

Stay At home 811

Chapter 811 The Mistress Gave Birth to Another One!

The entire courtyard fell silent, and the midwife opened her mouth, but she didn't dare to raise suspicions against a chef who had cooked for the king. Furthermore, magic potions were far from delicious, and Miranda wasn't even able to stomach any plain porridge, so it was very unlikely that she would've been able to drink a potion and keep it down.

As such, all of the people in the courtyard were filled with elation again.

"I heard that even Head Chef Beate of the Ducas Restaurant wasn't invited to cook for the king during his birthday banquet. Does that mean this Boss Mag is an even better chef than him?"

"I've also heard of Mamy Restaurant. It's a relatively new restaurant, but it's extremely popular, and there's almost always a long line of customers stretching all the way out of the restaurant's doors."

"If this Boss Mag's chicken soup is this amazing, then wouldn't all pregnant mothers have a much higher chance of smooth deliveries if they were to drink it?"

Everyone began to discuss spiritedly among themselves, and they were all quite curious about this Boss Mag. His chicken soup had saved Miranda from the brink of death, and he had even been invited to Rodu to cook for the king. Both of those things were quite extraordinary to them.

"Even after drinking the soup and eating the fried rice, the mistress still isn't out of the woods quite yet; she could give birth at any time." The other midwife wore a solemn expression as she turned to one of the servants, and instructed, "Don't just stand there and watch; go and prepare some hot water!"

The courtyard gradually fell silent again. Everyone's expression had relaxed a little, but they were still feeling quite tense.

Miranda's condition had improved significantly, but the true hurdle would arise when she went into labor.

Everything should be fine now, right? Harrison was also growing rather uneasy. He had full trust in Mag's cooking, but it wasn't medicine, after all, and he knew that Miranda had barely survived while giving birth to Angus.

Within the room.

After eating the entire container of fried rice, Miranda licked it clean before setting it aside, looking as if she could've eaten more. Her cheeks were flushed, and her eyes were glowing; she was looking much better than most pregnant women did on the cusp of labor.

Gjerj took the empty container from her before carefully handing her a bowl of chicken soup. "Have some more soup."

"Sure. After this bowl, I want to drink two more bowls. My stomach has been completely empty during these past few days." Miranda nodded before eagerly accepting the bowl of chicken soup. She ignored the spoon, and pressed her lips against the rim of the bowl before chugging down its contents in mere moments.

"I'll get you another bowl." Gjerj nodded with a smile before pouring another bowl of chicken soup.

Mag had given him a very large container with soup, and even after pouring out so many bowls, more than half of the soup still remained, so it was definitely going to be enough for a meal later that night.

After chugging down two more bowls of chicken soup, Miranda patted her stomach with a satisfied expression. It had been many days since she had last experienced this feeling of satiation and contentment, and her entire body was warm and full of energy. She was feeling so comfortable that she wanted to fall asleep.

Gjerj placed the bowl down before sitting at the bedside and looking at Miranda with a warm and gentle expression on his face.

As Miranda looked back at Gjerj, tears welled up in her eyes, and she whispered, "Thank you, Gjerj."

"Don't be silly; I should be the one thanking you," Gjerj whispered as he scooted over and held Miranda in a gentle embrace.

A blissful smile appeared on Miranda's face, but her expression suddenly changed as she laid hand onto her own belly with a painful cry. "Ah... The child... She's coming out..."

"Hurry! Get the midwives to come in here!" A panicked expression appeared on Gjerj's face, and he held onto Miranda's hand tightly as he yelled, "I'm here for you, Miranda, don't worry..."

"Get out of here; I'm going to give birth right now! Get them to bring hot water! Hurry!!!"

The two midwives who were already standing by the door immediately rushed in. One of them helped Miranda back into a flat lying position, while the other herded Gjerj and Parmer out the door in a rough manner.

Miranda forced her eyes open to look at Gjerj, who remained resolutely on the spot. "Argh! I... I'll be fine..." she said in a determined manner through her pain, gasping.

Gjerj picked up Parmer and looked at the midwife with a serious expression as he said, "Regardless of what happens, save Miranda! Choose her over the child! Do you understand?"

"Alright, get out!" The midwife nodded as he shoved Gjerj out the door.

Miranda turned to the midwife with a pained expression, and whispered, "Don't listen to him... If the choice has to be made, save the child..."

"Stop talking, Mistress; the child is about to come out! Prepare to push! Where's the water? Carry it over here..."

Miranda's screams erupted from within the room, accompanied by loud words of encouragement from the midwives. The female servants hurried in and out of the room, bringing hot water and towels as required.

The entire courtyard was deathly silent. Everyone was looking at the room with tense expressions on their faces, waiting for the final result.

Miranda's screams of agony were making them wince—it was very difficult to imagine what kind of pain could draw such screams from a woman who was normally so soft-spoken and gentle.

Gjerj clenched his fists tightly as the veins on his forehead bulged, and his breathing was also quite rapid.

Parmer had his palms together with his eyes tightly shut, seemingly muttering something in prayer.

All of the servants hung their heads with pained expressions, sympathizing with her pain and devastated by the fact that she could possibly die from this ideal.

The relentless screams erupting from Miranda's mouth were making her throat become quite hoarse. Right at this moment, her screams came to an abrupt halt.

All of the people in the courtyard raised their heads in unison with bewildered expressions on their faces.

“Wah!”

A delicate infantile cry suddenly sounded, and a female servant ran out of the room with elation as she announced loudly, “It's a boy! Both the child and mother are safe and sound!”

“Yes!”

A wave of cheers instantly rang out as everyone exulted with all their might.

Gjerj was also completely overjoyed, and he felt as if all of his energy had been sapped away, almost causing him to collapse to the ground. Thankfully, someone noticed his unsteady figure, and reached out to catch him before he could fall.

“That's fantastic news.” Harrison also heaved a sigh of relief before murmuring to himself with a peculiar expression, “As expected, it's another boy...”

“I don't care; I love boys!” Gjerj snapped as he turned around to glare at Harrison.

Harrison shrugged in a nonchalant manner. “I like boys too. Looks like I've got another godson.”

“Waah!”

Gjerj took a moment to compose himself, and was just about to enter the room when another infantile cry sounded from within the room. A chorus of two infants crying at once rang out immediately thereafter.

“Hmm?”

Everyone was dumbstruck upon hearing this.

“The mistress gave birth to another one! It's a girl this time! They're twins!”

Another female servant rushed out with joy and excitement on her face.

Gjerj rushed into the room and over to Miranda's bed, and then gently encircled her body in his warm embrace as tears began to flow down his face.

“Gjerj, we have a daughter now. We should thank Boss Mag,” Miranda said with a feeble smile on her face.

Chapter 812 Lock Boss Mag up in a Small Dark Room

The sound of knocking rang out from the entrance of the restaurant just as Mag was making a cake with Amy and Anna. He glanced up at the information displayed by the omniscient door, and a hint of surprise appeared on his face, but he still washed his hands and opened the door.

As soon as the door was opened, Harrison yelled, “Boss Mag! I gave birth!”

“You gave birth? How is that possible, Father?” Amy poked her head out from behind Mag and appraised Harrison’s portly stomach with a confused expression.

“Grandpa told me that men can’t give birth.” Anna also stuck her head out from behind Mag on the other side with a serious look on her face.

Mag suppressed the urge to chuckle as he looked at Harrison, and asked, “You mean Miranda gave birth, right?”

“Yes, yes, yes.” Harrison slapped his forehead with a bashful smile on his face, and said, “I misspoke because I was too excited. Miranda just gave birth, and she gave birth to twins: a boy and a girl.”

“Wow, a new little sister?” Amy’s eyes immediately lit up.

“And a new little brother,” Anna added with curiosity in her eyes.

“That’s right. Miranda’s only just given birth, so Gjerj couldn’t make it in person, and he asked me to come and thank you in his stead.” Harrison extended a formal bow toward Mag, and said, “If it weren’t for your chicken soup and Yangzhou fried rice, Miranda and her twins would’ve been in deep trouble.”

“There’s no need to thank me; anyone would’ve done what I did in that situation. I’m really glad to hear that they’re all safe and sound.” Mag shook his head with a smile, but there was an indescribable sense of satisfaction in his heart.

During his previous life, he had lived in an extremely wilful manner, and was denounced and cursed by countless people as a result. Even God had punished him by sending him to this world.

However, he had now saved a mother and her two children, and received genuine gratitude for his good deed.

This feeling was far better than that of being cursed and scoffed at, and he felt as if he’d found his purpose in life.

Not only could a chef satisfy people’s taste buds, they could even save lives.

“Father, can we go and visit the little sister?” Amy asked as she looked up at Mag.

Anna was also looking at Mag with anticipation in her eyes.

“Gjerj says that he’ll come to thank you in person when he gets some free time. I have to tell the others about this, so I’ll be taking my leave now.” Harrison chuckled as he prepared to depart.

Mag glanced at the two pairs of expectant eyes looking up at him, and he hurriedly asked, “Can you tell me Gjerj’s address? I want to visit the two newborns.”

Thus, Harrison gave him an address before quickly departing.

“I’ll take you two to see the new little sister and little brother in a couple of days.” Mag patted Amy and Anna’s heads with a smile on his face before taking them back to the kitchen to continue making their cake.

The news of Mag’s return was very exciting for his customers, but all of them were struck with dejection again at the sight of the new sign plastered to the restaurant doors.

“Sigh, I know Boss Mag is in there, but I can’t taste his delicious roast beef; this is an excruciating feeling!”

“I want to smash this door open, then abduct Boss Mag and lock him in a small dark room. I’ll force him to keep cooking without pause, and I won’t let him out until I’m satisfied with his food. Does anyone want to join me?”

“Bro, calm down! If you knock this door down, you’re going to have to answer to two great magic casters, a principal, and a city lord... Are you sure you want to give it a shot?”

“Er... Oh... The sky is so blue today~”

The customers discussed spiritedly among themselves in front of the restaurant for a while, and even though they were quite frustrated, they could only depart in a resigned manner.

Dinner was steak and ice cream cake. Anna and Amy had participated in the entire cooking process, so the meal tasted especially delicious to them.

After dinner, Yabemiya made her way over to Mag with a curious expression, and asked Mag about what had happened during his trip to Rodu. In response, Mag gave them a brief account, skipping over many important details for obvious reasons.

Yabemiya’s, Babla’s, and Anna’s eyes lit up as they listened to his story. By the conclusion, all of them were staring at him with incredulity in their eyes.

“You’re so awesome, Boss! You can even win the best dish award at a royal banquet; that’s amazing!” Yabemiya stared at Mag with amazement and admiration in her eyes.

“Uncle Mag is the best!” Anna’s expression also mirrored the one on Yabemiya’s face.

“Best dish award, eh... Sounds pretty good...” Babla intentionally stifled her wonder and gave an aloof response.

“Father was super awesome! When his dishes were carried into the palace, no one could look away, so of course he’s number one,” Amy said with a proud expression.

Mag was naturally quite pleased by the admiration that he was receiving, and he dined on his steak with a smile as he said, "This is ice cream cake that even the king didn't get to taste, and he'll never get a chance to eat this black pepper steak, either, so you should have some more of it and savor every bite."

After dinner, as Yabemiya and Babla were clearing the table, Mag poured a cup of water for himself, then turned to the two of them, and said, "By the way, I prepared a staff dormitory for you two and Aisha. If all goes well, you should be able to move in the day after tomorrow. It'll be safer for all three of you to live closer to the restaurant."

"A dormitory?" Yabemiya and Babla both faltered upon hearing this.

Miya shook her head, and said, "B-Boss, the place I'm currently living at is quite cheap, and it's very clean as well, so you don't have to prepare a dormitory room for me; I'll make sure to be on time for work every day."

"Are you kicking me out?" Babla asked with a hint of panic in her eyes. She didn't know what a staff dormitory was, but she had deduced that Mag was asking her to move out of the restaurant.

She still had yet to grasp what kind of world this was. There were men on the streets blatantly holding women's hands and even circling their arms around women's waists; this world was way too dangerous for women! At present, the restaurant was a safe place for her to stay, but she was naturally feeling quite flustered at the prospect of having to leave.

Mag looked at Babla and shook his head with a smile as he replied, "I'm not kicking you out; I just think it's a little inconvenient for both of us for you to live here. If you live together in the staff dormitory, the three of you will be able to look after each other."

He didn't like to live with other people, and getting Babla to live at the restaurant was only a temporary arrangement. He had already decided to transform the second floor of Ricky's Rotisserie into a dormitory for Yabemiya and the others to live in as he wasn't planning to expand by opening a new branch there anyway.

"Is that so?" Babla immediately calmed down a little. Living together with Mag really was a little awkward for her. It would certainly be a lot more comfortable for her if she could live with Aisha and Miya instead.

"Miya, this is a staff benefit, and I'll also feel better knowing that the three of you are able to live together and look after each other. You three are the most important elements of this restaurant," Mag said with a serious expression. Yabemiya was always thinking for the sake of others, and it was time for him to return the favor.

Yabemiya looked into Mag's gentle yet resolute eyes, and a hint of warmth flowed through her heart. Following a brief moment of hesitation, she finally nodded with gratitude, and said, "Thank you, Boss."

Chapter 813 Dip It in Some Egg, Then Apply Breadcrumbs

After breakfast, Yabemiya set off joyfully for the ice cream after securing a promise from Mag to teach her how to make ice cream cake when they had some spare time together. She was planning to fill up all of her free time during the day.

Amy was still calculating math problems, while Mag instructed Anna in her knife skills. He then left her to practice on her own in the kitchen, and went upstairs to read a history book about the Norland Continent.

This history book was split into two parts, with the first part mostly detailing legends about the races during ancient times—it even included records of the origins of some races. The information perhaps wasn't all that reliable, seeing as the events being recounted were from so long ago, but it still made for an interesting read.

During ancient times, the humans were a tribal race with frail bodies, struggling to survive in a world ruled over by more powerful races. Survival was their key priority, so they naturally didn't pay much attention to recording their history. As a result, almost no events were recorded in the history books regarding the human race during this period of time.

In the second part of the book, it said the organization known as the church appeared 10,000 years ago, and it was also around the same time that magic casters and knights first began to emerge among the human race. Thus began the resurgence of the human race as the divided tribes forged alliances, and began to slowly become more powerful throughout the course of the war among species, becoming one of the eight major races in the end.

Mag looked at the historical records detailed in the book, and a contemplative look appeared on his face. The church seemed to be a savior that had swooped in when the human race needed it the most, providing cultivation methods for magic casters and knights alike, thereby completely changing the fate of the human race.

However, how did an organization like the church come about during an era when all humans were hunters and gatherers that were far too busy trying to ensure their own survival to dabble in religion?

Even after reading through the entire book, Mag still didn't find any additional information about this. There was only a brief passage that caught his attention, stating that the first magic casters were known as witches, and they were exclusively female.

"The church really is a mysterious organization." Mag closed the book with a thoughtful look on his face. Due to the fact that Amy had been promised the position of pope by the current pope, Mag wanted to understand more about this organization.

However, the records in this general history book were far too vague and abbreviated. He was going to purchase some books with more detailed information about the church in the future, thereby allowing him to understand just what kind of entity it was.

"Um... Can I borrow those?"

All of a sudden, Babla appeared before Mag, and she pointed at the two books in front of him with an inquisitive look on her face.

"Of course." Mag looked up at Babla with a smile, then stacked the two books together, and offered them to her.

As a transmigrator, it was naturally very important to read about the history of this world, and then reinvent their perspective on the world based on that.

Mag had obtained a portion of Alex's memories, thereby instilling him with Alex's worldview and allowing him to skip that process, but after Babla had arrived in this world, she'd spent most of her time in the restaurant, so it would be a good thing for her to read about this world's history.

"Thanks." Babla carried the two heavy books in her hands as she plodded her way upstairs with an elated look on her face.

Why was there a teleportation formation in the moon nation that led to this continent? Why was the language used in this world completely identical to that used in the moon nation? Why was it that women seemed to hold an inferior status here rather than the other way around? These were all questions that she wanted to have answered, and perhaps these two history books could provide those answers.

Mag shook his head with a smile. Babla's ability to adapt had already far exceeded his expectations. After all, she had been a pampered regal princess in the moon nation, yet she had been spontaneously teleported to a completely unfamiliar world, and became a waitress at a restaurant. This stark contrast was certainly not something that anyone could come to terms with so quickly.

After checking the answers of the arithmetic questions that he'd left for Amy, Mag entered the kitchen to find that Anna was still chopping potatoes with rapt focus in her eyes.

Her knife tapped onto the chopping board in clean and precise strokes that were also very rhythmic and steady.

The steel pot beside her was already filled with tiny pieces of potato that were comparable to grains of rice, and each and every piece was extremely even, just as if they'd been measured using a ruler.

"Hmm, you've improved a lot. You can stop here after finishing with that potato." Mag appraised Anna with a hint of approval in his eyes. Making such progress over the span of around half a month was quite remarkable even for an adult, let alone a five-year-old child[1].

Anna nodded in response as a smile appeared on her face, but her hands remained steadfast and accurate as she continued with what she was doing.

Mag stood at the entrance to the kitchen with a smile on his face, and he thought to himself, This must be what talent looks like. Perhaps she really will become an exceptional elven cook.

Instead of throwing away the potatoes that Anna had chopped up, Mag made them into mashed potatoes before forming small potato balls. He then dipped the balls in some egg, and applied some breadcrumbs before deep-frying them until they were crispy and golden brown to create a dish enjoyed by people of all ages.

Amy bit into the golden potato ball in her hand with a crisp crunch. The egg and breadcrumbs had developed a particularly rich flavor after being deep-fried, and the soft mashed potato beneath the crispy outer layer was a little hot. The sweet and mellow flavor of the potato melted on her tongue, and Amy's eyes immediately lit up with elation. "Potato balls are so good! They're crunchy and sweet and delicious~"

Anna also picked up a potato ball, and bit into it before a contemplative look appeared on her little face. "Compared to steamed potato balls, these ones are a lot richer in flavor, and the crunchy exterior

coupled with the soft interior has a much better texture as well. The secret lies in the egg and this golden powder, and a lot of oil needs to be used. The potato balls then have to be fried three times, and it comes out absolutely delicious.”

“Let’s go and give the rest of these to those who haven’t eaten yet.”

Mag placed the potato balls into the bags for roujiamos, and handed Amy and Anna a bag each before placing the rest into a thermos box.

They had already had dinner, so they clearly couldn’t finish all of these potato balls, and these things had to be eaten while still hot to ensure the best flavor and texture. As opposed to letting them go to waste, it was much better to give them to those who needed them.

Mag and the two girls handed out the potato balls to the homeless people in the Aden Square before returning to the restaurant.

After brushing their teeth, the two girls changed into clean pajamas and lay down on the little bed together, listening to Mag’s bedtime story with rapt focus.

Ugly Duckling was situated between them with its head peeking out of the blanket and one of its little paws resting on Amy’s body. It had fallen asleep as soon as its head hit the pillow.

The story of the smurfs drew to a conclusion. Amy was already asleep by then, but Anna still had yet to fall asleep.

“Do you still not want to sleep yet, Anna?” Mag asked with a smile. There seemed to be something on her mind.

“I’m worried about Uncle Blour and Big Sister Aisha. When Big Sister Aisha left, she said she was going to find Uncle Blour, but neither of them have come back yet,” Anna replied with a concerned look in her eyes.

“Ring... Ring... Boss Mag! Boss Mag!”

Mag was just about to say something when the sound of the doorbell rang out alongside a few muffled yells.

Chapter 814 Uncle Mag is the Best!

Blour? Mag glanced at the information displayed by the omniscient door, and a hint of surprise appeared on his face.

“Is that Uncle Blour’s voice?” Anna sat up with an elated look on her face.

Mag smiled and nodded as he said, “That’s right, Blour’s back. Why don’t we go downstairs to greet them?”

“Yes!” Anna carefully emerged from under the blanket, and then tucked it around Amy before quickly putting on her little slippers and following Mag downstairs.

Mag switched on the light in the restaurant before quickly opening the doors.

Sally and Blour stood outside with the latter in female attire, and both of them were looking quite disheveled. Behind them stood close to 100 elves with their clothes in tatters. The autumn nights were quite cold, so many of the children among them were shivering.

Most of these elves were women and children, and they all appeared to be quite exhausted yet slightly fearful as they looked at Mag.

However, they then caught sight of the warm light in the restaurant, as well as the beautiful decor within the building, and their eyes lit up in unison.

Mag couldn't help but falter slightly upon seeing this. For a split second, he had thought that he was looking at a group of refugees. In his heart, elves were all graceful beings that valued their cleanliness very highly; how had they been reduced to such a pitiful state?

Anna emerged from behind Mag, and she looked at the cross-dressing Blour with a hesitant expression as she asked, "U-Uncle Blour?"

"Anna... I... You see..." Blour leaned down and rubbed his hands together in a rather awkward manner as he looked back at Anna. He didn't think that his cross-dressing fetish was anything to be ashamed of, but he was still rather concerned that Anna would renounce him because of it, so he was scrambling for a way to explain himself.

Much to his surprise, Anna charged over and jumped into his arms before winding her little arms tightly around his neck.

Blour's mouth gaped open slightly as he stiffened on the spot, and only after a while did he slowly wrap his arms around Anna as a vibrant smile appeared on his face.

"I was afraid that you'd left just like Grandpa. I don't want you to go," Anna sobbed.

"I'm not going anywhere, so don't you worry." Blour patted Anna's back in a comforting manner.

After hugging Blour for a while, Anna let go and wiped away her tears before turning and throwing her arms around Sally.

"Don't cry, Anna." Sally wiped away the tears in Anna's eyes, and stroked her hair as a smile also appeared on her face.

"I'm glad you're back." Mag appraised the two of them with a smile, then turned to the elves behind them, and said, "From the looks of it, you've done something quite praiseworthy as well."

Blour looked into Mag's eyes with a beseeching expression, and said, "Boss Mag, I have a request; can you please cook a meal for all of my brethren here? They haven't eaten for two whole days, and they've walked all the way here. I'll pay for all of their meals."

Sally was also looking at Mag with an expectant look in her eyes. She opened her mouth to say something, but swallowed her words in the end.

Mamy Restaurant was a high-end restaurant. It was always kept pristine and tidy, yet these elves had been locked up in underground cellars for a long time, so they were all quite dirty and, quite frankly, rather smelly. They had been concerned that they'd encounter other mercenary squads that would hunt

them down in the past two days, so they had been traveling without rest, thereby affording them no time to wash. As such, it would be very understandable if Mag were to turn down this request.

Anna looked at all of these elves, and tears began to well up in her eyes again. She didn't know any of them, but she had already guessed that they had to have been captured by those abhorrent demons, while Blour and Sally were the ones who had saved them.

Looking at them evoked within her memories of her grandfather. Only then did she understand why her grandfather refused to allow her to be captured even at the expense of his life, and she turned around to look at Mag with tears swimming in her eyes.

Mag looked at the elven children with a sympathetic expression on his face. He couldn't see any noticeable wounds on their bodies, but the inferiority and fear in their eyes tugged directly at his heartstrings. What kind of torture had these children endured to become like this? Those demons really did deserve to die!

"Come in, I'll cook for all of you." Mag stepped aside with a gentle smile on his face, leaving the entrance open to everyone.

Blour extended a deep bow toward Mag as he said in a solemn voice, "Thank you."

"Thank you, Boss." Sally also nodded as she expressed her gratitude.

"Uncle Mag is the best!" Anna looked up at Mag. Tears swirled in her eyes, but she forced them back in the end.

The elves entered the restaurant; due to limited number of seats, many of the elves could only stand. Some of the children managed to share a chair in twos, while others carefully sat on the ground.

The pleasant warmth in the restaurant made the elves a lot more relaxed, and they began to inspect their surroundings with curiosity in their eyes. The beautiful decor, the warm chandeliers, the intricate wall art... Everything was so surreal in their eyes after that nightmarish ordeal.

Even though they were feeling slightly more relaxed, the elves were still extremely subdued and self-conscious. Even the elves who were sitting the ground were kneeling as they did so, not wanting to dirty the floor with their shoes or take up any extra space.

Mag went upstairs before quickly returning. He looked at Sally with a smile, and said, "Go and take a bath, Aisha. I've prepared a set of clothes for you in the bathroom."

Sally wanted to refuse as she shook her head. "I'm fine—"

However, Mag cut her off as he continued, "With so many customers, I need your help. In your current state, I can't allow you to serve food in the restaurant."

Sally looked at her bloodstained clothes and nodded before quickly heading upstairs.

"Boss Mag, do you need a hand from me?" Blour asked.

Mag shook his head with a smile as he replied, "You can take a seat. I'd never ask for help from one of my customers."

“Is Big Sister Aisha back?” Babla had heard what was going on downstairs, and she looked at all of the elves in the restaurant with a surprised look on her face.

“That’s right.” Mag nodded as he turned to Babla with a smile, and said, “I’ll be requiring your help as well.”

Soon, one cup of water after another flew out of the kitchen before landing in front of the elves with unerring accuracy. The water in the cups didn’t even ripple in the slightest in the process, and all of the elves could only look on with astonishment and admiration in their eyes.

After taking a bath, Sally came downstairs in a floral qipao, and her dazzling beauty stunned all of the elves present even further.

Inside the kitchen, all of the stoves had been switched on, and Mag was cooking multiple dishes like a master chef. In what seemed like the blink of an eye, several portions of Yangzhou fried rice were ready; the rate at which Mag was cooking was simply phenomenal.

“These dishes are ready to be served,” Mag said as he cleaned his pot, while Babla stared at the 20 portions of Yangzhou fried rice on the counter with her mouth gaping in shock.

That was so fast! It took Babla a while to collect herself before she returned to her senses, and she pointed a finger at the portions of Yangzhou fried rice, sending them flying out of the kitchen toward the elves waiting outside.

Chapter 815 Princess Irina Saved Us

One plate of fried rice after another flew out of the kitchen, heading toward the elves situated the closest to the entrance of the kitchen, and the alluring aroma of fried rice wafted throughout the entire restaurant.

The colorful Yangzhou fried rice appeared as if it had been made from chopped up rainbows, and they were being served on simple yet elegant white plates. There was no need for any embellishment or decorations, as the fried rice itself was already extremely beautiful and alluring to behold.

“Gulp.”

“Gulp~”

The sounds of gulping and growling stomachs immediately rang out across the entire restaurant as all of the elves stared at the plates of Yangzhou fried rice flying out of the kitchen. Such a ridiculously delectable aroma had already far exceeded their imaginations.

The plates gently landed in front of the elves closest to the kitchen with unerring accuracy, and there was a spoon resting on the side of every plate.

The elves who had received plates of fried rice were at a slight loss for what to do. They were unable to look away from the beautiful dishes presented to them, but none of them picked up their spoons, and the atmosphere became a little awkward.

Having just finished cleaning his pot, Mag made his way over to the kitchen's entrance, and then looked at the elves with a smile as he said, "Eat up! Everyone will get a portion eventually, but you'll have to wait for a little while."

All of the elves looked at the benevolent smile on Mag's face, and even though he was a human, they couldn't help but want to trust him.

After receiving permission from Mag, all of the elves picked up their spoons and began to scoop fried rice into their mouths.

All of them felt as if a flavor explosion had been set off on the tips of their tongues, and the irresistible flavor combination made it impossible for them to stop.

Furthermore, there was a faint fragrance that didn't belong to any type of discernible ingredient, but it was very pronounced, and further enhanced the flavor of the dish. Even after swallowing their mouthfuls of rice, this special flavor still remained on their palate, leaving a delectable aftertaste.

The children were unable to identify what this fragrance was, but it gave them a sense of warmth, and as the fried rice slid down their throats, they felt as if they had been injected with exuberant life force.

The hunger in their bellies disappeared, and their stomachs felt really warm as if the fried rice was warming them up on the inside.

"It tastes so good! I've never had anything so good before... It's a shame... that my little sister will never get to eat this..."

"This must be the best food in the world! How could food possibly taste this good?"

"It feels so warm and so comfortable! I miss Mommy..."

The elves stared at the plates of Yangzhou fried rice with incredulity in their eyes, and some of the little elves were even shedding tears, while the wounded hearts of some of the elves were slowly being healed by the warmth flowing through their bodies.

However, in the end, the delicious flavor of the fried rice won out above all else. None of the elves present had had a decent meal for a long time, and they completely threw their table manners out the window as they shoveled spoonfuls of fried rice into their mouths.

Meanwhile, the elves who had yet to receive their portions of fried rice gulped down countless mouthfuls of drool, and the intensifying hunger in their stomachs was striking them with the impulse to gnaw at the tables before them just to get something that resembled food, even just a little, into their mouths.

"I'll help you, Uncle Mag." Anna put on her little apron and carried her stool into the kitchen with a serious look on her little face.

Mag turned to Anna with a smile before placing a plate of winter bamboo shoots on the counter beside him. "Alright, then please chop these up just like you practiced with the potatoes."

Anna nodded with an earnest expression as she carried the plate of bamboo shoots over to her small designated area before chopping them up in a diligent manner.

Five pots were being used at once as one portion of Yangzhou fried rice after another was loaded onto plates, and then sent out to the elves by Babla and Sally.

One portion of Yangzhou fried rice per elf was nowhere near enough, but their hunger and feebleness had already been completely alleviated, and their tired minds were much refreshed now. This was the same as the feeling of being healed by the elven princess in the Wind Forest, and all of the elves were basking in their newfound warmth and comfort.

The elves who had eaten vacated their seats politely to those who hadn't yet done so. Even though they were all extremely disheveled and their clothes were in tatters, the graceful elves still hadn't forgotten their manners.

Words of praise rang out incessantly, and the elves' faces were filled with bliss. It had been so long since they had smiled and laughed from the bottom of their hearts like this, and they were filled with renewed hope for their future in this city.

A positive beginning always instilled within one glorious vision for the future.

Sally and Blour looked at the blissful smiles on the faces of their brethren, and they also smiled. If a happy new beginning could be presented, then there was still hope in life.

When I grow up, I'm going to become a chef who brings happiness to people, just like Uncle Mag. Anna's eyes were filled with admiration as she looked up at Mag.

All of the elves had already eaten at this point, and Mag brought out two more portions of Yangzhou fried rice as he turned to Sally and Blour with a smile. "Everyone else has eaten, so it's time you two had some food as well."

Blour looked deep into Mag's eyes, and said in an earnest voice, "Thank you."

"You're welcome. You look like a little sissy right now, but you've done something very manly." Mag chuckled in reply.

"You seem to be praising me, but why does it sound so weird?" Blour raised his eyebrows with a smile as he ate spoonfuls of fried rice with immaculate table manners. As he did so, he praised, "Only such delicious food can match my beauty."

"Thank you." Sally extended a grateful bow toward Mag before also scooping a spoonful of fried rice into her mouth, and her eyes shut with bliss.

As the familiar delectable flavor blossomed in her mouth, she felt as if all of the hardships she'd experienced during this journey had been wiped away. The tension and residual anxiety also gradually disappeared, and when she opened her eyes, she was greeted by the sight of the same familiar restaurant and the pair of ever-gentle eyes. This warm sensation gave her the feeling of home.

After the two finished their portions of fried rice, Mag asked, "What are your plans from now on? If I'm not mistaken, it won't be easy for you to take care of these elves with your identities."

All of the elves also turned to Blour and Sally upon hearing this. Even though they had arrived at Chaos City, they still didn't know where they were going to stay here.

Blour and Sally glanced at each other, and their expressions were both rather complex. Indeed, it would be quite detrimental to the two of them if it were revealed they were taking care of these elves. In that case, they would be seen as enemies of the elven race and even their own families, and that was certainly not a good thing for their long-term plans.

“I’ll get the elven embassy to organize lodgings for them. I should be able to keep things a secret for now...” Blour’s voice was a little unconvincing, and it was quite clear that even he didn’t know how long he’d be able to keep everything confidential. A month? A week? Or perhaps as little as a single day?

“Princess Irina saved us, and told us that no one would come after us; does that mean the demons won’t ever try to catch us again?” an elven child asked in a feeble voice with a hint of fear in his eyes.

Mag was rather surprised to hear this.

Blour clenched his fists under the table, and was at a loss for how to reply.

“Leave this to me; I’ll take care of all of them,” Mag said as he turned to the elves in the restaurant with a serious expression, and announced, “She’s right, no one will come after you, and no one will ever hurt you again.”

Chapter 816 My Daughter is a Half-elf

Thank you for reading on myboxnovel.com

The city lord’s castle located in the eastern part of the city was still brightly lit, and there were still many employees entering and exiting the buildings as if there were no end to the work that they had to do.

In a quiet study located in the western part of the city lord’s castle, there were two figures standing in front of a desk with solemn expressions on their faces, inspecting a map of the Norland Continent.

After a prolonged period of silence, Novan sighed. “The re-signing of the peace treaty in three months most likely won’t progress very smoothly. Alex isn’t dead, and he killed Benson as well as six other 10th-tier beings from the demon, orc, and forest troll races. Even though they’ve been dealt a heavy blow, their alliance won’t be willing to swallow this bitter pill.”

“No, what we have to worry about right now isn’t them; it’s what he thinks,” Michael said as he slammed his hand onto the word “Rodu” on the map.

...

The restaurant suddenly fell silent, and all of the elves stared at Mag with incredulity in their eyes.

The restaurant owner who had just provided them with an unparalleled culinary experience was now also going to be looking after them?

They had suffered a horrendous ordeal at the hands of the demons, and even though Princess Irina saved them in the end, she had only guaranteed that no one from the Wind Forest would hunt them down again.

But why was this restaurateur, an ordinary human, offering to help them? And how was he going to help them?

Blour and Sally were also staring at Mag with unadulterated shock in their eyes. Boss Mag was undeniably a good person, but he was also most definitely not someone who liked to attract trouble, so why was he suddenly offering to take care of these elves? Could it be that he had some kind of brilliant plan in mind?

Uncle Mag really is a good person. Anna stared at Mag and recalled that night at the entrance of the restaurant. Mag was far from the most powerful being on the scene, yet he had been the first one to charge out of the restaurant while wilding his chef's knife.

Indeed, Mag wasn't someone who liked to attract trouble. Even though he was very sympathetic toward these elves, working overtime and cooking this meal for all these elves was already the extent of what he was willing to do. As for where these elves were going to be settled in Chaos City, that was not his concern.

However, after hearing that Irina had been the one to save them, those words suddenly slipped out of his mouth. Mag looked at all of the astonished eyes that were fixed on him, and he heaved an internal sigh. Seeing as he had already made a promise, he was going to see this through to the end.

Thus, he turned to Blour and Sally, and said, "I have a few connections in the city lord's castle; perhaps I can get them to provide us with some assistance. If all of you want to settle permanently in Chaos City, you'll be able to receive protection from the city lord's castle and the Gray Temple if you become legal citizens of the city."

"We can become citizens of Chaos City?"

All of the elves' eyes lit up upon hearing this. They had heard some stories about Chaos City, depicting it to be safe haven for elves where they didn't have to worry about being attacked and hunted by demons. However, due to the pressure that the Wind Forest was exerting on Chaos City, it had become exceedingly difficult for elves to become citizens here.

But now, Mag was claiming that he could organize for them to become citizens of the city; this was undoubtedly fantastic news for them.

"Can you really do that?" Blour was also elated to hear this. He had considered getting the elven embassy to arrange citizenship for all of the these elves, but in that case, Yngwie and the entire embassy would be seen as the enemies of the elven race, and it had yet to be seen whether the embassy would even be able to organize citizenship for the elves in the first place.

However, if Mag could correspond directly with the city lord's castle to organize a place for the elves in Chaos City, then that would undoubtedly be the best solution.

Mag nodded with a smile, and said, "I'm not sure if I'll succeed, but I'll do my best."

"Thank you." Blour rose to his feet and extended a deep bow toward Mag.

All of the other elves also rose to their feet and followed suit in order express their gratitude toward this human who they'd only just met, yet had provided them with an incredibly delicious meal, and was now going out of his way to help them.

"There's no need to thank me, everyone. My daughter is a half-elf, so we're all friends here." Mag smiled as he said, "Let's go to the city lord's castle now. I have limited space here, so I won't be able to accommodate all of you; perhaps the city lord's castle will have a better solution."

"Alright." Blour nodded in response.

Mag then turned to Sally, and said, "Aisha, Amy is still asleep upstairs. If you don't mind, can you look after her for me? If you're tired, you can sleep here tonight as well."

Sally hesitated momentarily as she looked into Mag's earnest eyes, but she nodded in the end, and replied, "I can do that."

"Anna, you go back to bed as well. Uncle Blour will come to pick you up tomorrow." Mag stroked Anna's hair with a smile on his face. It was quite cold outside, and both he and Blour were going to be quite busy, so it was best for her to stay at the restaurant for one more night.

"Alright, Uncle Mag." Anna nodded obediently before latching onto Sally's hand and giving her a warm smile.

"Thanks for your hard work," Mag said to Babla with a smile on his face. Babla's spatial magic had made the serving process a lot more efficient tonight. It appeared that the more customers there were, the more her abilities would come in useful.

Babla wore an indifferent expression on her face, but the corners of her lips perked up ever so slightly as she turned around, and said, "If there's nothing else for me to do, then I'm going back upstairs to read my book."

Blour leaned down with a smile on his face, and said, "Goodnight, Anna; I'll come to pick you up tomorrow."

"It's a promise, then," Anna said with a serious look on her little face.

"For sure." Blour nodded in response.

Mag led the elves out of the restaurant, and headed directly toward the city lord's castle.

The group of around 100 elves naturally drew a lot of attention from the passersby on the streets, and everyone was wondering when so many elven beggars had appeared in Chaos City.

Blour wasn't traveling with the rest of the elves. Instead, he was walking along quite a distance away to avoid having any connections drawn between him and these elves.

The city lord's castle was still brightly lit by the time the group arrived, and the guards outside the gates all wore tense expressions while placing their hands on the hilts of their longswords at the sight of such a large mob approaching the castle.

“Wait here for me for now.” Mag indicated for everyone to stop before hurrying over to the guards alone.

“Greetings, Boss Mag. Why have you come to the city lord’s castle at such a late hour? And who are those elves?” The leader of the guards was quite relieved to see that Mag was the one leading the group. He had been one of the guards present during the conference between the dragon and the demons held at Mamy Restaurant, and after that, he’d become a loyal customer of Mamy Restaurant, heading over for a roujiamo whenever he had some spare time on his hands.

“I have something to report to the city lord in person, so I hope you can report this matter to him.” Mag had naturally also recognized this leader of the guards as a regular customer at the restaurant, but seeing as this was an official setting, he didn’t try to use this personal relationship between restaurant owner and customer to his advantage.

“Alright, please wait for a moment; I’ll inform the city lord right away.” The guard leader nodded before quickly departing. The city lord had issued orders that if Mag were to visit the city lord’s castle, the city lord had to be immediately informed.

Chapter 817 Chaos City Will Protect Them

“Oh? Boss Mag has come to our city lord’s castle with over 100 disheveled elves? Could it be that this has something to do with the incident that took place in the Wind Forest a couple of days ago? But Boss Mag only arrived back in Chaos City today; how has he gotten himself involved with these elves?” A hint of surprise appeared on Michael’s face after hearing the guard leader’s report, and he turned to Novan as he asked, “What do you think, Novan?”

“Mr. Mag is both a kind and courageous man, so I’m not at all surprised that he’s involved himself in this matter,” Novan immediately replied.

Michael faltered slightly upon hearing this before a smile appeared on his face, and he instructed, “Take Mr. Mag to the side hall. It’s quite cold out there tonight, so get the elves to have a seat in the western hall first, and prepare some tea for them.”

“Yes.” The guard leader quickly departed.

“Thanks for your hard work, Novan. You’re really busy with all the things going on in Chaos School at the moment; I really shouldn’t have asked you to go on this trip,” Michael said in an apologetic manner.

“You’re far more busy than I am, so you certainly can’t go, and we definitely can’t count on Rolan, so who else could’ve gone aside from me?” Novan shook his head with a resigned look on his face before asking, “The feasibility of the railway and steam train still hasn’t been verified yet; are you sure you want to organize so many people to promote it?”

Michael smiled as he replied, “Didn’t we decide that if we want to bring true peace to Chaos City, we have to get rid of the concept of borders? During the past 100 years of hard work, Chaos City had mostly managed to accomplish this. However, if we want to promote this concept in the entire Norland Continent, the best course of action available to us would be to make the territories of other races more accessible, thereby allowing all beings on the continent to familiarize themselves with the territories and

cultures of other races. That's the most important step to uniting the continent under a banner of peace."

Novan's brows were furrowed slightly as he listened with a contemplative look on his face.

"Think about it, if humans, elves, demons, giant dragons... All types of beings are crammed into the same train carriage to embark on a journey together, and this becomes a regular occurrence all over the continent, won't that be the best way to allow different races to come together? On top of that, doesn't this concept remind you of something?" Michael continued as he looked at Novan.

Novan's eyes immediately lit up as he said, "Mamy Restaurant!"

"That's right! Boss Mag's genius truly astounds me. Perhaps he understands the true meaning of peace better than we do." Michael sighed with a smile on his face.

"It is indeed quite fortunate for our Chaos City that he wishes to stay here." Novan nodded with an earnest expression.

"I think it's time we become more daring and ambitious as well. Chaos City can no longer just act as a neutral entity and detach itself from the rest of the world a symbol of peace; we have to start taking some initiative in order to bring about the changes we want to see," Michael said with a solemn expression.

"Are you referring to that?" Novan turned to Michael with a surprised look.

"We can start there." Michael nodded in response.

...

After all of the elves were organized into the western hall, Mag nodded with a content expression before following a guard toward the side hall.

"Congratulations on receiving the best dish award at the royal banquet, even though I don't think it was ever in doubt." Michael's boisterous voice sounded outside the door not long after Mag had taken a seat.

Mag looked up just in time to see Michael walking into the room, and he smiled as he rose to his feet. "You're far too kind, City Lord."

"Take a seat." Michael sat down in the chair beside Mag, and asked, "Why have you come to visit me at this hour?"

Mag really enjoyed the straightforward manner in which Michael spoke. He immediately began to recount to Michael the horrific experiences that the elves had suffered at the hands of demon and orc mercenaries.

Michael listened with a dark expression and tightly clenched fists, seemingly willing himself to repress his own fury.

"These elves claim to have been saved by the elven princess, and one of my customers brought them to my attention. Almost the exact same thing has happened right outside my restaurant once, and on that

occasion, five-year-old Anna lost her grandfather. Prior to that, her parents had already passed away.” Mag looked at Michael with an earnest expression, and said, “I don’t have the power to stop all this from happening, nor am I able to punish those who benefit from these heinous deals, but I hope that our Chaos City can accept and protect them as citizens of the city.”

“I’ve heard a lot about the situation you’re talking about already. Chaos City has accepted some of these elves in the past, but due to the pressure exerted on us by the Wind Forest, we’ve been forced to adopt a more neutral stance regarding this matter.” Michael nodded as he said in a grim voice, “However, I didn’t think that there was such a sinister chain of events taking place behind the scenes. Even though this is a civil conflict within the elven race, the demons and orcs are clearly in the wrong for taking advantage of the situation in order to benefit themselves. The incident that took place in Chaos City last month has been a real wake-up call for me, and I’ve already established a few bases outside Chaos City. If those mercenaries dare to target any of the elven inhabitants of Chaos City, then they’ll be punished by the laws of our city.”

Mag nodded upon hearing this. As the city lord of a neutral city, Michael couldn’t afford to completely go against the will of the elven race, but at the very least, he was still striving to protect the inhabitants of his city, and that was quite uplifting for Mag to see.

“The same thing has happened over and over again right under our noses. I truly feel ashamed of the decision I made 10 years ago.” A self-critical expression appeared on Michael’s face as he clenched his fists, and said, “After a verification process, these elves will become citizens of and receive protection from Chaos City. The children of suitable age among them will be enrolled into Chaos School, and those above that age range will be given jobs so they can settle in Chaos City. I’ll receive a public announcement tomorrow, stating that all elves in need of protection can come to Chaos City. Chaos City will protect them!”

“That’s the Chaos City I know and love. Thank you.” Mag rose to his feet before extending a deep bow toward Michael.

“I also thank you for choosing Chaos City on behalf of our entire city.” Michael also responded with an earnest bow of his own.

Both of them then smiled as they looked at one another.

“Men sure are strange,” Vivian murmured to herself as she looked at the two people in the room through the window, “But that man really does seem like a good person. Even though he already has a daughter, if Luna really likes him...”

“Let’s go and visit the elves. I hope they quickly come to love our Chaos City as well.” Michael led the way out the door.

Mag followed closely behind him, yet just as he was about to leave the hall, he caught sight of a figure disappearing in a flash through the window.

“Vivian is just as cheeky as ever. She always likes to eavesdrop on my conversations, but she bears no ill will, and she won’t reveal what we talked about to anyone,” Michael said with a dotting smile on his face.

Chapter 818 System, Get Me Out of Here!

Mag smiled and nodded, and as he looked at the smile on Michael's face, he felt as if he were looking at himself in the future when Amy became all grown-up. Regardless of whether she grew up or not, she'd always be a child in his heart.

Michael paid a visit to the elves and welcomed them to Chaos City in person, informing them that the city lord's castle would help them settle in this city.

All of the elves wept for joy, and they bowed over and over again toward Michael and Mag to express their gratitude.

Mag looked at the tears on the children's faces with a heavy heart. He could help these children settle in Chaos City, but there were still countless elves living in the same nightmare that those elves had just been freed from.

However, with Michael's promise, it was most likely that more and more elves would come to Chaos City for refuge, thereby reducing the instances of similar tragedies.

Mag followed the workers from the city lord's castle to the residential area where the elves were going to be settled, and when he finally emerged from the city lord's castle again, it was already midnight. Michael insisted on getting someone to transport him back to the restaurant via a horse-drawn carriage. After disembarking from the carriage, Mag thanked the driver before making his way toward the restaurant.

There was still a small lit lamp left within the restaurant to light the way for him, and he tore the notice off the door before carefully entering the restaurant.

After locking the doors, Mag crept silently upstairs and opened the door to his room, which was slightly ajar. Amy and Anna were sleeping on the little bed, and Sally had already fallen asleep on his bed.

Mag looked at the smile on Sally's smiling face, and he shook his head with a smile of his own. It was quite apparent that the journey she had just undertaken had truly exhausted her. Otherwise, she wouldn't have fallen asleep on his bed.

His gaze trailed down her legs, which were sheathed in skin-colored stockings, and his eyes settled on the pair of black leather shoes on her feet. It appeared that she had only intended to take a small nap, which was why she had neglected to take off her shoes. However, Mag simply couldn't bear to wake her up. After standing beside the bed with a hesitant look on his face for a long while, he finally extended his hands toward her long and slender legs.

10 minutes later, Mag heaved a long sigh of relief, and he stood up from the bedside, but his legs were feeling a little weak.

During the past few minutes, he learned that it was not an easy task to remove a woman's shoes without alerting her to what he was doing.

Mag looked at the shoes in his hands, and shook his head with a resigned expression. This was the first time that he'd done something like this.

Even though Sally hadn't woken up, she seemed to have sensed that her feet were no longer being restricted, and she rolled over before curling up slightly, withdrawing her feet from the side of the bed

as she did so. As a result, her qipao tightened around her body and her long legs, creating a rather seductive scene under the dim light of the lap.

However, Mag remained unfazed as he gently pulled the blanket on the bed over her body, and then tucked the blankets around Amy and Anna under them in a more secure manner. He stood by their bedside and looked at them with a dotting smile before pulling out a set of pajamas and a chef's suit from the closet, and then carefully tiptoeing out the door.

After brushing his teeth, Mag went downstairs and bartered with the system for a while before purchasing a blanket, and then settling down behind the counter for the night.

It's been a while since I released a new dish; perhaps it's time I learned to make stinky tofu. Mag looked at the shimmering golden experience bag in the corner of his mind in a hesitant manner for a while, but refrained from opening it in the end. Instead, he asked internally, "System, can I purchase a gas mask in the trial space? I can't even bear the smell of stinky tofu from afar, let alone make it at close quarters. On top of that, I might have to repeat the process countless times; I may literally suffocate to death from the smell alone!"

"The trial space is not actually a physical space, so gas masks cannot be brought into it. Furthermore, as a chef, it's important to be able to constantly smell what you're making as the nose is one of the most useful tools a chef possesses. If you can't even do that, then you're not fit to be a chef.

"Only by experiencing the different degrees of putridity firsthand can a chef gauge the ideal level of stinkiness to make the perfect stinky tofu. I'm quoting directly from a Weibo post that you released after passing by a stinky tofu stall in your past life."

The system was clearly taking pleasure in Mag's misfortune.

"I..." Mag opened his mouth, but he was at a loss for words. How could the system use his words against him? Besides, he couldn't even recall that Weibo post, so it had to have been something that he'd written on a whim!

"Then I'm not going to learn it!" Mag said with a disdainful roll of his eyes.

"If you choose not to learn how to make stinky tofu and are unable to successfully produce stinky tofu, then the system will terminate your path to becoming the God of Cookery due to personal reasons." The system's voice became rather stern as it spoke.

"So what?"

"Once your path to becoming the God of Cookery is terminated, you'll be erased from this world. At the same time, due to the fact that you've already perished in your original world, you would truly cease to exist."

"F*ck!" Mag furrowed his brows as he clicked open the shimmering golden experience bag. A vast stream of information surged into his mind, following which he attained the experience of a stinky tofu master chef.

"Huh, so stinky tofu isn't actually cooked using sh*t," Mag murmured to himself with a surprised look on his face before continuing to process the influx of information.

“I can tell how horrendous this is going to smell just by looking at the cooking process...” Mag made his way into the kitchen with a suicidal expression, and then downed a glass of ice water to strengthen his resolve. After that, he returned to the lounge chair, draped the blanket over himself, closed his eyes, and opened the doors of the test field for the God of Cookery.

Compared to tofu pudding, making stinky tofu required far more complex procedures. Just the brine alone required several steps to make, and even after the enhancements the system had made to the process to make it more efficient, it still required three days to make one batch of brine.

As for the production of tofu, that was the easiest part of the challenge for Mag. The process was quite similar to that of making tofu pudding, with only a few slight changes to some of the steps, so he'd be able to master it in no time.

Due to the fact that time was accelerated in the test field for the God of Cookery, Mag's first batch of brine was soon ready. He arched his back and lifted the lid with a reluctant expression on his face.

Even though he was already mentally prepared, he discovered that he had still significantly underestimated just how putrid the brine would be in the instant that he removed the lid. The abhorrent odor struck him like a sledgehammer, causing him to stumble backward until his back hit the wall behind him, dropping the lid in his hand in the process.

This was an indescribably putrid odor, one that surely even an exploding sewage pipe couldn't compare with. It was as if all of the putrid odors in the world had been combined, and then exploded in unison.

“Holy f*ck!!! System, get me out of here! I don't want to become some bullsh*t God of Cookery anymore!!!” Mag yelled as he slammed the wall and pinched his nose with all his might.

“After entering the test field for the God of Cookery, you'll only be able to exit after you've mastered the dish or after 365 days have passed,” the system refused in a calm voice.

“F*ck!!!”

Mag's face was turning red from oxygen deprivation, so he was forced to draw in a breath. As soon as the putrid odor entered his nose, his face turned deathly pale, and he passed out on the spot.

After a long while, Mag finally crawled up from the ground with a suicidal expression, and then made his way over to the pot of brine like a zombie. He looked at the black substance within the pot, and a ferocious look appeared in his eyes as he picked up a ladle before downing a mouthful of brine.

Chapter 819 Did You and Big Sister Aisha Sleep Together?

“What are you doing? This is the test field for the God of Cookery; drinking brine to commit suicide won't work here!” the system yelled in a panicked manner.

The cold and ferocious look in Mag's eyes was quite unsettling even to the system.

Much to Mag's surprise, the putrid brine was unexpectedly gentle on the tongue, and the stinky odor gradually disappeared, leaving behind a rich aroma that spread over his palate. The aroma didn't belong to any ingredient or condiment, but was completely unique instead, and it was particularly rich and tasteful having been fermented for so long.

“Gulp.”

Mag swallowed the mouthful of brine, and its unique flavor lingered in his mouth for a long time before finally dissipating.

“So this is what it tastes like...” Mag slowly opened his eyes as a surprised look appeared on his face.

Stinky tofu was one of the foods that were on his taboo list, and he’d never understood how anyone in the world could bear to stomach such a foul-smelling dish.

However, the mouthful of brine he’d just tasted had completely changed his impression of stinky tofu. What kind of flavor combination would result from this rich brine and tofu? Mag was starting to look forward to this new creation.

After the rich flavor dissipated, the putrid odor wafting through the air struck Mag again, and even though he didn’t spring back like last time, he still couldn’t help but take a step backward. He resisted the urge to take another sip of brine just to escape this horrible smell, and closed his eyes to calm down. He tried to truly inhale the odor in the air in an attempt to pinpoint the rich aroma he’d identified earlier, and then focused on that particular aroma.

When he opened his eyes again, the smell in the air didn’t seem to be as abhorrent as before. Even though it still wasn’t a good smell by any stretch of imagination, it was bearable at the very least.

The complex cooking process meant that he’d have to spend more time to perfect every step, and he also had to ensure that all of the steps connected with each other seamlessly.

This meant that there was also more potential for error.

“No good!”

“No.”

“It’s still a little off.”

...

Mag wallowed in the putrid odor, and continued to make stinky tofu like a madman while the system rejected him over and over again.

He had already forgotten the putrid odor as his nose was dissecting the aroma in the air, trying to break it down into its individual constituents before finding the best combination.

...

Beep, beep... Beep, beep...

Sally was woken up by a strange sound at 5 am, but she didn’t want to open her eyes as she lay under her warm and comfortable blanket. She had never felt so comfortable before, and it was as if she’d sunk deep into a cotton ball.

Wait... This is...!!!

Sally abruptly opened her eyes as she looked around at her surroundings, which were familiar yet alien at the same time, and her eyes gradually widened.

A thought then occurred to her, and she abruptly turned around, heaving a sigh of relief when she discovered that there was no one lying next to her on the large bed.

She then swept her blanket aside to find that she was still wearing her clothes and stockings from the day before. Her qipao was a little creased and disheveled, but that was only normal seeing as she'd slept an entire night in it.

Only then did Sally completely relax as she recalled the events that had unfolded the night before. After tucking Anna into bed, she'd planned to lie down on Mag's bed to take a rest, but she was so tired that she slept all the way until morning.

Sally immediately blushed as the fact that this was Mag's bed dawned on her. Who would've thought that she would sleep an entire night on a man's bed!

Wait... I feel like I was wearing my shoes when I lay down yesterday, so why... Sally turned to discover a pair of black leather shoes placed neatly beside the bed.

Could it be... Sally suddenly recalled that she'd dreamed of ants crawling over her feet the night before, and the recollection made her blush deepen even further.

She knew that Mag wasn't the type of person to take advantage of her, so he'd most likely taken off her shoes so she could have a better night's sleep. However, the thought of a man taking off her shoes and touching her feet in the process still filled her with humiliation and anger.

"Huh? Why are you here, Big Sister Aisha? Where's Father?"

Amy had just been roused by the alarm, and she turned to Sally with a confused look on her face.

"Did you not go back last night, Big Sister Aisha? Did you sleep with Uncle Mag?" Anna also sat up before turning to Sally with a curious look.

Ugly Duckling was doing his best not to fall off the bed, but it was also staring at Sally with wide eyes.

Sally looked back at the curious trio, and a panicked look that completely belied her usual calm and aloof demeanor appeared on her face. She hurriedly waved her hands, and explained, "It's not what you think."

"Wow! This is the first time something like this has happened!" Amy jumped down from the bed, and then rushed over to the larger bed. She picked up a corner of her blanket with a curious look on her face, and asked, "So where's Father hiding? Huh? He's not under the blanket."

"Perhaps under the bed?"

"He's not under the bed, either," Anna replied with a shake of her head.

Ugly Duckling rushed over to the closet in an excited manner before pawing at the closet's doors.

Amy and Anna immediately rushed over to the closet and flung open its doors, only to find that there was nothing in there aside from piles of neatly folded clothes.

“He’s not in here, either.”

Both Amy and Anna were looking rather disappointed.

“Phew...”

Sally heaved a sigh of relief before she realized what was happening, and she was suddenly struck by a sense of exasperation. Why did she feel as if she’d just dodged a bullet? Nothing had happened! So why did she feel like a naughty child who had been caught doing something wrong?

“It’s alright, Big Sister Aisha, we haven’t found Father, but we refuse to believe that nothing happened between the two of you,” Amy consoled.

“I heard from a storyteller that some things will happen when a man and a woman lie down on the same bed, but grandpa always covered my ears when the storyteller reached that part in the story. However, I’m sure it’s something quite important,” Anna chimed in with a nod of her head.

Sally looked on at the two little girls with her mouth slightly agape, and she suddenly felt as if there was no way that she could talk her way out of this situation.

“Don’t worry, Big Sister Aisha. If you don’t want other people to know, then we’ll keep this a secret,” Amy said with a smile before putting on her slippers and running downstairs. After reaching the bottom of the staircase, she just so happened to bump into Mag, and she immediately asked, “Father, did you sleep with Big Sister Aisha?”

Chapter 820

Big Sister Aisha, Did You Sleep With Boss?

“Huh?”

Mag had just re-emerged from the test field for the God of Cookery, and he hadn’t even really come to his senses before such a spontaneous question was thrown at him.

He looked at the curious Amy, as well as Anna, who was just coming down the stairs, and he finally realized what had to have happened. The two girls must’ve discovered Sally sleeping on his bed, and then jumped to some premature conclusions.

Considering the terrible outcome that a misunderstanding of this nature could lead to, Mag hurriedly shook his head with a smile, and replied, “Of course not. I went out to do something last night, so I asked Big Sister Aisha to stay behind and look after the two of you. After I came back, I slept on this chair for an entire night, so I didn’t sleep with Aisha.”

“I see.” Amy was rather disappointed at the sight of the blanket draped over the lounge chair.

“Big Sister Aisha tucked me into bed yesterday, and she must’ve fallen asleep as well because she was too tired,” Anna chimed in with a nod and a sympathetic look on her face.

“Alright, I have no choice but to believe this, then.” Amy nodded before turning to Mag with a curious expression as she asked, “What are we having for breakfast, Father?”

Anna also turned to Mag with anticipation in her eyes upon hearing this.

“You can order anything you like from the menu, and I’ll make it for you.” Mag heaved an internal sigh of relief. Thankfully, Amy was a little foodie who was easily distracted by food. He could only hope that she would’ve already forgotten about this by the time they met Irina again.

Upstairs, Sally was adjusting her clothes while walking out of the room. Her cheeks were still quite flushed, and her mind felt quite fuzzy. She’d never been in a situation like this before, and she didn’t know what kind of strange things the two little girls were going to say, so she had to go and stop them.

“Clack...”

Sally had just emerged from the room when the door of the room across from this one also opened, and Babla emerged as she rubbed her bleary eyes. Their eyes met, and both of them instantly froze on the spot.

Babla’s eyes roamed over Sally’s disheveled hair and clothes, then settled on her flushed cheeks, and her eyes gradually widened as if she’d just discovered an unspeakable secret.

Sally looked on as Babla’s eyes gradually widened, and she was only growing more flustered as she scrambled for a way to explain herself.

The two of them stood across from each other, and the atmosphere was quickly becoming very awkward.

After a long while, Babla finally broke the silence as she asked in a quiet voice, “Big Sister Aisha, did you sleep with Boss?”

Sally had a mental breakdown...

...

Mag was finally able to resolve this fiasco after vehemently and truthfully denying the notion that he’d slept with Sally. However, the atmosphere at the breakfast table was still rather awkward,

Sally, who sat across from Mag, ate her fried rice with her head lowered. She had already reverted back to her normal calm expression, but she was still avoiding Mag’s gaze.

Amy and Anna were completely immersed in their food and eating to their hearts’ content, but Babla was a different story. She was staring at Mag and Sally with a judgmental look on her face, trying to identify any signs that were even slightly suspicious.

Thus, the usual cheerful atmosphere at the breakfast table was absent, being a little gloomy and subdued instead.

Yabemiya was eating a roujiamo, and she’d also clearly noticed the strange atmosphere. Her golden dragon tail swished behind her in a slightly nervous manner as she asked, “What happened? Why are you all so quiet?”

“Last night, Big Sister Aisha—”

Amy, who had just swallowed her mouthful of tofu pudding, was about to say something, but she was cut off by Mag. “Aisha came back quite late last night, and even though she already had some sleep,

she's still a little tired. Today is the first day of our restaurant's reopening, so we might be quite busy; please mentally prepare yourselves."

Mag didn't know what Amy was going to say, but he wanted to stamp out this rumor as effectively as possible. Otherwise, if it were to spread, disastrous consequences could result.

"That's right, Big Sister Aisha came back really late last night, and Anna says that she brought back many elves with her. Big Sister Aisha is a hero." Amy turned to Sally with admiration in her eyes.

"It's really great that Aisha's finally back. We've been so worried about you." Yabemiya also turned to Sally with a smile on her face. She'd been constantly feeling a little uneasy during the past few days when Sally had been away.

"Indeed, we're very glad to have you back." Mag nodded with a smile.

Seeing the concern in Yabemiya's eyes and the gentle smile on Mag's face, Sally was feeling a little better. Besides, she already knew that Mag wasn't the type of person who would take advantage of her, and that he'd clearly only taken off her shoes so she could sleep more comfortably, so there was no reason for her to continue to feel so awkward. With that in mind, she smiled and nodded as she said, "It's good to be back."

The awkward atmosphere melted away with Sally's smile, but there was still a slightly peculiar look in Sally's eyes as she looked at Mag.

After breakfast, the restaurant was finally open for business again. Two long lines had appeared outside well in advance, amounting to a total of over 100 customers eagerly awaiting a meal.

"Thank heavens Boss Mag is back. I was this close to going to Rodu to find him."

"I know, right? I was worried that the king would force him to stay in the palace as a royal chef. I'm really glad he came back."

"Boss Mag must've intentionally lowered his cooking standards during the royal banquet. Otherwise, with his cooking skills, there's no way that the king would let him come back. If I were the king, I'd make sure that Boss Mag stayed even if I had to lock him up in the palace!"

All of the customers were discussing among each other with excited expressions on their faces; it was quite a rare sight for the sweet and savory factions to be coexisting in harmony like this.

"Who says Boss Mag lowered his cooking standards? My brother-in-law was present at the royal banquet, and he sent me a letter from Rodu yesterday. He says that Boss Mag received the best dish award at the royal banquet, but he refused the king's offer to become the head chef of the royal kitchen. He refused this opportunity that all chefs dream of!" a young man in a set of lavish robes in the line announced, and he was spurred on by the widespread attention he immediately received as he continued, "Do you know what excuse Boss Mag used to reject the king?"

"What was it?"

All of the customers were quite curious.

“Boss Mag told the king that he has a bunch of customers waiting for him back in Chaos City, so he refused this brilliant opportunity and insisted on coming back!” The young man suddenly raised his voice in a vehement manner.

The customers outside all fell silent in unison for a moment before a loud commotion erupted once again.

“Boss Mag gave up on such a fantastic opportunity for our sake! I’m... I’m so touched!”

“Mamy Restaurant for life!”

“Boss Mag really is a good man.”