

Stay At home 231

Chapter 231: Up There

The adventurers beneath the mountain looked up at the west slope, surprised.

“Sounds like the boar is dead. That explosion... could it be a powerful magic caster?” a man asked.

“Probably. The father and daughter were lucky,” said a second voice.

“At least a 4th-tier magic caster—the boar got killed in a short while. But, what is such a powerful magic caster doing there? Bathing in the hot spring?” a third man said.

They didn’t have to hurry to escape now that the threat was gone.

“Look, it’s that old adventurer. Is that a boar tusk?” said one of the adventurers. They all looked to his waist.

Guy didn’t mind them staring, but didn’t tell them what had happened, either. He walked towards the mouth of the valley with his horse. *Such a talented little magic caster! But her father is just an owner of a restaurant?* Guy thought to himself.

...

“Sure, but we have to get ready to leave now,” Mag said with a smile. He took a look at his wound.

“System, I need something to treat my wound.”

“I don’t have anything like that.”

Mag patted his bag, and the coins inside it clattered. “I have money, you know.”

“I have a perfect first aid kit for you!” The system sounded subservient suddenly. “It contains alcohol cotton swabs, iodine tincture, gauze masks, sterile gauze dressings, scissors, surgical knives—”

“I just need iodine tincture and gauze dressings,” Mag interrupted. “How much?”

“I highly recommend you buy the whole kit. It’s essential, and well worth the money it costs. If you don’t buy it today, you’ll have to wait for a year for a special sale like this!”

“If you felt like eating watermelon, would you buy a piece of land to plant them?”

“I don’t eat watermelons. But if you want some, I know the perfect place to plant them. Just say the word, and I’ll provide you with the best possible watermelons!”

Mag’s sarcasm didn’t work. *I forgot the fact it’s really into farming.*

“Iodine tincture and gauze dressings. Do you sell them or not?” Mag asked.

“One gold coin,” the system answered unhappily.

Mag lifted an eyebrow. “Too expensive. 20 copper coins. Take it or leave it.”

“The kit alone costs 20 copper coins, and you need to pay me 80 more for the delivery fee.”

“10,” Mag said calmly.

“60! That’s as cheap as it gets.”

“5.”

“Fine. 20 copper coins. Iodine tincture and gauze dressings are ready. Where do you want them?” it said resignedly.

Mag’s mouth twisted in a mockery of a smile. “On that rock,” he said, pointing.

“We’re leaving already? Can we stay here a little longer?” she asked.

Mag touched the water in the spring. It was warm. “All right. You can wash your feet here,” he said, smiling.

“Thank you, Father!” She sat down by the hot spring, took off the shoes, and put her feet in the water. “Come wash your paws, Ugly Duckling,” she said, beckoning it over with a wave.

The kitten took a look at the steamy hot spring. “Meow,” it said, hanging back. It was afraid.

“Your paws are so dirty! Get over here, or you can get back home on foot.”

When the kitten looked around and saw all the thorn bushes, it walked to Amy unwillingly.

Mag laughed. He took the iodine tincture and gauze dressings, took off the bloody handkerchief, cleansed the wound, and wrapped a gauze dressing around the hand with his back to Amy.

It was necessary; he needed his wound to heal as soon as possible. He had to cook with an injured hand for a few days.

Mag tricked the system into giving him a length of rope. He used it to tie the fire chicken up.

Amy was teasing the kitten by splashing water on it. “Time to go. Dry off your feet, Amy,” said Mag.

Amy nodded. “Okay.” She rubbed her feet on Ugly Duckling’s head and giggled.

The cat put one paw on its head and looked to Mag for rescue.

Mag took out a towel from his bag, wiped Amy’s feet, and then dried the kitten. He broke a loaf of bread in half and handed a piece to Amy.

He had baked it in the oven longer than usual to make it crunchy.

Amy took it in both hands and chewed like a little squirrel. “This bread is so good, Father. Can I have another one?”

“Meow, meow,” the kitten cried, looking up at Mag.

“Sure,” he said to Amy, and handed another one to her after giving the kitten a small piece.

After their snack, Mag put the kitten in the bag, lifted Amy onto his back, and walked downhill with the tusk in one hand and the fire chicken in the other.

Amy was playing with the eyeball. “Where is your sword, Father?” she asked suddenly.

“Up there,” Mag said, pointing up.

“Can you get it down again?”

“That would be kind of tricky...”

They chatted as they walked down the road Mag had created.

“Look! They are safe and sound. They have a tusk too,” an adventurer beneath the mountain said, amazed.

Chapter 232: You Still Have So Much To Learn

The other adventurers turned to look, surprised.

They had never expected to see them alive.

“They killed the fire chicken and the boar?” said a young adventurer sitting on a carriage.

“I told you, boy, do not underestimate anyone who comes out here,” an old man said, tilting his head back to take a swallow of wine. “They are either strong or fear no death.”

Other adventurers nodded their agreement. Many of them were 3rd-or 4th-tier magic casters or knights.

Clearly, Mag didn't have a death wish; they could tell from the fact that he had brought his daughter and cat with him. They decided he was strong, and generous too since he had given away one tusk.

Who is he? they thought. It was strange that he, a strong adventurer, looked totally strange to them.

“Why are they looking at us, Father?” asked Amy.

“Because you're so cute,” Mag answered with a smile. He ignored their inquisitive eyes and walked towards Chaos City.

I don't want them to find out who I really am until I'm strong enough. I'm glad that Guy saw Amy kill the boar. It's natural for the disciple of Krassu and Urien to be that powerful, Mag thought to himself.

Monde glanced back before entering the valley. “I think I saw Mag and his daughter, Boss.”

“That's impossible. He would never take his daughter out here. It's too dangerous,” said Sarger. “Let's get into the valley.”

“But I—”

Sarger shoved him in before he could finish.

“Are we going back home, Father?” Amy asked.

Mag nodded. “Yes. I'll make you some braised chicken and rice for lunch.”

Amy's eyes glistened with delight. “Braised chicken and rice? Using this chicken?”

“Yes.” *It’s my prize, and I’m carrying it home, so it’s only fair I eat it. Plucking it will be a pain, though.*

“System, it’s okay if I eat it, right?” Mag asked.

“It’s edible after being cooked, but it won’t taste the same as my chicken drumsticks. The experience from cooking this chicken may interfere with the experience you’ve learned. You must always use the ingredients I provide.”

“Oh yeah? Then next time you throw me a mission like this, I’ll just stay home. You can deduct my strength all you want. I’ll save enough money to buy several pretty maids to serve me. Amy and her two masters will protect me. I don’t want to become the God of Cookery.”

The system fell silent.

Mag gave a self-satisfied smile. They were still an eye-catching sight, only others were looking at them with envy this time.

“What good is money if you don’t spend it?” the system said at last. “And if this peace were to be broken, the money you’ve saved would become useless, and they might adopt a barter system.

“It’s silly to save money. Everything can change any moment.

“You said you don’t want to become the God of Cookery? You’re such an embarrassment. You’ve failed your daughter who is always looking up to you.

“Most important of all, you won’t even be able to get it up if I weaken you enough.”

“There’re other ways to reach org*sm.” Mag sighed. “You still have so much to learn, system.”

The system fell silent again.

“I’m going to eat this chicken and nothing you say will change my mind,” said Mag. “And I don’t like surprises, so you’d better stop throwing missions at me on such short notice again!”

Chapter 233: The System Is Learning...

“Fine. You can eat this chicken,” the system said resignedly after a long while. “And you can use all the ingredients you get by finishing a mission.”

Mag smiled. “That’s more like it.” *I’m starting to get the hang of bargaining with the system. I can’t be too subservient to it or too defiant right now. Once I understand the rules it has to follow, I will be able to play it like a fiddle.*

The system didn’t mind playing dirty, nor did Mag.

“If you don’t need anything else, I have to go study. Please don’t disturb me for a while.”

“You’re not going to study different ways to reach org*sm, are you? That’s indecent, even for you!”

A line of words appeared in Mag’s head: “The system is learning...”

Mag felt like he had been a bad influence on the system.

When they were halfway to Chaos City, Amy insisted on walking by herself. She took the kitten in her arms and tried to keep up on her short legs.

I'm lucky to have such a considerate daughter. Mag slowed down and kept her by his right side.

The same distance took them triple the time this time—an hour and a half.

“Whew, we’ve finally arrived at the gate,” Amy said, looking up at the gate. A drop of sweat rolled down her face and fell onto the kitten’s head.

Then she dropped her gaze to the kitten. “You’ve got fatter, I think. Lose some weight when we get back.”

“Meow, meow.” The kitten raised its head and looked at Amy with innocent, sapphire eyes.

“No excuses! You’re going to run 10 laps tonight before sleep.”

“Meow,” the kitten cried in dismay.

“Ugly Duckling is growing, like you. That’s why it has got heavier.” Ugly Duckling looked at him with grateful eyes. “But running is good for it.”

The kitten looked away, unhappy.

“You did great walking all the way here,” Mag said, crouching down. “Get on my back and we’ll go to our bike.”

“The father and daughter have come back, Boss! So soon!” a young guard said, surprised.

“Is that a fire chicken, and... a bronze boar’s tusk?!” said another guard.

Buddy also looked surprised. “Never judge a person by appearance.”

After they entered the city, Mag said, “System, give me my bike.”

In his head was still the same line of words: “The system is learning...”

Mag lifted an eyebrow. *The system is hopeless.* Then he saw an icon in his head with four words on it—pick up the bike. Mag clicked on it; a holographic map within a 50-meter radius of him popped up, with a message telling him to select the location of the bike.

Mag looked around and found a quiet alley. Then he walked towards that alley with Amy.

It’s pretty thoughtful of it to let me pick up the bike myself, Mag thought as he looked at the bike. “Get on the bike and let’s go home,” he said to Amy.

Amy nodded happily. “Yes, Father!” She put the kitten in the basket and climbed into her seat.

“Meow, meow.” The kitten gripped on to the basket, giving a scared look at Amy.

Mag put the tusk in the basket. “Hold on to this, Ugly Duckling.” He got on the bike with one hand on a handle and the other holding the fire chicken, and pedaled. The bike went out of the alley and towards the Aden Square.

“Meow,” the kitten cried. It was all it could do not to be crushed by the tusk.

Mag took a look at his watch. Eleven o’clock. Normally, some customers would have arrived at his place. *Hopefully, not many people are waiting there.*

He had said he would open tomorrow, and he meant to keep that promise.

Besides, his hand needed time to heal; it might be difficult for him to knead dough with an injury on his hand.

No one was waiting there when Mag got back, except a mound of gleaming knives.

Mag could feel their owners’ hate oozing from them.

Amy was very happy to see them, though. “So many knives, Father! Can I pick one?”

“Sure. You can pick any one you like.” Mag even saw some very fine weapons among them—they had to have belonged to some rich folks.

“Boss, you’re back!” Yabemiya said happily as the two walked out from the side of the restaurant.

Chapter 234: Can You Teach Me How To Do That?

“Hi, Miya, Sa— Aisha,” Mag said, surprised. Yabemiya went in front, followed by Sally.

He hadn’t had time to tell them personally about his new arrangement, but he had expected them to take today off after they saw the notice on the door.

Yabemiya was smiling her spirited smile in her blue-and-white maid dress.

Mag’s eyes widened when he noticed Sally’s white-and-blue qipao. He looked her up and down. *It’s perfect. She can totally pull off the dress, which is making her look sexier and nobler. I knew all the fashion shows I had watched would pay off some day. She’s much prettier than all those models.* He had watched those fashion shows so as to get girls’ numbers.

“Wow, you look so beautiful today, Big Sister Elf. I like your dress,” Amy said to Sally, marveling at her appearance. She looked at Yabemiya, and then at Sally. “But what are you doing here with Sister Miya?”

Mag smiled. “Aisha is going to work here. You can call her Sister Aisha.”

“Hi, I’m Aisha,” Sally said to Amy with a smile. *Strangely, I didn’t find his stare offensive, Sally thought. Maybe because he was just admiring the dress he made.*

“Hi, Sister Aisha. But, I thought your name was...” Amy thought for a moment, trying to remember. “Yes, your name is Aisha. Welcome, Sister Aisha. Now we are family.”

Sally inclined her head. “Thank you.” She liked this half-elf girl, who was cute, funny, and smart.

Yabemiya walked over to Mag to take the fire chicken. When she saw the tusk, she was shocked. “Did you go hunting, Boss?” She knew well enough what they were—she had worked in that kitchen for many years.

Sally was also very surprised. She was a hunter herself, a good one. She didn't understand how a normal human being like Mag could have killed a bronze boar.

Mag nodded. "Yes. I went to get some ingredients. Let's get inside. We don't work today." He lifted Amy down, opened the door, and carried the bike inside with the kitten holding the tusk in the basket and feeling dizzy.

When they had all walked in, Mag closed the door, lowered the shades, and switched the lights on. Then he seated himself and heaved a sigh of relief. A strong feeling of fatigue started flooding over him.

His legs were tired from walking so long, some of his muscles had got strained when he performed that little stunt back on the slope, his left hand and arm were numb from carrying the heavy chicken, and his wound started bleeding again.

"Boss, you're hurt!" Yabemiya said with concern, worried.

"Are you all right, Father? That stupid pig! I should have burned it to the ground!" She took his hand in hers and blew on it. "Do you feel any better, Father?"

Mag smiled. "Yes. I don't feel any pain now. Don't worry. It's just a minor injury. My hand will be as good as new in no time."

"Perhaps I can help if it's a minor injury," Sally said softly.

Amy's face lit up. "Really? Then please help Father, Sister Aisha!" Amy said with an expectant look on her face.

"The wound will cramp the boss's style while he's cooking," Yabemiya said, looking at Sally.

"I can use some life magic. I'll do my best," said Sally.

"Thank you," Mag said, and unwrapped the gauze. The wound looked worse than he had expected.

He knew about life magic; it could be viewed as advanced healing magic, and only elves were able to use it.

Sally took a chopstick from the table and held one end. A green light appeared from her fingertips and crept along the chopstick. Then it turned green and seemed to have become alive; a leaf sprouted from it.

Amy watched with wide eyes.

Yabemiya regarded Sally admiringly.

Mag also couldn't believe his eyes.

Sally recited the spells softly. The green light crept from the chopstick to Mag's wound. It cleansed it, and the flesh and skin started to grow back rapidly.

The pain was gone almost in an instant; the wound felt cool and a little itchy.

Yet, the chopstick died quickly as life slipped out of it. The green leaf turned yellow and fell slowly to the floor. The green light disappeared, and the chopstick was even deader than before.

Amy clapped her hands. "It worked! The wound healed! Can you teach me how to do that, Sister Sally?"

Chapter 235: Where Is My Reward?

Mag raised the hand to his eyes. It had completely healed without a trace of scar, and the newborn skin was softer. The life magic was really marvelous.

On top of that, it seemed the green light had cured his strained muscles and the numb arm. He felt so much better now, just as if he had taken a hot bath.

Mag stood up and stretched his limbs. "That was impressive, Aisha. Thank you."

Sally nodded. "You're welcome." Then she turned to face Amy. "I'm afraid only those who have bathed in the Spring of Life can use this magic."

Amy got a little disappointed. "Can we go swim in the Spring of Life, Father?" she asked.

Mag smiled. "Maybe later." He had known from the files he bought that one also had to be a pure-blooded elf to study that magic, and that he or she had to be recognized by the Tree of Life first.

Amy nodded. "Yes, Father." She looked at his healed hand and smiled. "Can you fix something for me to eat, Father? I'm hungry. I want to have some chicken."

"You said you would launch a new dish, Boss. Is it a fire chicken dish?" Yabemiya asked curiously.

Mag nodded. "Yes. You girls didn't have lunch yet, right? Stay here, I'll make some braised chicken for you."

When Mag reached out his hand to take the chicken, Yabemiya didn't give it to him. "You should get some rest, Boss. Leave it to me to process the chicken. I'm very good at plucking chickens."

"All right. Thank you," Mag said with a smile as he looked at her eyes which were filled with a desire to prove herself. He was very glad, for he might make a mess if he were to do it instead.

"Let's go take a bath upstairs, Amy." Mag lifted her up.

"Should Ugly Duckling take a bath too?" Amy asked, looking at the kitten in the basket.

The word "bath" woke it up right away. But before it could escape, Mag held it and lifted it out of the basket. "Yes," he answered. The kitten was trying to wriggle free.

"Stop it, Ugly Duckling! If you don't take a bath, I won't hold you again!" Amy said solemnly.

"Meow." The kitten stopped wriggling.

Mag washed them first, dried off Amy's hair, dressed her in a blue dress, and tied her hair into two ponytails. After they went downstairs to play, Mag drew a new bath and got into the tub.

He closed his eyes, thinking. *This body is still too weak. I could kill a 1st-tier magical beast, and might stand a chance against a 2nd-tier one, but I'd almost surely be killed by a 3rd-tier magical beast.* He had

been teasing the system when he said he wanted Amy to protect him; he desired to get strong enough to protect her.

He hadn't lost heart. He knew he could get stronger—as long as he had enough money.

He looked forward to getting a stronger body than Mag Alex. *Could I be stronger than he was?*

I could, Mag thought. I have to, if I want to prevent that same tragedy from ever happening again.

To get stronger, I need more money, and to get more money, I need to work harder. Mag got out of the tub, dried off his body, and smiled when he looked at himself in the mirror. There were, even if not clear, six-pack abs. His dark eyes were sparkling.

Mag put on a clean chef's suit and went downstairs. The air in the restaurant was extra fresh and moist; everything was sparkling clean.

Sally was resting her chin in her hands, watching Amy tease Ugly Duckling. She stood up when she heard Mag's footsteps.

"Don't stand up. You've done a great job cleaning the restaurant," Mag said with a smile.

"Thank you," Sally said happily, and resumed her seat.

Mag walked into the kitchen, and saw Yabemiya wiping the cooking bench. The fire chicken was lying in a large basin, with not even a single pin feather. She had kept the edible guts on a plate, while the other guts and feathers were in the trash can. The kitchen was still very clean.

Yabemiya turned to look at him, nervous and expectant—this was the first time she had processed ingredients here. "Should I cut the fire chicken, Boss?"

"No. You did very well, Miya. Go get some rest; I'll take it from here," answered Mag.

"Thank you, Boss." She wiped the cooking bench clean and walked out.

She would totally win the waitress of the year award, Mag thought to himself.

"System, where is my reward?" Mag said after taking a look at the knife block.

In his head was still the same line of words: "The system is learning..."

Then he saw an icon and clicked on it.

"If you're hearing this, I'm still learning. Congratulations..."

Chapter 236: The Chamber Of Commerce In The Aden Square

Over 30 people were sitting in a large meeting room, mostly men; they were wearing luxurious clothes and accessories. They were board members of the Chamber of Commerce in the Aden Square.

As two servants were handing out pieces of paper, a middle-aged man with neatly combed hair stood up, and said, "As you know, the monthly food competition is coming soon. For 18 months, the first 10

places have always gone to our member restaurants. We'd like to keep it that way. What you have in your hands is this month's list. Every vote counts. Let's give them as much support as we can."

The others listened quietly.

The middle-aged man leaned close to the old man sitting beside him, and whispered, "Mr. Moreton, do you have anything to add?"

The others looked at the old man with respect. He wore a long gray gown and had a grim face. His hair was gray but neat, his long beard white and evenly trimmed.

His name was Jeffree Moreton, and he was one of the founders of the Chamber Of Commerce. The Buffetts, the Dodges, the Marquis Family, and the Moreton Family had founded it together. After 50 years, it had become one of the most famous chambers of commerce. The Moreton Family was an important family; they were doing spices, food, and textiles business all over the continent.

Jeffree didn't answer him. Instead, he looked to the corner. "Where are you here?" he asked the woman in a red dress, eyes glinting angrily.

She was playing with a strange coin—half gold coin, half dragon coin—her sexy red lips curving in an ironic smile. Her red dress made her extremely conspicuous in this meeting room full of men.

She looked around 18, with a fair face and long curly brown hair. One look at her face, and one would never forget her sexy red lips.

They were all looking at her, waiting for her answer.

She held that strange coin in her hand and raised her eyes, unafraid. She smiled. "Oh, I'm here on behalf of the Buffett Family. My family is one of the permanent members of this chamber. I'm sure you still remember that, Mr. Moreton."

She might have spoken in a calm voice, but her eyes were defiant.

The others watched them nervously; nobody dared to make a sound.

The Buffet Family owned the most banks throughout the continent. The most convenient thing about depositing money in a Buffet Bank was that one could draw money from his or her account at any Buffet Bank. The Buffet Banks had become so famous that they were protected by all the species.

The woman's name was Scheer Buffet. She was hardly an ordinary lady: she had become a bank accountant at six, while at the age of 10, she had owned her first bank.

At her 18th birthday, the Buffet Family had selected her to take charge of their family business instead of her father.

Many people found that decision ridiculous, but not the ones who knew the Buffet Family well. It was Scheer Buffet who had made the money-withdrawing system so flexible.

This system alone had won them many clients; Buffet Banks had successfully eliminated the risk of transferring large amounts of coins.

“Scheer is a genius,” Ian Buffet had said. He spoke very highly of his granddaughter, even though he rarely praised people.

Scheer might not be as important or influential as Jeffree, the current president of the Chamber of Commerce, but she was young, and her business was booming. Jeffree’s days were numbered, yet he hadn’t found a proper successor.

“Ian must have lost his mind to choose a girl as his successor,” Jeffree said with disdain. He stood up, picked up his black staff, and started for the door.

The board members rose to their feet to show him respect—all but Scheer.

“Next time, the Buffet Family will run for president, just so you know,” Scheer said, smiling. “And you may as well choose a girl as your successor too. A girl is better than an incompetent buffoon.”

Chapter 237: A Damned Half-elf

The other board members looked toward Scheer with surprise.

The president of the Chamber of Commerce was elected for a period of five years. The four founder families had the right to run for president, and only the members of the chamber got to vote.

The four heads of the founder families had all been the president before, but after the elders of the Dodge and Marquis Family died, the two families had declined. Even Ian Buffet had declared that he would no longer run for president 15 years ago.

Many members might have forgotten the fact that the president was elected for a term of five years if not for Scheer. Jeffree had presided over the chamber for over 20 years; it seemed his name had already become a synonym for the president.

No one dared to challenge his authority. Until now.

The other board members, who knew Scheer to be a strong woman, were wondering who would win in the end—the ambitious foxy lady or the sly old fox.

Jeffree stopped and looked back. “I accept your challenge, kid. You will fail like the kids of the Dodge and the Marquis Family,” he said in a dismissive tone.

“The old ways have to go,” Scheer said, rising to her feet. “If you keep on rigging the competition, you’ll surely lose.”

Jeffree smiled thinly. “I can’t wait to see that happen.” He walked off.

Scheer’s lips curved in a sexy smile. *Don’t worry. I won’t make you wait very long.* After slipping the coin into her sleeve, the voluptuous woman walked towards the door without even casting a glance at the other men.

“Please see to it that every member gets a copy of this list,” the middle-aged man said, wiping the sweat from his face, and left quickly.

The atmosphere lightened after that.

“What happened to your hair and brows, Goodenia? I almost laughed at the meeting!” a man said, laughing.

“A kid did this to me! Can you f*cking believe that?” Goodenia said angrily.

Devoe was taken aback. “A kid? You must be joking!” They had known each other for more than 20 years, and become the board members at the same time this year. They both liked to exploit their position to eat out for free.

They were rich, but to them food tasted better when they didn’t have to pay for it. They always ate in the member restaurants, or the restaurants that wanted to become members. They were both shameless.

“I wish I were. Have you ever been to the Mamy Restaurant in the western corner of the square? The kid is the daughter of the owner there. A damned half-elf! The owner spoke ill of our chamber. He said he would never join, and that he was looking forward to seeing it gone!”

“I’ve never been there before. Why don’t we go there now? I’ll make them regret for what they had done to you!” Devoe said, angry.

“Just us two? I...” Goodenia said reluctantly.

“Don’t worry. I’ll have Johnnie come with us. He’s a 3rd-tier magic caster, one of my best,” Devoe said confidently.

Goodenia’s face lit up. “I owe you one, buddy.” He had hired several 3rd-tier magic casters himself, but he needed them to watch over his business. “They even hired a half-dragon as a waitress...”

...

Mag smiled when he found his new cooking utensils and ingredients.

Amy, Yabemiya, and Sally were listening to the music box. Mag took a look at them, and muttered, “One chicken drumstick is enough to make eight bowls of braised chicken, but they must be hungry, so I guess I’ll cook a whole drumstick.” He cut a drumstick off with the golden knife and put the rest in the fridge. This chicken could last them days.

Then, he cut it into pieces. The meat was softer and fattier than the drumsticks provided by the system. He needed to tweak his cooking method a little if he wanted to make the chicken perfect.

He was handling every ingredient with skill.

Sally turned to look to the kitchen, and wondered what it would taste like.

Chapter 238: Over There!

Amy walked over to Sally, followed her gaze, and smiled. "I know Father is handsome, Sister Aisha, but Teacher Luna said it's not ladylike to stare at others. Sister Miya and I are studying this dance called 'spring is here'. Do you want to join us?"

Actually, Sally had been thinking about the dish, even though she found Mag attractive when he was cooking. Still, she didn't want to justify herself to a child, for she thought that would only make things worse.

Sally smiled. "'Spring is here'?"

Amy nodded. "Yes! I like this dance very much." She put the music box on the table and turned it on.

The music started, and the little elf began dancing the sultry yet powerful dance. The strong beat made Sally want to dance, but she found the dance moves too sensual for her. Nonetheless, she couldn't tear her eyes away from it.

When it was over, Amy asked expectantly, "Do you like it?"

"Please join us, Aisha. It's not like we have anything else to do," said Yabemiya, who wanted to become her friend.

She had never had any friend. Her former colleagues had either treated her with disrespect or looked at her with lustful eyes, just like the son of her old boss.

Yet everything was different now. She had thought elves distant, but Sally was treating her as her equal, and had eaten with her too.

Mag was her boss, and Amy was too little, so she wanted Sally to become her friend.

Sally thought a moment. *This dance must be meant for celebrating the coming of the spring, judging by its name.* She nodded with a smile. "Okay, but I don't think I can dance it well."

Amy shook her head. "I'm sure you'll dance as well as Mushroom Fairy because you look so much like her."

Yabemiya had moved some tables and chairs aside to create enough space for them to dance in.

"Your dance moves won't be exactly the same now that there're three of you. The dance is more enchanting this way," Mushroom Fairy said, and made two copies of itself.

"Is she a real fairy?" Sally asked, surprised. She had assumed it was a toy made by Mag, but now she found it too intelligent to be a mere toy.

"Yes, she is," answered Amy. "But Father said she would die if I let her out. She doesn't belong in this world. I feel sorry for her." She looked at her with compassion.

Poor fairy, thought Sally and Yabemiya.

"Okay, let's begin!" said the fairy in a cheerful voice.

"She's so positive and upbeat even in such a distressful situation. We should show her the respect she deserves by studying harder," said Yabemiya.

Sally and Amy nodded.

Mag glanced back. He had never thought Sally would join them. *An elf, a half-dragon, and a little girl—it's a perfect combination to dance the 'Gokuraku Jodo'.* He became expectant.

The room resounded with the song. The three girls giggled as they danced and corrected each other's dance moves.

Luckily for Mag, he got to watch them dance.

Sally might have started later, but she had already danced quite well since she had learned some basic dance moves when she was little.

An hour later, Mag walked out with four bowls of braised chicken. He put them on a table, and went back into the kitchen to get the rice.

The three girls smelled the wonderful aroma and turned to look.

Even the kitten was staring at the four bowls.

Amy ran over to the table. "They smell so good, Father! Are these braised chicken?" she asked.

Mag nodded. "Yes. Go wash your hands, girls. Lunch is ready." He put four bowls of rice on the table.

"Yes, Father!" Amy turned off the music box and trotted into the kitchen.

It must be very good! Yabemiya thought as she walked towards the kitchen.

I can't eat too much meat, but the mushrooms smell so good and somewhat familiar. Sally followed Yabemiya in.

...

"Over there!" Goodenia called out through gritted teeth in a carriage.

Chapter 239: Mamy Restaurant?

Mag took a seat at the table. The braised chicken and rice looked look enough to him.

Amy ran over to the table and seated herself opposite Mag. "Are these little moons, Father? They are so beautiful!" she said, eyes glinting with surprise.

"How did they get into the rice grains?" Yabemiya had never seen such strange rice before.

Sally blinked in disbelief. *First the Spring of Life rice, and now this? Where did he get all these extraordinary ingredients?*

Mag smiled. "It's called moonlight rice." He beckoned Yabemiya and Sally to sit down. His stomach was already rumbling.

Their eyes immediately got glued to the bowls before them once they took their seats.

Each earthenware bowl was almost full, with brown chicken, green peppers, black shiitakes, yellow potatoes, and green celtuces. The soup was thick; the aromas were tickling their noses, making their mouths water.

“Meow, meow!” the kitten cried, reaching out a paw, trying to get their attention.

Yet they were too absorbed in the food to notice it. They picked up the chopsticks.

Sally was a little hesitant as she stared at the chicken, partly because she wanted to keep a slender figure, and partly because too much meat would weaken the power of her life magic, which came from the respect towards life. *I'll eat just a little chicken.*

Amy took a bite of chicken, chewed a few times, and swallowed. “It’s really good!” she said, wide-eyed.

Yabemiya picked up a piece of chicken and brought it into her mouth. Her taste buds got stimulated when her tongue touched the soup. She thought she tasted sugar. When she bit into the meat, it was very tender and flavorful.

Sally took a bite of a shiitake, and her eyes lit up. *It's so tasty!*

Elves loved mushrooms, which grew on the ground and on trees. They always came out after some rain had fallen—a gift from nature.

Some mushrooms didn’t need any seasonings; they tasted good enough after being cooked in some water, especially the ones in the Wind Forest.

However, even the mushrooms in the Wind Forest were not nearly as delicious as these.

The chicken soup didn’t hide their taste; instead, it had made them even tastier.

How did he manage to make them taste so good? Sally wondered.

Amy spooned some rice into her mouth. “The moonlight rice is very good too. It’s a little sweet...”

Mag smiled. “You can have some more if you want. Add some soup into the rice; you’ll like it.” Watching them enjoy the food he had made, he felt very happy.

Mag spooned some soup into his rice. The little moons were still clear enough; they looked as if they were shining in the lamplight.

Mag took a bite and chewed a few times. His eyes brightened. The soup had softened the rice a little, and brought its taste to another level.

Mag chewed slowly, savoring every mouthful. *This soup alone is enough for me to eat two bowls of rice, I think.*

...

Two carriages pulled over in front of Mag’s restaurant. Goodenia and Devoe jumped off the first one; a young magic caster in a black robe and a young knight in silver armor with a sword came out of the other.

Mamy Restaurant? Devoe thought, narrowing his eyes. *I don't come here often, but I don't remember ever seeing such a fancy restaurant here.*

Chapter 240: Unlock Many Other Rights

The metallic signboard was gleaming in the sun; the door was made of rosewood with a delicate handle.

What amazed Devoe the most was the crystal glass window. *The skills, time, and money that went into making this flawless piece of crystal glass must have been unbelievable. It's worth at least thousands of dragon coins, I think.*

Johnnie walked up to the door and saw the notice. "I don't think anyone is in, Boss. The door is locked."

Gabriel gave a snort of contempt. "He must have fled to avoid his creditors. Look at all these knives." He turned to look at Devoe. "Now what, Boss?" he asked, the fingers of his hand tapping on the hilt of his sword. Between the long scar on his face and his pale skin, he looked very ferocious.

Although he hadn't passed the test to become a 3rd-tier knight—they had said he lacked compassion—he was quite strong.

"Compassion is a hindrance to becoming strong," he had retorted. He had ended up becoming a muscleman in the Devoe Tavern.

He would do anything—no matter how vile—as long as he was well paid.

Devoe laughed. "We should teach him a lesson. Slash that door to pieces!" he said, pointing.

"Do you want me to break the crystal glass too?" Gabriel asked, excited. He really enjoyed breaking things.

Devoe raised his voice. "No, just the door." *If I slash his door, the Gray Temple might not come down hard on me, but breaking this window would be a different story.*

"Do it," Devoe said calmly.

"Fine," Gabriel replied, disappointed. He slid his sword out of its scabbard and slashed at the door.

A 3rd-tier knight's slash was enough to cut down a big tree.

Goodenia looked very excited. He had thought about taking vengeance, but he was a coward. He was very glad someone would avenge him.

And Devoe was doing a great job—he knew just how far to go without getting themselves in trouble. Things like this were pretty common in Chaos City, and the Gray Temple had more urgent matters to attend to, so the owners of those shops had to grin and bear it more often than not.

There was a bang when the sword met the door. The door remained intact; the sword caromed off and the impact sent him staggering back. Gabriel stared at the door, shocked.

Devoe's eyes widened. "What the hell?!" He turned to Gabriel. "Quit fooling around and slash harder!"

Johnnie was surprised. He knew well enough that Gabriel's slash had been more than sufficient to cut through the wooden door, yet there was not a single scratch on it.

And he didn't feel any magic on it. He did not understand.

Gabriel's face was dark with rage. He hated it when people doubted his power. He could tell the door was strange, but he was determined to slash it into pieces. He gripped his sword with both hands, ran up to the door, and brought the sword down hard.

Mag looked to the door with surprise when he heard the first bang. *Sounds like someone just punched the door.*

Yabemiya turned to look. "A customer?"

Sally shook her head. "I don't think so." She looked to the door warily.

"I've finished learning!" said the system. "And the door is under attack. The defense system has been activated. Any 3rd-tier attacks will be nullified. Whenever the restaurant is under attack, the defense system will nullify the first three attacks for free, but every attack it nullifies after the first three will cost you 10,000 gold coins."

"You've finished learning?" Mag asked.

"Yes, I've mastered all the different ways."

"Good for you. Anyway, you said the restaurant was defenseless against attacks, so where did this defense system come from?"

"I lied. If you upgrade the restaurant to lv2, you'll unlock many other rights, and the defense system will become stronger—it will even be able to warn you about any attack before it happens."