

## Stay At home 1011

### Chapter 1011 Then Let Me Make A Ugly Duckling Firs

He cursed the system silently 10 times for making him face a duel for no reason before continuing shopping around the marketplace with Amy, who looked regretful. “Big Brother, are you going to let that fellow off just like that?” Eugene was indignant.

“Eugene, how many times have I told you that in Chaos City, you need to think before you act. If you break the rules, you will be locked up. When that happens, we will not be able to continue our roast chicken business, and will have to go back to the tribe,” Fabien said helplessly.

“But that fellow—”

“Since he had already arranged a roast chicken battle with us, we’ll just have to wait for that fair duel at the place he mentioned three days later. He was right. Chefs have their way of battling. Fighting and killing aren’t how a chef should act,” Fabien interrupted Eugene.

“Mamy Restaurant? It’s quite a famous restaurant, right? Could he be the boss?”

“The missing-person notice a couple of days ago was given out by Mamy Restaurant. I heard that the food in the restaurant is delicious.”

“In that case, we can go over and take a look three days later.”

The passersby were all talking about it, and some were prepared to go over to watch the show.

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After walking around for a while more, Mag brought Amy back to the restaurant. The little fellow ran over to the magic potion shop with Ugly Duckling to look for Black Coal and Green Pea, while he returned to the kitchen to start studying that experience bag he received.

Just like before, when he opened the glimmering, gold experience bag, the recipe and experience for making beggar’s chicken rushed into his mind.

The most famous beggar’s chicken was naturally Changshu’s beggar’s chicken. It was famous because of “The Legend of the Condor Heroes”, but it was already very difficult to find one that was cooked in the traditional way: wrapped in lotus leaves, covered in clay, and then cooked with coal. Mag had only had it twice in the past. The first one was not bad, but on the second time, he had to leave after taking a small bite.

In a modernized kitchen, the current trend was to make it using the microwave oven or oven. Many even made do without the lotus leaves. However, in order to taste the authentic beggar’s chicken, one would naturally have to use the traditional method.

This beggar’s chicken recipe that the system provided should be considered an improved recipe from the traditional beggar’s chicken. However, the essential clay, lotus leaves, and coal were not left out because it was troublesome. Without them, the essence of the beggar’s chicken would be lost.

Without the test field for the God of Cookery chance, and with only three days, Mag had to make use of all the time he had to create a delicious beggar's chicken.

Luckily, the system unlocked all the ingredients, and also provided the kitchenware needed for making beggar's chicken. At this moment, beside the roast duck oven, there was an additional three-tier coal oven. It was a highly efficient coal oven that the system designed specially to roast beggar's chicken.

Mag closed his eyes to digest the sudden influx of information in his brain. When he opened his eyes again, everything was clear.

"Alright, let's start with this chicken first." Mag put on the apron that was hanging at the side, took out a defeathering tool, and prepared three yellow chickens[1].

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In the evening, Amy peeked her little head into the kitchen, and asked Mag, "Father, Big Sister Xixi also wants to join tonight's birthday party. Shouldn't we set off now?"

Mag looked at the three yellow chickens that were completely stuffed in his hands and nodded with satisfaction. He glanced at his watch. It was almost 5 pm. He quickly put the three yellow chickens back into the fridge and took his apron off. He said, "Yes, we should be setting off."

"Amy told me about that child. I want to take a look. Perhaps I can provide some help for him," Xixi told Mag at the restaurant's entrance.

"Your healing magic is so powerful. If it works, that child will be really lucky." Mag nodded. Xixi was the most powerful healing magic caster he had seen so far. Great Dryad's nature magic did have a very strong healing ability.

The closed sign was already hung on the door of the ice cream shop, and the curtains were down to block out people's gazes.

Mag knocked on the door, and Miya opened it quickly. When she saw the people standing at the door, she smilingly said, "Boss, you guys are here."

"How are the preparations?" Mag asked as he walked in.

"Almost done. We didn't have to decorate much because our shop's theme was originally snow and ice." Miya nodded, and only then noticed Xixi and Lulu, who were behind Mag. Surprised, she said, "Sister Xixi, you're here too!"

"Yes, I want to take a look at the child to see if I can do anything for him," Xixi said with a nod.

Miya exclaimed, "That's great! Sister Xixi's magic is so powerful. I am sure little Kyle would be cured."

"You'd better not tell them about this first. There are still many illnesses I cannot cure," Xixi said with caution.

"Mm-hm. I understand." Miya nodded.

The temperature in the ice cream shop was a little lower than outside, at almost 0°C.

Other than the full white decoration, there was also a pile of snow that was around 20 centimeters deep on the empty space on the floor and cabinets of the restaurant, looking as though the place was in an icy snow land.

Elizabeth, Firis, and the others were all there. Anna was sitting in the corner, making a small snowman. Blour, who was back in male clothing, was sitting at the side, watching quietly.

When she heard them, Anna turned around and beckoned Amy over. "Amy, come over here quickly. Let's build little snowmen. Big Sister Elizabeth made us a lot of snow just now."

"Okay, okay!" Amy replied merrily. She put Ugly Duckling on the floor and ran towards Anna.

"Meow~" After leaving the warm embrace, Ugly Duckling shuddered, but quickly ran over with Amy happily. However, it did not manage to stop in time, and ended up crashing into a thick pile of snow in the corner, leaving only two hind legs and a tail dangling outside as it failed to struggle free.

"Look, I told you you're fat, and you didn't believe me. You can even get stuck in snow." Amy grabbed Ugly Duckling's legs with some disdain and pulled it out from the snow, making a soft "pop" and leaving a cat hole in the snow.

"Meow~" Ugly Duckling shook its head to shake off the snow on its head and looked innocently at Amy.

Amy ignored it and squatted beside Anna, watching her make little snow animals like rabbits and sheep. She could not help but praise, "Little Sister Anna, that's impressive. The little snowmen you make look so pretty."

"Amy can do it too. It's super simple," Anna said with a smile.

"I can do it too? Then let me make an Ugly Duckling first." Amy nodded and picked up a lump of snow. She rolled it into a round snowball and poked three holes in it, and then put it beside Ugly Duckling. She nodded with satisfaction. "Mm-hm, it's exactly the same."

## **Chapter 1012 Is It Time To Eat The Cake?**

"Meow, meow?"

Ugly Duckling looked confusedly at the round snowball.

Anna also stared at the snowball for a while before continuing to make a snowman as she stifled her giggle.

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"Boss, is this arrangement okay?" Yabemiya asked Mag.

"It's very thoughtful. I believe little Kyle will like it." Mag nodded and pulled his clothes to cover himself tighter as he said, "But this temperature seems a little too low for someone ill. Although the theme for tonight is ice and snow, the temperature can't be too low."

"But if we increase the temperature, the ice and snow will melt," Miya said.

"Leave that to me." Mag walked over to the central air conditioning control board.

One of the basic functions of this air conditioning system that the system set up back then was localized temperature control. However, the operation was a little complicated. Usually, Miya and the rest would basically use the idiot-proof one-button operation that the system set to match the day's weather and humidity to give the customers the most comfortable dining experience.

The moment the heater was switched on, the temperature in the central area started to rise to around 20°C, while the peripheral regions remained at 0°C. That way, there would not be any changes to the previous setup because of the rise in temperature.

When he felt the temperature rise and the air become warmer, Mag nodded with satisfaction. Although it might not necessarily help the child, if this was going to be his last birthday, hopefully he would be able to spend it happily.

"The temperature really became higher only in the center! That's impressive, Boss!" Miya exclaimed after walking back and forth in the peripheral region.

"Is the ice cream cake ready?" Mag walked over to the work area.

"It's already ready. Mr. Curtis had already paid the deposit. He wanted the biggest cake, so we made a 32-inch three-tier ice cream cake," Miya said as she followed behind Mag.

He had to admit that Miya was indeed talented in dessert and cake-making. On the 32-inch ice cream cake, there were two orcs, one large and one small, on the top tier, looking into the distance as they huddled together. Their life-like eyes were filled with hope.

"Very good." Mag nodded. This was already beyond what he had taught Miya. She was really talented.

"This is a birthday party, so be more relaxed later and let the children have fun," Mag told everyone in the restaurant when he walked out of the work area.

Everyone nodded and understood what Mag meant.

"Ding~"

The doorbell rang.

"Coming." Miya's eyes lit up, and she walked towards the door.

When she opened the door, a tall and skinny orc stood at the door, holding a skinny little orc.

The lights in the shop dimmed immediately, and the colored lights lit up on the snow, presenting a beautiful world of ice and snow.

The little orc's listless eyes lit up immediately as though he had discovered a new land. The glistening ice elves and setting filled with snow made him feel as though he had fallen into a wonderland.

"Wow, it's beautiful," the little orc exclaimed and subconsciously let go of his father's hand as he walked into the ice cream shop alone. The place looked like it just snowed heavily. There were thick piles of snow and little snowmen. Everything looked so real that a pure smile hung on his slightly pale face.

Tears welled up in Curtis's eyes. Ever since Kyle had fallen ill, he had not seen a smile on his face for a very long time. He looked at the people in the shop with gratitude.

“What a pity I didn’t get to see what it looked like when it snowed, ‘ Kyle said with a slight disappointment.

“Happy birthday to you, happy birthday to you, happy birthday to you...” Just then, the birthday song was sung gently. Firis and Babla pushed a giant ice cream cake with a thin candle on it out on a little cart.

At the same time, snowflakes started fluttering in the sky, descending slowly from nowhere.

“It’s snowing! It’s snowing!!!”

Little Kyle was stunned for a while before he exclaimed in surprise. He reached his little hand out to hold the snowflakes. When the snowflakes landed on his hand, it felt cold, but they quickly melted. The smile on his face became wider as though he had seen the most beautiful thing in the world.

Curtis turned his head around to wipe his tears. He looked at little Kyle with his eyes red. What a nice child he would be if he did not fall ill. Why must my child be down with such illness... Why must he endure such pain!

What illness is this? Why is he so pale? Mag frowned slightly and looked at Kyle. Usually, an orc’s skin was green, but this child looked like an orc with faded colors. His exposed skin was almost white, and he was probably so greatly tortured by the illness that he was only left with skin and bones.

He was just a five- to six-year-old child, and that broke Mag’s heart.

Miya walked to little Kyle with a crown and put it on his head with a smile as she said, “Happy birthday, little Kyle!”

“Happy birthday!” everyone said with a smile, making the atmosphere cozy and welcoming.

“Thank you, Big Sister Miya. Thank you... Thank you, everyone,” Kyle said as he stifled a cry.

Kyle looked at the large cake and the smiles on everyone’s faces, and tears welled up in his eyes as well.

“This is a birthday party your father prepared for you. Let us spend your birthday with you today,” Miya said.

“Mm-hm.” Kyle nodded. He turned back to look at Curtis. “Thank you, Father.”

“It’s said that if you make a wish before blowing out the candle, the wish will come true. Now, little Kyle, close your eyes and make a wish before blowing the candle out with your father,” Miya said with a smile.

Curtis walked over, picked Kyle up, and walked towards the cake.

Kyle closed his eyes and put his hands together as he made a wish in silence. After that, he opened his eyes and blew the candle out with Curtis.

“I hope that even if I were to leave, Father can continue living happily and healthily,” Kyle said softly as he looked at Curtis.

Curtis tightened his grip on Kyle, and his tears fell silently.

The shop fell silent all of a sudden. Everyone could not bear to watch this scene.

What a nice child. Why did he have to fall ill with such a strange disease?

Just then, Amy peeked her little head out, and asked, "After blowing the candle out, is it time to eat the cake?" She looked at the three-tier ice cream cake and gulped.

The silence remained for a while. Everyone had a slightly strange expression.

Curtis wiped his tears and squeezed out a smile as he said, "Little Kyle, let's cut the cake together and share it with big brothers and sisters and the children."

### **Chapter 1013 There Is No Illness That A Bowl of Red Braised Pork Can't Cure**

The surface of the ice cream cake was laid with a variety of fruits. The cake was easily cut into small pieces with a cake server rinsed in hot water, and the pieces were then put on small plates and passed to everyone.

As the delicious food was shared, the atmosphere in the shop slowly became lively again.

There was also a smile on little Kyle's face. Ever since he fell ill, his father did not allow him to have ice cream. Snowflakes and ice cream were his favorite things. Now that he had them all, he felt very blissful.

After having the ice cream cake, little Kyle's mood looked obviously better as he had fun building snowmen and having a snow fight with Amy and Anna at the side.

Curtis bowed deeply with his eyes reddened to Mag and the rest as he saw Kyle full of smiles, and gratefully said, "Thank you, thank you so much."

"You're welcome, Mr. Curtis. We merely did what we could." Mag shook his head. He could understand how difficult it must have been for a father who had been putting in so much effort for his child.

Miya hesitantly said, "Mr. Curtis, what do you plan to do after this?"

Curtis was a little gloomy as he said, "The doctor said that nothing can be done. I plan to bring him back to the orc tribe to meet his grandfather."

Just then, Xixi stood up, and said to Curtis, "I am a healing magic caster. I cannot guarantee that I can cure your child, but if you don't mind, perhaps I can take a look at your child's condition."

Curtis's eyes exploded with rays of hope as he quickly said, "Please do."

Xixi walked towards the children who were playing, but did not give Kyle a checkup straight away. Instead, she played with the children and summoned a World Tree under the pretense of a game. The green glow enveloped Kyle's body.

"How can this be..." Xixi had a sympathetic look on her face. She drove the World Tree to inject the green glow into Kyle's body. A withered leaf fell from the tree, and Kyle's pale face regained a little color.

"Kyle..." Curtis looked at Xixi, who walked back over, nervously.

The others were also filled with anticipation.

Xixi shook her head apologetically. "The child's condition is very serious. His bodily functions are almost withering, and are continuing to wither. It is completely irreversible and uncontrollable. What I can do is only supplement him a little to slow down his condition for the time being, but this can only last for only around 10 days."

"10 days..." Curtis was a little disappointed, but he still bowed to Xixi and gratefully said, "Thank you."

Everyone sighed silently. Xixi's words were akin to giving Kyle a death notice. 10 days was his final period in this world.

"System, can you do a check-up on Kyle's body with the omniscient door to see what illness he has? Is it treatable?" Mag asked inside. It was really difficult to just watch helplessly.

"If the host wants to open the omniscient door outside the establishment, you need to pay a roaming fee," the system replied.

"99 copper coins. Nothing more."

"Hey! Host, this is such a complicated process, and you're not even willing to give me 100! Isn't that a little too much?!" the system said angrily.

"Then 100 copper coins it is."

"Deal!" the system said decisively. "Starting the scan!"

"Kyle, Orc, Male. Suffering from acute leukemia. Already in the final stage of his illness."

Mag looked at the information that surfaced in his brain, and his heart felt heavy. The final stage of acute leukemia would be equivalent to the death sentence. That was nothing different from Xixi's previous diagnosis.

"System, didn't you say you're almighty? Even Earth could develop targeted therapy. It shouldn't be a problem for you to develop some effective medicine to treat leukemia, right?" Mag provoked.

"The system stands on the shoulders of human civilization. It is naturally no problem for me to develop an effective medicine, but this is a foreign world. As a candidate for the God of Cookery, can't the host solve such a simple problem? Isn't this a problem that a simple dish can solve?" the system said.

"Hmm?" Mag raised his brow. Was there a hidden meaning behind the system's words? Could there actually be a cure for leukemia among the dishes that he made?

"Host, the ingredients used in the restaurant are harvested in the various areas of the Norland Continent where the essence of heaven and earth converge. If it was in the fantastical realm, then they would be the legendary treasures of the land. Just randomly throw a radish in, and that would be enough to cause a fight among those cultivating to be immortals. Let's just talk about the Fiery Pig in Fire Dragon Island. It feeds on the iron ore in the volcanic rock of Fire Dragon Island which is rich in iron and has also absorbed the explosive attributes of the volcanic rocks. It can be considered a natural remedy for leukemia."

“Although I have always kept a very low profile, as a qualified candidate for the God of Cookery, these things are very basic knowledge, host. You should know them. Otherwise, how can you serve the medicinal dishes to your customers?”

The system’s voice was filled with a rich sense of superiority.

Mag could not be bothered about the system being pretentious, because to be able to rear a pig into a medicinal ingredient was indeed... impressive!

“System, Kyle’s leukemia is already in the final stage. Are you sure he can still recover after eating red braised pork made with Fiery Pig?” Mag was slightly nervous.

“500 grams of red braised pork eaten with white rice for three meals a day. Seven days make a course of treatment. He would be able to recover completely after seven courses,” the system replied.

You’re forcing me to become the new generation of the God of Medicine... Mag thought with mixed emotions. However, the system’s words were undeniably great news.

Mag looked at Curtis, who was filled with melancholy, and said, “Mr. Curtis. I am Mag, the owner of Mamy Restaurant, and also the owner of this ice cream shop. I’ve come across little Kyle’s illness before, and I have an old remedy. If you believe me, perhaps we can give it a try.”

“Are you serious?” Curtis looked at Mag with surprise. He had brought little Kyle to countless famous physicians. There were a few who said that they had come across such symptoms, but those with such illnesses all died, and the doctors could not do anything about it.

“I’ve seen someone cured of this illness using this remedy.” Mag nodded his head with certainty. At this juncture, he had to convince himself first. Otherwise, even he wouldn’t be able to bring himself to say that they could depend on a bowl of red braised pork to cure leukemia.

“Mr. Mag, please save Kyle. I am willing to give up everything. I just hope for him to live.” Curtis fell to his knees in front of Mag.

“Mr. Curtis, get up first. You don’t have to do this.” Mag quickly helped Curtis up. He looked at him, and said, “To cure little Kyle’s illness, bring him to Mamy Restaurant from tomorrow onwards and order a serving of red braised pork with rice for three meals a day. Continue on for 49 days and he would be completely cured.”

### **Chapter 1014 The Story Of Nian**

The ice cream shop became silent. Everyone looked at Mag strangely. It was a strange disease that even nature magic could not heal, but Mag actually said that as long as he went to the restaurant and had red braised pork for three meals a day, he could be completely healed? Wasn’t that too absurd?

He’s not even letting go of the money from a child that’s about to die, isn’t that a little too much? Blour thought as he looked at Mag with a frown.

Although the food Boss makes is indeed delicious and extraordinary, could it really cure little Kyle’s illness? Miya was also a little uncertain. Even though Mag had always been very dependable, this was about little Kyle’s life and death. Could a bowl of red braised pork really be the cure?



Curtis's jaw dropped too when he heard that. For a moment, he did not know what to say. This was the first time he heard someone say the words "completely cured". He had tried so many cures, but to no avail, and watched as Kyle's condition worsened. Actually, he was already not holding on to much hope.

This man runs a restaurant, after all, and not a medicinal hall. Besides, the old remedy he mentioned has nothing to do with herbs or treatments, but is to eat a specific dish in his restaurant.

If he met him outside, he would definitely give this conman a slap in his face.

But they had, after all, just organized such a thoughtfully planned birthday party for Kyle, and that magic caster even extended Kyle's life for 10 days. This Mr. Mag did not look like a conman, either. This put him in a difficult position.

"Boss Mag, the child's condition... might be slightly more serious than you think..." Xixi hesitated to speak as she looked at Mag. She knew that the dishes Mag made did have several extraordinary effects, and could even bring new life to her World Tree. However, she had just checked on little Kyle's body, and his bodily functions were completely destroyed. Even using life magic was not able to save him.

Even I wouldn't believe it after saying that. Mag looked at everyone's gaze. He felt a little helpless too. If it had been him, he would probably have already landed a punch on the other party's face.

"If Father says it can cure him, then it would definitely be able to cure him. I believe in Father," Amy, who walked over with a snowball in her hand, said with certainty as she looked at Mag.

"I believe in Uncle Mag too." Anna nodded.

Seeing the trust in the two little fellows' gazes, Mag started to believe in himself too. He looked at Curtis calmly, and said, "Mr. Curtis, you might find it a little incredible, but I can take responsibility for my words. Of course, you are little Kyle's father. You have the right to not believe me."

Xixi looked at Mag's gaze, thought for a while, and did not speak further.

She had always thought that Boss Mag was a mature and kind man. He definitely would not joke about something like this. He probably really had a way if he was able to say something so resolutely.

Everyone slowly believed him. The restaurant was not lacking customers. Many who lined up were not even able to get a taste of it. Mag did not need to lie to make Curtis buy a set of red braised pork.

Curtis was a little hesitant. If Kyle was really to depart, he would like to bring him back to their hometown because he had not been out of Chaos City before.

But if what Mag said was true, he would miss a chance to save Kyle's life, and he would regret it for the rest of his life.

"Father, I want to try Uncle's suggestion." Just then, little Kyle walked over and reached out to hold Curtis's hand. He looked up at him. "I still want to live on with you..."

Curtis's tears fell immediately. He wiped them away quickly and looked at Mag as he said, "Mr. Mag, I believe you. I am willing to give you all my assets as long as it can cure Kyle. Please save him..."

Mag reached out to Curtis, who had gone down on his knees again, with a smile and shook his head as he said, "I don't want your assets. You just need to foot the bill for the meal every day. There are quite a lot of customers in the restaurant. Remember to bring the child earlier to line up."

"Alright, I will." Curtis nodded hard as his eyes gleamed with gratitude.

The children played with the snow for a while more, and the birthday party ended on a happy note.

When the door opened, the three children rushed out first.

"It's snowing! It's really snowing!"

Amy's excited voice came from outside.

Everyone walked out and was equally surprised. The soft snow fell slowly from the sky, looking extremely beautiful.

"It's the first snow of the year. It came earlier than the previous years," Yabemiya said with a smile as she reached her hand out to catch the snowflakes and watch them melt on her palm.

The children had been playing with snow for the entire night, but when they saw the snowflakes falling from the sky, they were still very excited.

"Alright, Amy, it's time to go. We still have to go to school tomorrow," Mag said with a smile.

"Goodbye, everyone." Amy picked Ugly Duckling up and waved at the rest of them. She ran over to Mag and held his hand.

The rest of them also parted.

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"Father, I am very happy today. Thank you," Kyle said with a smile as he hugged his father in the horse-drawn carriage.

"I am very happy too." Curtis held Kyle tightly, and gently said, "It's all going to be fine. You will recover very soon, and when that happens, you will be able to have a snow fight with the children in the snow."

"Really?"

"Of course."

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After washing up, Amy lay on her little bed and used Ugly Duckling's tummy as a hand-warmer. She looked at Mag, who was sitting by the bed, expectantly and said, "Father, would the entire world be covered in snow tomorrow morning?"

"If the snow is heavy enough tonight, that should be the case." Mag nodded with a smile. He calculated the days. According to the earth's calendar, it was almost the new year. He wondered if that desolate house would be able to remain lively with gatherings without him, but... it would probably be as desolate as it usually was.

“That’s great! It’s going to be super beautiful!” Amy said happily as her eyes shone.

Mag looked at Amy who was full of smiles, and he suddenly felt something inside. He had already forgotten how long it had been since he had last celebrated the New Year properly because every New Year, there were always people missing at home, and he also slowly became one of those who did not appear.

But it’s different now. He had Amy, and spending the New Year with her would probably be interesting like how they spent mid-autumn festival together, right?

“Father, what story are you telling me today?” Amy asked.

“Today, Father will tell you the story of Nian,” Mag said with a smile. “Once upon a time, in a place called China, there lived a monster called Nian. It has sharp horns on its head, and was very fierce and scary...”

### **Chapter 1015 Father, Let’s Celebrate The New Year Too**

Mag told the story of Nian in a gentle tone. It was different from the usual fairy tales, but Amy was still very intrigued.

“The Nian got scared by the lights and sounds of the firecrackers and fled. From then on, on every New Year’s Eve, people would paste red couplets at home, light up firecrackers, and make sure their houses were brightly lit, and they would stay up throughout the night. That is how this important festival of celebrating the New Year[1] came about. No matter where they were, people would always try to return home for a reunion dinner to celebrate the New Year together.”

“Reunion dinner!” Amy’s eyes lit up. She looked at Mag expectantly, and said, “Does staying up throughout the night mean that the dinner lasts until daybreak?”

“Meow~” Ugly Duckling also peeked its little head out and looked at Mag.

“Erm...” Mag was slightly taken aback. He smiled and nodded. “You can think of it that way.”

“Then it must be super blissful!” Amy looked at Mag longingly, and said, “Father, let’s celebrate New Year too. Let’s also have a reunion dinner, the kind that lasts till daybreak.”

“If Little Amy wants to celebrate New Year, then we shall celebrate it.” Mag nodded with a smile. He thought for a while, and continued, “But we would have to wait for around a month before it’s New Year.”

“Father said that when we celebrate New Year, everyone will reunite. Then what about Mother? Will she come back? Would she be celebrating the New Year with us?” Amy looked at Mag expectantly.

Mag felt his heart tighten a little as he met Amy’s gaze. Although she had seen Irina previously at Rodu, they had only spent a short amount of time together, and Amy did not know that she was her mother.

The situation in the Elf Tribe was still unknown. He was not powerful enough, and Irina could not bear to leave her pitiful people, so it was still unknown when Amy could acknowledge her and their family could reunite.

He struggled inside to answer that question.

"I am very happy as long as I can be with Father." Amy seemed to have noticed Mag's hesitation, and she smiled sweetly at him before closing her eyes obediently as she said, "Goodnight, Father."

Mag looked at the obedient child and felt uneasy. He stood up and kissed Amy gently on her forehead, saying, "Goodnight, Little Amy."

Ugly Duckling buried its head back under the covers and fell quickly asleep as it held Amy's little hand.

"Power, how worrying." Mag sighed. He left quietly and went downstairs to put on his apron again. He closed the door to the kitchen and continued trying to figure out the way to make beggar's chicken.

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The Wind Forest.

In a dim, large hall, a middle-aged elf looked worryingly at Borg, who was sitting on an elevated platform, and anxiously said, "Master, Irina already gathered hundreds of rebelling elves outside the Wind Forest at the southwestern corner to form a rebel army. In addition, there were still elves joining her over the past few days. They are getting larger day by day. What should we do?"

"It's just a rebel army formed by a mere few hundred lowly elves. What's so surprising about that?" Borg smiled stiffly. "But this is a great chance to get rid of Irina legitimately. Just let her continue for a while more. The day she starts invading the Wind Forest is when she and those fools meet their death."

"But High Priestess Helena..."

"That old hag should be even more anxious than us. She was the one who had been attempting to unite the Elf Tribe, and whatever Irina is doing now is akin to giving her a slap in her face. I want to see how long she can put up with this. She would still have to come to me sooner or later. Jek, jek..." A chilly laugh echoed around the hall.

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"High Priestess, there are another 30 elves who joined the rebel army. Other than slaves, there are six who came from noble families." A figure rushed into Starry Cave.

Helena's face was as cold as ice. She coldly said, "Have you found out who they are?"

"The masters of the families are already kneeling outside the cave, seeking forgiveness. Should I let them in?"

"No. Give them 50 beatings each as a warning, then lock their eldest son up in jail. Tell them if it happens again, they would have no more heirs.

"Spread the word. One rebellion and the entire family suffers!"

"Yes!" That elf left quickly.

“Irina, are you trying to ruin the queen’s and my efforts over the centuries?” Helena looked up at the brightest star in the sky and coldly said, “Although I brought you up, if you’re really bent on doing this, then I can only kill you.”

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Outside the Wind Forest, in a canyon at the southwestern side.

The basic shape of a fortress was already formed.

A thin silhouette stood at the highest point of the fortress as she looked out quietly over the Wind Forest. Her white dress danced in the wind, and even the night could not mask her beauty.

“Princess, the three layers of defense are completed. However, I’m afraid they would not be able to stop 10th-tier intruders,” a young elf said politely to her back. His eyes were burning with admiration.

In the short time span of a few days, a rebel army was gathered outside the Wind Forest, and there were still endless streams of elves rushing over from the Wind Forest.

She exuded with an aura that would make one revere her. Her speech about freedom was an epiphany for many elves. They were not afraid even if they were to face death.

“If we have 10th-tier intruders, I will deal with them,” Irina said calmly.

“Yes,” that elf replied and left quickly.

The situation is better than expected. A free spirit will never be restrained. Wait for a while more, and it will be time to attack. Irina smiled. After a while, she turned towards the south. Little Amy, give me a while more. We will soon be able to be together.

...

“Wow! The world has really turned white!”

Amy woke up the moment the sky brightened up. She walked to the window and drew the curtains apart to see the world covered in white.

“It really is.” Mag got up and walked to the window to take a look. A thick layer of snow covered the world. On top of trees, roofs, statues... it was white everywhere. The snow had accumulated to a thickness of 10 centimeters over the night, and it looked just like a world from a fairy tale.

“Meow, meow~” Ugly Duckling leaned on the window excitedly as well.

“Father, I want to play with the snow!” Amy said as she turned to look at Mag.

“Sure, but you must be warmly dressed and you must wear your gloves.” Mag nodded his head lovingly. He put on a thick jacket for Amy and helped her put on a pair of waterproof woolen gloves before he let her go out to play.

Ugly Duckling followed behind Amy eagerly and fell deep into the snow. After a while, it managed to struggle free and fell right into another pile of snow.

Curtis brought Kyle over to the restaurant to line up early in the morning.

## Chapter 1016 Having Their First Drops Of Water Amidst A Drought

“Father, is red braised pork a kind of medicine? Will it be bitter?” Kyle raised his head to look at Curtis with a tinge of nervousness.

“Mr. Mag said this is a dish, so it shouldn’t be bitter.”

“I am not afraid of bitterness. I will finish it all even if it is bitter.” Kyle nodded with a tiny smile on his face.

Curtis patted Kyle’s head, feeling a little heartache for him. This little guy had been eating all kinds of medicine recently. Most of them were so bitter that even adults found them hard to swallow.

Mag saw Curtis and his son at the very front of the line when he was going to send Amy to school. He smiled and nodded at them. Amy greeted them too before they left on the bicycle.

“There are so many people. Uncle Mag must be a very outstanding chef, right?”

“Yes, he should.” Curtis nodded in agreement. This was the first time he had seen a long line forming in front of a restaurant even before it was open for business.

...

The restaurant started its service, and the customers began to enter gradually.

Curtis and Kyle took a seat near the window. Kyle sized up the restaurant curiously, and wondrously said, “This restaurant is so beautiful, just like the ice cream shop.

“Yes, it is.” Curtis nodded in agreement as he gazed around slightly taken aback. He had been to most restaurants in Chaos City, but none was as exquisitely decorated as this.

“How do you do, little Kyle?” Yabemiya said to Kyle with a smile as she approached the table.

“Nice to see you, Big Sister Miya,” Little Kyle also answered happily. He really liked this big sister who knew how to make delicious ice cream.

“Miss Miya, we would like to have a helping of red braised pork please,” Curtis said to Yabemiya.

“Sure.” Miya nodded with a smile, and continued, “Is Mr. Curtis going to order breakfast for himself too? Boss’s culinary skills are really awesome.”

“I...” Curtis pondered as he looked at little Kyle who was sitting next to him before he smilingly said, “Then, I shall have a red braised pork set meal too.”

“Alright, please wait a moment.” Yabemiya smiled and nodded as she walked toward the kitchen. Delicious food was the cure for everything.

The customers’ orders were served gradually. Although all the different races were sitting together, there wasn’t any chaos. All the customers were enjoying their breakfast quietly with happy smiles on their faces. Seeing them made one feel relaxed and happy.

“Gulp.” Kyle couldn’t help but swallow his saliva when he looked at an elf next to him eating the Yangzhou fried rice with grace and happiness.

“These are your red braised pork. Please enjoy them.” Yabemiya placed two bowls of red braised pork and two bowls of rice in front of Curtis and Kyle before she smiled and turned away.

“Smells so good!”

The aroma from the red braised pork greeted them, and made Curtis and Kyle shift their attention from that Yangzhou fried rice to the red braised pork. The red braised pork, which was glistening with layers of lean and fatty meat, was held in a black terracotta bowl. Its thick and rich aroma was so strong and aggressive that it couldn't be ignored.

It wasn't fat and greasy like the fatty meat they saw normally. The bright red color was so enticing that one almost forgot how the fatty meat looked originally.

“So, this is the red braised pork?” Kyle asked in disbelief. In his imagination, all the medicine that was supposed to cure him gave off a nauseating bitter and smelly taste.

However, the red braised pork in front of him gave off such an enticing aroma that made him salivate.

There was amazement in Curtis's eyes too. He passed a long spoon to Kyle as he smilingly said, “Yes. Let's try it.”

He didn't know if Mag's method would work. He was still feeling very worried. He had gambled everything, and now he was hoping for a miracle that could stop Kyle's suffering from his illness.

Kyle took the long spoon and reached into the bowl. He was trying to cut the red braised pork into half as the whole piece was too big for him.

Curtis was about to help as it wasn't easy to cut open a piece of meat with a spoon.

However, Kyle's spoon cut open the skin easily, and separated the red braised pork into halves without any resistance.

The red braised pork that was separated was soft but still holding up. The interior was still bright red as the glistening red gravy had already seeped into the meat.

“I am going to start eating.” Kyle put half of the red braised pork into his mouth. The sweet gravy woke his dormant taste buds instantly.

The taste buds that were tortured by all sorts of weird medicine began to cheer ecstatically as if they were having their first drops of water amidst a drought.

Under the chewy skin was the fatty meat that melted away as soon as it entered the mouth. Sweet and soft, fatty yet not greasy. The sweet gravy was released with a gentle bite, and a beautiful taste erupted upon his taste buds.

This long-lost scrumptious taste made little Kyle want to cheer.

He had forgotten about all the painful experiences during this whole period of time. Everything seemed insignificant in front of such a delicacy.

The pain on his body seemed to disappear as well. At this moment, he only wanted to immerse himself in the taste of the red braised pork.

As he swallowed a mouthful of the red braised pork, little Kyle could feel a warmth flowed down his throat and into his body. The pain in his body that was brought by his sickness was obviously getting milder.

Kyle opened his eyes with a surprised look on his blushing face, and said to Curtis, "Oh, it's so delicious! Father, this is the most delicious food I have ever eaten apart from ice cream."

"Then eat more," Curtis said smilingly.

"Yes." Kyle nodded as he scooped a spoonful of rice into his mouth and chewed hard. He felt that even this normal rice began to taste so sweet and delicious. A mouthful of red braised pork and a mouthful of rice; he ate very enthusiastically. There was a happy smile on his face as he immersed himself in it.

Curtis watched Kyle with gratification. During this whole period of time, Kyle had never enjoyed a good meal due to his body's condition. He could only eat a few mouthfuls before he had to stop. He didn't expect he would take the initiative to eat today.

Is it really so delicious? Curtis had a hint of doubt in his eyes. He used the chopsticks to pick up a piece of red braised pork and ate it.

A scrumptious taste exploded in his mouth, and made Curtis's eyes lit up instantly.

"This taste... It's incredible!"

How could there be such delicious food in this world!? It is just normal meat, so how did he make it so delicious?!

### **Chapter 1017 Holy... Holy... Water... Water...**

This pair of orc father and son each had a bowl of red braised pork in front of them, and they were eating continuously.

The delicious red braised pork coupled with the fluffy white rice made them forget about the pain and hardship. All they wanted was to immerse themselves in this scrumptious taste and feel the happiness on the tips of their tongues.

"Ding!"

Both of them hit the bottom of their bowls at the same time and smiled at each other. It had been some time since they had seen such relaxed expressions on each other's faces.

Curtis got nervous suddenly as he asked Kyle, "Do you feel anything, Kyle? Are there any reactions in your body after eating this red braised pork?"

"Feel...?" Kyle looked at his hands and curled them into fists tightly with amazement as he said, "Father, I feel that my strength is back and my body is not hurting anymore."

"Really? Your body is not hurting anymore?" Curtis stood up immediately, feeling shocked and happy at the same time. Even his voice was shaking.

The customers all looked toward him, wondering why was this orc so happy. Making a racket was not allowed in Mamy Restaurant.



However, it was weird that the service staff who usually stopped the customers from behaving inappropriately weren't stopping him. Instead, they were all watching quietly with a smile.

"Yes, it's true." Kyle closed his eyes to confirm before he nodded with conviction.

The pain in his body worsened as his sickness advanced. However, he learnt to make himself appear not to be in so much pain gradually as time went on in order to lessen his father's suffering.

But after eating that red braised pork, he indeed felt that most of the pain in his body had disappeared. Although there was still some discomfort, it was almost negligible compared to his previous pain.

"This is great." Curtis hugged Kyle in his arms as tears of joy flowed down from his eyes.

He had experienced the process of going from hope to despair too many times in the past several months. He had even thought of ending both his and Kyle's lives so he didn't have to suffer anymore.

Finally, he had seen a real glimpse of hope.

It was really effective! Boss is awesome! Yabemiya thought with amazement as she gazed at Mag with admiration.

Can red braised pork cure illness? Did Boss actually put medication in the dishes? Shirley looked at Mag suspiciously.

Everyone was looking at Mag differently. They knew little Kyle's illness was very severe, but he became so energetic just after eating a bowl of red braised pork. Was that still considered a delicacy? It was a miracle drug!

Although Kyle was also feeling very excited, he could feel all the gazes upon them, so he began to whisper, "Father, I think we have affected others' dining experience."

Curtis realized his gaffe too. He quickly wiped away his tears and stood up to nod apologetically to the other customers. Then, he held onto Kyle's hand and brought him to the kitchen's entrance to bow deeply to Mag. He appreciatively said, "Thank you so much, Mr Mag."

"Don't mention it." Mag shook his head with a smile on his face too.

A hint of blush began to return to Kyle's pale face, and he felt much more alert. It seemed that the system didn't lie to Mag. Red braised pork was indeed a super effective cure for Kyle.

Curtis expressed his gratitude to Mag again. He didn't want to disturb Mag while he was cooking, so he left with Kyle after he settled the bill.

He brought Kyle to join the line early at noon again so they wouldn't miss the opening hours.

He didn't doubt Mag's words at all now. All he wanted was to bring Kyle to eat the red braised pork at Mamy Restaurant for every meal, see him recover from his illness gradually, and eventually get rid of the sickness totally.

There would be no painful therapy, only the happiness of enjoying good food.

He had already decided to bring Kyle back to their tribe to meet their elders after he fully recovered.

...

"It is a rough day today. Please go back to have a good rest early," Mag said to everyone with a smile after they ended the opening hours for the night.

Unknowingly, Mamy Restaurant had become a big family. Miya, Babla, Firis, Shirley, Anna, and Elizabeth got along very well in their daily interactions. This made Mag feel rather gratified.

Everyone bade their farewells and left.

"Father, do you feel like you are watching your harem?" Amy asked curiously.

"Yup. Yup?!" Mag raised his eyebrows and rapidly shook his head as he righteously said, "Why would I be such a person? And, Amy, where did you hear this 'harem' term from?"

Ever since Irina had successfully incited the defection of Amy, he always felt he had a time bomb that could go off any time next to him. And now, that feeling had gotten even more intense.

"Big Sister Camilla told me that," Amy replied honestly.

"It was her indeed!" Mag was angry, and yet felt like laughing at the same time. That countess who was a little self-absorbed had taken him as her love rival because of Gloria, but there wasn't anything going on between him and Miss Gloria at all.

He guessed that was how the saying "a man sits at home, and the disaster comes from heaven" felt like.

Mag couldn't simply ignore this. Clearing his throat, he said, "This... Her description was actually incorrect. Your Big Sister Miya and the gang are the service staff of the restaurant, and I am the boss. The relationship between us is the employer and employee relationship, and not a harem."

"Is that really so?" Amy asked Mag doubtfully.

"Of course it is!" Mag nodded determinedly without even a blink of his eyes. He had to display his determination at this kind of time, or else he wouldn't know what Amy would tell Irina when they met up again. This was a matter of life and death.

"But... Why are all the big sisters so pretty?" Amy asked curiously again.

"This..." Mag was at a loss for words. It was difficult to explain to a child that he liked to look at pretty girls—no matter how he explained, it would sound like he was preparing his harem.

Right at this moment, a golden bean lit up on the restaurant's floor, and an old and simplistic teleportation portal appeared. At the same time, a magic wave appeared.

"Someone's coming over again? Are they looking for Babla?" Mag carried Amy up and backed away from the range of the teleportation portal with an alert expression.

All the hair on Ugly Duckling, which was lying on the counter, stood up at once. It leaped down from the counter and went over to hug Mag's leg. It sat on his leg with a nervous look in its face.

"What is that?" Amy asked curiously.

The golden beam became glaring suddenly, and then instantly disappeared. A figure also appeared in the empty space in the center of the restaurant.

It was a beautiful woman who had a head of golden red hair and was wearing seashells and seaweed clothing.

“Holy... Holy... Water... Water...”

She passed out just after saying a few words.

### Chapter 1018 Father, Are You Going To Recruit Her Into Your Harem?

“What’s going on?” Mag asked.

Mag and Amy were stunned as they stared at the woman who suddenly appeared and then fainted after saying two words.

Mag glanced at the woman lying on the floor. Her sharp nose made her exquisite features even more prominent. She had loose and wavy golden-red hair and snowy white skin. Even though her ample breasts were covered by two white seashells, the attractive curves were very visible.

She was wearing a seaweed skirt that was already slightly dried up. The lower part was torn, and beneath the torn skirt was a pair of smooth and long legs.

She wasn’t wearing shoes on her feet. Her fair and delicate feet looked like little lotus roots. They were rosy, fair, and very enticing.

Although he didn’t have a foot fetish, Mag couldn’t help but stare at those feet for a while. He was perplexed. Judging from this girl’s attire, could she be living by the sea?

However, why was she teleported here, and fainted immediately upon arrival?

“Such a beautiful big sister!” Amy’s eyes lit up, and then she asked Mag, “Father, are you going to recruit her into your harem?”

“Huh?!” Mag raised his eyebrows. This little one was beginning to sprout nonsense. How could she make this kind of statement?! Even if he was thinking about... Oh no, he wasn’t thinking about it at all!

However, before Mag could explain, a rainbow beam suddenly lit up on the girl on the floor. The beam disappeared very rapidly, and her smooth and long legs became a big fishtail with rainbow scales. Her upper body remained human.

“Hey! She transformed!” Amy was shocked before she curiously said, “So, is this a big sister manfish or big sister fishman?”

“Could she be a legendary mermaid?” Mag stared at the woman who suddenly transformed into half human and half fish with a weird expression.

However, the girl’s complexion was pale and her brows were tightly furrowed. She seemed to be in a bad condition. He quickly squatted down to carry her up and walked toward the door.

This mermaid wasn't heavy. She should be only around 40 kg. Her scales were smooth and cold, unlike the sticky feel of the usual fishes. She also had a nice smell.

"Father, even though you want to prove you don't want this big sister mermaid in your harem, it isn't nice to throw her out like this?" Amy said as she followed after Mag.

"Meow, meow~" Ugly Duckling followed up quickly too as it stared at that giant fish tail as if it was huge prey. It was tempted.

"I am not throwing her out. I just want to find out why she fainted," Mag said in exasperation.

"I think you can't bear to do it," Amy mumbled.

Mag: "..."

Suddenly, he could understand how other people felt when Amy rendered them speechless.

"Gina, Merfolk, 18 years old. Power fluctuates between 0-8 tier (her power increases with her hydration). In a critical stage of dehydration currently!"

"Gina?" Mag looked at the test result given by the Omniscient Door in his mind. So, this beautiful mermaid was called Gina, and she didn't faint because she was injured. Instead, she was severely dehydrated. Therefore, the words that she mumbled before she fainted were most likely "water".

Mag swiftly lowered her onto a chair at a side and strode to the kitchen. He took a big kettle and filled it up with water. He pried open her dried and cracked lips gently and slowly poured the water in.

But, Gina immediately threw up when the water went in and her breathing began to hasten. Her complexion became even paler.

"Father, what's wrong with this big sister mermaid?" Amy asked concernedly.

"Shouldn't we replenish water for dehydration?" Mag was confused, and then he carried Gina toward the door again.

"Father, I think we can still save this big sister mermaid. Don't throw her out so hastily."

"I am not throwing her out."

"I know you can't bear to."

"..."

"Gina, Merfolk, 18 years old. Power fluctuates between 0-8 tier (her power increases with her hydration). In a critical stage of dehydration currently. Coupled with severe freshwater allergy and dyspnea."

"She is a sea product some more?" Mag raised his eyebrows as he looked at the mermaid who was almost suffocating in his arms. He rushed upstairs with her quickly.

"Father, even though big sister mermaid is unconscious, you doing this... is not really very nice?" Amy murmured as she looked at Mag's back.

Mag, who was carrying Miss Mermaid upstairs, almost tripped and fell. Dumbfounded, he turned and said to Amy, "Amy, bring a can of table salt up. This big sister mermaid really needs a drink or it's bye bye for her."

"Alrighty," Amy acknowledged and carried a stool into the kitchen. She retrieved the can of table salt on the condiments shelf with some difficulty as she tiptoed on the stool. Then, she ran upstairs.

The bathtub was filled with water, and a can of table salt was added into the water according to the seawater's salt content, which was about 35%.

I hope there is not much difference between the salt content of the seawater in this world and Earth's. Mag lowered the mermaid, who had almost stopped breathing, into the bathtub.

"Bubble, bubble~"

Along with a series of bubbling sounds, the beautiful mermaid sunk to the bottom of the bathtub, and then remained very still.

"Father, is the big sister mermaid already gone bye bye?"

"Meow~"

Ugly Duckling sat at a side and kept staring at the big fishtail that was out of the bathtub.

"She should be still breathing?" Mag wasn't too sure, either. Other than blowing out a small bubble every now and then from her mouth, this mermaid didn't move at all. She did indeed look like she was dead.

"Then, should we at least try to revive her? I heard my teacher say in class that we should perform mouth-to-mouth resuscitation," Amy continued.

"This is one good solution." Mag nodded as he wondered. He should do chest compressions if the heart stopped, right?

Mag's gaze landed upon the mermaid's chest. These seashells... were a little in the way, right?

Amy propped against the bathtub, and nervously said, "Father, save her now. I think that this big sister mermaid can't breathe already."

"Since this is the case, I will have to sacrifice myself." Mag nodded seriously before he rolled up his sleeves and reached out for the mermaid in the bathtub.

"Whoosh!"

Right at this moment, the mermaid who wasn't moving much suddenly swiped her tail and splashed water all over Mag and Amy, soaking them through.

### **Chapter 1019 Keep A Little Mermaid Who Could Spread Her Legs**

After wiping away the salt water on his face, Mag looked at the mermaid who had just flipped in the bathtub. She was breathing out bubbles with a happy expression and flipping her tail every now and then. Mag was speechless.

“Wow, seems like the big sister mermaid doesn’t need our help anymore. She’s so beautiful, so let’s call her ‘Big Sister Mermaid’,” Amy said excitedly, not caring that she was soaked through.

“It seems that she is really fine now.” Mag nodded too. Although this mermaid had not awoken, she was breathing out bubbles like a fish in the tub happily with a smile on her face. She looked well enough.

He took a dry towel and wiped away the salt water on Amy’s face before he used a wet one to wipe over her face again. Mag gazed at the mermaid in the tub with a troubled expression. What should they do if they needed to take a bath from now on?

“Father, I would like to swim in the bathtub and breathe underwater like Big Sister Mermaid,” Amy said to Mag expectantly.

“That won’t do. Amy is a human. You need to breathe air and you can’t breathe underwater.” Mag shook his head.

“Then, why can Big Sister Mermaid do it?” Amy looked at the bubbling mermaid puzzledly.

“Because she is a mermaid. Therefore, she is able to breathe in the water like a fish. However, she has also similarly lost her ability to breathe and live on land. This is fair,” Mag said with a smile.

“Okay.” Amy nodded with a thoughtful expression. She held onto Mag’s hand. “In this case, I will live on land so I can stay with Father.”

“Let’s wash up and prepare to go to bed. Looking at her condition, she won’t wake up so soon.” Mag patted Amy’s head smilingly. He gave Amy a shower, and he used a towel to wipe himself outside to replace a bath.

“Father, does Big Sister Mermaid live in the sea? I thought only the fishes live in the sea? Why could she live in the sea too?” Amy asked curiously as she lay in bed.

“Maybe they are a kind of special existence,” Mag said smilingly. There were very little written records about the sirens in the history of Norland Continent. At least in the last 1000 years, there were almost no records about merfolk at all. He wondered if her existence was fortuitous, or merfolk had always existed somewhere in the deep sea.

Mag was leaning toward the latter because according to the test result of the Omniscient Door, this mermaid should have an 8th-tier power if she was in the deep sea. Hybrid species that occurred accidentally definitely would not have such powerful capabilities.

Her evolution wasn’t problematic. To a certain extent, it was almost perfect.

Whether it was that beautiful fishtail or exquisite features and perfect figure, they all displayed the perfection of evolution.

Looking at Amy’s curious gaze, Mag smilingly said, “I will tell Amy a story about a little mermaid today.”

“Yes, yes.” Amy’s eyes lit up, and she nodded her tiny head.

“In the very, very deep sea, there was a majestic castle, and six mermaid princesses lived there. They were all very beautiful, especially the youngest one. She had long blonde hair and was more beautiful

than all of her sisters. She loved to listen to her sisters talk about interesting new stuff above the sea. As a result, the little princess always wished to go above the sea to take a look herself. She waited and waited, and on the little princess's 15th birthday..."

Mag's voice became deeper along the little mermaid's story.

Amy listened attentively. She was happy to hear that the little mermaid met a prince; agonized when she heard that she drank the witch's potion in order to see the prince again; and sad when she heard that the little mermaid couldn't speak when the prince was going to marry another girl.

"At dawn, the mermaid princess stood on the deck and murmured to herself, 'Goodbye, my prince.' And the princess's body slowly dissolved into many colorful bubbles..."

Mag ended the story in a low tone of voice.

Amy sniffed with her nose as she whimsically said, "Ah, the little mermaid is such a poor thing. Men are all indecent."

Mag shook his head with a smile. His daughter even scolded him when she was angry.

"So Father, did Big Sister Mermaid come to the restaurant because she wanted to see you. Hence, she had legs but couldn't speak?" Amy interrogated Mag. "Do you have a castle? Have you ever fallen into the sea from a boat before? Were you rescued? And then you met my mother?"

"That must have been the case! You believed Mother was the person who saved you, and so you married her. Then, Big Sister Mermaid drank the witch's potion and came here to look for you." Amy sighed, and piteously said, "It's so pitiful. Anyone who had heard this would have cried."

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"Did that really happen?" Mag was confused. After Amy said all that, he had almost believed that he had let that beautiful mermaid down and he was an indecent man.

However, if this scenario had happened in his previous life, the story would have been very different. Although he wasn't a prince, he did have a "castle" near the sea. He could indeed keep a little mermaid who could spread her legs, and they could spend their days together without any restraint... Hold it right there. That would be another story.

However, there were parts of Amy's words that made Mag curious. That mermaid did have legs when she first appeared. Also, she indeed couldn't make out a proper sentence when they first met. Even the words she said didn't make much sense.

Why did this mermaid leave the sea and come here? This was a question worth getting to the bottom of.

"Alright, it's time to sleep. There is school tomorrow. You can ask that big sister mermaid if you have any questions tomorrow." Mag smoothed Amy's hair with a smile.

"Okay." Amy sat up, hugged Mag, and kissed him on his cheek. She smilingly said, "Goodnight, Father."

"Goodnight, Amy." Mag kissed Amy back on her forehead. He tucked her under the blanket and switched off the lights.

...

That night, Mag had a dream. He dreamt that he was about to asphyxiate after he fell into the water, and he saw a mermaid swam toward him vaguely. She had a beautiful tail and mesmerizing movements. She swam in the sea agily just like a real fish and reached him very soon.

Then, Mag saw a word on its face. "System!"

This was really a scary nightmare.

### **Chapter 1020 What Are You Doing With Big Sister Mermaid In There?**

Gina had a very long dream. She was walking for a very long time in the boundless desert. The fireball hanging high up in the sky was blaring down so hard on her that she couldn't breathe. The water content in her body was drying up, and she couldn't find the water bag on her.

When she felt she was about to die, a pair of huge, warm hands cuddled her from the back. She saw that person's looks in the midst of her dizziness. That was a handsome man who was different from the men of the merfolk because he had a pair of long and straight legs.

That was a pair of enviable long legs. In order to obtain a pair of legs like that, she had to suffer through a lot before she could barely obtain them, but they simply just grew on him.

Did I finally find the Chosen One? Happiness exploded in Gina's heart. She wanted to speak, but her throat felt as if it had been burnt by fire.

Then, that man poked an unknown object into her mouth, and a stream of nauseating liquid was poured into her mouth. She couldn't help but start to throw up.

At that instant, she thought she was going to die from suffocation.

This Chosen One... was a bad egg!!! That was her only thought before she passed out totally.

Gina thought she was dead. She had found the Chosen One, but before she could even utter a word, she died in his arms.

She had left the sea for too long, and lost the most important bag of seawater. There wasn't any seawater on this continent. Even the Chosen One wouldn't be able to save her. Furthermore, the Chosen One was a bad egg!

However, after some time, she suddenly felt the surroundings of her body become warm and comfortable, just as if she had returned to the sea.

Comfortable water nourished her body, and her stiff body was beginning to regain some feeling.

The tiredness accumulated in the past few days quickly washed over her, and she went into a deeper sleep. She was sleeping very comfortably as if she was in her own home.

...

Am I already dead?



After some time, Gina opened her eyes slowly and all she saw was white. In front, behind, her left, and her right. She felt as if she was in an enclosed coffin; even turning over her body was an extremely difficult task to achieve.

Only the nobility in Lantide would use a crystal coffin for burial. It was a very ancient tradition. Given her status, she could indeed use a coffin after her death.

But, didn't I see the Chosen One after my third teleportation? Was that only a dream of mine? Did I actually return to the Boundless Sea during my last teleportation? Even though I didn't complete my mission, the high priest wouldn't have buried me alive, right? There were a lot of question marks in Gina's heart.

The seawater surrounding her had the taste she was familiar with. Apart from being clean, there was almost no difference with the seawater from Boundless Sea. There absolutely wasn't any seawater on the continent, because the water on the continent was like poison to them, the merfolk.

"Shhh~"

Right at this moment, a relaxing whistling and water splashing sounds could be heard.

What's that sound? Gina was ecstatic. She wasn't dead, so why was she buried alive in a coffin? Although she was brought up with refined manners, she would rather be killed instantly than to be tortured and die slowly in an enclosed space like this.

The desperation for survival made her try to do something—for example, struggle.

"Whoosh!"

The big fishtail created a big splash and landed hard, making a loud sound.

"What the hell!" Mag, who just woke up and was relieving the pressure in his bladder in front of the toilet bowl, shook his hands and almost jumped up.

The bathroom had wet and dry segregation, but this sound wasn't segregated.

This sound gave Mag a shock. He was still a little befuddled initially, and now he was totally awake. He pulled up his zipper hurriedly and stared at his hand, feeling very unlucky. Then, he turned on the tap to wash his hands, and looked toward the bathtub in a panic.

He had a nightmare last night, so he woke up in a daze and almost forgot he had a mermaid in his bathtub. Listening to the movements, she was most probably awake. He just wondered what she was doing, creating such a big hoo-ha?

"Father, what are you doing with Big Sister Mermaid in there? Why are you making such loud noises?" Amy's knocking could be heard.

"I am just washing my face, but she seems to be awake," Mag said to Amy as he immediately opened the door. It was a good thing that he hadn't gone in, or else he wouldn't be able to explain himself.

"But... your face is dry?" Amy pointed at Mag's face.

"I... just started with washing my hands." Mag's hands shook. An oversight on his part. He didn't expect the little one to have such a keen perception.

Gina heard the voices out there and quieted down instantly. She listened in carefully, but she couldn't understand their conversation at all. She couldn't help but nervously think, Who are they? Why can't I understand what they are saying at all? Maybe I didn't go back to the Boundless Sea Realm, but instead I went to some other sea realm? Could it be there's other merfolk living there too? Or maybe they are some other species that live underwater?

Amy was simply casually asking. She walked toward the bathroom, and said, "Is Big Sister Mermaid really awake? Then, let's go and see how she is doing. She must be uncomfortable sleeping in the bathtub alone."

"Be careful. She has just woken up and may not understand her situation now, so there could be misunderstanding." Mag quickly stepped forward and kept Amy behind him before he pushed the segregation door open gently.

In the quiet bathroom, a mermaid was lying face down in the bathtub, not moving at all. If it wasn't for the puddles of water on the floor and slightly rippling water in the bathtub, there would not be much difference from the scene last night.

Gina listened for the movements out there nervously. She could sense that two figures were closing in on her, but she was trapped there—the seawater was too shallow for her to maneuver as she couldn't even stretch her arms. She didn't know if the people out there were hostile, but she had already begun to prepare her magic. If there was danger, she could defend herself instantly.

Amy stood at the bathroom entrance, and adorably said, "Big Sister Mermaid, are you awake? I am Amy, and this is my father. We saved you and we are not hostile."

This voice sounded so cute, like a little girl. But what exactly was she talking about? There seems to be no hostility at all, but I cannot understand them. Can they understand what I am going to say? Gina waved her tail in a panic, and said, "Let me out. I am still alive and can be saved..."