

## Stay At home 801

### Chapter 801 System, Does God Truly Exist in This World

Following a brief talk with Byron and euphemistically refusing their invitation for a meal, Mag departed Carlo Church with Amy's little hand in his. At this point, it was already past lunchtime.

"Father, I'm hungry. Shouldn't we go eat something?" Amy asked as she looked up at Mag, and even though she was asking him whether they should go and eat, her expectant expression was asking "what are we going to eat?" instead.

Mag nodded with a smile, and said, "Alright, let's have some good food. Last time, we didn't get a chance to explore Renhe Food Street; let's do that now."

Byron was preparing to have lunch nearby, but this was Mag's final day at Rodu, so he wanted to explore the food street to truly taste what the peak standard of cooking was like in this world. That way, he'd be able to focus and concentrate on cooking even more delicious cuisine.

Amy had already withdrawn her little golden wings. After a short period of acclimatization, they already felt like a part of her body.

Even though they had helped Byron and the revolutionaries win the debate against the conservatives today, the biggest reward they'd reaped from their trip to the church was actually Amy's wings.

Even though Mag didn't really understand the concept of this "God" that the pope had spoken about, the undeniable truth was that the ray of golden light shining down from the heavens really had bestowed the ability to fly upon Amy.

This was a pair of wings that didn't require the expenditure of magical power to maintain, and they were undoubtedly going to assist her greatly in future battles. At critical moments, they could even save her from what would otherwise be sticky situations.

"System, does God truly exist in this world?" Mag asked internally.

"This question is not something that the system can answer. If you really want to know the answer, perhaps you can look at yourself as reference and make a decision based on that," the system replied in a serious voice.

"Myself?" Mag's brows furrowed. The fact that he had been able to transmigrate into this world was a phenomenon that could not be explained by science. According to the system, "God" had drawn his soul into this world, and deployed the system to his side in order to regulate his actions and prompt him into engaging in certain endeavors.

Was the God that the pope had spoken about the same being?

Mag felt as if he was onto something, but he then quickly shook his head. Concepts like God were far too distant to him. Those were beings that transcended this world and existed on a higher plane.

All he wanted to do now was to survive in this world and be a part of Amy's life as she grew up.

Mag looked back at the grand church before getting onto the horse-drawn carriage from the second prince's manor, which had been waiting for them well in advance, with Amy. Following an instruction from Mag, the coach driver spurred on the horses, and they traveled toward Renhe Food Street.

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Renhe Food Street was the most renowned food street in Rodu. All of the restaurants on this street had to have at least a couple of attractive signature dishes. Otherwise, it was quite difficult to run a restaurant on this food street when the rent for the storefronts here was so expensive.

These restaurants attracted patronage from nobles, while the roadside vendors sold food that was affordable even for commoners. As such, the food street catered for all demographics, and it was never lacking in customers.

The cooking contest between Mag and the head chef of Cary's Rotisserie resulted in all of the discriminatory signs on the restaurant being torn away, thereby forcing them to treat all customers as equals.

It was exactly because of this that the rich merchants who weren't nobles were no longer barred from dining at these restaurants. As such, long lines had gathered outside these restaurants, and most of those customers were the aforementioned merchants who were dressed in lavish robes.

The nobles who frequented those restaurants in the past all shook their heads at the long lines of merchants gathered outside, and all of them shook their heads as they got onto their horse-drawn carriages again, instructing their coach drivers to take them to other restaurants.

Cary's Rotisserie had also torn away their discriminatory sign, but their business was noticeably suffering. The restaurant wasn't filled to the brim with customers as it normally was, and it was quite clear that losing its head chef had dealt the rotisserie a heavy blow.

As for Sinclair's roast meat stand, it was still positioned outside the rotisserie.

However, there wasn't a single piece of beef on the roasting rack, and the heavily bearded Sinclair was lying back on his chair, basking in the warm autumn sun. At the same time, he was looking at Cary's Rotisserie with a relaxed expression, as well as answering the inquiries of customers who came by from time to time to ask about the sign on his cart.

The handwritten sign that Mag had plastered to the cart was still there, but a new handwritten sign had been plastered next to it. That sign read: "Mamy Restaurant's temporary Rodu stand is indefinitely closed, and we will be unable to supply delicious beef cube until further notice."

"I wonder if Boss Mag is going to come back. Is he just going to give up on such a lucrative business? But then again, with his cooking skills, he'd earn a lot of money anywhere... So be it, I'll look after this stand for him for three more days. If he doesn't come in three days, then I'll have to find something else to do. After all, I still have to pay for my kid to go to school..." Sinclair murmured to himself.

Right at this moment, two humanoid figures, one tall and one short, blocked the sunlight that Sinclair was basking in. "Boss Sinclair."

Sinclair looked at the duo through narrowed eyes, and he faltered slightly before jumping up from his chair with an elated expression. "Boss Mag! Little Amy! What brings you here?"

"We're here to have some lunch, and I saw you as I was passing through, so I decided to come and greet you," Mag replied with a smile. He had seen the signs plastered to the cart, and also heard Sinclair's errant monologue. Despite his rough external appearance, this heavily bearded man was quite thoughtful.

"Uncle Big Beard, why aren't you making roast beef?" Amy asked with a puzzled look.

Sinclair scratched his head in an awkward manner, and said, "After tasting the roast meat made by Boss Mag, I'm ashamed to call my cooking roast beef. Most of the customers who visit my stand now are here for Boss Mag's cooking, so I can't just disappoint them with my shoddy cooking."

"Hmm, looks like you know our place, after all." Amy nodded in approval.

"..." Sinclair's expression stiffened upon hearing this. Even though she was right, her words still stung. However, he simply couldn't bring himself to get mad at Amy's adorable little face.

Amy then continued, "But why don't you learn from Father, then? If you learn to cook delicious roast beef as well, then you can keep running this stand."

"Well..." Sinclair turned to Mag before shaking his head with a smile, and said, "I can't do that. A chef's recipes are their most important possession."

Mag tore off the signs on the cart as he smiled, and said, "If you want to learn, I wouldn't mind teaching you a few tricks. However, I think it's best that you run this stand using the original name."

### **802 And He Has an Adorable Daughter**

After exploring the entire food street in one afternoon, Mag and Amy both got onto the horse-drawn carriage with content expressions and bulging stomachs.

Mag had given Sinclair a handwritten recipe of his roast beef. During lunchtime, Sinclair had cooked a batch of roast beef according to that recipe, and Mag had been present alongside him to give him some instructions. From here onward, Sinclair's talent and hard work would decide how much business his roast beef attracted.

As for his decision to ask Sinclair to reinstate the name of the restaurant, the reasoning behind that was quite simple.

Sinclair was indeed a very interesting person, but Mag had already done him a great kindness by giving him a complete recipe of his roast beef; there was no need to allow him to further improve his business by using Mamy Restaurant's name.

If Sinclair's roast beef kebabs were of a satisfactory standard to him the next time he came to Rodu, he could perhaps consider making his stand a branch of Mamy Restaurant.

When the horse-drawn carriage passed by Cary's Rotisseries, Sinclair's cart was already gone. As for the rotisserie, it remained to be seen how long it would take to recover from this slump. Perhaps the restaurant would be forced into a further decline by Sinclair's brand-new roast meat stand.

The atmosphere in the second prince's manor was still quite tense and gloomy. The horse-drawn carriage entered the manor through the side door, and Mag had only just disembarked when the butler rushed over to him with a slightly forced smile on his face. "You're finally back, Master Mag. His Highness is still waiting for you to cook him dinner."

"His Highness still hasn't had dinner yet?" Mag swore internally. He had intentionally returned after dinnertime. Night had already settled over the entire city, but who would've thought that Josh would still be waiting for him to cook dinner?

"Indeed. His Highness specifically told us that he would only eat your cooking tonight, but you didn't come back this entire time. I was just about to go out and find you." The butler nodded with a hint of blame in his voice as he took the souvenirs that Mag had bought from him. As he did so, he urged, "Master Mag, I'll hold onto these for you. Let's go to the kitchen now."

"Sure." Mag nodded in response. It was his final night here, so he had to leave Josh with a lasting impression of him.

"Oh, by the way, Master Mag, His Highness says that he doesn't want the spicy grilled fish tonight; the other dishes will suffice," the butler suddenly added.

"That's a real pity." A genuinely forlorn expression appeared on Mag's face.

Mag prepared a braised chicken and rice and a black pepper steak for Josh, and then gestured for the female servant nearby to bring it out on a platter. He then untied his apron, and was just about to return to his room when the butler from before hurried over to Mag again. "Master Mag, His Highness would like to see you. Please come with me."

Mag's expression stiffened ever so slightly upon hearing this, but he quickly nodded, and said, "Sure."

After following the butler into the grand dining hall near the kitchen, Mag discovered that Josh was currently dining on his steak. Even though it had only been a day since Mag had last seen him, Josh seemed to have aged many years. His features were slightly pale, and there was messy stubble on his face. His hair was a complete mess, and the dark rings around his eyes suggested that he had yet to sleep following the incident on the fifth street. If one were to look closely, they would be able to see a faint scar on his throat that hadn't been there the day before.

If it weren't for the lavish robes that he was wearing, Josh would look no different from a homeless drunkard living under a bridge. Even as he ate his steak, he was doing so in a completely unrefined way with terrible table manners, just as if he were a caveman.

Josh put down his knife and fork upon hearing the sound of footsteps outside. He looked up at Mag, and his eyes glazed over slightly. For some reason, the image of the black claymore slashing toward him resurfaced in his mind, and his hand tightened around the knife in his grasp. However, his grip relaxed again at the sight of the smile on Mag's face.

Josh looked at Mag, and nodded as he said, "Master Mag, you won the best dish award during the royal banquet yesterday, so it wouldn't be an exaggeration to say that you're the best chef in the world. However, are you really unwilling to stay in Rodu? Even if you don't want to cook at my manor, I can

grant you almost any plot of land in Rodu for you to open a restaurant twice as large as the one you have in Chaos City.”

Mag shook his head, and replied, “Thank you for your kind offer, but I refused His Majesty’s kindness yesterday, and I must also do the same again here.”

Josh looked into the Mag’s eyes for a while, and only withdrew his gaze with a smile after a brief silence. “So be it. Even Father couldn’t convince you to stay, so I certainly won’t do any better in that regard. It’s just a pity that I won’t be able to taste such delicious steak again in the future. My offer here stands indefinitely. If you ever want to come to Rodu, contact me, and I’ll sort out everything for you.”

“Thank you, Your Highness.” Mag nodded with a smile in response; his expression remained unchanged throughout.

“You’re going back to Chaos City tomorrow, so you should go and get some rest.” Josh picked up his knife and fork again, and continued to dine on his steak.

“I’ll be taking my leave, then.” Mag cupped his fist in a salute, and then departed after shooting a surreptitious glance at the curtain beside him.

Not long after Mag had departed, two black figures quickly strode in through the door.

One of the black-robed figures half-knelt onto the ground, and reported in a respectful voice, “Your Highness, we found nothing suspicious in Mag’s room, nor did we find the Tian Du sword.”

“Your Highness, according to reliable sources, we’ve already verified Mag’s true identity. His real name is Noya Gould. The Gould Family was once a small noble family as one of their forefathers had been a chef for a former king, but they gradually fell from grace, and by the time they reached Noya Gould’s generation, their family had already lost their dukeship.

“Five years ago, they struck up a vendetta against Timothy of the Barkly Family over an elf, and his entire family was killed as a result, but he managed to escape from Rodu with that elf. Apparently, that elf was pregnant at the time, and judging from the time period that these events occurred in, the child should be around the same age as Mag’s daughter. It’s most likely the case that he forged this new identity for himself to avoid his enemies.” The black-robed man delivered the report in a brisk tone.

“Is this information accurate?” Josh’s brows furrowed as he recalled that claymore strike from the night before once again.

“It matches the information we received back from Chaos City, so there’s a very good chance that it’s accurate,” the black-robed man replied.

“Timothy of the Barkly Family, eh? He is indeed a smart man. Even after arriving at the royal palace, he knew that he was still no match for Timothy, so he decided to run away again.” A cold smile appeared on Josh’s face.

The black-robed man asked, “Your Highness, seeing as we were able to glean his true identity, there will most likely be other people in Rodu who can do the same. Should we deploy some people to protect him?”

“Protect him? Heh.” Josh chuckled coldly as a cruel sneer appeared on his face. “Take this information to Young Master Timothy as quickly as possible. Tell him that the one who stole his woman away from him is still alive, and he has an adorable daughter.”

The black-robed man was rather perplexed by this order, but he still accepted it in a respectful manner.

Josh chewed on his steak with a little more force than necessary as a dark expression appeared on his face. “Why do all of you have everything I want, yet I have nothing? All of you deserve to die!”

### **803 Chaos City is the Most Interesting Place, is It Not?**

After Amy fell asleep, Mag lay down on the bed, and asked internally, “System, you told me about a My Little Genius Phone Watch that can accurately locate someone, right?”

“Didn’t you tell me to piss off when I introduced it to you?” the system replied in an indignant voice.

“Are you selling it or not? If not, then I won’t ask you about it.”

“Of course I’m selling it! No matter where you are, I can find you with just a phone call! Following upgrades from the system, the My Little Genius Phone Watch is fireproof, waterproof, and resistant to extremely high pressure. It can deal with everything you throw at it, and provides accurate location services within an area of 30 kilometers. At the same time, this phone watch supports real-time communication services, but each phone can only correspond with one intelligent terminal, and those will need to be purchased separately,” the system rapidly introduced as if it were a professional salesman.

“How much does it cost?” Mag asked. Even though nothing bad had happened at the church earlier in the day, the sinking feeling in his gut when he’d realized that Amy was missing was a very unsettling sensation, so it was clearly a good idea to buy a watch with location services.

“Due to the real-time location service that the system must provide, the My Little Genius Phone Watch will cost 1,000,000 copper coins per pair. If you also want to purchase an intelligent terminal, then that will be an extra 50,000 copper coins, amounting to a total of 1,050,000 copper coins.”

“Deal. I’ll get a purple one for Amy,” Mag said without any hesitation.

“Ding! 1,050,000 copper coins have been successfully deducted!

“Ding! The My Little Genius Phone Watch is being produced, and can be delivered in three minutes!

“Ding! Setting up wireless communication and location services; time required will be five minutes!”

The system’s joyful voice sounded.

Three minutes passed by quickly, and two boxes appeared on the table.

Mag rose to his feet and made his way over to the table. There was one large box and one small box sitting on the table; the small box was embroidered with floral designs, while the large box was of a simple black color.

Mag picked up the little box, only to find that it was very light. He opened the box to find a purple watch sitting inside. The watch had been extremely intricately crafted, and it was as dazzling as a string of cut precious gems. It looked more like a gorgeous bracelet than a phone watch.

“Amy should like this, right?” A smile appeared on Mag’s face. 1,000,000 copper coins wasn’t much to him, especially when Amy’s safety was concerned, so he felt this purchase was completely justified.

After opening the other box, Mag was greeted by the sight of a black pager.

“System, you’re selling me this crap for 50,000 copper coins?” Mag couldn’t help but roll his eyes as he extricated this relic of the past from the box.

“This is the newest retro fashion trend. Carrying a pager will set you apart, and it has features such as a touch screen as well as location and communication services; it’s the ideal terminal for the My Little Genius Phone Watch.”

Mag picked up the instruction manual, and quickly read through it before turning on the pager. The black and white screen was quite clear, and after setting up the network, and connecting the two devices, a small red dot really did appear on the center of the screen. There were also notifications about direction and distance.

Even though Mag was unable to understand the system’s fashion sense, he was quite content with the devices. As such, he placed the pager into his pocket so he could carry it with him at all times.

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The next morning, Mag got up and dressed Amy before packing up all of their belongings. Only then did he pull the small purple box out of his pocket with a smile on his face, and said, “Amy, I’ve got a present for you.”

“What is it?” Amy looked at the pretty purple box in Mag’s hand with expectant eyes.

“It’s a watch that can let you speak to Father even from very far away,” Mag said as he gently opened the box.

“Wow! That’s such a beautiful watch! And it’s purple as well!” Amy’s large eyes practically glowed as she stared at the watch in the box.

Mag pulled the watch out of the box before strapping it onto Amy’s wrist. The purple strap was very thin, and the size of the watch’s surface was also just right on Amy’s wrist. He smiled, and asked, “Do you like it?”

“I do! I love it!” Amy raised her little hand up high and swung it from side to side, looking at the sunlight reflecting off the gems on the watch with an exuberant smile on her face. She then turned to Mag with curiosity in her eyes, and asked, “Father, you said that this watch can let me talk to you even from far away, right?”

“I did. If you encounter any danger or you miss me, you can rotate this little button, and I’ll be able to speak to you through this watch.” Mag pointed at a little button on the watch as he pulled out his pager.

“Like this? What do I do next?” Amy rotated the button with a curious expression, and Mag’s pager immediately began to ring. Mag pressed a button on the pager to receive the call, and Amy’s voice sounded from the other end.

“Wow, that’s amazing!” Amy’s mouth gaped open slightly as she looked at the terminal in Mag’s hand with amazement in her eyes.

“Alright, we have to prepare to go home now.” Mag ended the call and patted Amy’s little head before carrying her out the door.

Along the way, Amy was fiddling around with her new watch the entire time while asking Mag all sorts of questions about it.

Mag was very pleased with the admiration in Amy’s eyes, and he naturally took all of the accolades that belonged to the system.

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The horse-drawn carriage from the second prince’s manor transported Mag and Amy, as well as his cooking utensils, out of the city. After they had arrived, Krassu and Novan just so happened to be disembarking from a nearby horse-drawn carriage as well. A massive white flying magic beast was lying down on the ground while manual laborers loaded luggage onto its back.

“Master Krassu! Principal!”

Amy waved her little hand at Krassu and Novan in an excited manner.

“Master Krassu, Principal Novan,” Mag also greeted them with a smile as he made his way over to the duo with Amy in his arms.

“Little Amy.” Krassu greeted Amy in response before turning to Mag as he said, “I was worried that Josh would force you to stay. But then again, the incident last night definitely gave him a massive fright, so he probably didn’t have the heart to ask you to stay.”

Mag was naturally aware of what had taken place the night before. After all, he had almost chopped off Josh’s head, and by the looks of it, he really had been severely shellshocked. As such he smiled, and replied, “I even turned down His Majesty’s offer, so he probably knew that he wouldn’t be able to convince me to stay anyway.”

“Haha, you really are an interesting man, Boss Mag.” Krassu chuckled with amusement.

Novan was also looking at Mag with a smile as he said, “Mr. Mag, you’ve rejected the king’s offer and chosen to return to Chaos City instead; on behalf of Chaos City, I’d like to express a warm welcome back.”

“Of course I’d make this decision. After all, Chaos City is still the most interesting place, is it not?” Mag shrugged, and all three of them burst into laughter.

The massive white bird spread its wings and flew toward the south.



## Chapter 804 We're Back!

"Father, didn't that uncle who really likes roast beef say that he wanted to come to Chaos City with us? Where is he?"

Amy looked around with a curious expression atop the bird's spacious back.

"Crap!" Mag raised his eyebrows upon hearing this. If Amy hadn't reminded him, he would've completely forgotten about Duke Abraham. After the recent action-packed couple of days, Duke Abraham's proposal to go to Chaos City with him had completely slipped his mind.

Mag scratched his nose in a rather awkward manner as he said, "Maybe he forgot. I didn't see him at the city gates before departure."

"Boss Mag! Boss Mag! Wait for me!"

Right at this moment, an urgent voice sounded from behind them. A massive black falcon drew level with the bird that Mag and the others were sitting on. Duke Abraham was standing atop the bird's back, waving his hands in a vehement manner.

"My apologies, Duke Abraham. I was in a rush to board the bird just then, and forgot to wait for you. Please forgive me," Mag said in an apologetic manner.

Abraham waved his words off nonchalantly, and replied, "It's alright, I woke up too late, so it's my own fault. Also, it's about time my Xiao Hei[1] got some exercise."

Krassu looked at the black falcon's potbelly, and pursed his lips as he said, "This is such a majestic hunting falcon, but you raised it as a pig; what a pity."

Mag also cast a glance over to the black falcon. At first glance, it did indeed appear to be quite majestic and powerful. However, upon closer inspection, one would notice that beneath its glossy black feathers, it was most definitely a little bloated.

It had lost the lithe and powerful figure of a hunting falcon, resembling a blown-up balloon instead. Despite its portly figure, it was flapping its wings with all its might, but the sound of its labored breathing struck one with concern that it was going to fall out of the sky at any moment.

An awkward smile appeared on Abraham's face as he said, "Xiao Hei is just like me in its love for food, but it doesn't know how to exercise restraint! That's why I've taken it out for some exercise."

"Do you see that, Ugly Duckling? This bird can fly so high even though it's so fat, but you're fat AND useless," Amy said with a disdainful expression as she looked down at Ugly Duckling, which had its eyes tightly shut.

"Meow..." Ugly Duckling gave a feeble response, but refused to open its eyes.

The two massive birds flew side by side for a while, but Xiao Hei was quickly left behind, and was panting heavily as it struggled to keep itself aloft.

However, there was a pilot as well as a group of guards on the falcon's back, so Mag wasn't concerned about Abraham's safety. He disclosed the address of his restaurant to Abraham before the white bird flew on ahead and completely left the falcon behind.

Abraham looked on at the massive bird, which disappeared into the distance in what felt like the blink of an eye, and said in a meaningful voice, "Xiao Hei, it's time you lost some weight."

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Inside Mamy Restaurant, everyone had woken up early. Yabemiya, who was dressed in her maid uniform, thrust a couple of rags into Babla's and Anna's hands, and then gave them a bubbly smile that was brimming with energy as she said, "Boss and Amy are coming back today, so let's clean up the restaurant before they get back."

"Alright! I'll wipe down the chairs," Anna replied with an obedient nod.

"If only Big Sister Aisha was here; she'd be able to take care of everything with a single spell," Babla said in a wistful voice as she wiped down the table before her with the rag in her hand.

Anna, who was in the process of carefully cleaning a chair, stopped what she was doing as she turned to Yabemiya, and asked, "Uncle Mag and Amy are both coming back; when are Big Sister Aisha and Big Brother Blour coming back?"

Yabemiya's smile stiffened ever so slightly, but she quickly recovered her composure as she replied, "They'll be back soon as well. Aisha says she'll be back once the restaurant opens again, so they'll definitely be returning shortly."

"That's great!" A smile appeared on Anna's face as she continued to wipe down her chair.

At least, I hope that's the case. Yabemiya cast a concerned glance out the window.

...

At Kerry's Forge, all of the blacksmiths were working up a storm. The red-hot chunks of metal were releasing scorching temperatures, and all of the blacksmiths were half-naked in the sweltering heat, slamming their hammers against the chunks of metal before them over and over again.

However, the scorching heat and loud commotion didn't seem to affect the room beside the forge in the slightest.

In that room, Cyril was lying back in a chair while a sexy young blonde massaged his shoulders. She swept her voluptuous breasts over the back of his head "accidentally" from time to time, and he wore a wide blissful smile on his face.

A middle-aged man with a set of rather sinister facial features, who stood in front of his table, stole a glance at the young woman with a hint of lust in his eyes before turning to Cyril with a fawning smile. "Young Master, I've acted according to your orders, and made sure that we were able to supply our orders for this month early so we could secure all of the payments. If we can get another batch of orders, we should be able to take some more deposits, and the blacksmiths will be able to set a new revenue record for the forge. In that case, we'll definitely have earned more than Blue Suede Textiles Shop for the month."

“Very good.” Cyril opened his eyes before latching onto the young woman’s hand as he said, “If we win this time, she’s yours, Kerry. However, as a safety precaution, I want you to secure as many orders for the forge as possible and get those clients to pay as much deposit as possible. We can’t afford to lose here, so we have to make all the preparations that we can.”

Kerry’s eyes immediately lit up with excitement and lust as his gaze roamed over the young woman’s body. He felt as if he could strip away her dress with his eyes, and he could already envision the feeling of having her soft fair skin and wonderful body under his. He immediately nodded, and said, “Yes, Young Master, I’ll do that right away!”

“Master Cyril, how could you give me to a blacksmith like this?” The young woman looked at Cyril with a pitiable expression on her face and a hint of fear in her eyes.

“Don’t worry, I’m just placating him. If I don’t give him some motivation, how will he be willing to serve me to the best of his abilities? A man like him doesn’t deserve to get his hands on my woman,” Cyril said with a disdainful smile.

“Really?” A smile reappeared on the young woman’s face, and she laid her hands against Cyril’s chest in a seductive manner.

“That’ll depend on your performance.” Cyril wrenched her into his arms, and his hands roamed all over her body...

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“Father, I can see Chaos City! Look, that must be the Aden Square, right?”

Amy was pointing downward excitedly as she sat on the white bird’s back. Sure enough, a massive city had indeed appeared up ahead.

“That’s right, we’re home.” A smile also appeared on Mag’s face as he turned to the southwest, where a tall jagged mountain stood, but his eyes only lingered on that mountain momentarily before he withdrew his gaze.

The massive white bird was wearing the crest of the city lord’s castle, so it was granted entry into Chaos City without any impediment before landing in the Aden Square.

“Big Sister Miya, Big Sister Aisha, Big Sister Babla, Big Sister Anna, we’re back!”

Amy jumped down from the bird’s back, and immediately ran toward the restaurant with excitement and elation on her little face.

[1] Xiao Hei literally means Little Black. It quite a common convention in China to name pets “Little” followed by a certain color, and it’s often used as a generic naming device for animals and pets in webnovels. This case is similar to that of Ah Zi.

## **Chapter 805 Shouldn’t We Have a Drink Together?**

“Boss Mag! Little Amy! I’ve missed you so much!”

Before anyone had even emerged from the restaurant, Mobai had rushed out of the neighboring forge with a large hammer in his hand and an excited look on his face.

“Amy! Boss!” The doors of the restaurant were then immediately flung open as Yabemiya rushed out first in her maid uniform. She wore an elated smile on her face, and her slightly disproportionately large chest jiggled up and down as she ran, creating quite a mesmerizing sight to behold.

Looks like Miya’s still growing. She’ll probably grow out of those clothes soon, Mag thought to himself as his gaze lingered on the slightly tight-fitting maid uniform for a moment.

“Amy!” Anna was the second one to rush out of the restaurant, and she also wore a joyful smile on her face at the sight of Amy.

Babla was the last one to emerge from the restaurant, and even though she was trying to act more ladylike and reserved, the elation in her eyes was quite plain to see.

“Little Amy, Boss Mag, you’re finally back! This is splendid news.” Xixi made her way out the magic potion shop across the street with a long-necked beaker in her hand. She wore an overjoyed expression on her face while blue liquid swirled within the beaker, and Lulu had also emerged from Mobai’s forge with a bashful smile on his face.

“Big Sister Xixi, Big Bear, Grandpa Mobai, Black Coal, Green Pea, are you all here to welcome me back? I’m so happy!” Amy waved at everyone as the smile on her face became even more vibrant.

“Hello, everyone,” Mag also greeted everyone with a smile. He then turned to the passengers on the bird’s back, and offered, “It just so happens to be lunchtime now. If none of you are in a hurry, perhaps you could have some lunch at my restaurant before you go back.”

“My thoughts exactly!” Krassu was the first to reply.

Novan hesitated momentarily before also rising to his feet with a smile. “I’ll have to trouble you then, Mr. Mag.”

“Come on, Teacher Luna, Father is going to cook for us.” Amy dove headfirst into Miya’s embrace before twisting around to wave a little hand at Luna.

Luna gave a slightly apologetic smile as she said, “Then I’ll just have to be a shameless freeloader again.”

The beast tamer that was piloting the white bird was also invited for a meal by Mag. Only then did he disembark from the bird’s back before quickly sidestepping a bear hug from Mobai. His entire body was covered in soot, and it was as if he’d just emerged from a coal mine, so Mag really wasn’t all that keen on a hug from him. He smiled, and said, “Boss Mobai, have you had lunch yet? If not, clean yourself up and come in over for a meal.”

“Can we eat as well? We’ll pay,” Xixi said with a smile.

“Sure. This one’s on me.” Mag nodded with a smile.

“I’ll go get Master Urien.” Amy jumped down from Miya’s arms before rushing over to the magic potion shop.

“Why even bother?” Krassu grumbled in a disdainful manner.

Mag picked up Anna in his arms and patted her little head as he turned to Miya and Babla. “Has anything happened at the restaurant while I’ve been away?”

Miya wore a wide smile on her face as she replied, “Aside from a bunch of customers coming over every day to ask when you’d be back, nothing else has happened.”

Mag could imagine the scene of the customers lying sprawled out in front of the restaurant’s doors with pitiable expressions on the faces; that mental image was rather amusing to him. However, a thought then occurred to him, and he asked, “Where’s Aisha? Did she not come to the restaurant today? And what about Blour? Is he still not back?”

The smile on Miya’s face faded as a concerned look took its place. “Aisha said that she was going on a trip a couple of days ago, and she’s still not back yet, but she said she’d be back in time for the reopening of the restaurant. Blour still isn’t back, either.”

“I see...” A contemplative look appeared on Mag’s face. Back when Blour had entrusted Anna to him, he had sensed that there was a hint of finality in his voice, almost as if he was permanently entrusting Anna into his care. Immediately thereafter, Sally had also gone on a mysterious trip. His brows furrowed as he thought to himself, Both of them are important figures in the elven race, and they’re both quite powerful as well, so surely nothing could’ve happened to them.

Mag put on a comforting smile at the sight of the concerned expression on Miya’s and Anna’s face, and he consoled, “It’s alright, they could be on their way back already.”

Irina had already returned to the Wind Forest, and with her there, Blour’s and Sally’s safety was most likely assured.

Looking at Mag’s warm and comforting smile, Miya and Anna were instantly feeling a lot more reassured.

“Alright, let’s go in first. I’ll prepare some lunch for you guys.” Mag carried Anna into the restaurant with a smile as he asked, “Anna, have you been practicing your cutting skills these past few days?”

“I have.” Anna nodded earnestly.

“Anna has been really diligent with her knife skills practice. She gets a large bucket of potatoes every day, and chops them down into little cubes,” Miya chimed in as she walked in behind them.

“That’s amazing,” Mag encouraged with approval in his eyes.

Miya then continued, “The potatoes were bought from the market by Babla. She says that there are many kids on the streets with no food to eat, so she prepared those potatoes into potato balls and handed them out to the children.”

“Crap! I was in too much of a hurry to get home, and forgot to prepare food for the kids for these past few days!” Luna slapped her own forehead in a self-critical manner as she made her way into the restaurant. She then quickly walked over to Babla with gratitude in her eyes as she said, “On behalf of the kids, thank you, thank you so much.”

Mag also turned to Babla with a hint of surprise in his eyes as he smiled, and said, “You all did very well. Especially you, Babla.”

Babla immediately blushed as she avoided Luna and Mag’s eyes in a flustered manner. She looked up at the chandelier, and gave an awkward cough as she explained, “I... I didn’t want to waste the potatoes.”

Mag turned to Luna with a smile, and continued, “The funds for your foundation will arrive very soon. When that time comes, all of the kids will have food to eat. All of them should be thanking you, Teacher Luna.”

At this moment, Novan made his way into the restaurant with a smile on his face. “The city lord’s castle and Gray Temple will ensure that all of the money will actually be spent on the children. Chaos School will also use some of those funds to expand the school and hire more staff so we can enroll these kids as soon as possible. Everything is heading in a splendid direction.”

“In that case, shouldn’t we have a drink together?” Krassu made his way into the restaurant with a smile as he proposed, “Boss Mag, can you get us a couple of beers to quench our thirst first?”

“Sure. Take a seat, everyone, I’ll go cook.” Mag placed Anna down onto the ground before changing into a new set of clothes and entering the kitchen.

Meanwhile, Miya had already carried the beer onto the table.

#### **Chapter 806 This is Chicken Soup, Get Her to Drink Lots of This**

Even with Krassu and Urien shooting daggers out of their eyes at each other across the table, Mag’s first meal back in Chaos City was quite a warm and enjoyable one.

The men were drinking to their hearts’ content while the women wore gorgeous smiles as they sampled his delicious dishes, and a content smile appeared on Mag’s face as he carried a chunk of fish into Amy’s bowl using his chopsticks.

Never would he have thought that he would have friends that were concerned about him and looked forward to his return home. This was a very wonderful feeling.

After lunch, everyone took their leave one after another, and the restaurant fell silent again.

Amy and Anna sat at the entrance while playing with Ugly Duckling, and their laughter was even more pleasing to the ear than the bell hanging by the door.

Mag rose to his feet, and prepared to carry the empty beer glasses away. However, Yabemiya got there before him, and she smiled as she said, “Leave everything to Babla and me. You just came back, and you already had to cook for everyone, so you should take a rest.”

“I’ve already learned how to use the dishwasher.” Babla stacked a pile of plates and bowls together before carrying them over to the kitchen.

“She’s a fast learner,” Yabemiya remarked before covering her mouth with her hand as she whispered in an amused voice, “She’s just a little shy.”

Mag withdrew his hand at the sight of the Miya's bubbly smile, and he nodded with a smile. "Thanks for your hard work."

"It's all part of my job," Yabemiya replied with a smile before packing up the beer glasses onto a platter and also carrying them to the kitchen.

Mag withdrew his gaze, and made his way over to the entrance of the restaurant.

"Boss Mag! You're finally back!"

As soon as Mag emerged out of the restaurant, two excited voices sounded in unison, following which two fatsos with a combined weight that surely exceeded 250 kilograms came charging toward him, creating quite an intimidating sight to behold.

"Yes, I'm back." Mag looked at the oncoming Harrison and Gjerj, and he reflexively stepped off to the side in fear of being knocked off his feet by this pair of enthusiastic fatsos.

"I've missed you so much! I thought you'd abandoned me." Harrison immediately switched directions in response to Mag's sidestep and grasped tightly onto Mag's hand with a pitiable expression, putting on his best impersonation of an abandoned wife.

Mag immediately withdrew his hand and stumbled back half a step as goosebumps appeared all over his body. He had to hold back not to kick Harrison away.

Mag managed to repress that urge, but Gjerj was unable to do so. He planted his foot firmly into Harrison's sizeable backside and kicked him aside before appearing in front of Mag with a tense expression on his face. "Boss Mag, is the restaurant open for business today?"

Even though Harrison had just received a kick up the backside, he was not angry in the slightest as he made his way over to Mag again, having also adopted a nervous yet expectant expression. "Boss Mag, I've been going hungry for days waiting for your return. Look at me; I'm all skin and bones!"

Mag glanced at Harrison's portly figure, and it was quite apparent to anyone with a pair of functioning eyes that he was far more than just skin and bones. He shook his head with a smile, and replied, "My apologies, but I've only just gotten back, and I'm rather weary after my journey. I haven't prepared any ingredients, either, so I'll be reopening the restaurant tomorrow instead of today."

"Tomorrow?" A disappointed look appeared on Gjerj's face. The hope in his eyes faded, and even his shoulders slumped down as if they were bearing a heavy weight.

Harrison glanced at Gjerj before grabbing onto Mag's hand again in an urgent manner. "Boss Mag, I don't mind coming back tomorrow to eat, but can you make a Yangzhou fried rice for Miranda? In the days that you've been away, she's barely eaten anything. The midwife says that she's due in the next few days, and this is her fourth child, so she could be in a lot of danger in her current condition."

Mag was initially about to withdraw his hand again, but a hint of surprise appeared on his face as he turned to Gjerj. In the few days that he'd been away, Gjerj really did appear to have aged several years. The dark rings around his eyes were quite heavy, and his face was also rather bloated as he looked into Mag's eyes with a beseeching expression on his face.

This was the father of three children, as well as the husband of heavily pregnant woman; the thought of the burden on his shoulders tugged viciously on Mag's heartstrings.

"My apologies, I was unaware of that. I'll cook your wife a Yangzhou fried rice and some chicken soup. I wish her and the child a safe delivery," Mag said in an apologetic voice.

An elated expression appeared on Gjerj's face as he bowed deeply to Mag. "You're not at fault, Boss Mag; I should be thanking you."

"Boss Mag, you're a good man!" Harrison released Mag's hand before patting Gjerj on the shoulder, and a wide smile appeared on his face as well.

"You're also a good friend," Mag said with a smile as he made his way into the restaurant. As he did so, he invited, "Come in and have a seat."

Amy, who was sitting off to the side while playing with Ugly Duckling, suddenly looked up at Gjerj with an expectant expression as she asked, "Uncle Blue Fatty, is Aunt Miranda going to give birth to a little baby? Is it really going to be a little sister?"

Anna also looked up at Gjerj with a curious look in her eyes, clearly also very interested in the prospect of a little sister.

Having received a promise from Mag, Gjerj was clearly feeling a lot more relaxed. He looked at Amy with a smile, and nodded as he said, "That's right, she's about to give birth, and it's definitely going to be an adorable little princess, just like you."

Amy clapped her little hands together with elation. "That's great! I have to go and see her after she's born. I love little sisters!"

Mag entered the kitchen and carried out the magic high-pressure cooker that he'd bought a few days ago. Taking into consideration that Miranda hadn't eaten much in the past few days, Mag decided against cooking his braised chicken. Instead, he cooked a nourishing chicken soup with goji berries and dates to replenish her body.

After that, Mag cooked a Yangzhou fried rice for her as well. Gjerj ordered this dish every time he came here as it was Miranda's favorite.

Furthermore, the Spring of Life had been added to this dish, so it also had very good nourishing and recovery effects, making it ideal for Miranda in her current condition.

"This is chicken soup, get her to drink lots of this." Mag carried out the chicken soup in a large earthenware pot.

"Thank you." Gjerj carefully accepted the pot with both hands as if he were cradling some kind of prized treasure.

"I'll take this one. I'll make sure that it gets to Miranda as soon as possible." Harrison also accepted the container with Yangzhou fried rice from Mag with both hands in an extremely careful and delicate manner.



Mag instructed, "The chicken soup can be consumed at night as well after being heated. Come over at around 5pm today, and I'll have another portion of Yangzhou fried rice ready for you. Make sure she gets as much nutrition as she can during these few days."

"Thank you so much." Gjerj bowed to Mag as he cradled the pot of chicken soup in his arms, and there were tears shimmering in his eyes.

## **Chapter 807 I Can Sell Stinky Tofu Now**

"No need to thank me. Your wife and kids are still waiting for you; hurry up and get home," Mag said with a shake of his head.

"Alright." Gjerj carried the earthenware pot out of the restaurant, only to immediately turn around as he said, "I almost forgot; I haven't paid yet."

"You don't need to pay for this. It'll be my present to your unborn child," Mag said with a smile.

"Don't argue with me on this one, Boss Mag; I'm the kid's godfather!" Despite Mag's protests, Harrison firmly placed a bag of money on the table before ushering Gjerj out the door with a smile on his face.

This is probably what friendship between men is like. Mag picked up the bag of money on the table, and he didn't even have to check its contents to know that Harrison had overpaid. However, he wasn't going to overcharge anyone, so he was just going to have to deduct the extra amount out of Harrison's future meal costs as a discount.

Boss really is a good person. Yabemiya's eyes were filled with admiration as she looked out at Mag through the kitchen window.

Babla was operating the dishwasher in the kitchen, but she also looked out at Mag through the window with confusion in her heart. He really does seem like a good person. The books state that the vast majority of men are bad people; could he be an exception?

Even though Mag had made two more dishes than he'd planned, he was in quite a good mood, having just done a kind deed. He wrote up another slip that he plastered on the door. The slip read: "I'm back, and the restaurant will be officially reopened tomorrow!"

Miya and Babla had also finished cleaning up at this point. Even though the process was made a lot more troublesome due to Sally's absence, Miya used her actions to prove that even without using magic, the restaurant could be cleaned and returned to the pristine condition.

"Father, can I go and play with Big Sister Anna in the square?" Amy asked as she held Ugly Duckling in one hand and Anna's hand in the other.

"Boss, you take a rest; I'll go with Amy and Anna." Yabemiya rested her hand on Amy's shoulder before turning to Babla with a smile, and asked, "Babla, do you want to come with us?"

"Yes." Babla nodded without any hesitation as she removed her apron. She didn't want to stay in the restaurant alone with Mag; that would definitely be super awkward.

“You can all go together, then.” Mag nodded with a smile. The Aden Square was quite a safe place, and with Miya as well as the seventh-tier magic caster, Babla, by their side, Amy and Anna should be fine. Furthermore, he also wanted to see what changes were going to be made to the restaurant after it was upgraded to level three.

After everyone had left, Mag looked at the shimmering activation button in his mind, and pressed it without any hesitation.

“Ding! The restaurant has been successfully upgraded to level three! Activation will require 10 minutes!” The system’s joyful voice sounded.

Immediately thereafter, Mag heard a series of sounds across the entire restaurant as if countless termites were devouring the structure all at once, and the entire restaurant began to tremor slightly.

Mag remained quite calm during the renovations. It appeared that the internal structure of the restaurant hadn’t changed much, so the upgrade on this occasion was most likely more heavily weighted toward upgrading the restaurant’s defenses. In that case, he was a feeling a little less expectant.

“Ding! The restaurant upgrade has been successfully activated!”

The system’s voice sounded again after three minutes.

“System, what changes were made this time?”

Mag looked around, yet couldn’t discover any changes. Even the arrangement of the tables and chairs remained completely unchanged.

“During this upgrade, the restaurant’s passive defense systems have been upgraded to level five, allowing it to be immune to all attacks below the fifth-tier, and an alarm system will also alert you to any attacks against the restaurant! The omniscient door has also been upgraded. Aside from the name, race, gender, and power levels of the people who pass through the door, limited information about their bodily condition will also be on display, including parameters such as blood sugar, blood pressure—”

“What’s the point behind all this? I’m a restaurant owner, not a doctor; why do I need to know so many of my customers’ health parameters?” Mag rolled his eyes, unable to comprehend these upgrades.

“The most important guarantee any restaurant can make to a customer is to ensure that they’ll be able to walk out of the restaurant safely. If the customer is struck by a health condition set off by the food consumed in a restaurant, then that would be a lethal blow to the restaurant’s reputation. Analyzing the health parameters of the customers is the best way to avoid such a situation from occurring,” the system said in a serious voice.

“So I have to be a chef and a doctor now.” Mag pursed his lips. However, food safety was indeed of the utmost importance to a restaurant, so it was certainly not wrong to prepare for unexpected mishaps. Hence, he reluctantly accepted the system’s excuse.

“But isn’t this upgrade a little too bland and uncreative? The restaurant barely feels different from how it was back at level two,” Mag complained.

“Wrong! The best has yet to come, of course! The main feature of the upgrade is the addition of the newly invented and tested molecular isolation system to the restaurant!” the system announced with a hint of pride in its voice.

“Molecular isolation system?” Mag wore a confused expression on his face.

“That’s right! The molecular isolation system is a system through which aromas can be isolated using molecular walls. Put on those glasses over there and have a look.”

“Is it that high-tech?” Mag glanced at the pair of glasses on the table to find that it appeared similar to virtual reality glasses. He put them on, and he was immediately given a panoramic perspective that allowed him to see the entirety of the restaurant.

“Molecular isolation system, activate!” the system said.

A series of objects that resembled panes of glass appeared within the restaurant, separating all of the seats into independent spaces.

“So this a molecular wall?” Han Li wore an incredulous look on his face as he looked at the wall of light before him, which was shimmering with faint blue light. He hesitated momentarily before reaching out to touch the wall.

His hand passed through the wall easily without any impediment, and the molecular wall molded itself to the shape of Mag’s hand like a tight-fitting seamless glove.

“The molecular wall won’t obstruct any physical objects, and unless one has done extensive research into molecular technology, they won’t even be able to detect the existence of these molecular walls. Aside from being able to isolate aromas, the air in the independent areas can be cleansed by the system to ensure no residual aromas remain, thereby contributing to the ideal culinary experience. What do you think? I’m really awesome, right?”

The tone of the system’s voice was practically screaming “hurry up and praise me!”.

“It’s so-so. But with this thing, I can sell stinky tofu now.” Mag had been completely won over by this piece of cutting-edge technology, but in order not to fuel the system’s pride, he had to act calm and aloof.

### **Chapter 808 The Adult or the Child?**

In a small yet intricate courtyard, there was a room with its curtains drawn. Inside the room, a female servant was looking at a woman with a pale complexion lying on the bed. The former wore an urgent expression as she said, “Mistress, please have some food. The midwife says you could be due at any moment now, but you haven’t eaten for so many days; things can’t continue like this.”

Miranda lay on the bed with her bulging stomach, looking as if she really were about to give birth at any moment. However, her swollen face was extremely pale, and she opened her eyes in a feeble manner to glance at the bowl of porridge that the servant was holding. Just the sight of the porridge was enough to make her heave and dry-wretch violently, and she closed her eyes again as she shook her head. “I can’t eat anything. Take it away.”

She knew that she had to eat for her child, but she simply couldn’t do so.

No matter what she ate, as soon as it entered her mouth, she would begin vomiting until there was nothing left in her stomach, and she couldn't even stomach a single mouthful of white porridge.

Nothing like this had ever happened before, not even back when she had Angus.

Thinking back to her perilous delivery of Angus, the midwife had told her that she couldn't ever have another child again. Otherwise, it would be the death of her.

However, she didn't tell Gjerj about this. She wanted to give him a daughter even if it meant giving up her own life in exchange.

"But..." The servant wanted to say something else.

Right at this moment, Miranda's stomach belly suddenly churned, and a painful expression on her face as she huddled over like a prawn. She grasped the bedframe with all her might to keep herself from unintentionally hurting the child in her stomach through her violent convulsions, and she moaned with agony as cold sweat poured down her deathly pale face.

"Mistress!" The servant hurriedly set the bowl of porridge aside before hurrying over to Miranda's aid. However, she was at a complete loss for what to do, and she could only scream, "Help! Our mistress is about to give birth!"

The doors of the room were quickly flung open from the outside, and a pair of elderly women strode into the room. One of them grasped onto Miranda's hand with one of her own while using her other hand to gently stroke Miranda's stomach.

The churning in Miranda's belly gradually died down, and her painful expression eased significantly. However, following that ordeal, her face had paled even further, and she was truly in a bad condition.

The two midwives looked at Miranda, and then glanced at one another before heaving a collective forlorn sigh and leaving the room.

There were many people gathered outside the door. Parber was holding tightly onto Parmer's hand, while Angus was bawling in the arms of a female servant. All of the family servants had gathered in collective prayer for their kind and benevolent mistress.

Gjerj's father, Old Man Williams, wore a grim expression on his face. Some of the important figures in the Williams Family were also present, and as the midwives emerged from the room, he immediately hurried over to them with a concerned expression. "Has the child been delivered?"

"Not yet, Master. Her womb is contracting, which means the child is about to be born, but..." The midwife's voice trailed off mid-reply.

"What is it?" Old Man Williams asked.

The midwife hesitated momentarily before replying, "The mistress's is much larger than that of the average woman at this point during pregnancy, so this child is most likely going to be larger than the average child. The problem is that the mistress is very feeble right now, and this is her fourth childbirth, so it's most likely going to be very difficult for her to have a safe delivery..."

All of the expressions on the faces of the people in the courtyard changed upon hearing this. Everyone knew that Miranda's pregnancy had been quite a rough one on this occasion. Back when she had given birth to Angus last time, she had almost died as a result, but it appeared that this pregnancy was going to be even more perilous than her last one.

"What are you trying to say?" Old Man Williams already knew the answer to this question, but he was still desperately grasping at straws, trying to find a glimmer of hope.

The other midwife wore a grave expression as she replied, "Master, at this point, it won't do anyone any good if I sugarcoat my words. In her current condition, there is no chance that both the mistress and her child will survive this childbirth. Prior to her next womb contraction, we have to make the decision to save the parent or the child."

Everyone turned their attention to Old Man Williams. This was an extremely cruel decision for anyone to have to make, and everyone around him wore sympathetic expressions on their faces.

"Mother!" Tears immediately welled up in Parmer's eyes.

"Big Brother, is Mother going to give birth to a little sister for us?" Parber asked as he looked up at Parmer with anticipation in his eyes.

Parmer looked down at Parber, and he forcibly suppressed his own sobs as he nodded, and replied, "Yes, Mother is going to... she's going to give birth to a little sister for us..."

"That's great! I'd love a little sister!" An elated smile appeared on Parber's face, but the smile quickly faded as a perplexed expression appeared on his face. "But... why are you crying, Big Brother?"

Old Man Williams stumbled back, and only managed to keep himself upright by holding onto a nearby tree. He turned toward the room that Miranda was in, and his eyes were filled with pain and indecision. He looked around before flaring up with rage. "Where the hell is Gjerj? Where did he go?"

"The... The young master said he was going out for a bit, but he didn't say where he was going..." the butler replied.

The midwife urged, "Master, we have to make a decision right now. If we keep delaying like this, both the mistress and her child will be in danger!"

"I... I... If I make this decision, Gjerj will hate me for the rest of his life..." Old Man Williams sighed heavily as he rammed a fist into the tree beside him.

Some of the younger servants in the courtyard had already burst into sobs. Miranda was so kind and warm, and she treated them like family.

The grief seemed to be contagious, and soon even Angus was bawling at the top of his lungs.

Old Man Williams hung his head like a broken man, unable to make a decision.

No one else dared to say anything, and they could only heave forlorn sighs at this misfortune.

The two midwives were unconsciously bobbing up and down with urgent expressions as they awaited Old Man Williams' decision. They had been midwives for several decades, and they'd encountered such

situations in the past. Under such dire circumstances, a choice had to be made. If a verdict was delivered too late, both the mother and the child could die together.

Just as courtyard had descended into complete silence, Miranda's feeble yet determined voice sounded from within the room. "S... save the child! Father... You must save the child... I can sense that this is a daughter; Gjerj has always wanted a daughter."

The women in the courtyard were unable to control themselves any longer as they burst into sobs, and even the men were wiping away tears as they turned their faces away.

"Mother! Don't abandon us! Mother..." Parmer released Parber's hand as he rushed over and fell over at the entrance of the room, bawling with all his might.

"Sigh..." Old Man Williams heaved a heavy sigh and punched the coarse bark of the tree until there was blood flowing from his knuckles. He looked up at the midwife, and croaked, "Save the chi—"

"Even if we can only save one, we have to save Miranda!"

A loud voice suddenly erupted outside like a clap of thunder. Gjerj's forehead was pouring with sweat as he barged into the courtyard with his portly body. There was a large earthenware urn in his hands as he strode toward the room, and he yelled, "Open the door, Parmer!"

"Father!" An elated look appeared on Parmer's face, and he scrambled to his feet before flinging open the doors with all his might.

Gjerj rushed into the room with the earthenware pot in his arms before appraising the semi-unconscious Miranda with a pained yet loving expression on his face. "I'm back, Miranda!"

### **Chapter 809 Can We Save Both?**

"Master Gjerj, the mistress is currently..." The midwives immediately followed Gjerj into the room with urgent expressions on their faces.

"Step aside! Coming through!" Another loud voice sounded as Harrison rushed into the courtyard like a fat hurricane, running faster than he ever had in his life and almost knocking over the two midwives. He then screeched to a halt in the room and panted heavily as he forced a smile onto his face. "Take... Take this into the room... and feed it to Miranda... You can save both then..."

The midwife pushed aside the container in Harrison's hands with a slightly angry expression. "This isn't the time for a meal! If we stall any longer, both of them are going to die!"

"Oi!" Harrison hurriedly cradled the container in his arms as he flared up with rage. "Calm down! This was made by Boss Mag, and it's Miranda's favorite food. How's she supposed to give birth without any energy?"

Harrison dragged a female servant over before thrusting the container into her arms, and yelling, "Hurry up and take this into the room!"

"Oh!" The servant was a little flustered, but she still did as she was told.

"Mother!" Parmer had already collapsed by the side of the bed, sobbing as he looked up at Miranda.

“Parmer... Gjerj...” Miranda opened her eyes as tears flowed down her cheeks.

“Miranda, Boss Mag is back, and he cooked you some chicken soup and Yangzhou fried rice. Have some so you have the energy to give birth.” Gjerj’s entire body was trembling as he tipped the porridge from the nearby bowl onto the ground, and then opened the lid on the earthenware pot.

The rich and delectable aroma of chicken soup immediately wafted through the entire room.

Miranda’s nose twitched as she lay on the bed, and a hint of hope took the place of the despair in her eyes. She was suddenly struck by a sense of hunger that had been absent for the past few days, and she felt as if she could eat an entire cow whole. She gulped involuntarily, and the allure of the chicken soup had even made her forget her agony.

“Boss Mag... This is the aroma of Boss Mag’s food...” A ray of light seemed to have shone into Miranda’s heart, and she was even struck by an impulsive urge to sit up.

That smells so good! The female servant wore an urgent expression on her face, but she still couldn’t help but be distracted by the delectable aroma coming from the earthenware pot. However, in Miranda’s current condition, would drinking chicken soup really help her?

Gjerj carefully poured the chicken soup from the pot into the bowl, almost spilling some in the process as his hands were trembling so much.

“Chicken soup! Miranda, have some chicken soup!”

Gjerj hurried over to Miranda’s bedside with the bowl of soup while the servant nearby hurriedly placed a pillow under Miranda’s head for support. In her current condition, getting her to sit up could prove to be lethal.

“Open wide.” Gjerj scooped up a spoonful of chicken soup and quickly blew on it a few times before pouring it into Miranda’s waiting mouth.

The chicken soup was a little hot, but its incredible flavor poured over her taste buds like soothing spring rain. Her lifeless tongue was revitalized, and she felt as if her body had come alive as well.

Gulp.

Miranda swallowed, and the warm chicken soup trickled down her throat, lubricating her esophagus and nurturing her internal organs. Wisps of energy flowed into her feeble cells, injecting her with renewed energy.

What was even more incredible was that the feeling of warmth didn’t disappear after entering her stomach. Instead, it traveled to her lower abdomen as if the fetus was also being nurtured.

The crippling agony down below was alleviated significantly, and the child also seemed to have been soothed as it ceased kicking in her womb.

Miranda’s expression immediately eased significantly, and a hint of color returned to her cheeks.

“The mistress... She drank it!” the servant cried with elation.

During the past few days, they'd tried everything they could, looking for all types of food to try and stimulate Miranda's appetite, all to no avail, but she was now drinking this chicken soup!

"Mother, you're definitely going to get better." Parmer was also overjoyed as he clenched Miranda's hand tightly in his own little hands.

"Here comes some more." Gjerj was filled with elation as he carefully fed Miranda another spoonful of chicken soup.

Thus, Gjerj fed the bowl of chicken soup to her one spoonful after another, and Miranda's complexion improved at a rate that was almost discernible to the naked eye.

Gjerj rose to his feet to pour another bowl of chicken soup while Miranda held Parmer's hand, and gently crooned, "Don't cry, Parmer, you're a brave boy."

Parmer hurriedly wiped the tears from his face as he nodded vigorously. "Yes, I won't cry anymore."

"Good boy." A smile appeared on Miranda's face. Her body was still quite feeble, but her condition had clearly improved significantly. The child in her womb was so still that it was as if it had fallen asleep, and the chicken soup in her stomach continued to supply her with energy.

Miranda looked up at the approaching Gjerj, and said, "Help me up; I want to sit while I drink."

"Alright." Gjerj looked into Miranda's eyes before handing the bowl in his hand over to the servant. He then carefully helped Miranda up into a sitting position, and stacked a layer of soft blankets behind her back.

"The chicken soup is very good." Miranda looked at Gjerj with a faint smile on her face.

Gjerj repressed the sour feeling in his tear ducts as he forced a smile onto his face, and said, "Then drink more of it. Boss Mag says it'll help you."

Miranda nodded and opened her mouth.

Gjerj hurriedly blew on the chicken soup before slowly feeding it Miranda.

"Why has it become so quiet in there?" The two midwives wore confused expressions as they stood outside the room. In their past experience, this was supposed to be the most painful period for the mother, and the excruciating pain would take her onto the brink of unconsciousness, but the room was very quiet at this moment.

All of the people outside the room were also wondering what was happening. Gjerj had suddenly returned before barging into the room with an earthenware pot in his arms. The room then fell completely silent, and even Gjerj and Parmer weren't saying anything. This indicated that Miranda's condition had to have improved. Could it be that he had found some kind of miraculous panacea?

"It must be Boss Mag's chicken soup and Yangzhou fried rice!"

An elated look appeared on Harrison's face, and his heart finally fell back into his chest. A wave of relief washed over him, and his knees buckled as he sat on the ground, but he was too overjoyed to notice.

"Haha, can we save both this time?"



## **Chapter 810 We“re Not Idiots!**

After downing two bowls of chicken soup, Miranda’s complexion had improved significantly, and her entire body had been filled with renewed energy and hope.

She could feel that her lower abdomen was very warm and comfortable, and that her entire body had been nourished by the chicken soup.

Gjerj accepted the fried rice from the nearby servant, then turned to Miranda, and said, “Here’s your favorite Yangzhou fried rice. Have some fried rice, then drink some more soup.”

Both of the servants stood off to the side with expectant looks on their faces. Madam’s complexion had improved significantly after drinking the chicken soup; if she were to have some fried rice, perhaps she really would have the energy required for childbirth.

The lid on the thermos container was opened, and the aroma of Yangzhou fried rice wafted throughout the entire room.

Miranda’s eyes immediately lit up. This was the familiar aroma that was so intoxicating to her, and it was what had supported her all the way up to this point in her pregnancy.

As her condition had progressively worsened during the past few days, she had realized something. If it weren’t for the fact that she’s been blessed by all of the delicious dishes cooked by Boss Mag during these past few months, there was no way that she would’ve been able to persevere to this point. It was Boss Mag’s cooking that was keeping her and her child alive.

“Here.” Gjerj scooped up a spoonful of fried rice and fed it to Miranda. The glistening golden fried rice was emanating an alluring aroma, and the rice-sized ingredients presented a wonderful and appetizing color combination.

Miranda suddenly raised a hand and grabbed onto the handle of Gjerj’s spoon. She then looked into his eyes, and said, “Let me.”

Gjerj faltered momentarily before carefully releasing the spoon.

Miranda slowly ate placed the spoon into her mouth and savored the mouthful of delicious fried rice. It was still that familiar flavor, and the egg practically melted in her mouth. The rice-sized chunks of winter bamboo shoots and green peas were refreshing and crunchy, while the rice was chewy and sweet. There were soft pieces of ham intermingled with the grains of rice, and there also seemed to be a delightful undertone of shrimp.

All those flavors were present in this single mouthful, and Miranda felt as if there was nothing more delicious in this world.

She closed her eyes as a blissful smile appeared on her face. During her pregnancy, the thing that she looked forward to the most was dining on Boss Mag’s dishes as they could make her forget all her discomfort.

After swallowing the mouthful of fried rice, a warm sensation flowed through Miranda's entire body. Furthermore, there seemed to be wisps of some kind of mystical energy flowing through her veins, revitalizing her body and clearing her meridians.

She shoveled one spoonful of fried rice into her mouth after another, and she found herself completely unable to stop. The sensation of her body being filled with energy was also very exciting for her. She was confident that if she could recover to her normal condition, she would be able to deliver this child.

She had three children, and there was one yet to be born in her belly; how could she just abandon them like this?

A faint smile finally appeared on Gjerj's face as he watched Miranda scooping Yangzhou fried rice into her mouth. In the instant that he had entered the room, he had almost collapsed from despair at the sight of Miranda's dire condition, but he had since been injected with renewed hope. Even doctors were unable to do anything to alleviate Miranda's condition, but Boss Mag's cooking had worked like an absolute miracle.

Boss Mag, I don't even know how to thank you anymore... Gjerj thought to himself as he poured another bowl of chicken soup for Miranda with a gentle look in his eyes.

Parmer looked at the earthenware pot on the table, then at the food container in Miranda's hands, and a contemplative look appeared on his face.

The servant who had brought the container of fried rice into the room was absolutely overjoyed, and she hurriedly made her way out of the room.

As soon as she emerged out the door, Old Man Williams hurried over to her, and asked, "Is Miranda alright?"

Everyone else in the courtyard was also looking at her with rapt focus.

The silence in the room left them with no idea what to expect, and all of them were dying to know what was happening inside.

Even the two midwives both wore curious looks on their faces. They had never encountered such a situation before. Under normal circumstances, Miranda should've already fallen unconscious from her pain.

The servant was a little flustered by the widespread scrutiny she was receiving, but she still said, "The mistress has drunk some of the chicken soup brought back by Master Gjerj, and she's now eating fried rice. Her condition has improved significantly, and the child had also completely settled down."

"H... How is that possible?!"

The midwives were in complete disbelief. They had witnessed Miranda's condition for themselves; she could barely even draw breath, let alone eat fried rice! How had she managed to recover after drinking some chicken soup? Was that chicken soup the nectar of the gods?

"Yes!"

Everyone in the courtyard were elated to hear this splendid news.

At the same time, all of them began to wonder just what kind of chicken soup Miranda had just consumed to essentially bring her back from the dead.

“Haha, this is Boss Mag’s chicken soup and fried rice we’re talking about here; it’d be strange if it didn’t create a miracle!” Harrison was still sitting on the ground, but he wore a proud expression on his face.

Everyone turned their attention to Harrison upon hearing this. Gjerj was currently in the room with Miranda, so they naturally couldn’t ask him any questions, but Harrison had come back with Gjerj, and he surely knew what was in that earthenware pot and thermos container.

The midwife who’d been urging Old Man Williams to make a choice between mother and child earlier was feeling quite embarrassed, and she turned to Harrison with a vehement expression as she said, “What have you fed the mistress? Was it a magic potion? Magic potions can indeed help the mistress temporarily recover, but they’re extremely detrimental to the unborn child. In worst-case scenarios, the child could even be born with a mental disability!”

In the midwife’s mind, only magic potions were capable of facilitating such a miraculous recovery in such a short time.

This type of potion was strictly not to be consumed by pregnant mothers, as it would result in irreversible negative consequences to the child.

Everyone else was also growing quite concerned upon hearing this. It was common knowledge on the Norland Continent that magic potions were not to be consumed by pregnant women.

“How could we feed her magic potions? We’re not idiots!” Harrison immediately sprang up from the ground, and composed himself before putting on a smile as he said, “This is chicken soup and Yangzhou fried rice cooked personally by Boss Mag of Mamy Restaurant. He just came back from Rodu after cooking for the king during his birthday banquet; do you think he’ll put magic potions into his chicken soup?”