

## Stay At home 191

### Chapter 191: I Swear It On My Honor

“Another boring day,” Sally said, swinging her slim legs over the edge of the roof, her hands by her sides, and her white dress outlining her beautiful curves. She was looking up at the sky, watching as two little birds flew away into the distance.

Suddenly, her stomach rumbled. She touched her empty belly, her eyes sad. “Sweet tofu pudding, Yangzhou fried rice! When do I get to eat them again?” she muttered.

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“Take her back by force?” Yngwie said, smiling sarcastically. “Are you sure you want to fight a 7th-tier magic caster and possibly the future queen?”

“No, Lord Yngwie.” Earvin’s face changed instantly now that the old elf pointed it out. He had been too excited to think straight.

A 4th-tier and a 7th-tier magic caster might not be able to get the better of the talented Sally, let alone take her back unharmed.

To think that I suggested to take her back by force!

Earvin lowered his voice. “Should we report it?” he said reluctantly.

Yngwie nodded expressionlessly. “I’ll get you that 5,000 gold coins. You can return to the Wind Forest next month. I heard you wanted a job in financial services? Consider it done.”

Earvin’s face lit up right away. “Thank you, Lord Yngwie!” He didn’t know why the other party was giving him the reward so soon, but he knew better than to ask such a stupid question.

Yngwie was not a very powerful magic caster, but he was a Baibilly. His family was in charge of managing the queen’s finances. Lady Sally was a Brewster, and her family had been given charge of food. The two families were both very powerful.

There had been a rumor since last year: the third son of the Baibilly family, Bloore, would wed Lady Sally. It was very common for two houses to bond by marriage.

Yet Sally had run away before they could execute the plan. The Brewsters had kept her disappearance a secret until Lady Helena proposed that Sally be the new heiress.

This great news for the Brewsters couldn’t have come at a better time, as it had helped them go through the most difficult of times. This marriage had really taken an interesting turn.

It was not hard to guess that Sally didn’t like this arranged marriage. No one could compel her to marry, not even her father.

With a long life, elves had much more time to search for a suitable spouse. They didn’t need to rush it.

It was unfortunate for the Baibillys, though. If they had managed to marry Bloore to Sally last year, they might have become the most powerful family among elves.

Now, the Brewsters had the upper hand. They wouldn't pressure Sally to get married anymore, since she was a Brewster as long as she stayed unmarried.

Earvin could tell this was a delicate situation for many houses, but he didn't dare to sell this information about Sally to others. Besides, the reward was already good enough for him.

"Let's go get your reward," Yngwie said, taking another look at Sally, and left with Earvin.

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In a study in the elven embassy, Yngwie watched with a frown as Earvin left excitedly with a heavy chest. He lifted his arm and a gust of wind blew the door shut slowly.

"The Brewsters betrayed our trust. What will you do, Bloore?" Yngwie sat down at the desk and began to write a letter.

...

Mag put the last loaf of bread aside and smiled as he looked at the hundreds of loaves he had just made. His arms were a little sore, but nothing he couldn't handle. His speed had almost doubled.

I should make tofu pudding now. The container of the blender was 30 centimeters in diameter and 60 centimeters tall, which allowed him to produce a large quantity of soy milk at one time. Mag put the well soaked soybeans into the container.

The demand for tofu pudding seems to be rising, Mag thought, watching the soybeans being broken into pieces by the blender. "System, what about the thing we talked about yesterday?"

"I won't do it. The lucky wheel is much more interesting with 'better luck next time' on it."

"Interesting my a\*s."

"Do not question my ingenious design. I can ensure its fairness. You might even draw strength if you're lucky enough."

"Who designed this lucky wheel?" asked Mag

"I designed it, of course."

"Who will control it?"

"Me."

"Who will provide the prize?"

"Me."

"So you designed it and you control everything, yet you expect me to believe you when I draw 'better luck next time'?"

The system fell silent. At last, it said, "On my honor, I swear—"

"I don't think you have any honor," Mag interrupted. "No 'better luck next time' if we play it in my head, or you make a real lucky wheel for me."

## **Chapter 192: Lift Me Up, Father**

After a moment, the system said, "Making the wheel needs money."

"I will pay for it."

"Deal! One lucky wheel, three gold coins!" the system said cheerfully.

"Wait—"

"Thank you! The money has been deducted. Making the lucky wheel now!" the system interrupted.

Mag raised an eyebrow. *This little money-grubber is absolutely unbelievable, but three gold coins is nothing compared to the prizes.*

*It's making the wheel now, but I don't think it will tell me what prizes are in store for me.*

Mag started making tofu pudding when the soy milk was ready.

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"Are you telling the truth, Lucia? That tofu pudding can rid me of these black freckles on my face?" a girl said nervously yet expectantly in a carriage, her voice clear as a bell. She was wearing a black dress, a black silk hat, and a black cloak.

She had long light blonde hair which was slightly curled up. A black veil hid her face, but not her beautiful light purple eyes. She was looking at Lucia, all expectant.

"Yes, Gloria. You're so beautiful. My heart aches every time I see you dressed like this. You'll drive men crazy once you take off that veil." Lucia looked at her with affectionate eyes, holding her fair hands gently.

"I will drive them away," Gloria said sadly, lowering her eyes, covering her face even more.

"No! Trust me! Soon you won't have to wear your veil." Lucia tightened her grip around her hand. "You remember my scars?" She rolled up her sleeves and smiled. "Look! They have lessened a lot!"

"Oh my God! I can't believe my eyes!" Gloria exclaimed in astonishment, her beautiful eyes lighting up.

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"Father, I'm home!" Amy called out outside around 11:15 am. Ugly Duckling was sleeping. Amy's voice woke it up, and made it claw at the door excitedly.

"Stop it, Ugly Duckling!" Amy said behind the door. It stopped immediately and turned to meow towards the kitchen.

“Put it on the table, Miya,” Mag said as he moved the fried rice onto a plate. He undid his apron and walked to the door with a smile.

“Ding!”

Mag opened the door. “Father!” Amy said, throwing herself into his arms.

Mag crouched down and held her. Smiling, he swung her around, lifted her up, and put her down carefully.

“Lift me up again, Father! Lift me up again!” Amy smiled happily. It was the first time her father had lifted her up so high.

“All right,” Mag said. Amy’s smile was enough to put him in a very good mood.

One of the good things about him getting stronger was that he could lift Amy up today. Before, even holding her in his arms had been quite strenuous.

Ugly Duckling ran around them, meowing, trying to get their attention.

“Must be wonderful to have such a cute daughter,” Harrison said, turning back to look at his friend.

“I’m so jealous!” said Gjergj.

“Don’t worry. If it’s not a girl, you can always have another child,” said his another friend.

“Or you can totally raise your son as a girl,” yet another friend said.

The six fatties had all come here today, standing in the sweet line. They were extremely conspicuous.

Many customers smiled as they watched Mag play with Amy. He was handsome, rich, child-loving, and a great cook. It was natural for many girls to be attracted to him.

“If I marry him, I will get unlimited tofu pudding, Yangzhou fried rice, and roujiamo, all for free!” said a girl around 14 with her hands over her heart. She was staring at Mag’s face, lost in her fantasy.

The fat woman before her turned around and slapped her on the head. “How old are you?! Stop thinking about stuff like that or I’ll break your leg!” she roared.

“Ouch!” the girl cried, tears welling up in her eyes. But, when she looked up at her mother’s angry face, she had no choice but to hold back her tears, pouting in grievance.

Some customers smiled. The girl had just spoken what many women were all thinking, but only a girl her age dared to say it.

Urien was standing at the head of the savory line. The head of the sweet line was vacant; no one dared to stand there.

“Whoo, Amy runs too fast.” Krassu arrived with his staff, panting. Apparently, he had had a hard time catching up with Amy.

“Thank you for bringing Amy back,” Mag said to Krassu, putting Amy down on the ground.

“You’re such a disgrace, old man,” mocked Urien.

## Chapter 193: Even The Cat Eats Better Than Them!

“You’re no better or younger than me,” Krassu snapped, taking his stand at the head of the sweet line.

The atmosphere had got tense again.

The sweet line felt a lot better now that Krassu was here. They didn’t mind the old man standing at the head of the line. Actually, they had been saving that spot for him—their leader.

“That’s the owner of the restaurant, Gloria,” said Lucia with a smile. “The food he makes is just unbelievable. You should definitely try the tofu pudding and Yangzhou fried rice. I’m sure you’ll like them.”

“But I can’t eat much,” she said, staring at Mag. *His smile was so... warm.*

She remembered that her father also used to hold her when she was little.

Since those ugly freckles appeared, she had been avoiding people. She wore her veil all the time, even before her father.

Her father was still kind to her, but she felt he had grown distant, for she hadn’t seen him smile for a long time.

*She has a good father,* Gloria thought as Amy stroked the cat’s head.

Lucia smiled. “I also thought I couldn’t eat much, until I tried the food here.” *I don’t need to convince her how good the food is here. The food will speak for itself.*

“We’re not open yet. Please wait a little longer,” Mag said with a smile. He didn’t want to interfere in their fight. He beckoned Amy to come in.

“See you later, Master Half-beard and Master Turtle,” Amy said to Krassu and Urien. She picked the kitten up and smiled. “Did you miss me, Ugly Duckling?”

The kitten nodded. “Meow!” It looked very happy to see Amy.

*Is it somewhat of a masochist?* Mag closed the door, giving the kitten a surprised look.

“Father, did it behave while I was away?” Amy asked Mag.

Mag took a look at the kitten which was staring at him with imploring eyes, and nodded with a smile. “Yeah, I guess.”

Amy turned to face the kitten. “Since you didn’t cause Father too much trouble, I’ll let you have two bowls of tofu pudding at lunch, and you don’t need to run.”

“Meow, meow, meow!” the kitten cried in delight. It rubbed itself against her hand, licking her fingers.

“Don’t get fat, or I won’t hold you anymore,” Amy warned.

Ugly Duckling nodded solemnly. "Meow, meow."

*Its bowls are smaller, so I guess it's all right for it to eat that much,* Mag thought as the kitten stared at the food on the table.

*If I let it use the normal bowl, it might get fat in no time.*

He made two bowls of tofu pudding for it, one sweet and one savory, and gave it some fried rice with chopped stewed lean meat on it.

Some customers sighed silently when they found even the cat ate better than them.

Yabemiya was standing with a roujiamo in her hand and didn't know what to do. "Go behind the counter to eat your roujiamo, Miya," Mag said with a smile. "Next time, lower the shades beforehand."

She nodded. "Yes, Boss." She went behind the counter and started eating. Her face reddened, and her tail came out again, waving back and forth on the floor.

Ugly Duckling was eating beside the counter. It lifted its head suddenly and stared at her tail warily. After a while, it got back to its food again.

"Father, I like Sister Miya's tail. Why is she always trying to hide it?" asked Amy.

"It's her choice. We should respect it," Mag said as Amy held a glass of water. "Do you want to eat now or later?"

Amy thought for a moment, and answered, "Later. I like the looks on their faces when they watch me eat."

Mag nodded with a smile. "Okay." *Many first-timers couldn't resist the food after watching Amy eat.*

Mag took a bite of fried rice. "Did you have fun at school today? Did you learn any magic spells?"

Amy shook her head, looking disappointed. "No, Master Half-beard said he would teach me magic spells tomorrow. He taught me the theory today." Then her eyes lit up. "But I got to play with Daphne after class."

Mag stroked her head. "Well, try to remember everything he teaches you and behave at class. You can play all you want after class."

Amy nodded. "Yes, Father."

After he finished his lunch, Mag made two bowls of tofu pudding and a roujiamo for Amy. He walked to open the door. "Welcome! Please come in!" he said with a smile.

The customers' arguing over which tofu was better died down instantly. Krassu and Urien walked in together. "A sweet tofu pudding," Krassu said. "A savory tofu pudding," said Urien at almost the same time. They exchanged a glare and took their seats.

Many customers walked in two by two. However, Harrison and his friends walked in one by one since they were too fat. It was a small victory for sweet tofu pudding people.

Mag was trying hard not to smile. Then, he noticed a girl in a black cloak and a black veil. He felt she was looking at him too.

### **Chapter 194: She Is Either Very Pretty Or Very Ugly**

*She's in a cloak, but I can tell she's a nine in the ass, Mag thought.*

*She is either very pretty or very ugly, judging by the fact that she is using a veil to avoid unwanted attention. But, she apparently doesn't know that men are curious creatures, and that veil of hers is making her mysterious as hell.*

Then Mag saw Lucia behind her. She had left quite an impression on him because she had offered to buy a second helping of tofu pudding for 10 times the price. *Looks like they came here together.*

*Then she is probably after the same thing as Lucia.* Mag smiled at her, the way he smiled at every other customer.

Gloria bowed her head shyly, blushing. *Is he encouraging me?* She had never stared at a man for such a long time before.

*Hope she won't need this veil and cloak soon.* Mag looked away and walked to the kitchen, leaving Yabemiya greeting customers. He put on the apron, washed his hands, and started cooking.

Gloria lifted her head again and walked in with others. She looked to the kitchen, clenching her fists. The veil hid her expression. She took a sniff and recognized the smells of meat and eggs. She was familiar with them, yet somehow they smelled strangely different and inviting here.

"We'll sit here," Lucia said, pointing at a table in the corner.

Gloria nodded. "Okay." They seated themselves.

"This restaurant is very busy, as you can see," Lucia said softly. "We may have to share a table with others. Are you okay with that?"

"Yes," Gloria said, and started looking around out of curiosity.

She rarely ate out, and when she did, she always ate in a private dining room. She had never eaten with so many people around her before.

Lucia was her cousin, and had watched Gloria grow up. She always told her fun stuff she heard or witnessed since she knew the poor girl had no friends to speak of. She often cheered her up with her own scars.

When Lucia told Gloria she had found a way to treat her black freckles, the latter got so excited. She looked dubious, though, since so many doctors and magic casters had failed. Still, she was willing to try, even if the chance was slim.

She didn't want to have to wear a veil for the rest of her life.

“Hi, can I take your orders?” Yabemiya asked with a smile. She was a little curious about Gloria, but never showed it, her smile genuine and sincere.

“Yes,” said Lucia. She opened the menu and put it before Gloria. “What do you want to eat? I like the savory tofu pudding here.”

Gloria looked at the menu, surprised. She might not eat out a lot, but she had read enough books to know the prices of food. *They are too expensive.*

*But if the tofu pudding is as magical as Lucia said, it’s actually not that expensive compared to the money—over 10,000 gold coins—spent on my freckles so far.*

“I’d like a sweet tofu pudding,” Gloria said quietly after a while.

“I’ll have a savory tofu pudding and two plates of Yangzhou fried rice,” said Lucia.

Yabemiya nodded. “Okay. Please wait a sec.”

“You can eat that much?” Gloria asked, incredulous.

Lucia smiled. “One plate of Yangzhou fried rice is for you,” she said. “See that little girl there? That’s the owner’s daughter.”

Gloria turned to look. Amy was sitting at the table in front of the counter. There were two bowls before her and a loaf of bread in her hand. She might be small, but she looked like she was going to eat all of that. *She is so cute!*

Looking at her eating tofu pudding and roujiamo, Gloria swallowed despite herself.

Of course, she was not the only one that was doing that. All the customers were waiting for their orders. They were looking at Amy, swallowing, their stomachs rumbling.

After a short while, thankfully, Yabemiya started serving their orders, and she was quite efficient at it.

Aromatic smells started floating in the air.

Gloria’s eyes went wide. *Smells so good!* She ate only a little for each meal—no meat, some fresh fruit—and she wasn’t particularly fond of any kind of food.

However, now she found herself unable to resist the tempting smell of the meat. She saw that the bread was stuffed with meat as a customer at a nearby table was eating it.

Two women took their seats at their table. There weren’t many seats available now. Gloria didn’t like sharing her table with strangers, but she considered herself lucky that she wasn’t sitting with demons or other creatures.

“Your tofu pudding, please enjoy,” said Yabemiya, putting the two bowls before Gloria and Lucia.

## **Chapter 195: Can I Have One More Bowl?**



Gloria nodded. "Thank you." Yabemiya's smile seemed to have lightened her mood.

She was a little curious, though. *How can a half-dragon's smile be so natural and carefree? It seems she doesn't have to worry about a thing.*

"You're welcome," answered Yabemiya with a smile. She went off to serve someone else.

"Go ahead. It's best eaten hot," Lucia said, smiling. *Something has changed inside her.*

*It's so cruel for an 18-year-old girl to have to feel like dying inside. I think the only thing standing between her and a happy life is her freckles.*

Lucia spooned some tofu pudding into her mouth. She closed her eyes with a smile as the soft food melted.

She wanted to savor every bite since she only got to have one bowl each meal.

Gloria looked at Lucia, and then at the white bowl before her. It was made of fine porcelain, much better than the ones on the market. There was only one set of bowls in her house that could compete with this one.

They had been made in Rodu. Her father cherished them very much, and only used them when important guests came to visit. When her little brother broke one last year, her father had punished him by making him kneel for an hour and not speaking to him for days. *He is using such fine bowls to serve food,* Gloria thought.

*I guess it makes sense since his crystal window, crystal chandeliers, wood tables and chairs, and paintings on the wall are all absolutely excellent.*

*But is the food here worthy of such grand decoration? Is it as magical as Lucia said?*

Gloria picked up her spoon. The syrup on the top was giving off a sweet smell, tickling her nose. The white tofu pudding with golden-red syrup was basically a work of art.

Her spoon cut through the food easily. The syrup slowly streamed down into the hole she had just made, while the tofu pudding shook mildly in the spoon.

Gloria hesitated for a while before lifting her veil up and bringing the food into her mouth. She had done it so carefully that no freckles had been revealed.

The tofu pudding melted in her mouth almost instantly, and the syrup completed it. The sweetness spread on her tongue, stimulating her taste buds.

Gloria's eyes lit up. *It's so sweet! I think I tasted honey. It's made from soybeans? But how? I've never eaten anything like this before.*

*It's just so good!*

Gloria took another bite, and then another, and another...

She smiled. The normally cold girl was smiling out of happiness because of the food.

Now, she felt that this trip was well worth her time whether the food could cure her freckles or not.

She had never felt so good eating food, and she hadn't smiled so genuinely for many years. She felt like she couldn't refrain from smiling. It was a heartfelt pleasure. *I should live for this food, if nothing else.*

Lucia smiled as Gloria scarfed down her food. She took her time with hers.

Gloria's spoon clattered in the bowl. She lifted her head. "Whew, it's so tasty! Can I have one more bowl?" she asked Lucia.

Lucia shook her head. "I'm afraid you can't. It's limited to one per person for each meal. He turned me down when I offered to pay 10 times the price yesterday, and he turned down two powerful magic casters' request for a second helping." She turned to look at Amy, and added, "No one is allowed to eat two bowls except her."

Gloria was taken aback. *He is so different.*

Suddenly, her left cheek felt cool as if being iced. Her eyes widened.

*It's working?* Her hands were shaking with excitement. She raised her left hand to touch the cheek. *It feels cool, but are the freckles fading? I wish I had a mirror now.*

"It's cool, isn't it?" Lucia asked softly.

Gloria nodded vigorously. "Yes!" she answered in an excited voice.

Lucia held her hand. "Don't worry. It's a sign that the skin is being repaired. It will last about 10 minutes." Her arms and chest were also feeling cool now.

"Okay," Gloria said, looking at Lucia. She was trying to calm herself down, but the thought of finally being able to get rid of her nightmare was making her heart pump with excitement.

"Your Yangzhou fried rice, please enjoy," Yabemiya said, putting down two plates before them and taking the empty bowls away.

## **Chapter 196: It's A Dish With A Lot Of Meat**

"What's this?" Gloria asked curiously as she looked at the colorful, aromatic food. She didn't want to get back to check her freckles now.

Lucia smiled. "It's called Yangzhou fried rice, and the little owner here calls it rainbow fried rice." She brought some into her mouth, savoring the flavor.

Lucia got used to eating three meals here every day. At this rate, the scars on her arms would be gone in a few days.

Her skin had become softer and whiter. She had decided to come eat here every day even after her scars were completely gone. The food worked better than any skin creams.

Gloria picked up the spoon and paused for a moment. *He must be dexterous of hand and inventive of mind if he could chop everything into the same size and then mix it perfectly together. It's such a beautiful and enticing dish.*

Out of curiosity, Gloria spooned some into her mouth. Her eyes curved in a smile.

It was a different kind of dish compared to tofu pudding, but just as delicious. Every ingredient tasted so good on its own, and even better when combined. Her taste buds were cheering, basking in the heavenly food.

*This is also very tasty!* Gloria opened her eyes. She couldn't believe that the food here had completely changed her ideas about food. She had thought people were only eating to live, but now she realized that she could live to eat.

After she swallowed, it turned into a warm current, soothing her whole body. She took another bite.

She had totally forgotten that she had said she couldn't eat much before ordering.

She felt she needed another plate after this one.

Lucia felt happy as she watched Gloria become engrossed in the fried rice.

Lucia was a dozen years older than her. She still remembered that Gloria had been just as cute and lively as Amy when she was little. She would have been one of the most beautiful girls in Chaos City if it were not for those freckles.

On account of her own scars, she could really relate to Gloria. All these years, she had been supporting, encouraging, and helping her to try to get over it, but she had failed again and again.

So, now she was quite relieved to see her eating so happily.

Mag took a glance at Gloria and smiled. *I don't know if the food will help her with her problem, but at least she is enjoying it.*

"Congratulations! Your mission of getting 1,000 customers is complete!" said the system. "Reward: the recipe for braised chicken and rice!"

Mag's face lit up. The experience bag was now shining in his head.

*Finally, a dish with more meat!* He held back his urge to touch the bag. He had to wait till the night.

"Why are you smiling, Father?" Amy asked, walking in with her bowls.

"I'm thinking about making a new dish for you tomorrow," answered Mag with a smile, moving the fried rice from the wok into two plates.

He was cooking two plates of fried rice at one time now since he had grown stronger. It had become much easier for him to stir and toss the food, so he could combine all the ingredients even better, and the taste of Yangzhou fried rice had improved.

Amy's eyes brightened. "Whoa, a new dish!" She clapped her hands. "Is it the Manchu Han Imperial Feast?" she asked, looking up at Mag with great expectations.

Yabemiya was also looking at Mag at the kitchen door, excited. His cooking skills and inventive mind had greatly impressed her.

She had grown up in a kitchen, but she had found herself almost ignorant about everything happening in this kitchen.

*He may change the world with his ingenious food. His name and the restaurant may go down in history,* Yabemiya thought to herself.

Mag shook his head. "No. Manchu Han Imperial Feast consists of many dishes. I don't know how to make it yet." *The little thing still remembers my promise to her.* "It's a dish with a lot of meat. You'll like it. I think I can make it for you tomorrow."

Amy's eyes widened and were shining with excitement. The thought of meat made her mouth water. "A lot of meat!"

*It must be very expensive...* Yabemiya thought. She put two plates of fried rice and two bowls of tofu pudding on the tray and walked out quickly.

Mag was cooking much faster now, so she had to pick up her speed. Although she was strong, all the taking orders, serving, and cleaning were making her feel a little exhausted.

## **Chapter 197: You're Banned From This Restaurant**

"This sweet tofu pudding is just amazing. Waitress, I'd like one more of this!" a businessman-looking middle-aged man said to Yabemiya, putting down the empty bowl.

Knowing that he would never get a second helping of tofu pudding, the customers at nearby tables smiled, feeling a malicious sense of pleasure.

Yabemiya shook her head as she served food. "I'm sorry, sir, but tofu pudding is limited to one per person."

"I'll pay double. I'm rich," Goodenia said, slamming his purse down on the table, staring at the young waitress. *How dare you reject me? You lowly half-dragon.*

Yabemiya was a little scared, but she knew very well what she had to do. She didn't want to bother Mag with such a trivial matter. "Sorry, but it's the rule," she said bravely.

"Oh, you want to talk to me about rules? I'm the owner of that biggest clock and watch shop, and a board member of the Chamber of Commerce on the Aden Square. I have the veto power if your restaurant wants to join, and we don't allow hybrids to work as waitresses, or the owner will be fined. You don't want your boss to get fined, do you?"

"I... I..." Yabemiya was too scared to respond. She suddenly realized why her last boss had hit her so hard; she still vaguely remembered hearing him bragging about himself being a board member or something.

She didn't want to lose this job, where she could feel respected, recognized, and warm, and she didn't want to get her boss fined. She could feel tears welling in her eyes.

"So that's why I didn't see many hybrid waitresses in the Aden Square these years."

"I know about this rule. Some hybrids do look frightening, but not all of them. Little owner here and Miya are very pretty."

"I don't think Mag will have her working here any longer, then. I heard only one-third of these shops in the Aden Square joined the Chamber of Commerce, and they are the most popular ones. Now, they only allow 10 more members each year, and many shops want in very badly."

"Such a shame. She's working so hard. I'd like her if I were her boss."

Some customers talked in whispers, looking at the pitiful girl.

"But she's such a nice waitress," Gloria said, clenching her fists.

"Yes," said Lucia, "but there's nothing we can do. Many important families have joined the Chamber of Commerce, including yours and mine. Additionally, the Lord of Chaos City also has a hand in it." She cast a sympathetic glance at Yabemiya.

*Goodenia wasn't exactly right, but he wasn't wrong, either, Lucia thought. If Mag wanted to join, he would have to let Yabemiya go. They are very strict with the rules.*

Goodenia's smile was cocksure. He had been a slick businessman for more than 30 years; he was good at detecting people's weaknesses and then playing on them. More often than not, he got what he wanted. "Now bring me what I want."

"I don't think so," a cold voice called out from the kitchen.

Everyone looked to the kitchen, surprised. Mag was walking out with a plate of Yangzhou fried rice, expressionless, but his eyes were glittering coldly.

Yabemiya turned around, eyes shining with tears. "Boss..."

Mag put down the plate in front of a customer and smiled. "Your Yangzhou fried rice."

The customer froze for a while, and then nodded. "Thank you."

Mag stepped up in front of Yabemiya and stared at Goodenia. "Sir, Tofu pudding is limited to one per person. It's our rule."

Goodenia was taken by surprise. *Damned fool. He clearly doesn't know what the Chamber of Commerce is capable of.* "You're the owner here, right? I'm Goodenia. Let me tell you—"

"I've never heard of this Chamber of Commerce, but you don't allow hybrids, right? Then I don't think I want to join," Mag interrupted. Goodenia's eyes went wide. Then Mag put a kraft bag on the table, and continued, "My daughter is a half-elf, but I'm using her picture as my trademark. See the name of this restaurant? Mamy Restaurant. Do you know why I chose this name? 'Cause my daughter's name is Amy."

Mag's face darkened. "I'm not interested in your Chamber of Commerce, and I'm looking forward to seeing it gone."

He turned over the menu. "You see the rule here? No one is allowed to threaten the owner or any employees. Mr. Goodenia, you're banned from this restaurant, for life. Please leave.

"Oh, don't forget to pay you check first," he added.

## **Chapter 198: He Must Have A Death Wish Or Something**

Goodenia gaped at Mag, his mouth open. He couldn't believe what he was hearing.

*The Chamber of Commerce in the Aden Square has existed for over 50 years, and is one of the best on the whole continent. He wants it gone?! This naïve young man, an owner of a restaurant which has run for less than half a month, is going to ban me?!*

Harrison was also looking very surprised. His old man had been trying to buy his way into the Chamber of Commerce and hadn't succeeded. Every time he saw those board members, he had to act obsequious, so he had refrained from speaking up for Yabemiya.

*I knew Mag probably wouldn't fire Yabemiya, but I don't think it's wise to stand up to the Chamber of Commerce like that, thought Harrison. He has just lost all possibility to join. The top 10 best foods are all made by members of the Chamber of Commerce. Although the competition is arranged by the Gray Temple, I don't think nothing was going on behind the scenes.*

*Anyway, I wish I could say something like that to those board members!* Harrison looked at Mag with admiration.

Gjergj looked thoughtful. *I don't think I should join the Chamber of Commerce, either. I don't want to kiss up to them.*

Gloria was staring at Mag excitedly, her fists clenched. Suddenly, she remembered herself and bowed her head, abashed. She was still looking at Mag through the veil, though, her eyes shining like stars.

*He's a good father as well as a good boss, Gloria thought. He may not look strong, but somehow he makes me feel safe. Such a different man.*

*He is a little arrogant, but interesting, thought Lucia. Joining the Chamber of Commerce will bring a lot of benefits, and that's what's driving those crafty businessmen to try to use every way possible to get in.*

*Such a good boss, the customers thought, surprised. No one else would have gone to such lengths to protect a half-dragon.*

Many people were relieved. They liked the young waitress's smile, which could always put them in a good mood. They didn't want to see her fired.

"Oh, I want to be his waitress. I want to be protected by him too!" the girl from before looked up at Mag with adoration, hands over her heart again.

“Shut up and eat!” bellowed the fat woman, hitting her daughter on the head with her spoon.

The girl held her head in pain. She spooned some food into her mouth, her eyes still fixed on Mag.

Many people were willing to obey the rules because of the good food. Now, after this little incident, they considered Mag honorable.

The fact that Goodenia had stooped to such lows to try to pressure Mag into bending the rules for him only made him despicable.

“Thank you, Boss,” Yabemiya said, looking at Mag’s back, crying. Her tears were falling onto the floor, but she felt so warm and happy inside.

*Nobody insults me and nobody laughs at me anymore. My boss is protecting me.*

*I’m not alone anymore. My boss is weathering the storm for me.*

Mag turned to face her with a smile and kind eyes. “Always remember to smile.” He pulled out a neatly folded gray handkerchief and handed it to Yabemiya.

“Yes, Boss.” She raised her eyes to look into his and found her courage again. She took the handkerchief, but wiped her tears with the back of her hand, grinning, revealing her two canine teeth.

Goodenia’s face clouded over with anger. *I will make you regret saying that to me. Let’s wait and see how long your damn restaurant will last.* Never had he been treated like this since he became a board member at the beginning of this year. He grabbed his purse and pushed back his chair so hard that it fell and was damaged a little.

“One tofu pudding, one Yangzhou fried rice, and one chair. That will be 18 gold coins,” Amy said solemnly, looking up at Goodenia with Ugly Duckling in her arms.

“Meow, meow!” cried the kitten.

“You should be grateful that I ate here,” Goodenia said coldly. “I’ve never paid a coin when eating out. So, get the f\*ck out of my way!” *No way am I going to pay for this meal or that ridiculously expensive chair!*

All the customers were staring at him, aghast. *Is he really threatening the girl in front of her powerful masters? He must have a death wish or something.*

Amy put the kitten on the floor and held out her little hand. “Pay, now!”

## **Chapter 199: Impressive**

Krassu and Urien turned to look at Goodenia, their eyes glittering menacingly.

“Don’t kill him, Amy,” said Mag. *I have to make an example of him. That’s just the way this world works.*

Amy nodded. “Yes, Father.”

Goodenia sneered, and didn’t deign to reply. He walked towards Amy.

Suddenly, a bluish violet fire rose from Amy's hand and immediately went up for a half meter. Its terrifying temperature burnt Goodenia's hair, brows, eyelashes, and shirt in almost an instant. The fire continued burning along his silk shirt.

"A magic caster?!" Goodenia cried. He rushed out, trying to put out the fire on him. In his panic, he dropped his purse.

The flame had turned into a fireball, and Amy was about to throw it out.

Mag touched Amy's head and smiled. "Okay, that's enough. If you throw that at him, you'll kill him." *He has got what he deserves.*

"Yes, Father," Amy said disappointedly. She took a look at Goodenia's back, extinguished the fireball, and picked up the purse.

In his rush, Goodenia bumped into someone and got knocked to the ground.

He rolled on the ground, put out the fire, and then let out a sigh of relief. Most of the shirt on his front had got burnt away. His brows and hair were largely gone, his face smudged by smoke.

He opened his mouth and wanted to yell at the man whom he had bumped into, but when he lifted his eyes, he saw three big bald demons. He lowered his head again in fright.

"What happened to him?" Monde asked, scratching his bald head.

"He got burnt by fire, I think," said Kil, rubbing his chin thoughtfully.

Monde nodded and looked at Kil admiringly. "You're indeed very smart, Kil."

"Apparently, he got burnt by the little owner," said Sargerass. "I think he probably had it coming." He cast a disdainful look at Goodenia.

The door opened. Amy walked out and tossed the purse to Goodenia. "I took the liberty of taking 18 gold coins from your purse. Remember to pay every time you eat out!"

Goodenia picked up his purse angrily. He glared at Amy, but then thought better of saying anything rude. *I will have my vengeance one day.*

"Hi, little owner," said Sargerass.

"Hi, little owner!" echoed Kil and Monde, straightening up. The future of the lava demons relied on roujiamo, so they respected Mag and his daughter very much.

"Hi, Big Bald Head, Bald Head No. 2 and No. 3," Amy said, and went back into the restaurant.

Goodenia's eyes widened. *What the hell?! These three demons are afraid of that brat?!*

Sargerass stepped up to Goodenia and looked down at him. "You dined and dashed? You just did what I couldn't do. Impressive."

Kil and Monde gave him the thumbs up. "Impressive," they echoed, and followed Sargerass in.

Goodenia scrambled to his feet sullenly. He was now quite a sight to see.



He took a long look at the grand restaurant and felt frightened suddenly. *What's so special about it?* He walked off, covering his face with his hand. He didn't want to lose any more face than he already had.

"I'm sorry for the little incident. Hope it didn't ruin your appetite," Mag said apologetically to the customers. He stopped Yabemiya when she was about to bow and apologize. "It's not your fault," he said, smiling.

"Thank you, Boss," she replied softly.

"It's all right, Mag. He deserved it. But my roujiamo... I'm a little hungry," Harrison said, rubbing his belly.

"My tofu pudding."

"My Yangzhou fried rice."

The customers were smiling. They didn't think Mag had done anything wrong. The restaurant had returned to its usual peace.

Mag nodded with a smile. "Your orders will be ready soon." He patted Yabemiya on the shoulder and walked into the kitchen.

The door opened with a "ting". "Welcome to Mamy Restaurant!" Yabemiya said, walking to the door with her spirited smile.

"I'm going to memorize all the rules today."

"The rules?"

"Yeah, the rules on the menu. I don't want to get myself banned or burned."

"Yeah. Count me in."

Harrison and his friends started learning the rules. They hadn't been this studious back in the Chaos School.

"Oh, I saw Mag wrote something in a black notebook just now."

"Really?"

"The blacklist?!"

## **Chapter 200: Only, He's Married**

This little incident ended pretty quickly. Mag went back to cooking, not worrying too much about Goodenia taking revenge.

*He is just a board member of the Chamber of Commerce. What can he do? I wouldn't care if he were an official from the Gray Temple. I have conquered many important people's stomachs.*

*Besides, I have two trump cards: Urien and Krassu. I don't think anyone can beat them if they fight together.*

Mag had stood up for Yabemiya and made an example at the same time. *I might not be strong, but I had to remind them that there are lines that cannot be crossed.*

Amy was one of those lines.

*Maybe I can't beat them, but I can always ban them.*

*That's a cruel punishment if they like the food here.*

*As for that racist Chamber of Commerce, I will be happy to destroy it.*

*Of course, I don't have the influence needed yet.*

*But, one day I may.*

*I have seen too many organizations come and go, especially during technological revolutions. The rise of a new technology will always spark major changes.*

*If the ruler here isn't worthy enough, I don't mind helping bring about the Industrial Revolution.* Mag took a look at his bike.

*I might have wasted a lot of time during my four years in the university, but I have managed to graduate, and my major, mechanical engineering, is very prestigious in the world. Mechanics will change this world.*

...

"Really, honey? My scars have faded? Oh, I love you so much!"

"Goodbye, ugly scars!"

"The scar on my forehead is finally gone, Mother!"

Many people exclaimed in delight. The tofu pudding was working its magic on them.

Yeoell looked down at the scars on his chest, and then at the savory tofu pudding before him, hesitating. *Hope it doesn't work well on me.*

After a short while, he picked up the spoon despite himself. *It smells so good! I can't resist it anymore! I'll draw some fake scars on my chest!* He started eating happily.

He wolfed it down in no time. He put down the spoon and checked his scars quickly. "Two scars from 20 years ago are gone..." he muttered regretfully. "At this rate, I'll have nothing to brag about soon... I have planned to brag till I'm 80."

Lucia paid the check. "Let's go," she said to Gloria.

Gloria nodded. "Okay." She rose gracefully to her feet. When she walked to the door, she looked back to the kitchen. *Men are most attractive when focused on working.*

"Gloria?" said Lucia as she held the door open. She followed her gaze and smiled. *He is truly attractive. He's a talented cook, good-looking, thoughtful, and caring. I bet many women want to marry him.*

*Only, he's married.*

Gloria blushed and looked away. "Let's go," she said, walking out.

They got into a fancy carriage out front.

"Take off your veil. Let me see," Lucia said excitedly once they had seated themselves.

Gloria hesitated for a while as Lucia looked at her with encouraging eyes. "Okay." She took the veil off slowly.

Lucia's eyes widened. *She's so gorgeous!*

She had light blonde hair, long eyelashes, big purple eyes, beautiful small mouth, and soft, smooth skin.

She was slim, but her breasts were pretty big, pushing up against her black dress.

Everything about her face was perfect, except the freckles. They had spoiled her pretty face so easily.

"It worked! They have faded into brown!" Lucia cried in delight, holding Gloria's hand.

Gloria's eyes lit up. "Really?" She touched her face with her slender fingers, excited. She had never thought the food would have worked so well.

Lucia nodded, smiling. "Yes! When did I ever lie to you? Just look at yourself in the mirror when you get home." She rolled up her sleeves and revealed her scars. "See? They have got even smaller, right?"

Gloria's eyes widened and raised her voice in delight. "Yes!" Her scars had indeed lessened, and at this rate, they would be gone in a few days.

Lucia touched Gloria's head and smiled. "Trust me, your freckles will be gone before you know it, and then you can wear your pretty clothes. Men will fall head over heels in love with you."

*Will he... fall in love with me?* Gloria wondered, thinking of a certain man.