

## Stay At home 71

### Chapter 71: Be Careful!

Krassu put the spoon down softly. Not one single grain of rice was left. He chewed on the last mouthful of fried rice, feeling the pleasant taste spreading in his mouth.

After he swallowed, the fried rice became a warm current, nourishing his almost dried-up body. He felt revived, and didn't care if it was only a lightning before death. Life was beautiful to him now.

"Owner, I'd like one more plate," Krassu said as he looked up at Mag. He couldn't remember the last time he wanted seconds. He felt he could eat some more today.

Mag shook his head slightly. "Sorry, sir. Our morning opening hours are over. Actually, we have been open for an extra three minutes now. Please come eat another time." It was already three past nine. Mag had his non-negotiable face on.

Krassu looked at Mag. "I only want one more plate. I'll pay double." He pulled out three dragon coins and put them on the table gently.

Again Mag shook his head. "Sorry, but that's our rule here." If he were just a regular old man, Mag might have made an exception. But he was Krassu. He wanted nothing more than to make him leave right now—he looked dangerous to him.

"Father..." Amy looked up at Mag, hesitating. *The white-bearded grandpa is so pitiful, and he offered to pay double.* Then she saw Mag's face and bit back her words.

Krassu gave Mag a long stare to make sure that he wasn't expecting him to raise his offer. "I see. Then I'll come back for lunch." He put two coins away. He wanted to ask about the Spring of Life, but thought better of it. He decided to bring it up later.

Krassu tidied his robe and straightened himself up a bit. "Owner, I have a favor to ask of you," he said as he looked at Mag. "I'm Krassu, a 10th-tier magic caster from the Roth Empire. I'm old now, so I'm trying to find a disciple to inherit my magic skills. I just sensed a strange magic wave from her. Could you allow me to check her talent? Maybe it's fate that I met her today."

Mag narrowed his eyes. *A 10th-tier magic caster. There are no more than 15 on the whole continent. They are the most powerful.*

*Even the Roth Empire has only four or five of them. But I didn't see his name on the list back then. He doesn't seem to be lying, though, because he just said it like it was nothing.*

"If you made Amy your disciple, would you take her back to Rodu?" Mag asked quietly, looking at Krassu.

The old man nodded. "I would. There is proper equipment and perfect magic rooms for beginners in the Magus Tower. They can learn faster there. As my disciple, she is entitled to enter the Magus Tower. That's the holy tower for magic casters."

The Magus Tower was held in high regard by most magic casters on the Norland Continent, and it was an important reason why a large number of magic casters was staying in Rodu. Even common people knew what it meant to enter the Tower, so he didn't worry that Mag would reject his offer.

"Sorry, I don't like the idea of Amy leaving my side, and I will never let her go to Rodu on her own. So thank you, but I have to politely decline your offer," Mag said as he shook his head without hesitating.

Amy nodded. "I'll never leave you, Father." Sitting on the chair, she reached out her little hand to grab Mag's finger.

Krassu froze for an instant. As a 10th-tier magic caster serving the Roth Empire, he wanted to test Amy; if she was qualified, he would make her his disciple and take her back to Rodu to learn magic in the Magus Tower.

Even nobles in the capital would have gone crazy about this offer. Never had he thought that he would be turned down by a small restaurateur in Chaos City.

During his long journey, Krassu had checked many children who wanted to be his disciple. Parents had rushed to send their kids to him even before he showed who he was. They didn't care even if he took them as an intern.

Yet Mag didn't even plan to give him a chance to test his daughter. His indifference caught him by surprise, but he didn't make any gaffe. He quickly resumed his smile. "Owner, you live in Chaos City, so maybe you don't know much about magic casters. The Magus Tower—"

"I won't let Amy leave my side, period," Mag interrupted. "And I'm not interested in the Magus Tower." Then he took a look at the time. "Sorry, sir, we have to buy sheep milk for this little thing. If you don't mind, please come back later," he said with a courtesy smile.

Amy nodded as she stroked the kitten's head. "Yes. Ugly Duckling is starving." She pulled four gold coins from her pocket, put them on the table, and took the dragon coin away. "White-bearded grandpa, you're so small and don't need much food. You won't grow anymore, so save the money for your next meal. Here, your change."

"..." Krassu was feeling a mixture of emotions. *I have told them who I am, sincerely offered to test her magic talent, and tried to make her my disciple, but apparently I got turned down because a kitten wanted to drink some sheep milk. I guess no one would believe that.*

Even if he didn't find any disciple during his journey, almost everybody had shown him a lot of respect and admiration. They had been willing to pay to make him test their children.

*But, sadly, it's the truth. Their gestures and looks are in sync. They don't want me to stay here.*

"All right. Then I'll come back again." Krassu, who was rejected for the very first time when taking in a disciple, picked up the coins and walked towards the door with his staff.

"Be careful, white-bearded grandpa. If you fell, you might not be able to get up," Amy said as Krassu was opening the door.

Krassu's hand stopped suddenly. He turned his head sharply and saw Amy's worried face. He saw the elf girl from before.

He had been at the end of his life, coughing badly at the window of the 32nd floor of the Magus Tower. Suddenly, a crisp, worried voice sounded from behind him. "Be careful, white-bearded grandpa. If you fell down, you might kill others."

He turned back. It was a young elf lady around 16. He was meeting her for the first time. Her words were both surprising and amusing, and she had a leaping mind and a vicious tongue just like the little girl before him.

## **Chapter 72: It Will Get Fat**

The young lady had looked at him for a moment. Then she'd removed a gourd from her belt and tossed it to him, saying that it was some spring water from her home and that it would quench his thirst. After that, she started going up the stairs again.

Not everybody had the right to enter the Magus Tower, and it was off-limits to other species. The concern and warmth he felt before he breathed his last made him open the gourd and take a drink, and he realized immediately that it was the milk of life, which was more precious than the water from the Spring of Life.

There were only three drops in that gourd, and they prolonged his life by more than 10 years.

She gave away such an invaluable thing to him—a random old man—as if it were just a bottle of water. And she didn't even know his name.

He learned later that she was the princess of elves', the sole successor to the throne. She had brought that milk of life from home for when she was thirsty. She saw him coughing and gave it to him.

It was her first time to come to the Roth Empire. The elf officials were paying a friendly visit and she tagged along. She somehow managed to trick the guards into letting her in. She went up to the top floor and wrote down "The elf princess was here!" Then, she left contentedly.

She was the princess, so the king could not discipline her. He even retained the green writing of hers as a proof of friendship between two countries.

Krassu brought his thoughts back and nodded at Amy, smiling. "Thank you," he said. *This little girl is much like her. Maybe because she is half-elf.* He pushed open the door and left.

He hadn't heard from elves for years. The truth of that incident had been totally blocked, and all he knew was some hearsay that Alex had been badly wounded and then killed in a demon ambush. Nobody had heard from the elf princess ever since. No one would link these two things together, except for the few people holding high ranks in those two species.

"Looks like the owner doesn't want his girl to leave him. Should I bring him to the Tower as well?" Krassu muttered as he took a glance back. Then he limped away, leaning on his staff.

Not far away, at the door of the magic potion shop, Urien stood in his black robe, narrowing his eyes watching Krassu leave. "Why did he leave that Coffin Tower?" he muttered to himself as a deep green flame was dancing in his hand. Then he turned his head and saw Mag and Amy walk out. He frowned as he looked at Amy. "That old man wanted to make the little girl his disciple?"

Mag caught Urien's look. *It's a good thing that Amy is a genius, but somehow it doesn't feel good to see her being targeted by others.*

Krassu looked decent. It was an honor to serve the royals, and with this honor came responsibility and restraint. His black-robed neighbor, however, was making him worry that he might be a dark magic caster. His look, his voice, and his slow actions were oozing cold and darkness.

Amy stopped at their neighbor's shop. "Good morning, Turtle Grandpa. Black Coal, Green Pea, hello!" she said with a smile.

Mag raised an eyebrow. "Turtle..." To be sure, Urien was a little hunchbacked, but normally, people didn't like this kind of nickname—it was a little rude <sup>1</sup>. Amy was too little to know such a thing, but Mag was embarrassed. He wanted to apologize.

Urien lifted his eyes slightly. "Good morning," he said, his voice harsh and terrifying like the sound of metal rubbing together.

Mag bit back his words. *Seems like he isn't averse to his nickname. But I know this look from Krassu. If he wanted to take Amy on as a disciple too, that would be a real headache.*

"Amy, what's that ugly thing in your arms?" Black Coal asked as he moved closer. He still had two leaves on his body.

"It's clearly more adorable than you," Green Pea said, casting a disdainful glance at Black Coal. "But aren't cats only black or white? Why is it orange and white?" she asked curiously.

"Meow!" Ugly Duckling cried out at the crow. It reached out its pink paws as if trying to show its claws. It sounded like a baby, though.

"A cat!" Black Coal jumped back in startlement, but he cocked his head as he took another look at the kitten. "I'm the honorable Fama Odin Ben. I'll never be frightened by an abnormal, ugly kitten," he said proudly.

Amy shook her head. "It's not a kitten. It's an ugly duckling." She stroked its hair to comfort it. "Black Coal, you're the ugliest one here, and Ugly Duckling can only be the second ugliest. And it will grow up."

Black Coal became a little nervous again. Watching the little kitten wagging its tail proudly, he sneered, "I'm not afraid of that little thing. Look at his short legs. It's not able to reach me. Besides, growing up in a restaurant, it will get fat."

Mag gave Amy's head a stroke, smiling. "Let's go, Amy. I have to prepare the ingredients when we get back," he said. *The ingredients for la zhi roujiamo have to be processed in advance, and this magic caster's staring is making me uncomfortable.*

"Bye," Amy said, waving her hand, and left with Mag.

"Maybe I can look into her as well. If she has a talent for the dark magic, I will steal her from that old man. It would be very interesting..." Urien muttered to himself as he watched Amy leave.

After they got back from the market, Mag bottled some sheep milk for Amy and the kitten. He watched as they sucked happily. Then he poured some for himself. He knew his strength couldn't recover in a short time, but he could feel his strength growing slowly.

As he was kneading dough, he checked his mission schedule in his head. He wasn't worried about selling 1,000 roujiamos. Working at this pace, he could finish it in about six days.

However, the mission of getting 1,000 customers was not looking good. Only 10 new customers had come in the morning. Regular customers were too many. He was a little anxious.

*I have to be more efficient. The ordering and serving are taking too much time. Amy clearly can't handle these two things. Maybe I should hire someone to work for me,* Mag thought.

As for the purchasing limit strategy, he still didn't want to try it. If customers couldn't have their fill of food, should they starve or go to another restaurant?

### **Chapter 73: Melon Regiment?**

Mag decided to improve efficiency and only limit the takeout food. He wanted more people to eat in his restaurant without having to limit the servings.

There was another problem, though. There were huge eaters in this world, like giant dragons and forest trolls. One such customer would consume everything they could supply for one day.

Maybe he would have to limit supplies then, or he would have to ask the system to buy an oversized oven to cook huge roujiamos. Either way, he needed time to think about this. After all, even Sargerass could eat 10 in a row.

Of course, the main problem now was that he had to cook everything all by himself. If he had semi-buffet dishes like hot pot or malatang<sup>1</sup>, it would be easier.

There were job agencies on the square. Employers could find workers there, while employees could find jobs. They had an integrated system. It was said that one could find all kinds of workers there with the right money.

Mag decided to check with agencies when they had their first rest day. *Money's no issue, but I need to find a reliable and diligent employee of few words, one who can get the job done.*

He had sold 64 roujiamos in an hour in the morning, and the lunchtime was half of an hour longer, so he planned to make more. Even one more batch meant 16 roujiamos, and they might be enough for a few more customers.

Ugly Duckling fell asleep after drinking the milk. Maybe because of it, Amy leaned on the counter and also dozed off.

Mag watched Amy's back through the glass and smiled.

As many species as there were in this world, it had been pretty calm these days. Mag didn't feel unsafe.

Under the governance of the Gray Temple, it was relatively safe to live in Chaos City; thus, Mag Alex had chosen to come here.

The order in the chaos made people feel more comfortable and secure than the order relying on money and power in all the species.

As usual, they had their lunch before lunchtime.

Ugly Duckling showed a sullen look again, but Mag ignored it. He couldn't give it the food they were eating now.

Amy was wolfing down food before her kitten, and sometimes she put the spoon in front of it, but didn't let it have any. It was even begging Amy with its paws.

*You'll never be a master.* Mag sighed silently as he looked at Ugly Duckling. Amy was really good; she had totally made the kitten listen to her every word.

Amy grinned. "Begging won't work. You can't eat rainbow fried rice now. I was doing that on purpose." Then she put another spoon of rice in front of the kitten.

Ugly Duckling looked away, seeming to doubt its life.

After lunch, Mag cleared the table and poured the kitten a bottle of milk. When he handed the bottle to it, the kitten showed its teeth all the way as if trying to prove that it was ready to eat solid food.

Mag was a little surprised when he found it had already had a full mouth of teeth. "Your teeth are growing pretty fast." But before Ugly Duckling could wag its tail in delight, Mag shook his head, and said, "But newborn cats can only eat solid food after a week, so you have to drink milk for several more days."

Ugly Duckling became upset instantly. It sucked on the nipple in sullenness and looked away. It was not pleased with them.

More customers came for lunch than Mag had expected. Because of the restaurant's location, it was not very convenient for many customers who had a relatively short lunch break to come here; besides, not everybody could afford at least 300 copper coins for a meal three times a day. At long last, a lot more customers came at noon.

"Hey, park the carriages far from here," Harrison said as he climbed out of his carriage. "Don't affect customers' appetite. Can't you see the big crystal glass there? They want their customers to see the beautiful view on the Aden Square." He waved his fat arm to guide the carriages.

Five fancy-dressed men came out of the carriages. They had nearly the same build—thunder thighs, a fat waist, and a neck almost as thick as the head. Together, they looked like six fat brothers.

"Harrison, you said you would take us to a new restaurant tonight. The food there is delicious and able to help us lose weight. Is this the one?" a fatty in yellow asked, wondering.

The restaurant's decorations were relatively high-end on the Aden Square. With that said, they didn't really care about the environment in the restaurant; they often ate street food if it was delicious. They called themselves the true foodies.

*Many customers are already here, but most of them seem to have a normal physique. If it really can help lose weight, what are these skinny people doing here?*

Harrison's friends were all made of money. The one in yellow, his family owned three inns; the one in green, his family ran the most popular tea shop in Chaos City. In short, they didn't have to worry about how to make money; they had a lot of pocket money every day.

They ate, drank, and played together. If one of them found an interesting place, he would tell the others. So, they decided to come here this noon and try the magic food after Harrison's invitation yesterday.

Harrison nodded. "Yes. But the food will only work on very fat people like us, so don't say I didn't tell you that." Then he took a glance in the direction of the restaurant. "Remember, whatever you do, don't mess with the owner's daughter. Even orcs and demons are afraid of her."

The others were a little astonished. "He has such a terrifying girl?" Harrison had a lot of guts among them, and even he was so afraid of this girl, so they all nodded obediently.

"Let's go. I'm hungry." Harrison walked in first, followed by others.

Six fat men with an average weight of over 100 kg walked in together, blocking the sunlight and casting a large shadow. Other customers were all looking at them with fear.

Amy's eyes widened as she watched these tall, fat customers walk clumsily in. "Melon Regiment?"

#### **Chapter 74: Maybe Because They Are Not Cute Enough**

Ugly Duckling stuck its head out of Amy's arms and watched with wide eyes. It had never seen so many fatties before. Its eyes were shining with curiosity.

Mag was also a little startled when he came out holding four roujiamos. *Harrison said he would bring his friends here. Never thought he would bring five.*

As he gazed at these six unusual customers, suddenly, Mag pictured a certain sight: six fatties were gobbling down roujiamo while their body fat was shaking all over...

It was too beautiful a picture for Mag to imagine.

He was very happy to have five new customers, though.

"Mag, I'd like three roujiamos," Harrison said as he took a seat. Ever since yesterday noon, he had been eating here for his every meal. He had woken up a little late this morning, so roujiamos had been sold out when he arrived for breakfast. That was why they came here shortly after the restaurant opened at noon.

Mag nodded. "Sure. Please wait a sec." He turned to go to the kitchen.

They split up into groups of three.

The one in yellow took several deep sniffs the moment he sat down. "Smells great!" He looked around, trying to find the source.

"Yeah. What's this meat? Why does it smell this good?" they asked Harrison as they swallowed. *It's unlike grilled meat. It's much more appetizing.*

Then their eyes caught the roujiamo in the hands of that small-eyed man. The enticing smell tickled their noses. They could see a white bread in a brownish yellow bag and a thick layer of meat stuffed inside the bread. They watched as he narrowed his eyes and took a large bite, chewing happily. They watched as he slowly swallowed.

They practically swallowed at the same time.

"What's that?!"

"I want that!"

They all turned their heads to look at Harrison, waiting urgently for his answer. It was not easy for foodies to watch as others were gorging on delicious food.

"This is the la zhi roujiamo I've told you about," Harrison said calmly. Inside, he was having a blast. He loved to see their astonished faces.

"Owner, I'd like three la zhi roujiamos!"

"Me too!"

"Same here!"

No sooner had Harrison spoken than they started ordering. They could eat as much as Harrison, so they had all ordered three.

"Okay. Just a moment, please," Mag said as he put a plate of Yangzhou fried rice before a customer. Then he turned and went into the kitchen. He was busy like a bee.

"What's that colorful dish? It looks good too," the fatty in red asked curiously as he looked at the Yangzhou fried rice.

"Rainbow fried rice. It's very good," Amy answered behind the counter. She found it really interesting to watch the Melon Regiment.

They all looked in the direction of the sound, and their eyes lit up when they saw a lovely Amy sitting there while holding a strange-colored cat. *Such a cute little girl! She looks like a half-elf, but she is much more adorable than a true elf.*

"This is the owner's daughter..." Harrison warned as he put a hand over his mouth to muffle his voice.

This morning, he had seen with his own eyes when Amy's fireball beat a lava demon. *She may look adorable, but she is a real badass.*



“She’s so cute and not as terrifying as you described,” the fatty in blue said as he waved his hand. “Demons and orcs must have been defeated by her cuteness.” He thought Amy was harmless, and refused to believe the fact that she possessed horrible power.

The one in red nodded in agreement. “Exactly. I’ve never seen such an adorable girl before.”

“Say what you will.” Harrison put a hand on his forehead. *Making them believe Amy is terrifying is a headache.*

“Little lady, I’d like a plate of this very good rainbow fried rice,” the fatty in blue said to Amy with a smile. Gjergj Francois was the oldest among them. His family owned several forges, and two were his, but he didn’t have to do anything, so he just followed Harrison and others around.

The difference between him and the others was that he was married and had three sons. The oldest was five.

Gjergj always wanted a daughter, but all he had were boys. Now, the fourth one was already in his wife’s belly. She had told him if the fourth one was also a boy, he could get a concubine to bear him a girl, and that she wouldn’t bear another child no matter what.

Of course, he didn’t dare to get a concubine. His normally kind wife had been holding a pair of scissors when she said that. If it hadn’t been for his sharp eyes, he might have been castrated.

His resentment and anticipation made him care for little girls. He envied Mag having Amy. *Such a lovely girl. He must be very happy.*

Amy nodded. “Okay.” Then she turned and shouted, “Father, Blue Fatty wants a plate of rainbow fried rice.”

“...”

Harrison and others burst out laughing. They were of similar build, but they still laughed out loud hearing Gjergj’s nickname.

Gjergj froze for an instant, and his face became a little odd. *Did she just call me a blue fatty?* But looking at Amy’s lovely and sincere face, he was unable to get angry; instead, even he was tempted to laugh.

“Yellow Fatty, Green Fatty, Red Fatty, Cyan Fatty, and Gray Fatty, why are you laughing?” she asked curiously as they threw back their heads and howled with laughter.

Their laughter broke off suddenly. They looked at each other’s clothes, and then their faces became colorful.

The same thought went across their minds. *She is indeed not as simple as she looks!* They found her both irritating and cute.

“Haha, Red Fatty.” Harrison couldn’t hold back his laughter. He guffawed at the fatty in red opposite him.

“Shut up, you Gray Fatty.” The one in red seemed a little embarrassed, but he felt like laughing too.

“Why? We’re being laughed at, but we want to chuckle. There was a time when we would have overturned the table if someone laughed at us,” the one in yellow said confusedly, trying to refrain from laughing.

“Maybe because they were not cute enough.” The one in cyan sighed deeply.

### **Chapter 75: This Roujiamo Can Help Lose Weight?**

Mag brought two roujiamos for Harrison first. He had put the bread in the oven at intervals, so they couldn’t be ready at the same time.

Besides, roujiamo was a dish best served hot when the tasty gravy was still seeping in and wouldn’t detract from the soft and crunchy texture of the bread. So, even if a customer ordered many, Mag would serve him at intervals, and those who ordered first would be served first.

“Please enjoy,” Mag said, smiling. He went back into the kitchen.

“Smells terrific!” the one in red observed, his eyes fixed on the roujiamo as he sniffed the strong aroma. “Harrison, let me take a bite!” he said expectantly while Harrison was holding one roujiamo in each hand.

“Yeah, pass it along!” the one in cyan said, leaning over. The lean meat and fat in the bai ji bread was very appetizing.

Harrison shook his head without hesitation. He would have shared other food with them, but not this roujiamo.

He didn’t get to eat any for breakfast, and had waited a whole morning. To be sure, Yangzhou fried rice was great, but it wouldn’t make him feel high like this roujiamo would do. “Be patient. I’ll dig into it now,” he said with a grin as they stared at him, craving.

*Is it really that good?* they wondered.

Harrison was always an easygoing person. Normally, he would share his food with pleasure; however, today he wouldn’t even let them take a bite to taste it. His abnormal behavior raised their anticipation for the dish.

Harrison lifted his right hand to take a large bite. His eyes closed spontaneously as he felt the gourmet food melting on his tongue. This feeling of pleasure put a smile on his face.

His friends couldn’t divert their eyes. Despite themselves, they, too, all swallowed as he swallowed contentedly.

They couldn’t feel what he was feeling, but the usually picky Harrison’s satisfied smile said it all.

It was as if he had been shocked by electricity. Harrison’s fat was starting to shake slightly because of the rushing blood. A sheen of sweat appeared on his face, but he was really enjoying it. He took another bite, and his whole body was shaking.

*That's how it helps?* they wondered, watching Harrison. They didn't believe him when he said it could lose weight, but now, they found themselves wrong.

Other customers had noticed Harrison's unusual state as well. In astonishment, they took a look at the roujiamo in their hand, and then at the one in his, but they found nothing different about it. They could feel their blood running wild, but they didn't understand why he was acting so dramatically.

Harrison's friends watched as he finished his first roujiamo, and swallowed countless times. Finally, Mag walked out with five roujiamos and served one to each of them. They came here together and were really good friends, so they didn't care who got served first.

"Ugly Duckling, watch closely. You don't want to miss this." Amy lifted the kitten up higher against her chest and widened her eyes.

Mag also stopped at the counter and looked back. *Six fatties are eating roujiamo together. We don't come across something like this every day.*

They studied the roujiamos in their hands and saw the white bread with chopped lean meat and fat inside. They were always bragging about how they had tried everything in the whole city, but they were seeing this kind of bread for the very first time. Their appetite was so whetted by the pleasant aroma and Harrison's swallowing that they all brought the roujiamos to their mouths immediately.

Harrison smiled at his friends. *They will love its taste.* He started eating his second one.

"Ah..."

They let out a satisfied sound in delight almost at the same time. Their voice was not very loud, but they were so in sync that other customers watched them with surprise.

Those who had tried this roujiamo knew the sound was a spontaneous reaction of the body. It was genuine, and felt so good that it was out of control.

So, other customers didn't find them annoying; instead, they were really enjoying themselves because they were in exactly the same embarrassing situation as they had been.

Their enjoyment turned to astonishment quickly.

They found the fat on the six fatties was starting to shiver. The fat on their calves, legs, bellies, and necks was shaking like waves. They were making waves just by sitting together!

Other customers were tempted to laugh, but thought better of it. They couldn't avert their eyes as they watched the waves, holding back their laughter.

The small-eyed man's face got red, trying to refrain from laughing out. He would have guffawed if he hadn't known better.

"It's so funny!" Amy clapped her little hands merrily. Never had she seen such an amusing reaction. *These fatties can't control their fat!*

"Meow..." Ugly Duckling lifted its pink paws to cover its eyes. They scared it.

*It's truly exceptionally beautiful... Mag couldn't help laughing, and turned to go to the kitchen immediately. Obviously, roujiamo is working very well on extra fat people. This could become a selling point for certain people.*

The six fatties were completely lost in the delicious taste of the food, and paid no mind to what other people were thinking. They were savoring the unprecedented gourmet dish as they felt their fat shaking.

Gjergj put down the bag slowly, not quite satisfied. "It's so delicious and can make me lose weight, no less! Maybe only God is able to devise a dish this magical."

Harrison nodded in agreement. "Mag is truly a genius." After two roujiamos, he was not quite full; one more was enough.

*This roujiamo can help lose weight?* Other customers' faces lit up as they heard this. They all had one or two friends who were fat and fond of eating. *If it's true, I'll bring my fat friends here next time.*

## **Chapter 76: Please Take Me Seriously!**

Mag shook his head with a smile as he listened to their praise. Of course, he wasn't a genius. Geniuses didn't have to study sleeplessly and restlessly for 100 days to master how to cook roujiamo. He couldn't have done it without the system and his diligence.

Their compliments made him feel good, though. This feeling of being recognized was much better than when he had been blindly admired or criticized in his previous life.

"This roujiamo is so good. Is there anything else on the menu other than rainbow fried rice?" Gjergj picked the menu up as he was waiting for his second roujiamo and opened it with great expectations. He was a little startled when he found only two dishes on it, and the price made him gasp. "Yangzhou fried rice, 600 copper coins?! La zhi roujiamo, 300 copper coins?! They are so expensive!"

Harrison smiled. "If we were at other places, even 10 gold coins wouldn't buy anything this good. Besides, it can help us lose our weight. It's a bargain at this price."

The fatty in red nodded. "Yes. Even if it's thirty gold coins each, I will definitely have two more today," he said, putting down the bag unwillingly.

"You are always careless with money. This roujiamo is divine, and you're worrying about its price?" the one in cyan asked with surprise.

His other friends were all looking at Gjergj with a confused look. *300 copper coins is totally worth it. It's so delicious and can help lose weight. Besides, Gjergj is in charge of two forges himself; he can make at least 200 gold coins a day, and normally, he is always willing to pay for his friends.*

Gjergj waved his hands immediately. "It's not that I think it's not worth the price," he explained in embarrassment. "It's my wife. She's pregnant and getting paranoid about me having another woman, so she only gives me three gold coins every day. I acted like that because I can only afford to eat one today."

"You always show off your wife. Now it's payback time!" the one in cyan said with a gloating smile.

"I'm curious, though. Do you really have another woman?" Harrison asked, teasing him.

"No need to ask. He is a henpecked husband. He doesn't even dare to look at other women. Having another woman is out of the question," the one in red said with a twist of his mouth as if he had seen through everything.

The fatty in green nodded merrily. "How wise of me to have rejected the marriage my father arranged for me the other day."

"You're just jealous of me having a wife. She gave me three sons. And she's pregnant again," Gjergj said, smirking, his voice full of love and pride.

"Then it's probably a boy again, and you like girls," Harrison said as he spread his hands, exposing the harsh truth.

"Shut up. If it's a boy again, I'll make my four sons pick up your daughters and sons. And then you'll know the true despair," Gjergj said to Harrison solemnly.

Harrison waved his hands in fright. "Please don't. You win... It's a girl. It's definitely a girl. Keep your naughty boys away from my future daughter."

"Then you have to show some sincerity. Lend me 10 gold coins." Gjergj held out his hand.

Harrison pushed his hand away with a smile. "Just eat your fill. I'll pay for your check. We're brothers."

"Thank you. But I want to order some food to go for my wife. She doesn't have any appetite these days. I'm supposed to stay home with her today. You said there was good stuff here, so I've come to see if there is anything she can eat. I can't let you pay for that." Gjergj gave an embarrassed smile, still holding out his hand.

"You are a hell of a man, Gjergj. Your wife is micromanaging you, and you still want to buy her food." Harrison was a little moved. He pulled out a dragon coin from his purse and gave it to his friend.

"It's nothing. She almost lost her life giving birth to our first kid," Gjergj said as he took the coin. "I tried to talk her out of having another, but she knew I wanted a daughter. So we had another, and then another. Now the fourth one is still in her belly. I'm lucky to have a wife like her. I deserve to be struck by lightning if I go find another woman." He smiled.

When he was done, his friends remained silent for a while. They had known each other for years, so naturally they had known about this. Although they often laughed at him for being a henpecked husband, they all quite respected his wife.

Harrison nodded. "Then this roujiamo is not a good choice. If she ate this, the baby might come out today. That would be very bad. Buy some Yangzhou fried rice for her. It's mild and has some nourishing effect. Maybe it's good for the baby too."

"All right. Then I'll buy a plate of Yangzhou fried rice for her. It's the same thing as the rainbow fried rice the little girl said, right?" Gjergj took a look at Amy, who was sitting behind the counter.

Harrison nodded. "Yes. But I don't know if you can have it to go," he said, hesitating. *Roujiamo is easy to bring along, but it would be strange to walk with a plate of fried rice in hand.*

“Owner, can I have a plate of Yangzhou fried rice to go?” Gjergj asked as Mag walked out with roujiamos.

“To go?” asked Mag in surprise as he put the roujiamos on the table. Some customers who were in a rush would eat the roujiamo on the road, but no one had ordered fried rice to go. He had to buy some boxes from the system.

Gjergj nodded sincerely. “My wife is in the sixth month of her pregnancy and doesn’t feel like eating these days. My friend said your Yangzhou fried rice is very good, so I’m thinking about bringing some for her. Maybe she’ll like it,” Gjergj said with no certainty. He knew some restaurants didn’t offer food to go.

*He is a good husband, and a good husband deserves to be respected,* Mag thought as he looked at Gjergj. He asked the system, “System, can pregnant women eat Yangzhou fried rice?”

“The ingredients of Yangzhou fried rice are pollution-free. Anyone can eat it,” the system answered calmly. Then it paused a moment. “But la zhi roujiamo isn’t fit for pregnant women to eat.”

Mag was relieved. “Then make me some to-go boxes. Use the same trademark as the bag. It would be best if you could make the style of the boxes match the bags. Brown should do. Make it so that people can remember it at first glance.”

“Please take me seriously!” the system said solemnly.

### **Chapter 77: I Like Little Sisters**

“The bag is five copper coins each, so I’ll give you 10 copper coins for a box,” said Mag, paying no mind to the system’s complaint.

The system paused for a moment before it said, “20!” Then, it added, “You can make 300 copper coins from selling a plate of Yangzhou fried rice. Subtract 20 copper coins for the box, and you can still make 280 copper coins off it. I will design the box like a top designer and paint the trademark like a top painter, and the materials will be environment-friendly and automatically degradable. The box can be reused many times...”

“Five,” Mag retorted airily. “System, I’ll bet you that he would be happy even if I just let him take the plate, and he would return it washed and dried. Remember, I don’t have to use your boxes. And the profit of 300 copper coins off one plate is not much.”

“Okay, deal, 10 copper coins each!” the system said hurriedly, grievance and helplessness in its tone. “Producing to-go boxes. The first batch will be ready in five minutes.”

“Good.” Mag was happy with the efficiency of the system. Smiling, he said to Gjergj, “Sure. But you have to pay an extra 20 copper coins for the packing.”

Gjergj thought for a short while. “20 copper coins? All right. I’ll have one plate of fried rice to go, then. Mine doesn’t need to be packed,” he said as he nodded.

*Normally, restaurants wouldn't charge extra for packing. But I've already spent 600 copper coins on it, so another 20 won't make too much difference. Money is no issue as long as it's as tasty as this roujiamo and my wife likes it.*

Mag nodded. "Please wait a sec." Mag turned to walk towards the kitchen, ignoring the system's shouting. He was much better at making money than he had thought; it was just that he had been lazy in his previous life.

Gjergj and his friends were eating the second roujiamo now, enjoying the tasty food and the shaking of their body fat.

The shaking fat was unpleasant to the eye and made many new customers watch with fright. The enjoyment and happiness on their faces, though, seemed to have been amplified by their fat mugs. The live commercial of their faces was making the new ones wonder what food was making them act like this. They couldn't help ordering one despite the high price. Many new consumers had stayed because of them.

Five minutes later, the system told Mag the boxes were ready and in place.

Mag was cooking Yangzhou fried rice. He looked back and saw a bigger iron box beside the one holding the bags. Inside was a neat pile of brown wooden boxes.

After the rice was done, Mag went over to the boxes and picked one up. It was thick as cardboard, but much stronger. There was a layer of clear plastic inside. It looked so fresh and clean and was leak-free.

On the box cover were two golden words "Mamy Restaurant", below which was a simple drawing of Amy's cute back. In the lower right corner was a small line of words: it was the address of the restaurant. It was simple yet exquisite. It would have made a nice bowl if it had been thicker.

Mag nodded with satisfaction. "Good. It matches the restaurant very well."

The system's work was of high quality as always. *One such box should be worth a lot more than 10 copper coins.*

Nonetheless, he was not sorry for the system. *It accepted my offer so quickly, so obviously it's still making money.*

These boxes didn't have the words "Yangzhou fried rice" on them, so Mag could totally use them for other foods.

Mag moved the fried rice from the wok to the box. The colorful fried rice was still very pretty inside the box.

"One roujiamo and one packed Yangzhou fried rice. Please hold it like this," Mag said as he put a roujiamo and a box of fried rice before Gjergj.

"Thank you." Gjergj's eyes lit up when he saw the exquisite wooden box. *Other restaurants would usually put the food in a simple jar or something, but this wooden container is like a gift box, just as if it had been made by a skilled craftsman.*

*Such a beautiful box only costs 20 copper coins?! Perhaps it costs more than 20 for the owner to make a box like this.* Gjergj had felt it was a little expensive, but now he felt he was getting the better end of the deal.

*When my wife sees this beautifully packaged food, she may feel good too.* Gjergj couldn't wait to take the food home to his wife.

"Both the Yangzhou fried rice and roujiamo taste better while hot. And this roujiamo is not fit for pregnant women," Mag reminded Gjergj when he was holding the roujiamo in one hand and was about to pick up the box with great caution.

Gjergj nodded. "I see. Thank you, Mag. I'll pay for this Yangzhou fried rice and roujiamo. My friends will pay for the other two roujiamos for me later." He held out the dragon coin to Mag.

"I'll pay for the rest, Mag," Harrison said.

"Nine gold coins," Amy said as she walked over to Gjergj with Ugly Duckling in her arms, holding a gold coin.

Gjergj put the dragon coin on Amy's hand and took the gold one. "You're very helpful, little owner. I have a boy; he is of similar age to you. I'll bring him along next time to play with you," he said, smiling.

Amy shook her head as she took the dragon coin. "I like little sisters, but you don't have any."

"..." Gjergj's smile froze on his face. He felt wounded suddenly and didn't know what to say.

"Hahaha..." His friends were laughing their butts off.

Mag could barely hold back his laughter. *Amy told the truth. She prefers to play with girls, only she put it too bluntly.*

"Maybe this time it's going to be a girl. Bye, Mag, little owner," Gjergj said as he pulled himself together and regained his confidence. Then, he turned to his friends. "I'll get going, then. I'll treat you guys next time."

"Just go. But I think you'll have to wait in line to buy food for your wife every day from tomorrow," Harrison said with a smile, waving his hand.

The fatty in cyan nodded. "Agreed."

"It would be great if we could eat all kinds of delicious food at home." The one in red sighed as Gjergj walked out holding the box carefully.

"You can't afford to hire a cook like Mag," the one in green sneered.

The fatty in red shook his head. "No. I mean if the owner could find someone to deliver the food to our house, I will be willing to pay extra."

*They're talking about takeaways?! Mag stopped when he was about to go to the kitchen; the look on his face became a little strange.*

## **Chapter 78: Anti-deception Education**



Mag smiled, shaking his head. "Otaku like takeaways no matter the world they live in..." He used to eat at restaurants, but he had also ordered a takeaway once or twice.

He hadn't posted any comment on his takeaway on the microblog in case some people might retaliate—his order had given away where he had lived.

Besides, because of the delay caused by delivery, the texture and taste would change. It was not fair to judge a restaurant based on its takeaways.

He might have a vicious tongue, but he wouldn't depreciate a restaurant based on stuff like that. After all, he had to eat bad food because of his laziness, and that was why he didn't like takeaways.

Moreover, modern takeaways were relying on the instantaneity of information exchange. Customers could order a takeaway over the phone or different apps and make a deal with the restaurant directly.

The level of technology wasn't high enough here, so the takeaway business was just a pipe dream for them now. Mag himself had no plan of doing the takeaway business anytime soon. He had to focus on the urgent mission of getting 1,000 customers.

"But if I have to hire people to deliver food, those out-of-job desperate knights would be perfect. They have a horse and are familiar with the roads in Chaos City," Mag muttered to himself as he entered the kitchen.

The lunch hours were very busy. Mag politely turned down a few customers who were a little late—roujiamos had been sold out, and he was rather tired.

Mag breathed a sigh of relief as he closed the door, sinking into a chair.

"Father, we've sold 96 roujiamos and 24 plates of Yangzhou fried rice this noon. That comes to 432 gold coins," Amy said delightedly to Mag, holding Ugly Duckling in her arms.

"So much?!" Mag was taken by surprise.

*That means we have earned over 200 gold coins this noon. We made more than 100 gold coins during breakfast hours, and the earnings may double during the four-hour dinner time as long as we have enough roujiamos.*

Even more to his surprise, he had 40 new customers more for lunch. He saw the possibility of completing his mission. Now he had got 215 customers.

Amy nodded. "Yes! Father's rainbow fried rice and roujiamo are so good, they couldn't resist them." She crouched down to put the kitten on the ground and walked over to Mag. "You've been working so hard, Father. Let me pound your back for you," she said quietly.

Amy stood on tiptoe to pound Mag's shoulders and back with her small fists. She was too little, so it was not easy for her. She was trying hard to do it well.

Mag smiled and lowered his shoulders, enjoying Amy's pounding. Although she was a little mean to others, she was very obedient and caring before him.

Apparently, she got her vicious tongue from her father. There was nothing else for him but to forgive her.

“All right, Amy. I’m feeling much better now.” Mag lifted her up, put her on his lap, and pinched her soft, delicate cheeks.

The improvement in her diet had put color in her cheeks. She wore clean clothes now and often washed her body and hair. The brat in shabby linen clothes had completely become a little “princess”.

So, naturally, she would be targeted by many evil-willed men. Mag decided to teach her some basic skills to detect deception in case his cute, innocent daughter was kidnapped.

Krassu had come again this noon, but Mag had been busy cooking and serving, and Amy had been collecting money, so he had sat there for over an hour without getting to exchange many words with them. After he had eaten two plates of fried rice, he had been asked to leave on account of opening hours again.

Of course, Mag had done it on purpose. He was not pleased at all with him wanting to take Amy to that Magus Tower. Besides, Mag had already made it clear that he wouldn’t let Amy go there, but the old man was pretty persistent. He should count himself lucky that Mag didn’t ban him.

“Amy, I’ll ask you a few questions and tell you something. Think clearly before you answer and remember my words, okay?” Mag said with a smile as he looked at Amy.

Amy nodded meekly. “Okay.” She stared at Mag curiously. *What does Father want to say? He seems so serious.*

“If a stranger came up to you and said he would take you to eat something good, how would you reply?” asked Mag as he looked into Amy’s eyes.

“Great!” Amy said as she clapped her little hands, her eyes brightened.

Mag didn’t know whether he should laugh or cry. He had seen that coming. Good food was irresistible to foodies. Mag straightened his face and shook his head solemnly. “No. Remember, Amy, no strangers would take you to eat something good. Besides, who is a better cook than Father?”

Amy nodded. “Yes, Father cooks the most delicious meals!” After she thought for a moment, her eyes lit up. “Then I’ll ask him to eat in our restaurant. This way he will have to pay for me.”

Mag lifted an eyebrow. *She is quite smart! Who would have thought she would answer like that?!* Mag felt like praising her. Then, he asked, “If someone wanted to take you to a wonderful place…”

Amy nodded in delight instantly. “Great!” The look on her face indicated that she wanted to leave right now.

Mag shook his head immediately. “No, no. That’s not the right answer.” Having to stay at the restaurant almost all day long made Amy yearn to go outside. She was at an active age, so it was important for her to know when someone was deceiving her.

Mag gazed at Amy, and said solemnly, "You can play with other children or Teacher Luna, but if a stranger wanted to take you somewhere or show you something fun, you must say no, because Father has all the fun stuff. They are all lying to you."

### **Chapter 79: I Will Marry Father When I Grow Up**

"Really?" Amy asked doubtfully as she looked at Mag.

Mag gave a serious nod. "Yes." Then, he asked in his mind, "System, I believe you have toys for kids, right?"

"I'm a God of Cookery Cultivation System! I don't have toys for kids!" the system replied angrily.

"Then I guess I'll buy some on the street," said Mag bluntly.

"Well..." The system sounded a little hesitant. It paused for a moment. "I don't have any right now, but I have a toy production line. What do you need? I can have it made in five minutes. Free delivery and reasonable price."

"I'll have to see the price first," Mag said as his mouth twisted, his voice still calm. Then he smiled at Amy. "Would you like a toy, Amy? I can conjure one for you."

"I..." Amy cocked her head to one side and thought for a while. Then her eyes lit up. "I want a little guy who can sing."

The first thing that came into Mag's head was Lilliput. "System, I don't suppose you traffic in human beings?" he asked subconsciously.

"Trafficking in human beings violates the second rule that the God made for me. I'll be reset and you'll be killed once I do that," the system said seriously, its voice mechanical and without emotion.

"Take it easy. I was just joking. Make a pretty music box for me then," Mag said quickly. He had wanted a Thumbelina or something, but obviously that was out of the question, so he bit back the words.

*It seems the system has to follow rules too.* That reminded Mag of the Three Laws of Robotics.

It was not a bad thing. It meant the system would still be under control and wouldn't cause any trouble even if it gained self-awareness.

Mag was already thinking about how to trick the system into telling him those rules. Taking advantage of the system was so much fun for him.

Now he was not confident of beating a normal human, let alone an orc or a demon. To be sure, he could totally hide behind Amy, but he wasn't very proud of it. A father should be able to shoulder all the hardships for his children.

That was why he was trying hard to make money to buy strength. When he was capable of picking up his sword again, he could deal with almost anything that got thrown at him with the swordsmanship in his head.

After all, Mag Alex had slaughtered dragons. He and his sword had feared no one.

*It wouldn't hurt if I could procure something from the system to protect us while I improve my strength. I would feel safer,* Mag thought.

"I have 500 different types of music boxes for you to choose from. Prices vary from 50 copper coins to 500 gold coins." The system now sounded like a seasoned businessman.

Mag looked through the music boxes that had appeared in his head. The one that was priced at 500 gold coins was made of pure gold, and inside it stood a golden little man. *Too extravagant. Amy won't like this one.*

He looked down, and one that was priced at 50 gold coins caught his eye.

It was a brown wooden box with a hemispherical glass cover inside which was a blond elf girl in a purple dress. She was playing on a violin. It was very well made. From the look of it, it should be able to simulate snowing as there was a layer of white particles on the ground. It could play 50 songs, and the price was relatively reasonable.

"I want that 50 gold coins one with a violin girl in it. Make that one for me," Mag said.

"You will pay 50 gold coins for that one?" the system asked, incredulous. After all, Mag had haggled with it over the price of to-go boxes for a long time, but now he didn't even think twice before spending 50 gold coins on a music box.

Mag knew what the system was thinking. "Of course. I'm willing to pay anything for Amy." Then he added, "I want to see it in five minutes, or I'll demand a refund."

"Making the music box. It will be ready in five minutes. The money has been deducted automatically," answered the system quickly.

Mag had done all that in his head. He was a man of action, so it had only taken him a minute to make this deal with the system. Amy thought her father was considering her request, so she reckoned she was asking too much. "Father, I don't need a singing little man. I love anything from you," she said quietly, shaking her head.

Her thoughtfulness made Mag want her to be a little stubborn sometimes and made his heart ache. He shook his head with a smile. "But Father wants to give you a singing little man, a very pretty singer. Just wait a little longer. This magic needs time to work."

"Really?" Amy's eyes brightened and she became expectant immediately. *It must be a very fun toy!*

She had no doubts about her father's words. He had said he would conjure up a beautiful house for her, and now she had a pretty restaurant; he had said he would give her pretty dresses, and now she could wear them every day. Her father had delivered on all his promises.

Mag nodded. Then, he said solemnly, "While we're waiting, I have one last question for you. If a kid said he liked you, what would you say?"

Perhaps every father who had a daughter wanted to know the answer to that question. Nobody liked the idea of their daughter marrying some punk.

Although Amy was only four, it was never too early for her to know this stuff.

He would protect her from those boys until she grew up and developed an integrated world view and could tell right from wrong. That was one of the reasons why he wanted to regain his strength.

Those boys had to think twice before making him, a dragon slayer, their father-in-law. They had to consider if they were able to stand a blow from his heavy sword.

“I don’t like those brats,” Amy said as she crossed her arms like a grownup. Then she looked up at Mag and her sweet smile returned. “I’ll marry Father when I grow up,” she said cheerfully and seriously. “Father has magic powers, can cook tasty food, and always tell me stories. Father is the best. There is no one better in the world.”

### **Chapter 80: Can She Really Sing?**

Mag nodded in contentment. No answer could be more reassuring right now. She had no idea what marriage was, so he was happy that she was relying on him.

When she grew up, if some punk wanted to get anywhere near her, he would teach him a lesson. It was his responsibility. But right now, it was too early for him to think about his son-in-law.

Now Mag felt so much relieved. He didn’t know how to raise a kid, so he had to deal with the problems when they arose.

“One other thing. Call me dad instead of father. You can call me father in formal settings. Normally, just call me dad,” Mag said after he thought for a moment.

To Amy, Mag was the most important reliance—her only reliance. He would weather any storm for her, so she addressed him formally to show her respect. However, there was a touch of distance in that address.

He had long since felt that way, only Amy had been a little abasing herself, so he hadn’t brought that up to trouble her more until now.

Now she was pretty confident for her age, so he took this opportunity and brought it up.

Actually, Mag preferred Amy to call him papa, but people didn’t say the word “papa” in this world. He didn’t want to inconvenience Amy, and had to settle for “dad”.

“Dad?” Amy gazed at Mag, a little confused. She had been looking at her father as the most incredible man who could do anything, so she addressed him “Father”. She hoped her father would love her and protect her forever.

Now it seemed her father didn’t like her calling him “Father”. *Dad does seem more intimate.* Amy wrestled with herself for a while. Then she looked at Mag and nodded. “Okay, Father.”

“It’s all right. You’ll get used to it later.” Mag smiled and stroked Amy’s hair. Obviously, it was impossible for her to adapt to the change right away, but the change was going to occur slowly yet surely. He

wanted to be more intimate with his little girl and become somebody she could completely trust and rely on.

“The music box is ready. It took four minutes and thirty seconds,” the system said. “It’s in the second compartment in the counter right now. I offer a free packaging service. Do you need it?”

“Of course,” Mag answered without thinking. Unwrapping the package was a lot of fun, and a good gift could be made better by a decent package.

More importantly, it was free! This stingy system was giving a service for free! That was a first.

“Amy, if you remember my words, I’ll give you a gift,” Mag said, smiling.

Amy’s eyes brightened. “Is it a singing little man?”

Mag nodded. “Yes.” It was not a living man, but it was definitely unique in this world.

She said happily, “Amy will remember it all, Fath—” She realized what she had just said and stopped suddenly.

“Meow...” Ugly Duckling had been padding around the chair while they were speaking. It crouched on the floor and looked up at them, wounded by them ignoring it.

Amy hopped down from Mag’s lap and crouched to lift the kitten up. “Be good, Ugly Duckling. Father will give us a singing little man,” she said, stroking its head.

“Meow, meow!” The little kitten really enjoyed Amy’s stroking. It stared at Mag curiously as if it, too, was interested in the toy.

After the system said the packaging was finished, Mag rose to walk towards the counter. There, in the second compartment stood a gift box wrapped in purple paper, with a big bow on the outside. It was very girlish. He liked it.

Amy and her kitten looked at Mag with excitement, wondering what the singing little man would look like.

Mag took the box out. It was fairly heavy. He turned to show it to Amy.

“Wow, it’s very pretty. Father, the singing little man is inside the box?” Amy asked as she walked over to her father, her eyes shining.

“Open it and you’ll see. It’s my gift for you,” Mag said with a smile. He put the box on the counter and didn’t mind that she addressed him “Father” again in excitement.

“Thank you, Dad!” Amy climbed up the long-legged chair and put her cat gently on the counter. She stared at the gift box for a while and looked up at Mag. “Dad, this box is so beautiful, I don’t want to break it.”

Mag smiled. He had never thought that Amy would be in a predicament because of this pretty gift box. He stroked her head. “It is beautiful, but it’s just a box for containing the singing little man. It’s waiting to become your friend.”

Amy's look became determined instantly. "It must be very frightened. Okay, I'll save it right now!" Then she said to the box apologetically, "Sorry, little box, I have to tear you open to save the singing little man."

Under Mag's guidance, Amy removed the packaging paper and lifted the cover carefully. Finally, she saw the music box.

The base was made of solid wood, brown and classic, with two beautiful Chinese redbuds carved on it. On top of the base was a hemispherical glass cover, in the middle of which stood a blonde elf about 10 centimeters tall. She had long eyelashes and vivid eyes and seemed lifelike. Every string on the violin was distinguishable. A layer of small white balls was lying on the ground to simulate snow. It was exquisite and totally worth 5,000 copper coins.

"Wow, such a beautiful little elf!" Her blue eyes went wide and were shining in excitement.

"Meow, meow..." Ugly Duckling crawled closer and tilted its head to one side to look at the elf, its eyes filled with curiosity. It raised a paw and attempted to touch it, but then caught sight of Amy and stopped, looking cute and amusing.

Amy watched for a while. "But, Father, can she really sing?" she asked as she turned to look at Mag.