

## Stay At home 601

### Chapter 601 None of You Know Anything About the Food in the Aden Square

Mamy Restaurant's moon festival celebration was a resounding success, and undoubtedly allowed it to gain even more fame.

Going to eat at Mamy Restaurant was slowly becoming a habit for many people.

"Donna, let's go eat at Mamy Restaurant tonight. I feel like my skin has become fairer and softer of late; it's all thanks to Boss Mag's tofu pudding!"

"Really? Let me have a look. Wow, your skin really is so much more supple now! No, I can't wait for tonight, I have to go now! How could you only alert me to such a wonderful thing now? Do you even see me as your friend? My husband has been complaining about my skin lately."

"I thought I'd try it out to see if it worked first before telling you about it. I can now confirm that if you eat this tofu pudding, your skin will immediately recover to what it was like when you were 20, and your man will be begging you for attention."

Two noblewomen held hands together joyfully as they got onto a lavish horse-drawn carriage together.

In a furniture store, a middle-aged man informed his employee, "Isaac, my client and I will be having a meal at Mamy Restaurant tonight."

"Boss, that client prefers quieter settings. Mamy Restaurant doesn't have any booths, and you'll have to line up for seats; is that a good idea?" The employee was a little hesitant.

"I know he likes quiet settings, but I also know that he likes delicious food more than peace and quiet. This order is very important for us. The furniture store across the road has recently released a new range with better designs than ours, so our chance of securing the order as things currently are is not very high. That's why we have to take some risks." The boss shook his head before a smile appeared on his face as he said, "Of course, the risk is minimal when dining at Boss Mag's restaurant. No one can resist the flavor of his dishes, and it makes lining up seem like a trivial matter."

"Alright, I'll organize things right away." The employee nodded before departing.

A young man with short blond hair looked at a bunch of his friends of a similar age, and scratched his head with concern as he asked, "Last time I invited Ms. Gina out for a meal, she didn't appear to be very pleased with the place we went to. She doesn't seem to like roast meat. Do you guys think I have a chance at going on another date with her? Where should I take her to eat so she can fall in love with me?"

The young men all wore lavish clothing, and it was clear that they hailed from noble families. All of them were currently offering Kenneth advice.

"If you ask me, you should just reserve a massive booth at Ducas Restaurant, then take us with you as your wingmen. You'll take her down for sure!"

"No way! Ms. Gina's father is a professor from Chaos School, and she was brought up to be a polite and elegant gentlewoman. If you guys all turn up at once, she'll be too scared to ever go out on a date with

me again! Ducas Restaurant isn't a bad place to consider, though. If I can reserve a roast pig, she'll be sure to enjoy it."

"Ducas Restaurant's waiting list for their roast pig is already two months long. When that time comes, she'll probably have forgotten who you are already. Wasn't there a new restaurant that opened up not too long ago that had a fish dish? I went to taste it, and it was really good. Maybe Ms. Gina will like it."

"Yes! Ms. Gina told me once that fish was her favorite food. Tell me where that restaurant is!" An elated look appeared on Kenneth's face.

A young man with brown curls pursed his lips, and scoffed, "Heh, none of you know anything about the food in the Aden Square, and you know even less about dating."

"Do you have a better suggestion, Harry?" Kenneth turned to the young man with hopeful eyes.

Harry shook his head with a serious expression, and said, "Taking a young woman out on a date to eat fish is a very awkward arrangement. A graceful gentlewoman like her must have exceptional table manners, so what will she do when she encounters a small fishbone? Will she pull it out of her mouth or swallow it? Irrespective of what she does, she definitely won't want to go on a date with you ever again."

"Gasp!" Everyone drew a breath sharply upon hearing that. Kenneth's expression also changed drastically. Just the thought of a scenario like that was very awkward.

"Of course, if you insist on taking her out to eat fish, then you have to pick a fish with no small fish bones at all. In that case, you'll be able to appeal to her taste buds and avoid the aforementioned awkward scenario," Harry continued.

"A fish with no small fishbones? There's no such fish in this world." Kenneth was quite dejected.

Everyone also rolled their eyes in response. They had thought that Harry would be able to provide some useful advice, but listening to him was clearly a waste of time.

"That's why I told you guys you know nothing about the food in the Aden Square. The spicy grilled fish at Mamy Restaurant is cooked using a fish with no small fishbones at all, and it's countless times tastier than the fish served at the restaurant you were talking about. If Ms. Gina agrees to go on a date with you, you'll definitely be able to win her over with that delicious grilled fish," Harry promised with a confident smile.

Thus, the small restaurant in the corner of the Aden Square became immensely popular, and it was only becoming more renowned.

"I'm going to class now, Father!" Amy tucked her little wand into her pocket and waved at Mag before walking out the door. She had lessons with Urien, so there was no need for Mag to accompany her to school.

"Be careful." Mag waved with a smile. He then turned to Sally and Yabemiya, and said, "Aisha, Miya, I plan on hiring two more employees."

"Huh?" Sally and Yabemiya both stopped what they were doing and turned to Mag in unison.

“Is it because I’m not doing a good enough job? If I’m doing something wrong, you can tell me, Boss. I can do better.” Yabemiya looked at Mag with a nervous expression.

Sally was also looking at him with a perplexed expression on her face. More and more customers were coming to the restaurant as of late, but the size of the establishment and Mag’s rate of cooking were strict limiting factors, thereby ensuring that Sally and Yabemiya were able to keep up.

“That’s not the case. I couldn’t have asked for two better employees than the two of you. I’m hiring more employees because I plan to open a new branch, so I need more staff,” Mag explained with a smile. It appeared that they had both misunderstood his intentions.

“Opening a branch?” Yabemiya and Sally were both surprised to hear this.

“Oh, I know! Boss won a restaurant the day before yesterday; are you planning on opening another Mamy Restaurant there?” Yabemiya asked.

### **Chapter 602 System, Time to Recycle The Trash**

“That’s right, but I’m not opening another Mamy Restaurant. I’m opening a specialized ice cream shop instead.” Mag shook his head in response.

“So it’s only going to sell ice cream?” Yabemiya looked at Mag with an uncertain expression.

“Yes, only ice cream.” Mag nodded. He then turned to Yabemiya with a smile, and said, “Also, I plan on making you the manager of the ice cream shop.”

“Th... Th... No, Boss, I... I can’t...” A panicked look appeared on Yabemiya’s face as she hurriedly waved her hands, and even her voice was trembling slightly.

She was already very satisfied with being a waitress. A half-breed like her was once renounced and relegated to the shadows, so she was already extremely happy and content that she could provide genuine service to customers every day.

However, Mag was asking her to become the manager of an ice cream shop. That was too tall an order for her! She couldn’t imagine what kind of stir she would cause if she were to become the first half-dragon restaurant manager in the Aden Square. She had once been someone who wasn’t even allowed to come out from the back room of a restaurant!

“Who said you can’t? I say you can, so you definitely can.” Mag looked into Yabemiya’s eyes with a warm expression, and said, “This is not an order; it’s a job offer. As the owner of Mamy Restaurant, I’m officially extending an offer to you in the hope that you will become the manager of the new ice cream shop. No one else aside from the two of us knows how to operate the ice cream machine, so you are the best and only choice.”

Yabemiya looked at Mag’s genuine expression and calmed down a little. However, she still wore a conflicted look on her face as she said, “I feel like Aisha is more suitable for the job. She’s so smart and beautiful; she’d be able to master the ice cream machine easily. A lot of people will also visit the store because of her, so she’s more suited to become the manager.”

“I can’t even operate the dishwasher, let alone an ice cream machine. If you ask me to make two snowballs, I’d have no issue doing that, but if you ask me to make delicious ice cream, then I definitely

wouldn't do as good a job as you would." Sally looked at Yabemiya with a genuine expression, and said, "Boss is right, Miya. No one else is more suited to becoming the manager of the ice cream shop than you, and customers clearly like you more as well; no one can resist your smile."

Yabemiya looked into Mag's and Sally's warm encouraging eyes, and pursed her lips as she lowered her head. After a brief silence, she said, "But I want to continue working at the restaurant, I want to continue serving our customers..."

Mag looked at the vulnerable and dejected Yabemiya, and a hint of sympathy welled up in his heart. He thought back to their first meeting, when he had found her both amusing and pitiable.

After interacting with her for this recent period of time, his mood was always lifted at the sight of her bubbly smile. Looking at her conflicted display now, he felt as if he had done something wrong.

After all, she was a young woman who was sorely lacking in self-confidence. Even now, her self-esteem was still quite low, and all of that stemmed from her identity as a half-dragon.

Sally looked at Yabemiya and gently patted her shoulder, but didn't continue to try and persuade her.

After contemplating momentarily, Mag said, "If that's the only reason, then I actually have a solution. It's just going to be a lot more tiring for you, Miya."

"I can deal with that!" Yabemiya's eyes immediately lit up.

"The ice cream shop and Mamy Restaurant will be operating intermittently. When the restaurant is open, the ice cream will be closed, and vice versa. That way, you'd be able to keep working at the restaurant, but between the services, you'd have to rush over to the ice cream shop. That means you'll be doing two jobs at once, and it'll be very tiring." Mag presented his solution.

"In that case... Will I still have to be the manager?" Yabemiya was still a little hesitant.

Mag looked into Yabemiya's eyes, and said, "Miya, I've constantly been telling Amy that she's no different from everyone else. Half-elves, humans, elves, all of us are equal; that is how the world should be. You are the closest role model that Amy has. If you can't even overcome your own self-pity, then you won't be able to overcome anything in life."

Yabemiya slowly raised her head again, and her eyes gradually lit up as she looked at Mag. She clenched her fists and nodded firmly as she said, "Alright, I'll excel in all my roles, including that as a manager, and set a good example for Amy."

"I believe in you." A smile appeared on Mag's face even as a twinge of guilt throbbed in his heart. His conscience was scolding him for extorting an employee and overworking her like this, but this was clearly the best arrangement.

A smile also appeared on Sally's face.

"Prepare for the breakfast service. I'll sort out everything to do with the branch." Mag smiled and walked out the door.

"Aisha, will I be able to do it?" Yabemiya turned to Sally with a vulnerable and uncertain expression.

“Of course. Boss has a really good eye for people, and if he says you can, then you definitely can.” Sally nodded firmly.

“Alright, then you have to help me.” A smile appeared on Yabemiya’s face.

“If you’re willing to pay me, I’d be happy to work for you, Manager Miya.” Sally nodded, and both of them burst into laughter.

Following the breakfast service, Mag made a trip to the city lord’s castle. The Aden Square management center had already verified everything surrounding the transference of Ricky’s Rotisserie, and after a few simple procedures, Ricky’s Rotisserie had been transferred under his name.

“Tsk, tsk, gambling really is an evil invention.” Mag looked at Ricky’s Rotisserie, and heaved a faint sigh. In his past life, the closest he had come to gambling was placing a few bets on some sports teams, but that was purely for recreational purposes, and the money he lost was negligible.

The rotisserie had been shut down by the city lord’s castle, and there was a large lock hanging from the door.

Mag pulled out the key that he had received from the city lord’s castle and unlocked the door before walking into the restaurant. Aside from the fact that the tables and chairs were in disarray, no actual damage had been done to the restaurant. However, the kitchen had been completely cleared out, leaving behind absolutely nothing for him.

This was a large restaurant over 200 square meters in area. Mag could imagine how lively and bustling it would have been during its heyday. If that fatso hadn’t lost the restaurant to him in a bet, it would have easily generated enough revenue to feed him for the rest of his life.

Mag sat down in a chair, and said internally, “System, time to recycle the trash.”

### **Chapter 603 Take It Apart and Sell It as Scrap Metal**

“The near-new tables and chairs are with 200 copper coins per set, amounting to a total of 8,000 copper coins; everything else in here is of inferior quality, and amounts to a total of 2,000 copper coins. The system will throw in disposal services free of charge,” the system quickly responded.

“You sure do offer thorough service.” Mag raised an eyebrow.

“Of course! The system takes pride in offering exemplary service,” the system replied firmly.

“Such a large restaurant would have cost a lot to renovate. These tables and chairs are all close to brand-new; surely 200 copper coins per set is too cheap? Do 300 per set instead.” Mag shook his head decisively.

“250 copper coins per set; that’s the most the system is willing to offer. If you think you can find a more suitable buyer, then go right ahead.” The system’s response was also very firm and decisive.

Mag’s brows furrowed slightly upon hearing that. It was clear that the system knew that he had no use for these tables and chairs, and it was taking advantage of that fact to purchase them from him at a low price. With that in mind, he put on a serious expression, and said, “251 copper coins per set and I’ll hand them over on the spot.”

“You’re the owner of Mamy Restaurant and you make hundreds of thousands of copper coins per day, yet you’re bargaining with me over one copper coin? Aren’t you ashamed of yourself?” The system was getting a little angry.

“Well, you’re the God of Cookery Cultivation System, an omnipotent system that stands at the pinnacle of technology. Why are you arguing with me over one copper coin?” Mag responded in kind.

“Deal! Everything in the rotisserie amounts to a total of 12,040 copper coins! Now beginning the recycling process!

“Ding! Recycling complete! 12,040 copper coins have been added to your balance!”

After a brief silence, the system finally succumbed with gritted teeth.

Mag looked around at the rotisserie, noticing that it had been completely cleared out in the blink of an eye. Even a group of bandits wouldn’t be able to do such a thorough job.

“System, this is the site for my new ice cream shop. My requirement is that a 40-square-meter area of this storefront is used for the ice cream shop, while the remaining area remains untouched. You may begin renovating now,” Mag instructed with a smile.

“Didn’t you say 30 square meters before? Why is it suddenly 40 now? In that case, the renovation fees we agreed on will be void!” the system yelled vehemently.

“I originally intended to build a smaller ice cream shop, but seeing as I won’t be using the storefront for anything in the short term, I decided to make the ice cream shop a bit bigger. We can add a few tables in there and customers would be able to sit and enjoy their ice cream. As for the renovation costs, I’m only willing to pay 100,000 copper coins at the very most. It’s just an extra 10 square meters anyway; just add a few floor tiles and a few tables. Why are you so mad?” Mag asked.

“What do you mean just a few floor tiles and a few tables?! An extra 10 square meters means I’ll have to completely scrap my old renovation blueprint. Also, all of the materials used by the system are of premium quality, and the addition of 10 extra square meters results in 25% higher costs! How could you expect me to do that for no extra charge?!” The system was furious.

“Are you going to do it or not? If not, I’ll hire someone else. I think I saw a few dwarven artisans holding signs advertising their services on the way here.” Mag immediately stood up and made his way toward the restaurant’s entrance without any hesitation.

“Alright! I’ll do it!” The system conceded in an enraged voice.

“Ding! The ice cream shop renovation will take around five minutes to complete.

“Ding! 100,000 copper coins have been successfully deducted! Please choose the style you would like!”

Mag looked at the several dozens of design sketches in his mind. After some contemplation, he picked the snow and ice queen theme for the ice cream shop. “I’ll take that one.”

“Ding! The renovation style has been confirmed! Renovations will commence in one minute!”

“Alright, I’ll leave you to it, then. I’m going to go upstairs to have a look.” A smile appeared on Mag’s face. He had countless ways to get what he wanted from the system.

There was a staircase beside the kitchen, and Mag slowly scaled the stairs. He could see that there was a layer of dust gathered over the staircase, indicating that it was not used often.

The door to the second floor was closed, but not locked, so Mag was able to enter. A putrid, rotten smell immediately swept toward him, and he furrowed his brows as he covered his nose with his hand. This was clearly the restaurant’s storage room. The lighting in the room was very dim, with only two small windows allowing some natural light to pass through.

There were a few large freezers in the room, and all were wide open. There was not a single piece of meat left in them. Perhaps Ricky had taken it, or the employees had stolen it as compensation for their imminent unemployment. In any case, that wasn’t important to Mag.

There were a few shards of ice strewn all over the ground. Aside from a few rotten vegetable leaves in the corner, everything else had been taken away.

Mag didn’t really care about all that. Their agreement was that the loser couldn’t take anything from their restaurant, but he wasn’t interested in Ricky’s ingredients anyway.

The area of the second floor was exactly the same as that of the first floor. If larger windows were fitted to allow in more light, he could easily transform the second floor into another restaurant or cafe.

Mag only took a few glances at the room before closing the door. He could hear that the sounds of renovation downstairs were slowly dying down, so he decided to have a look.

The system’s voice sounded just as Mag came down the stairs. “Ding! The ice cream shop has been renovated. Please examine the end result and give a good review if you’re satisfied.”

The ice cream shop had already been cut off from the rest of the storefront, so Mag had to enter through a door. As he pushed the door open, his eyes immediately lit up.

A blue and white ice cream shop with a snow and ice queen theme was revealed to him. There were six-cornered snowflakes falling between two layers of floor-to-ceiling glass, as well as an ice and snow queen wearing a blue and silver dress and a crown on her head standing in the center of the shop. Snowflakes were swirling around her, and it was as if the entire ice cream shop was situated in a palace on a snowy mountain. It was grand yet intricate, and presented a sense of mystique that drew one in.

However, the ice cream shop had most likely been obscured from view by the system. Otherwise, all of the passersby on the street would have been stunned by the fact that an entire ice cream shop had been conjured up in a matter of minutes.

“Hmm, no bad.” Mag nodded with a pleased expression. It was a bargain that he had gotten such a good renovation job for just 100,000 copper coins!

Of course, he wasn’t going to praise the system.

“There are a few freezers upstairs for you. You can disassemble them into scrap metal and sell them, but you have to clean up the storage room. It has to be spotlessly clean and completely rid of that horrible smell.” Mag had a look around the ice cream shop to verify that the two ice cream machines were

present and that premium wood had been used to create the tables and chairs. After making sure of those details, he nodded with a satisfied look and left.

### **Chapter 604 Especially That Shifty Bearded Old Man!**

“This is my 101st try already; surely I’m going to succeed this time.” In a vast and spacious cave, a woman with short pink hair was standing in front of an ancient stone statue spell formation. She was staring nervously at the wand in her hand, and slowly stepped forward before raising her left hand.

“Argh! What kind of idiot decided it would be a good idea to make blood the catalyst for activating this spell formation? There’s no creativity at all, and it’s going to hurt so much!” The young woman looked at her delicate fingertip with a pout on her lips. She looked at the white jade stone pillar at the center of the spell formation, then down at her finger again, and hesitated for a long while before finally stepping forward. She gritted her teeth with a determined look, and said, “The woman of the moon definitely won’t concede defeat!”

She pulled out a thin needle and stabbed it into her trembling fingertip.

“Argh!!!”

An extremely harrowing howl of agony reverberated throughout the cave as a drop of golden blood slowly flowed from her fingertip.

“Let me see just where this spell formation leads to.” The young woman’s features were quite pale and her lips were trembling as she made her way toward the stone pillar.

Mamy Restaurant.

“Father, are you really going to open a new branch? They type that only sells ice cream?” Amy was looking at Mag with excitement and joy on her face as he prepared beef skewers in the kitchen.

“That’s right, and Miya is going to be the manager of the ice cream shop. You’ll be able to see it a day or two; it’s a very beautiful ice cream shop.” Mag nodded with a smile.

“I’m really afraid that I won’t do a good job...” Yabemiya murmured with a hint of concern on her face.

“Wow, Big Sister Miya is so awesome! You’re going to be the manager!” Amy’s eyes lit up as she approached Yabemiya, and whispered in her ear, “Big Sister Miya, you’re the manager; will I be able to come to your shop to eat ice cream in secret? You can’t tell Father.”

“Meow-” Ugly Duckling also made its way over to Yabemiya and looked up at her with an expectant gaze.

“Well...” A conflicted expression appeared on Yabemiya’s face.

“I can hear you, and don’t even think about it. You two are not allowed to sneak off to Miya’s shop to eat ice cream,” Mag warned.



“Alright, then. Looks like I’ll just have to eat it in the restaurant.” Amy stuck out her little tongue and sat down with a resigned expression. Ugly Duckling was also quite dejected as it rubbed its head against Amy’s foot. Amy picked it up and laid it on her lap, where it nestled against her body.

“Alright, that all the kebabs we need; let’s have some food.” Mag placed the three different flavors of kebabs onto three separate plates before carrying them out of the kitchen.

Right at that moment, a blinding burst of golden light suddenly erupted in the center of the restaurant.

“What’s going on?”

A puzzled look appeared on Mag’s face. He could see a series of complex patterns on the ground, which appeared to be a teleportation spell formation.

Sally had already positioned herself in front of Amy as she looked on with a wary expression. She could sense powerful magic waves emanating from the golden light up ahead. If she wasn’t mistaken, someone was using spatial magic here.

Yabemiya stood off to the side, at a loss for what to do as she looked at the golden light.

“What is that?” Amy poked her head out from behind Sally and looked at the golden light with a curious expression.

“Meow-” Ugly Duckling also got up to appraise the golden light with a nervous expression.

The dazzling golden light receded, and a young woman in a pink dress appeared in the restaurant. She looked around at her surroundings before raising her chin in a haughty manner as she said, “You have summoned the regal Princess Babla to this place; you should be welcoming me on your knees!”

The restaurant descended into silence as everyone appraised the young woman who had just appeared.

She appeared to be around 15 or 16 years old, and was less than 1.4 meters tall. Her short pink hair made her fair skin appear even more translucent, and her slightly round face was quite adorable. However, her features were a little sickly pale, and there was a light pink crescent moon insignia on her glabella. Her expression was also quite arrogant, and no one knew how to respond to her.

“Oi! Are you all deaf? Get on your knees right now! How dare you look at me like that?” Babla pointed at Mag with an enraged look on her face, and yelled, “Especially that shifty bearded old man; the princess is not someone for you to lay your eyes on!”

“O-old man?” Mag’s eyes widened upon hearing that. He had been called all types of things in his past life, but never had anyone label him as an old man.

How could she pin such a derogatory label to a man as handsome and dashing as him? This little girl was incorrigible!

“Where did you come from, grandma? Aren’t you tired of putting on a little princess facade at your age? I know everyone is a child at heart and all that, but keep that to yourself. Don’t come to my restaurant then pretend that we summoned you here! What kind of idiot’s summoned beast would look like you?” Mag responded with a fake smile. This face had been modeled after his face from his past life, and he was very pleased with it, so he refused to let anyone insult it.

“You... You... You...” Babla pointed at Mag with a trembling finger, and her face immediately became flushed with rage. She felt as if she were about to explode! No one had ever dared to speak to her like that before. This man had called grandma, and then compared her to a summoned beast!

The nobles of the moon nation never had beards; this was an extremely important rule, so she knew that this man was a lowly slave. For a slave like him to insult her was extremely humiliating.

“I’m going to show you that there’s a price to be paid for insulting me!” Babla glowered at Mag as she raised her right hand, upon which the glass on the counter beside him began to wobble.

“Look out!” Sally wore a grave expression as she drew her wand.

“I don’t know what price I have to pay for insulting you, but if you mess with me, you’ll be relegated to my blacklist and prohibited from entering my restaurant for the rest of your life,” Mag replied calmly.

“You!” A rush of blood flowed into Babla’s head in her fit of rage, and her face paled even further as she fell to the ground, unconscious.

“As expected, taunts can be quite powerful in battle,” Mag remarked.

#### **Chapter 605 I’ll Give You a Chance to Beg Me to Stay**

“Father, how is that big sister, and why did she suddenly appear in our restaurant?” Amy made her way over to the unconscious Babla with a curious expression.

“She doesn’t seem to know why she came here herself, and she referred to herself as a princess; could it be that she really is a princess?” Yabemiya mused.

“I don’t know who she is, but she’s either a mental asylum escapee or the princess of some tiny secluded kingdom that no one knows about. I’m pretty sure the Roth Empire doesn’t have a princess like her.” Mag was also unable to identify this haughty young woman.

“She was most likely teleported here by a spell formation, but I can’t tell if she set this as her destination or if a random destination was decided for her by the spell formation. Also, she’s a powerful spatial magic caster at the 7th-tier at the very least. There’s no princess of her age in the Roth Empire’s royal family, though.” Sally put away her wand and appraised Babla with furrowed brows as she said, “She appears to be really feeble for some reason. That must be why she fell unconscious.”

“What should we do now, Father? Let’s save this poor big sister.” Amy looked up at Mag with a beseeching expression.

Mag was initially planning on tossing her straight out of the restaurant, but a hint of sympathy welled up in his heart after hearing Amy’s request. As such, he turned to Sally, and asked, “Can you wake her up, Aisha?”

“I can try, but I can’t ensure that she won’t harbor animosity toward us when she wakes up.” Sally nodded before pulling out her wand again. She twirled her wand in a circle above Babla’s head, and a light green halo appeared before transforming into a green leaf. The leaf fluttered down onto her glabella, fusing into her pink crescent moon insignia.

This insignia... It's a little similar to Princess Irina's, except the princess' insignia is golden, while hers is pink. Could they be related somehow? A hint of confusion flashed through Sally's eyes, but she didn't say anything.

After the leaf merged into Babla's glabella, a hint of color finally returned to her pale features. Her furrowed brows gradually relaxed, and she let loose a faint moan. Before her eyes had even opened, her nose began to twitch first as she had caught a whiff of the delicious aroma of roast meat wafting through the air.

Is that roast meat? But how could roast meat smell so irresistibly good? Babla was already close to regaining consciousness, and she was immediately hooked to that delectable aroma. Roast meat was her favorite, and was a staple of her daily menu.

She had thought that the roast meat made by the chefs from the palace was already the most delicious in the world, but this aroma was clearly countless times better than the aroma of even the best roast meat she had had in the past.

Repairing the spell formation had taken her half a day, and she was already quite hungry. She could even envision the sensation and flavor of the roast meat melting in her mouth, and she was salivating uncontrollably.

"Roast meat..." Babla gulped as she slowly opened her eyes. The first thing that she saw was the roast beef kebab in Mag's hand, and her eyes instantly lit up as her stomach began to growl. She was like a traveler who had discovered an oasis within a desert.

"This big sister isn't going to faint again from starvation, is she?" Amy looked at Babla with a sympathetic expression.

"I think there's a good chance of that happening." Mag nodded.

"What kind of suffering did she go through before coming here? Even when she's starving, she still has to insist on keeping up her facade as a princess." Yabemiya heaved a faint sigh.

"Everyone has their own circumstances. I can empathize with her." Sally nodded.

"Hah?" Babla's attention had been completely drawn to the roast beef kebab, and only after seeing everyone's sympathetic expressions did she realize that she was embarrassing herself. A blush immediately appeared on her face. They were speaking to her as if she were a homeless little girl! Her heart was filled with rage and humiliation.

However, even when she was unconscious, she could feel the spot of refreshing coolness that had entered through her glabella. Her nausea from teleportation had also been completely soothed, thereby indicating that these people had treated her after she had fallen unconscious. Otherwise, she had no idea how long it would have taken her to wake up, and if she were to miss out on that window of time, she could be unable to go back ever again.

Furthermore, when she looked at the man holding the roast beef kebabs again, he didn't appear to be as ugly as she previously found him to be. His facial hair was a little jarring, but his face was decent, so he was passable overall.

As for the little girl beside him, she was simply far too adorable. For some reason, her ears were pointy rather than curved. The other two girls also looked a little strange, but they were both extremely gorgeous.

“Ahem, I don’t need your sympathy; I’ve only ever felt sorry for others, while others can only admire and revere me.” Babla stood up and raised her chin again as she said, “However, seeing as you saved me, I’ll let bygones be bygones. The opportunity to save me is not available to everyone, so you should cherish it.”

Her expression was still quite haughty, but her eyes were completely drawn to the kebabs in Mag’s hands as she tried her best to repress the urge to gulp.

“Alright then, Princess. If that’s all you’d like to say, then you can leave now. We’re preparing for a meal here.” Mag rolled his eyes at Babla. She was completely incorrigible.

“You should hurry up and get some food, Big Sister Pink. It’ll be bad if you fainted from starvation again.” Amy turned to Babla with a serious expression as she held back Ugly Duckling, who was shaping to pounce. She flicked it lightly on the head, and scolded, “Ugly Duckling, don’t go jumping on every pretty big sister you see! If you keep this up, I’ll throw you out.”

Babla didn’t appear to harbor any enmity toward them, so Sally put away her wand and made her way over to the dining table.

Yabemiya turned to Mag and opened her mouth, but closed it again without saying anything. It clearly wasn’t in her place to invite this stranger to have a meal with them without Mag’s permission.

Mag placed the kebabs on the table and took a seat. He then turned to look at Babla with his brows furrowed, wondering why she still hadn’t left.

“I’m going to give you a chance to beg me to stay. If you beg earnestly enough, I can perhaps consider eating something here. This is a great honor for all of you.” Babla raised her chin slightly as she looked back at Mag.

### **Chapter 606 How About We Invite Her to Sit Down and Watch Us Eat?**

“I refuse.”

Mag shook his head without any hesitation. As he did so, he pointed toward the restaurant door with his chopsticks, and said, “The door is just over there. Please vacate yourself from the premises, Your Highness. Of course, if you’d like to dine at the restaurant, you can go line up outside and await your turn once the breakfast service commences. At my restaurant, even royalty have to line up.”

“I... You...” Babla’s mouth gaped open as she stared at Mag, appearing as if she were struggling to believe her ears. This bastard had refused her request, and even told her to go line up for breakfast outside! Blood rushed into her head, and she felt as if she were about to faint again. Only by supporting herself against a table did she manage to keep herself remaining upright.

“Also, please don’t just faint for no reason next time. You’ve delayed our meal, and it’s very taxing for Aisha to save you. We all have to work soon, so please don’t inconvenience us any further.” Mag looked

at Babla and shook her head with a resigned expression. He didn't know whether this "princess" had low blood pressure or was anemic. In any case, she was way too feeble for her own good.

Babla glowered at Mag, and tried to leave as she supported herself with the table. She had never been humiliated like this before. How could she stand for such horrific treatment as a regal princess? She had to leave right away!

"Father, that big sister is so miserable. Look at how feeble she is; she looks like she can barely walk. How about we..." Amy looked at Babla with sympathy in her eyes before taking a bite of her kebab. A blissful expression appeared on her face as she said, "The kebabs today are so good; so tasty and tender."

"Gulp..." Babla was already preparing to leave, but she felt as if her legs were filled with lead as she looked at Amy. She thought, This little girl is so adorable, she must have a really kind heart as well. Perhaps she'll ask me to stay for breakfast with them, and I'll just pretend to reluctantly agree. I'll be able to eat delicious roast meat then!

Only after swallowing the beef in her mouth did Amy recall Babla's existence, and a sweet smile appeared on her face as she said, "How about we invite her to sit down and watch us eat? She should be able to walk after resting for a while."

Babla felt as if she had been stabbed in the heart. Was there anything more painful in this world than starving while watching others eat? This little girl appeared to be so adorable and pure, but her heart was just as cruel as her father's!

Babla trudged a couple more steps toward the door before her legs gave out under her, and she collapsed onto a table again. Her blush deepened as she struggled to try and get to her feet, but she was unable to muster up any strength, and her humiliation quickly got the better of her as she sobbed, "Dammit... Why now of all times? That damn stone pillar must have sucked too much of my blood! Arrrgh, I want to die!"

Yabemiya turned to Mag, and said, "I feel like this little girl really is very hungry; she can't even stand on her own. Should we invite her to stay for a meal, Boss? Otherwise, she won't even be able to get out of the restaurant."

"Big Sister Miya's right, Father. That big sister must be close to starving to death." Amy nodded with a sympathetic expression.

Mag contemplated the situation momentarily before nodding as he said, "Alright, then we'll let her have some food with us."

This little girl really did appear to be starving, and it would simply be too inhumane if he were to kick her out in her current state.

"Let me help you to the table." Yabemiya stood up and gently helped Babla up into a standing position.

Babla stood up straight and nodded as she said, "Alright, seeing as you insist on keeping me here, I'll reluctantly dine with all of you. However, I require silver cutlery, centaurea tonic to wash my hands, a heavenly silkworm silk cloth to dry my hands, then—"

“We don’t have any of that stuff. Sit down and eat or get out. You’re free to leave if you like.” Mag didn’t have much patience for this haughty little girl. He turned toward her with a smile as he continued, “Also, this meal is not free; you’ll have to pay for it at some point.”

Babla glowered at Mag for a while before finally turning away in the end. This man was the most heartless, insolent, and petty man she had ever seen.

However, the alluring aroma in the air and the sight of the glistening roast beef were simply far too tempting for her to resist them. She harrumphed coldly, but didn’t dare to say anything else. She was afraid that this man would actually kick her out.

This bastard! When I get back to the palace, I’m going to get Father to come after him and show him that the princess of the moon nation is not to be messed with! Babla thought to herself as she allowed herself to be helped over to the table by Yabemiya.

“Meow!” Ugly Duckling extended a little paw with a cold look on its little face as if it were warning Babla not to do anything out of line.

“Even you’re growling at me?!” Babla glowered at Ugly Duckling, and neither of them was willing to back down.

“Don’t bully Big Sister Pink, Ugly Duckling. She’s too feeble to beat even you in a battle.” Amy pressed Ugly Duckling’s little paw downward with a stern expression.

“Meow~” Ugly Duckling took a final glance at Babla before turning away with a disdainful look on its face.

Huh? Did I just get looked down on by a cat? Babla was wondering if she were in a dream.

“The food we have on the table is just enough for our consumption, so I’ll have to make some extra food for you. What would you like?” Mag turned to Babla with a calm expression and treated her just as he would any other customer.

Babla withdrew her gaze from Ugly Duckling, and immediately replied, “I want a roast meat dish.”

“The roast meat has three flavors; would you like to choose one of them or have all three?” Mag asked.

“All three flavors are super tasty,” Amy murmured as she took another bite of her roast meat.

“I’ll have all three.” Babla nodded.

“Alright, here are nine kebabs in total.” Mag placed three kebabs of each flavor onto the plate, and offered it to Babla as he said, “Please enjoy.”

#### Chapter 607 Is There a Cure For My Condition?

The freshly roasted beef kebabs were still piping hot, and an alluring aroma came wafting toward Babla. Her eyes immediately lit up, and she found it incredible that roast meat could smell so insanely good.

However, she had pinched her own leg under the table and the sense of pain was very real, thereby indicating that this was not a dream. Instead, it was reality—there really was a plate of irresistible beef kebabs in front of her.

“Alright, it doesn’t look particularly appetizing, but I guess I’ll have a taste of your roast beef.” Babla tried to put on a disinterested look as she picked up a kebab. Eating meat in this manner wasn’t very elegant, and under normal circumstances, she would never eat food directly off a stick. However, the little girl was doing exactly that, and it gave her the impression that this was the correct way to eat roast beef kebabs.

Mag took a glance at Babla before making his way over to the kitchen with a smile on his face. He had seen more than his fair share of people trying to denounce his food before being completely conquered once they tasted his cooking.

Amy pursed her lips with a skeptical expression, and said, “Not very appetizing? I feel like you’re lying.”

Yabemiya and Sally also wore smiles on their faces. This little girl had gulped down her drool on many occasions in front of them, so her words were completely unconvincing.

Let me see if this old man’s cooking is actually tasty or not. If it only smells good, then I’ll definitely ask Father to close down this restaurant! Babla’s blush deepened as she bit off a cube of beef with a grumpy expression on her face.

“Oh!”

Babla’s eyes immediately lit up with her first bite. The tender beef virtually melted in her mouth, and the rich meaty taste combined with the delicious flavor of the sauce, creating a flavor explosion in her mouth. It was as if her tongue had been ignited and her taste buds were screaming for joy!

Every single bite she took struck her with an overwhelming sense of satisfaction, and she simply couldn’t stop eating. This was by far the most delicious roast meat she had ever eaten. No! It was the best thing she had ever eaten, period!

The spicy sauce was an absolute masterpiece, elevating the rich flavor of the meat to a whole new level.

Babla felt as if she could see a strong and healthy cow galloping over a grassland. The supple muscles of its body made her salivate, and more and more of those cows converged, forming a large herd as they all galloped over the land. The sound of their thundering hooves created a mesmerizing percussive rhythm that had her completely entranced.

Is this really beef? It’s incredible! How can it be so much more delicious than the beef roasted by the chefs in the palace? They’re like two completely different types of food! Babla’s soul was trembling. She felt as if all of the roast beef she had had in her life thus far was fake beef.

The tender beef slid down her tongue and into her throat before being swallowed. Babla felt as if there were a flow of warmth making its way into her stomach. The warmth then spread all over her body; her feeble limbs were slowly being revitalized, and a hint of color returned to her pale face.

This beef is amazing! It can even help me recover my energy. Babla abruptly opened her eyes as she stared at the kebab in her hand with amazement and incredulity. She had always been feeble from birth, and often fell unconscious as a result of her chronic condition. She had eaten countless types of exotic food and medicine, and received treatment from the best doctors in the moon nation, but none of that

amounted to anything. Who would have thought that just a small cube of this roast beef would produce a more pronounced effect than eating a spirit fruit?

Babla took a second bite of beef with an expectant look on her face. The delicious flavor washed through her mouth again, making her almost forget how to breathe. After swallowing the second cube of beef, the flow of warmth in her stomach became even more pronounced, and she could literally feel energy flowing through her veins, being carried into every corner of her body.

This was an extremely blissful feeling, like rain falling on a parched desert. Furthermore, she could sense that the replenishment of energy was not from the beef alone. Instead, the beef was catalyzing a certain process in her body that was producing energy for her.

This... Could it be that there's a cure for my condition? Babla was struggling to believe what was going on. Her condition had been deemed incurable by countless doctors, and every time she fainted, she had to get up and pretend as if nothing had ever happened. Was there finally something that could put an end to these nightmarish days?

Tears welled up in Babla's eyes as she took another bite of beef. As she basked in its delicious flavor, she was also praying that it would be able to cure her.

"What's wrong, Big Sister Pink? Does it taste so good that you're going to cry?" Amy asked.

"Probably. I remember I felt like I was dreaming the first time I tasted Boss' food. It was simply far too delicious." Yabemiya nodded with approval.

Mag wore a vibrant smile on his face as he stood in the kitchen. As expected, the allure of his food was irresistible. This arrogant little princess' haughty facade had been completely stripped away by his cooking.

Babla finished the kebab very quickly, and she couldn't help but praise, 'This roast beef is really, really delicious.'

However, she soon noticed someone looking at her with an amused expression from the kitchen, and a humiliating blush appeared on her face. She thought back to what she had said, and was struck by the urge to dig a hole and bury herself in it.

"Was the kebab to your liking, Your Highness?" Mag asked with a smile.

"It... It wasn't too bad," Babla conceded sheepishly as she stole a glance at Mag.

Back when she had just been teleported to this place, she was feeling quite nervous, and didn't have an opportunity to look at Mag carefully. All she remembered was seeing his facial hair before immediately branding him as a shifty old man.

However, looking at Mag now in his clean chef's suit, she suddenly discovered that the mustache above his lips wasn't all that hideous to look at. Instead, it lent him a sense of maturity.

This guy isn't so bad, after all... If he gets rid of that mustache, he wouldn't be too bad. Most importantly, I can already feel that I have a lot more energy from eating just one kebab made by him. If I can eat it regularly, it should be able to help me recover. As those thoughts flashed through her mind, Babla became a little dazed as she looked at Mag.



## Chapter 608 Should We Beat Her to Death?

“Am I so handsome that you can’t look away? Please keep eating; it would be very troublesome if you were to faint in my restaurant again.” Mag smiled before returning to the kitchen.

Bastard! Babla blushed and gritted her teeth, but her attention was quickly drawn back to the roast beef before her. She picked up another kebab, which was slightly different in color from the one she had just eaten, and took a bite. The fragrant taste of garlic spread in her mouth. This kebab was completely different in flavor compared to the one she had just had, but it was just as delicious.

After eating three kebabs in a row, all of which were of a different flavor, Babla had completely succumbed to her appetite. She had never had such delicious food before; she simply couldn’t stop eating.

What was even more amazing to her was that after eating three kebabs, her feeble body was close to making a full recovery. The energy that was incessantly being pumped into her bloodstream from her stomach made her feel completely revitalized.

“Big Sister Pink, what’s your name? And what kind of princess are you? Why does it look like you’ve been starving for many days? Could it be that your country has already fallen and you were chased here by your enemies?” Amy rattled off a string of questions as she looked at Babla with curious eyes.

Amy’s questions also drew the attention of Yabemiya and Sally. Mag, who had just re-emerged from the kitchen, was also looking at Babla with a curious expression, awaiting her response. He was rather curious about this haughty yet feeble little girl. After all, spatial magic casters were very rare, and a 7th-tier one was even rarer.

Principal Novan of Chaos School was a powerful spatial magic caster. This little girl appeared to be only in her mid-teens, yet she was already a 7th-tier magic caster. Perhaps she could become another spatial great magic caster in the future.

“My name is Babla, and I am the sole princess of the moon nation. You reside in the moon nation, yet you do not know of me? And you’re insinuating that the moon nation has fallen? What a joke! Is there any nation more powerful than the moon nation in this world? Even on that distant continent, there are no nations that can hold a candle to the moon nation!” Babla seemed to be very proud of her place of origin.

“The moon nation?” Everyone was rather perplexed upon hearing that.

“We’re currently in Chaos City of the Norland Continent, and we’re not ruled over by any country, so this most likely isn’t the moon nation,” Yabemiya analyzed.

“Babla... I haven’t heard of that name before. I’ve only heard of Princess Felice of the Roth Empire and Princess Irina of the elven race, as well as the princesses from the major dragon subspecies.” Sally also shook her head with a blank look.

“If I’m not mistaken, where we currently are is most likely the distant continent you were referring to. In any case, you don’t actually live on the moon, do you?” Mag asked with a peculiar expression.

“On the moon?” Amy’s eyes immediately lit up.

“This isn’t the moon nation?” Babla’s eyes immediately widened. She looked around at Mag and the others, and she could tell from their expressions that they weren’t lying nor playing a prank on her. She immediately flew into a panic as she realized her present situation.

She had never left the royal palace, and any time she had attempted to do so, she had been stopped by the powerful and loyal servant that was constantly with her.

Of course, that loyalty was only directed toward her father.

It was exactly due to this that she always had a dream of escaping from the royal palace, which prompted her to work tirelessly on the ancient teleportation spell formation in the palace for 10 years. Even if the spell formation could only teleport her out of the palace’s walls, it would still be worth it. At the very least, she had to prove to her father that she was no longer a kid who required constant supervision.

However, it appeared that she had completely overshot her target.

She wasn’t just teleported out of the royal palace or out of the city. Instead, she had most likely been teleported to the continent that was known as the “ancient continent” to those in the moon nation.

“That’s right, this is not the moon nation, nor have we even heard of the moon nation.” Mag nodded firmly. He didn’t know whether this little girl had actually come from the moon, but it appeared that her reaction was not feigned.

Babla picked up a kebab and had a cube of beef to soothe her shock. After a while, she suddenly sprang up from her seat, and again asked, “So this place really isn’t the moon nation?”

“No. Perhaps your teleportation spell formation malfunctioned, causing it to send you here.” Mag nodded and was struck by a sense of sympathy as he looked at Babla’s stunned expression. In a way, he and Babla were the same type of person in that they had both experienced transmigration.

If it weren’t for the fact that he had read many transmigration-themed webnovels in his past life, which desensitized him to the concept, his reaction following transmigration would most likely have been just as strong as her’s.

“How... How is this possible...” Babla paced around within the restaurant, and ate another cube of beef. She was in so much panic that her mind had gone completely blank.

The teleportation spell formation had been forcibly repaired by her, and she had heard the sound of something cracking as she activated it, but she didn’t consider using the spell formation to ever go back again, so it wasn’t a concern for her at the time.

After finishing a beef kebab, Babla stopped pacing around, and was standing right on the spot where she had first appeared. She pulled out her wand and chanted a spell, upon which silver light began to shimmer from her wand, transforming into a pillar of light that struck the ground.

A spell formation began to emerge from the floorboards as powerful magic waves began to appear.

“Is that a teleportation spell formation?” Outside the restaurant, Krassu wore a surprised look as he stood at the head of his line.

“It’s an ancient teleportation spell formation! Who would have thought that there would be one of those here? I wonder where it leads to...” Urien’s eyes also lit up as he drew his wand, casting an invisible magic barrier which enshrouded the entirety of Mamy Restaurant.

Krassu took a glance at Urien before looking away without saying anything.

“Father, Big Sister Babla is trying to run away without paying after eating our roast meat; should we beat her to death?” Amy had already drawn her wand as she turned to Mag with a serious expression.

### **Chapter 609 Transmigration is No Big Deal**

“Your Majesty, Princess Babla has disappeared!”

In a lavish palace, a middle-aged man with a crown on his head sat on his throne. He had just been informed of the news of his daughter’s disappearance, and an urgent look immediately appeared on his face.

“What?!” The king abruptly rose to his feet and rushed over to the messenger as he said, “Babla disappeared? Haven’t you been with her this entire time? How could she have disappeared?”

“Your Majesty, I was away from the palace for an hour today, and the princess had maids to look after her, but when I came back, I couldn’t find the princess, and the maids didn’t know where she was, either. I immediately came to inform you of this news,” Gloria said with an apologetic expression.

The king forced himself to calm down as he analyzed, “Babla is a little rebellious at times, but she would never leave the palace without permission. We have guards all around the palace too, so she’s most likely still somewhere in the palace. Guards, hurry up and find the princess for me!”

“Your Majesty...” An elderly man hesitated momentarily before making his way over to the king and whispering something in his ear.

“Is that true?” The king’s expression abruptly changed.

The elderly man nodded, and replied, “I once saw Her Highness enter that place, but she told me that she was only going to play there for a bit, so I paid it no heed. If we can’t find the princess anywhere in the palace, then I believe she might have gone there.”

Before the elderly man had even finished his sentence, the king had already rushed out the door.

Before long, the king and the elderly man had reached a vast and spacious cave. There was an ancient spell formation situated at the very center of the cave with a very series[a] of cracks lining the formation. There were also many signs that the formation had been recently repaired.

However, it appeared that the entire spell formation had since been destroyed, and a new set of cracks had appeared. Only the white jade stone pillar at the center of the spell formation remained completely intact.

“Your Majesty, the spell formation has been activated; from the magic waves, it appears that it was activated no more than an hour ago.” The elderly man turned to the king with a grave expression, and said, “Only Her Highness could have activated this spell formation. If the teleportation was successful, then...”

“How could this have happened? She’s still just a child...” A distraught look appeared on the king’s face as he looked at the wreckage of the spell formation. He was the only one in the royal palace who knew where this spell formation led to.

However, this spell formation had been abandoned countless years ago; many attempts were made to repair it, all to no avail. In the end, it was deemed that the teleportation spell formation on the other side must have been damaged, and no further attempts to repair it were made thereafter.

However, Babla had somehow managed to successfully repair and activate it.

“Someone might have repaired the spell formation on the other side, and Her Highness just so happened to activate it on our end.” The elderly man’s expression was also quite grave. He knew how important Babla was to the king. If she really had been teleported to that distant continent, she would have to fend for herself there, and the consequences could be catastrophic.

“Would she be able to teleport back?” The king turned to the elderly man with a desperate expression.

“This teleportation spell formation has already been severely damaged, so Her Highness wouldn’t be able to come back unless it was repaired.” The elderly man shook his head in response.

The king clenched his fists and was silent for a moment before commanding, “Broadcast my orders to the entire moon nations: all magic casters who are proficient in spell formations and spatial magic are to be summoned into the palace.”

“Yes.” The elderly man took a concerned glance at the king before quickly departing.

“Wait for Father, Babla. Father will take you home!” A grave yet determined voice echoed in the quiet cave.

“That... seems like overkill?” Mag looked at Amy with a peculiar expression.

“But didn’t you say that we should be fiercer to freeloaders? Like this...” Amy raised her fist in what she thought to be a menacing display as she put on a serious expression, and snarled, “You have to pay for your meal! Otherwise, we’ll kill you!”

“Amy is so adorable.” Yabemiya chuckled as she pinched Amy’s soft cheek.

“Big Sister Miya, I’m super fierce!” Amy bared her teeth at Miya to make herself appear more menacing, but she only looked more adorable as a result.

“There’s no hurry to do anything. Let’s see if this princess can even go back.” Mag shook his head with a smile. Committing murder over four kebabs was far too brutal. At the very least, it was something that he was incapable of doing. If this princess could successfully teleport away, then she would become the first transmigrator to return to her place of origin. Mag wanted to see if she was capable of doing that.

The silver light became brighter and brighter, and Babla had become almost entirely enshrouded in it. A series of complex symbols began to appear on the spell formation below her, and it was as if she were about to fly away.

“The spell formation here works!” An elated look appeared on Babla’s face. Her worst fear was that the spell formation here would be damaged. In that case, she would be well and truly stuck on this foreign

continent. However, it appeared that this spell formation was in far better condition than the one in the royal palace, and she had been able to successfully activate it.

“Splutter...”

All of a sudden, the silver light faded, and the spell formation disappeared in the blink of an eye as the floor reverted back to its original condition.

“It... It failed? How could this be?” Babla stood rooted to the spot with a dejected expression. She looked at the ground, then at her wand, and was unable to accept such a cruel reality.

“It failed!” Amy’s eyes lit up as she put down her wand, and began to eat her beef kebab again.

“Won’t she be unable to return home now? That’s so sad.” Yabemiya wore a concerned expression as she looked at Babla.

“The teleportation failed, which means that the spell formation on the other side is most likely dysfunctional. In that case, she really would be unable to return home,” Sally confirmed.

“It’s alright, look on the bright side; at least you’re still alive, right? It’s just transmigration, it’s no big deal.” Mag offered words of consolation to Babla, who was on the brink of tears. He had transmigrated after dying in his past life. At the very least, she had never experienced what it felt like to die.

“You make it sound so simple! I won’t be able to go back, so I won’t be the moon nation’s princess anymore. I won’t be able to live in my castle, and I won’t have all of my pretty dresses anymore... I... I’m so sad... Waaah...” Babla glared at Mag before sitting back down in her seat, sobbing while she feasted on kebabs.

“Um... That is indeed quite sad, but you have to pay for what you’re eating, you know.” Mag looked at Babla with a sympathetic expression.

“Pay?” Babla’s sobs came to an abrupt halt.

[a]Sounds like a missing word (words) in between, or a typo

## Chapter 610 Seeing as You Insist on Inviting Me

“That’s right, money, also known as currency, is used to exchange for things. On the Norland Continent, the currency used consists of copper coins, silver coins, gold coins, and dragon coins. You ordered nine kebabs in total, each of which costs 300 copper coins, so that’ll be a total of 2,700 copper coins,” Mag explained. He then looked at Babla, and continued, “Please don’t tell me that you left home too abruptly and didn’t bring any money. I’ve heard that kind of cliched story too many times.”

“I...” Babla suddenly realized that prior to stepping into teleportation formation, she hadn’t taken anything with her aside from her wand.

Back in the moon nation, the princess’s identity was the best form of currency. Everyone respected and revered her, and offered her the best food; she didn’t have to worry about anything.

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As for money, she had never come into contact with anything like that, nor did she know what it was.

However, Mag was asking her to pay for the roast beef she had just eaten, but she had nothing in her pockets. Furthermore, her identity as the princess of the moon nation wasn't recognized here, so she was at a complete loss for what to do.

Meanwhile, Sally slowly lowered her head as a faint blush appeared on her face.

"Big Sister Babla, you have to pay for food. Otherwise, you'll be a freeloader, and freeloaders get beaten to death." Amy delivered a stern warning.

Babla's face was flushed with humiliation as she conceded, "I... I don't have any money."

She was suddenly really regretting her decision to use the teleportation spell formation. What was so bad about staying in the palace and being spoiled as a little princess?

Unfortunately, there was no going back for her. In this unfamiliar land, the first hurdle she had to face was her inability to pay for her meal.

Furthermore, no matter how she looked at him, the restaurant owner didn't seem like a kind-hearted person. She didn't know what copper coins were, but 2,700 of them was most likely not a small sum. She was carrying nothing valuable with her aside from her wand.

That adorable little girl was a real piece of work too. What kind of restaurant killed their customers who were unable to pay for their meals?

Of course, if this was back in the moon nation, Babla wouldn't mind rewarding Mag with a large sum of money. After all, that roast beef was by far the best she had ever had.

"No money?"

Mag's brows furrowed as he looked at Babla. Even though he had expected this to be her response, her verbal confirmation still drew a hint of dismay from him.

Mamy Restaurant had never had a freeloading customer. In the face of Amy's intimidation, those who didn't have enough money in their pockets would leave after looking at the menu. All of the customers who had food at the restaurant willingly paid for it; in fact, all of them felt as if they had gotten more than what they paid for.

The restaurant's rules stated that only cash was allowed as payment, and everyone had to pay right after eating.

However, Babla had eaten so many kebabs, yet didn't have any money. Even if they were to hold her captive here, no one would come to bail her out, as she had just transmigrated to this continent, so she had no relatives here.

Thus, this was quite a predicament.

"What should we do now, Father? Big Sister Babla is so pretty; it would be a shame to beat her to death, but if we don't, our restaurant rules will be broken!" Amy turned to Mag with a vexed expression.

Mag turned to look at Babla, pondering the same question that Amy had just raised.

“You’d better not do anything to me! I’m the princess of the moon nation! If anything happens to me, you’ll be sorry when Father comes here to find me!” A nervous expression appeared on Babla’s face as she brandished her wand.

The restaurant fell into silence; the atmosphere was quite tense.

Yabemiya smiled as she suggested, “Boss, didn’t you say you wanted to hire two more waitresses? I think you can perhaps consider Princess Babla. If she becomes a waitress at the restaurant, you’ll be able to deduct the cost of the kebabs she ate from her wages. In that case, the restaurant’s rules would be upheld, and Princess Babla can finish the rest of the kebabs.”

“That sounds like a good idea! If we do that, Big Sister Babla will become the third waitress at our restaurant; we’ll be one family, then.” Amy’s eyes lit up with elation.

Sally took a glance at Babla, but didn’t say anything

Mag was also looking at Babla in silence with his brows furrowed. He was very strict with his criteria when it came to choosing waitresses. This little girl was clearly quite spoiled, and it remained to be seen whether she could even look after herself, let alone tend to customers

as a waitress.

Before Mag had a chance to say anything, Babla sternly refused, “Hmph! There’s no way I’ll become some waitress! I’m a princess; if the citizens of the moon nation were to hear that I’ve become a waitress, who would support me to become their queen in the future? I won’t agree to this even if I die!”

“But you can’t go back now, isn’t that right? We haven’t even heard of the moon nation, so the people from the moon nation wouldn’t know that you’re working as a waitress,” Yabemiya persuaded. “Also, if you become a waitress at the restaurant, aside from your set wages, you’ll be able to eat lots of delicious food at the restaurant every day. This kind of lifestyle is much better than becoming a homeless wanderer on the streets. You don’t know anyone here, so where will you go if you leave the restaurant?”

Babla looked at Yabemiya and opened her mouth, but didn’t have a response to that. She had no money and was on a completely unfamiliar continent; there really was nowhere she could go.

She stole a surreptitious glance at the table. There were still five kebabs left on her plate, and the other dishes on the dining table also appeared to be very alluring.

Most importantly, the teleportation spell formation that would take her back to the moon nation was situated right in this restaurant. If her father were to repair the spell formation on the other side in the moon nation, she would be able to teleport herself back. As such, she had to stay at the restaurant to monitor the situation.

With that in mind, Babla cleared her throat, and conceded, “Alright, seeing as you insist on inviting me, I’ll stay, even though I really don’t want to. I guess I can grace you with my presence as a restaurant manager.”

