

Stay At home 481

Chapter 481: Untitled

Blour (Shirley), elf, male, 25 years old, 7th-tier magic caster.

The information on the screen was quite brief, but the “male” gender assessment made Mag immediately do a double take.

“Please don’t doubt the professionalism of the system. The omniscient door is the newest technological masterpiece created by the system. It is connected to the information network of the entire Norland Continent, thereby allowing it to accurately identify each and every customer that enters the restaurant,” the system gave a serious reply. It then continued, “But if you still doubt the results yielded by the door, then you can request for a manual check, and the system will verify the subject’s identity again.”

“Alright, go ahead.” Mag was not convinced. He had seen countless women in his two lifetimes, so how could he possibly mistake a man for a woman?

“Ding! Verification complete, Blour (Shirley), elf, male, 25 years old, 7th-tier magic caster.”

“Ding! The manual check incurs a fee of one gold coin, which has been successfully deducted. Please use the manual checking service again soon.”

“What?! You charge for this? Why didn’t you say so earlier?” Mag raised an eyebrow in surprise.

“You never asked. Why would I offer a free service like this?” the system replied innocently as an infuriating emoji of a large resigned expression with hands splayed open hovered through his mind.

“There are even free customer service hotlines, so why can’t you offer free service here? Also, don’t send me emojis!” Mag rolled his eyes. The system was getting more and more absurd.

“Please don’t compare me to those unintelligent customer service hotlines. They will fail to answer 80% of questions posed to them, whereas I have only ever been reported by one person,” the system gave a stern response.

“Heh, and I’m the only person with access to you, so you’re getting reported by 100% of your customers.” A peculiar expression appeared on Mag’s face as he continued, “By the way, why is the information the same as last time? You didn’t just copy and paste the earlier results, did you?”

“Please don’t insult the system with such scathing queries; the system will never do something like that!!” A stern angry emoji hovered through Mag’s mind as it continued, “These are the results derived from a second scan conducted by the omniscient door.”

“This is the so-called manual service that cost me a gold coin? This is fraud! It should be illegal! The omniscient door is my property, and if there’s something wrong with it, what’s the point in having it run another scan?” Mag was a little angry. He was wondering where the system had gotten those emojis from.

“Of course there’s a purpose in running another check. Normally, the omniscient door’s scanning process is automatic, whereas I had to run a manual check just then; that’s premium service. Just accept

the reality: this is a male elf. This is why the omniscient door is so useful—it can prevent you from falling in love with the wrong person.” The system’s voice was tinged with a hint of mockery.

“So this must be a legendary ladyboy. How terrifying!” Mag turned to glance at Blour, who was standing in the line like a proud swan, and he shuddered as he accepted the system’s verdict.

“Are you interested?” the system asked.

“There’s no way I’d be interested in another man.” Mag immediately stated his rejection before falling deep into thought. A 7th-tier elven cross-dressing magic caster… Could it be that he’s here for Sally?

He was aware of Sally’s identity, and he knew that people from the elven race were looking for her. As such, Mag immediately thought of Sally upon seeing this suspicious ladyboy.

During their time working together, Mag had been very satisfied with Sally. She was a woman of few words, but she always did her job to an impeccable standard. The success of the restaurant was inseparable from her hard work.

Of course, Mag had to admit that employing a 7th-tier elven magic caster as a waitress was an extreme overkill, especially when she was someone who could potentially become the elven princess and inherit the throne in the future.

However, Mag had always been of the belief that Sally should have the choice to stay or leave. If she wanted to stay, then Mag certainly wasn’t going to chase her away, and he would try to make sure that no one could take her away against her will.

Mag set aside this train of thought for now. If this Blour really was here for Sally, then he would inevitably make his move sooner or later. He would just have to see what Blour wanted to do and react accordingly.

The decor in this restaurant isn’t bad, but there are too many people dining at once, and there are beings from all types of species here. Am I expected to dine at the same table with a demon? Blour looked around the restaurant, and found that the decor was quite sophisticated and refined. The wooden tables and chairs were very comforting, and to his surprise, the wood patterns on those tables and chairs were all very similar, thereby suggesting that they had been cut from the same tree. Normal people wouldn’t be able to notice this detail, but it was a testament to the owner’s efforts.

Constantine was still standing behind Blour, striking up a conversation from time to time. He was acting in a very warm and enthusiastic manner, and he was racking his brains for a way to gain Blour’s favor.

He was a renowned single tycoon of Chaos City, and he hadn’t been this interested in a woman for many years.

Blour only occasionally responded to Constantine’s approaches in a nonchalant manner. He wasn’t interested in a man who was so blatantly trying to get him into bed.

“Big Sister, you’re so beautiful.” Amy made her way toward Blour with Ugly Duckling in her arms. Not only was she beautiful, she was also quite tall, almost as tall as Mag.

Ugly Duckling also looked up at Blour and blinked with a hint of confusion in its eyes.

What an adorable little half-elf girl! Blour looked down at Amy and her eyes immediately lit up. She had an intricate little face with pointy little ears that were semi-transparent like cicada wings. Her long silver hair had been tied into twin ponytails, and her blue eyes were large and bright. She was so adorable that Blour was struck by an almost uncontrollable urge to hold her.

Silver hair, blue eyes, and that gorgeous little face; she looks so much like a young Princess Irina. She's so cute that it's illegal! Blour had only ever conceded to Princess Irina in the looks department, but it appeared that this little girl would be extending that list.

"You're very adorable as well, little girl. What's your name?" Blour looked down at Amy with a gentle smile.

"I'm Amy." An elated smile appeared on Amy's face. Receiving a compliment from such a beautiful big sister was very pleasing for her.

"Amy? That's a very good name. You can call me Big Sister Shirley." Blour nodded with a smile. He took a glance at the human in the kitchen, and wondered which beautiful elf maiden he had swindled into having such a super adorable half-elf daughter with him.

As expected, good-looking humans really were the bane to all elves.

Chapter 482 I Definitely Won't Finish It!

Sally, Young Mistress of the Brewster Family, 24 years of age, 7th-tier magic caster. Her looks... are passable. Of course, she's still lacking a bit compared to me. After Amy left with Ugly Duckling in her arms, Blour began to surreptitiously assess Sally.

He had read many files on Sally, all of which had been thrust upon him by Yngwie. The files were so detailed that they contained information on the time when seven-year-old Sally had fallen into a lake when fishing with Princess Irina. It appeared that the Baibilly Family had expended a lot of effort to get their hands on this information.

I'm not here to get into a relationship. Life is so short already; I can't be wasting time on relationships. I have to dedicate myself to freeing the entire elven race. Blour looked at Sally with a smile as the thought to himself, I wonder what Yngwie will think if he knew that I was here to recruit Sally for my cause.

After a long wait, an open seat was finally made available for Blour. However, he hesitated momentarily at the sight of the three sinister-looking demons at the same table.

"Let's wait for a while longer, Madam Shirley. I'm sure two seats will open up soon." Constantine immediately cut in at the sight of the three demons. He didn't want to see such a beautiful maiden dining with three sinister demons. Furthermore, the demons had just sat down, and had yet to place their orders. If Blour were to sit there, then he wouldn't have a chance to dine with her at the same table.

Yabemiya could also see the hesitation on Blour's face. It was normal for women to have second thoughts like this, so she offered a comforting smile as she said, "You can wait a while longer for a new seat to open up."

“No need; I’ll sit there.” Blour strode straight toward the three demons and sat down at the same table as them.

Constantine opened his mouth to voice his objection, but he could only heave a resigned sigh inside as Blour had already settled into his seat. This was the first time that he had been rejected by a woman, and the feeling of loss was quite a bitter one.

Madam Shirley must be trying to test me! I can’t just give up like this! The fire soon reignited in Constantine’s belly, and he quickly strode over to an empty seat at Blour’s table before sitting down.

The three demons turned to look at Blour in unison. They wore suits of tattered black armor over their burly bodies and put on a menacing display.

In response, Blour looked back at them with a calm expression and no fear whatsoever.

The three demons looked away with slightly disappointed expressions. One of them raised a hand, and said, “I want three roujiamos and one braised chicken and rice.”

“I’ll have the same,” the other two demons chimed in at the same time immediately.

“Sure, please wait a moment.” Yabemiya nodded with a smile before turning to Blour. “What would you like?”

“I’ll have a look at the menu first.” Blour nodded in response. He had a good first impression of this half-dragon girl with a bubbly smile, but he was super picky with his food, so he had to choose carefully.

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Men also needed to take care of themselves. Otherwise, their beauty would fade over time. One of the most important things to Blour was to maintain his figure, so he paid a lot of attention to his daily caloric and macronutrient intake. Even when eating rice, he had to measure it down to the very last grain, and refused to eat even one grain more than his daily allotment.

I heard that human food is quite greasy, so it looks like I’ll just have to order something as a token, then eat again when I get back. Blour was quite skeptical as he opened the menu, but his eyes immediately lit up at the sight of the dishes within.

All of the dishes on the menu had accompanying images, which were all extremely life-like, as if they were the actual thing.

What was even more surprising to him was that even though it was his first time seeing those dishes, he was still salivating involuntarily. The rainbow-like Yangzhou fried rice, the braised chicken covered in rich savory juices, the soft and white tofu pudding... All of the dishes looked extremely alluring.

All types of delectable aromas wafted through the air. Blour had only had two little fruits for breakfast in the morning, and he suddenly felt as if his stomach were rumbling as he looked at those images.

No! No! I can’t lose myself just over a few images. Perhaps the actual dishes won’t look anything like the images! Besides, human food definitely won’t taste good to us elves. Blour was still trying to resist with

all his might. He raised a hand with a smile on his face, and said to the approaching Yabemiya, “Which dish would be the most suitable for elves? I like dishes that are a bit more plain and not as intense in flavor.”

“All of our dishes are very delicious, but if you’re looking for one that doesn’t have a very strong flavor, then I’d recommend the Yangzhou fried rice or braised chicken and rice for the main dish, and tofu pudding or ice cream for dessert. Those are all dishes with more subtle flavors.” Yabemiya was giving an introduction based on what Sally’s favorite dishes were.

“Then I’ll get a Yangzhou fried rice.” Blour contemplated momentarily before making up his mind. The braised chicken and rice looked a little greasy.

“Big Sister Shirley, the rainbow fried rice is super delicious. Just one serving won’t be enough.” Amy made her way over to Blour’s table again, and was looking up at him with an earnest expression.

“I don’t have a very big appetite, so I doubt I’ll even be able to finish one serving.” Blour shook his head in response. Looking at the portion size in the image, he estimated that he could only eat about half a portion; even one extra grain of rice would be unacceptable.

“Really? I’ve never seen a customer not finish the dish.” Amy looked up at Blour with skepticism written all over her little face.

“Just you watch, Little Amy, I definitely won’t finish the dish! If I do, I’ll get fat, and that’s unacceptable.” Blour made a solemn promise to Amy. He had to show this little girl his conviction and determination. He was not going to let some human food derail his dreams and pursuits.

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“Alright, I’ll be watching, then. I’m sure you’ll definitely finish the entire dish.” Amy nodded with an adamant expression. She was super confident in her father’s food.

“One Yangzhou fried rice, coming right up.” Yabemiya nodded before turning toward the kitchen.

Blour looked around him and was slightly surprised to find that the restaurant was quite peaceful. He had thought that in a restaurant with so many customers hailing from diverse backgrounds, there would be frequent banter and altercations. However, the situation was the exact opposite of his expectations. All of the customers were focused on enjoying their meals, and even those who were familiar with each other were speaking in hushed tones. No one was raising their voice, and there certainly weren’t any altercations.

As for the three demons sitting at the same table as him, they were discussing in whispers where they were going to take their midday nap. It was the first time that Blour had ever seen demons speak in such quiet voices.

“Here’s your Yangzhou fried rice; enjoy.” Yabemiya placed a Yangzhou fried rice in front of Blour with a smile on her face.

Chapter 483 That Fried Rice Was Delicious!

The aroma of eggs coupled with chopped green onions wafted toward Blour. All of the ingredients had been evenly diced to match the size of the grains of rice, and they were distributed evenly throughout

the plate. It was as if a rainbow had been torn down from the sky and chopped up into pieces before being served in this dish. The colors were vibrant and refreshing, and the grains of rice glistened like stars under the light of the chandelier overhead.

What a pretty dish! Blour's eyes lit up at the sight of the Yangzhou fried rice. The colors were exuberant, the ingredients were diced to perfection, and the grains of rice were like an intricate work of art.

This aroma is way too alluring as well. The scent of the egg is so rich, while the smell of the green onions provides a refreshing element. Its tender green color is just like that of the seedlings in the Wind Forest. Aside from that, there are prawns, winter bamboo shoots, and many other types of ingredients. It's packed with nutrients, but isn't very greasy. It's a perfect dish! Blour's eyes were practically glowing, and before he knew it, he had already picked up his spoon.

The three demons on his table all turned to look at him with curiosity in their eyes as if they were wondering whether he would be able to deliver on his promise to Amy.

Constantine was also looking at him. Of course, he was more concerned about whether Blour was going to be bullied by the three demons, and he was preparing to step in at any moment to save the damsel in distress.

Amy was also part of the audience as she stood beside the table with Ugly Duckling in her arms. She was also looking up at Blour with curiosity in her eyes, clearly waiting for her to taste her first spoonful of fried rice.

No! I must control myself. A half portion of this fried rice dish is perfect to last me until this afternoon; I can't eat even a single grain of rice over my planned allotment! Blour had also noticed everyone scrutinizing him, and he was determined to live up to his word. Thus, he took a deep breath and ate his first spoonful of fried rice.

Oh! This flavor!

Blour's eyes widened with incredulity.

The rice and egg practically melted as soon as they entered his mouth, while the winter bamboo shoot and green peas presented crunchy and refreshing textures. The rice enveloped in egg was extremely delicious, and there were undertones of bacon and prawn as well.

It was amazing to think that all of those flavors could be present in just a single mouthful of fried rice!

The delicious flavors danced on the tip of his tongue, and he felt as if his taste buds were like flowers blooming in the spring rain.

Blour felt as if he had returned to his childhood. Back then, he would often climb onto a tree to spy on the princess, whose entire body radiated dazzling light. She was always playing with a group of little elves in the Wind Forest; he wanted to join in, but he was too shy to approach them, so he could only look on from afar.

It was a spring morning that day, and he had only just climbed onto his favorite tree before being kicked down to the ground. The one who had kicked him was none other than the princess that he had been spying on, and from that day onward, he also became one of her underlings.

However, he was a little special in that he would only play with the princess in the morning when there was no third person around. Once other people began to turn up, he would retreat back onto his tree and look at them from his perch up above.

For that reclusive nature, the princess had given him the nickname “tree bear” as all bears lived alone. However, that was something that only he and the princess knew.

In his eyes, the princess was a goddess who could not be soiled. He could only look at her from afar, and even that filled him with a profound sense of satisfaction.

He swallowed his first mouthful of fried rice, and it flowed down his throat like a warm stream. He was immediately struck by a sense of warmth, and the fragrant flavor of the fried rice lingered in his mouth even after he had swallowed it.

That’s the taste of the Spring of Life! A hint of surprise flashed through Blour’s eyes, but he soon realized that it was nothing to be alarmed about. 50 years ago, anyone caught selling the Spring of Life to the outside world would be strictly punished by the elven race. However, selling the Spring of Life had since become a way for many elven nobles to earn money quickly.

As long as one had enough money, it wouldn’t be strange for them to be able to purchase some Spring of Life in Chaos City. It was just surprising to him that someone would add the Spring of Life to fried rice. However, it was exactly because of this final ingredient that the fried rice seemed to be more complete, and he couldn’t help but want to devour another spoonful.

How could there be such delicious food in this world? The ingredients are so simple, but the flavor is absolutely amazing! I can’t stop eating!

Blour scooped another spoonful of fried rice into his mouth, and was treated to another intoxicating explosion of flavor. Compared to the sweet wild fruits from the Wind Forest, this fried rice was on a completely different level. It was as if the dish was imbued with mystical magic powers that prevented him from being able to put his spoon down.

I can only eat half a bowl at most! I must strictly regulate every grain of rice that enters my body! I must only eat at caloric maintenance! I must live up to my word!

All of those thoughts only flashed through his mind for a split second before being completely discarded. In that moment, the Yangzhou fried rice was the only thing in his eyes!

“Ding.”

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“That fried rice was delicious.”

The spoon created a crisp ringing sound as it struck the porcelain plate. Blour wore a content smile on his face as he praised the dish that he had just consumed. His expression then faltered slightly at the sight of the spotless plate in front of him, and he decided to lick his spoon for some reason.

Everyone around him had fallen silent, and Blour’s hand also stiffened with his spoon in his mouth. He looked at the three demons to find that they all wore surprised expression. He turned to the other side,

only to find Constantine appraising him with a slightly peculiar look. Finally, he looked down at Amy to find that she was wearing a confident smile on her face as if everything had gone according to her plan.

This... How did I end up finishing the dish?! And I licked the spoon as well?! Blour felt as if he were about to faint. He had made a solemn promise that he would only eat half a portion of fried rice, and not a single grain of rice over that quota. However, there wasn't even a single grain of rice left, and the plate had been licked spotlessly clean. Furthermore, he was struck by the urge to order another portion of fried rice.

Blour's cheeks were a little flushed. He looked at the empty plate with a remorseful expression, and thought to himself, According to my calculations, this has already exceeded twice my required daily caloric intake. Also, due to the fact that I consumed the dish so quickly, it's very likely to result in indigestion.

"Big Sister Shirley, you ate the whole thing after all. Your body is much more honest than your mouth. As expected, no one can resist Father's cooking." Amy looked up at Blour with a sweet smile before suggesting, "Would you like a tofu pudding or ice cream after your rainbow fried rice? They're also super delicious."

The three demons sitting at the table all burst into laughter. They were curious to see whether there really was someone in this world who could resist Mag's cooking, but they had just verified that such a person didn't exist. After that, all three of them dug in to their own roujiamos and braised chicken and rice.

Yabemiya was also chuckling with her hand over her mouth. This elf sure was amusing. But then again, there really wasn't anyone who could resist Mag's food.

"No, there's too much sugar in dessert food which will make me gain weight, so I definitely won't have those." Blour shook his head with a decisive expression, but he felt as if his cheeks were burning as he sensed the amused smiles on everyone's faces. He looked at the empty plate in front of him, and he simply couldn't help but say to Yabemiya, "Please get me another Yangzhou fried rice, though."

"What a pity. I can only ask Father to let me eat another ice cream then." Amy sighed before making her way over to the kitchen.

Chapter 484 You Have to Remember That You're A Duck!

I'll have another portion of fried rice, then cast some spells to burn off the excess calories. Blour had made up his mind. He had to have another portion of fried rice. He then turned to the kitchen with anticipation in his eyes, trying to see what treasures were hidden in there to produce such delicious dishes.

Who is she? Is she really just an elf traveling outside the Wind Forest? Sally thought to herself while clearing a table. Among the beings wandering on the continent outside of their respective territories, the elves probably took up the largest proportion.

Prior to the war among species, elves loved to roam the continent. Elves preferred a free and unrestrained lifestyle, so many of them were into traveling

However, as the elven hierarchy system was established, elves began to live in settlements like humans.

What was undeniable was that since those settlements had been created, the elven race had indeed become more powerful. Elves were forced to train and battle together, thereby creating powerful elven armies in a short span of time. That was quite a force to be reckoned with to other races.

During the earlier phases of the war among species, the elves had almost been chased out of the Wind Forest. The main reason for this was that most elves led nomadic lives, and weren't used to working together. As such, they were unable to formulate an effective resistance against opposing armies.

There was a constant weigh-up between power and freedom that plagued the elven race, and to this day, Sally still couldn't make up her mind on which she deemed to be more important.

As such, she was very curious about the elves who lived outside of the Wind Forest. What kind of lives did they lead? Were they happier than the elves in the Wind Forest? Those questions were what led her to escape from the Wind Forest in the first place.

Perhaps I can find an opportunity to talk to her, Sally thought to herself. She wanted to avoid the elves in the Wind Forest, but those outside the Wind Forest were subjects that she could approach.

"Father, can I have an ice cream? Just one will do." Amy's voice sounded from the entrance of the kitchen.

Amy held Ugly Duckling in her arms with her chin resting on Ugly Duckling's little head. She was looking at Mag with a pitiable expression in her watery blue eyes, and her pointy little ears drooped as she pouted, putting on a display that said "I'll cry if you don't give me ice cream".

Ugly Duckling was also looking up at Mag with an innocent expression.

They've learned to work together! Mag raised an eyebrow, and he felt as if his heart were about to melt! He wanted to give them everything they could possibly ask for! Even if they wanted the stars and moon in the sky, he would pluck those down for them! They were simply too adorable!

Mag opened his mouth to agree, but he hesitated upon recalling the events from the night prior. Amy had eaten too much ice cream the day before, and even though Xixi had cured her, the ordeal had taught him a good lesson, which was that he couldn't spoil Amy and let her have too much ice cream.

"You can have an ice cream cone, but if you eat too much, your tummy will hurt, so you're only going to get one ice cream per day from now on. Are you sure you want to eat your ice cream for today now?" Mag asked with a smile.

"Just one a day?" Amy's expression immediately fell as she begged, "Father, can I have one more a day? Just two a day is enough."

"No." Mag shook his head with a non-negotiable expression. Spoiling Amy excessively would only work to her detriment.

Amy looked at Mag for a while, and after confirming that she wouldn't get a second ice cream, she heaved a resigned sigh and pouted as she said, "Just one ice cream a day; life is so hard."

Mag almost burst into laughter upon hearing that. She was already learning the hardships of life, and it was all because of her one ice cream per day quota. Despite his amusement, he remained resolute, and said, "So, do you want to eat your ice cream for today now?"

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"I want a blueberry one!" Amy immediately blurted out in response. Her eyes lit up once again, and her pointy little ears also rose up as she looked at Mag with an expectant gaze. All of the disappointment in her heart had been completely wiped away.

"Blueberry? Sure, let me make a blueberry ice cream for my little baby." Mag smiled as he quickly made a blueberry ice cream and handed it to Amy.

"Meow?" Ugly Duckling was placed on the ground by Amy, and it also looked up at Mag with an expectant gaze as it pointed at the ice cream machine with its paw.

"You only get one ice cream a day as well. Otherwise, you're going to end up becoming a ball of ice cream, and you'll get eaten." Amy licked her ice cream as she looked down at Ugly Duckling with a serious expression.

"Meow~" Ugly Duckling was a little dejected to hear that, but it still conceded in the end.

Mag shook his head with a smile, but he agreed with Amy's sentiment. If Ugly Duckling were allowed to eat whatever it wanted, obesity would be inevitable. As such, portion control was mandatory.

"So what flavor ice cream would you like today, Ugly Duckling?" Mag strode over to the ice cream machine and pointed at the mocha button, upon which Ugly Duckling shook its head. He then pointed to the vanilla and blueberry buttons, to which Ugly Duckling also shook its head.

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"So you want a chocolate one?" Mag asked.

"Meow!" Ugly Duckling immediately nodded with elation. It began to skip around in the kitchen, wagging its tail with excitement.

"Ugly Duckling, you have to remember that you're a duck, not a dog! You're not allowed to wag your tail like that," Amy scolded.

Ugly Duckling immediately stopped wagging its tail, but it was still licking its lips with excitement at the sight of the chocolate ice cream in Mag's hands.

"Go on." Mag smiled as he placed the ice cream on Ugly Duckling's little plate.

"Big Sister Shirley, this is ice cream. It looks super delicious, doesn't it?" Amy held her ice cream carefully in her hands as she made her way over to Blour with a smile on her face.

Blour looked at the ice cream in Amy's hand, only to see two blue balls stacked on top of each other. The color was very vibrant, and the surface of the balls was very smooth.

It snowed every winter in the Wind Forest, so she wasn't intrigued by snowballs, but the snowballs in Amy's hands appeared to be a little different from normal snowballs.

What's a blueberry? Is that some kind of fruit? Will it really taste good to put stuff into snowballs? Blour was quite curious, but he still shook his head, and said, "The snowballs have very interesting colors, but I don't want to eat them."

“Really?” Amy was quite skeptical as she took a lick of her ice cream. The sweet and sour flavor melted in her mouth, and her face lit up with a blissful smile.

Chapter 485 Boss, You’re Wasting These Ingredients!

“Gulp.”

A collective gulping sound was suddenly heard throughout the entire restaurant. All of the customers in the general vicinity, including Blour, were salivating at the sight of Amy licking her ice cream.

There was a popular saying among the customers of Mamy Restaurant: Don’t look at Amy as she’s eating when you don’t have money in your pocket, because you’ll be compelled to have whatever she’s having.

“I’ll get a blueberry ice cream.”

“I only have 300 copper coins of spending money left for the month, but I really want to eat it! What do I do? Screw it, I’ll get one as well!”

“No, I can’t! If I order an ice cream, I’ll only have 10 copper coins left!”

Some of the customers were struggling with internal conflict, while others were scrambling to order ice creams for themselves.

Amy wasn’t smug in the slightest after effecting a spike in ice cream sales, as she was too busy focusing on her own ice cream cone. There was a blissful smile of enjoyment on her little face as she slowly licked her ice cream, and just watching her eat evoked within the onlooker a sense of satisfaction. Furthermore, she was simply too adorable!

What is that? How can she look so happy eating a snowball? It’s as if she’s eating the most delicious food in this world! Blour’s eyes widened as he salivated involuntarily. He didn’t think that he would develop an interest in those snowballs, but he was becoming more and more curious about its flavor. What kind of delicious food could put such a delighted expression on her face?

“Blour Shirley, do you want to know what this ice cream tastes like?” Amy suddenly looked up at Blour with a smile on her face.

“I do.” Blour nodded unconsciously in response.

“Then let me find out for you.” Amy took another lick of her ice cream, and said, “It’s sour, it’s sweet, and it’s super delicious.”

Amused laughter rang out among the nearby customers. They always found watching Amy converse with other customers very interesting.

Blour was enraged by Amy’s response, but he simply couldn’t bring himself to vent his frustration on Amy at the sight of her smile. Furthermore, he felt as if he would be committing a crime if he didn’t join in everyone’s laughter.

Should I try it? A voice sounded in Blour’s heart, and it refused to go away.

“No! Those snowballs must be very sweet, and they don’t look like ordinary snowballs, so I’ll definitely get fat if I eat them!” Blour shook his head to try and rid himself of that train of thought. However, his gaze then fell on Amy’s ice cream again, and he couldn’t help but gulp.

She’s so cute even when she’s indecisive. Constantine stared at Blour with an entranced expression before calling Yabemiya over as he said, “Please get me two blueberry ice creams; one for Madam Shirley.”

“Sure, please wait a moment.” Yabemiya nodded in response.

“I... I don’t... really want one.” Blour raised a hesitant hand.

“So just one ice cream then?” Yabemiya stopped before turning to look at Blour and Constantine.

“I...” Blour was starting to hesitate again.

“We’ll get two ice creams,” Constantine confirmed with a smile. He could tell that Blour still really wanted an ice cream.

“Alright.” Yabemiya nodded before turning away again.

“Change mine to a mocha flavor ice cream,” Blour called after her. He then raised his hand to cover his face. How embarrassing—he had gone back on his word twice in such a short span of time.

“It’s alright, Big Sister Shirley. Even though going back on your word is really embarrassing, it’s not like it’s your first time, so you should be used to it by now.” Amy looked up at Blour with a comforting expression.

Are those supposed to be words of consolation? Blour buried his face even deeper into his hand. If it weren’t for the fact that his Yangzhou fried rice and ice cream still hadn’t arrived, he would have definitely rushed out of the restaurant already. It was simply too embarrassing for him to stay here.

From this day forth, I’ll never make any promises in this restaurant ever again, Blour vowed in his heart.

He slowly calmed himself down and extricated his face from his hand as he resumed a calm and collected expression. How could a creature of such stunning beauty like him be defeated by such a small hurdle?

Embarrassment? What was that?

“Big Sister Shirley, how many ice creams are you planning on eating?” Amy asked.

“...” Blour raised an eyebrow in response. She suddenly felt as if this little girl was just as difficult to deal with as the princess back when she was a little girl. In particular, the smile on her face really reminded her of the mischievous smile on the princess’s face after she pulled off one of her pranks.

Impossible; there’s no way that the princess would have a daughter, as no one in this world is worthy of her. The thought only briefly flashed through Blour’s mind before it was banished. There was perhaps someone like that three years ago, but he’s no longer here in this world.

“That depends on my mood.” Blour had learned to be smarter with his response this time.

Amy wore an earnest and heartfelt expression as she said, "Then you have to control your mood. Otherwise, you'll really get fat if you eat too many."

Blour opened his mouth, but didn't say anything in the end. This little girl's words were so scathing, but she clearly had no malicious intent, and she was so adorable that no one could get mad at her.

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Sally isn't really familiar with the internal affairs of the elven race, and she hasn't seen the elven princess at all in the past three years. If this guy is from the Wind Forest, then he might have some useful information, Mag thought to himself as he looked at Blour. He then handed over the two ice cream cones they had ordered to Yabemiya.

As for Amy's sharp tongue, that was not something that he had taught her. He had always taught Amy the importance of being a kind person, but she simply had a natural knack for delivering unintentionally scathing remarks.

"Here's your mocha ice cream." Yabemiya handed an ice cream cone to Blour.

"Thank you." Blour accepted the ice cream cone from Yabemiya, and his eyes were immediately drawn to it. The fragrant aroma of green tea wafted toward him, and just its scent alone was enough to revitalize him. Even the thousand-year-old tea tree that drew water from the Spring of Life didn't produce tea leaves with such a decadent aroma.

"This is fantastic tea!"

Blour couldn't help but praise the tea leaves used in the ice cream. Aside from sleeping, drinking tea was his second hobby. He had collected and tasted renowned tea leaves from the Wind Forest as well as all over the Norland Continent. However, it was the first time he had smelled such a rich tea aroma, and even the spring tea from Vic Mountain paled drastically in comparison.

Did he grind the tea leaves into powder before putting it into these snowballs? Wouldn't it be very bitter, then? Blour was a little perplexed. After a brief hesitation, he emulated Amy and took a lick of the ice cream.

The ice cream melted on the tip of his tongue, and a sweet milky flavor flowed down his throat along with the refreshing flavor of green tea. It was as if a tender tea leaf enveloped in a layer of rich milk had flowed down his throat, washing away all of the impurities in his digestive system. The refreshing feeling immediately made him more alert and focused.

"Boss, you're wasting these ingredients!"

Blour suddenly rose to his feet and pointed at the kitchen with an enraged expression.

Chapter 486 Let's Split It 50/50

Rage! That was the emotion that had been instantly ignited in Blour's heart. Such supreme-grade tea leaves were being used to make dessert?! It was an absolute farce!!

He was so worked that he almost reverted back to his own voice. Thankfully, he managed to catch himself in the instant before he spoke, so his voice sounded a little strange, but it was still a feminine voice.

However, his sudden interrogation drew the attention of all of the customers in the restaurant. Was this beautiful elf trying to stir up some trouble? It had been a long time since Mamy Restaurant had last seen a troublemaker.

Constantine was also looking at Blour with a concerned expression. Mamy Restaurant had many rules, and one of them was that speaking in a loud voice was prohibited. As such, Blour's violent outburst could incur some consequences.

Amy looked up at Blour with her mouth slightly agape. She was unable to comprehend why this beautiful big sister had suddenly flown into a rage. Besides, why was she criticizing her father?

Yabemiya was also at a loss for what to do as she stared at the enraged Blour. She didn't even know why Blour was so angry.

Sally looked at the mocha ice cream in Blour's hand, and she could roughly guess why Blour was so enraged.

Mag emerged from the kitchen with two plates of Yangzhou fried rice. He placed the two dishes in front of customers who'd ordered it, and smiled as he asked, "Is there a complaint you would like to raise against the restaurant?"

"You bas— You biscuit!" Blour was just about to launch into a violent tirade when he realized that he had to maintain his image as a graceful gentlewoman, so he could only revert to hurling a much milder insult.

Argh... So embarrassing. Blour wanted to facepalm as soon as he said that.

"Hmm?" Mag faltered upon hearing that. This guy sure was trying hard to maintain his image. That "insult" almost had him bursting into laughter.

She's so cute even when she's angry; I really lucked out today! Constantine looked at Blour with an intoxicated expression.

"Pffft—" Yabemiya couldn't help but burst into laughter. This beautiful elf sure was amusing. All of the onlooking customers also burst into laughter. Her way of insulting people was hilarious, and one simply couldn't bring themselves to be angry at her.

"Big Sister Shirley, what's a biscuit? Is it some type of food?" Amy asked.

"A biscuit is a type of dessert." Blour's expression was slightly awkward, but he still provided an explanation to Amy. He cleared his throat to alleviate his embarrassment as he grumbled, "How can you use such premium quality tea leaves to make dessert? Does your conscience not ache? Do you know how precious these tea leaves are? Even the spring tea of Vic Mountain can't compare to this tea!"

"I'm aware of that." Mag nodded with a smile. These tea leaves were produced by the system, and they were the best of the best. Even back in his past life, when his father had offered him all types of renowned teas, he had never tasted such superb tea.

“Then how could you waste these tea leaves like this?!” Blour had initially thought that Mag was simply unaware of how precious these tea leaves were, so he was even more infuriated upon learning the fact that Mag was fully aware of this yet still chose to make these tea leaves into dessert.

“It’s exactly because of this that these tea leaves have been incorporated into this restaurant’s dessert. Each and every one of my customers deserve nothing less than the best; that is my mantra when picking out ingredients. This is the best tea leaf I could find, so I used it to make mocha ice cream. Every other ingredient used in this restaurant is of just as high a caliber,” Mag offered a calm and collected response in the face of Blour’s fury as if he were elaborating on something very normal.

Could that possibly be true? All of the ingredients used in this restaurant are of the same caliber as these tea leaves? Mag’s eyes were clear and bright, and they seemed to hold some sort of magical power that convinced others to believe him. Thinking back to the Yangzhou fried rice he had just had, Blour discovered that all of the ingredients within really were of a far better quality than anything he had had in the past.

How can this guy remain so composed in the face of my stunning beauty? How could there be a man in this world that’s immune to my charms? Could it be... that he likes men?! Blour was starting to be led astray by his thoughts.

“No wonder the food from Mamy Restaurant is so delicious; Boss Mag has been putting so much effort into the ingredients. It’s really rare to see a restaurant owner dedicating so much to their cooking. These dishes are well worth the price,” Harrison praised.

“Indeed. Just the ingredients alone should be more expensive than the prices he’s charging. I wonder where Boss Mag sourced so many premium ingredients from. In particular, it’s really hard to get your hands on good quality fish, prawn, and shiitake mushrooms in Chaos City.” Gjerj nodded with a curious expression.

The customers who were initially hesitant about purchasing dishes due to their tight budgets immediately made up their minds upon hearing that. They suddenly felt as if several hundred copper coins for each dish was an absolute bargain.

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“I’ll admit that you have a point there; they’re your tea leaves, so you can do whatever you want with them.” Blour looked at Mag with a serious expression as he asked, “But do you sell these tea leaves on their own?”

Everyone turned to Blour with a hint of surprise on their faces. They didn’t think that “she” would back down so easily.

“Sorry, I’m not selling the tea leaves.” Mag shook his head in response. Truth be told, he didn’t even have any tea leaves. The system had only provided him with mocha, which had already been ground into powder, so he didn’t have any tea leaves to sell.

“State your price. Even if it’s twice as expensive as the ice cream, I’ll take it, and I’ll take as much as you have to offer.” Blour was unwilling to give up on such premium tea leaves. Furthermore, his heart throbbed with pain upon seeing tea leaves of such a phenomenal caliber being used as dessert flavoring.

“The green tea is only used for making mocha ice cream. I do not have a large quantity of the tea leaves, so I’m not selling them.” Mag shook his head in response. The price being proposed wasn’t tempting to him in the slightest. He then continued in a cautionary voice, “Please be quiet in the restaurant. Raising your voice for no reason will disrupt other customers and compromise their dining experience. If you disregard this rule, you will be blacklisted and banned from the restaurant.”

“10 times! I’ll pay 10 times the price to buy your tea leaves!” Blour gritted his teeth and made another bid.

“System, let’s sell tea leaves instead! He’s paying 10 times the price!” Mag’s expression remained indifferent, but he was already screaming internally.

“Please remember who you are: you are a man destined to become the God of Cookery. Are you going to allow yourself to be shaken by such a paltry amount? Money cannot buy your dignity,” the system gave a heart-wrenching response.

“I’ll split it fifty-fifty with you,” Mag cut it off.

“Err... Well, it’s not entirely non-negotiable. The production of tea leaves this year is actually pretty good, so it won’t hurt to sell about 15 to 25 kilograms.”

Chapter 487 Be Careful of That Man Over There

We can sell the tea leaves, but we can’t just sell it for a flat price. 10 times the price is clearly too low; 250 grams will only fetch about 10,000 copper coins. If we hold auctions instead, the prices would skyrocket! Mag made up his mind before saying to the system, “System, give me five kilograms of tea leaves. I’ll purchase it from you for five times the price, which will be half of the price I’ll sell it to him for. Deliver the tea leaves to the closet on the second floor.”

“Ding! 50,000 copper coins have been successfully deducted!”

“Ding! Five kilograms of tea leaves have been delivered to the closet on the second floor!”

The system was overjoyed.

“Good.” A smile appeared on Mag’s face, and he shook his head as he said, “Our restaurant has a rule which stipulates that only completed dishes can be sold. If you’d like to purchase ingredients, then you can purchase them through auctions. Perhaps there will be a tea leaf auction in the near future.”

“Auctions?” All of the customers in the restaurant were quite intrigued to hear that. They were all rather curious about the ingredients used by the restaurant.

Just auctioning off ingredients would fetch indeterminate prices, and it would be unknown if people would even purchase the ingredients. After all, for most people, it was much more preferable to eat at Mamy Restaurant rather than purchase ingredients for a higher price than dishes made by Mag. Without learning Mag’s cooking methods, even with the same ingredients, no one would be able to cook good food anyway.

“I see.” Blour quickly identified the crux of the matter. If avid tea lovers were to hear about the quality of these tea leaves, then they would definitely sell for more than 10 times the price in an auction. The restaurant owner was clearly aware of this, and was trying to make greater profits.

“That’s not fair! In an auction, the price would definitely be more than 10 times the cost price! This is fraud!” The system’s furious voice sounded.

“Didn’t I already give you half of 10 times the price? You have to learn to be content with what you have; only then will you be happy in life. If you’re too fixated on numbers, you’ll lose sight of the true meaning of life,” Mag preached in a heartfelt manner. In any case, he had already obtained the tea leaves, and he could decide when he wanted to hold an auction. Once more and more people began to realize just how precious these tea leaves were, he would auction them in limited amounts; that was not a bad money-making tactic.

“Your ice cream is going to melt if you don’t eat it soon.” Mag offered words of caution to Blour before going back into his kitchen.

Blour faltered upon hearing that before looking down, only to discover a drop of green ice cream slowly sliding downward. It was hanging on the edge of the ball, and was about to drip onto the floor at any moment. Blour immediately discarded her gentlewoman facade upon seeing that, and caught the drop of melting ice cream with her mouth.

The sweet refreshing flavor melted in his mouth, and he was involuntarily entranced by the decadent taste. The ice cream was very refreshing, and not bitter in the slightest. Even though he still felt like it was a waste of tea leaves, he had to admit that the ice cream really was extremely delicious.

No matter how high the bids go up in the auction, I must have those tea leaves! Blour made up his mind before immersing herself in her ice cream again.

Looks like Madam Shirley really likes those tea leaves. Next time Boss Mag auctions off some tea leaves, I’ll be sure to buy some for her. She’ll be really pleased with me then, right? Constantine stared at Blour with a lovestruck smile on his face. He felt as if watching Blour eat was more enjoyable than eating himself.

After finishing her blueberry ice cream, Amy made her way over to Blour, and whispered, “Big Sister Shirley, you have to be careful of that man over there. I feel like he wants to do bad things to you.”

Blour looked at an entranced Constantine, and was in full agreement with Amy’s assessment. He nodded, and said, “Don’t worry, I’m super strong!”

“Here’s your Yangzhou fried rice.” Yabemiya placed the second serving of Yangzhou fried rice in front of Blour.

“Thank you.” Blour nodded in response. He looked at the half-eaten ice cream in his hand, then down at the steaming Yangzhou fried rice on the table. It had been many years since he had eaten like this. This restaurant seemed to possess some kind of magic property that caused his willpower to completely crumble. He felt as if he had lost all of his hopes and dreams, and it was quite a crushing feeling, but that sense of depression was assuaged by the delicious food placed in front of him.

This food is too good to miss! Screw portion control! I’m just going to eat to my heart’s content and diet later! Blour set all of his conflicting thoughts aside and immersed himself in the delicious fried rice.

Will the young master be able to approach Young Mistress Sally? In his current state, I'd rather not have him approach her. But then, what would be the point in coming here? Yngwie's thoughts were very conflicted as he sat within a horse-drawn carriage outside the restaurant.

"Burp~"

Half an hour later, Blour emerged from the restaurant and patted his stomach. He turned to look at the restaurant's sign, and vowed, "Next time, I'll definitely curb my appetite!"

"See you next time, Big Sister Shirley. Our restaurant still has a lot of amazing food waiting for you." Amy's voice sounded from within the restaurant.

"Don't try to tempt me! I definitely won't fall for your tricks." Blour turned away with a resolute expression, yet he couldn't help but gulp. This little guy was like the ideal mascot for the restaurant. She only had to stand there and eat something, and everyone's appetite would suddenly spike.

As Blour got onto the horse-drawn carriage, Yngwie immediately asked, "Young Master, did you meet Young Mistress Sally?"

"She's pretty good-looking; not as beautiful as I am, but not bad nonetheless." Blour nodded in response.

After a brief silence, Yngwie prompted, "Anything else?"

"That's all." Blour splayed his hands open with an innocent expression.

"That's all? You were there for almost an hour, and all you were able to verify is that she's pretty good-looking?" Yngwie felt as if his intelligence were being insulted.

"Yes, isn't that the key? Think about it, if she's too ugly, she would be plunged into self-pity if she were to see my actual appearance. She would be madly in love with me, but too scared to approach me. That would make it very difficult for me to complete my mission." Blour nodded in response.

"I have a feeling you were simply too busy eating and forgot about doing anything else." Yngwie rolled his eyes.

"Hmm? How did you know?" Blour turned to Yngwie with a hint of surprise on his face before praising, "The food from that restaurant is so good. In particular, their rainbow fried rice and that dessert known as ice cream. Both are the best foods I've ever had in my life."

"Let's go back." Yngwie shook his head with a dejected sigh. He was suddenly struck by the feeling that it was a very bad idea to pin his hopes on such an unreliable young master.

"System, state your prices for the music that can be played using the restaurant's new sound system." After all of the customers had left, Mag sat down in a chair and brewed himself some tea.

Chapter 488 I'll Get A Jay Chou Music Pack

The horse-drawn carriage stopped in front of the elven embassy, and Blour and Yngwie got off. A middle-aged elf quickly made his way toward them, and handed Yngwie a letter as he whispered, "This is an urgent confidential letter sent from our elven race. Something important must have happened."

The middle-aged elf then turned to glance at Blour with a curious look. He had never seen that beautiful woman before; why had she gotten off the carriage together with Yngwie?

The magic seal on the envelope was unraveled by Yngwie, and he pulled out the letter within. After reading through the letter, his expression changed drastically as he turned to Blour, and said, "Young Mas, Madam Shirley, come with me; I have something I need to speak to you about."

"Alright." Blour nodded with a curious expression as he followed Yngwie inside.

After entering the room, Blour asked, "What happened?"

"Have a look for yourself." Yngwie handed the letter over to him.

"Princess Irina came out of her cave?! But I'm here in Chaos City! Argh, how could I miss out on something so important!" Blour clasped a hand over his heart with a pained expression.

"That's not even the point! Master Schubert of the Krol Family had been killed, and the queen has abolished slavery! That's going to deal a major blow to all of the major families, and we could be impacted as well. As a worthy heir to the family estate, that's something that you should be focusing on." Yngwie was quite exasperated as he looked at Blour.

"Oh, really? I think you're the one missing the point here. The major families of the elven race only slowly began to emerge following the war among species. Following that, Helena introduced several revolutions, which made the major families more and more powerful, but what's the point in doing that? Helena appears to be laying a strong foundation for our elven race, but she's actually destroying our foundation. Elves have lived freely for thousands of years; freedom is the identity of all elves." Blour shook his head with a smile as he said, "Do you know why so many people revere and support Princess Irina in the elven race? It's not because of how powerful she is. Instead, she exemplifies what an elf should be. She's regal and graceful, free-spirited and wilful, and she refuses to be restricted by anyone."

Yngwie looked at the mocking smile on Blour's face, and fell deep in thought. After a while, he adopted a stern expression, and said, "That's an inevitable step that must be taken. It's mandatory in order to make the elven race more powerful so that we can prevent our brethren from being enslaved when the next war arises."

"So you're going to enslave them while telling them that you're doing so to protect them from being enslaved? And then, you're going to make them fight at the front lines to protect the very same people that enslaved them in the first place? Do I really need to elaborate on why this is a flawed system and flawed logic?" Blour looked into Yngwie's eyes with a serious expression, and said, "Yngwie, you've lived for many centuries and endured countless battles. I want to ask you this: are the elves in the Wind Forest truly happy? Even the members of the major families who have become lazy and complacent, and accustomed to being tended to by elven servants, are they truly happy?" Yngwie fell silent again, and Blour didn't say anything, either. Instead, he stared intently at Yngwie, awaiting his reply. "Perhaps you really aren't fit to inherit the role of leader of the Baibilly Family." Yngwie looked at Blour, and a smile appeared on his face as he said, "But you're an exceptional thinker. The Baibilly Family needs a thinker like you, and perhaps the entire elven race also needs someone like you. I'm not going to tell anyone what you said to me, and I hope you can refrain from doing so as well. At the very least, do not repeat what you just said to anyone until you're in a position of power that allows you say these things."

“Some things I only say to the right people.” A smile also appeared on Blour’s face, and he slowly unclenched his fists.

“Looking back at my close to 800 years in this world, the elven race wasn’t in its most miserable state during the war among species when the Wind Forest was almost conquered by the demons and the orcs. Even then, the songs of our people were never silenced, and everyone was still full of hope for the future. But now, I can never hear those joyful songs anymore. Picking wild fruits has become a job, and the days when you could sit on a branch and do nothing for an entire day have ceased to exist. There is no more war, but everyone has instead become unhappy. It’s a very depressing sight to behold.” Yngwie was slightly dejected.

“That’s why I chose to permanently reside in Chaos City. Compared to the Wind Forest, this city is full of vitality and freedom. I believe that this city will truly become a paradise in the future; I just hope I can live to see that day. This is a comforting city, just like the Wind Forest was back a long time ago.” A smile appeared on Yngwie’s face, and a hint of hope reignited in his eyes as he turned to Blour. “If you want to help the elven princess, then you must also become more powerful. The major families have already split the entire elven race among themselves, and even the queen can only abolish a law or two from the elven laws.”

“At times like this, my stunning beauty is required to bring joy to the world.” Blour turned to Yngwie, and nodded with a serious expression as he said, “I also hope to hear the songs of freedom ringing out in the Wind Forest again someday.”

“I’d love to hear it one last time before I leave this world.” Yngwie nodded with a smile.

“The system rejects your request.”

An eye-rolling emoji followed this message.

“Are you holding a grudge, system?” Mag also couldn’t help but roll his eyes. It appeared that the system was still angry about the tea leaves.

In response, Mag wasn’t feeling guilty in the slightest. He had to screw over the system to earn more money—it was the way of life.

“Alright, looks like you’re not planning on earning any money, then. In that case, I’ll just have to use Amy’s music box. That thing has about 20 songs in it; the genres are a bit haphazardous, but it’ll suffice.” Mag got up to retrieve the music box with a calm expression.

“How can you play a song like Gokuraku Jodo in a high-end restaurant? How can customers focus on their meals while struggling not to erupt into dance and sing? It’s going to be a disaster!” The system was distraught.

“So what? That just shows how unique our restaurant is. It’ll present a different experience to our customers.” Mag shrugged nonchalantly.

The system replied sternly, “The God of Cookery must pay attention to every single detail. Appropriate music will enhance the dining experience significantly, while unsuitable music could have great detrimental effects. You need to look at the statistic, and choose—”

“That’s enough, I’ll get a Jay Chou music pack first; how much will that cost?” Mag abruptly cut off the system mid-rant.

“Sorry, Jay Chou’s music is unavailable due to copyright issues. We are currently doing our best to rectify this situation,” the system responded feebly.

Chapter 489 I Don’t Care if You Don’t Love

Me

“Holy f*ck! What kind of shoddy music distribution website are you using? Can’t you go get a membership on QQ Music?” Mag grumbled.

“No! Free music distribution services are where I belong!” the system sternly refused.

“I’ll give you the money for a membership.” Mag pursed his lips.

“I’ll make an account right away!” The system’s joyful voice sounded in reply.

“F*ck off…” Mag grumbled internally.

After heated negotiations and bartering, Mag finally managed to purchase 1,000 classical compositions from the system for the price of a membership plus 3,000 copper coins. On top of that, he also purchased an album containing all of Jay Chou’s songs.

“Did Jay Chou release another new song recently?” Mag discovered that there was a song named “I Don’t Care if You Don’t Love Me” on the playlist, but it was gray and unplayable.

“It hasn’t been released yet, but it will be coming out soon. If you would like to purchase it after its release, you may do so at an additional cost. The system provides music with the best sound quality, and your satisfaction is guaranteed,” the system encouraged.

“I was the one who got you the membership.” Mag rolled his eyes. He was then drawn to the rather tsundere nature of the song title. He was wondering just what kind of new song this singer from his childhood would release.

Let’s test out this new sound system first. Mag rid himself of that train of thought before turning to Amy, who was chasing Ugly Duckling all around the restaurant. He smiled, and said, “Amy, I’m going to be playing some music. Don’t be frightened, it’s just a super big music box.”

Sally and Yabemiya had already left, so there was only him, Amy, and Ugly Duckling left in the restaurant.

“A super big music box?” Amy’s eyes lit up with curiosity and anticipation as she looked around, searching for this so-called music box.

“Let’s listen to ‘Ballade Pour Adeline’ first.” Mag tapped the screen as he made his decision. As a level 10 amateur pianist in his past life, the first piano composition that he had learned to play was this piece.

His mother had forced him to learn a lot of random pieces back then. In reality, the skill of playing piano proved to be absolutely useless after he grew up, but it was certainly true that learning to play a musical instrument taught him discipline.

Smoothly flowing piano notes began to play. This piece was extremely popular, often used as recess bells in the schools, phone ringtones, customer service waiting music, etc. It really did have a unique charm, and the spritely tune immediately made him feel more carefree and relaxed.

The effect created by the surround-sound system really was far more exceptional than that of a normal sound system. The sound quality was impeccable even to Mag's picky ears, and he felt as if he had been transported to a concert hall, watching a live performance. It was as if the artist were sitting right in front of him, playing the piece exclusively for his listening pleasure.

A faint smile appeared on Mag's face, and he was taken back to his childhood, when he was struggling to play his piano while his mother sat silently behind him.

At the time, they weren't very busy yet, and even though they were quite strict, those times were still fond memories for Mag to look back on.

"Hahaha--"

Amy's giggles snapped Mag out of his train of thought, and he turned around, only to discover her dancing with Ugly Duckling. Their dancing was very clumsy and casual, but the two of them were simply too adorable, and Mag also burst into laughter.

"Father, does this mean our restaurant will become a super big music box from now on? We live in the music box, and our customers can dine in the music box as well." Amy turned to Mag with an excited expression.

"That's right. Music can bring joy to people, so we should transmit this joy to all of our customers." Mag nodded with a smile, and his heart was brimming with contentment at the sight of Amy. He really cherished the time that he could spend by her side. At the very least, he wouldn't have any regrets if he were to look back on his life at a later date.

Mag lowered the volume of the music slightly. Beautiful music was enjoyable to customers, but he was opening a restaurant, not a dance hall. Delicious cuisine was the main thing he had to offer, not music. He couldn't allow the music to distract the customers from his food.

"Amy, I have something else fun to show you. Come upstairs with me." Mag patted Amy's head with a smile before picking her up. He also picked up Ugly Duckling with his other arm and carried both of them upstairs.

"Something fun? What is it, Father?" Amy's eyes lit up with curiosity.

"You'll know soon." Mag smiled as he carried Amy upstairs. He then gently pushed open the door to the previously vacant room on the second floor.

The door slowly opened, and a children's playground filled with toys and recreational facilities was revealed.

"Wow..."

Amy's eyes widened with incredulity as she looked at everything in the room.

"Meow--"

Ugly Duckling's eyes also lit up with excitement.

"Father, is this really for me?" Amy turned to Mag, and she was still struggling to believe her eyes.

"Of course. This is a playground prepared especially for you. You can invite your other little friends to play here in the future." Mag nodded with a smile. During the busy dinner service, Amy often had to sit behind the counter in boredom until closing time. Mag didn't want to see her suffer like that, which was why he had spent so many gold coins to purchase a playground from the system.

"Father, you're the best!" Amy planted a kiss on Mag's cheek with an elated smile on her face. She didn't have a single toy before, but she now had her very own playground. She could invite Jessica, Daphne, and her other little friends to play with her here in the future.

"This is just a small playground. I'm going to build you a bigger and better one in the future, with a massive ferris wheel, a merry-go-round, a rollercoaster, and it's going to be 10,000 times bigger than this one." Mag's ego had been inflated by the kiss planted on his cheek by Amy, and he was brimming with confidence.

"Really?" Amy's eyes immediately lit up. She didn't know what those ferris wheels, merry-go-rounds, or rollercoasters were, but she was really looking forward to a playground that was 10,000 times the size of this one.

"Of course. When I earn enough money, I'll build one for you." Mag suddenly realized that he had made quite a far-fetched promise, but he simply couldn't bear to take back his words at the sight of Amy's expectant expression.

If I open up an amusement park, I have to drag a few idiots in to contribute to the construction costs. Mag made up his mind there and then.

Chapter 490 Tofu Pudding, Here I Come...

It's been more than a month since I ran away; I wonder what the current situation in the elven race is like. I wonder if Mother is worried about me. Sally walked along the street and prepared to return to Geya Hotel for her shift there. The wages being offered at the hotel were absolutely pitiful, but there was free accommodation, and the boss was a very kind person, so Sally still persisted with working two jobs a day.

Who was that elf from earlier? Did she really grow up outside the Wind Forest? They've always said that elves outside the Wind Forest have been abandoned by the God of Life, and that they've never been blessed nor acknowledged by the God of Life. All of them are supposed to be hideously ugly and pitifully weak, but I can sense that elf was no less powerful than I am, and she was quite beautiful too, so what should I believe? Sally was very confused. She hadn't approached any other elves in the past month, and she was quite eager to understand more about them.

Perhaps I can talk to her next time. Princess Irina had once said that the outside world was completely different from what those in the elven race proclaim it to be. Those words had made a deep impression on Sally, and she was determined to find out what this world was like for herself.

I'm going to dine at Mamy Restaurant with Luna in a bit; should I wear male attire, or female attire? In the city lord's castle, Vivian stared at the clothes in her closet and fell into deep thought.

I'll go in male attire. That way, Boss Mag will know that Luna's taken, so he won't make any moves on her. Vivian made up her mind and picked out a set of loose-fitting male attire.

"Teacher Luna, Student Amy is so awesome! Can I learn magic as well? I really want to."

"All of you can learn magic, but you're still too young, so you have to learn basic knowledge first. Next year, you'll be able to participate in the magic trials, and all those who pass the trials can officially begin to learn magic," Luna replied with a smile. She patted the disappointed little student on the head and heaved an internal resigned sigh.

Amy had defeated the powerful Magus Tower team on her own, thus elevating herself to a legendary status in Chaos School. At the same time, a large number of students became extremely interested in magic after witnessing her performance-including some elementary section kids.

She had had a similar conversation with her students no less than 10 times already. They were far more eager to learn magic than the students from previous years, and it was all thanks to Amy.

Little Amy sure is impressive, though. She's only been learning magic for a month, and can already defeat such powerful opponents. Looks like Mr. Mag was right: she really is a genius. Luna looked out the window as a smile appeared on her face.

A letter written by her grandfather had arrived from Rodu, telling her that the decimal system was indeed more convenient and efficient than the numerical system currently in use in the Roth Empire. He was trying to start an arithmetic revolution, and was asking her to invite Mag to go to Rodu again. If Mag refused again, he would come to personally visit him in Chaos City.

Krassu and Novan left the meeting prior to its conclusion. Right after exiting the conference chamber, Krassu turned to Novan, and asked, "Novan, I heard you're preparing to expand Chaos School?"

"I am. Chaos School is already quite a large school, but there are still so many children in Chaos City who don't have a chance to receive education. In particular, receiving education is an opportunity for the children from impoverished families to escape poverty, but the opportunity simply isn't available to them at the moment." Novan nodded in response.

"How much are you planning to expand the school?" Krassu asked.

"I'm still communicating with the city lord's castle to see how much cash they can offer, but Michael has been having a hard time these past few years as well. Constructing infrastructure for Chaos City has exhausted almost all of the financial resources available to the city lord's castle, so he probably won't be able to offer much." Novan's brows furrowed with concern, and the wrinkles on his face became even more pronounced.

"Come with me; I've got something to show you," Krassu said as he led the way forward.

"What is it?" Novan asked.

"You'll know when we get there," Krassu replied.

"What's this?" Novan was led into a building where the entire first floor was filled with wooden boxes. There were so many of them that there was barely any walking space left in the room.

“Open one and have a look for yourself.” Krassu chuckled.

Novan opened the wooden box nearest to him, and shiny golden light immediately escaped from within. The box was completely filled with gold coins, silver coins, and dragon coins.

A hint of surprise appeared in Novan’s eyes. He waved his hand, and a row of boxes beside him was opened, revealing even more coins within. Golden light filled the entire room, illuminating the darkness.

“You can take half of this money to expand this school. I’m loaning it to you with zero interest, so you don’t have to be in a hurry to return it,” Krassu offered with a smile.

“Even after all these years, I still owe you.” Novan looked at Krassu and sighed with emotion.

“I trust you. I’m sure you’ll return what you owe me.” Krassu waved his hand nonchalantly. He pointed at the rest of the coins, and said, “The rest will be reserved for Little Amy. Building a magic room is going to cost a lot.”

“Your name will be recorded in Chaos School history, Teacher Krassu,” Novan said with a smile. He then walked out the door, and continued, “I’ll send people to collect the money and begin the expansion as quickly as possible. We should be able to complete the operation before the commencement of the next semester. That way, we’ll be able to take in more students next year.”

As expected, only the students matter to him. I was thinking that perhaps he would treat me to a meal. Krassu shook his head with a resigned expression.

Outside the city lord’s castle, Gustav turned to Dracula, and asked, “Dracula, the final agreement from our conference has already been signed. Tauros and I have to go back to report the news to our brethren; would you like to come with us?”

“No need. I don’t think we’re on good enough terms to have to go home together. Demons like us don’t have any friends,” Dracula replied with a lazy smile.

“You’re right about that. Farewell, then!” Tauros nodded as he climbed onto his massive black boar. He cracked his whip on the boar’s back, upon which it began to gallop along the street, attracting a lot of attention in the process.

“Farewell.” Gustav transformed into his half-spider form, and he disappeared amid a burst of spatial ripples.

“These guys don’t know how to enjoy life. What’s so good about returning to the Demon Islands? You have to enjoy a few good meals here before going back.” Dracula pursed his lips as he walked slowly down the street. As he did so, he murmured to himself, “Tofu pudding, here I come...”