

## Stay At home 101

### Chapter 101: Is She The Little Match Girl?

After a short while, two plates of roasted meat were brought to their table, and they got a pot of tea for free.

“Father, can we eat now?” Amy asked as she looked at the mutton before her, her eyes shining with excitement.

Mag nodded with a smile. “Yes, go ahead. But be careful. It’s hot.” Then he turned to the beef on his plate.

This beef was somewhat like a beef kebab without skewer, and also like a steak that had been cut and then roasted. The unpleasant odor of beef was not as strong as mutton, but the sauce had been applied roughly; the seasonings had been sprinkled too soon and got burnt by the fire, smelling pungent.

Mag had become so accustomed to fine meals that his first impression of this beef was awful. The kebabs on the street were better than this.

Amy nodded. “Okay.” She forked a piece of mutton with effort, blew at it a few times, took a bite, and chewed on it happily. She looked so lovely eating it.

“Is it good?” Mag asked with a smile. He had no appetite, but seeing that Amy was enjoying it, he became a little intrigued.

Amy nodded and swallowed. “Yes. It’s good, but not as good as Father’s rainbow fried rice and roujiamo. When can you cook roasted meat for me, Dad?” she asked expectantly.

Mag nodded, smiling. “Later, Amy.” He also looked forward to eating kebabs with Amy in his own restaurant, but he didn’t know when the system would release the recipe. His hands were tied.

Perhaps I should have Amy eat her meals when guests have arrived. She can make everything look enticing when she’s eating. The pancake looked like something divine in her hands. She would attract more customers than anyone’s yelling, Mag thought, watching Amy eating happily. Maybe I can give it a try when launching the new dish. No one can do better than Amy in attracting customers.

Mag was a little hungry after a busy morning. The appearance of this meat wasn’t very good, but the look on Amy’s face intrigued him. He forked a piece of beef into his mouth, chewed several times, and frowned.

The meat must have been roasted in advance so that it could be served on short notice. But it has been overcooked, it’s too chewy.

The sauce is unbelievable, in a bad way. I don’t know how many seasonings have been added into it— Sichuan pepper, sugar, salt, ginger juice... and the ratio is so wrong. The taste of the seasonings is so strong that it has overwhelmed the taste of the meat. My mouth and tongue are a little numb.

Customers who like the strong taste of seasonings may like this. They like anything with a lot of seasonings.

Once, Mag would have already left, but Amy was eating roasted meat for the first time, and she was really enjoying it. He didn't want to ruin her appetite. So, he put his fork down softly, poured himself a cup of tea, and took a sip.

Mag's eyes widened instantly. It tastes a little sour and sweet, like lemon juice. It's clear and yellowish, like honey water. The tea soothed his numb and tingling mouth quickly. He drank some more.

"Excuse me, what is this water?" Mag asked as a waitress walked by.

"It's green citrus water," she answered, smiling.

Mag nodded. "Oh. Thank you." He didn't know what green citrus was, but he really liked this water. I should buy some at a fruit shop. Maybe I can serve this water too. Sometimes his customers were thirsty after eating fried rice and roujiamo, and a customer had asked for boiled water once.

"I have to warn you, you're not allowed to sell any food or beverages that are not on the menu!" the system said seriously.

Mag smiled. "Who said anything about selling beverages? I won't charge them a single coin."

"..." An ellipsis went across Mag's head. After a while, the system shouted, "Your actions will be considered a serious defiance of me! You're lowering the style of the restaurant! You're bringing dishonor to yourself! You're—"

"System, do you sell green citrus?" Mag interrupted.

"No," the system said in a little strange tone, confused by the sudden change of the topic.

Mag curled his upper lip. "Well, if you don't sell it, you can't prevent me from buying from others." Then, after he paused for a moment, he added, "Relax. I don't have the recipe or experience bag, so I'll try to make some green citrus water for myself first."

He remembered that he had tried making lemon water on a whim once. He had added honey and sugar, but the taste was very awful. Now he didn't hold out much hope for inventing green citrus water by himself.

He poured a cup of water for Amy. After forcing two more pieces of meat down his throat, he gave up. I'll have a plate of fried rice after we get home. This thing is inedible compared to Yangzhou fried rice.

"Father, are you stuffed?" asked Amy, looking at Mag's plate full of meat.

Mag nodded. "Yes."

"Then I'll finish the rest for you," she said as she stared at Mag's plate, her eyes shining.

"Okay. Thank you." Mag switched the two plates, looking at Amy with eyes full of love. She has never eaten roasted meat before. It seems she really likes it. This restaurant should be able to represent the above average level of roasted meat in this world. They know how to roast, and they know to use seasonings and sauce, but they should have been more careful with the ingredients, and they should have poured their hearts into cooking.

Mag paid the check and left with his daughter.

“Dad, the roasted meat is very good. Now I know its taste,” Amy said merrily.

“I’ll make you roasted meat which is 100 times tastier than this.” Mag smiled and gave Amy’s head a stroke. This kind of roasted meat is child’s play.

Perfect roasted meat should be charred on the outside and tender on the inside. The tasty sauce and the tender beef should be combined perfectly, delicious and not very chewy.

Many customers had come to Mamy restaurant for lunch. They had knocked and knocked, but nobody answered. Then they had left disappointedly. Now that they knew Mag was really a man of his word, they decided not to come here on their rest days again.

Ugly Duckling had awoken. Mag played with the two little things on the square for two hours. After they were tired, he bought several green citrus and started back.

“Father, look! Someone is lying outside our door. Is she the Little Match Girl?” Amy said in amazement, pointing to the figure at their door from afar.

### **Chapter 102: I Must Be Dreaming**

It was a girl in gray linen-cotton clothes, her head resting on her left arm, which pointed in the direction of the restaurant. She wore her blond hair in a side ponytail. Only one side of her face could be seen. She looked very skinny, and her loose clothes made her seem even smaller.

Amy gazed at the girl, worried. “What happened to her?” Ugly Duckling cried in Amy’s arms.

*Why is she lying here?* Mag wondered. He crouched down and put a finger under her nose. *She’s breathing faintly. I don’t see any injuries. If she doesn’t have any kind of illness, she must have fainted from hunger.*

There was a pair of golden horns projecting from her head, like deer horns. *Looks like she’s not a human girl. She might be a demon or an orc. I don’t think elves have horns.*

“Roa... Roast goose...” the girl murmured suddenly.

Amy’s eyes brightened right away. “Roast goose! Father, she is indeed the Little Match Girl! She has grown up!” Then, she looked at her, and said sympathetically, “Poor girl. Let’s help her, Father. But, Ugly Duckling is so little...”

“Meow! Meow!!” the kitten cried out uneasily.

Mag took a look around. “All right. Let’s help her,” he said. *Few people pass by here normally. How long has she been lying here?* he wondered.

*If someone evil came across her, God knows what would happen to her.* Mag opened the door and put the basket on a table. Then he walked over to the girl and helped her up.

Mag could barely lift Amy up now, so he wasn’t able to carry her in his arms. Fortunately, the girl was pretty light. He dragged her slowly into the restaurant and seated her comfortably.

“She’s so beautiful.” Amy’s eyes lit up as she looked at the blonde girl.

Mag was also a little surprised. The girl was very beautiful, and was about 18. Only her slim eyebrows were sticking up like two little swords, adding some sternness to her pretty face.

Right now she looked very pale. Her lips were dry. Maybe she hadn’t had anything for a long time. She curled up on the chair like a little cat. Such a pitiful sight!

Mag took a look at her horns. “Could she be a dragon?” he murmured in a low voice. Then he walked to the kitchen and poured a glass of warm water for her, but she still hadn’t woken up after drinking the water.

“Dad, is she okay?” Amy asked her father, worried.

Mag nodded. “I think she’s just too hungry. I’ll make her some rainbow fried rice for when she wakes up,” he said. *If she can’t wake up, maybe I’ll have to make some gruel for her.*

“Father, you’re so kind. I’ll be a kind person like you,” Amy said as she looked at Mag with adoring eyes.

Mag nodded, smiling. “That’s my good girl. We should have a good heart and help others when we can. But remember, our safety always comes first. Do not try to be a hero.”

Amy nodded solemnly. “Yes, Father.”

Mag went into the kitchen to cook the fried rice. Amy sat opposite the blonde girl, holding Ugly Duckling in her arms, looking at the girl with a worried look on her face. The kitten reached out its little paw to claw at the table, making a rustling sound.

The blond girl breathed more smoothly after drinking water. She frowned, seemingly trying to wake up, but failed.

Pleasant aroma floated up from the half-closed kitchen. The kitten stopped clawing and craned its little head towards the kitchen, its blue eyes full of desire.

“Stop looking. It’s not for you,” Amy said calmly.

“Meow, meow!” the kitten cried out in frustration and anger. Then it went back into her arms and shut its eyes.

The blonde girl’s nostrils moved slightly as the aroma of the fried rice permeated the room. Her eyelids quivered as if she was struggling to open her eyes.

“Father, she seems to be waking up!” Amy shouted at her father in the kitchen, watching the blonde girl.

Maybe she heard Amy’s shouting, but Yabemiya opened her eyes slowly. Her left eye was golden, while her right eye was dark. She looked around, and saw a grand room, beautiful paintings on the wall, fancy chandeliers, clean tables, and an adorable half-elf girl holding an orange cat in her arms.

*Where am I? Am I dreaming?* Yabemiya didn’t understand. She only remembered seeing a pretty restaurant, a restaurant like a palace that wasn’t supposed to be on Aden Square, before fainting from hunger.

Now she found herself sitting in that restaurant. *Everything is just so beautiful! The half-elf girl is so pretty and so adorable! Even the orange kitten in her arms is fluffy and cute!*

*I must be dreaming!*

What amazed her even more was the seductive smell in the air. *What is giving off such a pleasant smell?* Her stomach was rumbling, and she couldn't help but swallow her saliva. She looked toward the kitchen with some effort. A tall, lean, and handsome middle-aged man was walking towards her, holding a plate of colorful food while smiling gently.

*Such a beautiful dream before I die of hunger!*

Yabemiya was totally attracted by the aromatic dish. *Colorful ingredients have been chopped into evenly sized grains, making the dish look as if it were a plate of rainbow. The most prominent smell is that of eggs. The mixed aroma of different ingredients is so inviting.*

"Go ahead and eat," Mag said with a smile, putting down the plate in front of Yabemiya. *She looks a little confused, but at least she woke up. She can eat some food by herself now.*

Mag was a little startled when he saw her eyes. *It's very rare.*

"Thank you," Nabemiya said politely, even though she thought it was a dream. Then she picked up the spoon and scooped some rice in the middle.

Every rice grain was perfectly coated by golden eggs, every ingredient had been chopped into the same size, and the surface had an oily gleam. *So many ingredients have been cooked together?* She had never seen this way of cooking before.

She brought the rice into her mouth. Her eyes brightened right away!

### **Chapter 103: Do You Need A Waitress?**

The eggs almost melted in her mouth, the soft and tender ham was well mixed with the rice, and she thought she had tasted shrimp. Different tastes blended in this mouthful of food and spread quickly, tickling her taste buds. After she swallowed, the pleasant smell of rice remained.

Almost instantly, she felt a warm current flowing slowly all over her body, nourishing her. Every cell of hers was cheering and dancing, lighting up her face.

Yabemiya's eyes went wide. *How can anything be this good?! Oh, it's a dream. But it tastes so good!* She couldn't help but bring another spoonful to her mouth, savoring the delicious taste melting in her mouth. She felt as if she were bathing in a hot spring, with no cold or hunger. One spoon after another, she was not able to control her hand.

*Poor girl. She has grown up, but it seems she hasn't even sold one match.* Amy sighed quietly as she gazed at Yabemiya with sympathy. *We don't have roasted goose, but she should be happy to eat Father's delicious rainbow fried rice.*

*She must have eaten nothing for days.* Mag smiled, watching the hungry girl wolfing down the fried rice. *There's no way a dragon would be reduced to such a miserable state. If she is not an orc, she is probably a half-dragon.*

Life was difficult for hybrids here. Although she was pretty beautiful, there was still a good chance that she wasn't able to find a job. Hybrids could mean trouble, and no one wanted to attract unwanted attention.

"Ding!"

The spoon clattered on the empty plate. Yabemiya froze for an instant before she realized she had finished the whole plate. Looking at the several remaining rice grains, she couldn't refrain from licking the plate, and then put it down, satisfied.

A warm and comfortable feeling permeated her whole body, and the pleasant smell of rice remained in her mouth. The feeling of hunger was gone, and she felt alive again. All of this was because of that delicious fried rice!

"Even the food in dreams is so magical! I don't want to ever wake up!" Yabemiya muttered to herself. Then she looked up at Mag and smiled. "Excuse me. I'd like one more plate of this!"

"Oh my! Such a cute little elf! Can I pinch your cheek?" Then she stroked Amy's cheek and petted Ugly Duckling's head. "The kitten is so lovely, much lovelier than the black ones and white ones."

Mag was taken by surprise. "You still think you're dreaming?" he said, smiling. She looked much better now after eating the fried rice. When she grinned, she would reveal two sharp canine teeth, looking very cute.

"Big Sister, it's daytime. You're not dreaming. Look out the window. It's Aden Square," Amy said as she shook her head, looking at the smiling Yabemiya, pointing at the window.

"Meow!" Ugly Duckling cried out in annoyance, cowering in Amy's arms. It had never been touched by anyone other than Amy and Mag.

"It's not a dream?" For an instant, she froze. She lifted her eyes to look at Mag, at innocent Amy, and then at the hostile orange cat. Everything seemed to be frozen in time.

After a while of awkward silence, Yabemiya turned slowly to look behind her. Through the transparent glass, she saw Aden Square in the beautiful sunlight, an old man practicing swordplay, and two pigeons landing on the grass looking for worms. Everything was so simple yet so real.

*I'm not dreaming...* Yabemiya turned back slowly. She looked at the plate that could almost reflect her face, and realized what she had just done. She blushed, and rose quickly to her feet, her head bowed in embarrassment and fingers wriggling with nervousness. "I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I thought it was a dream..." she said apologetically.

Amy shook her head. "That's okay, Big Sister. When I first ate Father's rainbow fried rice, I thought I was dreaming too. Because it's so delicious," she said. "But you're much older than me, and you still can't tell dreams from reality."

Yabemiya wanted to sink into the ground with shame. "What's your name? When was the last time you ate?" Mag asked softly. "You fainted outside our door, so I carried you in. I'm glad you're okay. I'm the owner of this restaurant. You can call me Mag."

Their words of consolation and kind smiles calmed her down. *This father and daughter seem so nice.*

Her mood suddenly worsened as she remembered the situation she was now in. She nodded. "My name is Yabemiya. The last time I ate was three days ago. I worked in a restaurant, but the owner there kicked me out without giving me even one coin. I have been looking for a job on Aden Square ever since, but no one wants to hire me even as a dishwasher, because I'm a half-dragon. When I walked past your restaurant today, I thought hunger made me hallucinate. I thought such a beautiful restaurant only existed in dreams. Then I fainted. Sorry for inconvenience."

Mag raised an eyebrow. *I guessed right; she's a half-dragon. But what's wrong with this world? There is no reproductive isolation here?!*

*Moreover, aren't dragons and humans too different in size? Maybe a dragon could have babies with a troll, but a dragon and a human??*

*Based on what she just said, clearly hybrids are struggling in this world. Dragons are so formidable, but a half-dragon like her can't even find a job as a dishwasher. She almost died of hunger. Speaking of dishwasher...*

"Poor girl," Amy said, casting a sympathetic glance at her. Then she looked up at Mag, and asked, "Father, didn't you say we need a waitress in the morning? Can't we let Sister Miya stay?"

Yabemiya's eyes lit up immediately. "Do you need a waitress?" Then she saw her surroundings and lowered her eyes sadly.

*Even those filthy restaurants don't want me. It's out of the question for such a fancy restaurant to hire a half-dragon.*

Many people treated her as an outcast. She had rarely received any respect growing up. Even job-finding agencies didn't want her file there.

#### **Chapter 104: A Small Test**

Mag nodded with a smile. "Yes. We need a waitress, and I don't have anyone in mind right now," he said. "You said you've worked in a restaurant before?" Amy had said what was on his mind, but he didn't hire Yabemiya right away. He had to make sure she was qualified first.

Yabemiya nodded, nervous and excited. "Yes. I started working in that kitchen with my mother at the age of nine. When I was 12, my mother passed away, and I worked there until they kicked me out..." Her face darkened. It seemed she was hiding something.

But Mag didn't want to probe into her past. "Your work experience is impressive. I need a waitress who can handle a heavy workload. You'll have to greet customers, take orders, serve food, clear tables, and clean the restaurant. We're very busy during opening hours. Are you sure you can do this job?" Mag asked, looking her in the eye.

“I’ll have to greet customers?” A flicker of alarm and expectancy crossed her face. All these years, she had hidden in the kitchen as if she didn’t exist.

Once, a cook had asked her to serve a dish. She had done it carefully, but the owner there bashed her on the head with a spoon when he saw her. She had lost a lot of blood, and she was only 13 at that time. She had never walked out of the kitchen during opening hours ever since that incident.

She wanted to wear clean, beautiful clothes, serve customers with a smile, and clear tables deftly as they watched with admiring eyes. However, all of this was impossible for her. She was a half-dragon, and no restaurant would hire a half-dragon as a waitress.

“I’ve never greeted customers before. And if I served food, they might be displeased,” Yabemiya said with uncertainty.

“You don’t need to worry that customers may not be happy to see you because of who you are. It’s not a problem in this restaurant,” Mag said, smiling. “I use Amy’s picture as our trademark. She’s the best thing in my life. You’re just like her. Your half-dragon identity will not be a liability here.” He put a kraft bag on the table.

This self-abased girl reminded Mag of the old Amy. Only, she had been through a lot more than Amy, so she had got wounded deeper. He felt sorry for her.

Yabemiya gaped at Mag, her mouth wide open. It was the first time someone told her that being a half-dragon was not a problem.

When she dropped her gaze to the bag on the table, she saw a half-elf girl’s back—the back of the cute girl opposite her. *It’s too risky to use this as the trademark!*

Two years ago, on Aden Square, a drunken demon had torn down a restaurant because the owner had hired a half-orc waitress. The owner had been crippled and then died not long after. His successful restaurant had shut down for good.

To be sure, the demon had got punished by the Gray Temple, and was still in prison, but somehow they blamed that half-orc waitress.

Overnight, almost all the hybrid waiters and waitresses had lost their jobs. Even Yabemiya, who worked in the kitchen—her salary had been halved. She had barely had enough to get by.

The fact that Mag used a half-elf as his trademark and that he didn’t care who she was helped her see Mag’s great love towards Amy and his respect for hybrids like her.

They needed sympathy, but they needed to be considered equal to others more.

“If you want this job, you’ll have to be brave and I’ll have to test your ability,” Mag continued.

Yabemiya hesitated for a moment before she mustered up her courage and nodded. “Yes. Test me, please.”

“Great! Don’t worry, Sister Miya. Father is very friendly,” Amy said, holding the kitten’s paw in her hand, expectant. *I’ll have another playmate if she works here.*



Yabemiya nodded. "Okay. Thank you." Nobody had given her any encouragement after her mother died. She felt warm in her heart.

"Good," Mag said, smiling. He didn't want her thinking of this job as a handout, so he was giving her a chance to earn it with dignity. *This will make her happier and more confident.*

"Then let's begin," Mag said, looking at Yabemiya. "Our restaurant is very busy, so in order to improve efficiency, you'll have to be fast when taking orders and serving food. You'll have to remember clearly the orders and requirements. If you know how to read and write, you can put them down on paper, but try to be quick."

Yabemiya nodded after she thought for a while. "My mother taught me how to read and write when I was little. I have a good memory, so I think I can remember the orders."

"Good. Then let's do it." Mag was a little surprised to find her so confident, but he didn't jump to conclusions. He found a pen and a notebook, tore four sheets of paper from it, and then tore each sheet into four pieces. He wrote a number and two or three customers' orders on each piece, and put each on one table.

"The table by the door is table one, and then table two, three... Each piece of paper has a number to signify the order of their entry, and customers' orders. You have 10 minutes to remember them or put them down on this notebook." Mag took a look at the clock on the wall, and said, "Okay, start."

Yabemiya took a glance at the notebook and pen, and walked towards table one without hesitation.

Five minutes later, Yabemiya walked over to Mag. "I've remembered them," she said confidently.

Mag was taken by surprise. "Okay, then let's see how you have done." He didn't collect those pieces of paper. He had won first prize at a memory competition in junior high school. Clearly, he had memorized what he had just written down.

"Two roujiamos for table three..." Yabemiya said unhurriedly as she looked at Mag. She had to pause once to remember something, but she managed to recite all the orders quite fluently.

"Father, how has she done?" Amy asked out of curiosity.

Yabemiya also looked at Mag, expectant and curious. It was a test, and also a mark of respect for her.

## **Chapter 105: I'd Like Two Maid Dresses**

"Well, you've remembered everything accurately, and in a short while." Mag nodded with a smile, surprised but satisfied. He had found himself a good waitress.

Amy clapped her hands. "You're amazing, Sister Miya!" she exclaimed, looking at her with admiring eyes.

Yabemiya waved her hands immediately. "No... I mean, thank you." Her face reddened with joy.

She had a good memory, but her co-workers had considered this ability of hers useless. She had never tasted the feeling of being praised, so Amy's admiration and Mag's approval helped build up her confidence.

"Clearly your memory is not a problem, but the workload here is pretty heavy. Do you think you can handle it?" Mag asked, looking at this skinny girl. *Maybe she's less than 90 pounds.*

"Yes!" Yabemiya stood up straight. Her breasts were surprisingly big for a small girl. Then she realized what she had done, and relaxed her body. She blushed and nodded. "I'm skinny, but I'm strong. I could lift a side of pork when I was working in the kitchen. I worked from early morning to late at night. I'm even stronger than men."

"I see. Then can you lift this up?" Mag said, pointing at the table before him. *This table weighs at least 200 pounds. I can barely move it in this condition.*

Yabemiya walked up to the table, grabbed one end of it with two hands, and lifted it whole clearly off the ground with ease, about 20 centimeters high. "Like this?"

Mag lifted an eyebrow. *She has extraordinary strength for a rather small build. She only needs to grab one end of a table to lift it up!* Then he nodded. "Yes. Good. You can put it down now."

*It seems her skinny body is because of lack of food. She'll fill out as long as she has enough to eat.*

"Wow! Sister Miya, you have incredible strength," Amy said as Yabemiya put the table down.

Yabemiya gave an abashed smile. She had been called "Strong Gal" by her coworkers, and she didn't like that nickname. She was happy that Amy liked her strength.

Mag looked at Yabemiya contentedly. She had a good memory and a strong body—she was almost perfect for him. But she was a little stiff. Mag smiled, and said, "I want our customers to feel comfortable eating here. Our business philosophy is: kindness, distance, equality. You don't have to bow and scrape to them, but a smile will make them feel at home while we keep our distance. And we should treat every customer equally and show them the respect they deserve. Now, can you give me an earnest smile?"

*Kindness, distance, equality.* Yabemiya got lost in thought and forgot to be nervous.

Equality, what an unfamiliar word! She had been living in inequality from birth. The restaurant she had worked in catered to elves first, then demons and trolls, and then humans. Hybrids were not even allowed to eat there, no equality left to speak of.

*He said he would treat every customer equally. That means hybrids like me could eat here. And I would be their waitress. That would be great!* The thought brought a smile to Yabemiya's face.

Her smile was like a small white flower blooming in dry soil in winter, not very charming, but extra innocent, seeming to have the ability to purify souls.

"If you like, you can come work tomorrow," Mag said earnestly, looking at Yabemiya.

Her smile was very lovely and, more importantly, very contagious, revealing two sharp canine teeth <sup>1</sup>. *She can cheer people up with that smile. It's a special gift. Maybe she doesn't have to keep her distance from customers deliberately. I think it's better this way.*

"Really?" Yabemiya was taken by surprise. She couldn't believe her ears.

Mag nodded. "Yes. As to your salary, the first month is a probation month, and I'll give you 4,500 copper coins. Your lunch is free, but breakfast and dinner are not. And we don't provide accommodation here. I know you're short on money right now. I will give you a half month's salary in advance so you have money to rent a house and eat." Then he looked at her greasy, patched clothes and thought for a moment before he added, "And I'll give you two sets of working clothes."

"I..." Yabemiya's mouth went wide. She stood there, frozen with surprise. She felt faint from happiness. *I just recited some words, lifted a table, and gave a smile. And he hired me! 4,500 copper coins a month! I only made 800 a month in that kitchen, and they didn't provide food or shelter.*

"System, show me the womenswear catalogue. I need to buy working clothes for my new employee," Mag said in his mind.

"I'm a respectable system. I don't provide womenswear," the system said seriously.

"I want two sets of clothes and two matching shoes. I'll pay cash," Mag said.

The system paused a moment before it asked tentatively, "Well, are you going to buy that window shade at a little higher price?"

"Normally you'll get a discount when you buy more, no? What about 5 gold coins?" Mag asked.

A line of words appeared in Mag's head. "The transaction is done. Six gold coins has been deducted. Manufacturing the window shade. It will be ready in 10 minutes. Spend 10 gold coins or more on anything else, and the window shade will be installed for free."

Mag wanted to criticize the system for making the deal without his consent, but then he thought, *10 gold coins for two sets of clothes and two shoes isn't too much.*

This way, the system would save him the trouble of installing the window shade himself.

The system had clearly grown more enthusiastic after the transaction went through. "What kind of womenswear do you need? I have suits, office lady suits, dresses, slip dresses, sheath dresses... sailor uniforms, maid dresses, school swimsuits..."

"Wait! What?! You're selling sailor uniforms and school swimsuits?! Have a little decency!" Mag twisted his mouth. Then, he said, "I'd like two maid dresses."

## **Chapter 106: Thank You, Boss**

The system of course had many different styles of maid dresses for different occasions. Mag roughly looked through the whole catalogue and chose two long maid dresses, one black and white, the other blue and white, both similar in style.

The system used Rem's picture for its catalogue—a black and white dress revealing delicate collarbones, a white apron, a white bow around the neck, and a white hairband. The other dress's hairband was black. Five pairs of black stockings and five pairs of white ones were bundled with the two dresses.

As to shoes, Mag chose two pairs of flat leather ones—one pair black and one pair white, simple but comfortable. After all, working eight hours in a busy restaurant called for no heels.

"That will be 11 gold coins. The clothes and shoes will start being manufactured after you pay, and will be ready in about five minutes. Do you want to pay now?" the system said.

"Okay. Yes." Mag was pretty happy with the two maid dresses which would not reveal too much of her body. It was kind of his secret addiction, which he couldn't feed anywhere else.

"Payment received. Body measurements taken. Manufacturing the dresses and shoes. They will be ready in five minutes," the system said.

Amy was also very happy that her father hired Yabemiya. "Sister Miya, it's really not a dream. Can't you recognize Aden Square?" Amy said as she looked at Yabemiya, who was still rooted to the spot.

Yabemiya was brought back to earth. She turned to Mag. "The salary... The salary is too high. It's really too much. I only made 800 a month before, so you only need to pay 800. I'll work hard," she said, shaking her head.

Smiling, Mag shook his head. "No, you deserve it. Our target customers are middle and high-class people. You just need to work harder and be more devoted to this job to earn this salary." He opened the menu on the table. "Your free lunch is a plate of Yangzhou fried rice or two roujiamos. When we have more dishes, you can choose anything priced less than 600 copper coins for lunch."

Yabemiya's eyes went wide. "600 copper coins!" she exclaimed as she stared at the price on the menu. *600 for a plate of Yangzhou fried rice! The tasty food I just had should have been this fried rice.*

*But it's not expensive for such an amazing dish,* she thought. Only, she couldn't afford it.

Now she got to eat it every day for free, or she could eat other food of the same price. The price of her free lunch was much higher than her salary.

"It's settled then. And the salary is your probation period salary. Based on your performance in this month, maybe I'll raise your salary. Take a seat. I'll bring you some water and your clothes." Mag signaled her to sit down, and then walked towards the kitchen with the glass on the table.

Second-class waitresses earned at least 4,500 copper coins a month, and their average salary was around 5,000. Yabemiya's prettiness was more than enough for her to become a first-class waitress.

So, Mag was using a first-class waitress to do a third-class one's job, and giving her the salary for a second-class waitress. He was getting the better end of the deal in every way.

Nonetheless, Mag wasn't exactly an exploiter, because Yabemiya couldn't find any job anywhere else even though she didn't ask for much. Otherwise, she wouldn't have fainted from hunger.

Mag provided only free lunches because the ingredients were very expensive—nearly 300 copper coins for a plate of fried rice, much more than her salary. He would sooner raise her salary than provide all three meals for free.

He had a spare room on the second floor, but he didn't like other people sleeping in his house. He wanted to keep his distance from his employee. *I'll just pay her in advance so she can rent a house.*

When Yabemiya took the glass of water from Mag, she was still not quite herself. Luck had always eluded her before, but now after she woke up, she got overwhelmed by the sudden arrival of happiness. She had eaten delicious food, got approval, and even got a job—her most desired job which would enable her to talk with customers!

Most importantly, her monthly salary was as much as 4,500 copper coins, and she got to eat delicious lunch for free! She was drowning in happiness.

Mag understood that it was too much information for her to take in at once. When the system told him the clothes and shoes were finished and bagged in three bags, he went upstairs to collect them and asked the system to print two maid photos for him. After all, people here didn't wear this kind of clothes. If she didn't know how to put them on, it was not proper for him to teach her.

"These are your clothes and shoes. Wear them when you come work tomorrow," Mag said, putting the bags on the table. "Here is 25 gold coins. Find a comfortable and safe place to stay. The money left should be enough for your food this month. You'll get the remaining payment come the first of next month." He handed the coins to Yabemiya.

"Thank you, Boss. I'll work hard." Yabemiya took the coins with her two hands, her eyes watery. It was the first time she had received so much care and recognition.

Mag hired her not out of pity or because he coveted her body, but because he truly believed in her ability to do this job. His trust in her helped her find the meaning of life. She knew now that she was not that bad, and that there was at least one job she could do.

Mag nodded with a smile. "I'll call you Miya. I would very like to see you smile more. You look very pretty when you smile," he said. "You should go and find a house. It'll get dark soon."

"You can do it, Sister Miya! See you tomorrow!" Amy said, waving her little hand.

Yabemiya nodded. "See you." She picked up the three bags, cast a grateful glance at Mag and Amy, and walked out, wondering what kind of clothes were in these bags. She was wearing the clothes her mother left her.

"Father, Sister Miya doesn't have to sell matches anymore, does she?" Amy asked.

Mag nodded, smiling. "No, she doesn't. She'll be a member of our restaurant," he said. *Looks like Amy will get along well with her.*

Now that he had found himself a waitress, Mag felt quite relieved. He gave the system his permission to install the window shade, and went upstairs with Amy to take a bath. When they came downstairs again, the window shade had been installed. It was almost time for dinner. Mag pulled down the

window shade and turned on the crystal chandeliers. No one could see them now. The system's product was of high quality as always.

Mag heard several knocks during dinner and ignored them. After a little while, they left. He was pretty happy with this result.

The next morning, Mag woke up at about 5 am to prepare ingredients. He walked up to the window shade to open it and found a girl in a maid dress standing outside, pouting and gazing at him with an awkward gesture.

## **Chapter 107: Then Let Me Show You**

Yabemiya was looking at herself in the window and making a cute gesture, her lips pouting, her arms extended, her left leg raised backwards. Mag froze for an instant and smiled despite himself.

She was pretty cute.

She was wearing the black and white maid dress today. It fitted her like a glove since it had been customized by the system. She had lean limbs, big breasts, and the dress was very flattering to her body.

She wore a white hairband—her blond hair in a side ponytail on the right—knee-high stockings, and black leather shoes. She looked very energetic right now with that smile.

Yabemiya was startled. She quickly drew back her limbs and straightened, blushing in abashment. *How... How did it become transparent all of a sudden? The boss saw me. So embarrassing!*

Mag opened the door. "Good morning, Miya. You're so early. Come on in," Mag said, smiling. He hadn't expected to see her so early. He hadn't told her when to come here yesterday.

Yabemiya walked over to Mag. "Good morning, Boss. I saw on the door that you open at 7:30 am when I left yesterday, so I thought I should come early to help you," she said with a serious expression, her face still red. Then she added, "I've had breakfast on the way here."

Mag smiled. "I see. You don't have to come so early next time. I can prepare ingredients myself. You just need to work during opening hours." He turned sideways to let her come in. *She's pretty meticulous*, he thought happily.

"I worked in the kitchen for many years. I know how to prepare ingredients. I can wash and cut vegetables, clean the kitchen... I can do a lot of things," Yabemiya said eagerly. She was a better hand at working in the kitchen than greeting and serving people.

Mag shook his head with a smile. "You don't need to do any of those, and I don't think you can cut vegetables for me. I'll tell you if I need any help." The system provided all the ingredients, and he didn't think Yabemiya was capable of processing them for him. *She is pretty enthusiastic, though.*

Mag poured a glass of water for her. "Take a seat and have some rest," Mag said with a smile. "Amy hasn't woken up. I'll go prepare the ingredients. It's your first day working here, so just try to adapt to your new job and the environment. Don't be upset even if anything goes wrong. Just do your best. We'll

be very busy after we open, so enjoy your leisure time now.” Then he turned around and walked towards the kitchen.

“Okay. Thank you, Boss.” Yabemiya held the warm glass in her hands, feeling warmth in her heart. She had been forced to work like an animal by her old boss. She had worked long hours every day with little rest.

However, her new boss didn’t make her do anything they hadn’t agreed on, and he addressed her in a tone that made her feel respected. She hesitated a moment and seated herself. As she studied the beautiful restaurant, she thought, *The dish is priced at 600 copper coins, so the ingredients must be meticulously processed and cooked. I’d do well to just stay here.*

Mag deftly kneaded dough and stewed meat. When he glanced back over his shoulder, she was sitting meekly, quiet. He nodded contentedly. *She is pretty, obedient, quiet, hard-working, and has good manners. It’s not easy to find such a good waitress like her. Guess I’m pretty lucky.*

At around 7 am, Amy woke up and changed into her clothes. She washed up, brushed her teeth, and came downstairs holding Ugly Duckling. She watched Mag at the kitchen door and rubbed her eyes. “Good morning, Father,” she said.

“Morning, Amy,” Mag said, smiling. He took a look at his flour-covered hands, walked over to her, and softly kissed her hair. Then he pointed to Yabemiya. “Miya is here. Go play with her. I’ll make breakfast.”

Amy nodded. “Okay,” she said. “But Father, I have to wait for half-beard grandpa to come here first, and then I’ll eat my fried rice. He promised. So just make one roujiamo for me.”

Smiling, Mag nodded. “All right.” Krassu hadn’t come here the day before last. Amy had mentioned this little agreement of theirs several times now. She was waiting for him to deliver on his promise.

Amy turned around, holding Ugly Duckling in her arms. “Good morning, Sister Miya,” she said. Then her eyes lit up immediately. “Wow, you’re so beautiful today. I like your new clothes.”

Amy’s praise brought a smile to Yabemiya’s face. Abashed, she looked at Amy, and said, “Thank you. Amy’s more beautiful than me.”

Amy thought a moment and nodded. “Yes. I think so too.” She climbed onto the chair opposite the young waitress.

“Meow, meow...” Ugly Duckling regarded Yabemiya with wary curiosity. It had been annoyed by her when she touched its head yesterday, but it found her more pleasant now.

“Is this a cat?” Yabemiya asked curiously, looking at Ugly Darkling. She had never seen an orange and white cat before.

Amy shook her head. “No. Actually, it’s a duckling,” she explained patiently, “but it’s too ugly, so I named it Ugly Duckling. It will become a swan when it grows up.”

The waitress didn’t understand. “It’s a duckling, and it will become a swan?”

Amy nodded. “Yes. I’m waiting for it to grow up.” Then she recalled what Yabemiya had said when she was unconscious. “I’m sure you’ll like it too.”

“Yes. It’s very cute.” She gazed at the kitten. “Can I hold it?” she asked hesitantly.

Amy nodded. “Sure. But we have to ask its permission first,” she said, looking down at Ugly Duckling.

The kitten covered its eyes with one paw and lifted another to signal its refusal to be held by her.

Amy shrugged regretfully. “Looks like it doesn’t want to be held by you right now.”

The waitress drew back her hands. “Such an interesting little thing,” she said, not unhappy. The aroma of stewed meat floated out of the kitchen, so strong that she took a deep sniff. *It’s a little different from Yangzhou fried rice. It should be la zhi roujiamo which is priced at 300 copper coins each on the menu.* She was a little curious and expectant.

“Breakfast is ready.” Mag walked out, holding a plate of Yangzhou fried rice and two roujiamos. He handed a roujiamo to Amy, sat beside her, and started eating.

The rice, which had absorbed the essence of the Spring of Life, would get his body into the best condition. One la zhi roujiamo would pump him up, eliminate his morning weariness, and fill him up with energy.

The aromatic smell made Yabemiya swallow as she gazed at the roujiamo in Amy’s hands.

Amy looked at her roujiamo, and then at Yabemiya. “Sister Miya, do you want to know what la zhi roujiamo tastes like?”

Her body responded spontaneously. She nodded. *Amy will let me try it? What do I do?* she wondered.

“Then let me show you,” Amy said, smiling. She brought the roujiamo to her mouth with two hands and took a bite. Then she nodded merrily. “It’s very tasty!”

## **Chapter 108: Good Morning, Mag**

Yabemiya was taken aback by this turn of events. She had never seen this coming. She watched as Amy enjoyed roujiamo, the look on her face a little odd.

Amy looked so adorable while eating. She was holding the roujiamo in her hands, chewing fast like a little squirrel. She got some gravy on the corner of her lips. The happy and cheerful look on her face made the young waitress swallow many times.

Although she didn’t know the taste of roujiamo, she could tell from the strong aroma and the fact that Amy was stuffing herself that it had to be as delicious as Yangzhou fried rice.

Mag looked at Yabemiya who was swallowing quietly, and then looked down at the roujiamo in his hand. *It’s not easy for her to watch us gorging on such delicious food.* He hesitated a moment before he smiled, and said, “You must be hungry now since you came here so early. Do you want to have a roujiamo now? And you can eat one for lunch.”

“No, no, no. Thank you, Boss. I’m not hungry, and we have an agreement,” Yabemiya said adamantly, shaking her head. Then she looked at the roujiamo in Mag’s hand and asked expectantly, “But, can I have two of these for lunch?”



“Sure.” Mag nodded. *It’s impressive that she can resist the good food and follow the rules.* Mag got back to eating his food and said not a word.

“Meow!!!” the kitten in Amy’s arms shouted at Mag, revealing its teeth, its eyes staring at the fried rice before Mag full of desire. Apparently, the sheep milk couldn’t satisfy it anymore.

“Father, can Ugly Duckling eat anything else?” asked Amy.

The kitten looked at Mag, expectant.

Mag thought for a moment and shook his head. “It’s not even a week old. We’d better feed it milk for another one or two days.” Little kittens had a fragile stomach. Although Ugly Duckling might not be a normal cat, it was still too soon for it to eat the chewy vegetables in the fried rice.

“Meow, meow...” Ugly Duckling cried out in frustration. It looked up at the ceiling, tears welling up in its eyes.

After they finished eating breakfast, people were already lining up outside.

“I’m famished. I ate nothing yesterday. I’ll have to eat four roujiamos for breakfast!” Harrison said, smiling.

Gjergj curled his lip, standing behind him. “As if I would believe that. I guess you only skipped super,” he said.

Harrison laughed. “You’ve guessed right! There’s no school today, but why didn’t Parmer tag along? He always likes following you around.”

“He said a child visited his school yesterday, and she beat him at arithmetic. He was sad for a whole evening. He woke up in the morning to try to memorize the multiplication table. He said he wouldn’t go out until he has memorized the whole thing. So I’ll bring some food home for him.”

Harrison’s eyes went wide. “She’s even better than our arithmetic genius? And she’s not a student there? That’s very interesting!” He laughed. “Looks like it’s a terrible blow to him. Maybe you should buy a roujiamo for him to cheer him up.”

Gjergj shook his head. “I don’t think it’s a good idea. If Miranda saw the roujiamo, she would definitely want to eat it. I’ll take him with me when I come here tomorrow. I guess he’ll feel better by then.” Then he smiled, and added, “Actually, it’s not a bad thing for him. He always thought of himself as the brightest student in his class before. He played with Parbor every day after school. Now this little blow has motivated him to study harder.”

Harrison waved his hand. “Boys are not girls. Let him play. I’m free tomorrow. I’ll take them to the stud farm and then eat here.”

Gjergj nodded. “All right. Then I won’t go to the forge tomorrow. We’ll introduce my boys to the little girl here. I’m sure they’ll like her.”

A man cast a glance through the window and saw Yabemiya. “Why, there’s a young girl inside. Could she be the owner’s wife?”

“Mag rested a day to find a wife?”

“I don’t think so. Maybe she’s a waitress. The restaurant is so busy, Mag can’t handle it himself.”

They started talking about who the girl was while waiting. Now no customers knocked at Mag’s door except for the new ones. They knew he wouldn’t open until restaurant’s opening hours. No one dared to kick the door down, because the last thing they wanted was to get banned.

Sargerass had paid 10 gold coins for a chair, so apparently this exquisite wooden door was worth dozens of gold coins.

“Customers are here. Should I open the door to let them in?” Yabemiya said as she looked at the long line outside, ready to stand up.

Mag shook his head. “No. Don’t open the door. We open at 7:30.” He turned over the menu on the table and pushed it towards Yabemiya. “Our rules. Take a look. You can warn them when they break the rules. If they don’t listen, just tell me.”

Yabemiya was taken by surprise. *Don’t open the door?* She had only seen people waiting outside the Fryer Tavern and few other busy restaurants on Aden Square during dinner hours, but never in the early morning.

And yet, her boss wouldn’t let those customers come in until opening time! She hesitated a moment and refrained from asking stupid questions. Then, she dropped her gaze to the menu. She saw four rules in gold letters: a, no yelling in the restaurant...

She grew amazed as she read the rules.

As far as she was concerned, customers always came first. Restaurants should even try to meet their occasional unreasonable demands.

However, Mag had shown her a completely different restaurant, a restaurant of equity.

Customers were welcome to eat here, but they would be asked to leave if they didn’t follow the rules. She hadn’t heard anything like this before, and now, she had to execute these rules.

“Miya, clear the table. I’ll open the door. Your work starts now,” Mag said to Yabemiya as he finished eating his roujiamo, smiling. He rose to his feet and walked over to the customers. The door opened with a “ding”.

They smiled and greeted Mag, complaining about yesterday.

“Good morning, Mag,” Krassu said as he walked in. He hadn’t come yesterday and the day before. He had trimmed his beard, and it was shorter yet neater now.

Mag nodded. “Good morning.” He narrowed his eyes. *He hasn’t given up.*

Amy’s face lit up as she saw Krassu. “Half-beard grandpa, you said you would buy me something to eat. I know what I want to eat!”

**Chapter 109: Don’t Be Frightened. I’m Just A Demon**

Although Mag didn't like Krassu getting too close to Amy, he had no reason to ban him.

After all, it was not against his dining rules to take Amy in as a disciple, and he wasn't strong enough to force this powerful magic caster to leave, so all he could do was watch him carefully in case he lured Amy away.

Amy's words made some customers laugh. They had overheard their little agreement the other day.

"Okay. What do you want to eat? Just tell me and I'll buy it for you," Krassu said with a smile, taking a seat at Amy's table.

"I want a plate of Yangzhou fried rice," Amy said, smiling. "You said you would pay for me. You can't go back on your promise."

"I won't." Krassu pulled six gold coins from his purse and handed them to Amy. "Here, six gold coins," he said, a little embarrassed but happy.

"Thank you, half-bearded grandpa." Amy took the coins happily and lifted her head to wink at Mag, giving a self-satisfied smile.

Mag shook his head, smiling. Krassu had planned to create an opportunity to spend some time with Amy alone so that he could check her magic talent. He had failed and fallen for Amy's trick, but he had found out that Amy had a great talent.

It wasn't bad news for Mag. *Amy's magic talent must be really good if even such a powerful magic caster wants to take her in as a disciple. She may become a very powerful magic caster too.*

As Krassu had said, one had to be strong to live in this world.

However, Mag didn't have to be strong. He just needed to be rich. He could buy all kinds of stuff from the system.

After all, it was too late for Mag to start training. It was much easier to buy strength from the system. Besides, he could upgrade his restaurant.

Yabemiya cleared the table and walked out of the kitchen quickly. She stood beside Mag with her legs together, smiling like him. Her body was a little rigid, her heart pounding, and her mind blank with nervousness.

"Who is this young lady, Mag?" Harrison asked curiously, looking at Yabemiya. He knew at the first glance that she was a half-dragon, but her extraordinary clothes and her delicate collarbones which were showing through her dress were very charming. The black stockings on her slim legs and her white hairband looked strange to him.

Some customers also stared at Mag and Yabemiya out of curiosity, waiting for Mag to answer the question that had been baffling them.

*Amy is a half-elf, so clearly her mother is an elf. This young lady is not her mother.*

*Although she's a half-dragon, her smile is very pleasant, like a fresh breath of spring, making us feel wonderful,* they thought.

"She's our waitress, Yabemiya," Mag said, smiling. *Most of the people lining up here are regulars. They like Amy, so they should be more open to hybrids.* And he was right.

Harrison snapped his fingers. "See? I told you she's a waitress," he said gloatingly to Gjergj. Then he gave Mag a thumbs-up. "Mag, your eyes are pretty sharp. She fits the style of your restaurant perfectly."

Mag nodded, smiling. He liked what Harrison had just said. He did have sharp eyes.

Yabemiya blushed, not out of abashment, but because she was a little excited. No customer had ever complimented her before. Although Harrison was mainly praising Mag, she still felt a little flattered.

Gjergj nodded. "Yes. I like her smile, it's very contagious." He smiled and walked in with Harrison.

Other customers were all smiling at her with admiring eyes. Somehow, they didn't find hybrids unpleasant anymore; maybe it was because of Amy. They liked Amy, and now they felt attracted to Yabemiya.

Yabemiya smiled more confidently. She straightened her back and felt less nervous and more important. She represented the restaurant from now on, and her manners would affect customers' impression of them. She didn't want to fail Mag's trust.

After the customers had all entered, Mag loosed his grip on the door handle. "Relax, Miya. I'll take the orders of the first 10 customers, and you'll take it from there. Do you think you can handle it?" he said, watching Yabemiya.

She nodded solemnly. "Yes." Her right fist was clenched. Obviously, she was still a little nervous.

Amy walked over to her, holding Ugly Duckling in her arms. "You can do it, Sister Miya," she said as she looked up at her, holding her little fist up. Then she shook her kitten, signaling it to encourage her.

"Meow..." Ugly Duckling cried out reluctantly.

Yabemiya nodded. Her heart felt warm as she looked at Mag, Amy, and the kitten.

Mag walked inside and started taking orders.

"I'd like three plates of Yangzhou fried rice, Mag. Please serve two plates first and the last one later," Krassu said to Mag with a smile.

Mag nodded. "Okay, please wait a sec." Of course one plate was for Amy. After he took the orders of the first 10 customers, he strode into the kitchen quickly and started cooking.

Although Yabemiya was still a little nervous and couldn't even speak fluently, she tried to smile and began taking orders.

The door opened with a "ding".

"Welco—"The sight of Sargerass startled her before she could finish her words. He held an iron chair in his hand, his head bald, skin covered with lava cracks; he looked very frightening.

Sarger was also taken aback by this unfamiliar face. Seeing that he had scared her, he became a little nervous. He waved his hand quickly. "Don't be frightened. I'm just a demon."

## Chapter 110: Ordinary Dad

Sarger's words put a smile on the nervous waitress's face again. Yabemiya's tension was gone. She suddenly felt even a demon looked less frightening if he was a customer. She nodded. "Welcome."

Her smile surprised him. It was such an innocent smile, like fresh morning dew on the top of a mountain, softening his lava heart.

*Such a beautiful smile!* he thought. Just the sight of her smile was enough to chase away his gloom. He smiled back, put down his iron chair, and seated himself at the table by the door. *She should be a waitress.* He managed a smile. "I'd like five roujiamos," he said, trying to lower his voice.

Yabemiya nodded, smiling. "Okay, please wait a moment." She strode towards the kitchen. Now that all the orders had been taken, she started serving food.

"Good morning, Big Bald Head," Amy said to Sarger like an old friend. He might look frightening, but Amy found him mild.

"Good morning," Sarger said quickly. Although Amy might be the last person he wanted to mess with, he liked her, especially when she tricked Krassu. He had laughed his butt off when she burned his beard. Watching the old man sitting with her, he wanted to laugh again.

Mag only needed to focus on cooking in the kitchen now. Yabemiya was serving roujiamos and fried rice to the customers quickly. She raised the efficiency by one-third at least.

"System, can I get a bigger oven?" Mag asked, watching the bai ji bread in the oven. They needed to be cooked for about 10 minutes.

"You have no right to upgrade the kitchenware now," answered the system.

"Then give me another of the same size," Mag said directly.

"You have to upgrade to lv2 first," said the system.

Mag raised an eyebrow. "System, have you ever heard the story of Zhou Bapi <sup>1</sup> ? You're just like him."

"Sorry, your comparison doesn't apply here. I never crew like a cock in the middle of the night," the system said seriously. "But I recommend you extend your opening hours to earn more money."

"You're a Zhou Bapi, after all. You don't crow like a cock, but you want to extend my working time," Mag said with contempt. "System, I'll never extend opening hours. I like my current life. I'm pretty wealthy. Making money is hard work. I will not spend 50,000 gold coins on a lot of useless stuff. I don't think I'll ever want to upgrade."

The system remained silent for a long time. "You'll benefit a lot from the upgrading," it said hesitantly. "You'll gain the right to buy the kitchenware you have now and middle-sized kitchenware; you'll be able

to add a protection system to the restaurant; you'll get a chance to change the restaurant for free. And we have some surprises in store for you."

"Amy has incredible magic talent. I'm ordinary, and I'd like to stay that way. I'm not interested in your protection system," Mag said airily.

The system's silence was even longer than the one before. After Mag cooked two plates of Yangzhou fried rice, it said at last, "Small-sized oven, 15 gold coins each. Maximum purchase quantity: one!"

Mag frowned. "Make it a little cheaper?" he asked with a twist of his mouth.

The system said solemnly, "The oven is very reliable. The bai ji bread made by it—"

"Yeah, yeah. I don't want to hear it," Mag interrupted, shaking his head. Then he added, "I'll buy one, then. But give it to me tonight."

Although looking calm on the outside, Mag was pretty happy within. *Depreciating its commodities to turn the tables on it works every time.*

Being an ordinary dad was all well and good, but he dreamed of being able to protect his daughter one day.

A line of words appeared in Mag's head. "15 gold coins has been deducted. Manufacturing the oven. Remarks: deliver it tonight." Then the system fell silent.

Mag continued cooking, feeling great.

Mag prepared 16 more loaves of bai ji bread for breakfast now that he had a waitress, but they sold out again before 9 am. Yabemiya had indeed increased the efficiency.

At nine o'clock, Mag walked out of the kitchen. Yabemiya was about to take a customer's order. He signaled her to stop, and walked over to the customer with a smile. "I'm sorry, Sir. Our opening time is over, and roujiamos are sold out. Please come back later."

"I see..." the customer said disappointedly. He had heard about the rules, so he left without a word.

"Boss, is this..." Yabemiya said hesitantly, watching the customer leave. She didn't understand.

"We follow the opening hours here. It's a rule I made when I started this business," he explained, smiling, and walked to the door to turn over the sign.

Yabemiya nodded, thoughtful. *It's understandable since this restaurant is different.* Her smile returned.

"You did a pretty good job for your first day, and only made two mistakes. Keep up the good work," Mag said to Yabemiya.

The young waitress nodded, her face red, her eyes shining with joy. "Thank you, Boss. I will."

For the first time, she knew she could do something right and that she was not useless.

Mag nodded, smiling. Yabemiya was skinny yet energetic. She was doing four jobs all by herself—greeting customers, taking orders, serving food, clearing tables. She had made two small mistakes, but she had defused the embarrassment with her earnest smiles.

She did a much better job than Mag had expected. She was really talented.

“Yes. Sister Miya is amazing. We made much more this morning,” Amy said as she sat behind the counter, counting coins, her eyes shining with excitement. Money was her number two priority next to good food.

“Come on. Let me show you how to work this dishwasher and then you can clean the restaurant.” Mag walked into the kitchen with Yabemiya and showed her how to use it.

The dishwasher was very user-friendly. Although Yabemiya found this dish-washing iron box very magical, she learned how to work it in a short while. Actually, she found many things in this restaurant strange, except pots and pans.

“Amy, let’s buy some milk for Ugly Duckling,” Mag said, and then left with his daughter. He had more leisure time now. It was another benefit of having a waitress.