

Stay At home 201

Chapter 201: We're Flying!

Mag turned the sign over to "closed" after the lunch hours, and smiled as he watched Amy tickling Ugly Duckling.

"When should I go back to school, Father?" Amy asked. *I think Father looks a little different.*

"Before 2 PM," Mag answered with a smile, walking over to her to stroke her head. "Go take a nap."

Amy nodded, rubbing her head against Mag's hand like the kitten was doing to her hand. "Okay."

Yabemiya was wiping tables. "I think I can help take Amy to school in the morning," she said, looking at Mag.

"Well..." Mag replied, thoughtful. *That would definitely save me some trouble, but...*

"But Sister Miya, do you know how to ride the bike?" asked Amy.

Miya was taken by surprise. She took a look at the two-wheeled thing. *Maybe only a genius like Mag could ride such an ingenious vehicle.*

She shook her head. "No, I don't."

"If we walk, I'll have to get up very early, since it will take us a long time to get there. I'll have little time to sleep," said Amy, frowning.

"I... I will learn. I will learn how to ride it." Yabemiya turned to Mag. "Can you teach me how to ride it, Boss?"

Amy clapped her hands. "That's a good idea, Father! Please teach Sister Miya, so she can ride me to school!"

Apparently, Yabemiya wanted to share his workload, but it was not easy to learn how to ride a bike. Mag nodded. "I can, but it might take days, and you might fall many times before you master it."

"I'm not afraid of pain." The waitress looked quite determined.

"Please, Father, teach Sister Miya," Amy said, rocking his arm.

Mag was beaten. He touched Amy's head with a smile. "All right. I will teach her." He paused for a moment. "I will go to the job-finding service after I ride you to school this afternoon. We need another waitress."

"I'll have another big sister!" Amy cried in delight.

"Boss, I..." Yabemiya said, lowering her head, blaming herself as if she had failed Mag.

"I couldn't have asked for a better waitress than you, Miya. Don't blame yourself. You've been doing a great job. But, the workload has increased significantly, and you don't even have time to smile anymore. They love to see you smile, and so do I."

Yabemiya nodded. "Thank you, Boss."

"Will she be as pretty as Sister Miya?" Amy asked curiously.

"Yes. And she will be as hardworking as Miya," Mag said with a smile.

"Meow!" cried Ugly Duckling, trying to get Amy's attention. It feared for its position in this house.

Amy fell asleep on the counter. A while later, when it was time for school, Mag woke her up and wheeled the bike out. She climbed into her seat and turned to look at Ugly Duckling, which was sitting by the door. "Come on, Ugly Duckling!"

It took a look at the basket and shook its head. "Meow, meow."

"Just let it stay home. It doesn't like riding on this thing." Mag got on the bike. "Hold on tight."

Amy nodded happily. "Yes, Father!"

Mag smiled and pedaled hard. The bike went off fast.

He could ride much faster now that he had got stronger.

Of course, it had drawn many eyes again.

"Is this magic?" a voice asked.

"Maybe. Those two wheels are so cool," answered a second voice.

"We overtook a carriage!" exclaimed Amy.

"Two carriages!"

"And three! We have overtaken three carriages!"

"We're flying, Father!"

Amy waved her arms happily. She didn't look afraid at all, but rather excited. She even wanted Mag to go faster.

They stopped at the school gate. Amy climbed off the bike quickly. "I can find the classroom by myself, Father."

Mag nodded. *She probably knows this school better than I do.* "Okay. Be a good girl at school."

"Yes, Father, I will." Amy waved him goodbye and walked in. "Good afternoon, Mr. Turnip and Mr. Turtle Shield," she said to the two guards at the gate.

They allowed themselves a wry smile. "Good afternoon."

Mag was a little embarrassed. *She really loves to nickname people.*

The nicknames were pretty accurate, though. The old man had no hair except on the top of his head; the red-haired orc was holding a black shield which looked like a turtle shell.

The two guards exchanged a wry glance.

Chapter 202: Are You Serious?

Mag could do nothing but nod at them with a smile, and left.

Anthoine and Arnold shrugged.

For all these years as the guards here, no students had been so bold as to call them nicknames.

Mag didn't go back to his restaurant.

Mag Alex might have lived a miserable life, but he had known this city pretty well.

Chaos City was a square city with eight gates. Four main roads went through the city, making a hash sign on the map.

The Aden Square was located in the south. To its east lay the Chaos School, and around the school lived mostly teachers and other intellectuals.

To the west of the square was the famous Bastie Prison. It was known as the most impregnable prison, and held criminals from all species.

This prison was as old as the city. After the peace treaty was signed in Chaos City, the war that had lasted over a thousand years finally ended, and those who had murdered innocents in the name of war had all been tried and incarcerated in the Bastie Prison.

The building of the prison had been funded by all the species, and it had been built by the best builders on the continent. Most of the structure lay underground, and reached a depth of several dozen meters.

The warden and guards there were so powerful, they were allegedly able to handle the attack of 10 dragons. It was basically a fortress.

The Aden Square was located next to the prison. In fact, Mag's restaurant was only 10 meters from its thick outer wall, so the square had no exit at this end.

Even after a hundred years, some criminals were still very strong, and they never stopped trying to break out, yet no one had ever succeeded, which made the prison even more legendary.

Mag was on his way to the block north of the square. It was the center of Chaos City, and was widely considered the safest place in the city. To its west was the Gray Temple, to its east was the castle of Chaos City, and to its north was where the army and rich people resided.

When Mag saw some grand buildings in the distance, he pulled his bike into a small alley.

"System, I need some disguise," Mag said as he parked his bike.

"I..."

"I'll pay in cash," Mag interrupted, pulling out his purse.

"Well, I have disguise clothes, which will cost you two gold coins; disguise clothes and a light disguise: four gold coins; disguise clothes and a heavy disguise: six gold coins; women's clothes: 10 gold coins.

"I highly recommend you wear women's clothes. I have thousands of different women's clothes for you to choose from. I'll do the makeup for you and lend you hair piece and jewelry. I can even lend you the voice changer for an extra gold coin, or you can buy it for 10."

"Women's clothes?! Are you serious?!" Mag snapped.

"If you disguise yourself as a woman, I'm sure nobody will recognize you. Just think about it. Who would have thought that a sultry succubus is actually a man?"

"Yeah, right. Give me 0.5 strength or 50,000 gold coins, and I will wear your women's clothes."

When the system didn't answer, Mag asked, "What's a heavy disguise?"

"You can choose age, profession, and gender, and I will make sure that you look the part."

"What about a light disguise?"

"Facial hair, glasses and stuff."

Mag nodded. "It's indeed very light. I'll have disguise clothes and a heavy disguise. I want to look like a scholar, human, male, around 60."

"All right. The clothes will be ready in three minutes."

Mag didn't want to spend this much money on a disguise, but he had to be cautious.

I can't ride this bike there. It will give me away. "System, hide this bike for me. I don't want it stolen."

"20 copper coins for the first hour, plus one copper coin for every minute afterward."

Chapter 203: Is That The Owner Of Mamy Restaurant?

"You never miss any chance to make money, do you?" Mag sighed. "I'm so disappointed."

"I don't care."

"You win. Hide it after you're done disguising me."

A strange idea came to Mag's mind suddenly. "What do you say I charge parking fee outside of my restaurant?"

"The Aden Square is owned by the Lord of Chaos City. I don't think he'll allow it, and he might charge parking fee all over the square," answered the system.

"You have a point." *It's truly a great idea for the city to make money.*

"The clothes are ready. Do you want them now?" asked the system.

Mag looked around and nodded. "Yes."

A greyish black gown, a pair of cloth shoes, and a gray toupee appeared in the basket.

Mag changed into the old-fashioned gown and shoes, and put on the toupee following the system's instructions.

"Extend both your arms and close your eyes. I'll do the makeup for you. It will take about 30 seconds," said the system.

Mag closed his eyes. He felt brushes working on his face and his hands. After a while, they were gone, and the system said the makeup was finished.

Mag opened his eyes and looked at his hands. They had become heavily wrinkled, like those of an old man.

"Looks good. But I can't see my face." Mag stroked his gray beard.

"I can lend you a mirror for one copper coin," said the system.

"No, thanks," Mag answered, walking towards a well. "Hide my bike, please."

"Talk about stingy!" the system said with disapproval. It hid the bike, though.

"And talk about greedy!" Mag retorted.

The system fell silent.

Mag walked up to the well and looked down. Thankfully, the water was not far below. He could see it clear enough. The reflection in the water was that of an old man around 60. He looked quite like an old teacher even without any books in his hand.

Is this... me? His appearance had changed so much even Amy wouldn't have recognized him.

Suddenly, Mag somewhat believed that the system could disguise him as a succubus.

Mag nodded contentedly. *Not bad. It's well worth the money.* He wasted no time and walked towards his destination.

After 20 minutes, Mag was at the door of a detective agency. He stroked his beard and walked in.

A while later, Mag walked out with a young man in a gray shirt who was all smiles. "Mind your steps, mister," the young man said. "I have great admiration for people like you. Hope it will prove useful for your book. We have files on other species too, and they are new and reliable."

Mag nodded. "Thank you," he said in a hoarse voice, and walked off with a bag.

"Old people are so gullible! It's like taking candy from a baby," the young man said as he watched Mag leave, tossing the two dragon coins up.

Mag quickened his pace the moment he was out of sight. He took a look at the bag and smiled.

He bought files on incidents which had happened in the past five years and were related to elves. They were nothing confidential, but Mag was pretty satisfied. That detective agency might be the biggest one in all of Chaos City. He had chosen that one over the Sherlock Detective Agency because he hadn't been confident in his disguise.

Mag walked into a quiet alley and got his bike back from the system. He changed into his usual clothes and let the system undo the makeup. He was still amazed at the system's makeup skills.

"System, do you have any experience bags for doing makeup?" asked Mag.

"So you want to dress like a woman after all."

Mag did not deign to reply. He put the clothes and the bag in the basket and rode towards the Aden Square.

"Thank you for your 20 copper coins!" the system said.

"But it's less than an hour."

"I know," the system replied calmly.

"..."

Mag stopped at the Find All Job-finding Service. It was crowded as usual. He hesitated for a while, locked his bike, and walked towards the door.

Mag had been lucky to find Yabemiya, but that was not something that would happen every day, so he wanted to try his luck here.

"Is that the owner of Mamy Restaurant?" Sally thought aloud, looking at his back with surprise.

Chapter 204: A Bowl Of Tofu Pudding?

After lunch, Sally went out for a stroll. A while later, she found herself staring at Mag in the Aden Square.

Find All Job-finding Service? Is he here to look for a waitress? But he already has one, Sally wondered, excited.

She frowned suddenly. *Why do I feel so excited? Do I really want to work in his restaurant?*

She shook her head adamantly. *No! I have to visit all the places that Princess Irina has been to. I want to be someone like her!*

Sally turned to look in the direction of Mamy Restaurant and felt uncertain again. *But... the food here is so good...*

She was stuck. She didn't know what to do.

Half an hour later, Mag walked out with Crease. "I'll keep an eye out for any competent waitresses," Crease said with a dry smile. *He wasted my time again.*

"Thank you," said Mag. *A good waitress will make diners have a memorable eating experience, like Yabemiya, and a bad one is bad for business. I'd rather have no waitresses than bad ones.*

"A difficult client," Crease muttered as he watched Mag leave.

Mag pedaled faster when he took a look back and saw someone following him.

He stopped at his restaurant, got off his bike, turned around, and saw Sally standing not far from him. "Why are you following me?" he asked, looking at her warily.

Sally might be one of his customers, but she was also an elf, and he still remembered what elves had done to Mag Alex.

"I..." Sally looked nervous and abashed, wringing her hands with her head bowed. At last, she found the courage to raise her eyes. "Are you looking for a waitress? Can... can I work here?"

"How do you know I'm looking for a waitress?" Mag asked, frowning, looking at the pretty elf in her silver dress.

Judging from her clothes, she must be a noble lady or something.

Why would someone like her want to work as a waitress? She wants to investigate the Spring of Life? Or that incident?

Sally became even more nervous as she looked at Mag's frowning face. *I only have a dozen dragon coins left. I need more money if I want to eat here every day, or I have to go back home broke and a failure.*

"I saw you go into a job-finding service. Your restaurant is quite busy, so I assumed you were looking for a waitress," Sally answered quickly. "I followed you from there."

Mag looked relieved. "I see." He looked the girl over. She was very pretty, her eyes light blue, skin white, ears pointy, and hair light blonde, arranged into a neat ponytail.

She was wearing a long silver dress with golden trim, revealing her beautiful collarbones and nice calves. She was pretty enough to be a waitress.

Yet Mag was looking for someone who could handle a heavy workload.

If he wanted beautiful waitresses, he could have found enough in that job-finding service.

Once, a stare like that would have made Sally furious.

She didn't see anything vulgar in his eyes, though. "You can just pay me with... with a bowl of tofu pudding every day," she said after a while.

Mag lifted an eyebrow. *A bowl of tofu pudding? She's easily satisfied.* He looked at her longing eyes, and suddenly realized why she wanted to work at his place.

"I do need another waitress. I won't hire you just because you only want a tofu pudding every day, and I won't only pay you with a tofu pudding if you're hired." Mag opened the door. "Come on in if you're interested."

Chapter 205: This Is Not A Cushy Job

"Thank you!" Sally brightened up, but then the door closed because Mag didn't hold it open for her.

For an instant, she froze. She had never been treated like this before.

Yet she got over it quickly. It makes sense considering the fact that he turned down two powerful magic casters before. He is indeed very different.

In fact, Mag was only treating her like a normal job seeker.

“Do you need some help with that, Boss?” Yabemiya said, putting the mop aside.

“No. Do your thing.” This carbon fiber bike had become much lighter for him now. “We might have another waitress today.”

Today? So soon? What kind of girl is she? Yabemiya wondered.

Sally straightened her dress, took a deep breath, and held the handle. The door opened with a “ding”.

Yabemiya turned to look. The sunlight made it hard to see, but she could still see her clearly. Her eyes widened.

Sally looked even more beautiful in the sunlight, her pointy ears almost transparent, her light blue eyes angelic.

Yabemiya was humbled by her pretty face. She felt a little envious.

Sally was also looking at Yabemiya. She found her horns very cute and her mismatched eyes interesting.

When she saw her maid dress, she was a little envious of her breasts, or perhaps of her being able to work and eat here, or both.

They stood there, staring at each other, looking envious.

Abruptly, Yabemiya remembered her profession and where she was. “Sorry, Miss, but we’re closed...” she said, hiding the mop behind her.

Mag walked out with two glasses of water. He handed one to Yabemiya, and put the other on a table. “Would you like some water?”

“Yes, thank you.” Sally calmed herself down and walked up to the table. She took a look at the glass and took a seat, wringing her hands.

“Is she...” Yabemiya said, shocked, the glass shaking in her hand.

Mag nodded with a smile. “Yes, she wants to work here.”

Yabemiya smiled at Sally quickly and spilled her water. “Hi, I’m Yabemiya.”

Sally smiled back. “Hi.”

Mag didn’t know why Yabemiya was so nervous. “Miya, get some rest and then finish the job,” he said, not unkindly.

Yabemiya nodded. “Yes, Boss.” She drank some water and started mopping again.

Mag took a seat opposite Sally. “You see, we’re very busy,” he began. “Yabemiya had to take orders, serve food, collect money, and do the cleaning. I need someone to help her. What do you think you can do? This is not a cushy job, just for the record.”

Sally was taken aback. "She is doing all of it?"

Mag nodded. "Yes." He now felt he was a little cruel to his waitress. "She is a good worker."

Sally nodded. "Indeed." I don't think I can do all of it like her. She must be working really hard.

Yabemiya smiled and mopped faster.

Mag looked at Sally, waiting for her answer.

"She's very good at taking orders and serving food, so I think I can collect money and do all the cleaning work," said Sally.

"Are you quick with numbers?" Mag asked curiously.

"Quick enough, I think," she answered with confidence.

"Good." Mag stepped into the kitchen and walked out with a stack of plates and bowls. He put some plates, some bowls, and some empty bags for roujiamo on each table.

"The table by the door is table one, and then table two, three..." he said, pointing. "I'll choose several tables, and you calculate the money and then clear the tables. Okay?"

Sally nodded. "Okay." She tried to look calm, but there was still nervousness in her eyes.

Yabemiya stood by the door with the mop, surprised. She had passed similar tests to work here, but she had thought Mag would hire Sally on the spot since she looked so pretty.

"Table three, eight, fifteen, six, and eleven. Collect money and clear the tables in this order. You have five minutes," Mag said, taking a look at his watch.

Chapter 206: Water, Come Cleanse This Room Of All The Dirt And Grease

You can do it! Yabemiya clenched her fists and was rooting for her.

Sally picked up a tray and walked over to table three quickly. After about 30 seconds, she said, "Four plates of Yangzhou fried rice, three bowls of tofu pudding, and two roujiamos, that will be 36 gold coins."

Then she put the plates, bowls, and bags on the tray randomly and walked to the next table.

Yabemiya looked a little worried. *That's not good...*

Mag watched and didn't say anything. *It may look easy, but clearing tables also needs skills.*

A short while later, she was done with the second table. The mound of plates and bowls had got higher, but her hand was pretty steady.

Three minutes had passed by the time she walked up to the fourth table. The mound was already a half meter high. The plates and bowls were shaking, looking like they might fall at any minute.

“That’s... 16 gold coins.” Sally picked up a bowl carefully, and in her attempt to put it onto the mound, she accidentally touched it.

The mound swayed and fell eventually.

“Oh, no!” Yabemiya cried, letting go of her mop, running towards Sally.

Mag also took a step forward, startled.

Sally was also a little surprised, but she lifted her left hand quickly, and then a stream of water appeared and flew around her, catching every plate and bowl.

Yabemiya stopped, gaping at her. *Unbelievable...*

Mag couldn’t hide the surprise in his eyes. *A water magic caster? And by the look of it, she’s at least 5th-tier. A 5th-tier knight could be an officer commanding 500 knights, and a 5th-tier magic caster is just as important.*

“You only have one and a half minutes left,” Mag reminded her.

Sally became anxious. She put the plates and bowls back onto the tray with her water magic and walked to the last table. The mound was still shaking, but it wouldn’t fall this time, since there was water flowing around it.

“That’s... 22 gold coins!” She waved her hand, and water carried the plates and bowls up onto the mound, which was now almost high as a man.

Mag took a look at his watch. “You used four and a half minutes.”

“Whoa...” Yabemiya said, looking up at the high mound of dishes.

“Have I got the job?” Sally asked, nervous and expectant.

“Technically speaking, you passed the test.” Sally smiled on hearing that. “But, there’s still room for improvement. You were too rushed; diners don’t like to see that. Also, you’re not supposed to stack dishes like that,” Mag said.

It was all Mag could do not to smile as he looked at the huge mound.

“Table 2, 7, 14, 16, 4, Miya, you do it.”

Miya nodded. “Yes, Boss.” She took a tray from the kitchen, calculated the money, and cleared the tables in less than three minutes. On her tray stood a stack of plates, a stack of bowls, and a stack of bags.

Sally watched with surprise. *She calculated so fast and didn’t look hurried, and she was smiling all the while. Besides, she was much better at stacking dishes than me.*

Sally looked a little frustrated.

Yabemiya saw the look on her face. “It’s your first time. I think you did quite well.”

Sally’s eyes lit up and looked to Mag. “But...”

Mag nodded. "Yes, you did well for your first time." *Thankfully, she didn't break those dishes. Clearly, she's not good at this, but her magic might have just helped her get this job.*

And customers would love to see her magic.

I've got myself two attractive waitresses!

She'll get better at stacking dishes; it's nothing tricky.

Also, I saw fire in her eyes. She wants this job.

Yabemiya is doing this job to survive, and Sally wants to satisfy her craving for good food.

She'll be quicker with numbers once she masters the 9×9 table.

"Can she stay here, Boss?" Yabemiya asked, expectant.

Sally gave her a thankful look, and then looked at Mag.

"You said you could do all the cleaning? We have to clean the tables, floor, and even walls after we close. Do you think you can do all of it?" Mag asked.

Sally lifted her left hand. "Water, come cleanse this room of all the dirt and grease..."

Chapter 207: System, Show Me The Qipaos You Have

Suddenly, water flooded the whole room, from the floor to the ceiling, but it had magically avoided Mag, Sally, and Yabemiya.

"You can restore the room, right?" Mag asked the system.

"Of course. 10,000 gold coins."

Mag lifted an eyebrow. "Zero down payment?"

"You wish! Cash in full!"

"But you let me pay by installments for that most expensive Range Rover the other day."

"That's because you couldn't afford to pay in full."

"Then I guess I won't buy expensive things from you anymore," Mag said calmly.

"Wait! Do you want luxury bags, furs, cars and whatnot? No interest for six months and zero down payment!" It sounded a little anxious.

Mag's eyes widened. "Cars?"

"Cars' interior decoration."

"I don't even have a car!" Mag snapped. *All the tables and paintings must have been ruined...*

No! The restaurant... Yabemiya looked very worried.

After a while, the water disappeared as suddenly as it had appeared.

Everything stayed in the same position, only shinier.

Mag and Yabemiya couldn't believe their eyes. The tables and chairs were gleaming, and the air had become fresh and moist.

"Unbelievable!" Yabemiya was extremely amazed. She touched a table. "It's dry!"

Mag walked up to the wall and put his hand on a painting. *It's dry and undamaged.*

Every corner was so clean and dry, and everything couldn't be any cleaner. It was hard to imagine that the room had been flooded seconds ago.

Sanitation is important when it comes to restaurants, and she will make the cleaning work real easy! Mag looked at Sally, his eyes shining with excitement.

Sally was a little worried that her magic might have scared Mag and Yabemiya. She put down her hand, and said, "The water only washed away the dirt and grease. It didn't damage anything, and it made the moisture content ideal in the tables and chairs, so—"

"You can come work tonight if you want," Mag interrupted. "Your salary is the same as Miya's: 4,000 copper coins a month, and you can get 1,200 copper coins' worth of food for free every day if you eat here."

Sally's face lit up in surprise. *My current job only gets me 600 copper coins each month, but now I get to eat Yangzhou fried rice and tofu pudding for free!*

It's a dream come true for me. Or is it a dream? She pinched her thigh without them noticing it to make sure she wasn't dreaming.

"Thank you! But... you can just pay me with a bowl of tofu pudding," Sally said. "I don't think I deserve this high salary."

Mag shook his head with a smile. "You totally deserve it." *Her cleaning skills are reason enough for me to hire her. Besides, she'll be better at collecting money and clearing tables after Yabemiya teaches her.*

Sally smiled.

"Put down the dishes and get some rest. I'll find some clothes for you. If you have any questions, just ask Miya." Mag took the bag in the basket and went upstairs.

Sally watched Mag leave. She still had qualms about this; she felt she had got the better end of this worker-employer relationship.

"Congratulations! Your magic is so amazing!" Yabemiya said with admiration. *She's so beautiful and powerful, but I'm just strong.*

Sally also looked admiringly at Yabemiya. "Thank you! I think you're amazing. You can handle so many things by yourself, and you do them so orderly. Every customer likes you. I don't think I can do it."

They smiled. They were impressive in each other's eyes.

“Can you teach me how to clear tables?” Sally asked.

“It’s very easy, actually...” Yabemiya helped Sally take the dishes from the tray and taught her the relevant skills and tricks.

Sally listened and watched attentively. Yabemiya answered in detail every question she asked. The half-dragon didn’t feel inferior anymore.

Mag put the bag on the table. “System, show me the qipaos you have.”

Chapter 208: I Can’t Wait To See The Look On Their Faces

“Sorry, you have no right to hire a second waitress unless you update the restaurant first!” the system warned.

“I just want to buy some clothes.”

“You don’t need to do that, because you will reject her.”

“Why would I do that?”

“Are you deaf or something? I said if you want to hire a second waitress, you have to update the restaurant first!” the system said angrily. “Pay attention when I talk to you!”

“Yeah, yeah, yeah.” Mag smiled thinly. “Please remember, more often than not, you are just a grocery store, and I don’t have to buy groceries from you if I don’t want to. Mind your own business.”

The system raised its voice. “You—”

Mag cut it off. “Oh, and I’m the owner of this restaurant. I hire my waitresses, I pay them, and I can hire as many as I want!”

The system was beaten. “You... you may have a point there.”

Mag was happy. *It’s never boring to argue with the system.* “Show me the qipaos.”

The pictures popped up in his head immediately, and some were very revealing.

Mag looked through the pictures and then saw a white qipao with blue trim. It had blue dots here and there, and the collar had beautiful blue flower patterns on it.

The qipao fell just under the knee, and the slit reached up to the thigh, revealing the thigh a little and making it easy to walk in. It was a nice qipao with a strong Chinese flavor.

Mag took this one. *Sally is more beautiful than this model. She can absolutely pull it off in this qipao.*

Then he took a silver one with golden trim in case she didn’t like the white one, since it looked much like the dress she was wearing.

As for shoes, he chose two pairs of black leather shoes with a low heel because the model was wearing the same kind of shoes.

Should I buy some black silk stockings for her? He hesitated for a moment, but gave up the idea.

In fact, he didn't have enough money left to buy stockings, since he had spent almost all his savings on the strength and files, and the system wouldn't let him buy on credit.

"I'll take these," Mag said to the system. He didn't plan on turning his restaurant into a maid restaurant, and he liked to dress his waitresses based on their own personality.

"Two Tianxuan silk qipaos and two pairs of Sanal bison shoes. That's 30 gold coins. Thank you!" the system said. "They will be ready in five minutes. Where do you want me to put them?"

"On the bed." He sat at the table and opened the bag. A yellow envelope slipped out onto the floor.

What's this? Mag picked it up. It was the size of a palm and sealed with a small blob of yellow wax.

He turned it over and saw a word in red: confidential. He frowned. *Did that young man of the detective agency put this in the bag by accident?*

Interesting. Mag broke the wax and opened the envelope carefully.

Inside it was a piece of paper. Mag took it out and put the envelope aside.

The letter was scrawled in the common language. Maybe the writer had been in a hurry.

"Lady Sally Brewster of the Brewster Family ran away from home over 30 days ago and is still unaccounted for. This information came from a reliable source," the message read. "She probably went south, and it's possible that she's in Chaos City right now. About 20 days ago, Lady Helena recommended the elven queen to name Lady Sally as a new princess, and most of the elders had accepted this recommendation..."

Mag's eyes widened as he read.

When he was finished, he put the letter down, shocked. *What have I done to deserve this?*

He didn't need to be clever to know that his new waitress was this Sally Brewster.

The elven princess Irina had borne him Amy.

And now, Sally, possibly the new princess, had become one of his waitresses.

Am I in the same situation as Mag Alex?

According to the letter, the Brewsters and the elven royals are still looking for Sally, and they have searched almost the whole continent.

I can't wait to see the look on their faces when they find out that she is working here as a waitress.

But if Sally becomes the new princess, what will become of Irina?

Chapter 209: Please Call Me Aisha

On a mountain in the Wind Forest, a middle-aged butler-looking elf walked up to a tree. “My Lord, your father wants to see you,” he said, looking up at the young elf lying on the tree.

He was a handsome youth around 18, oval-faced and in a blue-and-white long gown. He had long, shapely eyebrows and attractive red phoenix eyes 1.

He was very pretty.

He was lying on a branch, his head leaning against the trunk. He had long and lean legs.

After a while, he opened his eyes lazily. There was no anger in his light golden eyes, though. “Why?”

Mood shook his head. “I don’t know, but there is a letter from Chaos City.”

*Chaos City?! *Bloore’s lazy eyes lit up immediately, but then he hid his excitement. He slid gracefully off the branch onto the ground and walked off. “Mood, I won’t wait for you. You don’t want the girls to badger you, do you?”

“No, My Lord.” Mood slowed in his steps. Those elven girls always pestered him for information about Bloore.

...

*I might’ve been in big trouble now if I hadn’t disguised myself when buying the files. *Mag tore the letter and envelope into pieces, and flushed them down the toilet.

The files might have little information about Irina, but this letter alone is worth more than two dragon coins.

Now that Sally is my waitress, I can coax her into telling me more about Irina by giving her good food.

“The clothes and shoes are ready,” said the system.

Mag picked up the four brown paper bags. *Not bad. They look even better than in the pictures.*

Mag touched one of the qipaos. *It’s made of Tianxuan silk?*

“The silkworms on Tianxuan Island feed on a special kind of grass called Tianxuan grass,” said the system. “The silk they produce is strong, smooth, and extremely durable.

“The bison on Sanal Island are much stronger than normal bison due to the presence of numerous predators and a harsh environment. Their meat is sour and inedible, but their hide is of high quality. These bison shoes are soft, tough, warm, and breathable.”

Mag nodded. *This qipao feels cool and smooth yet strong.*

He didn’t know how Sally would look in these, but at least they would fit since the system had made them specifically for her. Mag went downstairs with the bags.

Yabemiya and Sally were sitting there, silent and ill at ease. They were two different types of people and neither of them was a talker, so they didn’t know how to make conversation.

When they heard Mag's footsteps, they stood up at the same time and looked to the counter, expectant.

**I don't mind wearing the same clothes as Miya, *Sally thought, although I don't think they will look as good on me as they do on Miya.*

Mag handed the bags to Sally. "Your clothes and shoes," he said with a smile. "You can come work here tomorrow at 7 am. Just tell me if you need to get your things in order first."

His voice was much kinder now because she had become his waitress, or maybe because she might become a queen one day.

"Thank you." Sally took the bags. *These bags are so beautiful. I've rarely seen clothes in paper bags. Will they fit me? Did he make them himself?*

Her eyes shone with excitement when she opened the bags.

Apparently, she liked them. She didn't know how she would look in them, but she liked the color and fabric.

"Yours look different from mine. I'm sure you'll look very pretty in them," Yabemiya said, smiling.

Sally smiled and got more excited about her new clothes. "Thank you."

"We still don't know your name," Mag said with a smile. *Many elven customers eat here every day. She has to lay low. Maybe she needs a new name.*

"Oh, sorry!" After a moment, she said, "I'm Sally, but for some reasons, I can't use this name right now. Please call me Aisha."

Chapter 210: Protest By Not Eating?

"Aisha..." Yabemiya echoed. "That's a pretty name."

"Thank you," said Sally.

Mag nodded. "Okay, we'll call you Aisha. I'm Mag. You can call me 'boss' like Miya does." *Apparently, she's aware of the situation she's in, but she wants to work here regardless. She's taking her chances because of the food.*

Sally nodded. "Yes, Boss." She had gotten used to calling her employer "boss" because of her days at the Geya Hotel. "Can I leave now?"

Mag nodded with a smile. "Sure. Come back tomorrow at 7 a.m."

"Thank you, Boss." Sally nodded at Mag and Yabemiya, and left.

"She looks like a lady, Boss. But why does she..." Yabemiya asked.

"She must have her own reasons. She'll tell us if she wants us to know." *She is a lady, and she might be the next elven queen.*

Yabemiya nodded.

Mag changed into his cooking clothes and started prepping ingredients.

Amy came back at around 4:30. It was very thoughtful of Krassu to let her leave at the same time as her friends in the Chaos School.

Ugly Duckling was lying lazily on the counter the whole afternoon. When it heard Amy's footsteps, it slid down the counter and ran to the door to greet Amy, rubbing its little head against her legs, meowing. It was very happy to see her.

Amy picked it up. "You got fat, didn't you?" she asked with disapproval. "You're running 10 laps before sleeping."

Ugly Duckling froze. "Meow!"

"10 laps," Amy repeated.

The kitten pointed at its two bowls, at itself, and then at Amy, and shook its head. "Meow, meow, meow!"

Amy nodded. "I know. I said two bowls and no running, this afternoon." She giggled. "But after dinner, you have to run 10 laps. It will help you lose weight."

The kitten rolled its eyes upwards. "Meow!" It was completely outsmarted by Amy.

Amy walked to the kitchen door with the kitten in her arms. "How was your afternoon in school?" Mag asked, his hands covered in flour.

"It was great," Amy answered happily. "I played with my friends, and they called me a little magic caster. I will study hard and become a true magic caster!"

Mag smiled. "That's my girl." He had worried that Amy might find learning magic very boring because Luna had told him that it was a dull process, but it looked like she quite liked it.

"Did you manage to find a pretty waitress?" Amy asked, expectant.

Mag nodded. "Yes. You've met her before."

"Really?" Amy thought a moment. "Mrs. Flower Apron?"

Mag shook his head. "No. Mrs. Flower Apron has to take care of her own restaurant. You'll know who she is when you come back tomorrow noon."

"Okay. I'm sure she's as pretty as Sister Miya." She took out the music box and asked Yabemiya to dance with her.

They lowered the shades to block unwanted eyes.

Their dancing brought a smile to Mag's lips. *They're getting better. If Sally could dance with them, that would be perfect. Maybe they could dance during the Peace Memorial Festival.*

Qipao, maid dress, and a little girl. That's a winning and eye-catching combination.

Only, I don't think Sally would do it. Such a shame!

At dinner, Amy ate with them now that she had successfully promoted tofu pudding.

Ugly Duckling was lying on the floor, sullen. The prospect of running 10 laps tonight filled it with fear.

Amy put some fried rice and meat before it. "Eat, or you won't have the strength to run."

The kitten looked away. "Meow."

"Are you protesting by not eating? 10 laps or you can sleep on the floor," Amy said calmly.

"Meow, meow," Ugly Duckling cried in despair. It looked at its meal, sniffed, and started eating happily.

Amy finished two bowls of tofu pudding and a plate of fried rice in a little while. "Father, I'll go outside and watch them argue with Ugly Duckling." She climbed down the chair, picked up the kitten that was licking its bowl, and walked towards the door with a stool.

She had got into the habit of watching the customers argue over which flavor of tofu pudding was better.

The two waiting lines hadn't got tired of doing this. They had become quite a sight in the Aden Square.