

Stay At home 621

Chapter 621 That Guy Came Into My Room Last Night?

“Young Mistress Gloria...” Gloria only emerged from the changing rooms after a long while, but she wasn’t wearing the new dress. Andre wanted to say something, but he caught himself in the end.

Blanch also wore a disappointed expression on his face.

“The dress is very beautiful; the most beautiful item of clothing I’ve ever worn, and the size is perfect as well. It’s just that I want to wear it out in the public for the first time in an important setting,” Gloria explained with a smile.

Andre and Blanch’s expressions eased upon hearing that. The design of this dress was completely revolutionary, and it had taken them two days and a night to produce the final product. As such, they were very disappointed to see Gloria refuse to put it on, thinking that she was displeased with their work. Thankfully, she was merely saving it for a special occasion, which was a glowing tick of approval for the fruit of their labors.

“Mr. Andre, Mr. Blanch, I mentioned to you two before that I want to mass produce this dress in different sizes. I have confirmed that you two have the skills to succeed in this role, so I’d like to invite you to become the chief tailors of our Blue Suede brand, and lead a team of tailors to make as many of these three styles of dresses as possible within 20 days.” Gloria turned to the two of them, and said, “Only 10 dresses of this design need to be made with the design remaining constant, but each and every one of them has to be made using different materials and different colors. The other two dress designs can be made with the same color, but in different sizes.”

“Well...” Both Andre and Blanch were rather hesitant about this proposition. Both of them had their own shops in the Aden Square, and even though they weren’t at the very pinnacle of their craft, they were still quite renowned tailors.

Working for the young mistress of the Moreton Family was undoubtedly a tempting offer, but they were still rather reluctant to give up their own shops and become cookie-cutter tailors who made clothes only according to a set of rigid designs. Furthermore, the fact that this young mistress had only made herself known to the public recently was also another discouraging factor.

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On top of that, Jeffree Moreton was renowned for his sexist bias against women. If Cyril was the one making the same proposition to them, they would be more willing to accept the offer.

“I can offer you wages higher than your earnings from your own respective shops. Also, I’m a candidate to the Moreton Family’s heirloom, so I stand equal with Cyril.” Gloria looked at the two of them with a smile, and said, “You know that our Moreton Family has always upheld strong values; we always do our best to offer rich remuneration to those who have helped us.”

Andre looked into Gloria’s eyes before finally nodding as he said, “Young Mistress Scheer has already become the one calling the shots in the Buffett Family, so who’s to say you won’t become the next leader of the Moreton Family? It would be an honor for me to work for the Blue Suede brand, Young Mistress Gloria.”

Blanch looked at Andre and hesitated momentarily before also nodding. "I also agree to offer my services to the Blue Suede Textiles Shop."

Gloria nodded with a smile, and said, "Thank you very much. If you two have any friends in the same line of work, you can recommend them to join our shop as long as they have a solid ability."

Mars didn't say anything as he stood off to the side, but his eyes were filled with approval as he looked at Gloria.

Gloria, Andre, and Blanch held a discussion about the requirements on the number of units and sizes of the dresses to be produced before Andre and Blanch retired to rest for the day. They had worked tirelessly in the past two days to produce this first dress, and there was only more work to come.

In the small office, Mars looked at Gloria, and said, "Young Mistress, I'd like to discuss two things with you."

"Go on."

"The current stock levels in the Blue Suede Textiles Shop have been tallied. They've all been preserved very well, so they can be used straight away. We won't have to worry about sourcing materials for a long time to come. The second thing I want to tell you is that in three days' time, the Chamber of Commerce is going to hold its annual mid-year banquet. On that occasion..." Mars began to deliver a report to Gloria.

"Thank you for your hard work, Mars." Gloria cast a grateful glance at Mars and contemplated momentarily before saying, "I'm going to attend the banquet in three days. This is an extremely important opportunity for our Blue Suede Textiles Shop. After that, I have to change the name of the shop to just Blue Suede, and use really energetic and exuberant text to write out the name of our shop. I'm going to make a trip to the Moreton Manor now and ask Grandpa for the ownership rights of this shop."

"I trust in your choice and judgment, Young Mistress." Mars lowered his head in a respectful manner.

"Grandpa, that's all I'm asking. If I can make the Blue Suede Textiles Shop a profitable business, then this shop will belong to me and me alone. If I fail, then I'm willing to give up the opportunity to inherit the family heirloom."

In a small pavilion in the Moreton Manor, Gloria and Jeffree were having a serious conversation.

Jeffree was watering the plants around the pavilion as he asked, "Are you that confident?"

"If I can't even take care of a textiles shop properly, then what right do I have to become the leader of the Moreton Family?" Gloria answered his question with one of her own.

Jeffree put down the watering can in his hand and looked into Gloria's determined eyes with a smile as he said, "I agree to your proposal. This bet will be in effect starting from now."

The sunlight passed through the window and shone onto the ground, as well as Babla, who was comfortably snuggled up in her soft pillow and blanket.

"Yawn--"

Babla stretched lazily as she slowly opened her eyes. The first thing that she saw was the head of a wooden horse. Her expression stiffened slightly before she looked at the blanket draped over her body, the pillow beneath her head, and the room full of toys.

“So... I wasn’t dreaming yesterday.” Babla was slightly dejected. She lay back down onto the pillow, which was so soft that her entire head almost sank into it. She suddenly recalled that she had had no pillow nor a blanket when she had gone to sleep the night prior.

“Could it be... that guy came into my room last night? And he brought me a pillow and a blanket!” A hint of humiliation and rage appeared on Babla’s face. She had never let any man see her in her sleep before!

Babla hugged the blanket tightly to her chest as she murmured to herself, “But... this blanket and this pillow really are so warm and comfortable!” Her current position was so comfortable that she simply couldn’t bring herself to get up.

“Alright, seeing as you’re a decent guy, I’ll let this slide.” Babla released the blanket and lay in her warm cocoon for a while longer before getting up.

“Maybe I can try out my new dress.” Babla turned her attention to the black box on the small table nearby.

Chapter 623 Father is the Strongest in My Heart!

“A banquet at the Chamber of Commerce?” Mag took a glance at the invitation letter, but didn’t accept it. He looked at Polka with a perplexed expression as he asked, “My restaurant is not a part of the Chamber of Commerce; why is Young Mistress Scheer asking me to attend this banquet?”

“Young Mistress Scheer says that your restaurant is the most exceptional restaurant in the Aden Square, so even if you attend as a guest, it would be the honor of the Chamber of Commerce to accommodate you.” Polka looked at Mag and smiled as he said, “Also, Young Mistress Scheer would like to discuss some things with you. The young mistress is normally too busy attending to daily matters, so this would be an ideal opportunity for her to communicate with you. As the young mistress of one of the found families of the Chamber of Commerce, Young Mistress Scheer has the right to invite a guest to the banquet with her.”

Seeing as Mag was still a little hesitant, Polka added, “Oh, before I forget, the young mistress is extending an invitation to both you and your daughter.”

“Alright, please inform Young Mistress Scheer that we’ll be attending the banquet.” Mag accepted the invitation letter with a smile.

“I’m sure Young Mistress Scheer will be very happy to hear that.” Polka nodded with a smile before departing on a horse-drawn carriage.

I shouldn’t avoid this xenophobic group of people. Instead, I should confront them and tear down their preconceived biases. A smile appeared on Mag’s face as he looked at the invitation letter in his hand. Furthermore, he had something he wanted to discuss with Scheer anyway.

"I'm going out for a bit." Mag placed the invitation letter behind the counter, exiting the restaurant after grabbing a document satchel from upstairs.

"Boss Mag, this thing... looks a little complex. What does it do?" In the forge, Mobai was looking at the designs placed on the table in front of him with a perplexed expression.

"This is a steam engine. It can convert energy," Mag replied with a smile.

"Convert energy?" Mobai was even more confused.

"This is a little difficult to explain. To put it simply, we can make a vehicle move by burning coal; that's energy conversion," Mag explained.

"Wha... How can a piece of coal move a vehicle?" Mobai's eyes widened with incredulity.

"The key here is going to be this steam engine." Mag pointed at the designs on the table and smiled as he said, "Boss Mobai, please make these parts according to the measurements stipulated here. After that, I'll provide you with the designs to make a cannon; that design should have a relatively high degree of feasibility."

"Boss Mag, you know how to make cannons?" Mobai's eyes immediately lit up.

"It's only a concept at the moment, but it should have a certain degree of feasibility." Mag nodded in response.

"Alright, I'll get these parts ready for you as soon as possible." Mobai immediately nodded.

Mag nodded before continuing, "I hope you can keep this matter confidential. I'll keep working with you in this area, and the remuneration I'm paying will definitely be higher than what you get for crafting weapons."

"There's no need for that, Boss Mag. We're friends, so I'll be happy to help you out." Mobai waved his hands with a smile as he said, "I'll get all of these parts ready in five days at most."

"Thank you." Mag nodded with a smile before exiting Mobai's forge. He then changed into three different sets of clothes. Following each change in attire, he visited another forge to order another set of parts, thereby sourcing parts from four forges in total.

The first miniature steam engine is about to appear in this world. After changing once again, Mag rode his bicycle back to the restaurant.

Money was difficult to come by, so Mag was planning to earn more money through a secondary occupation.

In any world, a feasible source of energy would be extremely sought after. Mag was planning to become the creator of one of those energy sources.

On the second floor of the magic potion shop, a large room had been reconstructed as a magic room. There were black magic stones that were able to withstand magic explosions lining the walls, as well as a wooden horse and all types other toys in the corner.

"Master Urien, what kind of magic are we going to learn today?" Amy asked with a curious expression.

“We’re going to learn manifestation magic today,” Urien replied with a smile.

“Manifestation magic?” Amy was a little perplexed.

“That’s right. Any magic that is manifested into a substantial form is manifestation magic, like the giant Frost Dragon I summoned, for example. Only through manifestation magic can I create the Frost Dragon, and then use it in battle. Hence, manifestation magic is a crucial type of foundational magic,” Urien explained with a smile.

“A Frost Dragon!” Amy’s eyes lit up with elation as she asked, “What do I need to do?”

“What you need to do is close your eyes, then focus on thinking about the most powerful thing that you can imagine, such as a Frost Dragon. Then, I’ll teach you the incantation to manifest that thing,” Urien replied.

“Alright!” Amy nodded obediently before closing her eyes with an expression of rapt focus on her little face.

I wonder what the first thing she ever manifests will be. Urien stood off to the side and looked at Amy with an expectant gaze. The subject manifested and time taken was a strong indication of one’s magic aptitude. The faster the manifestation and the more complex the subject manifested, the better one’s aptitude was.

Soon, a cloud of purple mist appeared above Amy’s head before quickly taking shape.

“What’s that?” Urien’s expression was slightly peculiar. The mist was quickly surging and materializing to form something. The fact that Amy was able to manifest something so quickly even on her first try indicated she had exceptional aptitude, but then again, that was something that Urien had always known. However, no matter how he looked at the cloud of mist, it didn’t appear to be forming a very powerful being. Instead, it appeared to be a humanoid figure.

“Done!” A minute later, Amy opened her eyes and looked up at the humanoid figure hovering above her head. She clapped her little hands together with elation as she yelled, “Father! Father!”

“Ahem... Little Amy, I told you to visualize the most powerful being you can imagine in your heart; what are you doing, thinking about your father?” Urien wore a dark expression on his face.

The humanoid figure hovering above Amy’s head was none other than Mag in his chef’s suit with a sharp chef’s knife in his hand, looking quite dashing and gallant.

This was the first time that he had seen a magic caster manifest a person on their first go.

“That’s right! Father is the strongest in my heart!” Amy nodded with a justified look.

Chapter 624 **Would You Like to Try?**

“The ice cream shop is opening tomorrow! Will I really be alright on my own? Arrrgh! I’m so nervous! But Boss placed so much trust in me, I have to do a good job!”

In a dim alley, Yabemiya’s voice reverberated as she walked with a nervous yet expectant look on her face.

This alley was one that she had to pass through on her way home. At night, the alley was pitch-black and the rows of houses on either side were very close to each other, thus making it difficult for even the moonlight to illuminate the alley. It was very quiet here, but also a little eerie.

The sound of Yabemiya's shoes treading the ground was particularly noticeable in the silent alley.

All of a sudden, a thud sounded from one of the courtyards nearby. It sounded as if something had fallen onto the ground, giving Yabemiya a fright.

"What was that?" Yabemiya stopped next to a wall and listened intently, only to find that the sound in the courtyard had disappeared.

"It must have been a mouse or a cat knocking something over." Yabemiya tried to console herself as her expression eased slightly. However, she began to walk more quickly than before, and her hands had balled up into tight fists unconsciously.

The sound of her footsteps increased in frequency. She was the only one in this dark alley, but she could indistinctly sense that there was a pair of eyes looking at her from within the darkness.

She suddenly recalled the stories about nighttime told by the female employees in the previous restaurant that she had worked at.

Chaos City was a city with a strict law and order, with the Gray Temple and the city lord's castle controlling the vast majority of the city, but there were many places where the light didn't shine. In those places, some demented perverts could be lurking, and they were extremely dangerous to women who traveled alone.

She began to hear the sound of footsteps behind her. The footsteps weren't very loud, but they were very brisk, just as if something were pursuing her. She could even hear her pursuers labored breathing as if she were being hunted down by a wild animal.

Yabemiya could feel her heart rate accelerating as her footsteps quickened. She had already broken into a brisk jog. The ordinary alley suddenly seemed impossibly long to her, and she felt as if she would never reach its end.

All of a sudden, a muffled thump erupted behind her, and the pursuing footsteps fell silent.

The only sounds left in the alley were of Yabemiya's brisk footsteps and ragged breathing

Despite this, Yabemiya didn't slow down. She picked up a thick wooden stick that was lying around in the alley; with it in her hand, a sense of security welled up in her heart. She felt as if the stick in her hand could smash open the heads of any perverts who dared to try and touch her.

A beam of moonlight shone down on the opening of the alley nearby, like a torch that had suddenly been ignited in the night. Yabemiya's eyes lit up upon seeing that. If she could make it out of the alley, then she would be safe.

All of a sudden, a humanoid figure appeared at the opening of the alley, cutting off that beam of moonlight.

“Argh!” Yabemiya screamed as she closed her eyes and raised her wooden stick high above her head before bringing it down on the humanoid figure with all her might.

“Crack

The wooden stick snapped upon impact.

Yabemiya’s eyes were tightly closed as she gripped tightly onto the remaining half of the stick.

“Um... Are you alright?”

A perplexed yet concerned voice sounded.

“Huh?” Yabemiya faltered before her eyes flew open.

The person standing in front of her wasn’t some nude freak, nor some burly man as she had imagined. Instead, it was Elizabeth in a white dress.

Her silvery-white dress glittered under the moonlight, and even though the light wasn’t shining directly on her features, her beauty was still apparent to the onlooker. She currently had her left arm raised in front of her, and there was half of a wooden stick lying at her feet.

“Argh!”

Yabemiya screamed again, this time in apology as she threw her half of the stick onto the ground. “I’m sorry... I’m so sorry... I didn’t know it was you... I thought, I thought...”

Elizabeth looked at Yabemiya and put down her arm before taking a step forward.

A frosty aura wafted toward Yabemiya as she took an unconscious step backward, pinning her back against the wall behind her. She looked at Elizabeth with apology and fear in her eyes, too scared to say anything.

Elizabeth furrowed her brows before taking another step forward, reducing the distance between the two to less than half a meter.

“I... I...” Yabemiya clenched her little fists and raised them in front of her chest. She didn’t dare to look Elizabeth in the eye; the haughty disposition she was giving off struck her with a hint of fear. At the same time, there was something about her that felt strangely comforting to Yabemiya, and made her want to approach Elizabeth.

It was just like on the moon festival celebration, when she had placed the mooncake in Elizabeth’s hand. At the time, she had sensed a familiar aura that was very mysterious yet appealing.

Elizabeth stopped in front of her, and said coldly, “Look at me.”

Yabemiya turned to Elizabeth with a timid and apologetic expression. She didn’t expect her to suddenly emerge from the darkness. “I’m sorry, it wasn’t on purpose. If I hurt you, then you can hit me back if you want.”

“Alright.” Elizabeth nodded before touching Yabemiya’s fingers with her own.

Yabemiya immediately withdrew her hand as if she had been electrocuted. She had felt a cool sensation on the tip of her middle finger, as well as a faint prick of pain as if she had been pricked by a needle. However, it was only a very indistinct feeling, and she wasn't bleeding from that fingertip, either.

"I extracted a drop of your blood." Elizabeth withdrew her hand, and a small vial constructed from ice appeared on her palm. Within it was a drop of golden blood.

"Why do you want my blood?" Yabemiya looked at Elizabeth with a perplexed expression. During their previous encounter, she had also requested a drop of her blood, only to be denied by Sally. Who would have thought that she would appear here, and that her objective would be secure a drop of her blood again?

"I have my reasons." Elizabeth stowed away the small vial, but didn't explain anything.

"Alright, then." Yabemiya was a little disappointed. However, as she looked at Elizabeth, she simply couldn't contain her curiosity as she asked, "You're a giant Frost Dragon, so you must know how to fly, right? Flying in the sky must be a really awesome feeling, right?"

Elizabeth looked at Yabemiya's expectant expression, and was momentarily silent before asking, "Would you like to try it?"

"Huh?"

Yabemiya was taken aback by that response, and before she had a chance to react, Elizabeth had already tackled her across the waist. A silver spell formation appeared on the ground, and both of them disappeared from the alley in the blink of an eye.

Yabemiya closed her eyes, and when she opened them again, she had already appeared in the air above Chaos City. Her feet were completely dangling in mid-air, and she abruptly began to plummet.

"Argh..."

Yabemiya's scream only made it halfway out her mouth before a giant Frost Dragon appeared beneath her. She landed right on the dragon's back before hurriedly grabbing onto one of the dragon's scales, upon which she was carried high into the sky.

The wind howled past her ears as the giant dragon broke through the clouds, revealing a brand-new world to Yabemiya where the stars and the moon were extremely bright and clear.

Meanwhile, in that dark little alley, there was a half-naked man pinned to the wall by an ice spike through the glabella. Even in death, his eyes were still wide open...

Chapter 625 The True Battle has Yet to Come

The two of them returned to the opening of the alleyway, where Elizabeth said, "Perhaps you can also become a giant dragon someday. You'll be able to soar up high as a ruler of the skies rather than have to attend to the needs of and serve humans."

"Thank you for taking me up there. I never knew that was what the scenery in the sky was like. The moon and the stars were so clear, yet the mountains down below were so tiny. It was such a wonderful feeling." Yabemiya's cheeks were flushed with excitement.

However, she then shook her head with a smile as she continued, “However, I don’t want to become a ruler or anything like that. I like my job as a waitress, and I’m not ashamed of it. My customers and I are equals, and they extend their acknowledgment and approval toward me to reciprocate my smile and service.”

Elizabeth fell silent as she looked at Yabemiya’s genuine smile before nodding as she said, “Do whatever you like, then, but try to pick a wider path home in the future.”

Elizabeth disappeared on the spot after leaving those parting words of caution.

“Thank you,” Yabemiya said to the empty air before continuing on her way home. A joyful smile lingered on her face, and she suddenly wasn’t nervous about the store opening the next day.

The Golden Dragons are also selecting candidates to become their new chief. If she really is that person, then there’s most likely no way for her to become a candidate... Elizabeth stood on a large tree in the distance as she looked on while Yabemiya entered a small building. She thought back to how Yabemiya had been screaming with elation on her back, and a gentle smile appeared on her face.

I wonder if business at the ice cream shop will be as good as it is in Mamy Restaurant. Even if it isn’t, it should still rake in a significant income, right? Mag lay on his bed, thinking about the store opening the next day. He was also rather excited, yet slightly nervous as well.

“Father... Manifest!” Amy was already sound asleep as she murmured to herself while waving her little arms in the air.

“What is she dreaming about?” Mag looked at Amy with an amused expression before shaking his head with a smile. He then closed his eyes to get some sleep.

In a well-lit room in the Buffett Manor, Polka quietly said to Scheer, “Young Mistress, Mr. Mag has agreed to attend the banquet in three days.”

“Good.” Scheer nodded as she continued to flick through the accounts book in her hands.

Polka hesitated momentarily before asking, “Young Mistress, I have a question. Mr. Mag’s restaurant has gained some renown in the Aden Square, but he still hasn’t joined the Chamber of Commerce, and his restaurant is limited in scale. There’s almost no chance that he’ll be able to affect the election in a month. Why are you paying so much attention to him?”

“If you only look at this basic information, then Mr. Mag is indeed not someone who’s worthy of my time. There are many restaurants of the same size in the Aden Square, and to the Chamber of Commerce, the gastronomic industry isn’t a major source of income.” Scheer put down the accounts book in her hands as she said, “However, this restaurant successfully mediated the conflict between the demons and the giant dragons, and it has attracted more than four great magic casters to its doors. It is the most popular restaurant among the noble circles in Chaos City, and the owner’s daughter has been accepted as a disciple by two great magic casters. On top of that, this restaurant has revolutionized the eating habits of countless people in the city. How many restaurants like this can you find in Chaos City?”

A surprised look appeared on Polka’s face. He shook his head as he said, “If Mr. Mag really has accomplished all of these things, then his restaurant is most definitely unique in Chaos City.”

“Hence, it’s not a matter of whether he can join the Chamber of Commerce; it’s a matter of whether he’s willing to join the Chamber of Commerce. The gastronomic industry does indeed only account for a small proportion of income for the Chamber of Commerce. However, it is almost entirely under the Moreton Family’s control. If Mamy Restaurant can replace Ducas Restaurant as the number one restaurant in the city, then we could take control over the entire gastronomic industry by forging strong ties with Mr. Mag. That will be extremely important for both the mid-year and end-of-year election.” Scheer nodded before picking up the accounts book again.

“Young Mistress, I also have something else I have to report,” Polka continued. “According to our estimates, in the upcoming mid-year election, the votes we receive will most likely only be close to half of what the Moreton Family will be receiving. Jeffree has been in power for over 20 years, so many of the businesses in the Chamber of Commerce have thrown their support behind him. As such, it’ll be very difficult for us to come out on top in the election.”

“I expected this from the start. At the very least, we’re in a far better situation than the Marquis Family; they didn’t even get 10% of the votes during the last election.” Scheer smiled as she brandished the accounts book in her hand, and said, “However, we’ve loaned out a lot of money in the past few years. If these people can’t pay up, then we’ll have to issue them some reminders, won’t we?”

...

In a brightly lit room, this time in the Moreton Manor, the chief secretary of the Chamber of Commerce, Manard, respectfully said, “President, the preparatory work for the mid-year election had already begun. The Buffett Family has been pulling a lot of strings in this recent period of time, and many of our board members have alerted us to this, but we still hold a crushing advantage in the votes.”

“It hasn’t even been a month yet, but this little lass from the Buffett Family has already taken a third of the votes. She’s a lot more capable than those two idiots from the Marquis Family, that’s for sure.” Jeffree put down the book in his hands as he fell into deep thought.

Manard stood silently beside him. Jeffree never needed to hear anyone else’s opinion. All Manard had to do was to silently await his decision before acting in accordance with his instructions.

Jeffree was silent for a long while before delivering his verdict. “Next, she’s definitely going to use the loans that the members of the Chamber of Commerce have taken from Buffett Banks as leverage against them. The majority of money in the market goes through Buffett Banks these days, and many people have taken out loans with them. That’s an undeniable fact. Assess the economic condition of our members. For those who have run their businesses well and are creditworthy, we can provide some benefits assistance to them on behalf of the Chamber of Commerce.”

“Alright, I’ll go do that right away.” Manard nodded respectfully before departing.

“The mid-year election is just the beginning; the true battle has yet to come. Let’s see what other tricks you have up your sleeve, little lass...” Jeffree chuckled to himself as he rose to his feet.

“Father, wake up! Look; there are two of you now!”

The next morning, Mag was woken up by Amy. As soon as he opened his eyes, he caught sight of his own face, and was so startled that he almost fell off his bed.

Chapter 626 I Have Something Really Cool to Show You

Mag sat up on his bed, only to find a man sitting across him in a set of big bear pajamas, looking completely identical to him.

The two of them stared at each other, and it was like looking into a mirror.

If it weren't for the fact that Mag had just woken up, he would have thought that he was still dreaming
"Meow~" Ugly Duckling sat beside the bed, looking from one Mag to the other with a dumbstruck look on its face.

"Heehee~" A joyful smile appeared on Amy's face at the sight of Mag's stunned expression.

"What is this, Little Amy?" The answer to that question was quite apparent, but Mag still couldn't help but raise it. This man sitting in front of him resembled him to a fault. He simply couldn't imagine how Amy had made something like this.

"This is a new spell I learned, Father." Amy waved her little hand, and it passed right through the body of that "Mag". She smiled as she continued, "Look! it's fake, but I can make it look like it's real. Master Urien asked me to manifest the most powerful thing I could think of, so I manifested you, Father! I can even change its clothes."

The "Mag" before him was then changed into a chef's suit, then into black casual attire, and just when Amy was about to put a dress on it, he hurriedly stopped her, and said, "Alright, I've seen what you can do, and it's indeed very impressive."

It was very impressive that Amy had such exemplary magical control, but that didn't mean he was willing to cross-dress for her demonstration-even if it were just a manifestation of himself.

"You also think it's really awesome, right, Father?" Amy's eyes lit up. However, she then looked at Mag with a conflicted expression as she continued, "But Master Urien told me that it's best not to manifest you during battle."

"I think Master Urien is right to say that." Mag nodded in agreement.

Manifesting him would indeed result in a rather perilous situation in battle. All other magic casters manifested things like giant dragons and phoenixes; what was she going to do with a humanoid manifestation? Get "Mag" to chase giant dragons around while wielding a chef's knife?

Just the thought of it was bringing tears to Mag's eyes. What kind of magic caster would do that?

"Huh? So even Father doesn't want to fight for me? You're the most powerful and strongest in my heart, Father." Amy pouted with a pitiable expression.

"Alright, alright, you can use whatever you want; I have no objections at all!" Mag felt as if his heart were about to melt at the sight of Amy's pitiable display, and he immediately caved in.

How was he supposed to say no to a face like that?!

Amy's eyes lit up again as she asked, "Really?"

"Of course." Mag nodded earnestly. He then looked at the chef's knife that "Mag" was holding, and suggested, "But I think maybe we should change the chef's knife to a longsword, then throw a suit of armor on him. That'll make him look a lot more gallant and dashing."

He clearly couldn't change Amy's mind about manifesting him in battle, so he could only try to do some damage control.

"No." Amy shook her head vigorously with a serious expression as she said, "I think Father is most gallant and dashing in this set of clothes, and you use that chef's knife to create so much delicious food. This is the Father I love the most!"

"Alright, whatever makes you happy." Mag decided to just let Amy do whatever she pleased. For his adorable little daughter, he was willing to relinquish his dignity!

"Yay!" Amy jumped on the bed happily. Ugly Duckling had just struggled its way halfway up the bed when it was flung off the side of the bed. It rolled over several times along the carpet before looking up at Amy with a pitiable expression.

"Ugly Duckling, are you unhappy with me?" Amy asked in a slightly dangerous tone.

"Meow~" Ugly Duckling immediately rolled to its feet before urgently shaking its head.

Mag took a glance at his bedside alarm clock, only to find that it was 5 am sharp. He smiled as he stroked Amy's hair before helping her change into her clothes. "Alright, seeing as we woke up early today, let's get up for an early morning."

After brushing their teeth, Amy asked, "Big Sister Babla is still sleeping. Should I go and wake her up?"

"Let her sleep for a while longer. There's still a lot of time before she has to get up for work." Mag shook his head with a smile in response. He made his way downstairs and began to prepare the ingredients for the morning service.

"Ugly Duckling, I have something really cool to show you." Amy squatted down in front of Ugly Duckling. She hid one hand behind her back with a mysterious look on her face.

"Meow!" Ugly Duckling's eyes widened as it jumped up and down, eagerly trying to catch a glimpse of what was in Amy's hand.

"Don't blink!" Amy placed her hand in front of Ugly Duckling. The latter took a sniff at her hand before taking a couple of steps backward where it stood, ready to pounce.

"Whoosh!"

Amy spread open her hand and a colorful little bird emerged, flying right over Ugly Duckling's nose.

Ugly Duckling was just about to jump into the air, but hesitated momentarily before tumbling to the ground. It stared at the little bird flying in the restaurant with a stunned expression for a while before standing up again, and chasing the bird around the restaurant.

"Go, Ugly Duckling!" Amy cried happily amid peals of tinkling laughter.

“A bird?” Just as Amy and Ugly Duckling were having the time of their lives, Babla came downstairs and caught sight of the little bird. She hesitated momentarily before raising her hand to seal it with her spatial magic, preparing to release it outside.

“Pfft-“

However, the ensnared little bird only struggled for a few seconds before disappearing in a cloud of purple mist.

“An illusion?” A hint of surprise appeared on Babla’s face. She was still a little drowsy, having just gotten out of bed, but the little bird was extremely life-like and possessed extremely feeble magic waves, which made her unable to identify it correctly at the first possible moment. All of this indicated a high level of manifestation magic proficiency of the magic caster.

Ugly Duckling stopped cold in its tracks before looking around with a confused expression.

“You caught it!” Amy’s eyes widened as she turned to Babla. A thought then occurred to her, and she pointed her finger in Babla’s direction.

Babla was just wondering where that illusionary little bird had come from when she turned around and discovered that Mag had appeared beside her, completely without her noticing

“Wah! When did you get there?!” Babla took a few steps back as she glowered at Mag with a frightened look, wondering how he was able to tread so silently.

“Hahaha-“

Amy was rolling with laughter.

“What happened?” Mag heard the commotion and poked his head out of the kitchen. He looked at the “Mag” behind the counter, then at the frightened Babla, and chuckled. “Amy, don’t play pranks like that.”

“So it was another illusion.” Babla finally came to her senses as she turned to appraise the extremely life-like rendition of Mag. Aside from the fact that there was no soul within its eyes, it was completely identical to a real person.

What amazing aptitude! Babla turned to Amy with a hint of awe in her eyes.

Chapter 627 Don’t Even Think About It

“Have you heard? Boss Mag is opening a new shop.”

“A new shop? Like a new restaurant? What’s its name? Looks like we won’t have to spend so long lining up now.”

“It’s an ice cream shop that apparently sells exclusively ice cream. If we want a meal, we still have to go to Mamy Restaurant.”

“Ice cream isn’t bad; I really like it. Every time I want to eat one, I have to line up for an hour. Boss Mag is finally taking pity on us. By the way, what’s the ice cream shop’s name?”

“An Ice Cream Shop.”

“I know it’s an ice cream shop. I want to know the name of the shop!”

“An Ice Cream Shop!”

“What’s wrong with you...”

“I’m telling you, it’s an ice cream shop called An Ice Cream Shop!”

At the entrance of the restaurant, word of Mamy Restaurant’s new branch had already spread among all of the customers gathered. Even though it was only an ice cream shop, it had still created quite a stir. To those who really liked ice cream, this was fantastic news.

As soon as Yabemiya entered the restaurant door, she excitedly asked, “Boss, on my way past Ricky’s Rotisserie today, I saw a section of the storefront covered in a large piece of red cloth; that’s the ice cream shop, right?”

“That’s right. After the breakfast service today, we’re holding an opening ceremony. After that, the ice cream shop will be officially open,” Mag replied with a smile. He had asked the system to undo the censorship on the ice cream shop and to replace it with that red cloth instead. This was designed to maintain a sense of mystery around the shop prior to its opening

“There are a lot of customers discussing the ice cream. I’m sure business will be very good on the first day. I’ll go and help you out later.” Sally also wore a smile on her face.

“Yes, please. If all of you are going to be there, then I’ll have no problems at all.” Yabemiya nodded with a wide smile on her face.

“Big Sister Miya, I have to attend lessons with Master Urien this morning, so I won’t be there for the opening of your ice cream shop,” Amy said with a forlorn expression.

Miya smiled as she patted Amy’s head, and said, “That’s alright, I can eat a few more ice creams in your stead.”

“Actually, you can save it all for me after my lessons. I can eat all of it so you won’t have to eat it in my place. I’ll feel bad if you do that for me,” Amy said earnestly.

“You’re the manager, so you’re going to manage a restaurant on your own, right? That’s so cool.” Babla looked at Yabemiya with a hint of reverence on her face. Just the simple job she was doing as a waitress was proving to be quite a struggle; she couldn’t imagine what it would be like to manage a shop on her own.

Following the conclusion of the morning service, Mag bade farewell to the last group of customers before untying his apron, and heading to the ice cream with Yabemiya and the others.

There were already many people gathered in front of the shop’s entrance. Many of them were standing on the tips of their toes, trying to catch a glimpse of what lay behind the red cloth.

“Boss Mag is here!” someone yelled, and the entire crowd stirred as everyone turned to look at Mag.

“There are so many people!” A tense expression appeared on Yabemiya’s face. She had thought that there wouldn’t be many people on the first day, but who would have thought there would already be so many customers gathered? Furthermore, most of them were regular customers of Mamy Restaurant.

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“Don’t be nervous, you’ll only get more and more customers from now on.” Mag smiled in response. He was quite pleased with this turnout.

“Yes.” Yabemiya nodded, and as she looked at Mag, her nerves were instantly soothed significantly. She also turned her gaze toward the ice cream shop obscured by that red cloth.

At the moment, only Mag knew what the ice cream shop looked like. After witnessing Mamy Restaurant, everyone was very much looking forward to seeing this new shop.

“Boss Mag, you’re overworking your staff! Ms. Miya has to rush over to the ice cream shop after slaving away at your restaurant; how cruel of you!” Harrison jibed in a joking manner, drawing a burst of laughter from the regular customers around them.

“You’re just jealous of her multitasking skills,” Mag responded with a smile.

“I’m definitely jealous. After all, who would be as lucky as you to find three exceptional waitresses who are also so beautiful?” Harrison nodded as he continued, “Well, don’t keep us waiting any longer! We’ve been dying for some ice cream!”

“Yeah, hurry up and open the shop!” everyone chimed in.

“Thank you for attending the shop opening, everyone.” Mag nodded to acknowledge all of the customers. He stood in front of the ice cream and grabbed onto the red cloth before turning to Yabemiya as he said, “Manager Yabemiya, let’s unveil the ice cream shop together.”

“Oh, yes.” Yabemiya hurriedly nodded before rushing forward and grabbing onto another corner of the red cloth.

“Three, two, one...”

Amid a burst of raucous cheers and applause, the red cloth was removed.

A white and blue snow and ice queen themed ice cream shop was revealed to everyone.

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

The words “An Ice Cream Shop” were inscribed in silver and blue text using an adorable font. There was also the image of a snow and ice fairy on the sign.

A cool and refreshing sensation wafted forth, making everyone feel as if they had been teleported into a world of snow and ice, thereby further stoking their urge to enter the shop.

“It’s so beautiful! I feel like it’s even more beautiful than Mamy Restaurant.”

“Mamy Restaurant’s design is more conservative, while this ice cream shop is more refreshing and adorable. I think they both have their strong points.”

“A snow and ice queen! As expected of Boss Mag, even a branch that only sells ice cream is so stunning.”

“Everything else is great, but the name of the shop... Isn’t it a little too carelessly thrown together?”

Everyone began to discuss spiritedly among themselves as they looked at the new ice cream shop.

Mag didn’t really pay any heed to their discussion. As opposed to paying a naming fee, he’d much rather name the shop in a casual manner like this. Furthermore, this could become a unique series when he opened more branches in the future.

For example, there could be A Rotisserie, A Cafe, A Braised Chicken Shop...

“System, the drawing of Little Amy on the sign is very interesting.” Mag’s eyes fell on the image of the little snow and ice fairy on the sign. Upon closer inspection, he discovered that it really was an image of Amy.

“If you’re really satisfied with it, then you can choose to give me an extra commission,” the system happily suggested.

“Don’t even think about it,” Mag immediately refused in an implacable voice.

Mag pushed open the ice cream shop’s doors with a smile, and announced, “An Ice Cream Shop is now officially open. We welcome your patronage.”

Chapter 628 How About We Steal It?

“What a beautiful ice cream shop! It’s like a snow and ice tower. Have I really become the manager of such a gorgeous ice cream shop?” Yabemiya was looking around at the stunning shop incredulously. She was still holding onto the red cloth in her hand as she had forgotten to let go of it.

“Congratulations, Miya.” Sally gave Miya an encouraging smile.

“Congratulations on becoming the manager, Big Sister Miya.” Babla also wore a wide smile on her face as she looked around the ice cream shop with wide eyes. As she did so, she squealed internally, What a beautiful ice cream shop! Are those snowflakes falling from above? Snowflakes only exist in myths and legends! The white six-cornered snowflakes are piling up on the ground; it looks so fun!

“Thank you, thank you, everyone.” Yabemiya nodded with a vibrant smile on her face.

After pushing open the glass doors, a slightly cool sensation wafted forth. The dryness of autumn seemed to have been dispelled as a result, giving everyone the urge to embrace winter.

Mag strode into the shop first. There were three fully automatic ice cream machines placed in the semi-open kitchen, and it wouldn't be crowded even if three people were to stand in it.

The cash register was right next to the kitchen, and the price of as well as the four flavors of ice cream were stated behind the counter. Aside from that, there was also a large vacant area.

The statue of the ice and snow queen stood at the very center of the restaurant. In comparison to the wax statue renditions, this ice and snow queen was clearly far more intricately crafted, reaching the extent that it even had clearly visible fingerprints. Furthermore, it wasn't just a stationary statue. Instead, it would change poses at set intervals, and that detail seemed to have imbued it with a soul.

Aside from that, all of the tables in the shop were small square tables with only two tall stools placed at each table. Sitting near the floor-to-ceiling window while sampling Haagen-Dazs ice cream was undoubtedly a heavenly experience.

Mag nodded upon seeing this. He was very pleased with the system's renovation job.

"Boss, what should we do now?" Yabemiya looked at the customers swarming in through the doors, and then turned to Mag with a panicked expression.

"We're open now, so we'd better start serving customers. Look at how many customers are visiting on the first day; there are many more than I got when I first opened Mamy Restaurant." Mag smiled in response. Yabemiya was so nervous that she had completely forgotten what her job was.

"Oh, yes." Yabemiya hurriedly nodded before quickly entering the kitchen. She switched on the three ice cream machines before turning to the customers with a smile as she said, "Welcome! What ice cream would you like?"

"I'll get a mocha ice cream."

"I want a chocolate ice cream."

All of the customers began to make their orders as a long line formed in front of the counter.

"Alright, one mocha ice cream. That'll be 300 copper coins. Please pay first, then show your ticket to get your ice cream when your number is called," Yabemiya said with a smile. She then ripped off a ticket with the number "1" on it from a pad nearby before handing it to that customer.

"I have to pay first? And I have to get the ice cream myself?" The customer was rather taken aback as he looked at the ticket in his hand. This was the first time that he had heard of such rules being implemented in a food establishment.

"That's right." Yabemiya nodded with a smile, but she was feeling rather tense.

After hearing this new ordering system described to her by Mag the day before, Yabemiya had been concerned that their customers wouldn't be able to accept it. After all, in other restaurants, customers were served in a very diligent manner. No other restaurants made customers pay first and get their food by themselves.

All of the customers in the line turned to Mag and Yabemiya with curious expressions upon hearing that. Only Mag would be capable of such innovation that bordered on insanity in their eyes.

“In order to improve the shop’s efficiency and shorten the time that everyone has to line up for, I devised this system where payment has to be given as soon as the order is made and tickets are handed out for corresponding ice cream orders,” Mag explained. This was a method often employed by streetside milk stands due to the severe mismatch between the number of customers compared to the number of seats. For food that could be carried and eaten while walking, this was undoubtedly the most efficient system to employ.

“I think this is a great idea. Otherwise, when we have to pay, we’ll have to line up a second time. In contrast, this is clearly a much better way to do things,” Harrison said with a smile.

“You’re absolutely right. If this were another restaurant, we’d perhaps be concerned about whether the money we spend will be worth it, but in Boss Mag’s restaurant, I see no issues with paying as soon as we order,” Gjerj chimed

in.

All of the customers smiled upon hearing this. Harrison’s words echoed everyone’s thoughts. As such, all of the customers made their orders before taking their tickets and taking a seat. Most of them actually chose to stand as they looked curiously at Yabemiya as she worked in the semi-open kitchen, wondering how such delicious ice cream was made.

The opening of this new ice cream shop naturally attracted the attention of many passersby. After all, such a beautiful restaurant was very rare.

This storefront was located near the entrance of the Aden Square, so the number of people passing through was far more than of those that would pass through the corner area that Mamy Restaurant was situated in.

“That restaurant is so beautiful! But it’s not really time for breakfast or lunch, so why are there so many people there?”

“They must be paid actors that the restaurant hired as part of a PR stunt. This tactic is really commonly employed by restaurants in the Aden Square.”

“That doesn’t really matter. We can’t just pass by such a beautiful restaurant and not go in to have a look.”

Many of the passersby stopped in their tracks and walked into the ice cream shop with curiosity in their hearts. Soon, a long line had gathered outside the ice cream shop.

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“Mocha ice cream for number one, chocolate ice cream for number two...” With all three ice cream machines operating at once, Yabemiya was able to quickly hand over one ice cream after another to the customers with a sweet smile.

Some customers chose to eat their ice creams in the shop, while others exited the shop and ate as they walked.

“Who would have thought that making ice cream was so easy? It only takes pressing a few buttons. I feel like I can do it if I tried.”

“I feel like that metallic machine must be an extraordinary treasure. The ice cream comes from there, after all.”

“Boss Mag is a man who values efficiency very highly, so that machine must have taken him a lot of time and effort to make. Otherwise, how could it produce such delicious ice cream?”

All of the customers discussed quietly among themselves. Reality was a little different from their expectations.

In a corner, there was a thin man in black clothes and a man in tattered clothing with a cloak over his head. The former said to the latter, “Boss, that thing must be worth a lot of money! Just pressing it once can earn us 300 copper coins! How about we steal it?”

“Let’s keep observing first. If we steal this thing, we have to know how to use it.” The man wearing the cloak shook his head as he stared intently at the ice cream machine.

Chapter 629 Your Father is Very Proud of You, System!

The opening of the ice cream and the implementation of the new serving system went even smoother than Mag had anticipated. The customer base accumulated by Mamy Restaurant ensured that the ice cream had many customers from the very first day, and with the new serving system, Yabemiya could handle most of the workload on her own. All that was needed was an extra helper responsible for cleaning up the shop and the tables.

As Yabemiya was running around serving customers, Babla asked quietly, “What should we do?”

“Just help clean up the tables,” Mag said with a smile. Yabemiya was once again putting her exemplary multitasking skills on display. She was taking orders, handling cash, producing ice creams, and calling out numbers all by herself, making zero errors in the process.

“Miya really is amazing.” Sally was stunned as she looked at Yabemiya. Taking care of so many matters at once was far more taxing mentally than working as a waitress at Mamy Restaurant.

“She is. It’s high time I gave her a pay rise.” Mag nodded in agreement. Such an exceptional employee was certainly not easy to come by.

After everything was set into motion, Mag bade farewell to Yabemiya and the others before departing.

When he made his way to the entrance, he caught sight of two men in black standing together in a corner. They were rather out of place as they weren’t here for ice creams, nor were they merely spectating. Instead, they were constantly staring at the ice cream machines behind Yabemiya and discussing quietly among themselves in the process.

Mag made a mental note to himself about these two suspicious characters before walking out the door. He wasn’t aggressive enough to pluck these two away for interrogation just because they were looking shifty.

On the way back to the restaurant, Mag visited Mobai's forge to check on his progress with the steam engine parts. Most of the parts for the steam engine were being made here, so the Mobai's rate of progress was an important factor of consideration for him.

The half-naked Mobai wiped the sweat off his forehead as he said, "Boss Mag, the degree of accuracy required for the parts you're ordering is far too high. Even if I work through the night, I'll only be able to finish them by tomorrow at noon at the earliest."

"Hehe." Lulu gave Mag a bashful smile before continuing to swing his hammer, smashing it into the block of metal on the anvil before him.

"That's alright. It's fine as long as you can get them done before tomorrow night," Mag said with a smile. He was quite pleased with the progress that Mobai was making.

After returning to the restaurant, Mag was just about to begin preparing ingredients when the system's voice suddenly sounded. "Ding! Congratulations on opening your first branch. Your reward is a pepper steak recipe! Due to the fact that the branch opened is an ice cream shop, you're also going to receive the hidden prize: a Haagen-Dazs ice cream cake recipe!"

"Pepper steak and ice cream cake? Well done, my son!" Mag's eyes lit up upon hearing this. He didn't think that he would receive two rewards from completing one mission. Steak was one of his favorite foods. Even though the roast kebabs were also made from beef, it was still very different from steak.

"Please watch your mouth!" the system protest sternly.

"Your father is very proud of you, system!" Mag nodded in response. The pepper steak dish resolved the issue of a lack of Western dishes on the menu, while the ice cream cake could diversify the ice cream shop's recipe. As such, both of these were fantastic rewards.

"You're playing with fire!" The system was starting to sound quite angry.

Mag ignored the enraged system as he smilingly asked, "System, I want to alter my background so it becomes more difficult for people to make out the connection between me and Mag Alex. Do you have any good suggestions? Can you fabricate a suitable background for me?"

As Mamy Restaurant became more and more influential, Mag was naturally going to draw more attention and scrutiny. If someone were to dig up the fact that he had arrived in Chaos City with Amy three years ago, and then lived as a cripple for close to three years thereafter, they would easily be able to draw a connection between him and Mag Alex.

"No! Piss off!" the system grumbled.

"Then how about you alter the memories of some of the people in this world? For example, you could make everyone who wants to kill me forget about my existence. That way, we'd be able to coexist in harmony and I'd be able to cook in peace." Mag was still unwilling to give up.

"That would break the laws of this world. The system definitely won't do something like that!" the system refused sternly.

“Alright, looks like I’ll have to figure this out on my own, then.” Mag furrowed his brows, deep in thought. It appeared that the system wasn’t willing to help him, so he would have to fabricate a story about himself, and then broadcast it to the general public somehow.

After putting away the pepper beef and ice cream cake recipes in his mind, Mag began to prepare ingredients for the lunch service while contemplating this matter.

He didn’t know what was going to happen during the banquet at the Chamber of Commerce in two days, so he had to make preparations in advance.

After all, his signature style had always been a prophylactic approach.

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On the first day after the opening of the ice cream shop, 510 ice creams were sold, resulting in 153,000 copper coins of revenue.

Mag’s expression filled with surprise and elation upon hearing Yabemiya report those figures to him.

This was only the first day, and only ice cream was sold. Furthermore, the shop was essentially being run by a single person, yet over 150,000 copper coins had been made, amounting to over 100,000 copper coins in profits alone.

This was an exceptional source of income for Mag.

Mamy Restaurant’s daily revenue in its current state had reached an upper limit. Unless more employees were hired or the restaurant was expanded, it would be very difficult to increase store revenue.

“That’s over 500 kebabs...” Babla gulped with an expression full of yearning.

In the bushes outside the ice cream, a thin man in black clothes stuck out his head, and asked, “Boss, are we doing this or not?”

A tall and broad man also stuck out his head from the bushes before shaking his head with a solemn expression as he said, “Let’s wait for a while first. There are still so many people on the streets, and it would be disastrous if we got caught. We have to ensure absolute safety before we act.”

10 minutes later.

“Boss, how about now?”

“Let’s keep waiting.”

One hour later.

“Boss, how about now?”

“Let’s keep waiting. That drunkard just came out there, and he might see us.”

The next morning, just as the sun was peeking over the horizon.

The thin man scratched the mosquito bites on his face, and feebly asked, “Boss, how about now...”

The only response he received was a series of rumbling snores.

“Dammit! Nothing good has come from following this guy from the Roth Empire!” the thin man grumbled to himself as he stomped his foot. He crawled out of the bushes with a furious expression before glancing at the ice cream with an indignant look in his eyes. He then took a glance at a cleaner holding a broom nearby, and decided to scurry away.

“Mistress, the annual banquet of the Chamber of Commerce is being held. Are you going to attend this time?”

A slightly eerie voice reverberated in an ancient castle built between two cliffs. A man in black robes that completely concealed his figure and appearance was facing the throne in front of him with his head slightly lowered.

On the throne that was enshrouded in darkness, there was a seductive woman with a pair of vibrant red lips. She smiled as she replied, “Of course I’m going. I want to see if there’s going to be any suitable prey.”

Chapter 630 System, You Sure Are Embarrassing

“Sigh, I’m so angry! Why would Boss Mag make Miya work at Mamy Restaurant during the lunch service? That way, I won’t be able to sneak over to the ice cream for an ice cream during my lunch break, and Mamy Restaurant is so far away!”

“Exactly! I also wanted to come here for an ice cream, but the ice cream shop’s opening hours are right when Mamy Restaurant is closed! This is terrible.”

At the entrance of the ice cream shop, there were two young women looking at the opening hours on the door with a grumpy expression.

Esther was a student at Chaos School and she was 17 years old, so there was only one year left until she could graduate.

She was a 17-year-old 4th-tier magic caster, which placed her aptitude at above average in the magic world. In her family, her aptitude was sufficient for her not to have to worry about anything for the rest of her life.

As such, she was never short on spending money.

However, the lunch break at Chaos School wasn’t very long. The distance from the school to the restaurant wasn’t all that far, either, but there were simply too many people lining up there. There were hundreds of people lining up during their lunch break, so if they wanted to have an ice cream, they would have to wait until school ended. That was simply downright torturous to them.

Many people passing by the ice cream shop also wore expressions similar to theirs. The people who had time rushed off to Mamy Restaurant to join the line there, while those short on time could only wait for the next time.

After the lunch break, Mag borrowed one of Mobai's three vacant storefronts, carrying the steam engine parts into the shop before closing the door and fiddling around with the parts.

He could only be considered a newbie as a chef, but when it came to assembling steam engines, he was a professional. During his free time back when he was writing his thesis in his past life, he assembled and disassembled steam engines for fun.

Mag laid down all of the parts before saying internally, "System, I need a piston, a cylinder, two belts, and four wheels."

Due to the restrictions in skills, technology, and materials in this world, in conjunction with the fact that Mag didn't want to have too many individuals participating in the creation of the steam engine, Mag had to buy some parts from the system.

"I don't have any of those," the system immediately replied.

"State your price." Mag pursed his lips.

"The system is issuing you a stern warning! You are forcibly pushing this world into the steam era and severely disrupting its natural progression! The effect this will have on the world will be immeasurable, and you could very likely trigger divine retribution, which will wipe your existence off the face of this world!" the system warned.

"Then could it be that James Watt and Michael Faraday were taken by God? They pushed the Earth into two different eras, after all. Wouldn't it be really fun to have a steampunk world with swords and magic?" Mag pursed his lips.

"That's... That's not the same! Those two scientists were only able to make those breakthroughs following extensive research and development. Their success was a product of their hard work, and their inventions contributed to the natural progression of the world! What you're doing is completely different!" The system was getting rather frustrated.

"Let me ask you this, system: can you be sure that Watt and Faraday weren't transmigrators? Perhaps they were also forcibly transmigrated to Earth after speaking ill of a certain restaurant owner? Look at their systems. Watt wanted a steam engine, and the system willingly gave him one. Faraday wanted an electricity generator, and his system also handed him one without any resistance. Then, look at you. I had to do everything myself, yet you're acting so reluctant even though I'm only asking you for a few parts. You can't even begin to compare to their systems!" Mag pursed his lips with discontent.

"That's utter nonsense! How can those lazy bastards compare to the system? If God tossed me a few trillion gold coins and asked me to force you to do missions in exchange for monetary rewards every day, my job would be countless times easier than it is now!" the system yelled in grief and indignation.

"Looks like you're very short on money as well." A peculiar look appeared on Mag's face.

"Of course I am! Do you think production is free? Do you think it's free to develop exceptional seeds? Do you think construction materials are free? All of these things cost so much money! I still owe the system next door 20,000 copper coins! God gave that bastard 2,000,000,000,000 copper coins, and it gives its host 50,000 every day, yet it still chases me around all the time, trying to get me to repay the 20,000

copper coins! How could I not be angry?" The system's voice was becoming more and more furious and indignant.

"System, you sure are embarrassing." Mag covered his face with his hand. His system was was most likely one of a kind.

The system's voice rose to a screech. "You still dare to say that! If it weren't for you—"

Mag immediately cut the system off as he said, "Alright, I'll give you 20,000 copper coins for the parts I mentioned so you can repay your debt and stop being an embarrassment."

"Really?" The system's screeching voice immediately reverted back to a normal octave.

"If you think it's too much, I can offer something lower." Mag shrugged nonchalantly.

"Of course not!" the system immediately responded before asking, "Can you add a bit more?"

"Then I'll make it 20,001 copper coins." Mag nodded with a smile. "That way, you'll have one left over after you repay your debt."

"Deal!" the system immediately responded. It then deducted the copper coins and prepared the required materials in five minutes.

After all of the materials were delivered, the assembly of the steam engine was a piece of cake. Soon, a complete dual-cylinder steam engine was ready.

Mag also made a metal shell for it so its internal functions wouldn't be directly visible.

He poured some water into the machine before he ignited the coals, which had been previously doused in alcohol. The steam passed through the cylinders, and as the pressure gradually increased, the pistons began to cycle up and down in a repetitive range of motion, thereby prompting the flywheels to rotate.

"This is the first time that a steam engine had been turned on in this world. This moment is worthy of commemoration." Mag nodded in contentment as he looked at the rapidly rotating flywheels, the steam blowing out of the vents, and heard the sound of metal parts working together. Even though he hadn't actually invented the steam engine, he was still struck by a sense of accomplishment.

"I have a steam engine now, so the next step is to tell a good story." A smile appeared on Mag's face. This was the first major step that he was taking in this world.

In a room that was lined with all types of clocks, Cyril was fiddling around with a small pocket watch. Off to the side, Goodenia bowed deeply to him, and said, "Young Master Cyril, thank you for saving me. I, Goodenia, am your most loyal servant from now on. You can ask me to do anything for you and I will give it my all."

Cyril put the pocket watch away before turning to Goodenia as he said, "Goodenia, I had to expend a lot of money and connections to bail you out this time."