauce off her lips, looking as if she hadn't had anywhere near enough.

"I ate all of it!"

A wave of guilt swept through her as she looked down at her swollen belly, but it was all she could do not to order a second helping.

"No, I can't eat anymore," Christy told herself determinedly, shaking her head.

"We're just getting started," Carla said with a smile, putting down her spoon.

"Your tofu puddings. Enjoy." Two tofu puddings were placed in front of them.

The aroma of the tofu pudding was so pleasant that Christy couldn't help but drop her gaze to it.

Reddish-orange juices had been poured on top of the tofu pudding, along with pickled vegetables, coriander, minced garlic, and chopped green onions. Delicious smells wafted towards her.

"What is this?" she asked, surprised.

Carla's lips curved in a smile. "Do you remember when you told me you don't sleep well recently and that you got a few pimples on your face? Well, this dish here will help you get rid of your troubling pimples in no time."

Christy's eyes widened. "For real?"

Carla had told her many times about the effect of the tofu pudding, and her skin had become softer and smoother, but Christy couldn't bring herself to believe it was all because of a dish.

She had failed to meet the projection this month. She was suffering from anxiety and insomnia. As a result, pimples appeared. Although not obvious, for girls, they were undoubtedly a disaster. She had tried many methods, but to no avail. She grew more anxious, thus leading to more pimples emerging.

Now Carlos said that she only needed to finish this bowl of tofu pudding to eliminate all of them. She was surprised and skeptical all at once.

"This tofu pudding is why I brought you here today. You sure you don't want to try it?" Carla asked.

"I..." Christy debated whether to rid herself of pimples or keep her body in attractive shape. At last, she picked up the spoon.

Chapter 886 Hot, hot, hot!

The tofu pudding slid down her tongue, and its delectable flavor instantly combined with the savory juices.

The fresh sides went great with tofu pudding. After she swallowed, the faint fragrance lingered in her mouth long after the mouthful of tofu pudding was already gone.

A smile curved her mouth, lighting her eyes.

The tofu pudding was so refreshing after the greasy steak.

Unlike the steak, the taste of the tofu pudding was mild and delicate, making her feel cheerful and comfortable.

She found the bowl empty when she tried to scoop some more.

Christy gave a sad look. "It's so good. Before I knew it, it's already empty!"

Carla smiled. "I know, right?"

"This is the best thing you've ever recommended to me. No, the best I've ever eaten," said Christy.

"But I've eaten too much. I'll have to find a looser dress for the banquet tonight," Christy said, touching her stomach.

Carla grinned. "That will be a small sacrifice considering that the banquet won't offer anything better than what you have here."

Christy nodded. "You're right."

"Your stinky tofus."

Miya walked over to their table, holding a big tray, on which stood four covered plates. She put the food down in front of them.

Carla's eyes brightened. "That's what I've been waiting for!" She rubbed her hands together with excitement. "You really don't want to try it?" she asked Christy. "You'll regret it."

Christy shook her head. "I have an important client to meet tonight. I can't eat anything with a strong smell. Besides, if I keep on eating, no dress will be large enough to cover my belly."

Carla didn't press further. "All right. Suit yourself. But cover your nose. The smell may be too strong for you."

Miya removed the covers from the plates one by one.

Disgusting smell shot up into the air like four volcanoes erupting.

“Ew!”

Covering their noses, Christy and Abraham jumped up from their chairs right away. Christy could feel her face turning red. She quickly took two steps back, and the air suddenly became pure and fresh again. She gasped for air, staring at the black food on the table in horror.

The smell had been indescribable, so strong that she had felt suffocated. However, it was gone as soon as she left the table area, just as if there was an invisible barrier around it. Thinking back on it, she found the odor unbearable, but strangely not disgusting.

She had no desire to sit back, though. She couldn't stand it. She never wanted to smell that stink again, let alone eat that dish.

How could Carla put up with such a foul smell? And it seemed she liked it! Christy looked strangely at Carla and Harrison as they stared at their stinky tofus with greedy eyes.

“No! I can't run away!”

Abraham managed to overcome his urge to run, even though the odor was unexpected and too much. He had prepared himself for it, but clearly he had underestimated its power.

Harrison and Carla were completely unaffected. Abraham watched as Carla put a piece of stinky tofu into her mouth with a blissful smile. He made himself look at the dish again. He was a foodie, and foodies would never miss out on a chance to try good food.

The black stinky tofu pieces were neatly placed on a long plate. Their centers were filled with condiments, and their surface was covered in rich brown sauce, as well as pieces of coriander, thereby creating a rather alluring sight to behold.

The sharp odor seemed to have faded a little. Abraham thought he found a pleasant smell in it, and it was becoming clearer and clearer.

It was so stinky that it was aromatic? A look of surprise flashed across Abraham's face. After sitting himself down again, he looked at his two fellow customers stuffing themselves and brought a piece of stinky tofu into his mouth.

“Hot, hot, hot!”

Abraham's eyes went round. As soon as he bit through the crispy outer layer, the hot and spicy juice inside immediately erupted out as if hot soup had been spilled from a pot in his mouth.

All he could think about at the moment was one word: hot.

Yet the hot sensation lasted only for a moment, and the spicy juice began to present its unparalleled deliciousness.

For a moment, Abraham wanted to spit it out. He opened his mouth, huffing and puffing. As the temperature went down, wonderful taste began to overwhelm his mouth.

The crispness told him it had been deep-fried. Its interior was only slightly firmer than tofu pudding, but it was so delicious and refreshing. The condiments gave extra flavor and texture to the dish.

The unpleasant odor was gone without a trace. Strong and wonderful tastes spread over his tongue.

Now he understood. It was so aromatic that it was stinky. Only real foodies were able to find that aroma through its stink.

The aroma after the stink. The perfect balance of crispness and softness in the hot juice. It was an experience he would never forget.

“The taste is out of this world! I have not one regret in life!”

Abraham swallowed the stinky tofu with a satisfied smile.

The sight made the mouths of the customers watching water. They were baffled by Abraham’s sudden change in attitude towards the stinky tofu.

Christy was the most shocked. After all, she had smelled that strong odor in person. She couldn’t be around that stinky tofu one more second, but such a highborn man as Abraham was able to stuff his face with it.

Abraham and Carla finished their stinky tofus almost at the same time. Then they both turned their eyes to the untouched one Christy had ordered.

Chapter 887 There’s Only One Way To Do This

“Stop looking, old man. It’s mine.” Carla gave a bright smile to Abraham and reached out her hand to the Christy’s stinky tofu.

“Wait!” Abraham said hastily, grabbing the plate.

“Hey, I know you’re old and all, but that doesn’t give you the right to rob me. Let go or you’ll have to face the consequences of your action. There are rules here, you know.” Carla stared at him malevolently, holding the plate tightly.

Christy looked very anxious. It was not wise to defy a man as powerful as Duke Abraham, but she had promised the food to her friend, so she didn’t know what to do.

A worried look flashed across Abraham’s face. He had read about the rules on the back of the menu. He knew that Mag was obstinate. After all, he was the second person who dared to refuse the king’s invitation and reward.

The first was Alex. The king had named him the northwest’s general, but he had refused. He went to travel the continent with a sword, so he was only the northwest’s general in name.

Abraham was careful not to violate these rules. If his name were to be added to the blacklist, it would be a huge loss for him.

Robbing other people’s food was obviously a very bad behavior.

“Calm down, little girl,” Abraham said with a smile. “I will not rob you of your food. I just want to discuss something with you. I will not rob you of anything.” But his hand didn’t let go.

“What? You want to buy it?” Carla frowned, and then shook her head. “I won’t sell for 10 times the price!”

Abraham: “...”

Abraham turned to Christy standing not far from the table and smiled. “I don’t want to buy it. I want to make a deal with this girl. Is this stinky tofu hers? Then the decision should be in her hands. Let’s see how she decides.”

“M-me?” Chris was stunned. She didn’t expect that Duke Abraham would have such a peaceful conversation with Carla for a stinky tofu, nor did she expect he would now hand over the decision to her.

Abraham nodded. “Yes.” He took a look at the badge on Chris’s chest and smiled. “You’re an employee of Buffett Banks, right? A manager? I have some money in Rodu. I started to save it 20 or 30 years ago, so there should be a lot now. If you give me this stinky tofu, I’ll put that money in your bank.”

Christy gaped at Abraham, almost unable to believe what she had heard.

There was a list of the richest people in Buffett Banks, all of who were the wealthiest on this continent. Duke Abraham was ranked 10th on the list. Dragons were also rich, but they preferred to use gold and silver as mattresses rather than deposit them in banks.

There were 10 dukes in the Roth Empire, and all of them had vast fiefs and countless treasures—except for Abraham.

Abraham had no fiefs, but he was still awfully rich.

When the last king had died, he left him a huge legacy. He had not accepted any fiefs these years, but he had received countless rewards from the new king. There were many different industries under his name.

No one knew how much money he had, but everyone knew that he had enough money to fill up rooms.

Many employees of Buffetts Bank had made a lot of special trips to Rodu to visit Abraham, but he was too busy searching for food to care about them. So far, no one had been able to persuade him to deposit any money in the bank.

Now, for a stinky tofu, Abraham promised to put money in Buffett Banks!

Even Christy, who had received many big customers, couldn’t hide her excitement. She tentatively asked, “Are you serious?”

Carla looked at Christy in surprise. She had known her for more than a year, and it was the first time she looked so nervous. When Christy had met her father, her expression hadn’t changed at all.

Who was he? Carla looked over Abraham. If he could make Christy nervous, he had to be richer than her father, much richer.

Abraham nodded. “Yes, I am. I only want this stinky tofu.” He looked at the stinky tofu that they were still holding.

This business would not only allow Chris to exceed this year's target, but should also allow her to be promoted again, even though she had just been promoted to manager.

Christy took a look at Carla, and then at Abraham, saying regretfully, "I've given this stinky tofu to my friend, I'm sorry."

"If you can accept half the stinky tofu, and the promise you just made remains the same, I can spare you half," Carla put in, smiling at Abraham.

"Half?" There was hesitation on Abraham's face.

Carla shrugged. "If you don't make a decision soon, the stinky tofu will get cold and you won't be able to enjoy the hot juice.

Abraham nodded without thinking. "Deal!"

Surprised, Christy looked at Carla gratefully. She was so happy to have such a good friend. Carla gave her a knowing wink.

Carla and Abraham then began to move stinky tofu to their plates, until there was only one piece of stinky tofu left.

The two looked at each other, the atmosphere growing tense.

"I'm a little girl, old man. Would you give this to me, considering I'm so lovely?" Carla pouted, trying to look cute.

"I'm lovely too, so would you please give me this one?" Abraham began to blink quickly.

Carla: "..."

Christy sighed in silence. You two ought to have your heads examined.

"There's only one way to do this: split it in half," said Carla gravely.

"Agreed. I'll do it." Abraham borrowed a knife from Yabemiya and began to cut it carefully.

Carla leaned forward and looked at it carefully for fear that her piece would be smaller.

When the knife cut into the stinky tofu, the juice inside the stinky tofu flew out slowly.

"No!"

The expression on their faces showed that they were heartbroken.

Chapter 888 Looks Like I Have Some Killing To Do Tomorrow

Their activities attracted the attention of many guests. They even discussed the ownership of a piece of coriander on the cut stinky tofu, which many people thought was ridiculous.

But they considered it important.

For serial eaters, even a shred of coriander was worth fighting for.

Christy thought they were unbelievable, but her patience was as good as her mood. With the promise of Abraham, she didn't need to worry whether she could successfully persuade that rich businessman who was said to have no morals at the dinner party today. She just needed to get a written commitment from Abraham.

Moreover, this deal would certainly become a classic one within the Buffett Banks.

A massive deposit secured by a plate of stinky tofu.

After finishing his half of the stinky tofu, Abraham still craved more, but he looked in the direction of the kitchen, and then paid for Christy and Carla as well as himself.

"Thank you for your kindness, Duke Abraham. I'm Christy." Out of the restaurant, Christy bowed her head in salute to Abraham.

"Duke Abraham?" Carla blinked at Abraham, startled. She hurriedly bent her head, sticking out her tongue. "I didn't know! I'm sorry for earlier, please forgive me."

Abraham laughed, waving his hand. "You have done nothing wrong, there's nothing to forgive. I like your attitude to food. It's a rare quality." Then he turned to Christy. "How did you recognize me?"

"Your Phyllis emerald ring. Not everyone could afford a ring like that in Chaos City."

Carla gazed at Christy with admiration. "You figured out who he is just by a ring. That's amazing!"

Abraham nodded. "My money is in Rodu, so I have to send someone back to fetch it. How much do you need?"

"I..." Christy didn't know how much money Abraham had. The more the better, she wanted to say, but she was too shy a girl to make such a blunt request.

"I think I know the answer. I'll have them unlock a warehouse." Abraham beckoned his servant over with a wave, and then wrote something down on a piece of paper, which he handed to Christy after signing his name.

"Thank you, Duke Abraham," Christy said, excited, taking the paper with both hands[1].

"My pleasure. Come here often, and we may become friends." With that, Abraham stepped towards his carriage.

"He'll unlock a warehouse for you! Do you know how much money that is?" Carla asked, looking at the paper in Christy's hand curiously.

"No. A lot, I think." Christy blew on the ink, and then put the paper away carefully after she was certain it was completely dry. She then threw her arms around her friend. "Thank you, Carla."

"It was the least I could do," Carla said, smiling. "Now that you've secured such a big deal, do you still need to see that pervert tonight? My father says he's a total a*ss."

"Yes, it's my job. But with this promise from Duke Abraham, I don't need to worry about anything. I won't let that pervert take advantage of me."

Carla nodded. "I know you won't, but I had planned to take you to the Blue Suede clothing store. New items came out today, I heard. Last time they launched a new dress, but they sold out when I got there! The clothes sold in their shop are fashionable and different. I've never seen anything like that before."

"Blue Suede? I think I heard some rich ladies talking about it. Is it famous? A dress is said to have fetched 100,000 copper coins."

...

The fight for stinky tofu between Abraham and Carla made many customers who had not been interested in the dish want to try it. 100 stinky tofus were sold out in no time, which naturally pained the customers who had eaten it yesterday.

Mag pretended not to hear their complaints. The capacity of the restaurant determined the supply. Looking at them enjoying the dish they had hated when they first saw it, Mag couldn't help but feel a sense of achievement. He felt really good.

At the table near the kitchen, there were four big men in soft armor, with long swords hanging on their waists and big glasses of beer by their hands, talking in a low voice.

"Have you heard? Several mercenary groups were wiped out when they were out hunting. I heard they were not killed by magical beasts."

"Yeah. Everyone is talking about it in the adventurer's guild. Mercenary groups being wiped out has never happened before. Many are afraid to go out."

"The groups that have been eliminated had one thing in common: at least one of their members was an elf."

Mag slowed down what he was doing, listening carefully.

"Keep your voices down. I don't want to be arrested by the Gray Temple for spreading rumors."

They started whispering in a hushed voice.

"Aren't the city lord and the Gray Temple supposed to do something?"

"Trust me, they are investigating. They want to catch the killers more than anyone, but I don't think it's an easy task."

...

Mag frowned as he listened. They had set their sights on Chaos City. The elves were not safe here anymore.

The mercenaries then changed their subject. Mag moved the fried rice he had just cooked onto a plate and handed it to Miya. They need to be taught a lesson. Looks like I have some killing to do tomorrow.

...

In the eastern region of the city, a banquet was being held in a resplendent manor.

Chapter 889 Such A Beauty

The Marquis Family was not as influential as the Buffett Family or the Moreton Family in recent years, but it was one of the founding families of the Chamber of Commerce, and a woman in the family had married Count Boris as concubine, so their social status in the city was still high.

Today's party was held at Marquis Manor. The people who came here were all well-known figures in the business community of Chaos City. They were either rich or highborn.

It was said that there was also a mysterious honored guest attending, which had aroused many people's curiosity.

One had to be extremely influential to be seen as an honored guest by the Marquis Family.

Young ladies abounded at such a party. Wives and daughters coming with their husbands and fathers; beauties who came here with various purposes. They were looking for men with power and status.

"Where is that girl from the Buffett Banks? Where is she?" a fat middle-aged man asked his servant, scanning the crowd impatiently on a chair.

"She made an appointment to see you three days ago, Master. I told her to meet you at the party as you asked. She intends to persuade you to deposit money in her bank. She should be here any minute now, I think."

Bart gave a snort. "She is supposed to be waiting for me! That b*tch! I'll teach her to slight me when she comes. If she dares to stand me up, I'll make her life miserable."

Christy had already arrived, actually. She was wearing a blue dress and standing in the corner with a glass of white wine, staring at Bart's back.

All the big families in Chaos City had their own freight wagons, and Bart Sirte owned the most. Nearly a third of the goods to and from the city were transported by his wagons.

That was what made him so important.

However, Bart made his fortune in the recent two or three decades. Compared with the old families like the Moreton Family and Buffett Family, his influence was not nearly as great.

He ran a money-up-front business, so he seldom lost money. Over the years, he had accumulated a huge amount of money.

Nothing interested a bank more than money.

Yet wealthy as Bart might be, the employees of the Buffett Banks were discouraged from approaching him alone.

The reason was very simple. Bart was a pervert through and through. He used his money as bait, duping young girls into sleeping with him, and then went back on his promise afterwards. He was one step away from getting on the blacklist of the Buffett Banks.

Christy naturally knew the risks, but her branch still needed another 30,000,000 copper coins to meet the deposit target, and now it was almost the end of the month. If she had other options, she would never do business with him.

She had met this kind of man before, but unlike other girls, she had never turned to tricks to get what she wanted.

Now that she had Abraham's letter of commitment in her hand—although it was only part of his stashed cash, it should not be less than 30,000,000 copper coins—she wasn't very keen to deal with a pervert like Bart.

She would rather die before succumbing to his pressure.

Nothing disgusted her more than an unscrupulous man who would do anything to trick a girl into his bed.

Bart looked at the rich businessmen who gathered together and talked and laughed. He drank up his wine. They smiled to his face and laughed with scorn behind his back. He knew they despised him.

In recent years, his freight business had grown larger and larger. The negotiation of purchasing the second largest freight company in Chaos City was almost over. As soon as the company was purchased, 50% of the freight transportation in the city would be controlled by him. Before long, even Ian and Jeffrey would show him respect.

"Then those guys will have to bow and scrape and lick my boots." Bart smiled sarcastically.

The reason why he had come here today was not only that he wanted to trick the girl he saw before into his bed, but also that he wanted to see the mysterious honored guest.

He had gotten some news about the guest. Although it hadn't been confirmed, it was enough for him to make this trip.

Standing there in the corner, Christy watched Bart for a while. Then she handed her glass to a waiter, straightened her dress, took a deep breath, and walked towards him.

"Good evening, Mr. Bart. I'm Christy, manager of the Buffett Banks. It's a pleasure to meet you," Christy said with a smile.

Bart looked up from his wine. He smiled, carnal desire flashing in his eyes.

Christy was wearing a blue dress, revealing her delicate clavicles and upper part of her cleavage. Her light golden long curly hair was loose, and the fair and slender calves beneath the dress made Bart unable to tear away his eyes.

An obscene smile crossed his face. "Such a beauty." His expression then changed abruptly. "You said you wanted to see me, but you let me wait here for so long. Do you know how precious my time is?" he asked angrily.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Bart. I was delayed by work. But I believe I'm still 10 minutes early. I didn't expect you to come so early." Christy had a professional smile on her face, not showing a hint of timidity.

"10 minutes early?" Bart laughed. "I don't give a sh*t about the appointment time. If I'm here and you're not, then you're late! You should be here waiting for me. There is nothing more important than me."

There was a hint of disgust in Christy's eyes, but she never let it show on her face. Bart was more annoying that she had expected.

"I'll give you a chance to redeem yourself," Bart said, beckoning a waiter over with a wave. "You want me to put 30,000,000 in your bank? Drink all the eight glasses of wine, and then we'll talk business."

Chapter 890 Duke Abraham

The amount of wine in the crystal glasses might not be too much for a man, but Christy was just a girl; it was not easy for her to finish it all at one go.

The waiter opened his mouth to speak, but after a glance at Bart, he closed it again. He knew better than to cross him.

Christy took a look at the glasses, and then at Bart. The smile on her face was gone. "Forgive me, Mr. Bart, but I have to say no. I'm not here to drink. I'm here to talk business. The high interest rate of Buffett Banks will bring you great returns. It's a mutually beneficial deal."

He really was a scum. Christy was filled with disgust. She had seen enough of his kind to know how to protect herself. Other girls who were green at this might have succumbed to his threat and done what he wanted, and if they couldn't hold their liquor, they would definitely find themselves waking up in Bart's bed.

"No?" Bart suddenly looked fierce, thumping his glass on the table. "Is this your first day working? Do you not know who the f*ck I am? Do as I say, or I'll see to it that you lose your job."

Some people overheard their conversation and turned to look. They didn't know what the beautiful girl had done to make the notorious pervert so angry.

Bart leaned closer to Christy and lowered his voice. "Nobody says no to me. I own the biggest freight business. This city is running smoothly because of me! My words have more power than those of the city lord. Drink, or say goodbye to your job."

Christy's hands curled into fists at her sides. She stared at Bart, her lips pressed together. People like her were no more than playthings to people like him. Her career was in his hands.

Although she was a manager of the Buffetts Banks, she was nothing in his eyes.

Looking at the glasses, Christy hesitated. She hated him, but it took her five years to get promoted to the manager. She didn't want all her efforts to be in vain.

The waiter felt sorry for Christy. He had seen a lot of things like this, but most of the women were much more willing than her.

Bart smiled smugly. He had seen all kinds of women, and he always had a way to make them give in. The more difficult it was to tame a woman, the more he liked it. Like this woman. He was already excited.

"Miss Christy? Never thought I'd see you here."

Right at that moment, a familiar voice sounded behind her when she was about to reach for the wine.

Christy was taken by surprise. She turned around and found Duke Abraham walking towards her. Her eyes lit up.

Bart looked at Abraham with displeasure. Abraham's dress looked ordinary, nothing like a highborn man would wear. Bart didn't remember seeing him. He got up angrily, looked at Abraham, and said, "Who are you? Don't you see I'm talking to her?"

Abraham looked surprised. "You want to know who I am?"

Bart, seeing that he seemed to be frightened, decided that he was insignificant. His face became even colder.

Bart wanted to reply, but Bowen, the head of the Marquez Family who had been surrounded by the crowd before, hurried over with a group of people. Ignoring Bart as he passed him, he stopped in front of Abraham and looked at him with respect and guilt. "Duke Abraham, you're here early. I should have met you at the gate."

The crowd at the banquet hall turned to Abraham and came up to salute him. Many people were here today for Duke Abraham.

"Duke... Abraham!" Bart's face suddenly changed, and he was panic-stricken as he looked at the plain-looking, plain-dressed Abraham.

His main purpose today was to get close to Duke Abraham and expand his freight business in the Roth Empire. He'd thought that Bowen would welcome him in with a bang, so he hadn't expected the man standing in front of him to be the duke himself.

Remembering what he had just said, Bart was unsettled, and could only hope that Abraham would not take it seriously. Fortunately, he had just spoken in a less friendly tone, and had not been too rude.

Abraham nodded with a smile. "I ate early this evening and then had a pleasant business conversation with Miss Christy. Then I went for a walk. I came earlier than I expected."

The eyes of the crowd fell on Christy, and they were curious what business this beautiful lady had talked with Duke Abraham to make him so happy. This lady had to be extraordinary.

Some people recognized Christy, and were amazed at how quickly this competent Buffett Banks' manager had struck a deal with Abraham, who had just arrived in the city.

Of course, more people were thinking about how to make use of this lady to get closer to the Duke.

"Could it be..." Bart remembered what Christy had just said. Did she come late because she was doing business with Duke Abraham? I was hard on her.

Bart's fear grew as he thought about it.

"I see. This lady is really young and promising. It was the duke's first business deal after he arrived," Bowen said with a smile as he looked at Christy. The crowd laughed as well. They looked at Christy with admiration.

Christy smiled back, saluted Abraham, and respectfully said, "Duke Abraham, it's great to see you again."

"You too," said Abraham. Then he looked at Bart, who was slowly moving towards the back of the crowd. "Hey, you asked me who I am. I'm Abraham. I see you just had a very unhappy conversation with Miss Christy. What were you two talking about?"