

Stay At home 61

Chapter 61: Mag, You Must Be A Genius!

Mag was a little surprised. It looked like his trial sale yesterday was pretty successful—customers had lined up outside his restaurant in the early morning. Mag smiled and nodded. He turned over his “Open” sign and turned sideways to let them in.

Mobai came in first. “Mag, seems like I have to come here earlier from now on. Maybe the line will reach the other end of the square someday,” he said, smiling. “I’ll have two plates of Yangzhou fried rice. Roujiamo is more for violent young men.”

Mag nodded. “Okay. Please wait a sec.”

“Mag, I’d like one plate of the new dish. What’s it called again?” asked the small-eyed man that followed Mobai in. He took a seat.

“It’s called la zhi roujiamo. You can find it on the menu,” Mag replied with a smile. The system had added the new dish and its price onto the menu and saved Mag a lot of trouble.

In addition to that, on the back of the menu, Mag had asked the system to put down two rules in gold letters: A, no yelling in the restaurant; B, cash only, no credit allowed!

As for other rules, he decided to add them later. After all, he didn’t know what he would encounter running a restaurant in this world. He decided to make new rules when new problems appeared.

A comfortable dining environment was a basic rule; nobody liked to be disturbed when enjoying their meal.

He only accepted cash because he didn’t want to collect debts. He was running this restaurant to make money and give Amy and himself a better life; his restaurant was not a charitable organization.

Only people who were good to them—like Luna—didn’t have to pay once in a while; surely others had to pay. The ingredients cost a lot, and Mag was in an urgent need of money, so he wouldn’t provide meals free.

“I’d like one roujiamo, no, two. I have wanted to try it when I walked past here and watched them eat last night,” a fat man said, and seated himself.

They all walked in and some looked at the menu. Since roujiamo only cost half as much as Yangzhou fried rice, they all ordered roujiamo first.

After Mag took everyone’s orders, he turned around and went into the kitchen.

The loaves of bai ji bread were lying ready inside the oven, and the stewed meat was well-cooked, so he only needed to stuff the meat into the bread to make a roujiamo.

“Good morning, dwarf grandpa Mobai,” Amy said as she sat on a long-legged chair, holding Ugly Duckling in her arms. She also exchanged greetings with other customers that she had met these days, but she referred to them by odd nicknames.

For instance, she called the small-eyed man “Squint-eyed Man”, and the fat one “Big Squint-eyed Man” because his eyes were narrowed by his fat to a squint, but he was bigger, so she called him “Big Squint-eyed man” to distinguish him from the small-eyed man.

With regard to Amy’s strange way of nicknaming them, customers had no choice but to accept their nicknames with a smile.

After all, Mag’s cooking was so good, and the little girl was so adorable—they were unable to get mad at all.

Mobai nodded, smiling. “Morning, little owner.” Then he noticed Ugly Duckling’s little head in Amy’s arms. “What’s that? A cat?” he asked curiously.

The other customers also looked at the little bundle in Amy’s arms with curiosity. It was fluffy, like a cat, and had orange and white hair, very cute. They had only seen solid-colored cats before, and most of them were white or black; they had never seen such a strange-colored cat in their life.

Ugly Duckling looked over the customers with its sapphire eyes out of curiosity. It had almost slept a whole day yesterday, so it was seeing that many people for the first time. Seeing that they were all staring at it, it bared its teeth and growled by instinct.

Amy shook her head. “No, it’s an ugly duckling.” She gave the Ugly Duckling’s head a press. “Stop, Ugly Duckling. Don’t disturb the customers,” she said.

“Meow...” Ugly Duckling stopped obediently and lay comfortably in Amy’s arms again. It yawned, cast a glance at them from the corner of its eye, and closed its eyes to sleep again, ignoring them all.

They felt they had been disdained by a cat, and the looks on their faces became a little strange, but they couldn’t get mad at a little girl, let alone at a cat.

“An ugly duckling?”

They were a little confused when they heard Amy’s words; they didn’t have the slightest clue why this cute kitten was an ugly duckling.

However, on second thought, they found it quite reasonable since it was Amy who had named it, and Amy nicknamed people at random and had a vicious tongue. Maybe it was its fate to have that name because its master was Amy.

Mag walked out with their roujiamos while they were waiting expectantly. It was much faster to cook. Then he went back into the kitchen to make Yangzhou fried rice.

Mobai didn’t mind. He had come here first, but he was willing to wait a little longer for good food.

The small-eyed man took a sniff of the roujiamo and took a bite. The tasty food raged in his mouth. After he swallowed, it seemed like something inside his blood was trying to get out. Despite himself, he closed his eyes and let out a long, satisfied sound, happiness written all over his face.

The fat man, Harrison, glanced at the small-eyed man. *He is too easily impressed.* He cast a disdainful look at him. *I’m pretty expectant about this roujiamo too, but I won’t react so exaggeratedly like him.*

He opened his mouth and took a large bite. His eyes widened in an instant.

The tasty gravy seeped out as he bit into the well-cooked meat, and blended with the soft, sweet bai ji bread. The food was so delicious that he felt the fat all over his body was shaking as if it were cheering and dancing in excitement.

One could tell from his body shape that he was very fond of eating. His family owned three banks, so he never worried about money.

He once had had a huge spread that was worth hundreds of gold coins in the capital of the Roth Empire. Various precious ingredients had been cooked into tasty dishes, and he had thought those were the most delicious things in this world.

Now it seemed those were almost inedible compared to this bite of roujiamo. Their taste had been so heavily dependent on spices and seasonings that they were no match for such delicious gravy. Even the white bread outside was so sweet and tasty.

More surprisingly, after he swallowed, he felt as if he had drunk some strong liquor; the taste wasn't strong, though. His blood was beginning to pump as if it became violent all of a sudden. He felt his fat was burning and shaking slightly. A sheen of sweat covered his brow.

"Ah..." The fat man couldn't refrain from letting out a satisfied sound, and his was much louder than the small-eyed man's. He opened his eyes immediately. "How can something be this good in this world! Mag, you must be a genius!" he said to Mag as he walked out with a plate of Yangzhou fried rice.

Chapter 62: The First Demon Customer

"Mag, your roujiamo is very delicious, and can help me lose weight at that."

Harrison's excitement was partially because of the tasty food, and partially due to the feeling he felt after he swallowed it. His fat was slightly shaking as blood was pumping through his veins. He felt his fat was burning more violently than when his father forced him to practice with his sword.

What did this mean?

It meant if such a delicious thing was able to help lose weight, then that would be good news for the obese!

It was each and every foodie's dream to lose weight while wolfing down tasty food, but nobody had ever heard of the existence of such food.

Now, it seemed such food had appeared, and he had just eaten it. He could feel very strongly and clearly that his blood was rushing, and that his fat was burning.

Although I can't lose a lot of weight all of a sudden, one roujiamo still has almost the same effect as practicing with my sword for half an hour. Maybe I can lose weight by eating several of these every day instead of practicing with a sword, he thought.

Harrison became more excited when he thought about this. He didn't feel ashamed of his fat body, but it was quite natural for him to want to lose some weight; after all, he knew too well the uncomfortable feeling of panting after only a few steps.

He had several friends who were more or less in the same situation as him. They hung out together, eating and drinking a lot. They were fat too, just like him. He had planned to bring them here in a couple of days and show them what real delicious food was like.

Now that he had felt the fantastic effect of this roujiamo, he felt like bringing them here sooner. *It's so good and can help lose weight. Perhaps only a genius like Mag can pull this off.*

Mag watched the sweating Harrison, whose fat was still slightly shaking, and accepted his praise with a smile. He was also a little surprised, though.

Apparently, roujiamo has a stronger effect on fatter people. Look at the shaking speed of his fat! If it could help lose weight, that would be great. Maybe this point alone is enough to ignite a surge in the sales of roujiamo, Mag thought.

But the system said the frenzy elements in the pork would only affect the blood. Then why fat is being burnt now? Mag was a little confused.

"Severely obese people's veins would be pressed by fat," the system explained. "So, to an extent, the rushing blood would exercise the fat inside and around the veins and thus can help lose weight. But this effect stops when the blood flow is normal again, so it doesn't have much effect on moderately obese people. The main benefit of this la zhi roujiamo lies in its ability to stimulate the blood. It cannot be used to lose weight."

Now Mag understood. No wonder he and Amy didn't react like Harrison.

Still, this effect was good news for severely obese people. Even if they couldn't become lean by eating this roujiamo, at least they could become much healthier.

After system's explanation, Mag looked at Harrison, and said, "This losing-weight effect may only be effective until your body returns to normal. If you want to lose weight, dieting and exercising is still the best way."

This selling point would certainly popularize his roujiamo very fast, but there might be problems if it was not as effective as customers had expected.

The taste alone was worth the price, and these extra effects came free. Mag's roujiamo was so unique that even if there were knockoffs, he didn't have to worry about his business.

Harrison nodded. "Oh." He took a look at the small-eyed lean man and found that his face became rosy and refreshed, and that he indeed wasn't reacting the way he was. Then he thought on it and nodded with a smile. "Normal is good enough for me. Now I can't do anything in this shape. I can't even walk a few steps without breathing heavy. I'll bring my friends here tomorrow. They will love this roujiamo. Please give me another two."

Mag nodded, smiling. "Sure. Please wait a moment." Customers' friends were more than welcome now. He had to sell a large quantity of roujiamos and also reach the goal of getting 1,000 customers, which was not a small number.

Other customers also picked up their roujiamos and took a bite. They all showed a happy smile and let out a strange sound as they savored the tasty food in their mouth. The food was so powerful.

"I'd like one more please!"

"Me too!"

After just one bite, some customers already started to order again.

"I knew it. Father's food is the best," Amy muttered to herself as she stroked Ugly Duckling's hair. Looking at the happy customers, she grinned happily.

...

Outside, a big man named Sargerass frowned as he looked at the restaurant. *This is a restaurant?*

He had been to many places before, and arrived at this city several days ago. He couldn't remember how many times he had come here, and had never thought he could find a restaurant at this corner on the Aden Square this time. *Looks like a human-owned restaurant from outside.*

He took two steps forward and looked at the clear crystal glass. It was so transparent that he wanted to touch it with his lava-covered hand. Then he stopped immediately. *It might break, and it must be very expensive. I don't have a lot of money on me.*

He didn't have much money now; he had decided to go to the adventurer's guild to find some quests that were harder but paid better. He would continue his journey when he had enough money.

It wasn't very difficult for him to complete quests that were much harder for normal human adventurers, and the pay was very good. He could earn enough money to cover his next six months' travel expenses in just 15 days here. Then he would resume his journey in search of a way to get to a higher level.

Sargerass looked inside through the glass. He found several humans and a dwarf. They looked very happy, eating something from a small bag. *Judging by their looks, the food seems to be tasty.* Then he nodded after a little hesitation. *Let me check it out. Human cuisine is truly the best on the whole continent. I'll have some breakfast and then go to the guild.* He opened the door and walked in.

The bells rang. Mag was just putting down a plate of Yangzhou fried rice before Mobai. He looked towards the door and was a little startled when he saw who came in.

It was his first demon customer.

Chapter 63: Owner, I'd Like One Of Those

Sargerass smelled a strong meat aroma as soon as he opened the door. His eyes lit up in an instant.

Different from the aroma of grilled meat and boiled meat, it was much stronger and more appetizing. He had no idea what spices and seasonings had been added and how it had been cooked. He swallowed despite himself.

He didn't care much about decorations and didn't like it too fancy. This restaurant's decorations were relatively simple, but he froze for a moment when he saw a painting on the wall, in which were the Ghost Islands.

It was the first time that he had seen a painting of the Demon Islands in a human-owned restaurant. There were also other paintings on the wall, depicting places like the capital of the Roth Empire and the elves' Wind Forest. He took a look at Mag, who was in his plain black and white clothes. *Apparently the owner is a man of the world.*

But will he let me eat here? Sargerass stopped in his tracks.

Mag was looking over Sargerass too. He had seen demons occasionally these days when he went out. Demons came in many different looks—some demons had a blade of grass on the head, and some demons' heads were burning... They were, in short, the most abnormal beings.

Of course, succubi were not included. When he went out to buy sheep milk yesterday, he had seen a good-looking succubus. She had a beautiful voice and was pretty hot. She had been bargaining with a vendor. In only a few words, she had made the vendor sell her a bag of cucumbers—which had been priced at 15 copper coins—at five copper coins, and she had got some green onions for free! He had been really impressed.

Sargerass was the first demon customer to come to his restaurant. He was very large, even a head taller than Habeng Brothers. He looked very much like a human, though.

His eyes were dark red. Many cracks covered his bald head, face, neck, and hands, and inside the cracks was red lava, making him look like he had tattoos all over his body, looking a little scary.

His black outfit was neat and half-worn. The bottom of his leather boots had worn thin—he must have traveled a long way in them. The most conspicuous part was the scarlet cape over his shoulders, which drooped just below his waist, red like fire.

Humans who had lived a long time in Chaos City didn't fear demons too much. After all, they could see various species every day, and it was normal for them to have some demon neighbors.

Nonetheless, most of the humans didn't like dining with demons or forest trolls; they dared not talk loudly in their presence, so they would feel a little constrained.

That was why quite a few human-owned restaurants would make a special section for demons and trolls to eat, or they would simply put up a sign outside of their door, saying, "Demons and trolls are not allowed in the restaurant."

As for the restaurants owned by elves, they would make a separate, most comfortable section for elves, and wouldn't let dwarves, demons, and trolls in.

The customers looked toward Mag. They were all humans except Mobai. They didn't see a special section for demons here, so they were very curious what he would do.

Naturally, they didn't want him to eat here. Mag was a human himself, so they supposed he wouldn't let him in.

Mag read their minds from their looks. *Kick him out?*

No, he wouldn't do that!

He was thinking about getting some treasures from giant dragons someday. Demons were nothing compared to dragons.

As long as they ate in his place, they were his customers; he didn't discriminate.

"I recommend you reject some customers to give most of your clientele a good dining experience," the system said sincerely all of a sudden. "Or you can separate the restaurant into different sections and make strong species and weak ones eat in their designated sections, respectively, to avoid conflicts."

"Then you'll halve the mission quantity of getting 1,000 customers?" asked Mag calmly.

"The mission can't be changed after having been assigned! Take your missions seriously, or you'll trigger a hidden mission again!" system replied solemnly.

"Then why do you make me reject half of my customers? Do you take me for a fool?" Mag curled his lip.

"..." The system replied with an ellipsis.

"And, you will expand the restaurant for me?" Mag asked.

"System can only use the land you supply, and now that the restaurant is complete, you have no right to expand it currently," the system answered.

"It's so small, and you want me to make sections. There are 16 tables, so if one species gets one section, do you plan to make me allocate two tables to each species and label them 'Elves', 'Demons', 'Humans'... System, is this how the God of Cookery is supposed to run his restaurant?" Mag asked sarcastically.

"..." The system fell silent.

Seeing that the system didn't reply, Mag said no other word. He wouldn't separate his restaurant into sections, and wouldn't reject other species, because of his big dream of eradicating racism. As a half-elf, Amy was being discriminated against now. That was a fact he could not tolerate.

A protest parade was not a very practicable method in this world. He decided to start from instilling his idea into his customers, so he looked at the lava demon and smiled. "Welcome. Please take a seat."

Other customers looked at Mag with surprise. They had thought that he wouldn't let him in; after all, most of the customers that had come here these days were humans.

They had never thought that Mag would not only let him in, but it seemed he didn't plan to allocate a special section for demons. That way, he could sit wherever he wanted. Maybe he would sit next to them, or even at their table!

Thinking of this, some customers became a little nervous. All the species might be under the governance of the Gray Temple, and even normal humans could live in peace here.

However, even in a place where there were only humans, there would be conflicts, to say nothing of Chaos City. Humans were generally weak, so it was not very uncommon for humans to be killed by some demon, troll, or orc. Naturally, humans had grudges against them.

They took a look at the aromatic roujiamo in their hands, and then at Sargerass. After hesitating for a while, they got back to eating roujiamo at last.

To hell with it! With roujiamo this good, I would even dine with a giant dragon at the same table! they thought.

Chapter 64: He... He Bursts His Clothes!

Sargerass gave a nod, a little surprised himself. All these years, he had been rejected by many human-owned restaurants, and those that had let him in had put him in a designated area, making him feel like an outsider.

He hadn't expected that this skinny human was not afraid of him. His letting him sit wherever he wanted made him feel respected for the first time. He took a look around and seated himself at the corner near the door. No one had sat there before.

He hadn't had any breakfast, and the tantalizing meat aroma made him even hungrier. He pointed at the roujiamo in one customer's hands as he looked at Mag. "Owner, I'd like one of those." His voice was hoarse and dry as if he hadn't drunk any water in a long time.

Mag nodded. "Okay." He turned around and walked towards the kitchen.

"Wow, a big bald head!" Amy's eyes brightened as she saw Sargerass. She slipped down the chair, holding the little kitten in her arms, and walked over to his table. "Hello, Big Bald Head, I'm Amy. Are you a demon? What kind of demon? You have no hair at all; are you a bald demon?" Amy asked curiously as she looked up at him.

"Meow..." Ugly Duckling also raised its head and looked at Sargerass in Amy's arms. Neither of them showed any fear towards him.

Sargerass was taken by surprise—he had never been called a "Big Bald Head" to his face before. Being a lava demon, he had a short temper, violent like lava. Nobody had dared take him lightly even in the Demon Islands. In this Chaos City, normal humans always avoided him. He had never thought that this little girl would have dared call him that.

However, when he dropped his angry gaze to Amy, his anger vanished right away. *Such a cute little girl!*

She had silver hair, which had been braided into two braids, her adorable face was exquisite, and she had two pointy ears. It seemed she was a half-elf.

She was holding a white-and-orange fluffy animal in her arms. They were standing at his table, looking up at him, their deep blue eyes filled with curiosity and anticipation. He could see from their looks that their questions were not asked out of spite, but out of their innocent curiosity.

Once, he would have scared them off with some fireball, but this little girl was so cute he couldn't bear to frighten her into crying. *Besides, she should be the owner's daughter. The owner just showed me respect, so I'll just let it go.* Still, he gave a scowling look. "I'm Sargeras, a strong lava demon warrior, not some bald demon," he said.

Amy shrugged. "Sar... Sar... Big Bald Head. Your name is so difficult to pronounce. Big Bald Head is much better. I'll remember your name when I see you."

Sargeras' eyes were sullen with anger again. He would challenge the other party to a duel if before him were a man. No, he would give him a pyroblast directly and show him what would happen when he disrespected a lava demon.

But looking at Amy's frowning face, he wasn't able to get angry. How could he hurt such a little girl?

As a demon, Sargeras had seldom softened his heart or shown sympathy. He had killed a few humans for different reasons these years. Now, he could feel anger burning inside him, but he couldn't get it out; after all, the little girl had tried to say his name. He was even wondering if his name was truly a little difficult to remember.

Mag walked out, holding a roujiamo in his hands. "Your la zhi roujiamo," he said as he handed it to Sargeras. Then he stroked Amy's head, smiling. He had overheard most of their conversation. His little girl was both lovable and irritating.

Mag had a vicious tongue himself, so when he watched as customers got irritated by Amy and had to forgive her after they saw her face, he felt really good—it was a vicious pleasure.

Sargeras took the roujiamo in his hand, and diverted his attention from Amy to the roujiamo. It was steaming, giving off a pleasant meat aroma. He could see chopped meat inside the white bread.

He had been to many places, even the capital of the Roth Empire, but he had never seen a bread like this before. He couldn't help but take a bite.

An unprecedentedly delicious taste spread out in his mouth, making him close his eyes in spite of himself. Every taste bud of his was cheering and dancing happily. The taste was so different, totally unlike the meat he had ever had, and the crispy, soft, and sweet bread took the taste to another level. The food was so delicious that it moved him.

He was not much of a picky foodie. He often ate his food raw in the Demon Islands; at best, he would cook it on his hand. Then he left to look for a way to become stronger. Subsequently, he was exposed to human food slowly. He found that the food after being cooked had a much better texture and taste.

However, it was the first time he had eaten such tasty food. It was on another level entirely, like a little torch that had been turned into lava.

Mag took Amy's hand and backed away from him. The meat was from Demon Islands, and according to the system, it should have a strong effect on demons, so they had to take precautions.

After Sargerass swallowed, the roujiamo slid down his throat like a hot current. Instantly, he felt as if his throat were on fire, and this feeling spread in his blood quickly.

His blood seemed to be boiling, rushing in his veins like a galloping horse, surging and splashing. A flame appeared on his body, then another, like flowers blooming above the blood.

“Hoo!”

“Ah...”

With a shout, he opened his eyes suddenly. Flames rose from all over his body, about a dozen centimeters high.

Then the front of his clothes burst wide open. They watched as the cracks in his body widened and the golden red fluid flew inside; it was giving off horrible heat like the real lava.

“He... He burst his clothes!” Mag lifted an eyebrow. The look on his face became a little strange.

Chapter 65: Pay, Demon!

Not only did Sargerass burst his clothes, but his body was also going up in flames. The red lava inside the cracks in his skin had greatly raised the ambient temperature all of a sudden.

Mag was a little startled as he looked at Sargerass. *What if a succubus ate this roujiamo...* He didn't want to picture what would happen. He felt the need to add some warnings on the menu.

Fortunately, Sargerass' clothes were made of some special material, so they were not affected by the fire. He didn't have to suffer the embarrassment of having no clothes on.

Two customers who were just entering were also frightened by this scene. The strong meat aroma made them swallow, but the seemingly raging lava demon sent them closing the door and backing away from the restaurant quietly.

What has Mag done to that lava demon? Why is he in combat stance? The two customers walked a few steps, but couldn't tear themselves away from the tantalizing aroma, a little worried and surprised.

Lava demons were very powerful even among demons. They had destructive power and could burn down a house with several fireballs.

Mag is normally very kind and placid; how did he irritate that demon? If that big thing went on a rampage, he might tear this restaurant apart! they thought.

If the owner was powerful or had powerful backup, he wouldn't worry about people making trouble.

But Mag and Amy are alone, and they are no match for that powerful demon. They were a little worried that they might not be able to eat such delicious food like Yangzhou fried rice anymore. They had come here early today to try the new dish.

The customers in the restaurant knew that Sargerass was only like this because of the roujiamo. They felt their blood running hot too after eating the roujiamo, but the effect was not very dramatic, and they felt pretty comfortable.

However, they had never thought that this demon would react so drastically—he went directly into his combat stance! They were wondering what Mag had put into the roujiamo.

Sargerass rose to his feet and took several steps back. He didn't want to burn down the table. His blood and the lava over his body were rushing quickly. He felt the barrier that had been constraining him for so many years was finally starting to become loose. His heart was pounding with excitement.

He had tried countless ways since his power stopped growing 50 years ago. His footprints had covered more than half of the continent, yet he still hadn't found any solution.

He had never thought that a bite of roujiamo would make his blood pump and make him feel that he was able to get to another level. He felt sparks were ignited all of a sudden.

He felt that if he continued eating, those sparks would slowly turn into big fire, and he would rise from the fire, break through the barrier, and become the first lava demon to have gone to a higher level for a hundred years.

Then, he could carry out the plan he had devised 50 years ago, and that thing under the holy lake could surface again. He became a little excited.

While the others were holding their breaths watching Sargerass, wondering if there would be other changes, Amy pointed a finger at the ashes on the ground and said, "Father, he burnt down our chair." Then she lifted her eyes to look at Sargerass, her face full of seriousness. "You have to pay for that, Big Bald Head! You may be a demon, but my temper is very bad. Pay, or I'll set you on fire!"

"Meow!" Ugly Duckling became angry too. It growled at Sargerass, but its voice was a little cute.

Sargerass was still immersed in his excitement. He froze for a moment, looked down at the ashes of the chair, and scratched his bald head in embarrassment.

He was in a good mood now, so he didn't care if he had to pay for a chair. He restrained the fire, and the ambient temperature dropped a lot, but the golden red lava could still be seen flowing inside the cracks. "I'll pay for it. But, owner, I'd like another 10 roujiamos," he said with a wave of his hand.

Amy nodded. "Remember what you said." There was a hint of a warning in her eyes.

The small-eyed man put down the bag and rose from his table contentedly. "Little owner, can I have the check, please?" he said to Amy as he pulled out his purse. *It feels so comfortable after a roujiamo in the early morning. The refreshing feeling is just so pleasant.*

Amy nodded. "One roujiamo, three gold coins."

The small-eyed man took out three gold coins from his purse and put them on Amy's hand. "Here, three gold coins." Then, he said goodbye to Mag, walked sideways to keep his distance from Sargerass, and walked out.

“Three... Owner, your bread is three gold coins each?! Then how much do I owe you for this chair?” Sargeran asked as he looked at Mag with his widened eyes. He touched his purse subconsciously. As far as he was concerned, three gold coins was not expensive at all for such a powerful bread, but he only had a dozen gold coins in his purse now, so he couldn’t afford to buy 10 roujiamos even if he didn’t have to pay for that chair.

Other customers looked in their direction, wondering how much he had to pay for such a chair. The restaurant’s decoration style made them comfortable. The tables and chairs were simple but not plain, of classic style.

Mag nodded, smiling. “Yes, roujiamo is three gold coins each.” Then he cast a glance at the ashes and asked in his mind, “System, how much is this chair?”

“One customized chair, 10 gold coins,” the system answered slowly.

Mag’s mouth curled downwards. “10? Are you trying to rip him off?” Mag asked. *Although the chair is of high quality, the price is a little too high.*

“All the tables and chairs are made from the same tree, which was hundreds of years old and grew in the Wind Forest. The growth rings and coloration on them are completely identical, making them a real feast to the eyes. Now there are only five of these chairs left. You’d better order now while supplies last,” the system answered calmly.

“You use elves’ holy spring to water your rice, and use their hundreds of years old tree to make tables and chairs. You really have little regard for my life, don’t you?” Mag didn’t feel comfortable with the way the system did things.

Be that as it might, the system had really gone to great lengths to raise the restaurant’s style. His restaurant might be the only one in the whole Chaos City to use tables and chairs made from trees in the Wind Forest.

“I have everything under control. Don’t worry, and don’t underestimate me,” the system said, a little irritated.

Mag paid no mind to the system. He looked at Sargeran and said with a smile. “This chair is ten gold coins.”

“Thirteen... Thirteen gold coins?!” Sargeran looked down at the gold coins in his hand.

Amy stood on tiptoe and took a look. “Thirteen gold coins, Big Bald Head,” she said, nodding.

Chapter 66: Burn, Big Bald Head!

Mag took a look at the gold coins in Sargeran’s hands—thirteen, no more, no less. *He said he wanted 10 more. Looks like he doesn’t have enough money on him today.* Mag wanted to chuckle.

The two customers outside didn’t see anything disturbing happen. They watched a small-eyed man walk out and leave satisfied and relaxed, so they figured it should be all right for them to eat here. They hesitated for a moment and walked inside.

“Owner, I think 10 gold coins is too much for a wooden chair. I can buy one with two. I’ll give you four and buy another two roujiamos with the remaining six. What do you say?” Sargeran raised his voice, looking at Mag with his red eyes.

Sargeran always spoke bluntly with males. Now, he was using a much more polite tone because of roujiamo. Once, he would have held a big fireball in his hand.

The two men who had just walked in withdrew a little as they saw the angry lava demon. But when they heard his words, they were a little surprised. *Looks like his stomach has succumbed to Mag’s food.*

He is haggling with a human just to get two roujiamos—this demon is hopeless, they thought.

Even a demon didn’t care about losing face before this roujiamo. Their expectations had been raised a lot. They walked inside and seated themselves, waiting for Mag to deal with his problem first.

Obviously, Mag was not in the least frightened by Sargeran. He shook his head. “Sorry. All the tables and chairs are customized, and to make them more pleasant to the eye, they are all made from the same tree. Other chairs would break this uniformity, so they are not acceptable. A customized chair like this costs 10 gold coins.”

Even a log from the depths of the Wind Forest was worth a lot in the capital of the Roth Empire. A 10-gold-coin chair that matched the style of the restaurant was definitely worth the money.

If it were not for the fact that the system could get its hands on a lot of precious things, Mag wouldn’t be surprised if this chair were sold at 100 gold coins. He was just a little worried that elves might recognize their wood. *It’d better not be some holy tree or something,* Mag thought.

When the customers heard Mag’s words, their eyes lit up. They were all starting to check the chairs and tables. Now they noticed that the growth rings on every table were identical, and even the coloration was the same. No wonder they felt the restaurant was so harmonious.

More surprisingly, there were 16 tables and 64 matching chairs in total, and they were all from the same tree! It must have been huge! No such tree existed around Chaos City.

Even if there were one in the depths of the faraway mountains, it would undoubtedly cost a fortune to cut it down, carry it out, and make it into tables and chairs of the same style.

The restaurant has gone through all this trouble to make tables and chairs for us customers! They felt really honored and respected.

Three gold coins is too expensive for a roujiamo? No, even six is worth the enjoyment of eating such a delicious roujiamo in such a fancy restaurant!

Some customers were already starting to feel that way. They set their eyes on other decorations. *Even tables and chairs are so exquisite, so other fancy ornaments must be marvelous too.*

On second thought, they decided they had to be more careful—they might have to pay a lot of money for every object they broke here.

Mag's words inadvertently raised the quality and class of the restaurant in customers' mind. Most of the people who came here in the early morning to eat a three-gold-coin roujiamo didn't have to work their asses off for money; they were starting to truly live their life.

"I... I..." The flames on Sargerass suddenly rose again. He was truly very angry. He stuffed the half roujiamo in his mouth, chewed several times, and swallowed. The fire became even fiercer.

He had learned this time. He knew he had to keep away from the table and the door; after all, they looked more expensive. He was staring at Mag, ready to scare him with a big fireball.

Chairs were all the same as far as he was concerned. He decided that Mag's fancy words were meant to confuse and trick him into paying a lot. He wouldn't allow that to happen.

Amy was standing in front of Mag. She put Ugly Duckling on the floor. "Big Bald Head, you have to listen to my father, or I'll use my fireball on you," she said solemnly as she looked up at the lava-covered flaming Sargerass.

"Move away, kid. This is between me and your father," Sargerass said in a hoarse voice. Amy was cramping his style.

The customers became a little nervous. In their eyes, little Amy and weak Mag didn't stand a chance against the lava-covered flaming Sargerass.

Frowning, Mobai turned his head, but he didn't seem very worried. Amy's fireball had frightened Habeng, and Mag was certainly no ordinary man, so he was sure that they wouldn't let anything dangerous happen to him.

Amy sighed. "Well, it can't be helped. Why won't you listen?" She extended her hand, and a bluish violet fire suddenly appeared and became a fist-sized fireball. "Pay now, or I'll set you on fire!" she said seriously as she gazed at Sargerass.

Sargerass took a look at the little fireball in Amy's hand and chuckled. "Do you plan to burn me with this little spark?" Then he frowned and looked at Mag. "Owner, you want to hide behind your little girl?"

"My father is very powerful. But collecting money is my job, so, burn, Big Bald Head!" Amy said angrily before Mag could say a word. With a swing of her hand, the bluish violet fireball flew towards Sargerass immediately.

"Oho." Sargerass looked at the little fireball which wasn't much bigger than his thumb, and didn't seem to care. He reached out with his right hand casually, planning to grab and put it out.

However, the moment the fireball reached Sargerass' hand, it exploded directly!

Chapter 67: Find A Job, Demon!

The bluish violet fireball wrapped Sargerass' hand up and spread along his red flames as if they were alcohol.

Almost in an instant, Amy's flame swallowed him whole. The bluish violet fire was dancing over the red fire; it looked like they were consuming each other.

The customers gave a gasp of surprise. They had never thought that Amy's little fireball would enwrap Sargerass, but they still didn't know the power of her flame.

Sargerass took a look at the bluish violet fire on him, and said indifferently, "You have to try a lot harder than—" Suddenly, his words died in his throat when he saw his right hand. The red flames that engaged the bluish violet flames first had been completely consumed; the latter also had little left, but they were still burning him.

And that was just a beginning. The remaining bluish violet flames quickly spread along his right hand. Sargerass, who had been insensitive to heat maybe for all his life, suddenly felt hot. He felt his rock-hard skin was being poked by needles.

Mag was also a little surprised when he saw Sargerass' face change. He had thought that Amy's fireball would be ineffective on a lava demon since it hadn't even killed Black Coal, but, apparently, he was wrong. The power of her fireball seemed to be extraordinary.

Mag's strength was only 1.5, so he knew better than to throw himself at Sargerass. He didn't want to commit suicide.

Yet he wasn't worried that Sargerass would tear the restaurant apart. He could see that he liked, or rather craved, the roujiamo—somehow, he needed it very badly.

This was where Mag's confidence came from. No other restaurant on the whole Norland Continent was able to make such a roujiamo.

So, however mad this lava demon might get, he would never lay a finger on the restaurant or him or his daughter. He was a perfect subject to test Amy's power, because his fire-covered body shouldn't be easily hurt.

Amy watched Sargerass and frowned. "Do you want some more?" Then she held out her hand. "If one is not enough, then I'll give you two," she said.

"No! Stop! It's so hot!" Sargerass said as he jumped back a step and waved vigorously at Amy. The lava inside him was flowing fast, making his skin glow. Then he managed to withstand the bluish violet flames, which had completely consumed all his red flames.

He flung his arms a few times, and the fire was finally put out. Sargerass breathed a sigh of relief. When he saw Amy who was still holding out her hand, he waved again. "I've had enough. One is enough!" he said helplessly. There was fright in his eyes.

Some customers laughed out. The big, flaming Sargerass was standing before cute little Amy like a mouse before a cat. It was so amusing.

As they laughed, they also felt a little startled. *This lava demon isn't just looking frightening; besides, lava demons are very powerful demons. If they had a large number, they would have made the top 10 demon subspecies.*

But such a powerful demon backed off because of Amy's fireball, and is afraid that she might unleash another.

He is fighting in his element, yet he just surrendered? Then how terrifying Amy's flames must be?! The customers wondered. They looked at Mag in a different way.

No ordinary man could own such a stylish gourmet restaurant.

Even his four-year-old daughter possesses the power to scare a lava demon. The customers decided they couldn't be too picky or grouchy in the restaurant and that they definitely had to pay after eating. They had no power to stand up to such a fireball.

Their laughter made Sarger's face even redder. He, a lava demon warrior, was now forced to surrender to a half-elf girl. It was truly embarrassing.

The bluish violet fire was terrifying, but it was not the main reason why he surrendered. Before Amy's fire consumed his body, he had enough time to summon lava meteorite to wreck this restaurant three times.

But he had no choice. If he tore it down, the method he had been searching for 50 years would be gone with it. He couldn't afford to let that happen.

So, he couldn't touch the restaurant, the owner, nor the owner's daughter!

If he had to tough out another Amy's fireball, his skin might be scorched. It would be painful, and he might react in spite of himself.

So the best solution was to give up.

"It's all right." Mag put his hand gently on Amy's head to signal her to stop the fire that was about to appear. His smile was gone. "Sir, you have to obey the rules here," Mag said seriously as he looked at Sarger. "No one is allowed to fight in the restaurant. No one is allowed to threaten the owner and employees. Otherwise, he'll be banned forever."

When Sarger heard that he might be banned, he held back the fire over his body immediately. "Owner, I was just joking. See? The little girl is having a very good time." He scratched his bald head as he gave a dry smile. Then he quickly put the gold coins on the table. "I'll pay 10 gold coins for the chair. And here is three for the roujiamo. But can I have another 10 roujiamos and put the bill on my tab? On my honor as a lava demon warrior, I'll pay you back as soon as I complete my quest and earn the money."

Mag shook his head. "Sorry. There're rules here. We do not accept any kind of promise. Cash only, no credit allowed." He went over to the table and turned over the menu. There were three rules clearly written on the back.

"System, you're pretty smart," Mag said in his mind as he saw the third rule about no fighting and threatening the owner.

"16 silver coins to add that; the money has been deducted automatically," the system said.

“Stop thinking about how to make money all day long... Be a little decent, will you?” Mag couldn’t refrain from criticizing it.

“But...” Sargerass wouldn’t give up that easy. He wanted to eat 10 in a row. Besides the effect on his barrier, the roujiamo was also divine.

Amy crouched down. Ugly Duckling ran to her happily. She picked it up. “Find a job, demon! If you want to eat this delicious roujiamo, you have to try hard to earn money,” Amy said to Sargerass as she clenched her little fist.

Chapter 68: This Is Match Grandpa

Outside the restaurant, a white-haired old man who was resting under a big tree in his white magician robe suddenly lifted his head and looked in the direction of the restaurant. “What is this?” he asked himself. His deep eyes narrowed slightly. “This magic wave... An elf? No, a human. No, what is it? It’s so different.”

Krassu Aiou hesitated a moment, picked up his magic staff which was as tall as himself, and walked slowly towards the restaurant. He had been wandering in Chaos City for several days and hadn’t found anything interesting. Today might turn out to be his lucky day.

...

Inside the restaurant, Sargerass took a look at the menu on the table, then at Amy who was encouraging him, and at Mag who showed no sign of giving in. He let out a sigh of helplessness. Money was indeed very important in this world.

First, he found Mag a little unreasonable, but when he thought about the delicious and powerful roujiamo he made, he considered it quite understandable for him to have some rules and temper.

Even this little girl is able to make such a terrifying fireball, so Mag is very likely a powerful magic caster. He is very inconspicuous because he is so young and nothing on him can show he is a magic caster, Sargerass thought.

Once, he had seen a white-haired old human magic caster in the capital of the Roth Empire. He possessed such great power that he had defeated a giant dragon with only a fireball. He heard later that the old man was one of the royal magic casters and was among the most powerful ones in the Roth Empire. He didn’t remember his name, though.

“Well, I won’t break your rules. I’m Sargerass, by the way. I’ll come back again,” Sargerass said as he reached out his hand.

“Sar... Sargerass?” Mag was taken by surprise. He might not have been a game junkie, but he sure had played the World of Warcraft. He paused a moment and asked, “Where is your Burning Legion?”

“What?” Sargerass asked, confused.

Looks like they just share the same name. Mag breathed a sigh of relief. He took a look at Sarger's hand, in which he could see lava flowing, and shook his head uneasily. "Never mind. I'm Mag. Please do come again. But shaking hands... I have to work later, so I don't want to have to bandage my hand."

Sarger froze for an instant. He looked down at his hand and recalled that even human magic casters were still humans. He drew back his hand. "Well, I'll take my leave, then." He regulated his body temperature back to normal as he turned back. This way he wouldn't melt the handle as he opened the door.

As he walked out, Sarger nodded thoughtfully. "Burning Legion? Not a bad name..." Then he walked towards the exit of the Aden Square quickly.

"Father, Amy's incredible, right?" Amy looked up at Mag, waiting for his praise.

Mag stroked her head with a smile. "Yes. Amy's super incredible. You've helped a lot." He felt he was building up a fearsome façade with Amy. He didn't have any strong backing or strength, so for now, it was not bad for him to rely on her. It was still urgent for him to improve his strength, though.

Amy smiled merrily, contentment written all over her little face.

"I'd like two plates of the new dish, please," one customer said politely as he raised his hand.

"I'd also like two. No hurry. Take your time," another customer said, smiling.

Mag nodded with a smile. "Sure. Please wait a moment." He left Amy and Ugly Duckling to themselves, and walked quickly towards the kitchen.

Krassu stopped before the floor-to-ceiling window and was a little surprised when he saw Amy, who was holding a white and orange little creature in her arms. "Looks like the magic wave was from that little girl." Then he shook his head with pity. "Such a shame. She could have been a real talent, but, sadly, she was spoiled by the collision of two bloodlines; otherwise, I would have got what I came here for. Her talent is wasted by him. A little guidance is all she needs."

Krassu stamped his foot in anger. He wanted to leave, but he couldn't move his feet as he gazed at Amy. He stood before the window, motionless.

Amy noticed Krassu. She walked a little closer. "Ugly Duckling, why is that white-beard grandpa standing there like a statue? Maybe he has no money, and that's why he doesn't dare to come in? Like the Little Match Girl? If he sells matches too, should we buy one for him?" she asked softly as she widened her eyes to look over Krassu, trying to find out whether or not he had a basket full of matches hidden under his robe.

"Meow..." replied Ugly Duckling. It was also starting to look for matches on him, though it didn't know what matches were.

She looks pretty intelligent. She is a half-elf, but perhaps she is trainable and has potential. Maybe I should check her out, Krassu thought as he looked at the cute twin-braid Amy who was looking over him with her big bright blue eyes. Then he glanced at the busy restaurant and the opening hours on the door. He was in no hurry to walk in. He stared at Amy and Ugly Duckling through the crystal glass for half an hour.

Mag saw Krassu too when serving. Different from the grim black-robed Urien next door, this white-haired, white-bearded, and white-robed magic caster who was holding a light gray staff was more like a magic caster to him.

Amy stood there for a moment, and then sat at a window seat with her kitten. She continued to stare at Krassu. Both of them were not blinking. She didn't stand up, except when she had to collect money; other than that, her eyes didn't even move a bit.

Near 9 am, customers were falling off. He had already sold out all the 64 roujiamos by eight-thirty. Those who didn't get to eat asked Mag to make more next time.

Mag felt a little sorry himself. He also wanted to make more and earn more money. It seemed he had to be more efficient from tomorrow.

When there were only three customers left in the restaurant, Krassu diverted his eyes from Amy and walked in.

"Welcome!" Mag said, smiling. He was the first magic caster to eat here.

Amy took a look at Krassu. "Father, this is Match Grandpa," she said solemnly as she looked back at Mag.

Chapter 69: Do You Want To Learn?

Mag was taken by surprise. "Match Grandpa?" He saw Amy's sympathetic eyes and remembered the story he had told her about a little match girl. Apparently, she had taken Krassu for a destitute old man.

However, he didn't look poor to Mag. *Judging from his demeanor, he is either a reclusive master or holds a high position in the empire. The decorations didn't surprise him, because they meant nothing to him. Details are saying a lot.*

Amy nodded. "Yes. Look how pitiful he is! He's been waiting for so long, and no one has bought a match from him. Why don't we buy one?" Then she looked at Krassu and said, "Grandpa, don't worry. You might still die of hunger even if we buy one from you, but you'd be a lot better than the little girl who hadn't sold even one match, so you should die in peace."

Krassu was a little confused. *She seems to be mistaken.* He shook his head with a smile. "Little girl, actually, I'm not a—"

"You must be cold and hungry, and longing for a roast goose," Amy interrupted. "But Ugly Duckling is just a baby, you can't eat it now," she said vigilantly as she drew back, holding the kitten in her arms.

"Meow!" A little worried, Ugly Duckling looked up at Amy, its eyes wide.

"..." Krassu didn't know what to say. *The little girl looks at me as a poor old man who wants to eat roast goose before I can say a word. And what does this have to do with that little cat-like creature?*

Mag wanted to chuckle as he looked at the vigilant Amy. He saw Krassu's confused face and smiled quickly. "Sorry. I told her a story before and she believed it. What would you like to eat? The menu is on the table. Take a look, but la zhi roujiamos are sold out."

"Thank you." Krassu didn't think much and took a seat opposite Amy. He leaned his staff against the window, gave Amy a kind smile, and picked up the menu on the table.

He came here to find out if Amy had a talent to learn magic and ask her guardian's opinion, but he didn't want to be so forward by bringing that up this instant.

Of course, being turned down was the least of his worries. People who wanted to be apprenticed to him would line up from the palace to the gate of the capital.

There might be pressure from outside if he took a half-elf on as a disciple. However, he hadn't been caring about stuff like that after he passed 120. Now, all he wanted was a good student to whom he could pass his skills on.

Krassu didn't care if his disciple was a human, an elf, or even a half-elf. He couldn't care less about other people's opinions. People knew better than to mess with him.

It was the most comfortable restaurant he had been to these days in Chaos City. Of course, in grandness, it was nothing compared to the palace of the Roth Empire.

It was very busy. A restaurant in a corner had so many customers. It must have a lot of different dishes. Krassu opened the menu, and was surprised when he found only two dishes on it. He said la zhi roujiamo has sold out, so only Yangzhou fried rice is available now.

"Owner, what's this Yangzhou fried rice?" Krassu asked as he looked up at Mag. He had lived more than 120 years, and never once had he heard about this dish. *600 copper coins isn't cheap. The cost of a plate of this can last 10 days for a normal family of three.*

"Super delicious rainbow fried rice!" Amy blurted out before Mag could speak. Then she became a little worried. "I know you want to eat it, but we don't accept matches. Cash only. If you have no money to pay, I'll use my fire on you."

"Actually, I have money," Krassu said as he smiled gently. He held out a lean, old hand from his loose robe, and put it on the table, palm up. There were two dragon coins in the middle.

"So you don't sell matches?" Amy watched the dragon coins in his hand, a little confused.

"I don't sell matches, but if you want, I can make one for you." Then he snapped his fingers, and poof, a match as thick as a little finger and two fingers long appeared on his fingertip.

Mag was startled when he saw this. *It's a higher level magic—making something out of nothing. He is a true master.*

Amy's fireball can only destroy, but Krassu's match magic is simple yet skillful. He has combined magic with life and he's good at it, Mag thought. He must be very powerful.

"Wow! You can use magic?" Amy's eyes lit up completely as she stared at the match in Krassu's hand.

Krassu nodded, smiling. “Sure. I’m a magic caster. This is nothing. Some magic can beat giant dragons and trolls. Do you want to learn?”

Mag had thought that Krassu was about to order, and had never expected that he would trick Amy into learning magic. He became a little wary.

He knew Amy wanted to learn, but right now, they couldn’t expose who they were.

He had left the capital for this Chaos City to shun those sneering eyes.

Those people had let him live that night to laugh at his miserable life. He had faked his suicide, changed his face, and settled here. Now, four years had passed.

Most of them should assume that we are already dead, thought Mag. But it’s a matter of life or death, so we can’t be too careful. Amy must have inherited her talent in magic from her mother. If this talent is possessed by royalty only, then I have all the more reason to find a trustworthy teacher for her.

Amy shook her head immediately without thinking. “No.” Then she pointed at Mag, and said proudly, “My father is also a very powerful magic caster. He conjured up this beautiful restaurant, and he can make all kinds of tasty food. Can you?”

Krassu froze for a minute. He didn’t know how to cook.

He raised his eyes to look at Mag and didn’t find any magic wave on him, and he found that the restaurant was made of normal material.

Its building material is a lot better than other restaurants, but magic is not involved. Looks like the owner lied to his daughter to build up his image as a great father.

“Owner, I’d like a plate of Yangzhou fried rice, please,” Krassu said as he looked at Mag with a smile. *Since the little girl won’t listen, I’ll have to find a way through her father.*

Chapter 70: The Girl From Before

Mag nodded. “Okay. Please wait a moment.” He turned to walk towards the kitchen. He was pretty satisfied with Amy’s answer; at least she didn’t say yes right away. Seeing that this magic caster was not quite ready to give up, he was still on alert.

Now that it was evident that Krassu was not here to sell matches and that he had money, Amy wasn’t in a hurry to make him leave. “White-bearded grandpa, where are you from?” she asked curiously.

“I’m Krassu Aiou, from Rodu—the capital of the Roth Empire. It’s much bigger than Chaos City—a dozen times bigger. I walked half a year to arrive here,” Krassu answered with a smile, trying to soften his voice and expression.

If people from the Serving Tower saw Krassu, who used to be stern and even grim, talking to a little girl in such a gentle way, they would be stunned speechless.

Mag stopped moving and clenched his fist.

About half of the powerful human magic casters were living in Rodu, and the most powerful ones among them were stationed at the 36-storied Magus Tower. They served the royalty, so the tower was also known as the Serving Tower.

That night, three magic casters had attacked him, and two had been from the Serving Tower. That meant the royal family—or at least some of them—had given their consent.

That incident had shocked the army of the empire. The king had ordered to clean up the Magus Tower. They had made two small potatoes from the royal family their scapegoats, and then the whole thing had blown over.

Mag found Krassu in his predecessor's memory. He was one of those magic casters serving the royal family. It was said he was over 120 years old. He was very introverted and mysterious, and had never left the Tower. Even if there were big events in the Roth Empire, he had never attended them. The king himself could do nothing about him.

As a knight, Mag didn't like magic casters very much. He had never seen Krassu before until now. He didn't know whether that incident had been agreed upon by all the magic casters in the Tower or had been a secret mission executed by only those two magic casters.

Either way, Mag decided to keep Amy away from this Krassu. *The Serving Tower consists of different kinds of people. As one of the senior magic casters in it, he must have heard about that incident. I can't take any risks.*

Seeing that he was trying to interest Amy in Rodu, Mag became a little anxious. He would never let Amy leave his side, to say nothing of letting her go to that lifeless Magus Tower.

Having made up his mind, Mag went into the kitchen and started processing the ingredients to make Yangzhou fried rice.

He walked half a year? Amy thought a moment, cocking her head.

As Krassu was assuming that she would become intrigued and ask questions about Rodu, Amy let out a sigh. "White-bearded grandpa, you're so old," she said considerately. "Such a short road took you six months. Why don't you stay at home? If you fell, someone would have to take you back. It's very troublesome."

Surprise choked Krassu's words. It would have only taken him about 20 days to come here by carriage.

Yet he had chosen to walk because he wanted to find a good disciple. He had detoured to visit a lot of places. He had never thought that he would be seen as a decrepit old man by Amy.

Krassu tried to calm himself down. "Actually, I can use more powerful magic..." He was attempting to draw Amy's attention with magic again.

"Ugly Duckling, do you want to see his magic?" Amy asked as she looked down at her kitten.

Ugly Duckling cast a glance at the old man and shook its head.

"Me neither," Amy said, shrugging.

“...” Krassu learned for the first time that children were not as easy to be deceived as he had expected. *This half-elf girl is difficult to be persuaded. She has a vicious tongue and a quick, leaping mind. She is an unusual girl.*

While Krassu was thinking hard on how to make Amy interested in him, Mag came out, holding a plate of Yangzhou fried rice. “Your Yangzhou fried rice,” he said with a smile as he put it before him.

What’s this? Krassu’s eyes brightened immediately as he saw the colorful fried rice in front of him. Just like Amy had said, it was like a rainbow. Colors had been chopped up and fried together. Egg-coated rice and grain-sized ingredients cut by amazing skills combined to make such an exquisite dish.

The aroma of the eggs and different ingredients made him swallow in spite of himself. It was so strong that it was even more inviting than the food the chefs made in the palace. Krassu had lost his appetite for many years, but now he felt an urge to try it.

He picked up his spoon, took a spoonful from the middle, and ate it. The eggs outside the rice were so tender, and the ham released tasty juice as he bit into it. The mixed taste of different ingredients stirred his long-dead taste buds, seeming to have revived them; they found nourishment in the food, and he found his long-forgotten appetite again.

When he chewed on the rice, Krassu opened his eyes immediately. *This is...* The rice was sweet, delicious, and comfortable, nourishing his whole body as he swallowed.

He was startled and confused. *I’m familiar with this feeling. It’s the taste of Spring of Life!*

The elves’ holy spring. Once, an interesting elf girl had visited him and brought him a small jar of water from the Spring of Life. He could never forget its taste. The water was the main reason why he was able to live such a long time.

Even he had only got to try the water three times, and the other two times was because of the welfare of being a royal magic caster. *Such a shame. What a nice girl! She married a wrong man.*

Where does the taste of the Spring of Life come from? Did the owner add some while cooking? Even one drop of that is something.

Krassu’s hand paused a moment, and then he couldn’t help but bring another spoonful to his mouth. Savoring the delicious taste in his mouth, he forgot the Spring of Life, his depressing memories, and his rough journey in search of a disciple. The taste made him forget everything for the moment.