

## Stay At home 501

Chapter 501 Irina Killed Him

“What?! Hank lost? And he lost to Urien and Krassu’s disciple?”

In a conference chamber in the Magus Tower, Brent abruptly rose to his feet with an incredulous expression as he stared at Richard, who was holding a letter in his hands.

The Magus Tower elders in the conference chamber were also astonished.

Everyone could accept George being defeated. After all, he was only a 12-year-old elementary magic caster with insufficient combat experience.

However, Hank was Brent’s most prized disciple, and was a 4th-tier magic caster at just 16 years of age. He was an exceptional prodigy even in the Magus Tower. With him leading the team, they had thought that the Magus Tower would crush the rest of the competition, but who would have thought that he would be defeated by Krassu and Urien’s disciple?

The little half-elf girl was only four and a half years old, and had only been learning magic for a month. How supremely talented would she have to be to defeat Hank after studying magic for such a short time?

Richard also wore a strained expression as he burned the letter with a ball of green flames. He looked at Brent, and continued, “Not only did Hank lose to that little girl, he even used the forbidden spell you gave him against her in a sneak attack.”

“What?!”

All of the elders instantly erupted into a frenzied commotion. Unleashing sneak attacks during a duel was an extremely disgraceful tactic. Doing so against a little four-year-old girl was even more horrendous. He had brought shame on the Magus Tower.

“So... did she die?” Brent looked at Richard with an expectant gaze.

“Do you think a little 4th-tier brat can successfully kill someone in front of Krassu and Novan?” Richard looked at Brent with a sneer on his face as he said, “Also, that idiot’s attack was dispelled by that little girl herself.”

“H-how is that possible?! The forbidden spell I gave him possessed the power of a 7th-tier spell. How could she possibly have blocked it?” Brent’s eyes widened in shock.

All of the elders were also quite stunned to hear that. With two 10th-tier great magic casters present along with Novan, the number one spatial magic caster on the entire continent, it was an absolute joke for a 4th-tier magic caster to try and unleash a sneak attack. However, what was most surprising to everyone was that the little girl had managed to defend herself.

Richard’s brows furrowed as he spoke, “Urien put the oracle stone on her staff. The fireball magic that she unleashed was most likely enhanced by more than 10 times in power, so she completely crushed Hank with her own power.”

“That idiot! I’m going to teach him a good lesson when he gets back!” Brent felt utterly humiliated. Not only had Hank tried to sneak-attack a little four-year-old girl, he had even failed!

“Krassu has already destroyed his mind realm, and Hank left the Magus Tower team after they departed from Chaos City. You won’t see him ever again.” Richard shook his head with a wistful expression. With Hank’s talent, he would’ve at least been able to become an 8th-tier magic caster in the future.

“How could Krassu be so cruel? Great Elder, you have to uphold justice for me! Hank is my most prized disciple, but his future has been ruined by Krassu!” Brent put on a grief-stricken expression as he looked at Richard.

All of the elders fell silent upon hearing that.

“Heh, your disciple sneak-attacked a little four-year-old girl, and he used a forbidden spell, so he was clearly trying to kill her. Even then, he was still defeated. Trash like him deserves to pay the price for his actions. He has brought shame on the Magus Tower.” A tall and thin man in the conference chamber sneered as he said, “What’s funny to me is that you’re trying to paint your disciple as the victim here. I’m only surprised that Krassu only destroyed his brain realm. If it had been 30 years ago, Krassu would’ve killed him without even batting an eyelid.”

“Hank’s actions are an utter disgrace. I also approve of the punishment handed down by Krassu.” Another elder nodded in agreement.

“If this kind of trend were allowed to spread in the Magus Tower, then no one would try to work hard to improve. Everyone would be trying to get their hands on sealed forbidden spells to toss them at their enemies.” Yet another elder chuckled coldly.

Brent’s face was flushed with humiliation. He wanted to retort, but he refrained from doing so. Instead, he turned to Richard to await his verdict.

“Banish Hank from the Magus Tower and tell what he did to all of our Magus Tower’s disciples. His actions should serve as a warning to everyone. I’ll write an apology letter to Krassu personally.” Richard turned to Brent with a grave expression, and continued, “Also, Krassu had something to say to you: go to Chaos City and apologize to him in person within 10 days, or he’s going to come to Rodu and destroy our Magus Tower.”

“This...”

Brent was completely dumbfounded upon hearing that.

All of the elders also burst into a commotion. Some of them were enraged, while others were concerned.

Krassu wasn’t joking when he talked about destroying the Magus Tower. After all, he had done so on more than one occasion previously.

“Great Elder, this...” Brent turned to Richard with a panicked, beseeching expression.

“You take care of this matter yourself.” Richard had no intention of cleaning up Brent’s mess for him.

“Great Elder!” Right at that moment, an urgent voice sounded from outside the conference chamber.

Richard's brows furrowed slightly as he made his way toward the entrance. The door slowly opened, revealing a middle-aged magic caster who handed a letter to Richard as he said in a low voice, "Great Elder, this is an urgent letter from the Wind Forest."

Richard took the letter and burned the envelope to ashes, leaving only a piece of paper in his hand. His eyes scanned the contents of the letter, and his brows furrowed. After a while, he turned around, and said, "The meeting is adjourned for the day. Elliot, Brent... you stay behind. Everyone else may go."

A hint of hope returned to Brent's eyes upon hearing that.

The elders left the conference chamber one after another, leaving only eight people behind. Richard waved a hand, and the soundproof magic spell formation in the conference chamber was activated, creating a golden barrier.

"Great Elder, what would you like to tell us?" Elliot asked. Everyone else was also looking at Richard with curious expressions, wondering if Richard was going to address the threat made by Krassu.

Brent opened his mouth, but suppressed the urge to say anything in the end. He merely looked at Richard with a hopeful expression; he didn't want to have to face Krassu by himself.

"I've just received news from the Wind Forest. Schubert's dead; Irina killed him," Richard announced with a grave expression. The letter fluttered down from his hand for everyone to see.

Chapter 502 I Shouldn't Have Let Him Go Back Alive!

A deathly silence descended over the entire conference chamber, and dark expressions appeared on everyone's faces as they looked at the letter.

There was no name on the letter, but no one doubted its authenticity. No one knew just how closely connected the elven race was with the Magus Tower.

"Schubert held such a high position in the elven race; how could Irina kill him just like that? She's insane!" Brent gulped nervously with an incredulous expression on his face.

Elliot and the others also looked at Richard in silence. They had all participated in that ambush three years ago, contributing to the downfall of Mag Alex.

Schubert was one of the magic casters sent to assist them by the elven race. Now that he had been killed by Irina, everyone was feeling rather concerned.

Just how powerful was Irina? It was said that in the younger generation, Irina was the closest in power to Mag Alex. As people who had faced the terrifying might of Mag Alex in person three years ago, everyone present had a good idea of just how powerful she was.

If she was beginning to take revenge for Mag Alex and her little daughter, then what was going to become of them? Schubert's death was perhaps just the beginning.

"Irina has always been volatile and unpredictable. It's not strange for her to kill Schubert if she discovered his involvement in that incident three years ago." Richard looked at everyone with a grim expression, and said, "This might just be the beginning. The royal family might have kept the incident confidential, and all of the evidence has been eradicated, so we don't know how much information is in

her grasp. The elf that was here a while ago might have taken back more information than we anticipated.”

“What should we do, then? If she learns that we participated in the assassination three years ago, will she seek revenge on us?” Brent was feeling quite anxious. The threat of Krassu was still hanging over his head, and he was now having to potentially deal with Irina’s revenge. He felt as if he were about to have a mental breakdown.

“We are the only ones with knowledge of that incident. All of the demons involved have been killed, and the second prince definitely won’t disclose any information. Even if she knows that our Magus Tower was involved, surely she wouldn’t make us her enemy. Even the royal family won’t allow her to kill magic casters of our Magus Tower with no evidence nor reason. She won’t dare to do anything to us unless she wants to provoke a full-blown war between the Roth Empire and the elven race. Besides, as powerful as Mag Alex was, we still managed to bring him down. If she goes too far, we can just do the same with her as well.” Elliot was full of confidence.

Brent’s breathing accelerated as he said, “Yes! We’ll kill her if she dares to come after us! She and Alex gave birth to that filthy half-breed child, and we’ve been covering that up for her this entire time. If we tell the entire elven race about this, no one will support their princess anymore. If her status as the princess is revoked, she’ll just be an ordinary elf no matter what she does. We can kill her without worrying about anything then.”

The other elders’ eyes also lit up upon hearing that. After killing Alex three years ago, Irina’s revenge was always the main cause for concern for them. If they could kill her as well, then all of the issues would be resolved.

“Also, hasn’t Krassu already completely detached himself from the Magus Tower? If he tries to destroy the Magus Tower, we can just kill him as well! He’ll just be an intruder, so we have a reason to kill him!” Brent’s expression was already becoming twisted with a hint of insanity.

“Well...” All of the elders became hesitant upon hearing that, and all of them turned to Richard.

“Idiot! I can tell why Hank turned out the way he did now.” Richard glared at Brent with a cold expression as he scoffed, “If you dare to spread word of Irina having a child with a human, the entire continent will know that our Magus Tower joined forces with the demons to kill Alex. Do you plan to commit suicide then, or face the wrath of the imperial army? The elves dared to let us know about Irina birthing a child with a human because they knew that we can’t reveal that secret no matter what. Do you plan on fighting the entire elven race as well?”

“I... I...” Brent’s expression changed as he hung his head.

“As for Krassu, even though he’s left the Magus Tower, if he really does come to destroy our Magus Tower, do you think everyone will join you in your efforts to kill him?” Richard’s voice grew even colder as he said, “Let me tell you this: at least half of our members will kill you first as they were all unofficial disciples of Krassu. If you dare to attack Krassu, that old monster in the royal palace will definitely come after you. Those two are the only ones left among the founders of the Magus Tower.”

Brent's face paled further and further as he listened to Richard's criticism. In particular, upon hearing mention of the old monster in the royal palace, his legs began to tremble, and he lowered his head even further.

Elliot also lowered his head in silence.

"What should we do then, Great Elder? We can't just sit around and wait for these threats to eventuate." A short and stubby elder wore a concerned expression.

"Don't be too concerned. Irina has been locked away in detention for a year, and there's no way she has a list of everyone involved in the assassination three years ago, so she won't come after us anytime soon. Besides, our Magus Tower is not an organization that anyone can just push around. If she really dares to come after us, then let her come. This is our territory; what do we have to fear?" Richard burned the letter into ashes as he said coldly, "I'll deploy some people to keep an eye on Irina. From now on, we'll cut off her connection with the outside world. As long as she can't find any concrete evidence, she won't come to Rodu. At the same time, we'll exert pressure on the elven race so they can control her. I'm sure they wouldn't want to face us in battle, either."

"Great Elder, I..." Brent wanted to say something.

"If I were you, I'd think about how I can get to Chaos City as quickly as possible." Richard turned to him with a cold expression.

"Yes." Brent could only lower his head with a fearful expression.

"Bastard! That elf discovered way more than I thought he had. I shouldn't have let him go back alive!"

In the second prince's manor, Josh wore an expression twisted with fury as he looked at the green letter in his hand. Countless sheets of white paper fluttered around him as if to accentuate his rage.

#### Chapter 503 Returning to the Sea of Stars

The green letter was reduced to a ball of green fire, and the gusts of wind around Josh subsided—as did the twisted expression on his face. He adopted his normal warm demeanor as he plucked one of the white sheets of paper out of mid-air. All of the other sheets of paper suddenly thudded to the ground as if they had increased exponentially in weight.

Schubert's dead, so Irina must know some things already. She must be suspecting me already, and that would land a vital blow on our relationship. I have to find Alex and that little brat before her, and kill them to kill off any hope in her heart. When that time times... Irina, I'm going to make you willingly marry me. Josh stood in front of his desk and began to write a letter.

"Dear Irina..."

After half an hour, Josh waved his hand through the air to dry the ink on the sheet of paper on the desk. He then carefully read through the letter to ensure that the wording and expression were perfect before tucking it into an envelope.

If you want to find out information about them, then I'll tell you that they're still alive. In that case, you won't be so eager to exact your revenge. Come to think of it, I really regret not doing a thorough job back then. Josh sealed the envelope with a cold expression on his face.

He snapped his fingers, and the door to his study opened as his butler walked in with a bamboo tube in his hands.

“Is that news from Seuss?” Josh looked at the bamboo tube in the butler’s hands with a hint of surprise on his face.

“Yes, Your Highness. This letter has just arrived,” the butler replied respectfully.

“Let me see it.” Josh took the bamboo tube with a calm expression. At the same time, he handed the envelope in his hand over to the butler, and said, “Send this letter to the princess in the Wind Forest as quickly as possible.”

“Yes.” The butler accepted the letter with both hands before quickly exiting the study.

Josh opened the bamboo tube and extricated the letter within. He looked at it for a while before murmuring to himself, “Seuss has already been in Chaos City for over 10 days, but he hasn’t found anything related to Alex. Could it be that my judgment was incorrect? Maybe they’re not in Chaos City, but hiding in a secluded location instead?”

Josh fell into deep thought before writing two more letters. One of them was placed in a bamboo tube, while the other was tucked into an envelope. He opened the door, only to find that the butler was still standing respectfully beside the entrance.

“Send this letter to Seuss, and this one to Helena.” Josh handed over the two letters to the butler as he said, “Also, next time an elf from the Wind Forest appears in Rodu, make sure to keep a good eye on them. As soon as they exhibit any abnormal behavior, capture them at once and put them through strict interrogation. I’d rather kill innocents than let any spies get away.”

“Yes.” The butler nodded respectfully before rushing away again.

“Alex, you’re just as mysterious as ever. I’m not going to let you get away this time, though,” Josh murmured to himself.

“Mistress, are we just going to ignore the fact that Irina killed Master Schubert? Her Majesty is far too lenient with her, and only locked her in detention for a year. That’s surely going to be a dissatisfactory verdict for the other major families.” In a cave with a ceiling akin to a starry night sky, Hetty was appraising Helena with an indignant expression.

“What do you propose, then?” Helena asked.

“I think we should join forces with all of the major families to exert pressure on Her Majesty. We have to make her revoke Irina’s status as the elven princess and cut off her connection with the tree of life, then banish her from the Wind Forest,” Hetty suggested through gritted teeth.

“Banish her from the Wind Forest?” Helena looked at Hetty with a mocking expression as she said, “Are you not aware that Irina’s power is second only to Her Majesty in the elven race? Even I may not be able to defeat her when she draws upon the power of the tree of life. Her Majesty will inevitably return to the Sea of Stars. When that time comes, Princess Irina will be the most powerful guardian of our race, yet you want to banish her?”

“But... she’s completely uncouth and untameable. If we support someone else to become the princess, they’ll become Her Majesty’s heir. When Her Majesty returns to the Sea of Stars, the entire elven race would be under your control.” Hetty looked at Helena with an urgent expression.

“Why would I want to control the elven race? I want our elven race to become more powerful. I want to completely wash away the humiliation we suffered during the war among species, and make the entire continent tremble in fear in the face of our elven army.” Helena looked at Hetty with a cold expression as she said, “You can die, but Irina can’t. We can’t allow her reputation to be tarnished, either, as she has to be the main guardian of our elven race.

“Also, how do you know that Her Majesty will return to the Sea of Stars before I do? I watched Her Majesty grow up, so I should be the one to return to the Sea of Stars before her.” Helena’s expression grew calmer, but her eyes glowed with a fervent light as she said, “Power is pointless to me. All I want is to see the elven race stand at the pinnacle of the Norland Continent; that is my final wish. To achieve that objective, I’m willing to do anything.”

The stars in the night sky overhead suddenly began to emanate brilliant light as if they were burning. A vast expanse of scintillating light fell on Helena, draping a veil of light over her body.

Hetty looked up at Helena with tears shimmering in her reverent eyes.

“How many of our brethren returned this month?” Helena withdrew her gaze and the starlight receded.

“There was a total of 204 elven brethren who have returned, 36 of which returned voluntarily, while the others were all sent back. Most of them aren’t very powerful; there are only 20 elves at or above the 4th-tier, and all of them have been conscripted into the guardian squad and the major families,” Hetty replied.

“That’s nowhere near enough.” Helena’s brows furrowed as she said, “Increase the wages for those capturing high-tier elves. What we want are brethren who can directly contribute to the power of the guardian squad, not manual laborers. Tell those stupid demons that if they continue to placate us like this, we’ll cease our cooperation with them.”

“Yes.” Hetty nodded before hurrying out the cave.

“We have to speed up this process. The old king in Rodu won’t live for much longer. As soon as Josh takes the throne, the united human and elven army will sweep through the entire continent...” Helena murmured to herself.

#### Chapter 504 Where is My Mother?

“Your Highness, you’ve been locked in detention again, and it’s for an entire year this time. What should we do?” Beneath the tree of life, Firis looked at Irina with a concerned expression.

Snarr stood beside them, also with a concerned look on his face. He hadn’t anticipated that the princess would be so decisive as to kill Schubert straight away. However, her actions had most likely successfully intimidated everyone involved.

“Being locked in detention isn’t a big deal; what’s there to worry about? Back when I left the Wind Forest, I was right in the middle of a detention period. If I want to leave, no one can stop me.” Irina pinched Firis’ nose with a nonchalant smile as she said, “Don’t worry about me, Firis. You don’t have the spare brain capacity anyway.”

Firis looked at Irina and opened her mouth, but she discovered that she didn’t have any response to that. She had participated in Irina’s last escape from the Wind Forest. Even though she had only played a minor role, with the blessings from the tree of life, she was sure that no one could stop Irina from leaving the Wind Forest.

Irina turned to Snarr, and said, “Snarr, I have a few things that I need you to do.”

“I’d be happy to be of service, Your Highness.” Snarr nodded respectfully.

“I’ll have to trouble you to continue searching for Alex and my daughter. Judging from Alex’s personality, after suffering such an ordeal, he definitely wouldn’t remain in Rodu or the Roth Empire. He’s most likely at the Demon Islands, dragon island, or in Chaos City. We’ve been to those three places many times, so we are quite familiar with them. I’m going to write down a few locations for you to search; perhaps you’ll find some leads. I’m also going to write a few letters for you to deliver to some of my friends who will be able to help you. However, after what happened with Josh, I’m not sure if some of them are still worthy of my trust, so try your best to refrain from telling them about Alex,” Irina instructed.

“I’ll be sure to keep that confidential.” Snarr nodded with a serious expression.

Irina nodded before continuing, “News of Schubert’s death will most likely have already spread to Rodu, so you’ll definitely be on their blacklist. Hence, before everything dies down, you have to make sure to never go to the Roth Empire again. Also, constantly be on your guard; there are most likely members of our own elven race who want to bring you down as well.”

“No problem, my specialty lies in lurking in the shadows.” Snarr nodded with a confident expression. He then hesitated momentarily before asking, “Your Highness, did you kill Schubert just to avenge Master Alex and the young mistress, or was your intention to abolish slavery and the family system in the elven laws?”

“Your Highness, the family system is already deeply rooted in the elven race. If you want to abolish it, you’ll be making enemies out of all of the major families...” Firis turned to Irina with a concerned expression upon hearing that.

“That’s right, I’m trying to abolish the family system so our elven brethren can have true freedom.” Irina nodded with a grave expression as she said, “So what if it’s a deeply rooted system? I’ll just have the uproot the entire thing. Freedom is the soul of us elves, and what Helena is doing is crushing that soul. Having all of the major families turn on me isn’t a scary prospect, as all of the other elves will side with me. What I need now is time, and a year of detention is just enough.”

Firis and Snarr’s eyes both lit up.

“Alright, you two can go for now. I’ll give you the letter tomorrow.” A hint of exhaustion flashed through Irina’s eyes.

Snarr and Firis both nodded before leaving the cave.

Irina sat down beneath the tree and looked up. The branches of the tree of life parted, allowing the moonlight to shine down on her through the opening of the cave.

“Alex, my daughter, where are you? When will I be able to see you again?” Irina murmured to herself.

“Do you want to eat the moon, Little Amy?” Mag asked with a smile.

“I do! The moon is so round and white; it looks delicious.” Amy looked up at the moon with yearning in her eyes.

A smile crept onto Mag’s face upon seeing that. This little foodie wanted to eat everything that she saw.

However, he had had the exact same thought when he was a child, so he really looked forward to the moon festival every year as it was an occasion where he could dine on delicious mooncakes.

At the time, he’d been naive enough to believe that mooncakes were actual moons plucked from the sky, which was why they were so delicious. As such, he’d cherished each and every piece of mooncake he ate.

“The moon isn’t easy to pluck from the sky, but if you want to eat it, I can try to make it into mooncake for you.” Mag looked at Amy with a smile.

“Using the moon to make mooncake? That sounds delicious! I want to eat mooncake! When will I be able to eat mooncake?” Amy’s eyes little up as she clapped her little hands together with elation. Ugly Duckling’s body was contorted into a strange shape as a result, but it was also looking up at Mag with yearning in its eyes.

Mag shook his head as he replied, “It’ll have to be in three more days. The moon isn’t in its roundest for yet, so it’s not ripe to be picked. The best time to pick it will be when it’s as round as a plate. We can then make it into a mooncake and share it with friends; that’s when it’ll be most delicious.”

“Oh, I see. It must be super delicious.” Amy nodded with a thoughtful expression. She then turned to Mag with a curious look, and asked, “Father, why do you know how to make mooncake?”

“In my hometown, we held a festival called the moon festival every year. On that occasion, relatives and families would gather together to eat mooncakes. It’s a festival of reunion.” Mag smiled as he provided an explanation. Even though he had already accepted this world, he still missed his parents with the moon festival on the horizon. He thought back to his childhood where he had sat in his mother’s lap while eating mooncake under an osmanthus tree, and a hint of nostalgia washed over him.

“Reunion?” A hint of hope appeared in Amy’s eyes as she looked up at Mag, and asked, “Father, will Mother be coming to reunite with us?”

## Chapter 505 Mother, You’re So Beautiful...

Under the starry night sky, Amy held Ugly Duckling in her arms as she looked up with a hint of nervous yearning in her eyes.

Mag felt as if a sharp knife had been driven into his heart at the sight of the yearning in Amy's eyes. He had thought that he had already done a good job as a parent, but Amy still yearned for her mother. It was just like when she was sleeptalking last time; the desire for maternal love was not something that she could hide.

Mag didn't know what Amy's concept of her mother was like, as he had been avoiding the topic this entire time. He didn't want Amy to realize that their family was incomplete, as that would only bring her sadness and misery.

However, it appeared that his efforts were in vain. She had already made that realization for herself, and only refrained from mentioning it as she could sense that Mag was reluctant to touch the topic.

Her thoughtfulness made Mag's heart throb with pain and self-criticism. Even though it wasn't his fault that she was missing her mother, a good father shouldn't be dancing around the topic.

"Your mother is living on the moon, but Father isn't able to get her down from there to reunite with us quite yet. Someday, I'll be able to build a long ladder that extends all the way up to the moon with my food. We'll be able to get her down to reunite with us." Mag looked into Amy's eyes with a serious expression.

"Really? Mother lives on the moon?" Amy's eyes lit up as she looked up at the bright moon in the sky. However, she then pouted with a concerned expression as she said, "But the moon is so far away and it looks so cold there. Mother must be very lonely there, right? She must be so cold and hungry too."

"Don't worry, your mother is super powerful. She's looking down at us from above, so she won't feel lonely. She'll wait until we can go and save her." Mag held Amy gently in his arms as he whispered, "You'll be able to see your mother very soon."

I'll make sure of that, Mag added in his heart. Rising up two tiers in a month was already good progress, but it appeared that he had to speed up a bit more.

"I believe in you, Father. You're so awesome, Mother must be super awesome as well." Amy nodded with a smile on her little face. She turned to Mag with an expectant look, and asked, "But Father, what does Mother look like? I'm really curious."

"Your mother is the most beautiful woman in this world. She has long silver hair and blue eyes like yours; she's very kind and is a great singer and dancer." Mag actually didn't have any recollection of Irina, either, so he could only deduce her physical traits from Amy's appearance.

"The most beautiful woman in the world?" Amy's eyes were shimmering with joy as she wound her arms around Mag's neck and giggled as she said, "Father is so impressive to be able to marry a woman as beautiful as Mother."

"Who do you think the most handsome man in the world is?" Mag asked with a smile.

"It's Father, of course!" Amy immediately replied.

An elated smile appeared on Mag's face. Amy sure was honest.

"Father, you said it's going to be moon festival in a few days; we have to eat mooncakes and share them with our friends. Are we inviting friends over like last time?" Amy asked.

“This time, it’s going to be a little different. We might be sharing the mooncakes with all of our customers to celebrate the moon festival.” Mag shook his head with a smile before adding, “I’m not sure about the specific details yet, though. I haven’t made the mooncakes yet.”

Mag still had to discuss with the system about making mooncakes. There was a chance that the system wouldn’t provide the required recipe and tools, so he didn’t want to make any promises.

“I see. It would be great to have so many to share our mooncakes with. Mother would be really happy to see us eating mooncakes from above, right?” Amy turned to look at Mag.

“I think she will be.” Mag nodded with a smile. He was suddenly rather curious about what the elven princess was currently thinking and whether she missed Amy as well.

“Good night, Mother.” After playing on the balcony for a little, Mag carried Amy downstairs to tuck her into bed. Before entering the room, Amy waved up at the moon in the sky before laying her head against Mag’s chest with a sweet smile on her little face.

She’s so easy to satisfy. Even though he had lied to her, he was definitely going to fulfill that promise. No matter how difficult the task was going to be, he would definitely reunite Amy with her mother and give them a safe and happy life.

He had only just made it to the second floor, but both Amy and Ugly Duckling were already asleep. Amy wore a sweet smile on her face as if she were having a good dream. Mag gently took her shoes off and tucked her in along with Ugly Duckling.

Amy cuddled Ugly Duckling in her arms, and laid her chin on its head. A smile of contentment widened on her face as she murmured, “Mother, you’re so beautiful...”

What an adorable little girl. A smile appeared Mag’s face as he planted a kiss on Amy’s forehead. He then strode over to the bathroom with his pajamas held in his hand as he checked the reward he had received for the restaurant’s upgrade the day prior.

Beers and kebabs were one of Mag’s favorite food combinations. On a summer night, a big glass of icy beer coupled with an unlimited supply of kebabs was a heavenly duo.

He opened the beer-brewing experience bag, and a burst of information appeared in his mind.

“It’s that easy?” Mag was expecting a set of complex instructions, but the so-called beer-brewing method was even easier than making ice cream. A fully automatic beer-brewing machine was the answer to all of his problems. All Mag had to do was to put the ingredients into the machine in a set ratio, then press the “start” button, and wait.

“Due to the space constraints of your kitchen and the fact that beer-brewing has very little correlation with cooking skills, the system has invented a highly efficient beer-brewing machine. Don’t mistake this machine for the average beer-brewing machine; in order to minimize its size and maximize its efficiency, the system has incorporated several types of cutting-edge technology into the machine’s design. Not only can food safety be ensured, the variation of the amount of bubbles in the beer is restricted to a range of 0.1%.” The system’s voice was quite smug as it gave that description.

Chapter 506 The Cutting Edge Beer-Brewing Machine

“That sounds good, but isn’t it a little overkill just for a beer-brewing machine?” Mag raised an eyebrow with a skeptical expression.

“Please do not doubt the system’s decision-making skills!” The system’s serious voice sounded.

“Alright, alright.” Mag rolled his eyes before asking, “If beer-brewing is so simple, then would I still have to practice it in the test field for the God of Cookery?”

“The beer-brewing method is quite simple, but the proportions of the ingredients used must be regulated by you. There are also certain storage methods to use after the beer has been brewed, so you’ll have to work hard to create the most perfect beer. As such, it should still be practiced in the test field for the God of Cookery,” the system replied.

Mag contemplated momentarily before arriving at a decision. “Brewing beer in the kitchen would just be a waste of space. Your beer-brewing machine may not be as big as a full-sized industrial one, but it’s still about as big as a fridge. Why don’t we put it in that spare room on the third floor? That will be wine cellar from now on.”

“Alright. Would you like to enter the test field for the God of Cookery now?” the system asked.

“Let me have a look at the beef kebab experience bag first so I can decide whether I want to work on both of them at once tonight,” Mag replied as he opened the other shiny golden experience bag in his mind.

Experience and techniques related to cooking beef kebabs flooded into his mind, creating a stark contrast with the simple beer-brewing method, and catching Mag completely off guard with the massive influx of information. Only after about two minutes did he manage to return to his senses.

“Wow, I didn’t think a beef kebab recipe would be so complex. I feel like this is the biggest challenge I’ve ever faced.” Mag shook his dizzy head with a surprised expression.

The kebab appeared to be a simple food item to produce, but everything involved in marinating the beef, skewering the meat, moderating the flames and heat, the timing when applying condiments... all of those factors required extremely precise and stringent control.

Extreme proficiency in roasting meat was required of a chef if they wanted to cook a perfect kebab. They had to perfect every single step in the process, and it was clearly a level of skill that an average streetside vendor could never hope to reach.

“I’ll start with beer-brewing today, then use the remaining time to consolidate my newfound strength. I’ll focus on optimizing the training in my sword forms and learn to cook kebabs tomorrow. Mag made up his mind after a brief period of contemplation.

Cooking kebabs was a whole new test for him. Very little of the cooking experience that he had accrued thus far was applicable here, and he didn’t know how much time and effort he would need to expend to master this new dish. In his past life, he had had kebabs countless times, so he had surely given a lot of criticisms toward the dish. He feared to imagine what kind of insane demands he had stated when it came to his image of the ideal kebab. If he were to be trapped in the test field for the God of Cookery for an entire night just to work on making kebabs, it would be quite a waste.

After taking a quick shower, Mag put on his pajamas before tucking the corners of Amy's blanket more firmly around her. A smile appeared on his face as he looked at her adorable sleeping face, and he retired to his own bed. He closed his eyes before entering the test field for the God of Cookery with his consciousness.

A white light flashed, and he arrived in a small room. This time, the venue was not a kitchen. Instead, it was that spare room on the third floor. To the left, a silver metallic contraption that was taller than a grown man was positioned against the wall. All types of metal tubes and funnels were attached to the contraption, giving it a very high-end, cutting-edge feel.

Beside the beer-brewing machine, there were a few wooden barrels containing malt, hops, and yeast. Beside those barrels were a few more wooden barrels, but those were empty, and were most likely designated for the beer that was to be produced.

Using such cutting-edge technology to produce a beer-brewing machine is a horrendous waste. Mag strode over and began to inspect the high-tech beer-brewing machine. As a man who was well-versed in mechanics, he had a lot of insight to offer on this subject. Furthermore, he had visited Germany's Erdinger Brewery in his past life, so he also had some knowledge about beer-brewing.

"System, can this machine produce beer that's as good as Erdinger Brewery's?" Mag asked internally. The Erdinger Brewery was the frontrunner when it came to beer-brewing in Germany, with a status that was akin to that of Tsingtao Beer in China. It wasn't an extremely high-end brand, but they produced a few beers that Mag thoroughly enjoyed.

He wasn't a fan of premium beer like Budweiser and Carlsberg. Instead, he preferred draft beer like Snow Beer and Tsingtao Beer. Those types of beer with a few ice cubes were Mag's image of the ideal summer beverage.

"Please do not compare beer produced by the system to other inferior products. The cutting-edge technology utilized in creating this machine ensures perfection in every single facet. Furthermore, aside from that, the system has also carefully sourced ingredients from all over the Norland Continent.

"The barley planted in the Northwestern plains of the Twilight Forest receive over 16 hours of sun exposure per day, allowing the crops to accumulate incomparable sugar content. Only the best of those crops were chosen for cross-breeding to produce the perfect barley.

"The hops were planted in the Merlo River region, and went through several generations of selective breeding to create the ideal crop. The hops have a really outstanding aroma, and produce an abundance of bubbles; they can truly be referred to as a supreme breed of hops.

"The yeast was produced after combining many types of different yeasts. Countless experiments were conducted to create the perfect combination, allowing it to drastically shorten the brewing period and also give the beer a superior taste."

The system's voice was very smug as it launched into a detailed introduction, and it sounded as if it were begging Mag to praise it. "That's alright." Mag nodded in response.

"That's all you have to say?" The system was in disbelief.

It was unwilling to accept such a blasé answer, and continued, “Such a superb beer-brewing machine, such high-end beer-brewing ingredients, so much hard work and dedication...”

“That really is quite alright.” Mag nodded earnestly.

“Would it kill you to pay the system a compliment?! So much time and effort were expended to produce the perfect beer, and all of you have to say is... ‘that’s alright’?!” the system roared with indignation.

“Then... Woah, not bad.” Mag nodded with a smile.

“Not bad? Not bad my a\*s!” The system’s enraged voice sounded as an angry emoji floated through Mag’s mind.

Mag did his best to suppress his laughter. As expected, irking the system was always a pleasant experience. It was quickly becoming his favorite pastime.

“System, you’re going to charge for those ingredients, right?” Mag asked.

“Of course!” the system snapped in reply. It was clearly still very angry at Mag’s reaction, or lack thereof.

“If you’re selling it to me, then don’t expect compliments. You’re getting paid for your efforts, so your products should always be the best.” Mag pursed his lips in response.

Chapter 507 Ingredients Vendor?

After having some fun messing with the system, the smile on Mag’s face receded, and was replaced by a serious expression. He began to measure out ingredients according to the instructions stipulated in the beer-brewing experience bag in his mind, and then placed the ingredients in their respective slots on the machine in proper order.

During his brief cooking career thus far, the most notable change that Mag had undergone was that he was now able to concentrate on something a lot more easily. Regardless of what time it was, as soon as he began cooking, he would be able to quickly get himself into the zone. That was a trait that all top chefs had to possess.

After confirming that all of the required ingredients had been added, Mag pressed a button on the machine. The machine worked practically soundlessly through recycling steam. Only a small flashing red light on the machine indicated that the brewing process had begun. Otherwise, one could be forgiven for thinking that the machine wasn’t working at all.

As expected, technology is the key to changing this world. In other words... this world is being transformed by the system. Mag heaved an internal sigh of emotion. The system’s technological advancement outstripped that of present-day Earth by several decades, and this gap was relentlessly increasing

After absorbing all of the technology on Earth, the system was able to make its own improvements in order to enhance that foundation. That showed an incredible potential.

“I feel like someone is praising the system?” The system’s voice sounded.

“It’s just your imagination,” Mag gave a calm reply.

The waiting time for brewing was infinitely compressed in the test field for the God of Cookery. Soon, the flashing red light turned green, and a notification sound was heard from the machine. Mag placed one of the large empty wooden barrels beneath an opening before unlocking the valve.

Clear and translucent beer passed through the transparent metallic tube, flowing directly into the empty barrel. The rich yet refreshing aroma of beer immediately wafted throughout the entire room, giving one a sense of entrancement.

The aroma is quite special; it’s a little like pure draft Snow Beer, but a little richer, and is also intermingled with hints of German beer undertones. Just the aroma alone makes me want to drink a glass; this really is superb beer. Mag’s eyes lit up with praise.

He had sampled all types of beer from cheap supermarket beer to prized premium beers. However, it was the first time that he had encountered a beer capable of drawing him in with its aroma alone. The intricate beer-brewing process clearly played a role in this, but the key here was clearly the superb ingredients that the system had harvested.

As expected, the system never disappointed.

“System, this beer has reached the required standard.” Mag was very confident.

“Ding! This beer is not up to the required standard. The proportions of the ingredients used were minutely inaccurate more precision is required. At the same time, you must prevent the moisture and bacteria in the air from intermingling with the beer during the packing process. Otherwise, the quality of the beer will be compromised,” the system replied.

“I see.” Mag furrowed his brows, but didn’t argue with the system. He was already used to being rejected, and besides, it wasn’t a bad thing that there was room for improvement.

After discarding the first batch of beer, Mag took even more care in measuring out the ingredients. He ensured that every single grain of barley was placed into the machine before beginning the brewing process again.

This cycle repeated over and over again, with the system picking out one minute issue after another, forcing Mag to make further adjustments.

Mag was thoroughly enjoying the process of improving himself through relentless trial and error. In any case, the time on the wall indicated that not even a day had passed in the test field. In comparison to the dishes he had honed in the past, this was a far simpler process, and he only had to exercise more care and precision.

Mag poured out a large glass of translucent golden beer from the machine. He looked at beer and froth in the glass, which were at a 2:1 ratio, and asked, “How about this batch, system?”

“Ding! According to your requirements in your past life:

“1. The color must be golden and clear with no impurities, and the aroma must be rich yet not overwhelming — achieved.

“2. There must be an abundance of resilient pristine white froth taking up a third of the glass, and it can remain intact for more than five minutes — achieved.

“3. The beer must be refreshing and smooth, but not lacking in body. It must have a strong flavor, but leave no lasting aftertaste. The flavor must be slightly bitter but very energetic, leaving the drinker wanting more — achieved.

“All three of those requirements have been achieved, so this beer lives up to the standards that you stipulated in your past life. Its quality outstrips that of all beers on Earth!”

The system was very seemingly very proud.

“I brewed the beer, what are you sounding so smug for?” Mag took a whiff of the fragrant glass of beer with a smile on his face.

“The system planted and harvested the ingredients, and created the beer-brewing machine. You’re just a manual laborer, so why shouldn’t I feel proud?” the system retorted.

“This is the first time I’ve seen such an arrogant farmer.” Mag pursed his lips.

“Do not insult the system by using the title ‘farmer’!” The system was quite vexed.

“Alright, ingredients vendor.” Mag nodded.

“Hmm, that’s a better term,” the system replied.

“It’s just a fancy way of saying ‘farmer’.” Mag raised an eyebrow.

“No! The term farmer gives one the impression of a hillbilly toiling away in a field all day, while the title ‘ingredients vendor’ is a lot more high-class. That’s a title that corresponds with the system’s air of dignity and professionalism,” the system corrected sternly.

“But I feel like calling you farmer is less of a mouthful...” Mag murmured in reply. Before the system could say anything, he continued, “Alright, I’m going to practice my sword forms now. System, I want to rent this space.”

The system grumbled something unintelligibly before asking, “Would you like to drink this glass of beer?”

“No. Alcohol will impair my cognitive functions. If I ended up getting drunk and cutting myself, that would be a disaster,” Mag refused.

White light flashed and the small room instantly transformed into a cavernous space with a longsword plunged into the ground.

Mag strode forward and pulled the longsword out from the ground. He calmed himself down before abruptly thrusting his sword forward and performing a set of sword forms. His motions were fast and powerful, and his sword glided soundlessly through the air, but it somehow gave off a peerlessly sharp feel.

Time flew past, and Mag was completely absorbed in performing his sword forms. After purchasing his latest strength point, he had unlocked two more of the Thirteen Swordplay Forms. At the same time, his speed, power, and explosiveness had also experienced marked enhancements.

“The constitution of a 1st-tier knight, the swordsmanship of a 4th-tier knight, and the mind of a 10th-tier knight... What a strange combination.” Mag chuckled as he paused to rest momentarily.

In the dark night, there was a figure fully clothed in black standing in a small courtyard. He turned to Seuss, and whispered, “Master, are we going to leave Chaos City now?”

There were a few other figures clad in black in the courtyard, and they were also looking at Seuss.

Chapter 508 There’s No Way He Would Become a Chef

“We haven’t received any orders yet, but the news from the Demon Islands is quite urgent. If Alex really is still alive and he discovers that we’re looking for him, it’s very likely that he’ll disappear again.” Seuss’ voice was rather grim.

The black-robed figure hesitated momentarily before asking, “But Master, our higher-ups say that Alex could still be in Chaos City. Are we just going to give up?”

“We’ve been searching Chaos City for about half a month now, and we’ve been to every possible place, but there’s clearly no disabled person with a half-elf little girl here. Alex was extremely severely crippled three years ago, so it won’t be easy for him to hide his disability. We’ve planted so many spies in Chaos City, but none of them were able to find any leads. That indicates that he’s most likely not here.” Seuss shook his head in response. He turned to the black-robed figure with his dead fish eyes, and said coldly, “I fought him once and I know what kind of man he is. Even as a cripple, he definitely won’t discard his honor as a knight, so there’s no need to waste time on red herrings. I know you have your suspicions about the owner of that Mamy Restaurant, but I can tell you now that there’s no way that Alex would become a chef. Besides, he had been reduced to a quadriplegic; not even a 10th-tier magic caster could help him recover. We need to find him as soon as possible, and we can’t afford to be led on a wild goose chase by someone that’s clearly not him.”

“Yes.” The black-robed figure’s expression changed upon hearing that, and he lowered his head in submission.

“Take a group of people and keep searching Chaos City. Everyone else, come with me to the Demon Islands.” Seuss scanned his eyes across everyone present, and his harrowing gaze sent shivers running down everyone’s spines.

“What a beautiful morning.” The next morning, Mag got up when the sun was just beginning to rise. He crept carefully over to Amy’s little bed, and a smile appeared on his face at the sight of her sleeping countenance. After that, he brushed his teeth, got changed, and went downstairs.

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After the enhancements from system, Mag’s physical constitution had reached the standard of a 1st-tier knight. It wasn’t very high, but it was far superior to a normal person’s. His body was roughly comparable to that of a professional boxer, and he felt full of power and energy.

To be able to recover to this extent from my quadriplegic state... the system is quite reliable, after all. Mag did some stretches, and was very pleased with his newly gained strength. In the past, his biggest concern was that he would have to live as a cripple for the rest of his life. However, those doubts had been completely erased.

“System, can you give me a recipe for mooncakes?” Mag asked internally. At the same time, he pushed open the door to the small room on the third floor. Within the room, the beer-brewing machine, beer-brewing ingredients, and barrels were all still situated in the same positions as the night prior.

“No.” The system’s reply was very fast and decisive.

“I’ll pay for it.” Mag was unwilling to give up.

“The answer is still no. Please do not use money to insult the system; the system has a bottom line to uphold!” the system replied sternly.

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Mag raised his eyebrows upon hearing that. It was true that the system had never made any concessions when it came to handing out recipes. That was most likely related to its so-called three major rules.

“System, why haven’t you been issuing any missions recently? Hurry up and give me a mission! Each and every day without a mission is torturous for me! Also, the prize doesn’t need to be anything special; a mooncake recipe will suffice,” Mag requested.

“The system doesn’t have any missions to issue at the moment,” the system refused.

“Then just make up one on the spot. Don’t you have prerequisites to trigger missions? Tell me what those triggers are,” Mag persisted.

“Please don’t force the system to issue missions. That would be a major breach of the rules, and would place the system in a very difficult position.” The system remained very firm in its stance.

“How much money will it cost for you to issue a mission? 100 gold coins? 1,000 gold coins? 10,000 gold coins?” Mag asked.

“Er... Well, if it’s 10,000 gold coins, the system...” The system was finally beginning to waver.

“I refuse! 10,000 gold coins? What a rip-off!” Mag rolled his eyes.

“...” The system responded with an ellipsis.

Looks like we’ll have to discuss this another time. The moon will be at its fullest in three days; I have to make some mooncakes for that occasion. Otherwise, the moon festival celebrations will be ruined, Mag thought to himself.

The brewing time required is one day. Even though it’s not as fast as it was in the test field for the God of Cookery, it’s already a drastic improvement compared to normal beer-brewing technology. After loading the ingredients into the machine, all Mag had to do was to press a button, and the beer would be ready after 24 hours. He had to load the beer into the barrels at the first possible opportunity in

order to prevent the infiltration of moisture and bacteria. The machine was extremely efficient, able to yield three barrels of beer per batch.

After closing the door to the small room, Mag went downstairs and began to prepare the required ingredients for the breakfast service. When it was almost time to open for business, he went upstairs to rouse Amy.

Mag had only just made his way over to Amy's little bed when she opened her eyes. She turned to Mag with elation, and said, "Father, I dreamed of Mother last night. She was sitting under a huge glowing tree, and she was so beautiful and kind. She held me in her arms and sang for me."

"Really? Did she say anything to our Little Amy?" Mag patted Amy's head with a smile. It seemed that she had been awake for a while, and was intentionally waiting for him to come upstairs for her.

"She did. She said that she really wanted to eat mooncakes. She's living on the moon and she wants to eat the moon as well. Father, can we make mooncakes and eat them in Mother's stead?" Amy asked earnestly.

"Of course. I'll have them ready soon." Mag's heart throbbed as he looked at Amy's earnest expression. He gently caressed her hair as he said, "Alright, let's have some breakfast; you've got morning classes today."

"Alright." Amy happily wrapped her arms around Mag's neck and planted a kiss on his cheek.

After breakfast, Mag escorted Amy to school. When he arrived back at the restaurant, Yabemiya and Sally were already waiting for him at its entrance. Sally appeared to be quite troubled by something, and looked to have suffered a sleepless night.

Mag looked at Sally and hesitated momentarily, but decided not to say anything in the end. He didn't know what had happened between Sally and Blour the night prior, and it wasn't a subject that he should pry into. After all, everyone had their secrets.

Yabemiya was clearly also quite worried about Sally, but she, too, suppressed the urge to ask her anything.

After a busy breakfast service, Mag closed the restaurant doors and heaved a sigh of relief.

Sally and Yabemiya quickly cleaned up the restaurant, thereby capping off a morning's work.

Sally looked at Mag and hesitated for a long while before asking, "Er... Boss, can I ask you a question?"

"Sure, go ahead." Mag turned to Sally with a warm expression and nodded.

Chapter 509 When You Feel Like You're Ugly, Poor, and Have No Redeeming Traits...

Sally hesitated momentarily before asking, "What do you think is true freedom?"

Mag contemplated her question for a short while before replying, "I think freedom is the right to choose. Everyone has different opinions and perspectives, but for me, I think I have freedom as long as I have the right of choice."

“The right to choose?” A contemplative expression appeared on Sally’s face. She thought of the elven servants being forced into manual labor in the major families. When they were forcibly distributed into or even captured by major families, they had no choice. When the nobles commanded the work, they had no choice. They didn’t even have a choice to stay or leave.

That means they’re not free. Sally’s heart immediately sank after arriving at that conclusion. In reality, she had already reached that verdict the night prior, and she simply didn’t want to admit it to herself.

Sally fell silent momentarily, and then asked, “What’s more important between safety and freedom?”

Mag thought about this question carefully before replying, “I feel like that question should be answered individually. Everyone will have a different answer; some are willing to give up freedom to a certain extent in exchange for safety, while others would rather live in constant peril than have their freedom restricted. In the face of such a decision, perhaps only those who can choose one or the other are truly free.”

Indeed, there were always some people who would rather die free than live in shackles.

Sally nodded with a thoughtful expression and fell silent again. She looked down at the wooden grains on the surface of the table before her and fell into deep thought. Mag withdrew his gaze from Sally and didn’t say anything further. The topic of freedom was a very arbitrary one, and everyone would have a different answer depending on their personality and experiences. The question of true freedom was akin to the conundrum of the chicken and the egg.

Safety, responsibility, duty, moral compass... Those factors would often clash with one’s pursuit for freedom. There were no beings that were truly completely free in this world. The ideal state to be in was to find a balance where one could live in comfort yet still feel free and unbridled.

Mag wasn’t going to try and convince Sally of anything, as he didn’t know anything about the situation that she was in. Furthermore, he was quite surprised that this conundrum would arise as her main concern following her meeting with Blour.

Yabemiya was slightly concerned as she looked at Sally. However, she didn’t think that she could contribute a better answer than Mag had, so she could only remain silent.

Sally had been thinking about something for an entire morning, while Yabemiya was being instructed by Mag in the art of ice cream making.

Yabemiya didn’t exactly have extraordinary cooking aptitude. However, her earnest attitude and tenacity were very pleasing to Mag.

All of the failed batches of ice cream were stored in the fridge by Mag. After all, the cost per unit of ice cream produced was several dozens of copper coins, and it would be a waste to throw them out. However, he was concerned that eating them all at once would result in digestive problems, so he could only store them in the fridge. In any case, he had already thought of a way to put them to good use.

“Boss, what about this one?” Yabemiya carefully cradled the ice cream cone in her hands as if she were holding a priceless treasure. She looked at Mag with an expectant expression as she offered up the ice cream cone for his examination. The two balls of ice cream were perfectly stacked on top of one another without being even the slightest bit off-center. It was a picture of perfection.

“No, the top ball is still a tiny bit off. In that case, the direction that ice cream flows in as it melts will be uneven.” Mag shook his head in response.

“Oh, I see.” Yabemiya’s face immediately fell upon hearing that. In her eyes, there wasn’t any sign suggesting that the balls of ice cream were off-center. She glanced at the dozen or so failed ice cream batches in the fridge, and heaved a dejected sigh as she asked, “Boss, I’m really stupid, right? I’ve wasted so much ice cream, but I still can’t do it.”

“If a talented girl like you is considered stupid, then what would I be? It took me over 100 tries to reach your current level.” Mag smiled in response.

“Really?” A hint of hope intermingled with disbelief lit up in Yabemiya’s eyes.

“That’s right. You’ve already done very well. It’s just that Mamy Restaurant serves only the best food to our customers, so you can settle for nothing but the best. That is a rule of our restaurant, and also the most basic requirement.” Mag nodded with a smile. He felt like he was very much like the system when he was being stern; the only difference was that the system would never offer kind words of consolation no matter how many times he failed.

“I understand.” Yabemiya nodded earnestly with a reverent look in her eyes as she looked at Mag. Only perfect dishes could be served to their customers; that was an attitude and motto that was worthy of respect.

“Would you like to unlock encouragement services? The system has a bank of over 50,000 consolatory and uplifting phrases to comfort you following your failures. You only need to spend one copper coin per phrase. If you activate this service now, you’ll be eligible for a massive deal where the first 500 phrases will be free!” The system’s voice sounded along with cheery background music.

“Are you serious?” Mag raised an eyebrow upon hearing that. He didn’t think that the system was this desperate for money. “Ding! Congratulations, you have been awarded an encouragement services free trial. This free trial comes with 10 free phrases; would you like to hear them now?” the system asked.

“Alright.” Mag was a little skeptical, but he decided that it couldn’t hurt.

“Always do your best.

“Even though it might be trash. “Failure is not disgraceful. “What is disgraceful is that you’re still naive enough to believe that.

“When you feel like you’re ugly, poor, and have no redeeming traits.

“Don’t wallow in despair; at least you have sound judgment.”

...

“Piss off!!!” Mag rolled his eyes internally. These weren’t encouragement service; the system was trying to drive him to depression!

Mag picked up a wafer cone and made a mocha ice cream. The two balls of ice cream were stacked perfectly on top of one another with their centers forming a perfectly straight line with the tip of cone. It was like a work of art.

“Give that to Aisha. We’ll end our practice here for today and continue tomorrow. Have some dessert; it’ll put you in a good mood.” Mag handed the mocha ice cream to Yabemiya with a smile.

#### Chapter 510 Wandering Elves

The high rankings secured in the Aden Square food competition brought a lot of new customers to Mamy Restaurant. The unanimous praise given to the restaurant by the existing customer base further contributed to this trend. Thus, the small restaurant situated in the westernmost corner of the Aden Square had become quite renowned.

Due to the excessive number of customers visiting the restaurant every day, many customers chose to order their food on a takeaway basis in order to vacate their seats as soon as possible. Some could resist the urge to eat the food until they got home, but the majority of them lacked that willpower, and began feasting as soon as they made it out the door.

“Grandpa, what’s that in her hand? It looks really delicious.”

On a long street in the Aden Square, a little elf pointed at the ice cream cone in a little girl’s hand with a curious expression. Her large eyes were wide with intrigue, and she couldn’t help but salivate at the sight of the joyful expression the little girl wore as she licked her ice cream.

The little elf appeared to be around five or six years old, and she was wearing a slightly worn pink dress. Her long golden hair was tied into a long braid behind her, and her pointy little ears wiggled with curiosity.

Beside her stood an elderly elf in a set of old gray robes. His face was heavily wrinkled and coarse, and his hair and beard were all snowy white. However, he wore a dotting expression on his face as he looked down at the elven girl, and asked, “Anna, do you want to try it?”

Anna immediately nodded in response before looking up at the old elf with an expectant gaze. “Can I, Grandpa?”

“Of course you can; we just need to find out which restaurant is selling this food item.” Joshua nodded with a smile.

“Then... Then I can ask her where she bought it.” Anna’s eyes lit up as a solution occurred to her.

“There’s no need for that. Look, all of those people are coming from that direction. I’m sure we’ll be able to find the restaurant if we go in that direction.” Joshua pointed to the passersby, many of whom were holding ice cream cones, on the street.

“Yes! Let’s go then, Grandpa!” Anna’s eyes lit up as she dragged Joshua in that direction.

“Slow down.” Joshua gave a resigned smile, but the dotting light remained in his eyes as he looked at Anna.

I haven’t been to Chaos City for over two decades, and a lot has changed. It’s becoming more and more prosperous. Joshua looked around with amazement.

Eight decades ago, his situation was quite similar to that of all the other elves who had left the Wind Forest. He felt like the elven race was developing in a direction that was quite unappealing, and he was

getting sick of living in the place that he'd once loved. He didn't want to create a family to take advantage of the new social system being implemented, so he chose to leave the Wind Forest and wander around the Norland Continent.

During his travels, he often encountered beings from other races that harbored animosity toward him. Danger was unavoidable, but to him, the experience was rather fun. At the very least, he felt alive on the road, and he often encountered interesting people and things, so he was quite happy.

However, over a decade ago, he gradually began to discover that a hidden force had set their sight on him, trying to force him back to the Wind Forest.

Many other wandering elves were also coming to the same realization.

Some of them tried to lure the wandering elves back with promises of lavish rewards, while others simply abducted elves by force. In any case, the movement was picking up more and more steam, and the methods used were becoming more and more drastic.

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Most wandering elves were alone or consisted of small families; how were they supposed to contend with such a powerful force?

I hope that at least Anna can have a happy childhood. If we go back to the Wind Forest, she'll probably never know what it feels like to be free. Joshua held onto Anna's little hand and heaved an internal sigh at the sight of her innocent smile.

"It's here! Grandpa, this is where everyone is coming from!" Anna dragged Joshua in front of a restaurant. She looked at all of the little kids with ice cream cones in their hands, and her eyes lit up with excitement.

"It is, indeed." A smile also appeared on Joshua's face. He was a little surprised to see that a restaurant situated in the corner of the Aden Square could be so popular. He didn't have time to contemplate that notion, though, as Anna was tugging on his arm as she dragged him toward the restaurant.

"What a beautiful restaurant; it's like a palace. The food here smells so good!" After entering the restaurant, the lively and energetic Anna suddenly became very quiet and reserved. She took a step closer to Joshua, and inspected the surroundings with a slightly shy and apprehensive expression. Her gaze lingered on the dishes on the tables, and she felt as if all of them appeared very delicious.

These tables and chairs appear to have been constructed from a centaurea tree from the Wind Forest, and they're all cut out from the same tree. Is the restaurant owner an elf as well? Joshua's gaze was immediately drawn to the furniture in the restaurant, and there was a hint of surprise intermingled with wistfulness in his eyes. A centaurea tree of this size had to be at least 200 years old.

"Welcome. There are two empty seats over there; please take a seat." Yabemiya stepped forward and greeted them with a smile. At the same time, she was a little surprised to see that both of them were elves. It seemed that the restaurant had been getting a lot of elven customers lately.

“Sure.” Joshua nodded as he led Anna toward the table with the two vacant seats. However, his footsteps faltered upon seeing Blour, who was also sitting at the same table, and a hesitant expression appeared on his face.

Anna’s expression also stiffened at the sight of Blour, and she hid behind Joshua as if she were a little afraid of Blour.

They must be wandering elves, right? Why is that little girl so scared of me? Blour had also noticed Joshua and Anna, and he was rather confused about their reactions at seeing him, but he still gave them a warm and friendly smile. The gentle smile coupled with his handsome face made onlookers feel as if a warm spring breeze were blowing through their hearts, and Constantine was momentarily stunned as he sat beside Blour.

He doesn’t look like a bad person. In any case, this is Chaos City, so we should be safe here. Joshua hesitated momentarily as he looked Blour, but still led Anna to that table in the end.

What a handsome big brother. Anna was still hiding behind Joshua, but she couldn’t help but steal furtive glances at Blour.

Are they wandering elves? Sally had also noticed the two of them, and was feeling quite sympathetic at the sight of Anna’s fearful display.