

Stay At home 1121

Chapter 1121 Do You Want To Learn How To Battle From Me?

The Golden Dragon was flying around haphazardly, but under the guidance of the Frost Dragon, she slowly grasped the techniques of flying. She gradually began to fly normally and attempt certain techniques like turning and rising.

“Wow... It’s so fun!”

The Golden Dragon glided across the top of the mountain, and dived across the stream before flitting over the forest. She left peals of laughter behind.

Elizabeth appeared at the peak and looked at Miya, who had already grasped the techniques of flying. She smiled as she said to herself, “She indeed has great talent.”

Yabemiya landed on the top of the mountain after she had enough of the fun. She retracted her wings and transformed into a human again.

“Aiyah! My clothes!”

As soon as she touched down, she discovered her clothes were already in tatters after being shredded during her transformation. She quickly covered her bosom and down under.

“Thank goodness, my boobs are still here!”

She heaved a sigh of relief after holding onto her bosom.

“Sis, my clothes are gone. What do I do now?” Yabemiya looked at Elizabeth at the side for help.

“Giant dragons don’t need clothes. However, it is indeed a hustle after we transform into human form. You can transform your scales into any types of clothes you like,” Elizabeth said, and demonstrated a trivial spell.

Yabemiya blinked, and then tried to use that spell. A golden beam flashed, and a set of maid clothes that was identical to the one she was wearing earlier appeared on her body.

“It really appeared!” Yabemiya looked at the clothes on her body with elation. She reached out to touch them. Apart from the smooth texture, the design was exactly the same as her original clothes.

However, these were transformed from her scales, so when she touched them with her hand, it felt like her skin was being touched. She wasn’t used to the sensation.

Seems like I have to ask Boss for another set of clothes. Otherwise, it would be rather inconvenient during work, Miya thought.

Elizabeth continued, “Clothes that are transformed from scales will not be damaged during our transformation. So, if you intend to wear normal clothes, try not to transform on that day.”

“Yes.” Yabemiya nodded. She hesitated for a while before asking, “Sis, I have something that I have always wanted to ask you.”

“Huh?”

"I want to know: who was the one who injured you? Who gave you such severe injuries?" Yabemiya asked seriously as she gazed into Elizabeth's eyes.

Surprise flashed across Elizabeth's eyes. She pondered for a moment before shaking her head. "You don't need to know about that."

"No, I want to know," Yabemiya said with a determined look. "You are my only family. Although I am not as strong as you, I want to protect and stay by your side."

Elizabeth felt as if her heart had skipped a beat. Looking at the determined Miya, she had a warm feeling in her heart.

Nobody had said anything like that to her before. Nobody said that they would stay with her, and none had promised to protect her.

Even her own mother had been cautioning her since she was young that she was the only person responsible for her life. Nobody would protect her or stay by her.

After a period of silence, she calmly asked, "Do you want to learn how to battle from me?"

Yabemiya was stunned for a moment before nodding. "Yes. I want to learn."

"Alright. When you are able to protect me, I will tell you everything." Elizabeth nodded and curled her lips. She spread out her hands and transformed into a Frost Dragon again. She took to the sky and looked down at Yabemiya. "From today onward, I will train with you for three hours every night before bed."

"Alright." Yabemiya nodded and transformed into a Golden Dragon too. She took off and followed after the Frost Dragon.

...

"You are late." Mag looked at Camilla, who was wearing a black dress with a high slit, a black cape, and a gauze hat, with his arms crossed. Frowning, he said, "And where is your uniform?"

"Even though I have agreed to join your restaurant, it's not up to you to decide when I want to come to work and what I want to wear," Camilla said to Mag with a smirk.

The black cat servant who was wearing a black robe stepped forward, and said in a shrill voice, "Do you know what our madam's status is? How could a mere human like you order her around?"

"Since this is the case, I will have to make the Photostone public and let everyone see that our honorable countess is actually a masochist, hmm?" Mag said with a smile.

Camilla's expression froze on her face. If the Photostones were shown to the public, then wouldn't Miss Gloria know that she was a masochist? No! This simply couldn't happen! She had to have a perfect image in Miss Gloria's heart.

Camilla immediately cleared her throat, and cowardly said, "Erm, I didn't sleep well yesterday, so I woke up late today. I will be punctual tomorrow."

"Madam..." The voice of the black cat servant had a tinge of shock in it.

Mag's gaze lingered on her cleavage for a moment before he asked, "How about the clothes?"

"I have brought the clothes along. I will change after I reach the restaurant." Camilla looked around.

"After all, given my status, how am I going to meet people again if people find out I am working here?"

"Service staff are a respectable vocation." Mag rolled his eyes. However, he didn't continue to say much after seeing Camilla's cautious behavior. He let her through the door first.

The black cat servant wanted to follow her in too.

"The restaurant doesn't allow pets to enter, staff are also not allowed to bring pets to work, either."

Mag put out his hand to stop that servant in black robes. Although he looked human-like at first, he was well aware of what was beneath it.

"I am Caesar, the most loyal servant of the countess. I have to stay with the countess at all times—"

"Wow! Such a big black cat!"

Before Caesar could even finish speaking, the black robes were torn away by Amy, who appeared out of nowhere. Caesar, who was hovering in mid-air, got a shock and dropped to the ground with a "meow." It arched its back, and all its black fur bristled as it looked at Amy in a panic.

"Meow~"

Ugly Duckling jumped out from Amy's back and stood in front of Amy. Its claws were exposed from its fat paws as it looked at Caesar expectantly.

"Meow~"

Caesar's tail immediately went in between its legs. It huddled on the ground, not making a move as it peeked at Ugly Duckling secretly.

"Useless." Camilla turned to look at Caesar and waved her hand. "Go back home."

"Meow~"

Caesar behaved as if it was pardoned. It couldn't even speak as it turned and disappeared.

Chapter 1122 My Uniform Was Burst At The Seams By Me

"The washroom is the first room on the right when you go upstairs. You can change there," Mag said to Camilla.

"Mm-hm," Camilla answered as she sashayed upstairs. Soon, she came down wearing the chef's uniform that Mag prepared for her.

"Is Big Sister Camilla a cook too?" Amy asked curiously.

"She's wearing the same chef's uniform as me." Anna nodded.

"Yes. I am the best at making fresh blood salad and cold tossed sliced hearts." Camilla licked her lips with her blood-red tongue. She revealed her two sharp incisors to intimidate the two little girls.

“Fresh blood salad? Cold tossed sliced hearts? Are they nice?” Amy asked very curiously, totally not intimidated at all.

“They are still alright.” Camilla nodded, feeling slightly disappointed.

“Is it human’s blood?” Anna’s voice trembled, and there was a tinge of fear in her eyes.

“Human blood won’t cut it. Usually, human blood is dirty and tastes bad.” Camilla looked at Anna. She was very pleased with this little lass’s reaction. She bent down, and smilingly continued, “It has to be from a pretty and kind young lady. Their blood is the sweetest. Of course, a cute little elf like you is quite a good choice too.”

“Ah!” Anna screamed and hid behind Mag as she peered at Camilla, deeply frightened.

“Don’t be scared, Anna. She’s only scaring you.” Mag touched Anna’s head to console her. Then, he said to Camilla, “Your main job today is to learn how to prepare the ingredients from Firis. You have to remember how to process each ingredient and the correct amount to use.”

“Do I still need to learn such a simple job?” Camilla pursed her lips, and walked to the kitchen proudly.

“Nice to meet you,” Firis greeted Camilla, but her wind blade continued on. The green wind blades resembled sharp knives as they sliced the ingredients floating in the air easily. Then, they fell into the different bowls accurately.

“This...” Camilla, who was standing at the kitchen’s entrance, stared at the flying ingredients with a gaping mouth.

How the heck was she going to learn this?

Mag looked at Firis, who was teaching Camilla the techniques of cutting patiently, with a smile. At the same time, he felt it was a pity that this talented disciple was leaving. It was a huge loss.

As for Camilla, Mag had never intended to do anything with her photos. After all, he was an upright person.

Making her work in the restaurant was to punish her for striking him with a club, and to prevent her from doing more harm.

He was in the clear while she was in the shadows. Who knew if she would bludgeon him again?

The best prevention method was to put her under his nose, and then change her with love and wisdom so she would give up on those silly ideas.

Camilla stole a look at Mag from the kitchen as she thought, Seeing this chap’s smug look makes me angry. Sooner or later, I will tie you up again and let you have a taste of the whip and candle wax!

“Don’t be afraid, Big Sister Anna. It’s only two dishes. We’ll ask Big Sister Camilla to make them for us in the future,” Amy consoled her with a smile too.

“I... I am not eating them.” Anna shook her head vigorously. After some hesitation, she still went into the kitchen to help out.

Amy raised her head to ask Mag with anticipation, "Father, Daphne said they will be having their holidays soon. Then, will I be having a holiday too? That kind of holiday that I can spend a lot of time playing and sleeping in."

"Is it time for the winter holidays again?" Mag said in a surprise. The holiday system of Chaos School was similar to China's primary school. There were two months of holiday during the hottest months in summer and one month during the coldest month in winter. It should be time for holiday again two weeks later.

However, even though Amy could be considered as a student of Chaos School, she was always learning magic from Krassu and Urien. He wasn't sure if they would follow the holiday system of Chaos School.

Smiling, Mag said, "I will ask Teacher Krassu when I send you to school later. Let's see when Little Amy can have her holiday."

"Okay." Amy nodded obediently. She shuddered, and mumbled, "Winter is so cold. It will be wonderful if I can stay in the warm bed and sleep."

Mag shook his head smilingly. This wasn't Amy's fault. Nobody wanted to leave their warm bed in such cold weather.

"Ding."

The bells that were hanging over the door rang. Yabemiya and Elizabeth walked in.

"Brrr. The restaurant is still the warmest." Yabemiya exhaled out before saying with an energetic smile, "Good morning, Boss and Amy."

"Good morning, Big Sister Miya and Big Sister Elizabeth." Amy greeted them too.

"Good morning." Elizabeth nodded, still as serious as ever.

"You guys are early today." Mag looked at the two of them, feeling rather surprised. They were 15 minutes earlier than usual.

"Erm... Boss, can you give me another set of the maid costume, please? My uniform was burst at the seams by me," Yabemiya said to Mag with a blush.

"Burst at the seams?" Mag was slightly taken aback as his gaze landed on Miya's chest subconsciously. They were indeed bigger when compared to the time when he took her in, but it was still quite an exaggeration if they could burst her clothes at the seams.

Mag's intense gaze made Miya blush even harder. She quickly shook her head, and said, "They didn't burst the clothes. It... It's because I transformed into a real dragon yesterday; hence, I burst the clothes at the seams."

Miya transformed into a real giant dragon? Mag was shocked as he sized Miya up. Even though she looked exactly as she was yesterday, she now had 6th-tier power.

The only logical explanation for how a half-dragon who only had brute strength became a 6th-tier powerhouse overnight was a transformation into a dragon.

“Could it be due to the fact that you ate ‘Buddha jumps over the wall’?”

Two knights had successfully advanced to the next level yesterday after eating ‘Buddha jumps over the wall’, and Miya also displayed signs of reversion then too.

“The ‘Buddha jumps over the wall’ did have an effect.” Miya nodded as she peered at Elizabeth subconsciously.

Mag saw Miya was reluctant to say more, so he didn’t want to probe. Feeling perplexed, he then asked, “Then what is this that you are wearing? Didn’t you say it was burst at the seams?”

He reached out to touch her collar as he was asking her. The texture was smooth and rather comfortable, but it felt slightly cold to the touch. It was a rather unique material.

“This is unusual. What material is this?” He touched her skirt again, still wasn’t able to figure out the material by touch.

Chapter 1123 Boss, You Are So Naughty!

Mag’s hand glided from the collar all the way to the skirt’s hem in order to feel the texture of this amazing clothing closely. At the same time, he was curious how Miya made this exact copy of the maid costume.

“Ah~”

Yabemiya let out a long moan with a flushed face.

Mag was stunned. He looked at Miya, who was suddenly flushed with a rapidly rising and falling chest and biting her lips, strangely.

It was akin to caressing her collarbone when Mag’s strong finger gilded across Miya’s collar, and when he grasped her skirt’s hem, it was as if her perky butt was electrified. She allowed that warm hand to caress her, and the tingling sensation began to spread throughout her entire body. She almost dropped to her knees.

“Boss, you are so naughty!”

The intense shame made Miya’s face as red as an apple. Her breathing was shallow, but she was looking at Mag very sensually. With some difficulty, she said, “This... This is transformed from my scales...”

“Ah?” Mag was stunned. He grasped it again subconsciously and nodded. “No wonder it’s so smooth.”

“Ah~”

Miya couldn’t help but moan again. Tears were already rolling in her eyes.

“Oh, please pardon me, Miya. I am simply curious because this is the first time that I have seen clothes that are transformed from dragon scales.” Mag retrieved his hand awkwardly and apologized as he discovered his behavior was a little abrupt.

Yabemiya shook her head, and breathlessly replied, “It’s... It’s fine...”

The tingling sensation at her butt was still lingering, and she felt rather disappointed when Mag removed his hand.

What am I doing? No! I am definitely not such a person... Mr. Mag simply had no idea... Miya thought as she tried to purge the strange thoughts in her mind, but she couldn't help recalling that amazing sensation.

Elizabeth took a look at Yabemiya before looking at Mag again. After some hesitation, she finally unclenched her fists slowly.

"I'll go prepare the clothes for you," Mag said as he turned to go upstairs. The current situation was rather awkward; it was better that he get away first.

Father caressed Big Sister Miya, and made her let out weird sounds. Should I note this down? In a corner, Amy took out a little notebook with a thoughtful expression.

"Are you okay?" Elizabeth asked Miya softly.

"Yup, I am okay." Miya nodded as she forced a smile. "Boss had no idea, so we cannot blame him for this."

"Mm-hmm," Elizabeth answered noncommittally.

Mag went upstairs to get System to make Yabemiya another maid costume. Just as he was about to go downstairs, Gina walked out of the bedroom in her school swimsuit with a yawn. She gave Mag a huge hug the moment she saw him before greeting him with a smile. "Good morning, Mr. Mag."

"Good morning, Gina." Mag pulled his face out from the deep cleavage. He let a breath and greeted her rather helplessly.

It was a torture to endure such a "facewashing" style of morning greetings every day.

This had already made him delay the date to send Gina to live at the staff's dormitory.

Mm, she smelled so nice.

"I will be going back to Lantisde today to bring back the shark's lips and shark's fins for you," Gina said.

"You can't fly, so you will spend a lot of time on the road if you are going back, right?" Mag asked. After buying the real-time interpretation system from System, he could already converse with Gina normally. He would also teach her some common words whenever he got the spare time.

He still had two sets of shark's lips and shark's fins, which were enough for the two urns of 'Buddha jumps over the wall' today. But, the ingredients for 'Buddha jumps over the wall' would run out by tomorrow. Hence, it was a necessity to activate the Lantisdean supply chain.

Smiling, Gina replied, "Miss Elizabeth has agreed to go with me today. However, the high priest said that he would figure out a way to deliver the shark's lips and fins soon."

"That's great." Mag nodded. Given Lantisde's power as a tribe, it wouldn't be a problem for them to come up with a transportation method. Since he didn't need to rack his brains, he didn't continue to ask about it.

Mr. Mag is still as handsome as he was yesterday. Gina held onto her cheeks and giggled to herself as she watched Mag go down the stairs.

“Miya, these are the clothes I have prepared for you in advance. You can go upstairs to change into them.” Mag passed the clothes to Miya.

“A-alright.” Yabemiya took the clothes and went upstairs. After she got to the second floor, she rubbed her face with the clothes with a blissful smile, and said, “So, Mr. Mag has already prepared the clothes for me in advance.”

Elizabeth’s clothes... Mag looked at Elizabeth. He remembered she had transformed with clothes instantly during her previous transformation. Maybe she wasn’t wearing clothes too, and was instead wearing clothes transformed with scales?

Elizabeth took two steps back away from Mag and looked at him warily. The surrounding temperature dipped a few degrees lower.

“Don’t be mistaken. I am simply curious.” Mag swiftly placed his hands behind his back to signify his innocence.

“I am not letting anybody touch me,” Elizabeth said proudly.

“Big Sister Elizabeth, let’s dance.” Amy, who was holding onto the music box, tugged Elizabeth’s skirt lightly.

“Seems like that’s the case.” Mag glanced at Amy’s hand and walked into the kitchen with a smile.

“...” Elizabeth.

“What will we dance?” Amy continued to ask.

“Let’s dance that previous one,” Elizabeth said rather helplessly as she looked at Amy’s adorable look. She simply couldn’t get angry with her.

“Count me in!” Miya, who’d just changed, came down quickly and joined the group that was learning how to dance.

Mag went into the kitchen. He was awestruck when he saw Camilla wielding all the 10 knives expertly. Camilla’s sharp claws had inspired Mag, so he let System custom-make two sets of finger-knives for her.

As the name implied, those were thin and long knives that were fastened to the fingers, and could be used just like fingernails. They replaced Camilla’s fingernails.

Just as Mag had expected, Camilla’s performance was enhanced by these 10 knives. She could easily slice the ingredients into the shapes needed. Although she was still slower than Firis, none in Mamy Restaurant was on par with her, including Mag himself.

Whoosh, whoosh, whoosh!

The finger-knives glided across, and a winter bamboo shoot disintegrated into rice-grain sized and fell into a box.

“Ah, how could such a simple job set me back.” Camilla smirked as she used her mental power to make a bunch of peas fly up, and then sliced them into rice-grain size.

She liked this feeling of cutting and slicing and the whooshing sounds. They gave her a sense of thrill.

This may be the reality version of slicing the fruits?

Mag raised his eyebrows.

Chapter 1124 Little Amy Wants to go on a Holiday!

“Alright, come and eat first,” Mag said with a smile and removed his apron as he watched Miya put the last dish on the table.

“I don’t have to pay for all this food?” Camilla asked hesitantly as she looked at the table full of food.

“Yes, this is one of the staff’s benefits.” Mag nodded. As a matter of fact, the meals provided for the staff cost more than their wages.

Camilla’s eyes lit up as she said, “Then, can I have another bowl of tofu pudding?”

Mag shook his head. “Nope. Even our service staff are entitled to one helping of tofu pudding for each meal only. It’s easy to be over-nourished if you have too much of that.”

“Okay.” Camilla sat down on an empty seat. It was rare that she didn’t continue to ask. She picked up the chopsticks and ate quietly.

After breakfast, Mag sent Amy to school on his bicycle. Camilla, who had finished this morning’s tasks, flew out via the back window and left the restaurant discreetly.

“Madam, are we really going to be controlled by a human just because of a Photostone?” Caesar said aggrievedly in a small alley.

Camilla gave Caesar a side glance, her voice laced with disgust as she said, “You were scared of a little fat cat. You are such a shame.”

“Madam, you cannot blame me for that. That fatty is definitely not an ordinary cat. I have a fear that comes from my soul whenever I face it—”

“Shut up,” Camilla interrupted Caesar, clenching her fists. “I will not admit defeat this easily. Agreeing to stay at Mamy Restaurant is just an interim plan. My objective is to gain his trust first, and then find a chance to steal the Photostone. Then, I will no longer be controlled by him.”

“Madam is indeed a clever strategist,” Caesar praised her immediately.

“Alright, let’s come up with a plan first. Tonight...”

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Mag brought along a set of Youtiao and soybean milk as he sent Amy to her new magic classroom.

The new magic classroom that was built by Krassu personally was already completed. It was three times larger than the previous magic classroom. It was an individual building that was located alone in the northwest of Chaos School.

It looked like a squarish black box from the outside—nothing outstanding.

However, people who had visited it all knew that this was the most advanced magic classroom in Chaos City, or perhaps even the entire Norland Continent. It held all the assisting machines and training rooms for all the different levels of magic training. At the same time, it also had a pink color theme playroom.

Yes, that was Amy's personal magic classroom.

"Boss Mag, this youtiao you made is so tasty. I will have youtiao with savory soybean milk as breakfast from now on," Krassu said happily as he chewed on the youtiao loudly.

"Master Krassu, the other children are going to have their breaks, when will you be giving me a break?" Amy already asked hastily before Mag could even open his mouth.

"Cough..." Krassu, who was drinking the soybean milk, choked. He coughed for a while before looking at Amy perplexedly. "Break? What break? There is a break for magic training?"

"It's like this, Lord Krassu. The students of Chaos School have a school holiday during the coldest time of winter every year. It is to welcome the Peace Day holiday too. There are also two months of holidays in summer during the hottest period," Mag explained smilingly. According to his memory, only Chaos School had the summer and winter breaks. The students at Rodu didn't have them.

"The teachers at Chaos School really know how to enjoy themselves. They don't bother to teach the children knowledge and abilities properly. Instead, they are thinking about how to enjoy themselves. They don't teach during the hottest time in summer and the coldest time in winter, and still push the blame to the students. We shouldn't encourage this at all," Krassu said with a frown.

"This sounds... rather reasonable." Mag nodded thoughtfully.

"No way. I want to have a school break too!" Amy placed her hands at her hips as she pouted. "Why can the other children have a break and I can't? Amy wants to have a holiday too!"

"Erm... Little Amy, learning magic is a matter that needs long-term perseverance from us. If we stop for a month or two so frequently every now and then, we will lose our touch with the magic. Then, we can never become a powerful magic caster. This is the time for you to lay down the foundation, and it will be a bad thing if you lose touch," Krassu explained to her patiently.

Mag looked at Amy. Even though he knew Amy wanted to have her break, this was a negotiation between the little one and her teacher, after all. So, he chose to remain silent and let Amy make the choice for herself.

Amy put down her hands and hesitantly asked Krassu, "I will not become a powerful magic caster if I go on a break?"

Krassu nodded. "Yes. I already planned a tight course schedule for the next three months. If Amy can follow the schedule closely, you can have a good chance to break through to the 7th-tier and become an advanced magic caster."

Amy glanced at Mag, and then asked, "Will I be able to protect Father if I become an advanced magic caster?"

"Being an advanced magic caster means that you are already a powerhouse with a higher standing in this world. Of course you will be able to protect Boss Mag." Krassu nodded.

"Then, I don't want to go on a break. I want to continue to learn magic," Amy said with conviction.

A smile appeared on Mag's face. He didn't expect the little one to give up on her holiday so that she could protect him. He had a warm feeling in his heart instantly. He respected her decision.

"Good, good, good," Krassu said, showing his approval. Becoming an advanced magic caster within six months of learning magic, this precious disciple was going to set a legendary record in the history of Norland Continent.

"Lord Krassu, Little Amy, I will go back now," Mag said as he turned to leave.

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"Have you heard about it? Mamy Restaurant released a new soup called 'Buddha jumps over the wall' yesterday. It's priced at 10,000 copper coins," an old man said laughingly in a tea shop in the morning.

"Is that boss crazy!? 10,000 copper coins for a bowl? Are there people stupid enough to buy that?"

Someone quickly joined in the chat, and the other customers began to look over.

"Oh, the 10-odd bowls that were released yesterday were sold out in a flash."

"Seems like there are plenty of idiots in this world."

"You have no idea about the 'Buddha jumps over the wall's effect. I heard that two knights have advanced on the spot after they ate it. The most miraculous thing is that the hair has begun to regrow on bald men after they drank it!" the old man said with amazement.

"Wah!"

Commotion broke out in the teahouse immediately. A few bald middle-aged men and low-tier knights began to gather around the old man.

Chapter 1125 Punishment For Mission Failure: Sweeping The Whole Aden Square By Yourself!

Mag was riding his bicycle slowly on the square's path that wasn't crowded with pedestrians. A long broom suddenly fell down in front of him, making him brake in a fright. "I beg your pardon, I beg your pardon." An old man stood up from the bench at the side of the path. He picked up the long broom that had fallen and apologized to Mag sincerely.

Mag took a look at that old man. He was about 60 years old, and his hair was almost white, but the wrinkles on his face were deeply etched. Frost was already forming on his messy beard and eyebrows. He was wearing a tattered black cotton jacket with an armband on his left arm that bore the words "Aden Square's Cleaner". It seemed like he worked in the square as a cleaner.

There was an old lady standing next to the bench too. She was about 50-60 years old, thin and hunchbacked. She was holding half of the biscuit and looking at him nervously.

"It's fine," Mag said smilingly. It made him rather embarrassed when the old man was being so polite.

The roadblock was removed, and Mag was prepared to ride on.

"Sigh. You can stop trying to warm it up, old man. I am not hungry. You can have some of it. I am not eating." The old lady's haggard voice sounded right at this moment.

Mag turned his head around in confusion. He saw the old man take out half a biscuit from his chest clothes. He was pressing it with his hands like he was pressing on a piece of rock. He desperately said, "This weather is too cold. I can warm it up and make it soft usually, but why can't I warm it up today?"

"It's okay. I am not hungry." The old lady shook her head. Her throat moved as she stared at the biscuit. Then, she moved her gaze away.

"Then, I will dip it into the water for you. It can be eaten once it's softened in the water." The old man passed the biscuit to the old lady as he turned to get a water cup made of bamboo out of the basket that was rather full of rubbish. He twisted it hard twice to unscrew the cap. His eyes reddened instantly when he saw the thin layer of ice floating on it.

"Never mind. You eat it now. We still got to work after eating this. The weather is so cold. We can go back earlier if we finish sweeping the area earlier." The old lady pushed the biscuit back to the old man and took the bamboo container from him. She replaced the cover and put it back in the basket again. There was a smile on her wrinkled face.

Mag hesitated for a moment before he decided to stop and park the bicycle. He said to the old man, "Is there anything I can help you with?"

The old man turned around and looked at Mag, stunned. He looked around him with uncertainty before asking, "Are you talking to me, Sir?"

Old Jack and his wife had been sweeping Aden Square for 10-odd years. Because they were always in contact with rubbish, people usually walked around them. This gentleman, who looked very well-dressed and respectable, actually took the initiative to greet him? This was something that had never happened before.

"Yes. I see that you seem to run into some problems. Can I offer you some help?" Mag nodded.

"It isn't a problem. We have come to sweep the square since four in the morning. We brought along some drystores, but due to the cold weather, it is frozen hard. Normally, I will warm it up and soften with my body warmth before giving it to her. However, the temperature is simply too low, and I cannot warm it up no matter how I try. The hot water that I brought also began to have ice forming after such a long time.

"It's still alright for me as I can still swallow after chewing it harder, but my wife doesn't have many teeth left. I am afraid her body cannot withstand the cold and hunger if she doesn't eat to fill her stomach," Old Jack said with red eyes and self-reproach.

“Aiyo, why are you making me look so weak? My body is perfectly fine. Don’t waste this gentleman’s precious time.” The old lady rolled her eyes at Old Jack before smilingly saying to Mag, “Kind Sir, we are alright. Don’t worry about us.”

Mag peered at the old lady. Although she was wearing patched-up clothes, her smile was still as clean as the flowers blooming in the snow. It made people feel comfortable.

What a kind old lady, Mag lamented in his heart. He felt sorry for them as he looked at the big biscuit in their hands.

“Ding! The sympathy that Host has for the two cleaners has triggered a new mission: the cleaners working in Aden Square begin their cleaning tasks at 4 am every day to make sure that Aden Square remains clean and neat. They have to work for several hours continuously in the sub-zero temperature. They are often hungry and tired before their tasks are completed, but they can never manage to have a hot meal. Can the Host promise to provide a helping of congee with pork and century egg for the cleaners working in Aden Square as breakfast every day?”

“Mission reward: the recipe of congee with pork and century egg! Punishment for mission failure: sweeping the whole Aden Square by yourself!”

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

“Hmm?” Mag was stunned. He indeed felt sympathy for them, but he only intended to buy a set of breakfast for this couple and get them a cup of hot water. He didn’t expect System to make him provide breakfast for all the cleaners in Aden Square.

This...

...actually wasn’t a big problem.

However, he simply wasn’t happy that he was forced to do it.

“System, are you forcing me to do good deeds? As a cuisine system, aren’t your actions a little overboard?” Mag said in his heart unhappily.

“Host, if you want to become a real God of Cookery, you have to have the heart of a powerhouse. Kindness and sympathy are the most basic character traits. This is a mission to build up your character, so I have not gone overboard,” the system answered calmly.

“Since this is the case, I will make myself accept this mission,” Mag said thoughtfully. He had provided food for the children once before, and sharing food was indeed something that made one feel happy.

Providing a simple hot breakfast, congee with pork and century egg, for the hungry cleaners shouldn’t be a burden for him.

“It’s alright. I have nothing at hand anyway,” Mag said to the old lady with a smile. “Give me the bamboo container and I will fetch you some hot water.”

“This...” The old lady looked at Mag’s friendly smile with some hesitation.

“It is only a simple act. My restaurant is just over there,” Mag said, pointing toward Mamy Restaurant.

“Then... Then, we will bother you, Sir.” The old man took out the bamboo container and poured away the water in it before giving it to Mag.

There was still crushed ice in the icy cold bamboo container. The hot water would turn cold within 10 minutes when it was held in such a non-insulated container.

Mag took the container and walked straight toward a breakfast shop nearby.

“How could we trouble people.” The old lady looked at Old Jack grudgingly.

Old Jack laughed and gazed at the old lady indulgently. “I have to ensure you have something to eat. I will thank that kind gentleman properly later.”

Chapter 1126: The Princess Needs Me

Mag came back with a container full of water and two steamed cakes made from coarse grain flour. These steam cakes were the softest food that was sold in the breakfast shop. He tested a small piece. Although it didn't melt as soon as it was put in the mouth, it was already rather easy to people who couldn't chew well.

“Please eat a little before you drink the water.” Mag handed the steam cake and water to the old lady.

“No, no, no. We only need the water. How can we take your breakfast?” The old lady quickly shook her hands. She only took the water with a smile as she said, “We can soak the biscuit in the water, and we will be able to eat it later. Thank you very much.”

“Yes. Thank you very much, Sir. Just the water will do for us,” Old Jack, too, said with a smile as he twisted open the cap, and poured the hot water onto the cover. Then, he broke the biscuit into pieces and soaked them in the water. The hot water softened the biscuit quickly.

“I have already had my breakfast, and these steam cakes cannot be eaten once they get cold. It would be a pity to waste them, so can you help me eat them please?”

“This...”

Old Jack and his wife looked at each other thoughtfully. It would really be a pity to waste such good steam cakes, but they didn't feel good to accept others' goodwill.

Smiling, Mag continued, “Actually, I have a favor to ask the two of you, thus I bought you breakfast. If you don't accept them, then I can't ask you about that too.”

“What would you like us to help you with, Sir? Please tell us. If we can do it, we will help you,” the old lady said with conviction.

“Please have a seat and eat while I tell you about it.” Mag thrust the cakes into the old couple's hands.

They could only accept the cakes since Mag wouldn't take no for an answer.

“I would like to know, how many cleaners are working in Aden Square?” Mag asked the two of them curiously.

“There are 32 of them in total. That’s the number of cleaners present at our usual meeting.” Old Jack pondered before looking at Mag perplexedly. “Why are you asking about this?”

The old lady was also looking at Mag perplexedly. Why was this kind gentleman asking about them, the cleaners?

“Oh, it’s like this. I am the boss of that Mamy Restaurant over there. I think you guys are working very hard to keep the square clean, so I would like to provide you with a breakfast that would warm your stomachs,” Mag said with a smile.

Old Jack and his wife were both looking at Mag in a shock. Normally, the pedestrians wouldn’t even look at them. The restaurants treated them as pests, and would chase them away whenever they got close. That was the reason why they didn’t dare to approach them for a cup of hot water.

But this kind gentleman actually said he wanted to provide breakfast for them?

“Mamy Restaurant? That famous restaurant at the end where there are always long lines in front of it?” Old Jack exclaimed as he suddenly recalled something.

“Oh, that restaurant!” the old lady exclaimed too.

They had often heard people talking about that restaurant during their meetings for the past few days. They heard it came in first for the Delicious Cuisine Rankings, and hundreds of customers were lining up in front of it every day. The cheapest dish in that restaurant cost 200 copper coins, and the most expensive dish even cost 10,000 copper coins for a single helping.

Oh my heavens!

They couldn’t imagine what food that cost 10,000 coppers looked like. It couldn’t be made out of gold, right?

They couldn’t even earn 10,000 copper coins for a year’s work.

“Yes. That should be the restaurant you refer to.” Mag nodded. He didn’t expect Mamy Restaurant to be even more famous than he had imagined.

“You are saying you want to provide breakfast for us?” Old Jack was still asking doubtfully. This was simply too unbelievable.

“Yes. I wonder where could I go to meet your person-in-charge? I would like to talk to him directly.” Mag nodded.

The old lady calmed down fairly quickly. She pointed to an alley not far away, and said, “Our office is on the second floor in that alley. We have our meeting there every day at nine in the morning. Mr Sidka, our person-in-charge, will be there too.”

Mad looked at the direction that the old lady pointed and smiled. “Alright, thank you very much. Please enjoy your breakfast. I’ll see you later.”

“We should be the ones to thank you. This is the best breakfast we have ever eaten,” the old lady replied with gratitude.

Mag bade farewell to the old folks, and rode his bicycle back to the restaurant. It would be the best to talk directly with their person-in-charge for this matter, and it would be great to get a namelist to identify all the personnel in order to prevent trouble. This was to prevent pretenders from appearing.

After all, Mag wasn't running a charity. He only wanted to help those in need, and not everybody.

...

Long lines were forming in front of Mamy Restaurant as usual. Harold and his family were at the forward part of the line, and he was looking at the restaurant's entrance expectantly.

For someone who usually skipped breakfast, he was totally enamored with that scrumptious youtiao and soybean milk set meal after trying it at Mamy Restaurant for the first time yesterday.

Of course, the most important thing was that after eating that breakfast yesterday, his stomach didn't hurt at all for the whole day, and there were no symptoms of bloating and acid reflux, either.

He spent the whole day having fun with his wife and daughter energetically. That feeling was simply marvellous.

Therefore, early this morning, before Doris needed to say anything, he brought them to Mamy Restaurant again straight after he woke up so they could eat breakfast together as a family.

"Father, can I have an ice cream?" Kathy asked Harold with anticipation, pulling his hand.

Harold shook his head with a smile, and said, "Not today. It's too cold to eat that in the morning. Father will bring Kathy back to eat ice cream again on my next day off."

"Alright." Kathy was a little disappointed, but she soon smiled again. "It's so blissful to be able to have my meals with Father every day."

"I feel very blissful too." Harold stroked Kathy's head. This little one had already grown so tall in the blink of an eye. He had indeed missed out a lot; hence, he would have to spend even more time with them in the future.

"This is indeed a wonderful restaurant." Doris looked at the father and daughter with a blissful smile on her face.

...

"Mr. Mag, I will have to leave. The princess needs me." Firis went up to Mag the very moment he stepped into the restaurant. She softly said, "Miss Camilla is able to take over my job now, so even if I leave, the restaurant won't be very much affected."

Chapter 1127: I Hope Chief Sargerias Can Take Care Of Her Along The Journey

Mag looked at Firis's determined eyes and pondered. Then, he nodded. "That's good. You have already learnt how to cook the Yangzhou fried rice and braised chicken and rice. You can always make changes to them according to the ingredients available to create delicious food. It's time to let you go."

"Thank you, Mr. Mag." Firis bowed deeply at Mag. After she straightened herself, she asked with a blush, "After the war is over, if I could come back again, would you still want me?"

“Of course. Why would I not want such an outstanding employee like you?” Mag nodded. However, these words seemed... to have raised a red flag?

“Only an outstanding employee...” Firis was a little disappointed, but she soon smiled and nodded. “Then, I will definitely make it back.”

Mag continued, “I have already been asking around for Princess Irina’s current location for you. I admire her greatly for her noble character in fighting for the freedom of the common elves. The current situation of the Night Elves shouldn’t be too good. Hence, I will be donating some foodstuffs in my name, and you can travel with the team that is escorting the food items. In this case, you could take care of one another on the road.”

“Food?” Firis was taken aback, but she soon realized the princess was no longer the one that was worshipped and loved by all the elves. The conditions of the Night Elves had to be very dire, and she actually hadn’t thought of that. Mr. Mag was indeed a very thoughtful person.

“Yes. Take a break first, Firis. I’ll bring you to a place after the breakfast service is over. I still have to make some arrangements personally.” Mag nodded.

“Oh, okay.” Firis quickly nodded. She didn’t even know where the princess was now, and she didn’t expect Mr. Mag had done so much for her secretly. He even made all the arrangements in advance.

“Firis, are you leaving us too?” Yabemiya came forward to hold Firis’s hand sadly. “First it was Aisha, then it was Shirley, and now you are going to leave too. I can’t bear to let you go.”

“Yes. Are you elves all so busy?” Babla was also looking at Firis perplexedly. The Moon Nation had never had a war before. All its people were living in harmony. They even seldom quarreled or fought.

Everyone crowded around her. Even though Firis didn’t talk much normally, she still established rather good friendships with all of them. It made them sad to bid farewell to her.

“I am going to cook for the princess. I will be back once the war is over. I guess Miss Aisha and Miss Shirley will be back too.” Firis was looking at them with reddened eyes. She, too, felt sad to say goodbye.

Here, she had gained friendship for the first time. She also had people to care about her apart from the princess.

What a warm place. If possible, she would like to stay here forever.

“Let’s get ready for operation.” Mag glanced at his watch and walked to the kitchen.

The busy breakfast service was over very quickly. Mag removed his apron and hung it on a rack. After asking Firis to wait for him, he went upstairs to change his clothes.

Mag came down and said, “Let’s go.”

Firis acknowledged Mag’s words, and then followed Mag to the door.

“Wait a minute,” Anna said from behind right at this moment.

Firis turned around.

Anna jogged to Firis and held up a little rabbit that was knitted with white yarn in her little hands. She softly said, "Big Sister Firis, if you see Big Sister Shirley, please pass this little rabbit to her. Tell her I will be always waiting for her to come back."

Firis looked at that plump rabbit and nodded. "Okay. I will pass it to her if I meet her."

"Thank you." Anna's tears were already rolling about in her eyes. She threw herself into Firis's arms, and chokingly said, "You guys, must... must come back."

"Mm-hm." Firis's eyes were red too and she gave Anna a tight hug.

"Firis, write to me if you guys can't hold on anymore. I will bring the Moon Nation's army to help you." Babla lifted her hand, trying to make her expression as nonchalant as possible.

"Count me in too." Elizabeth raised her hand.

"I... I can't do much, but if you need me, I will come too." Yabemiya raised her hand too.

"Thank you, everyone." Firis gave all of them a brilliant smile and waved. "Goodbye, everyone."

Mag looked at all of them, and he suddenly had a warm feeling in his heart. He didn't know when it started, but all the people in the restaurant were giving him a sense of camaraderie. Through the simple and happy daily interactions, they had formed a warm relationship.

This was the friendship that he had never had in his previous life. It had nothing to do with money and status. The simple and beautiful relationship had touched the softest part in his heart.

If that day is to come, I will be going too. For sure, Mag said secretly in his heart. No matter if it was Irina, Sally, Shirley, or Firis, he simply couldn't stand aside and do nothing.

Mag went out with Firis on the bicycle. After leaving Aden Square, they went to the north of the city and turned into a small alley. After making multiple turns in there, they stopped in front of a rather old courtyard.

"Wait here for me, Firis." Mag walked to the courtyard and knocked. Three long knocks and two short knocks.

After a moment, the door cracked open inward and an eye peeped out. The eye lit up instantly when it saw Mag, and pulled the door wide open.

"Boss Mag, you are here!" Mond said to Mag respectfully before yelling into the yard, "Boss, Boss Mag is here."

"We will talk inside." Mag turned and waved to Firis as he stepped into the courtyard.

"Are they our customers?" Firis looked at Mond in surprise, and quickly caught up with Mag.

"Boss Mag, you came." Sargerass, who was topless, came out to welcome Mag immediately when he walked in. Then, he saw Firis who followed Mag in, and swiftly went back to his room to put on some clothes. He came out after a while, rubbing his head embarrassingly as he said, "I thought you came alone."

“Chief Sargerass, we can execute the mission that we have discussed before now. I wonder if you guys have already prepared the items that I needed?” Mag said with a smile.

“Boss Mag, I have prepared all the food items that you asked me to procure. They are all loaded on the wagons that are parked in the backyard. We can set off anytime after we strap on the unicorns to them.” Sargerass brought Mag to the backyard where 20-odd wagons full of food were parked.

Mag nodded. This food should be enough to tide the Night Elves over this winter. He said to Sargerass, “Besides the food, Firis will also be going with you. I hope Chief Sargerass can take care of her along the journey.”

“Don’t worry, I got this. As long as I am alive, I will not let Miss Firis suffer a single scratch,” Sargerass promised as he slapped his chest for emphasis.

“This is a long journey, and there might be attacks from the elves. About the payment—”

“Boss Mag, 1000 holy roujiamos are already a very hefty payment, and you have even prepared all the roujiamos that we need for the journey. Don’t worry, we’ll deliver both the food items and Miss Firis safely there,” Sargerass interrupted Mag’s words with a humble smile, but his tone of voice was full of conviction.

Chapter 1128: I Will Pass This To Her Highness

Translator: Henyee Translations **Editor:** Henyee Translations

“Then, I will have to trouble the Burning Legion for this journey,” Mag said to Sargerass with gratitude.

Ever since Firis said she wanted to go to Irina, he had started to prepare. Because his power had not returned to his peak, he couldn’t give too much direct support. Hence, he could only provide support in other ways, such as preparing the food needed and engaging the Burning Legion to escort them.

From what he knew about Irina, she definitely wouldn’t think about the problem of food before she began the revolution. Facing the crazily intense siege from the Wind Forest now, obtaining food had to be a very difficult task.

I didn’t expect Mr. Mag to have prepared so much for me. This is so touching... Firis looked at the numerous wagons parked in the backyard and felt very touched. She looked at Mag with reddened eyes again.

After discussing with Sargerass, Mag turned and walked to Firis. He took out a booklet wrapped with kraft paper and passed it to her.

“This is?” Firis received the booklet with a rapidly beating heart. Maybe Mr. Mag had something to tell her? If so...

“Firis—”

“I’m willing...” Firis burst out, and then realized that she had jumped the gun. Her face blushed instantly.

“Willing?” Mag raised his eyebrows. He had no idea what this lass was talking about, and why did she blush? He continued, “Firis, this is a book on the art of war that I have chanced upon. I think it’s quite well-written, you can pass it to your princess. Maybe it will give her some help.”

“P-pass this to the princess?” Firis was stunned. So, this wasn’t a gift that Mr. Mag had prepared for her, and she just...

Firis was slightly disappointed, and she blushed even harder. She nodded. “O-okay, I will pass this to Her Highness.”

“War is perilous. Please be very careful. This knife can be considered as my gift to you. There will always be a place for you in the restaurant. Come back when the war is over.” Mag took out a chinese cleaver from the pouch at his waist and gave it to Firis.

“This is Boss’s personal cleaver,” Firis said in a surprise as she received the cleaver with both her hands. It had the familiar proportions and weight.

Smiling, Mag said, “Now it’s yours.”

“Thank you, Boss.” A smile appeared on Firis’s face.

“Goodbye,” Mag said to Firis with a smile as he saw that the unicorns were already strapped to the wagons and the Burning Legion was looking at them.

“Goodbye, Boss.” Firis waved goodbye to Mag too. Then, she turned and ran toward the wagons and hopped onto one.

Mag watched the long convoy depart slowly from the entrance. He stood at the empty alley for a while before leaving on his bicycle.

One could only wonder how to win this war of great strength disparity.

He, too, had to advance his power rapidly. Otherwise, it wouldn’t matter how many backup plans he had.

When Mag reached the Aden Square’s cleaning department on his bicycle, they were about to disperse after the morning meeting.

Mag knocked. All the 30-odd elderly cleaners and the young man in his thirties in the front all looked over at him, standing at the entrance.

“Excuse me for interrupting. I am the boss of Mamy Restaurant, Mag. I have something to discuss with everyone. May I come in?” Mag asked with a smile.

“Oh, it’s that kind gentleman.” The old lady’s eyes lit up, and she poked Old Jack, who was snoozing next to her.

“Mr. Mag.” Old Jack opened his eyes in a befuddlement, and they lit up too. He waved to Mag smilingly, and then said to the young man sitting at the front, “Mr. Sidka, this is the kind gentleman that I told you about earlier.”

“Old Jack, is he the kind gentleman who bought you breakfast this morning?”

“You said he wants to prepare a hot breakfast for us?”

“Is it really the Mamy Restaurant? I heard that restaurant is very expensive.”

The cleaners all began to discuss softly and gazed at Mag in amazement. This was the first time that something like that had ever happened. If they could have a hot breakfast every morning, it would be so blissful.

Sidka stood up with a smile on his squarish face after hearing that, and said to Mag, “Please come in, Mr. Mag. Old Jack has told me about you, and you really came.”

Mamy Restaurant was very famous now, so he naturally had heard of it. The cleaning department belonged to the city lord’s castle. Although he was in charge of the area of Aden Square with 30-odd cleaners working under him, he was still an ordinary employee.

The cleaning department usually recruited old people who couldn’t do menial tasks, and had no other forms of support. Their work efficiency was very low, and their wages could only sustain their basic needs. However, this was already a huge part of the city lord’s castle’s fiscal expenditure, so they were not able to further improve the cleaners’ working conditions.

Hence, even though he knew these old folks were having a hard time, especially on the winter mornings when they had to work in the cold and ate frozen food, with some of them even passing away, he couldn’t do anything as a normal wage worker with a family to provide for.

Therefore, he was pleasantly surprised when he heard someone was willing to provide breakfast for the cleaners. He was even more astonished that this person was the boss of Mamy Restaurant.

Recently, there were a lot of rumors about Mamy Restaurant going around in the city lord’s castle. The servers there were all top beauties, the city lord was a regular customer, and the important meeting of the three races was held there. He also heard that a prisoner who had escaped from the Bastie Prison yesterday had gone straight to the Mamy Restaurant.

Every single rumor was shocking, let alone when they were all about the same restaurant.

“How do you do, Mr. Sidka, hello, everyone.” Mag went in with a smile. It seemed like the two old folks had been promoting him.

“It’s like this. I see that everyone has to start their cleaning job so early every single morning, and the weather is getting so cold, so I want to provide some breakfast for you. It may not be a fancy feast, but I hope it can bring you some warmth,” Mag said, straight to the point.

“This is great. This is such good news.”

“Yes. Mr. Mag is such a wonderful person.”

“We don’t have to eat breakfast that resembles an ice-cube anymore.”

A round of enthusiastic applause sounded as soon as Mag finished talking.

“Mr. Mag, I thank you on behalf of the Aden Square’s cleaning department,” Sidka said gratefully, grasping Mag’s hand.

Chapter 1129: A Helping Of Yangzhou Fried Rice That Is Charred

Translator: Henyee Translations **Editor:** Henyee Translations

“Ding! Congratulations, Host. Your mission to promise a warm breakfast for the cleaners during winter is completed. You will receive the mission reward: one congee with pork and century egg recipe! On your journey to becoming the God of Cookery, your character has received elevation and was fortified. At the same time, you will receive one ‘Good Person Card’. You will get one Wishing Chance after you collect five ‘Good Person Cards’,” the system said.

Mag was slightly taken aback, and he curiously asked, “Wishing Chance? What’s that?”

“Wishing Chance: the Host can make a wish with the system, and the system will try to fulfil it to the maximum of its capabilities.”

“Then, how to get the ‘Good Person Cards’?” Mag continued to ask. This Wishing Chance sounded rather good.

“As long as the Host continues to do good deeds, there is always a good probability to receive a ‘Good Person Card’.”

“That is really a good person’s card...” Mag pursed his lips. It didn’t sound very dependable. God knew how many good deeds he had to do in order to get five ‘Good Person Cards’.

He looked at the shiny congee with pork and century egg recipe that just appeared in his head, and thought this had to be the simplest mission he had ever done. However, as the mission began, so did the responsibility. Providing a hot breakfast for the cleaners every day was a matter of long-term perseverance.

“All of you are too kind. From tomorrow onward, please gather at the entrance of Mamy Restaurant at 6.30 am. I will provide breakfast for all of you free-of-charge,” Mag said to them smilingly.

Everyone began to praise Mag again.

“Mr. Sidka, may I have a namelist of your people? Let us get to know one another. This is to prevent others sneaking in to deprive the folks of their breakfast. Therefore, I would like to do a simple get-to-know session,” Mag said to Sidka.

“Sure, of course. Mr. Mag has indeed considered every aspect.” Sidka nodded, quickly strode to his desk, and retrieved a namelist from a messy pile of papers. He passed it to Mag and introduced the names to him at the same time.

“Alright. Thank you.” Mag kept the name list. He had already memorized everyone’s names. Hence, he wouldn’t have to worry about others sneaking in for the free breakfast.

“I will take my leave now.” Mag nodded to Old Jack and his wife before bidding his farewell. He had to head back to do some preparation.

“This Boss Mag is really a good man.”

“Yes. I heard even the cheapest food in that restaurant will cost 200 copper coins. I have never eaten such expensive food before.”

The cleaners were still discussing happily with a bright smile after Mag left.

“Alright, let’s go home and have a rest, everyone,” Sidka said, and everyone went home.

...

Mag returned to the restaurant. Yabemiya should have gone to the ice cream shop. Only Anna was squatting in front of the full-length glass windows. She was hugging Ugly Duckling as she gazed outside.

Mag watched her at the side for a while before going over and crouching next to her. He softly said, “What are you thinking about, Anna?”

“I am thinking, will Shirley ever meet Big Sister Aisha on the battlefield...?” Anna turned to look at Mag as she worriedly said, “If they met each other, would one of them be dead?”

“No.” Mag shook his head with a smile and said, “No matter if it is Aisha or Shirley, they won’t hurt each other. Even when they are standing on the opposite sides. After all, they are comrades who had fought together before.”

Anna pondered. Then, a smile appeared on her face and she nodded. “Yup, they are both very kind elves and are true elves too.”

“Okay, let’s not sit here in a daze anymore. How about I’ll teach you how to make Yangzhou fried rice today?” Mag said smilingly as he placed his hand gently on Anna’s head.

“Really?!” Anna’s eyes lit up. She had been practicing her knife skills all this time. She hadn’t done any real cooking yet.

“Of course it’s real.” Mag nodded, and then bought a set of kitchenware suitable for Anna from the system in his mind.

Anna’s knife skills were already quite good, and she could cut the ingredients into the necessary sizes for the fried rice. It was time for her to learn the actual cooking.

The system provided a wok that was only half the size of a normal wok. It looked a little mini wok, but it was still quite a big wok for Anna.

The spatula was also a miniature one; even Anna’s little hand could grasp it easily.

Anna carried a small stool over herself. She was just at the height that she could reach the stove when she stood on it. She looked at Mag with anticipation.

She had to watch Uncle Mag make hundreds of Yangzhou fried rice for everyone, and thus she had already memorized every single step and detail in her heart. She only lacked the chance to put them to practice. Now, she could finally try to make Yangzhou fried rice that belonged to her.

“Yangzhou fried rice is a rather complicated dish. There are stringent requirements for the control of the fire and the control of the timing to add in the different ingredients. We will start from preparing the

ingredients...” Mag took out two sets of ingredients from the fridge. He passed one set to Anna, and kept one set for himself. Then, he began to teach her attentively.

Anna stared and focused all her attention. Although she had seen the same steps thousands of times, she still didn’t want to miss any details. She remembered every word that Mag said.

A helping of Yangzhou fried rice that looked, smelled, and tasted good was soon ready.

Mag put that helping of Yangzhou fried rice aside with a smile and said, “Alright, Anna, you can start cooking for the first time.”

“Mm-hmm.” Anna nodded. She glanced at Mag before retrieving her gaze. She stood in front of the cutting table with her eyes closed for a while. Then, she opened her eyes and picked up that Chinese cleaver.

There wasn’t any sense of cumbersomeness even when that small hand was holding that thick Chinese cleaver. The knife landed on the chopping board with a gentle rhythm. All the ingredients were cut into a rice grain’s size with the cleaver, and then put on a plate by Anna, waiting to be used.

She turned on the fire and poured in the oil. She put the ingredients in when the oil’s temperature was just right. She flipped and tossed, and everything flowed smoothly. This was Anna’s first trial in cooking, but her performance impressed Mag. This didn’t look like it could be done by a six, seven years old child.

This child is indeed very talented. Mag couldn’t help but praise her in his heart. Given time, she would become an even better chef than he was.

She turned off the fire and plated the fried rice. Anna carried the first Yangzhou fried rice that she made gingerly over and placed it next to Mag’s. She expectantly said to Mag, “Please try it, Uncle Mag.”

“A helping of Yangzhou fried rice that is charred.”

The difference in appearance became very obvious when the two helpings of Yangzhou fried rice were placed next to each other. In Anna’s fried rice, the winter bamboo shoot and tree mushroom became dark brown, and the rice wasn’t coated with the egg perfectly. Many of the rice grains were broken. It was also too shiny due to the overdosage of oil.

“Sure, I’ll try it.” Mag picked a spoon and fed himself a mouthful of Yangzhou fried rice. The overly salty taste almost made him spit it out. The salt wasn’t spread out evenly during the frying, and the charred taste was very obvious.

Chapter 1130: Uncle Mag, Are You Planting Flowers?

This was a Yangzhou fried rice full of mistakes.

However, it was also Anna’s first attempt at making Yangzhou fried rice herself.

Mag swallowed the fried rice and gave her a thumbs up with a smile as he said, “It’s not bad overall, but there is still room for improvement when it comes to controlling the fire, techniques, and your use of salt. However, it is already very impressive for our Anna to be able to achieve such a standard on her first try.”

“It seems that I’ve still made a lot of mistakes. But it’s okay, I will continue to work hard.” Anna nodded and smiled happily.

“Anna, wait here for me for a while. We’ll go to the market together. Let’s buy you some ingredients to practice with.” Mag reached out and stroked Anna’s head before he turned to go upstairs.

He clicked on the shimmering gold recipe in his mind, and a flood of information surged into his head.

Congee with pork and century egg was not a complicated dish, but it was still very scrumptious.

Making congee itself was not complicated work, but making delicious century egg was the most complicated part of this entire dish.

Century egg was also called songhua egg.

It could be considered part of one of the dark cuisines of the East.

Mag was okay with century eggs. He was neither a fan nor a hater. If he came across a plate of delicious century egg salad, he would still be able to take a few mouthfuls of it.

According to the regular procedure, it would take around 30 days to make century eggs.

However, the system’s upgraded recipe and improved technology were able to shorten the 30 days’ time period for the fermentation of the century egg to three days.

Despite that, even if Mag could master the congee with pork and century egg, he would still be unable to make the cleaners a piping hot bowl of congee with pork and century egg because of the lack of ingredients.

“System, is this a trap? How can a congee with pork and century egg be called a congee with pork and century egg without century eggs?” Mag said as he rolled his eyes.

“Don’t worry, Host. The system had already prepared three days’ worth of century eggs for you, so as long as you can master the congee with pork and century egg, the sale of it would not be affected,” the system said.

“What type of egg did you use? How much are you charging for each egg?” Mag asked.

“The system uses the eggs of Karon ducks from the Morning Lake in the southwestern side of the Twilight Forest. Karon ducks are 3rd-tier magic beasts, and feed mainly on fish. Their eggs are rich in nutrients, sweet in flavor, and cool in nature, with the benefits of nourishing the yin and clearing the lungs. Only one egg is produced every month, so it is very limited.

“In addition, to make the century egg, the system chose to use the soil at Vic Mountain and the ashes of rice watered by the Spring of Life—”

“Alright, just tell me the price.” Mag rolled his eyes.

“The price of one century egg is 200 copper coins. One century egg can be used to make four bowls of congee with pork and century egg,” the system replied.

Mag thought for a while before asking, "System, what is the cost price of one century egg if it was made from an ordinary duck egg and ingredients that are more easily obtainable?"

"Host, as a candidate for the God of Cookery, it is only basic professional ethics to use the best ingredients to make delicious food for the customers. How can you make do with ordinary ingredients in the situation where you have the choice of excellent ingredients? That's not befitting of the status and judgment of the God of Cookery—"

"Firstly, I am the owner of a restaurant who has to think about making profits. While doing good, I have to control the amount I put in for my cost price to prevent the restaurant from running into a crisis just because of my personal feelings or actions. This is a display of intelligence. It has nothing to do with status or judgment," Mag interrupted the system.

"But with normal ingredients, you would not be able to bring out the best flavor of this dish. There would be a big gap with the capabilities of the host as a candidate for the God of Cookery. This would not be advantageous for the image of the God of Cookery," the system insisted.

"I will use normal ingredients and my most sincere culinary skills to make a bowl of congee with pork and century egg for the hardworking cleaners, not so that they would embark on the journey of a foodie, but because they have worked in the cold for consecutive hours, and having a bowl of piping hot and delicious congee will make it easier for them to bear the winter. System, you're forgetting the initial cause of this. You're missing the point."

Mag smirked, and said, "Prepare 33 servings of ordinary century egg for me. An ordinary duck egg costs 2 copper coins in the market. I will give you 5 copper coins for making the century egg and additional 3 copper for your other expenditure. So, it'll be 10 copper coins for an ordinary century egg."

"Host, you—"

"That's settled," Mag interrupted the system calmly, and continued, "I will take the best century egg from you for the congee with pork and century egg that is sold in the restaurant."

"I—"

"You will supply the ordinary century egg from now on. It's a fixed order and the price quoted is reasonable. Your profits will be more than five times your cost price. This is a business opportunity that is hard to come by," Mag said with a smile.

"Deal!" the system said almost immediately.

The corner of Mag's lips curled up slightly. After going through the ingredients in his mind, he turned to walk downstairs with a basket as he brought Anna out to the market.

Learning cooking required a large number of ingredients. The cost price of using the ingredients in the fridge was too high, so Mag wanted to let Anna practice with normal ingredients first, just like Firis.

At the same time, he wanted to buy the ingredients for the breakfast that he was going to make for the cleaners tomorrow morning. Lowering the cost price for his philanthropy would allow him to last longer.

Mag's money did not fall from the sky, so he knew very well what he should do.

100 duck eggs, two bags of good quality pearl rice, a piece of lean meat, and other ingredients needed to make century eggs... When he came out from the market, Mag's basket was already filled with various ingredients.

"Send the rice to Mamy Restaurant in half an hour," Mag told the owner of the rice shop who was loading the rice into his cart. After that, he brought Anna to a DIY shop to buy some soil and ashes before returning to the restaurant.

"Uncle Mag, are you planting flowers?" Anna looked at Mag curiously as she watched him put the soil, ashes, and other things down.

"No, I am preparing to make a food called century egg." Mag shook his head and put the things down behind a shelf for later use. He had to wait until he entered the test field for the God of Cookery tonight before he could start making century eggs.

"Century egg?" Anna thought for a while. She had never heard of such food.

However, she had never heard of any food that Uncle Mag made, yet he could still surprise everyone every time.

"Anna, if you want to continue practicing, you can use these ingredients. When you are able to make a plate of Yangzhou fried rice that I am satisfied with, you can start using the ingredients in the fridge," Mag said with a smile as he put the ingredients for Anna on the table.