

Stay At home 611

Chapter 611 Work, Princess!

"I think you may have some sort of misconception regarding the term 'waitress'. A waitress is someone who serves customers. I'm the owner of this restaurant, and I have no intention of retiring anytime soon, so I don't need a manager to replace me. Our restaurant is indeed looking for a waitress, but each and every waitress here has to satisfy a certain set of criteria before they're hired. If you want to become a waitress here at Mamy Restaurant, you'll have to do the same." Mag couldn't help but burst into laughter as he looked at Babla. She really had no idea how anything worked in the world.

"So what you're saying is, I have to serve customers here like how my maids serve me?" Babla stared at Mag with incredulity in her eyes.

"That's a decent analogy, but as a waitress here at the restaurant, you won't have to tend to the customers' every need. All of you have to do is take orders, bring out dishes, clean up tables, and offer service with a smile." Mag nodded in response.

"Really?" Babla stared intently at Mag as if she were trying to determine whether he was telling the truth. Prior to today, she would have never even considered serving anyone. However, the situation had spiraled out of her control; furthermore, Mag's roast beef kebabs really did have a very special effect on her body. If she could eat it consistently, perhaps it could cure her chronic condition.

"I feel like I don't need to answer that question from you. You have to realize that I'm not begging you to become a waitress. There are far better options out there in the free employment market. They could already be skilled servers who are really quick on their feet and won't require much training before starting in their role." Mag looked at Babla with a calm expression, and said, "I'm giving you a chance to show me what you're capable of. If you can prove to me that you can succeed in this role as a waitress and can perform to an above-average standard, then the job is yours."

"Is the waitress selection process that rigorous?" Babla's eyes widened as she grappled with an intense internal conflict. In the end, her desire for more kebabs and to return home won out over her reluctance to discard her dignity, and she nodded as she said, "Alright, using me as a waitress is a waste of my brilliant talents, but I will reluctantly accept this job. All a waitress has to do is carry dishes, right? That's a piece of cake for me."

Babla extended a finger and pointed toward the plate on the table carrying the roast beef kebabs. The plate hovered into the air and instantly appeared in her hand.

"I can place plates on every single table extremely quickly. That's not a skill that everyone has, right?" Babla turned to Mag with a smug expression. She took a bite of one of the kebabs on the plate as a confident smile appeared on her face.

"That's so cool!" Yabemiya turned to Babla with awe and admiration in her eyes.

"The plate flew! What amazing magic!" Amy also exclaimed.

Mag's eyes also lit up upon seeing this. Spatial magic casters were very rare, and this young girl was at least a 7th-tier spatial magic caster. If she could use her spatial magic on the job, then she really did have an advantage that no one else could replicate. However... it did seem like quite a waste. But then

again, he was already using a 7th-tier water-type elven magic caster to clean the restaurant for him, so it didn't seem too out of place to use a spatial magic caster to bring out dishes.

Even though Mag was quite impressed, he made sure he didn't show it as he nodded indifferently, and said, "That is indeed not a skill that everyone has. If you can remember every customer's orders, the sequence the orders were placed in, and the quantities of each food item ordered, then you can become a Mamy Restaurant employee."

"My memory is pretty good." Babla nodded confidently.

"Don't get overconfident." Mag strode into the kitchen, and soon re-emerged with a pile of plates of different sizes. He then pointed at a table in the restaurant, and said, "From the entrance, that row of tables is numbered from one to four. I'm going to tell you what kind of plates are required on each table, and you have to memorize that before placing the correct dishes on the table with the corresponding number. If you get less than three plates wrong, then you pass."

Babla nodded, and said, "Easy! I'll have no issues with something like this."

"Table number three needs two plates, four bowls, and two small plates; table number six..." Mag began to deliver a string of instructions, and Babla's relaxed expression had also become quite focused.

"Now then, please begin." Mag stated his requirements for eight tables at once. This was already quite a challenging memorization task.

This test is really similar to the one I had to do; is she going to succeed? Yabemiya was looking at Babla with a nervous expression.

"You can do it, Big Sister Babla," Amy cheered her on indistinctly through a mouthful of beef.

Sally was also looking at Babla with a serious expression. She didn't really dislike Babla; the latter was a little spoiled, but definitely not to an incorrigible degree.

Babla closed her eyes in deep thought for a while. When she reopened her eyes, the 100 or so bowls and plates on the table rose into the air at the same time. They converged toward her before flying out one by one, gently landing on the tables without even the slightest sound.

In the blink of an eye, all of the plates and bowls had been placed down without even a single one remaining.

"Is that correct?" Babla exhaled as she turned to look at Mag. She was trying to put on a casual expression, but the anxiety in her eyes was quite apparent.

"You got two wrong; that's very good for your first time." Mag swapped a plate and a small plate on tables three and seven. He then turned to Babla with a smile, and said, "Congratulations. If you'd like to, you can become Mamy Restaurant's third waitress. After deducting the cost of the roast beef kebabs from your first month of wages, you'll be getting 600 copper coins per day."

An elated expression appeared on Babla's face, but she quickly repressed it as she grumbled, "Nine roast beef kebabs cost 2,700 copper coins, yet I only get 600 per day? How am I supposed to survive? I'll only be able to eat two kebabs a day! I'm going to starve to death!"

Mag looked at Babla with a calm expression, and said, "You can go out and ask any restaurant in the Aden Square to see if they'll offer 600 copper coins per day for a waitress on probation. Your income should dictate your spending, not the other way around. If your wages can only afford you two kebabs a day, then you should be choosing more affordable foods rather than whining about your wages."

"Work, Princess!" Amy clenched her little fists with a smile on her face.

Chapter 612 You Sure Are Efficient!

"I accept your conditions." Babla looked at Mag, and was silent for a long while before finally nodding her head. However, she quickly added, "I may be your employee now, but all of you have to treat me like a princess. I'm the only princess of the moon nation, and I could become the queen someday."

Mag shook his head. In an implacable voice, he said, "Seeing as you know that you're my employee, you should act like an employee. My restaurant doesn't need any princesses; it needs a hard-working waitress."

This guy is so insolent! Babla grumbled internally. However, she could only suppress her rage at the sight of his stern expression. This man was completely different from all the men she had encountered before.

"We welcome you as a member of our Mamy Restaurant! The restaurant is going to open soon, so we have to eat now. As for the specific details, I'll discuss them with you after the lunch service. You don't need to do anything during the lunch service other than watch Miya work. Your mission is to be able to do the job that she does on your own one day." A benevolent smile appeared on Mag's face as he delivered a set of instructions. He took a glance at the clock on the wall before sitting down again to eat.

"Welcome! Welcome!" Amy clapped her little hands together and looked at Babla with a smile as she said, "Hello, Big Sister Babla, my name is Amy."

"Hello, I'm Yabemiya; you can call me Miya. I look forward to working with you," Yabemiya greeted Babla with a warm smile.

"Aisha." Sally nodded as part of a minimalistic self-introduction.

"You may refer to me as the honorable... Forget it, I give you all special permission to call me Babla." A sense of warmth suddenly welled up in her heart as she looked at everyone's smiles. She nodded in response to everyone's introductions before also taking a seat at the dining table.

"I'm Mag; you can call me Boss like they do," Mag said with a smile. He was looking for a waitress, and one turned up literally out of thin air. If it weren't for the fact that the system hadn't said anything, he would have thought that it had been responsible for bringing this waitress to him.

He had ended up with a princess as a waitress at the price of nine roast beef kebabs; that was quite a good deal in his opinion. If Babla could take over from Yabemiya, then she would be able to focus more attention and energy on the ice cream shop. He was very much looking forward to how much profit the new shop would make.

"Big Sister Babla, Father can make other super delicious dishes aside from roast beef," Amy remarked with a serious look as she picked up a roujiamo and took a bite.

"I only want to eat roast meat right now." Babla wasn't tempted by Amy's words.

Everyone quickly finished their lunch, leaving only Amy and Babla still eating at the table. Mag glanced at the clock on the wall before quickly rushing over to the restaurant entrance. What was supposed to be a leisurely lunch had been made rather rushed and urgent by the sudden arrival of Babla, but they thankfully finished just in time.

"Welcome." Mag pushed open the restaurant doors and greeted all of the customers outside with a smile.

As usual, Krassu and Urien entered the restaurant first, and both of them immediately turned to appraise Babla in unison.

"That's...!" Urien looked at the pink crescent moon insignia on Babla's glabella, and a sharp look appeared in his eyes.

"Could it be... that she was teleported here? The teleportation formation below the restaurant leads to that place?" Krassu was also quite stunned.

"Hello, Master Half-beard, Master Turtle." Amy waved at the two of them while holding a roujiamo.

Hmm? What powerful magic waves. Those two old men seem to be just as powerful as Father and Master. Could it be that they're also great magic casters? But isn't this continent supposed to be pitifully weak with no great magic casters? Babla had also turned her gaze toward Krassu and Urien, upon which a rather surprised look appeared on her face.

Krassu and Urien glanced at each other, but didn't say anything. They sat down in their usual seats and made their usual orders.

Harrison walked in through the door and looked at Babla with a curious expression as he asked, "Who's that, Boss Mag? Is she a new waitress?"

"That's right. She was only hired today, and isn't officially working yet." Mag nodded with a smile.

"You sure are efficient!" Harrison gave Mag a thumbs-up.

Mag smiled and didn't say anything. It was more so his luck than his efficiency that should be commended.

The customers filed in and quickly filled the entire restaurant. Babla's mouth gaped open slightly as she held her last kebab. She looked at all of the customers stating their orders to Yabemiya, and she felt as if her head had instantly been overwhelmed by information overload.

So many dishes and so many customers, all with different requirements; how was it possible to memorize so much information in such a short time? Babla's confidence was beginning to waver.

In a study in the Moreton manor, a middle-aged man informed, "Young Master, Young Mistress Gloria has been busy sorting through the excess stock in her textiles shop these past few days. She also hired many seamstresses; apparently, she's producing clothes."

“Making clothes? Hasn’t the Blue Suede Textiles Shop been incurring losses for years? Have the orders suddenly increased since she took over?” Cyril raised an eyebrow as he turned to the middle-aged man with a slightly nervous expression.

The fact that Gloria had become a candidate to the Moreton Family heirloom was a constant thorn in his side. Even though she only received a textiles shop that had been incurring losses for years on end, he still had to keep an eye on her.

The middle-aged man shook his head, and replied, “That’s not the case. The Blue Suede Textiles Shop hasn’t received many new orders, and no one has come to them with orders to design clothes; their situation is still the same as before. According to an employee from the Blue Suede Textiles Shop, Young Mistress Gloria seems to be planning to produce ready-made clothes of set sizes before selling them.”

“Hehe, what kind of idiot would buy ready-made clothes? Everyone wants to wear tailor-made clothing that fits them perfectly. Who would buy clothes without even having their measurements taken? Looks like I’ve overestimated Gloria; she’s just a desperate little girl stumbling around like a headless chicken.” A deriding sneer appeared on Cyril’s face as he said coldly, “I’m looking forward to seeing what kind of results she can present to the president at the conclusion of her one-month deadline.”

Chapter 613 In the Name of the Moon, I’m Going to Destroy You!

“Are you sure I can do all that?”

Babla turned to Mag with an incredulous look at the conclusion of the lunch service.

“Do you have so little confidence in yourself?”

In reality, Mag was also rather skeptical of her ability to do as good a job as Yabemiya.

“Of... of course I have confidence!” Babla blushed slightly as she raised her voice a few octaves to mask her uncertainty, and said, “It’s just carrying out a few dishes here and there! I can do that with ease.”

“I hope so.” Mag shrugged before carefully sizing up Babla.

“What are you looking at?” Babla took a step backward and looked at Mag with a pair of wary eyes.

“Don’t worry, Big Sister Babla, Father wouldn’t be interested in your short stubby legs,” Amy consoled her as she held Ugly Duckling in her arms.

“Who said I have short stubby legs? My legs are clearly really long!” Babla got up on the tips of her toes with an indignant expression, revealing a sliver of her thin legs from beneath her dress. It had to be said that in proportion with the rest of her body, her legs didn’t appear to be all that short.

Right at this moment, Sally took a step toward the next table that she was going to clean, unintentionally revealing a section of her long legs through her qipao as she did so.

Babla looked at Sally’s legs, which almost reached up to her chest, and silently got back down on her heels with a pitiable and envious expression on her face.

A faint smile of amusement appeared on Mag's face. Babla appeared to be less than 1.5 meters tall, so of course there was no way the length of her legs could compare to Sally's.

Mag looked at the dejected Babla, and asked, "What style of clothing would you like to wear?"

"Huh?" Babla raised her head to aim a perplexed look at Mag.

"Boss is going to prepare a beautiful work uniform for you, just like the kind Aisha and I are wearing," Yabemiya explained with a smile.

Babla looked at Yabemiya's and Sally's attire, upon which her eyes lit up with anticipation. She turned back to Mag, and eagerly said, "I love beautiful dresses! I want it to be light pink; that would be ideal for an adorable princess like me."

"Do you know what one of the biggest taboos in attire choice is?" Mag asked with a serious expression.

"Not wearing a dress?" Babla asked hesitantly.

"No, it's wearing the same color from head to toe, including even your socks!" Mag pointed at Babla's feet, which were sheathed in pink socks inside a pair of pink shoes.

"That's impossible! Pink is so adorable! Is there any color more adorable and more suitable for a princess?" Babla was not convinced. However, she still unconsciously shuffled her feet back while glaring at Mag as if she were trying to hide her socks and shoes.

Mag rolled his eyes and pursed his lips as he said, "You're wearing pink from head to toe; if you go out on the streets like that, people would think that you just rolled out of a tub of pink flour."

"I... I..." Babla opened her mouth, but didn't have a retort to offer. She looked down at the get-up that she had adored for more than 10 years, and suddenly discovered that it really was a rather peculiar combination.

"What's pink flour? Can it make pink roujiamo?" Amy asked with a curious look.

"Well... Theoretically, it could. That is, if there really were pink flour in this world." Mag nodded with a smile.

"I wanna eat it..." An expression of yearning appeared on Amy's face.

"Why are you two discussing flour now?" Babla was a little angry at the fact that Mag and Amy had strayed so far off-topic. However, she still tried her best to control her emotions as she looked at Mag, and said, "If you think my fashion sense is not up to par, then what clothes do you plan on fitting me in? I feel like your fashion sense may be even worse than mine."

"It would be extremely difficult to find someone with even worse fashion sense than yours." Mag shook his head in response.

Seeing as Babla was about to argue again, Mag continued, "I'll make a set of clothes for you. When I'm done, you can choose whether you want to wear it or your own clothes. If you don't have anywhere to

go after the lunch service, you can stay in the restaurant, but I'd advise you to find a place to stay at night; the restaurant doesn't offer lodging."

"Then where am I going to live?" Babla asked hesitantly. "Do you guys have a royal palace here for me to live in?"

Mag felt like Babla would be dead in less than three minutes if she had transmigrated to any other location. Her IQ and general knowledge were so pitifully pathetic that they would sure get her killed!

Thus, he gave her a rough introduction to the situation in Chaos City. In order to get her somewhat familiarized with the city, Mag decided to get Yabemiya to take her on a brief tour and, if possible, also find her a place to stay. Otherwise, it would be very troublesome for him if she had to stay at the restaurant at night.

"Father, I also want to go!" Amy made her way out the door with Ugly Duckling in her arms.

"Let me see just how this continent is different from the moon nation." Babla took a deep breath before pushing open the restaurant's doors.

The vibrant light of the autumn sun shone down on her, giving her a sense of warm drowsiness.

The sight that greeted her was a grand multicultural city with all types of beings walking the streets. There was a pointy-eared elf sitting on the grass while quietly reading, and there was a tall and broad orc dragging along a young orc behind him with a serious expression. Judging from the dejected look on the young orc's face, he had most likely been caught doing something wrong by his father.

Everything was so interesting and unfamiliar.

So these are the life forms of this continent. Even though they're different from the inhabitants of the moon nation, they certainly do not look as strange as the teachers and textbooks describe them.

The elf in the restaurant and the elf sitting outside on the grass were both stunningly beautiful, making it difficult for her to look away from them. In comparison, the orcs were quite hideous, but she didn't mind looking at them, either.

Everything appeared to be so harmonious and peaceful. Babla's nerves were soothed significantly. This city was completely different from the barren wilderness that she had imagined it to be.

Babla looked around from side to side, and her eyes suddenly widened as she caught sight of something. She immediately stepped forward, and exclaimed, "Unhand that woman at once!"

"Huh?" Yabemiya had just emerged from the restaurant, and she turned toward that direction with a confused look. There, Xixi and Lulu just so happened to be making their way out of the magic potion shop hand-in-hand. Both of them wore blissful smiles on their faces as they looked into each other's eyes.

"Miya, Amy, who's this?" Xixi turned to Babla with a smile upon hearing her outburst.

Meanwhile, Lulu was appraising Babla with a wary look, and his hand tightened around Xixi's as he pulled her behind him slightly. He could sense a hint of enmity coming from this little girl.

“Hmph! How dare you hold a woman’s hand in broad daylight? In the name of the moon, I’m going to destroy you!” Babla raised her wand and pointed it at Lulu.

Chapter 614 Tie Him to A Stake and Burn Him to Death!

A flash of light lit up on Babla’s raised wand as she pointed it in Lulu’s direction.

Lulu looked at Babla with a cautious expression. This little girl had just come out of Mamy Restaurant with Amy and Yabemiya, so she most likely wasn’t an enemy. As such, he was wondering why she was displaying such animosity toward him.

Furthermore, this little girl was so young and petite, with such a frail figure. He felt as if he would be able to poke her to death with a single finger, so he didn’t know how to react in this situation. As such, he could only shield Xixi behind him and assess the situation from there.

“Look out, she’s using spatial magic of a very high level!” Xixi cautioned as she stood behind Lulu. She had also pulled out her own wand.

However, she had only just finished issuing her warning when Lulu’s burly body rose into the air as if he had been plucked from the ground by a giant invisible hand. His feet left the ground and he let go of Xixi’s hand to avoid taking her with him. At the same time, he threw a powerful punch, which was able to easily break through the spatial barrier, but his body remained bound by an invisible spatial force that he was unable to struggle free from. Thus, he hovered in the air at an altitude of close to two meters, unable to come back down.

Amy walked out of the restaurant with Ugly Duckling in her arms, and her eyes immediately lit up upon seeing that. “Wow! Big Bear is flying! That’s so awesome, Big Sister Babla!”

“Lulu!” Xixi cried out as she turned to Babla with wariness and enmity in her eyes. She yelled, “Little girl, why are you doing this to Lulu?”

Amy made her way over to Babla with a confused look, and said, “Yeah, Big Sister Babla; Big Sister Xixi and Big Bear are both very good friends of ours. Big Bear is a little dumb, but he’s a good person. You should let him down now.”

“I feel like there must be some sort of misunderstanding between you guys. Or could it be that you have some sort of vendetta?” Yabemiya wore a rather nervous expression. Due to the fact that her own combat prowess was sorely lacking, she was at a loss for what to do in a situation like this.

“In our moon nation, men are strictly prohibited from holding a woman’s hand in a public setting! That is a gesture that disrespects and defiles women; it’ll bring the woman back luck! This guy is holding your hand in broad daylight, yet you’re trying to defend him! This is unbelievable!” Babla turned to Xixi with the expression of a disappointed mother looking at her daughter.

Xixi faltered slightly upon hearing that before putting away her wand and bursting into laughter. “Little girl, we’ve been married for centuries, and we grew up together; holding hands is like second nature to us, it is a gesture that reflects our love and trust for each other. I don’t know where this moon nation is, but here in Chaos City, as well as in the vast majority of places on the Norland Continent, couples holding hands is very much socially acceptable.”

“Yeah, Father holds my hand every day when he takes me to school; is that a crime?” Amy asked with a curious expression.

“Is that true?” A hesitant expression appeared on Babla’s face as she looked at Xixi. Indeed, from her expression, it didn’t appear as if she had been forced to hold hands with Lulu against her will at all.

Mag made his way out of the restaurant, and said, “You should learn to adapt to the social norms and culture of this place; it is a sign of respect for the different places that you visit. Only then can you truly blend in with this community. What you see as a heinous crime is an occurrence that couldn’t be more mundane here.”

As a single man, Mag didn’t really want to be fed dog food by Xixi and Lulu. However, killing Lulu just for holding Xixi’s hand in public was going way too far. Could it be that Babla was supposed to be some sort of extreme feminist?

“How could this be considered normal? How can men and women be together? Even if you’re in love, holding hands in public still warrants punishment by being burned to death!” Babla did not waver in the face of Mag’s persuasion.

Everyone looked at each other, at a loss for words.

“Look, they’re just holding hands and going out for a stroll. They haven’t committed murder or arson or anything like that. Just because you’re single doesn’t mean you have the right to condemn all couples.” Mag didn’t know how he should respond to such an absurd situation.

“That’s an interesting idea, Big Sister Babla. I’m really good at burning things!” Amy said with a joyful expression. She extended her little hand, and a ball of bluish violet flames appeared over her palm before she turned an eager gaze toward Lulu.

“That’s right! We must defend the rights of our fellow women! We can’t allow those stinky men to lay their dirty paws on us! Otherwise, us women will be the ones to get hurt in the end.” Babla’s confidence was restored after receiving Amy’s support. She looked at Lulu, and delivered her judgment. “Big dumb bear! You have committed an unforgivable crime! For that, I’m going to tie you to a stake and burn you to death!”

Lulu still wore a bashful smile on his face. He could sense this little girl’s animosity, but seeing as she was with Mag, he definitely couldn’t attack her. He trusted that Mag would be able to sort out this situation, so he turned to Mag for a resolution.

“I’m afraid I can’t do anything; she’s simply too stubborn.” Mag shrugged with a smile, and said, “In situations like this, where words fail to make people see reason, you should just beat her into submission.”

“Little girl, I’m very touched that you would try to stand up for me, but Lulu is a very important person to me, so if you’re going to hurt him, we’ll have to hurt you.” Xixi looked at Babla with a smile as she pulled out her wand again.

The smile on Lulu’s face had also disappeared. If Mag wasn’t going to resolve the issue, then they would have to take matters into their own hands. 7th-tier spatial magic was indeed quite powerful, but they were also 7th-tier beings in their own right.

“I’m not listening! I’m not listening! I’m going to tie this guy to a stake and burn him to death no matter what! I’m going to show him the consequences of disrespecting women!” Babla shook her head vehemently as she took a glance at Xixi’s wand. This beautiful big sister didn’t appear to be very powerful, so she wasn’t concerned at all.

“Are they going to fight?” Amy retreated back a little with Ugly Duckling in her arms, and looked on with an expectant light in her eyes.

“Roar!”

Lulu suddenly let loose a rumbling roar as his body abruptly swelled in size, transforming into a massive bear. He swiped his claws through the air, and ripples ran through the space before him as the spatial barrier that he was trapped in was torn apart. As a result, he landed back on the ground before turning to Babla with a cold expression.

Chapter 615 I’m Going to Live Here!

“S-such a massive bear!”

Babla’s mouth gaped open as she looked up with a stunned expression on her face.

In the face of the massive bear that was close to three meters tall and armed with sharp and menacing claws, Babla’s petite figure created a massive contrast.

“So this Big Bear really is a bear! But how can a human transform into a bear? This world is downright terrifying! I want to go back to the moon nation!” The scenes unfolding before Babla’s eyes had completely tipped her outlook on the world on its head. Furthermore, the fact that Lulu was able to easily tear through her spatial barrier was completely outside of her anticipation.

She looked at the ferocious bear standing before her, looking as if he were going to tear her to shreds at any moment, and she was too scared to even move. However, she still put on a fearless expression, not allowing herself to show her fear to her enemy.

“Are you still going to try and burn him to death now? It’s going to be rather difficult to tie him to a stake.” Mag chuckled.

“To protect the honor of women is an extremely serious and important mission; I won’t back down even in the face of the most powerful enemies!” Babla said with a serious expression.

“Having a man who loves them is extremely honorable for a woman.” Xixi put away her wand, and made her way over to Babla with a smile as she said, “What an adorable little beauty; where are you from? Let’s be friends; what’s the point in all this fighting?”

Babla looked at the smile on Xixi’s face, and was suddenly struck by the urge to befriend her. Her expression eased slightly as she turned to Lulu. She hesitated momentarily before putting away her wand and clearing her throat as she said, “I’m not scared of you; I simply don’t want to get into a fight on my first day in this world. Otherwise, people will think that everyone from the moon nation is an uncivilized buffoon.”

“She’s Babla, the third waitress at the restaurant. She came from a very faraway place, so she still harbors some views and opinions that are rather strange. Please be patient with her,” Mag explained with a smile before returning to the restaurant.

“Babla? What an adorable name, just as adorable as you are.” Xixi gave Babla a sweet smile as she held onto her hand. Using a gentle voice, she said, “It must be quite daunting to be in such an unfamiliar and faraway place, right? We’re neighbors now, so you can come to find us if you need any help.”

“I...” Babla looked at the warm smile on Xixi’s face, and she couldn’t help but be reminded of her own mother. Her mother and father had to be very concerned that she had transmigrated to such a distant place. With that in mind, tears began to well up in her eyes.

Big Sister Xixi is a good person, but those stinky men who dare to touch women in public must be burned to death! As for this one... I’ll leave him be for now, Babla thought to herself as Xixi and Lulu walked hand-in-hand toward the nearby park.

“Let’s go, Babla. If you don’t mind, you can live next to my place. The houses there are a little small, but they’re really tidy and peaceful,” Yabemiya said to Babla as she led her away.

...

That night, Yabemiya took Babla back to the restaurant. As soon as they walked in through the door, Babla asked, “I don’t want to live in such strange places! Do you guys have palaces here? I want to live in a palace.”

“There is no king in Chaos City, so there are no palaces.” Mag shook his head with an amused smile in response.

“Ugh... What do I do? I won’t have my crystal bed, I won’t have my big bathtub, I won’t have my large wardrobe, and even the toilets there stink. How am I supposed to live there? And... and I saw some furry thing just then. If that thing comes out at night, what am I going to do...” A pitiable look appeared on Babla’s face as she spoke. Her lips pouted, and it was as if she were going to burst into tears at any moment.

“That was a little mouse; I thought it was quite cute,” Yabemiya added beside her.

“Cute?! That thing was gray and furry, with a sharp mouth and a long tail; how could something like that possibly qualify as cute?” Babla’s voice rose a few octaves as she turned to Yabemiya with incredulity.

“Even if you had a wardrobe, you wouldn’t have clothes to hang up in it anyway.” Mag rolled his eyes. However, he could understand how jarring it would be for a wealthy and spoiled princess like her to suddenly live in, essentially, poverty.

Amy had just returned home from her lessons, and she smilingly suggested, “If you want a palace, we have one upstairs! Big Sister Babla, how about you live upstairs with us? Our toilet smells really nice!”

“Really?” Babla’s eyes immediately lit up.

“You built a palace upstairs, Boss?” Yabemiya also turned to Mag with curiosity and anticipation on her face. She had never seen a palace before.

Mag shook his head, and said, “The restaurant doesn’t provide lodging, so you—”.

Before he even had a chance to finish his sentence, Babla was already rushing upstairs.

“Heehee.” Amy also ran up the stairs with Ugly Duckling in her arms.

Yabemiya turned to Mag with an expectant gaze, and asked, “Boss, can I go and have a look too? I’ve never seen a palace before.”

“Go on, then,” Mag gave a resigned reply. There wasn’t a palace upstairs; it was just a small playground.

“Let’s go together, Aisha!” Yabemiya dragged Sally upstairs with a joyful expression.

I have to find a way to get rid of this girl. Just the thought of living together with a stranger is making me cringe. Mag took a glance at the clock on the wall, and found that he still had some time left before the commencement of the dinner service. As such, he also went upstairs.

In any case, there weren’t any spare rooms upstairs, and Babla was most likely going to be quite disappointed with the playground. She would then be forced to find someplace else to live.

“Wow! This is so fun!”

“This horse spins on its own!”

“Can these shoes with wheels be worn? Ah, help me, I’m gonna fall... I’m gonna... Ow!”

Before Mag had even made it upstairs, the joyful cries of the girls upstairs had already reached his ears, the loudest of which came from none other than Babla.

Mag made his way over to the entrance, only to find Babla wearing a pair of rollerblades. She was slowly getting to her feet with her hands against the wall while rubbing her own leg, but there was an elated smile on her face. Meanwhile, Sally and Yabemiya were sitting on either side of a seesaw, oscillating from side to side, and even Sally wore a vibrant smile on her face.

“Is... Is it really that fun?” Mag was finding it difficult to believe how excited the girls were.

Babla turned to Mag with an excited look, and said, “This palace is a little small, but it’s super fun! I’m going to live here!”

Chapter 616 Father, Am I Still A Three-Year-old?

Mag looked at Babla’s vibrant smile, and discovered for the first time that she actually looked quite adorable when she smiled. At the very least, she was much more adorable than when she was putting on her haughty facade.

However, when he thought about, she was a pampered princess who had lived all her life in a lavish palace, and had suddenly transmigrated to this world. For her to grow accustomed to this foreign world was indeed quite a difficult task. After all, there weren’t guides constantly waiting for transmigrators like them.

Discrimination was never the answer.

It was just like how he wanted to change this world's perception of half-breed beings, but those xenophobic views were too deeply ingrained for him to make a difference in the short term.

Mag shook his head as he looked at Babla, and said, "But if you live here, there's no crystal bed or massive wardrobe for you. There isn't even a bed here!"

"I don't mind all that if you let me live here. I really, really like this place!" The excitement on Babla's face didn't fade in the slightest.

"No, I refuse." Mag shook his head sternly.

"I've never begged anyone for anything in my life." Babla pouted with a pitiable expression as she pleaded, "But I'm begging you now. Please let me live here, I don't mind sleeping on the floor."

Mag raised an eyebrow at the sight of Babla's vulnerable expression. He was suddenly feeling rather sympathetic toward this princess, and was at a loss for what to do.

"Boss, Babla really seems to hate the place I live at, and she's really scared of mice. Why don't you let her live here before she finds a suitable place to live?" Yabemiya chimed in as she looked at Babla with a sympathetic expression. She thought back to how Babla had screamed and dove into her arms at the sight of the scurrying mouse, and her sympathy toward her was even further exacerbated.

Amy also latched onto Mag's arm, and pleaded, "Let Big Sister Babla live with us, Father. I'll be able to teach her the rules of our Chaos City then, and she won't pick fights with people on the streets for no reason."

"You haven't even learned those rules yourself, and you're trying to teach others?" Mag tapped Amy on the nose with a feigned expression of anger on his face. He looked at Babla for a while before nodding as he said, "Alright, you can live here."

Before Babla had a chance to exult, Mag continued, "However, I won't be supplying any furniture to you. You can only use the bathroom between 10 pm and 10:30 pm at night, but you must make sure to clean up after yourself. You can only come upstairs when going to bed and you can't come out of this room."

Yabemiya and Sally both turned to Babla with concerned looks upon hearing that set of conditions.

To their surprise, Babla nodded without even batting an eyelid as she said, "No problem!"

"Also, you have to remember that this is not your moon nation, and no one is going to treat you like a princess here. As such, you have to abide by the rules of this world. Otherwise, if you cause trouble for yourself with your willfulness, I won't be bailing you out." Mag looked into Babla's eyes with a serious expression as he said, "Everyone has to take responsibility for their actions. You're no longer a three-year-old."

Babla was silent for a moment as she looked at Mag. She then nodded with a solemn expression, and said, "Alright, I'll be sure to be more responsible."

“Alright, that’s all settled, then. This place is only temporary lodging for you. You have to move out after you find a suitable place to live. After all, this isn’t some palace; this is Amy’s playground.” Mag nodded before turning to walk downstairs.

“Father, am I still a three-year-old?” Amy asked.

Mag stroked her hair with a smile, and said, “Of course not. You’re a four-year-old already, so you also have to start taking responsibility for your own actions.”

“Yes, Father.” Amy nodded with a thoughtful expression before turning to Babla with an elated expression as she said, “This is great! You can live with us now, Big Sister Babla! I’m going to teach you a lesson today; holding hands is not a crime! Father holds my hand all the time, but he’s a good person...”

On a barren island within the Demon Islands, there were a few black-robed figures sitting together. All of them had their faces concealed, and they were eating something in a valley.

At this moment, a black-robed magic caster hurried over with a black messenger falcon, and said urgently, “Master Seuss, we still can’t make contact with Chaos City. The black falcon returned, but the secret message we sent wasn’t taken from it. Most likely, something has happened there.”

The black-robed figures sitting together all turned to the magic caster with concerned expressions upon hearing that.

Seuss looked at the envelope with the red seal strapped around the falcon’s leg, and his brows furrowed deeply, making the scar on one end of his eyebrow even more apparent. His dead-fish eyes became even gloomier as he said, “When did we first lose contact with them?”

“We last received a report from them three days ago, so if something happened, it would have to be sometime during the past two days,” the black-robed magic caster replied.

Seuss fell silent again, and his brows furrowed even deeper.

“According to our regulations, the Black Falcons have to report to Master Seuss every second day. Could it be that something really has happened to Narson and the others?”

“Narson’s team isn’t very powerful, but they’re definitely not weak, either. At least one or two of their members should be able to escape even if they encountered powerful enemies. How could we have lost contact with them all of a sudden?”

“Could it be that... they encountered that man?”

“No way! Isn’t that guy already completely disabled? Then again, we’ve searched many of the islands here, and still haven’t found him.”

The black-robed figures discussed quietly among themselves with grave expressions on their faces.

“Take a team back with you to Chaos City and assess the situation there. Report your findings to me via messenger falcon,” Seuss said to the black-robed magic caster.

“Yes.” The magic caster nodded before quickly disappearing into the distance with a team of seven people.

“Let’s keep going. We’ll finish searching this island today, and there will be three islands left. That man is very likely to be on one of the remaining three islands,” Seuss instructed before making his way into the misty forest.

“Yes.” The black-robed figures quickly followed behind him.

Deep within the Aden Square, a lush grove had been reduced to a chaotic mess. There was a man with a Gray Temple uniform there, and he informed Brandli, “Master, following the in-depth investigation we’ve conducted in the past two days, we’ve discovered that a large-scale battle had taken place on the rainy night two days ago. Both knights and magic casters were involved, and the combatants were at least at the 4th-tier. However, the rain washed away almost all traces of the battle, so we can’t confirm whether there were any deaths.”

Chapter 617 Tumultuous Times

Brandli walked around in the general vicinity before turning to the man as he said, “Check if there have been any missing persons reports filed in Chaos City in the past two days. If not, then there’s no need to look into this incident.”

“But...” The man wanted to say something.

However, Brandli cut him off as he shook his head, saying, “Our Gray Temple is responsible for maintaining law and order within Chaos City only. As opposed to wasting time on external matters, we have much better things to do.”

Brandli then departed without saying anything else. The Gray Temple worker hesitated momentarily before instructing, “Take all suspicious things back with us, then get the city lord’s castle to investigate missing person cases during the past few days...”

“These are such tumultuous times; could it be that something’s going to happen in Chaos City soon? So be it. It’s not like Chaos City has ever been a peaceful place anyway...” Brandli murmured to himself as he shook his head before making his way over to the black horse-drawn carriage nearby.

At the north of Chaos City, a group of horse-drawn carriages slowly traveled through the city gates.

“I don’t know when I’ll come to Chaos City next. Look after yourself, Alex.” Louis looked back at Chaos City from within a carriage before letting the curtain fall shut.

The horse-drawn carriage went on ahead, and quickly disappeared into the distance.

On the northwestern border of the Roth Empire, there was a tall and broad man in a suit of golden armor standing beside a valley. The dry air blowing from the northwestern direction was making his red cape flap incessantly behind him.

“Your Highness, the Cheetah still hasn’t been able to find any concrete leads on Alex. Perhaps he didn’t leave Chaos City with the assistance from anyone in the military,” a young man clad in black robes standing behind him remarked.

Sean was still looking out across the canyon at a base constructed from massive black rocks. The orcs standing in front of the base were clearly visible to him, and he smiled as he asked, “Quine, how many friends do you think Alex has?”

After a brief pause, Quine replied, "According to the information we've gathered in the past few years, he almost has no friends at all. He only has some comrades and subordinates in the military, and their relationships go no deeper than that."

Sean turned to Quine with a smile, and said, "If that's the case, why do something like this when it could bring them a lot of trouble or even kill them? Aside from comrades who have experienced life and death together on the battlefield, who would be willing to do this for him?"

Sean was momentarily silent before nodding as he said, "You're right, Your Highness. It's just that the Cheetah has spied on the target for a long time without any noteworthy discoveries. Should we increase the scope of our observation or capture and interrogate some of the people involved?"

"They weren't afraid to die three years ago, so even if you capture them now, they won't tell you anything." Sean shook his head as he replied, "Keep observing them. Seeing as Alex has already been crippled, the people who know where he is will definitely visit him at some point."

"Yes." Quine nodded before quickly departing on top a huge black bird.

"You should have made more friends, Alex. Where are you right now? It's difficult for me to sleep at night knowing that you're still alive..." Sean furrowed his brows, but a smile quickly reappeared on his face as he chuckled. "Josh should be feeling even more urgency than I. Once we find Alex, the final showdown will begin."

So this is Chaos City... To the north of Chaos City, there was a young elf in a set of gray linen robes. He looked up at the city walls before lowering his head and making his way into the city along with the crowd. He wore a straw hat on his head and held a cane in his hand. There was a ragged pouch on his back, and he looked quite disheveled in general, suggesting that he had been traveling the continent extensively.

I wonder if Master Alex and the young mistress are actually here. I have to find them before those people do. The princess might not be able to last much longer... The young elf entered the city and quickly disappeared into an alley.

On an enormous island hovering above the sea, giant dragons glided through the air. Despite the fact that all of them were massive in their own right, they were downright tiny compared to the size of the gargantuan island.

There were a few smaller islands also hovering near this colossal island; giant dragons could also be seen on those.

On the frost island.

This was the island that was home to the Frost Dragons, and it was one of the six major star islands of dragon island. The entire island was covered in icy blue frost and white snow. There were sharp ice stalactites, each like a translucent crystal. There were also many massive buildings constructed from ice and snow on the island, making it appear as if it were a kingdom of snow and ice.

The bone-chilling temperature emanating from the island could be felt even several kilometers away.

A Frost Dragon with a wingspan of several dozens of meters retracted his wings before abruptly landing on the island. In the instant that he landed, he reverted back to his human form, and made his way deeper into the island.

At this moment, in the vast hall that was close to 100 meters tall at the center of the island, there was a heated debate being waged.

At the center of the hall was a flat icy blue surface that could act as a mirror. There were several platforms several dozens of meters tall positioned in the hall, upon which there were several chairs carved out of ice. 10 elderly men sat in those chairs on one of the platforms, looking down from their vantage point.

On the platform directly across from the door, there was only a heavily wrinkled old man with white hair sitting on a seat. He wore an ice blue crown on his head, and his eyes were closed as if he were asleep.

Fox stood at the center of the hall, looking extremely tiny and insignificant.

“Fox, many powerful warriors from our Frost Dragon race perished during this battle, yet the conditions you negotiated in the conference don’t benefit our Frost Dragon race in the slightest. Now, you want to become our chief? I, for one, object to this!” an old man with short hair and a short beard stated firmly.

A bearded old man turned to the old man with the crown on his head, and said, “Rankster’s death has already been verified, and our Frost Dragon race has not had a chief for the past two years. As a result, we are no longer as unified as we once were, and all of the other five races look down on us for it. We have to choose a new chief, and we have to do it immediately. Fox is Rankster’s younger brother, and his aptitude is not inferior to Rankster’s. He will be able to progress to the 10-tier and become the most powerful being among the younger generation soon. Also, Fox did his best to negotiate more favorable terms, but the other dragon representatives turned on him, so it’s not his fault.”

“In terms of aptitude, Elizabeth is clearly superior to Fox. She’s only 20 years old, yet she’s already a 7th-tier giant dragon. Such aptitude is very rare among our dragon race. If we have to choose a chief, I think Elizabeth is a better option,” a tall and broad elder suggested loudly.

Chapter 618 There’s Not Much Time Left for Me

A heated argument broke out in the cavernous hall. Fox stood at the center of the hall with his head bowed, and refrained from saying anything. However, he was stealing glances toward a white-robed elderly man sitting on a platform with a staff in his hand.

This man was Douglas, the great elder and the most powerful being of the Frost Dragon race. He was also the eldest and most esteemed of the Frost Dragons, so his opinion held by far the most weight.

Following the disappearance of Rankster, he had become the spiritual leader of the Frost Dragon race. Perhaps the opinions of the other elders had some bearing on this matter, but Douglas was the only one that could make the final decision.

However, Douglas was sitting on the platform with his eyes closed as if he had fallen asleep.

As for just how powerful this 2200-year-old hermit was, that was something that only Rankster, who had forced Douglas to relinquish the role of chief many years ago, knew.

“That’s enough.” Douglas suddenly opened his eyes, and his coarse voice spread through the entire hall. All of the arguments taking place came to an abrupt halt as all of the elders turned to look at him.

“Keep searching for Rankster. I’m still alive, so there’s no way that little brat would die so easily,” Douglas instructed in a slow voice. He reached out and grabbed the staff resting beside him, upon which he disappeared from his seat.

The elders looked at each other as the hall fell silent. After a while, all of them departed.

Fox looked around the empty hall with a pair of bloodshot eyes. “Rankster... If you’re dead, then why can’t you stay dead? You stole this position from me all those years ago, are you still going to keep it from me even after you’re dead?” he spat through gritted teeth.

You old bastard; you won’t live for too long, either. Once I reach the 10-tier, I’ll definitely be able to replicate what Rankster did to you! Fox clenched his fists and made a vow to himself before exiting the hall.

“I didn’t get her blood last time, yet if I want to verify if she’s the one I’m looking for, then I have to use her blood to examine her dragon origin.” Elizabeth stood in the distance and looked at Mamy Restaurant as she murmured to herself, “My 20-year-old coming-of-age ceremony is coming up soon. I have to receive the blessing of the Frost Dragon origin in order to completely activate my bloodline and become the most powerful Frost Dragon I can be. If Fox were aware of her existence, he definitely wouldn’t leave her alone. I don’t have much time left. Perhaps... I should seek her out and speak to her one-on-one. That elf is going to be a problem, though. She’s too alert and too smart.”

Elizabeth shook her head before disappearing on the spot.

“We hope to see you again.”

Mag bade farewell to the final customer with a smile on his face before flipping over the sign on the door. He then entered the restaurant and turned to Sally and the others, who were busy cleaning up, and smiled as he said, “After you’re done cleaning up, stay behind for a little while. Have a late dinner before you go back.”

“A late dinner? Is today a special day, Boss?” Yabemiya asked.

“What’s the occasion?” Babla was also quite curious.

“You can say it’s an initiation feast for Babla.” Mag smiled at Babla as he said, “Congratulations on finding your first job.”

“That’s true. Congratulations, Babla, you also found a place to live,” Yabemiya said with a smile.

“Thank you, Big Sister Babla. It’s all because of you that we get to have more delicious food today.” Amy was simply elated that she would be able to eat more of Mag’s cooking.

“Congratulations,” Sally also chimed in with a smile.

“Me? I... I... You’re welcome... No, I mean... Thank you...” Babla’s eyes widened, and as she looked around at everyone’s smiling faces, she was stumbling slightly over her words, much to everyone’s amusement.

“Alright, everyone worked really hard today. You can order what you’d like to eat.” Mag wore an amused smile on his face. Babla was a little pampered, but her attitude toward her work was very commendable. She had helped out Yabemiya during the dinner service, and had done quite a good job. At the very least, her customer service attitude had been quite good, and she had received the approval of many customers.

Amy was the first to raise her hand as she yelled, “I want to eat grilled fish! I haven’t had grilled fish yet today!”

“Meow-“Ugly Duckling’s eyes also lit up with excitement.

“You can’t have a late dinner, Ugly Duckling. You’ll get fat if you do, and if you get fat...” Amy looked at Ugly Duckling with a dangerous glint in her eyes.

“Meow!” Ugly Duckling felt a chill run down its spine, and it immediately ducked its head, too scared to even move.

“I want a roujiamo!” Yabemiya raised her hand.

“I want a Yangzhou fried rice,” Sally said.

“I... I want to eat roast beef kebabs.” Babla gulped involuntarily. She had lost count of how many times she had had to gulp tonight.

“Big Sister Babla, do you only eat beef kebabs? You don’t seem to eat anything else.” Amy turned to Babla with a perplexed look.

Mag was also appraising Babla with a puzzled expression. Roast beef kebabs were indeed quite delicious, but for her to stick with roast beef kebabs so stubbornly when there were other dishes to choose from was rather strange.

Babla was a little embarrassed as she said, “I really like roast beef kebabs.”

“Alright, you can all have a seat. I’ll cook a large grilled fish so everyone can have some today.” Mag turned and walked into the kitchen.

Not long after that, Yabemiya and Sally began to bring out one delicious dish after another. Mag carefully brought out the large grilled fish and placed it at the center of the table before untying his apron as he said, “Dig in. We’ve got more than enough for everyone tonight.”

Babla stared at the pile of 20 roast beef kebabs in front of her before turning to Mag with incredulity as she asked, “Are these... all for me?”

“That’s right. You can eat all you want.” Mag nodded with a smile as he plucked off the most tender morsel of flesh from the grilled fish with his chopsticks, and placed it in Amy’s bowl.

Ugly Duckling was staring at the grilled fish with desire in its eyes, but it then took a glance up at Amy and ducked its head with a pitiable expression. It covered its eyes with its front paws, hoping that not being able to see the food would reduce the temptation.

“Alright... I’m digging in, then.” Babla was overjoyed. 20 kebabs was half of her monthly allowance. Looking at him now, it appeared that this boss wasn’t as terrible as she had thought. She picked up a beef kebab and began to eat with a joyful expression.

“Babla, roujiamo is super delicious too.” Yabemiya stood off to the side and took a bit of her roujiamo, upon which a blissful look appeared on her face. A golden dragon tail peeked out from under her dress, sweeping around from side to side behind her.

Babla faltered slightly as she looked down at the golden dragon tail on the ground, then at Yabemiya, and her brain seemed to have temporarily malfunctioned.

Chapter 619 I... I Wasn’t Thinking About Strange Stuff!

Amy seemed to have sensed Babla’s confusion, and explained, “Big Sister Miya will be able to transform into a giant dragon in the future. When that time comes, she’ll be able to fly and carry us into the sky.”

“That’s awesome! I’ve never seen a giant dragon before.” Babla’s eyes lit up as she turned to Yabemiya with an expectant gaze, and asked, “Can you transform now?”

“I can’t. I don’t think I can ever become a giant dragon. I’m only a half-dragon.” Yabemiya shook her head with a dejected expression.

Babla shook her head with an earnest expression as she said, “Don’t be sad; you’re super awesome, Big Sister Miya. You can memorize so many customer orders at once and not make a single mistake. Even a giant dragon wouldn’t be able to do that, so you’re much more impressive than a giant dragon.”

“That’s right. You’ll definitely become a true giant dragon someday,” Mag encouraged with a smile on his face.

A joyful smile also appeared on Yabemiya’s face as she shook her head, and said, “I’m actually not sad at all. Even if I really do become a giant dragon, I still want to stay at the restaurant as a waitress and serve our customers.”

“Here’s a beef kebab for you as a reward.” Mag smiled as he picked up a beef kebab from the plate beside him and placed it in Yabemiya’s plate. She was truly an exceptional worker.

“Thank you, Boss.” Yabemiya’s smile grew even more vibrant.

Thus, the late dinner concluded in a joyful atmosphere. Sally cleaned up the table and all of the cutlery before preparing to leave with Yabemiya.

“This is your work uniform. You can try it on and tell me if my fashion sense is better than yours or not.” Mag brought out a black box from behind the counter and handed it to Babla.

“Her work uniform?” Yabemiya made her way over to them with a curious expression.

Sally also turned toward them with an intrigued look. She was also wondering what kind of work uniform Mag had made for Babla.

"I feel like my fashion sense is perfect, so I'm not looking forward to this at all," Babla emphasized with a serious expression. However, she still carried the box over to a clean table before slowly taking off the lid.

Yabemiya looked at the item of clothing in the box, and she couldn't help but praise, "Wow, it's a blue and white dress, and the embroidered edges are so pretty!"

Amy also got up on the tips of her toes to look into the box before her little face lit up with joy. "It's a dress! And there's a pair of beautiful little black shoes as well."

Boss is so impressive. How can he design so many beautiful items of clothing? Does he have a specialized sewing room? Sally's eyes were filled with curiosity and admiration as she looked at Mag. It appeared that he was far more than just a brilliant chef.

Babla's eyes also lit up, and as she looked at the dress in her box, she discovered that she couldn't look away. She gently picked up the dress out of the box, and saw that it was an off-white dress with an embroidered collar. The sleeves had blue lace cuffs, and the accompanying belt was made from blue ribbon. The dress was very smooth and soft to the touch, and most importantly, it was utterly adorable.

So beautiful! So adorable! I love it! Babla stared at the dress with incredulity in her eyes. The entire dress didn't have as much as a single trace of her favorite pink color, but it was the most perfect thing in her eyes. She couldn't even articulate just how much she loved this dress.

"Do you like it?" Mag asked with a smile.

"I do!" Babla nodded without even thinking. She looked at Mag's smile and blushed slightly as she tried to correct herself. "I mean... what I'm saying is, it's not bad..."

Yabemiya and Sally both smiled. This little girl was quite adorable once they got to know her.

"Alright, thanks for your hard work today, everyone. Have a good night's sleep. I'll see you all tomorrow." Mag bade farewell to everyone before turning to Yabemiya as he said, "Miya, keep an eye out for lodging near you with better conditions available for rent."

"Alright." Yabemiya nodded in response before departing with Sally.

"Are you still trying to kick me out?" Babla looked at Mag with a pitiable expression.

Mag shook his head with an implacable expression as he said, "I'm not kicking you out; I'm looking for a more suitable place for you to live. I don't want to live with anyone aside from Amy, as that would be very inconvenient for me. As such, please move out once we find a suitable place for you."

"Alright, then." Babla looked at Mag for a while before finally nodding her head. However, she quickly emphasized, "But there can't be any of those furry things. Otherwise, I'm definitely not going to live there!"

"Alright, we'll find you a place with no mice." Mag nodded with a smile before picking up the yawning Amy in her arms. He also picked up Ugly Duckling, which had already fallen asleep, and turned Babla as he said, "I'm going to bathe Amy first, and then teach you how to bathe yourself."

“Huh?” Babla faltered upon hearing that before a thought occurred to her. Her face was immediately flushed red as she glowered at Mag, and said, “I’m not going to stay in the bathroom with you! And I definitely don’t need you to teach me how to take a bath!”

“What are you thinking in that head of yours? I was only planning to teach you how to use the tap.” Mag rolled his eyes with an exasperated look before carrying Amy upstairs.

Amy smiled at Babla as she laid her chin on Mag’s shoulder, and said, “Hehe, Big Sister Babla, Father will only bathe me and no one else.”

“I... I wasn’t thinking about strange stuff!” Babla’s blush deepened even further as she clenched her little fists, wishing that a rift would open up in the ground to swallow her.

Mag bathed Amy, and then also took a bath himself. After that, he explained to the blushing Babla how to use the bathtub and the tap, and also gave her a set of new pajamas.

“I know all of this already. It’s just a tube that water comes out of, isn’t it?” Babla looked at the tap with a disinterested expression.

“Alright, then take a bath and go to bed.” Mag nodded before leaving the bathroom, closing the door behind him.

“Wow! What a bright mirror! And this phosphorescent bead is so bright too! I only have to turn this thing and hot water comes out of this pipe! This white bathtub is the most impressive thing out of all of this stuff; it’s white and smooth, and is so much more convenient than having to heat up water for a bus!” The door had only just swung shut when Babla’s eyes lit up with excitement. She looked into the mirror, and then stroked the tap before taking off her shoes and jumping into the bathtub.

Chapter 620 Hmm...

To think that a princess from the moon nation would end up here; it looks like Alex’s theory about civilization outside of the Norland Continent is correct. The upper limit on the power scale in the Norland Continent is the 10th-tier. Even though the most powerful 10th-tier beings are far superior to the average 10th-tier being, it still doesn’t change the fact that they’re still both at the 10th-tier. Have the inhabitants of the moon nation found a way to break through this barrier? Or perhaps is their power scale different from the Norland Continent’s? Babla is only 14 years old, yet she’s already a 7th-tier spatial magic caster, so her aptitude is superior even compared to Sally’s. Is she a prodigy, or is she a product of her environment?

Mag tucked Amy into bed before lying down on his own bed with his brows furrowed deep in thought, attempting to find the answers to these questions in Alex’s memories.

As a transmigrator himself, he was rather sympathetic toward Babla, who was also a transmigrator. However, that wasn’t a good enough reason for him to take the risk of keeping a volatile little girl like her at home with him. Most importantly, she was also the princess of the moon nation.

The people on the Norland Continent had always been curious whether there were inhabitants on the moon, just like how there had been many ancient Chinese legends about the moon.

Those standing at the pinnacle of the continent had also cast their eyes on foreign realms, wondering if there was some very distant land where there would be a way for them to take themselves to the next level.

At the moment, Mag wasn't really interested in finding out whether there was an 11th-tier above the 10th-tier. His top priority at present was to recover his past strength as quickly as possible.

However, he had to keep Babla by his side. If someone were to spread the fact that she had come from the moon, all of the top-tier powerhouses would go crazy searching for her, trying to use her to guide them into the outside world.

Furthermore, Mag felt that Babla possessed the potential to become an outstanding employee. Perhaps she would be able to take over the majority of Yabemiya's work in the near future.

As for the issues with her personality, disciplining someone had always been something that Mag was quite good at, so he was confident that he would be able to discipline a 14-year-old girl.

At the very least, it's better for the little princess to stay in the restaurant rather than roam the streets, Mag thought to himself as he shook his head with a smile before closing his eyes to sleep.

That night, when Mag got up to go to the bathroom, he discovered that the door of the opposite room was still open, and the lights in the room as well as the bathroom were both switched on. A hint of surprise appeared on his face as he murmured to himself, "She's still not in bed yet?"

Mag made his way over to the entrance of the room, and was just about to say something, but he immediately caught himself.

The autumn night was already rather cold. Babla was lying in the room in her pink fish pajamas with her body rolled up into a fetal position. She was lying on the seat in the corner and her brows were lightly furrowed. Her face was sickly pale, and she was using a toy brick as a pillow, as well as a wooden horse to support her feet.

Mag stood by the door for a long time.

He closed the lights and turned away, then paused before turning back to open the lights again.

He went back to his own room to grab a blanket and a soft pillow before going back. He gently pulled the toy brick from under Babla's head and replaced it with a pillow before draping the soft blanket over her body.

"Hmm." A faint moan escaped Babla's lips as her furrowed brows relaxed. She snuggled up to her soft pillow and a warm blanket as a smile appeared on her face.

I'm too kind for my own good. Mag sighed as he shook his head with a smile. He then turned away and turned off the lights, shutting the door behind him as he left.

...

The first ray of morning light fell on the Blue Suede Textiles Shop's sign.

A lavish horse-drawn carriage stopped in front of the shop, and Gloria disembarked from it. Her features were a little pale with exhaustion, but her eyes were shimmering and bright.

“Young Mistress, the tailors have worked overtime to produce the first dress in accordance with the size you stipulated. Would you like to check it out now?” Mars opened the door for her. His normally impeccable hair was slightly disheveled; he was also in need of a shave, and had dark circles around his eyes, clearly having not slept very much for the past few days. However, his expression was just as excited as Gloria’s.

“Thanks for your hard work. I’ll try it on right now.” An elated smile appeared on Gloria’s face as she entered the shop with Mars.

Within the textiles shop, two tailors were tidying up a blue dress, while two young employees had already fallen asleep in their chairs.

The female employee who had woken up early to get to the shop was caught mid-yawn as Gloria walked into the door, and the former immediately stood up straight to greet her.

“Thank you for your hard work, Mr. Andre, Mr. Blanch.” Gloria nodded with a smile toward the two tailors.

The black-robed Andre was holding a wooden ruler in his hand as he replied, “You’re welcome, Young Mistress Gloria. We’ve produced the dress according to the design you gave us. Please try it on and tell us what you think.”

Blanch was also looking at Gloria and the dress with an expectant look in his eyes.

Gloria didn’t need them to spur her on any further; her attention had already been completely drawn to the blue dress as soon as she walked into the door.

The blue open-back dress was embellished with gemstones, and the entire thing was like a lavish yet graceful work of art that was practically glowing.

“Such a beautiful dress!” Gloria’s breathing had even accelerated. She had envisioned many times in the past few days what this dress would look like, but she was still stunned by its beauty when it was actually placed before her.

She loved dresses. In particular, after the tofu pudding her resolved her skin issues, she would wear a new dress almost every single day. She wanted to wear all of the dresses that she could only look at yet not have the confidence to wear in the past.

Among them, this dress was the most beautiful one she had ever seen.

“The designer of this dress is a genius. The overall design and the way the minor details were handled all demonstrate the mind of a genius designer. I’ve never thought that adding so many gemstones to a dress would make it so graceful and elegant rather than unsightly and vulgar. This is simply incredible.” Andre had nothing but genuine praise for the dress.

Blanch stared intently at the dress. He was also full of praise and awe. “Indeed. I’ve been making clothes for several decades, and this dress is my proudest creation. I feel honored to have been part of the process to create such a perfect, stunning dress.”

“He is indeed a genius.” A smile appeared on Gloria’s face as she made her way toward the changing rooms down the back. “Help change me into this dress.”

“Yes!” The employee carefully scooped up the dress in her arms before hurriedly making her way over to the changing rooms.