

Stay At home 131

Chapter 131: This Restaurateur Is Anything But Ordinary

Many people might have asked the same question if they had dared.

One was a royal magic caster, and the other was a shadowy dark magic caster. They were both very powerful, and clearly regarded each other as enemies. But, Amy didn't seem to care.

Krassu and Urien were taken aback, but strangely, they didn't reject her right away. They exchanged a long look.

20 years ago, the elven girl had said the same thing. After that, they had fought for almost a year, but neither had given up. Then, she had got taken away before one could get the better of the other.

It was one of their most bitter regrets, though they didn't say it. They had had to watch helplessly as they took her away.

"It's a good idea, isn't it? I'll be able to fly and summon a dragon. I'll be very powerful!" she said happily, clapping her hands.

"You don't need a dragon. You'll be able to kill dragons with your staff, or a fireball if you prefer," Krassu pointed out.

"Girls have no business flying in the sky with a staff. You can perform my magic in a dress," Urien said gently. "They won't be able to touch you. You will be graceful like every other girl."

A slow smile crept across Mag's face. The looks on the two old men's faces suggested they were considering Amy's request. *I was right to have Amy bring this up. They like her. Besides, it would be great if Amy could reconcile them. After all, they probably don't have many old friends left, considering their age.*

Amy shook her head. "But I want to study under you both. Please..." she said, looking at them with her big watery eyes.

The two old men weakened suddenly. They thought they saw the elven girl who liked making sport of everyone with deft cruelty, and who could make everyone succumb to her cuteness.

Amy was much younger, but just as sharp-tongued and cute. They looked at her, and couldn't help but nod.

Amy's eyes lit up immediately. "Really, Turtle Grandpa, Half-beard Grandpa? I'm your disciple now?" She threw her arms around Mag's neck, and kissed him on the cheek. "Father, I have two masters now! They'll teach me magic!"

"I..." Krassu said after he realized what he had done.

"Master Half-beard!" Amy said to Krassu.

Krassu froze for an instant. He took a look at Amy's smile, and bit back his words. He managed a smile, and gave a nod.

Urien lifted an eyebrow. "But..."

"Master Turtle!" Amy said as she turned to face Urien. She thought for a moment, and added with a smile, "Can I play with Green Pea and Black Coal from now on?"

Urien agonized for a while before he nodded. "Yes," he said at last in a hoarse voice.

Amy clapped her hands, eyes shining with excitement and expectation. *I'll be able to make it snow and summon a dragon, as well as fly in the sky!*

The crowd never made a sound. Apparently, no one had expected this sudden turn of events. *They have taken a half-elf on as a disciple? It seems she is the owner's daughter.*

Krassu turned to Mag, and asked, "Mag, what do you say?" He had to ask for Mag's permission first.

"I respect Amy's choice. You're both undoubtedly very powerful. I'll let Amy become your disciple on one condition—that you deliver on your promises," Mag said solemnly as he looked at the two old men.

Devious bastard! Urien and Krassu thought. *Talk about a businessman!* Technically, they had no obligation to deliver on their promises now.

But the look on Mag's face suggested they had no choice. A talented and lovely daughter came with many benefits.

"I hate my disciple to have another master, but I respect her choice. I don't see why she had to choose him, though," said Urien. "Starting tomorrow, she'll study under you for three days, and then study under me for three days. Then rest one day. I'll keep all the promises I've made earlier." He lifted his hand, and the rest of his magic copies shattered immediately. The real Urien looked at Krassu, and said coldly, "And the savory tofu pudding is the best."

"Do you think I like to share a student with you? You should consider yourself lucky that Amy wants to learn your showy magic," Krassu said. "I'll take you up on your offer. And I'll deliver on my promises." The flame on his staff vanished. He pointed his staff at Urien. "The sweet one is the best. Fight me if you dare."

Smiling, Mag put Amy down on the ground. He took a look at the time and nodded at the two magic casters. "Well, it's settled, then. Amy will study under you from tomorrow. We're open now. You can have your breakfast here if you like."

"I'll have two plates of Yangzhou fried rice and a roujiamo," Krassu said, making for the restaurant.

"A plate of Yangzhou fried rice and a roujiamo," Urien said after he thought a moment, looking at Krassu's back. Then he walked towards the restaurant too.

"Leader, what do we do now?" a man whispered to Barzel. The square hadn't been badly damaged, and there were no casualties or injuries—only two small trees had been destroyed. The square had sustained much more severe damage from the fight between two orcs the other day.

“Report this to the top brass. Don’t ask them any questions. If I’m right, that white-robed magic caster is a big shot,” Barzel said. He took a long look at Mag. *This restaurateur is anything but ordinary.*

Chapter 132: Money Can Buy Anything

Mag took a glance at Barzel, and quickly turned to smile at the crowd. “I’m sorry if their fight frightened you. We’re open now. Please come in.”

It was natural for the people from the Gray Temple to come here considering what had just happened. They were the law enforcement officials here. It was impossible not to catch their eye now that he owned a restaurant.

Mag didn’t want too much attention from them, though. They might find out what he’d rather to stay hidden, like his relationship with Mag Alex.

However, no one would have believed that this great cook had slain dragons with a heavy sword.

Proll gave Mag a thumbs-up. “Impressive!” he said. *The fight frightened me, but clearly not Mag. Otherwise, he wouldn’t have been so calm and stood his ground.*

Mag sighed silently. *I have no choice. I need money to buy strength. The cost of Amy’s meals is not a small amount of money.*

Money was really important.

Money could buy anything, at least from the system.

“System, each 0.5 strength is 10,000 gold coins, right?” Mag asked suddenly.

“The price of the next 0.5 strength will be announced after you have bought the first one,” the system answered.

It seemed the system wanted to raise the price. Mag narrowed his eyes slightly. “You’re not going to rip me off, are you?”

“Focus on your mission. If you upgrade the restaurant, you’ll have a better chance at getting missions involving increasing your strength.” It didn’t answer his question.

“Yeah, right.” The system was doing everything to try to make him upgrade the restaurant. But he needed 50,000 gold coins.

Yesterday’s profit was the highest. He had sold 500 roujiamos and 100 plates of Yangzhou fried rice, and earned 1,400 gold coins. He needed more than a month to earn that 50,000.

Luckily, I can spend that money on anything but ingredients. I think I can use it to buy strength.

He had got 410 customers as of now. He had sold a lot more roujiamos yesterday. Many new customers came as the restaurant’s popularity mounted.

“Such a fancy restaurant!” a neatly-dressed young man murmured to himself. “So many people are lining up here, and two powerful magic casters have fought over a dish. I suppose it’s worth a try.” He made his way towards the restaurant.

“Never thought I’d find a restaurant here,” a middle-aged woman in fancy clothes said as she studied the restaurant, and walked in.

Many onlookers followed the two magic casters in, wondering what this come-out-of-nowhere restaurant had on offer.

“That really pisses me off! He stole my customers again! Two even left with my bowls, without paying their check! Unbelievable!” the owner of a lamian restaurant said angrily, looking toward Mamy Restaurant with hands on her hips.

Who is this guy? It’s an ingenious way to draw customers, but it would be very expensive to hire two powerful magic casters, a fat man thought, standing outside his baozi ¹ restaurant. He had only sold three baozi today.

A short while later, a gray-haired old man arrived on a horse. He took a look at the snow, and swung off his horse. “Barzel, tell me what happened.”

“Lord Brandli!” Barzel walked quickly over to the horse, and grabbed the reins. Brandli was a respected 7th-tier magic caster of the Gray Temple. “The fight is over. The square has been damaged a little. No casualties or injuries. The two have reached an agreement, and walked into that restaurant,” Barzel said in a low voice.

“So soon?” Brandli was taken by surprise. He had been shocked when he got the news, and come here as fast as he could on the messenger’s horse, afraid Barzel couldn’t handle this level 5 incident.

The magic remnants left on the square startled the old man. The deep snow, splinters of broken ice, dented ground, and the mess from tornadoes spoke volumes about the power of the two magic casters. *All of this happened in such a short time. They’re much more powerful than me.*

“Who were they?” Brandli asked, frightened.

“Two very old men. One carries a staff, and wears a white robe with short beard. Strangely, though, he never launched any long-range attacks with magic, but smashed a Frost Dragon with his staff. The other one wears a black robe and uses ice magic. He summoned a Frost Dragon...” Barzel gave him a quick account of what had just happened.

“The one in a white robe is Lord Krassu. I heard that he has arrived in Chaos City. So it was he who got into a fight with someone here.” Brandli frowned. “Lord Krassu is among the top three most powerful magic casters in the Magus Tower. And that black-robed magic caster is on a par with him?! Black robe, ice magic, and hunchbacked...”

Brandli’s eyes went wide suddenly. *Could he be...* He took a look in the direction of the restaurant nervously.

Barzel gazed at Brandli, confused. “Is there something wrong?”

Brandli shook his head. "No. This incident is over since no one was injured or killed. Call off the reinforcements. Leave the mess be, and don't come near this place today."

Barzel didn't understand, but he asked no questions, since he could see from the old man's face that their hands were tied. "Yes," he said. He passed the orders to his two subordinates.

He is probably Urien, the Lord of Ice. Never thought the two legendary magic casters would meet again. Ice and fire. Who will win this time? Brandli thought, suddenly excited.

Chapter 133: I'd Never Mess With Her

Brandli was now admired by many young magic casters, but back in the day, nothing had excited magic casters more than the fights between Krassu and Urien.

A ranged magic caster and a melee one. Magic casters had been divided into two different branches because of them. The fights between them had been eye-catching events.

Unfortunately, Urien suddenly disappeared 20 years ago, which was a shame for many people because they couldn't watch their fantastic fights anymore.

Today, however, Brandli was almost certain that ice and fire had met again, based on Barzel's account. He was surprised to find them here, in Chaos City, and that their fight had lasted such a short time.

And they went into the same restaurant after the fight?

Brandli paused for a moment, and turned to Barzel. "How did it start?"

"I think they were fighting over a dish called tofu pudding, judging from their talk," Barzel replied with a strange look on his face. "And they took the restaurateur's daughter on as their disciple."

"Impossible!" the old man exclaimed. Perhaps too loudly, from the look his subordinate gave him. He shook his head and lowered his voice. "The Lord of Ice would never share a disciple with the Lord of Fire." Barzel saw surprise in his eyes.

"But I saw it with my own eyes, if they are what you say they are," Barzel said, wondering why the usually calm Brandli had suddenly lost his cool.

The old man calmed himself down quickly. "Go. Even the Lord of Gray Temple will have to treat those two as equals if I'm right. This incident is above our pay grade. Fix the square tomorrow. Say nothing of what we've discussed today."

Barzel nodded. "Yes." Then he left with his men.

Brandli looked at the restaurant, and hesitated for a moment. Then, he straightened his robe and walked towards the door, nervous and expectant like a girl before meeting her idol.

The door opened with a "ding", revealing to him that the room was almost full.

He looked around, and fixed his eyes on the two tables near the counter.

Each table was occupied by an old man: one wore a white robe and had a short white beard, and the other was hunchbacked and clad in a black robe. No one shared their tables.

It must be them. Brandli stopped and watched their backs, moisture glittering faintly in the corners of his eyes.

They represent an era of magic. Never thought I'd see them eating together, although not at the same table. No one would believe this.

Then he spied Amy. *The half-elf girl.* He took a seat, and ordered something random from the menu.

...

Sargerass walked in with Kiel and Mond. "Good morning, Miya," he said, smiling.

Yabemiya smiled back and nodded. "Good morning. Roujiamo?"

She knew Sargerass by now. His bald head and lava cracks were frightening, but she found him pretty nice. He was always smiling, and only ate roujiamo.

Sargerass nodded with a smile. "Yes. Five for me and three for each of them."

The young waitress nodded. "Okay. Please wait a moment." Then she turned to walk to the kitchen.

The restaurant was almost full, and only the table by the door was unoccupied—Sargerass' favorite table.

"I like her smile," Kiel said with a grin. It was the first time he had seen such an innocent smile.

Mond nodded his agreement. "And she is very pretty. She's much better-looking than the broads in our tribe." He grabbed a chair, and was about to sit down. "They have chairs here. Why do you bring your own?" he asked curiously, looking at the chair in Sargerass' hand.

"You'll see why in a minute," Sargerass said with an enigmatic smile. "Stand up when you eat. You don't want to break anything here," he warned seriously.

"Yes." Kiel and Mond didn't understand, but they didn't need to. They only needed to obey what Sargerass had told them, like they had done many years ago.

Some customers nearby edged away from them nervously as they watched the three demons take their seats. Many regulars had seen Sargerass too often to be unnerved. They knew that the demon came here at least twice a day and always sat at the same table, and they were well aware of his remarkable flames.

He hadn't got into a fight with anybody, at least not in this restaurant.

"Keep your voice down in the restaurant, Big Bald Head," a childish voice called out from the counter. The restaurant fell silent suddenly. Many turned to look at Sargerass, including Krassu and Urien.

Kiel's face darkened, and he was about to spring to his feet. "Who the—"

"Don't!" Sargerass covered his stupid mouth swiftly. He smiled at Amy, and said, "I will."

Amy was holding Ugly Duckling in her arms. When she saw the other two demons, her eyes lit up. “Bald Head No. 2 and No. 3!”

Sargeris inclined his head. “Nice nicknames.”

Amy nodded happily. “I know, right?” The three bald heads were just like three light bulbs.

Sargeris took his hand away. “Do you think your skull is thicker than that dragon’s?”

Kiel’s eyes went wide, and he swallowed in terror. He stole a glance at Amy, who was playing with a cat and a bird. “Boss, is that the owner’s daughter you talked about?” he whispered.

Sargeris nodded. “Yes. And she should be that magic caster’s disciple now.” Even he had to address her politely.

Mond swallowed. “I’d never mess with her. That’s suicide.”

Mag heard Sargeris’ voice, and was surprised to find three demons there when he turned to look. *Looks like he has brought his friends here with him.* It was only a matter of time before he formed his Burning Legion now.

Chapter 134: The Taste Of Meat

Urien furrowed his brow in thought, staring at the fried rice before him.

He couldn’t remember how many years he had stayed away from meat. Maybe 30 years, maybe 50, or maybe it was after he had caught a band of ogres devouring villagers—he was only 20 at that time.

He had killed those hideous monsters. After several years, he went to the Demon Islands, and almost slaughtered the whole ogre tribe.

He still remembered that scene even after nearly 100 years. Normally, the sight of meat was enough to turn his stomach.

Oddly, though, he didn’t find the grain-sized ham in the rice disagreeable. On the contrary, the pleasant smell of eggs and other ingredients really whetted his appetite.

He usually ate boiled vegetables every day, and occasionally an egg. He felt repulsed by grease. Now, however, he found himself attracted by this greasy dish cooked with many ingredients.

He had only followed Krassu in to bond with Amy.

Should I try it? Urien wondered, hesitant.

“Waitress, I’d like a second plate of Yangzhou fried rice, please! It’s amazing!” a young man said, putting down his spoon on the empty plate and smiling contentedly.

“Sure. Please wait a sec,” Yabemiya replied with a smile, and walked into the kitchen.

Urien turned to glance at that young man. His plate was glistening as if it had been licked clean.

“Master Turtle, do you not like rainbow fried rice?” Amy asked as she looked at Urien.

“He can’t eat meat. He hasn’t tasted meat for almost 100 years, I think,” Krassu said, looking at Urien with pity in his eyes. He knew what he had been through. He was on the Demon Islands too when Urien massacred the ogres, and most of those that had escaped were killed by him.

He didn’t hate demons, but he decided that those who preyed on humans didn’t deserve to live in this world, because they wouldn’t have stopped in war or peace.

The fight between ice and fire had attracted a lot of attention. People had known them to be enemies to each other, but few were aware that they had wiped out the ogre tribe together. That case was never solved.

“That’s a shame,” Amy said, casting a sympathetic look at Urien.

Urien could feel their eyes on him. “Who told you I can’t eat meat?!” he snapped, spooned some rice, and brought it before his mouth. He stopped.

The tantalizing aroma tickled his nose. The tofu pudding had stimulated his appetite. He took a glance at Amy’s expectant face, gritted his teeth, and ate it.

His eyes widened immediately. *How can meat taste so good?!* The eggs melted in his mouth almost instantly; the ham which had been cured for years released savory juice as he bit into it. He had lost memory of the taste of meat. His taste buds were cheering and dancing now, just as if they had been revived.

The ham cubes were small and not many, but their flavorful taste really astounded him. Something inside him was awakening.

He had liked anything with meat in it before he met those ogres.

Besides ham, he also tasted shrimp, mushrooms, winter bamboo shoots, and green onions. The flavors of all the ingredients blended perfectly together, bringing enjoyment to his taste buds.

The mild taste of the Spring of Life didn’t escape him. Most people might mistake it for some kind of seasoning, but he had tasted it before. He was surprised that Mag could get his hands on the water from the Spring of Life, and that he added it into the dish like it was nothing.

Urien gave a wordless cry of joy after he swallowed. He was now totally absorbed in eating the fried rice in front of him. He spooned another spoonful into his mouth, and then another, and another...

Amy smiled. “It seems Turtle Grandpa really likes it.”

“Because Mag’s cooking is fantastic,” Krassu said with surprise in his eyes. He hadn’t expected Urien to eat it. *And he quite enjoys it by the look of him.*

Then, he realized he had only eaten half a bowl of rice for every meal in Rodu, but now he ordered two plates of Yangzhou fried rice every time he came here.

“Ding!”

The spoon clattered on the plate. Urien realized he had finished it already.

He had eaten a dish with meat in it.

He didn't feel repelled by it; instead, he wanted more.

This feeling had been lost for he didn't know how many years. His heart started racing. He saw the roujiamo on his table.

It was also a new dish to him: a loaf of white bread stuffed with meat. He had found it too greasy when he first laid his eyes on it.

However, after a plate of Yangzhou fried rice, he suddenly craved meat. The ham in the fried rice could no longer satisfy him. He needed more meat.

He picked the roujiamo up. *Will this meat taste different?* he wondered, hesitant. The strong aroma of stewed meat smelled different than the ham, but they were equally inviting. He couldn't help but take a bite.

Some gravy had seeped into the soft, sweet bread, making it slightly savory. The meat was so soft that it melted in his mouth. It was streaky pork, but it tasted agreeably greasy. The delicious gravy made his taste buds go wild. At last, the food turned into a violent current rushing around his body.

"Ah..." Urien let out a satisfied cry in delight. He looked at the roujiamo in his hand, his eyes shining, his blood pumping, and his heart pounding.

He felt alive again! When he was young, he had always worn a white robe and considered himself a hero who fought for justice.

Chapter 135: How About We Kidnap The Cook?

Urien was surprised when he brought the bag to his mouth and found it already empty. He breathed a deep sigh of relief.

It was great to be young.

Unfortunately, he was not young anymore.

A smile appeared on this old man's wrinkled face. His hunched back seemed to be less hunched, and he felt warm all over as if he was basking in the sun.

People only knew him to be the Lord of Ice. They had no idea that his legs had been hurting after he was 30, and that he had been bent after 40 because of lack of precautions when he started learning ice magic at a very young age. His body hurt every once in a while, and a lot too.

This roujiamo was doing his body some good, though not much. He wished it had been hotter.

He tasted frenzy fog in it. He had been to that Frenzy Isle before. *It has a similar effect as the frenzy fog. No, better. It doesn't damage the brain, and brings out the most hidden savagery inside the body.*

It has small effect on humans, and even smaller effect on elves, I think. But it will excite the likes of orcs and demons, and even make them evolve.

People may become addicted to this food.

Suddenly, the room was lit by flames near the door, and there was shouting and crying.

Urien looked over his shoulder. The three lava demons went up in flames, red lava flowing in their cracks. Their flames lit up the restaurant and raised the temperature. They sure looked frightening.

Urien turned to look at Mag and Amy, who was staring at the three demons with surprise. *Mag is truly a genius. It's hard to believe that such a genius lived four years so miserably. He was honing his skills, or hiding? An interesting man.* Then he shook his head with a smile. *I don't care how enigmatic he is, as long as he's Amy's father and a good cook.*

The customers by the door moved away from the three demons. They felt lost. *What the hell happened? Why have they gone into combat position all of a sudden? They don't like the food here?*

There were many kinds of demons on this continent, and most were very combative. Half of the disputes and fights in Chaos City had demons involved in one way or another, so of course many new customers were terrified.

Some customers stopped when they saw flames from outside of the door. They even backed off a few steps.

Many regulars had seen Sargeras and his flames so often it didn't even affect them anymore.

Sargeras was sitting calmly in his iron chair, eating his roujiamo and feeling his blood rushing against that barrier. Every cell of his was cheering, intoxicating and obsessing him.

He smiled when he raised his eyes to take a look at Kiel and Mond, who were standing stiffly beside him. He had been right. Roujiamo was effective on all lava demons.

Their inability to break through their barriers was an important reason why lava demons had been weakening in the last thousand years. It was extra difficult to break through even one barrier for those whose blood was not pure enough.

Sargeras had broken through three barriers, and was both a genius and the strongest lava demon in existence. Both Kiel and Mond had only broken through one barrier, but they were already the new backbone of lava demon fighters.

"I'm... burning..." Kiel said, startled. His fat was shaking, his blood running like a runaway horse.

He was a little nervous since he had never felt this way before.

The good part was, he could clearly feel the barrier which had been dormant for decades shake! The barrier was like a tiny boat in the violent sea of blood, heaving helplessly.

This was all attributed to a bite of roujiamo!

Kiel raised his hand. The bag was already starting to burn. He hurriedly removed the bag, and stuffed the rest of the roujiamo into his mouth.

"It's really good!" Kiel said. "Good" was the only word he could think of to describe the food right now. He felt he had not one regret in his life after this roujiamo.

“Boss, I knew you wouldn’t let us down!” Mond said, excited. He shoved the roujiamo into his mouth, chewing happily.

For a thousand years, lava demons had been wandering around the whole continent, seeking a way to break through their barriers.

So when Sargerass told them in his letter that he had found a way, the whole tribe, with only the old, the weak, the young, and few fighters left, got stirred up. Kiel and Mond made for Chaos City on the very night they received the message. They traveled day and night, wondering what this magical way was, only to find when they arrived that it was a dish called roujiamo.

It was indeed a magical way.

They could break through their barriers by eating roujiamo. They could never find a better way than that.

This dish was a godsend for them. They had finally found the way in this restaurant, after a thousand years of searching.

“Roar!” Kiel shouted as he tilted his head back. A golden-red flame half a meter high came out of his mouth, and disappeared suddenly. The red flames over his body turned a little golden. He looked different.

“You have got to another level, Kiel!” Mond said, surprised and envious. Kiel had broken through the first barrier earlier than Mond, and now he was ahead of him again.

“Yes! I did it!” Kiel looked at the golden-red flames over his hands, and wanted to cast a pyroblast.

Sargerass rose quickly to his feet, and patted Kiel on the head. “Stop that, you fool! We wouldn’t be able to eat here again, and you might get us all killed.”

Kiel swiftly withdrew his hands in fright. “Sorry!” Then he took a glance at the kitchen, and leaned close to Sargerass. “Boss, how about we kidnap the cook?” he whispered in his ear.

Chapter 136: I Feel Drained

Sargerass’ eyebrow rose in surprise. “I thought about the same thing, and then a fireball landed on me.” He took a look at Krass and Urien. “Go ahead if you think you can beat those two old men.”

Kiel suddenly felt a cold shiver from fear as he remembered the frightening Frost Dragon and the old man who smashed the dragon with only one swing. He shook his head. “I think it’s best if we just buy from him.”

Sargerass felt relieved, and then he turned to Mond. “How do you feel, Mond?”

“I think I’m close. I need two more roujiamos, I think,” Mond said after he thought a moment.

“Two roujiamos?” Sargerass said excitedly. “We can totally use roujiamo to show how strong we are.”

Kiel's face lit up. "Like 1st-tier one roujiamo, 1st-tier two roujiamos?" He stood on tips of his toes to pat Mond on the shoulder. "That's not bad."

Sargerass nodded. "Yes. We can use this naming mechanism on 1st-tier and 2nd-tier fighters. I don't know how many roujiamos I need to reach the 4th-tier myself." He thought for a while, and added, "Our 2nd-tier fighter can be as strong as a 4th-tier human magic caster or knight. So, this naming mechanism is much better."

"I agree," Mond said with a grin.

"Big Bald Head, Bald Head No. 2 and 3, keep it down! Don't disturb other customers. You don't want to make me angry," Amy said, staring at them with wide eyes, shaking her angry fists.

Krassu and Urien turned to look at Sargerass at the same time.

Sargerass became uneasy suddenly, but it was not getting banned he was worrying about. It was his life. "Be quiet," he said quickly to his men, gesturing for them to keep their voices down.

Kiel and Mond stopped talking immediately, excited and not annoyed.

Kiel had broken through the second barrier, and Mond was only two roujiamos away from getting to another level. Lava demons would get back on top of the Demon Islands again.

The three demons went back to their happy talk in a low voice. They were afire, but they didn't seem angry. Even the table and chairs were safe from their flames. Other customers saw that the demons had followed the little girl's words, and judged they were safe eating here. They were relieved, and resumed their seats.

The customers standing outside of the door saw the whole event. They gaped at the little girl in astonishment. *Seems they're afraid of her. She's so cute even when she's angry, making one want to pinch her cheek.*

This restaurant must be very interesting, they thought, and walked in expectantly.

The regulars smiled. Something about Amy's angry face made them feel good. They hadn't seen such an adorable girl for a long time.

"Waitress, we'd like eight more roujiamos," Sargerass said to Yabemiya in a voice as soft as he could manage, raising his hand.

The young waitress nodded with a smile. "Yes, sure." She found this demon oddly obedient. *He's scary, but rather polite.*

The restaurant was full to the point of bursting. Those who arrived late had to stand. Yabemiya introduced them to the two dishes with a menu in her hand. It might be inconvenient to have to eat fried rice from a plate while standing, but the same thing couldn't be said for roujiamo.

The mouthwatering aroma drifting in the air and the satisfied looks on customers' faces were better than any advertisement.

Some left when they saw the prices. Not everyone could afford such an extravagant meal, no matter the taste.

Many had stayed. 300 copper coins was nowhere near cheap, but it was worth a try as far as they were concerned. Those who couldn't wait for vacant seats were ordering roujiamo.

"I'd like a roujiamo too. Please make it quick. I have to go to work," said a middle-aged man in a long gray gown who looked like a shop owner.

"I'd like two. Maybe my wife will like it," said a tall, lean man in casual clothes and a pair of geta ¹, running his fingers through his messy hair.

Vicennio had been kicked out of bed by his wife early in the morning. He had to buy breakfast for her. Yet, the fight between two magic casters had dispelled his bad mood. He was suddenly glad that he had woken up early. The look of the restaurant drew him in. He planned to buy breakfast here.

His wife owned 10 shops in the Aden Square, mostly near the exit. She could make tens of thousands of gold coins from the rent alone. She was really rich.

He had been called a shameless gold digger when he married her.

But he didn't care. He had been born into a business family, yet business family or not, it didn't matter to him, since he was a bastard. He counted himself lucky to have married a rich, fairly good-looking lady with his pretty face.

It was not bad to be a landlord.

He wasn't interested in his family's wealth anymore.

His wife was pretty horny, and always ordered him around, but other than that, she was quite nice. He could spend her money on anything, except women.

He always wandered around with a pocket full of coins every day. He couldn't visit whorehouses, because his wife had hired a man to watch him.

Anyway, he didn't want to. After he had s*x with his wife, he wouldn't even pay too much attention to a beautiful elf—not even if she were naked before him.

I feel drained, Vicennio thought miserably, yawning. He had been kept busy the whole night by his wife. *I need some boner-making pills.*

"Okay, please wait a sec," Yabemiya said with a smile, and turned to make for the kitchen.

Chapter 137: For Roujiamo!

Mag noticed Vicennio. *He looks awful*. He was skinny in his loose clothes, pretty handsome, and had a high nose bridge, yet his pale skin and black, puffy eye bags reminded him of his friends who had been surrounded by women in his past life.

Or rather, his acquaintances. He was nothing like them.

Mag had looked down on them. They were not good enough to be his friends.

He had had friends, though not many. He had got accustomed to loneliness, and grown fond of it.

He looks really terrible. He won't last long if he ignores his health problem.

In his head, the rapidly rising number of new customers caught his eye. He smiled in spite of himself. The fight proved to be a great advertisement for his restaurant. He could finish his mission in just a few days at this rate.

Then he could unlock the recipe for the braised chicken and rice. *I think Amy will like this new dish. I'm looking forward to its special effect.*

Braised Chicken and Rice was one of the three largest restaurant chains in China, so it was obviously special. He had tried some pretty authentic braised chicken and rice before in his past life.

Mag was already starting to wonder what this new dish would taste like with the great ingredients from the system and his perfect skills.

The bai ji bread in the two ovens still needed time to be baked, and no one was ordering Yangzhou fried rice right now. "Have some rest," Mag told Yabemiya. He walked out of the kitchen, holding the last two roujiamos.

"Mag, thank you for the roujiamo. Lava demons will become your largest customers," Sargerass said, rising happily to his feet.

Kil and Monde straightened hurriedly, their faces as grim as a tombstone. They had to stay on Mag's good side since they couldn't kidnap him. Besides, his roujiamo had proved helpful. Monde had also broken through his second barrier after the third roujiamo.

Mag nodded with a smile. "Thank you." Part of him wanted Sargerass to bring more customers. The other part found their flames a little annoying. *I have to work out a way with Sargerass. Perhaps they can eat outside.*

He took a glance at the two demons Sargerass had brought along. *The fat one looks pretty sharp, and the tall one seems rather simple.*

"Oh, they're my friends, Kil and Monde," Sargerass said, pointing at his friends. "The Burning Legion is formed here and now!"

Mag raised an eyebrow. *Kil, Monde, the Burning Legion?* He gazed at the three demons, astonished. *Is this a coincidence or fate?*

They're not forming this Burning Legion to earn money to eat roujiamo, I hope. The look on Mag's face became strange, picturing them charging at their enemies, shouting, "For roujiamo!" He felt sorry for Azeroth.

The Burning Legion?! Kil's and Monde's eyes lit up. It was the first time they had heard this name, but it felt just right. No other name was so appropriate for them.

“Bye, Mag. We’ll come back for supper,” Sargerass said, nodding. Then, he grinned at Yabemiya, paid his check, and walked towards the door. Kil and Monde hurried after him.

“Boss, how did you come up with such a great name?” Kil asked curiously when they were outside the door.

“It’s really a great name! It has a nice ring to it!” Monde said excitedly, nodding.

Sargerass scratched his bald head. “I borrowed this name from Mag,” he admitted, smiling. “Now that we have our own group, we need a catchy phrase.”

“For the Burning Legion!” Monde said after he thought for a moment.

Kil shook his head. “It won’t be able to inspire valor.”

“Do you have a better one?” Sargerass asked Kil, though not unkindly. Kil was quite smart, unlike other lava demons. He had been Sargerass’ right-hand man, and earned his trust.

“For roujiamo!” Kil said, his eyes shining with excitement.

Sargerass’ and Monde’s faces lit up. “For roujiamo!” they echoed.

Monde nodded. “Yes! This one is better! Very inspiring!” he said, excited.

Sargerass nodded in agreement. “I like it too.” He patted Kil on his shoulder. “As expected of you, Kil. From now on, you’ll be our staff officer.”

Kil nodded with a smile. “Thank you, Boss,” he said. *There’re only three of us right now, but not for long. We’ll become one of the strongest groups.*

Our slogan will echo across the whole continent. And it is me who said it first.

“For roujiamo!” they said, laughing loudly.

Their laughter startled a passer-by. He cast a terrified glance at the three demons and left hurriedly.

...

In a room inside Geya Hotel, Sally was folding a quilt carefully. She smoothed the creases with her slender fingers, folded it, and picked it up gently. Then she placed it at the head of the bed, perhaps too roughly. Creases appeared again.

“I’d tear you to pieces if it wouldn’t cost me my job!” Sally said angrily, shaking her fist. Then she gave a sigh, and pulled out her purse. Inside were a few dragon coins and dozens of copper ones.

Should I have a plate of rainbow fried rice? Sally thought, staring at her money.

Chapter 138: Mag, Did You Put You-know-what Drugs Into Your Roujiamo?

Quick as that, the thought overwhelmed her. She remembered its delicious taste, her mouth watering straight away. She had just eaten a bowl of noodles with vegetables!

Sally gave a shake of her head as if trying to shake the thought out. *No! It's too expensive. I need money to escape.*

Yet the thought remained, and grew stronger in her mind. The savory ham, soft eggs, and delicious rice, in which she had tasted the Spring of Life. For the first time, she wanted to go home.

She hated her father and those elders who made her marry, but her mother was nice to her. She found herself missing the afternoons when she snuggled in her arms.

Sally was a noble lady, but now she had to fold quilts, and she only earned a dozen copper coins tidying up many rooms here. She had never thought it would be this hard to earn a single gold coin.

Sally fell onto the bed, facing the ceiling. All she could think of was the rainbow fried rice.

"Maybe they have new dishes now. That little girl was so cute..." Sally murmured.

...

"Sorry. We've sold out of roujiamo for breakfast," Mag said with a smile to the customers waiting outside. "Besides, our opening hours are over. Please come back later."

"I just need a plate of Yangzhou fried rice, Mag," a tall, thin man said, smiling. "I overslept. Please... I've grown so accustomed to your food."

"It took me half an hour to get here on a carriage," a fat man said unhappily. "You won't let me go back on empty belly, right? Give us some fried rice at least."

"He's right..."

Other voices echoed his opinion. They thought Mag might compromise, even though they arrived too late.

Mag shook his head without hesitation. "Sorry. We strictly follow the opening hours here. There's nothing I can do." He turned over the sign, and shrugged. "If I make you fried rice right now, I won't have time to prepare the ingredients for lunch. It's not fair for the customers who'll come at noon. So, please come early next time."

"Well, I guess I have to come back later," the tall, thin man said disappointedly. He turned around and left.

The fat man said, "Mag, you're so"—he suddenly espied Amy walking towards Mag with the kitten—"reasonable." He cracked a dry smile, and made for the carriage.

Other customers saw the look on Mag's face, and could do nothing but leave.

Mag is really something else, Yabemiya thought. She stood by the door, gazing at his profile, which was handsome and amiable in the sunlight. His mustache made him look mature. I'm lucky to have such a good boss.

Mag stretched. He had sold over 200 roujiamos in the morning, and got 95 new customers. Business was much better than before. He was confident that more customers would come for lunch and supper, and that his restaurant would be full every day.

“Father, can you make the Mushroom Fairy sing a new song today?” Amy asked with expectation, holding Ugly Duckling in her arms.

An urgent yet faint shout of “Wait, Mag!” turned her father’s head before he could reply.

A thin man was running towards him. His geta clattered on the ground, his loose clothes flying behind him. It was Vicennio.

Mag gave Vicennio a strange look when the latter stopped before him, stooped with hands on his knees. “Sorry, sir, but we’re closed,” Mag said, shaking his head.

He looked even paler than an hour ago. His legs were feeble. He was in no better condition than Mag right now.

However, although Mag was thin and didn’t have much strength, he looked well, his eyes lively.

Vicennio looked as if he would collapse at any moment. The gods alone knew what had happened to him in the last hour.

He raised his voice. “Closed?” He seemed a little disappointed, but his face lit up quickly again. “Oh, I like it closed,” he said, nodding.

Mag was confused. *Has he gone mad?*

“Please help... help me up.” Vicennio reached up a hand, and as quick as that, his legs gave out, and he knelt before Mag.

For an instant, Mag froze. He took a look at the man, and pulled back his hand. “Sir, you can come back for lunch. You don’t have to kneel before me.”

Vicennio looked down at his knees, and realized what he had done. However, he was too weak to rise to his feet. He felt better this way. He gave Mag a resentful look. “Mag, did you put you-know-what drugs into your roujiamo? My tigress of a wife woke up lazy and tired this morning, but after your roujiamo, she suddenly felt so energetic, and, well, you know the rest.”

Chapter 139: Is ‘Gokuraku Jodo’ A Children’s Song?!

“Well...” Mag suddenly felt sorry for him. *Seems like it’s not that he can’t keep it in his pants. He is like this because of his wife, who must be really lustful.*

Yabemiya didn’t understand. “What do you mean, sir? We don’t sell drugs here,” she said solemnly.

She didn’t know why he was kneeling before Mag, but she wouldn’t allow anyone to speak ill of their restaurant.

Mag and Vicennio turned to look at the innocent girl, and exchanged a glance. They didn’t know how to explain this to her.

Mag held out a hand. "Let me help you up first, sir. I didn't add any kind of drugs into the food. I swear it on my restaurant," he said seriously. "But each dish has a special effect, and roujiamo can get your adrenaline pumping and charge you up for your work."

Yet his wife didn't need to work. She had to burn her energy through s*x.

Mag's explanation was quite convincing. After all, so many people who had eaten roujiamo had acted rather normal. Even the three flaming demons had not seemed sexually aroused.

Looks like I can't let her eat roujiamo in bed anymore. Vicennio sighed. Then he looked at Mag after he thought a moment. "You said each dish has a special effect. The Yangzhou fried rice and the new dish, what are their special effects?"

"Yangzhou fried rice can soothe your muscles and nourish your body," Mag said, pausing. Then he added, "The new dish, tofu pudding, is good for the skin, I think. Female customers will like it."

Vicennio was embarrassed by Mag's little pause, but he was also very excited.

He had been looking for tonics to improve his health, but those things didn't always help. He ended up like this partly because of those tonics.

That's wonderful news! he thought to himself. He had watched as his wife wolfed down the two roujiamos; she hadn't even let him have a bite.

He was pretty sure that she would like this tofu pudding. She was using pearl powder on her skin every day. He hoped this tofu pudding would divert her attention away from roujiamo. His life was depending on it.

"Sir, if you'd like something to eat, please come back early for lunch." Mag pulled his hand back. He felt sorry for him, but he could do nothing but hope his Yangzhou fried rice would help him.

"Could you please make some Yangzhou fried rice for me? I can hardly walk right now," Vicennio said, giving Mag a miserable look, his hand leaning on the doorframe, preventing him from falling down.

Mag shook his head. "Sorry, we only serve food during opening hours."

"Money is no issue. I'd pay double, no, triple the price! I'll give you 18 gold coins for a plate of Yangzhou fried rice. Here." Vicennio pulled out his purse.

Mag declined right away. "Rules are rules. I wouldn't do it even if you were willing to pay tenfold the price," he said. "Walk in that direction for about 50 meters, and you'll find a lamian restaurant," said Mag, pointing. "You can find something to eat there. Yangzhou fried rice is no magic bullet. A plate of it won't make too much of a difference for your health."

"Well, I'll come back for lunch, then. I have to find a teahouse to sit out the morning," Vicennio said helplessly.

"Bye, Mr. Feeble. Stay awake. If you fell, you might not be able to crawl back in time for lunch," Amy said earnestly, waving at Vicennio.

The feeble man lifted an eyebrow. *Why do her caring words sound a little strange?*

Then he realized the strange part. *Whom is she calling Mr. Feeble? Me? I'm Mr. Feeble?!* Vicennio turned to glare at Amy, but when he met her caring eyes, his face softened. He had no choice but to forgive her.

He had always wanted a child, but his wife didn't like kids. It had been five years since they got married. He cast an envious glance at Mag, gave a nod, and went off slowly.

"Father, do you think Mr. Feeble will make it back here?" Amy asked with concern, watching Vicennio's walk away.

"Perhaps," Mag said as Vicennio tripped and almost fell. Then, he turned to face Amy. "You said you wanted to learn the second song, right? Come on," he said, stroking her head.

Amy clapped her little hands happily. "Yes! Thank you, Father!" Ugly Duckling's face got squished, but it didn't even dare to let out a cry. It looked up at the ceiling helplessly.

Yabemiya was also a little excited. *Amy will learn a new song? She really likes that toy, and the little elf sings very well.*

Mag closed the door, walked over to the counter, and took the music box out. He turned the repeat off, and tapped the next song expectantly. *What song will it play this time?*

Colorful lights started flickering. The little elf began to dance rigidly to the music from loud electric guitar and drums. It was such a fast, rhythmic song, and sounded a little... familiar?!

Mag's eyes went wide. "System, is 'Gokuraku Jodo' a children's song?!" he said loudly in his head.

Chapter 140: No, Thanks. Go Sell it Somewhere Else

Mag wrinkled his brow as he listened to the familiar melody and watched the little elf's weird dance.

As an internet hit, this extremely popular song on Bilibili naturally was not strange to him, but he had never thought to hear it from his little girl's music box.

Besides, this elf's dance was so terrible. Long of leg and wearing a dress, she was nonetheless still a puppet, and puppets were not known for their flexibility.

"Yes, it is. This song is intended for young people. It's very popular, and can inspire children to dance," the system said calmly.

"It can inspire children to dance? You must be out of your mind," said Mag. *If 'Gokuraku Jodo' can inspire children to dance, then 'Ifuudoudou' should be put into textbooks.*

"Wow!"

Amy's blue eyes were wide open. She was staring up at the little elf on the counter, holding the kitten in one arm and waving the other, trying to dance.

Ugly Duckling was straining its neck for a glimpse of the dancing elf, its short legs shaking without permission.

Yabemiya was also staring at the little elf. *Such a beautiful song! And her dance is interesting.*

She found her dance a little rigid, but she had never heard such an unusual song before. She couldn't make out the instruments, but the music was very powerful, just like magic; she could barely control her limbs.

The language was strange to her, yet something about the vocals was a little arousing.

"See? This song is appealing to your daughter, your young waitress, and even your cat," the system said gloatingly. Apparently, it was very satisfied with their reactions.

Mag took a look at them, surprised. He was glad that the system hadn't translated the song into the common language of this world; the lyrics were too explicit. "It's the original version."

"Yes. But I can translate it for you in five minutes," the system said immediately. "I'll only charge you one gold coin."

"No, thanks. Go sell it somewhere else," Mag replied coolly. *That's an elaborate way to make a gold coin. Its greed for money is beyond compare.*

Amy tugged at her absent-minded father's clothes. "Father, this dance is so interesting. I want to learn it!" she said expectantly.

The look on Mag's face became a little strange. The worst case scenario came true. "You do?"

Amy nodded. "Yes! I like it. I want to learn it right now!" She put the kitten on the chair, and waved her short arms, trying to follow the dancer.

"Can I learn it too?" Yabemiya asked hesitantly, her voice low as a whisper, her mismatched eyes full of longing.

Mag looked at the two girls, and didn't know what to do.

This song may not be appropriate for Amy, but the dance is fine, Mag thought to himself. He looked at Amy, and smiled as he pictured her dancing with her short legs. She would look even cuter.

As for Yabemiya, she had everything one needed to become a dancer—big breasts, a narrow waist, long legs, and a maid dress.

Mag didn't deliberate for too long. "I guess it's okay if you really want to learn it." He wanted them to be happy, and he could correct their inappropriate dance moves.

"You're the best, Father!" Amy said cheerfully, waving his hand.

"Thank you, Boss," Yabemiya said, jumping up in excitement. Then she returned to her normal standing posture quickly, smiling.

Ever since she was a child, she had always wanted to win cheers and applause from the crowd with her beautiful dance, just like the girls in pretty dresses dancing on the stage in the Aden Square on the Peace Memorial Day.

However, only on that day could she watch them dance. She didn't have time to learn how to dance.

Yet things were different now. Amy's little elf was so magical as if it would never get tired. Yabemiya was confident that she could master this dance. She didn't mind however long it might take.

Mag smiled back, but he frowned when he saw the rigidly dancing elf. He had to upgrade their dancing master first.

The four upgrading choices popped up in his head again.

"First: power source alteration. The four A size batteries will be replaced by a fast charging ultra-capacity lithium battery. Three minutes of charging can last the music box three hours. If it's fully charged, it can last it three days. Sale price: 10 gold coins. Accessories: one original charger.

"Second: power source alteration and clothes. Apart from the same service as the first choice, you'll get 10 sets of beautiful clothes for the doll. You can change its clothes just by pushing a button. Sale price: 20 gold coins.

"Third: power source alteration and LED screens. Apart from the same service as the second choice, you'll get four LED screens facing four different directions, broadcasting the dance. Sale price: 100 gold coins.

"Fourth: power source alteration and a holographic projection device. Apart from the same service as the second choice, you'll get a state-of-the-art holographic projection device. The projected 3-D image looks real from any angle. It is a perfect dancer, and can teach you how to dance based on your talent and learning progress."