

## Stay At home 821

### Chapter 821 Different Editions of the Same Story

Emotional resonance was quite a strange phenomenon. Just a short sentence convinced all of the customers that it had been worth waiting for Mag for five days. They were being held in higher regard than even the king, which was an extremely touching notion.

If the same choice were to be placed before them, there was no one who would dare to say that they'd make the same decision.

Soon, the story of how Mag had secured the best dish award at the royal banquet was adapted into many different editions. The contest itself had been quite simple, but the dramatic renditions made it sound as if he'd had to fight his way through countless obstacles before finally rising to the top, clinching the best dish award while standing atop a mountain piled up using the remains of countless chefs.

There was also an edition of the story where Mag had seduced one of the female servants, thereby convincing her to offer his dishes to the king first, which was how he'd managed to make a strong first impression before any of the other chefs.

Mag wanted to find the person who had fabricated that edition of the story and give them a solid slap to the face!

The royal banquet that had taken place in Rodu became the hottest topic among all of the morning customers, and all of them knew that all of the spiced-up stories were merely dramatic renditions. However, the fact of the matter was that Mag was the only chef from Chaos City to be invited to the royal banquet, and he also secured the best dish award. That was a legendary feat in itself, even without the need for any embellishments.

After all, there was no other occasion on the entire continent that could draw so many renowned chefs to one place.

After breakfast, Mag pushed his bicycle out the door; Krassu's breakfast was sitting in the basket of the bicycle. He smiled and greeted all of the customers lining up in front of the restaurant, and was slightly taken aback with how harmoniously the sweet and savory factions were coexisting with each other.

Amy climbed onto the rear seat of the bicycle before turning to everyone as she said, "Do you think you should have sweet tofu pudding for breakfast or savory tofu pudding?"

"Of course it's sweet tofu pudding! Savory tofu pudding is trash!"

"Bullsh\*t! Savory tofu pudding stands at the pinnacle of all appetizer dishes!"

Mag shook his head in a resigned manner while Amy burst into giggles, and he got onto the bike before riding it toward Chaos School.

After returning to the restaurant, the sweet and sour factions were still engaged in a heated argument. There were even some very logical and well-researched points being raised, giving Mag the impression that the feud between the two factions was significantly improving their debating skills.

The restaurant was opened for business, and all of the customers flocked in before making their orders. Perhaps it was due to the fact that they hadn't tasted Mag's food for a few days, but all of them ordered more than they normally would.

This was the first breakfast service since Mag's return, so there were also more customers lining up than usual. As such, Mag was cooking as quickly as he could, and dishes were being prepared and brought out with startling efficiency.

All of the customers were also quite self-aware in that they would immediately pay and leave after having their meals, thereby vacating their seats as quickly as possible for the customers lined up behind them.

By the conclusion of the breakfast service, Mag's wrists were feeling quite sore, and he heaved a long sigh of relief. Cooking for 300 people within 90 minutes was not a simple task for him, even with his current bodily constitution.

However, seeing all of the blissful smiles on the faces of his customers struck him with an immense sense of satisfaction that vindicated all of his efforts.

Mag removed his apron and emerged from the kitchen with a glass of water, while Sally, Yabemiya, and the others cleaned up the restaurant.

At this moment, a burst of knocking sounded, and Mag carried his glass of water over to the door before opening it.

Gloria was standing on the other side of the door in a long blue dress, with her wavy golden locks trailing down her back as usual. She looked up at Mag with a smile, and asked, "Mr. Mag, may I have some of your time?"

"Of course. The restaurant is still being cleaned at the moment, so please take a seat over here, Young Mistress Gloria." Mag was slightly surprised to see Gloria, but he still led her over to the outdoor dining area with a smile on his face.

"I heard that you received the best dish award at the royal banquet; I must congratulate you, Mr. Mag," Gloria said with admiration in her eyes as she took a seat.

"Thank you," Mag replied with a nod before smiling as he asked, "Have you prepared all of the dresses already?"

He had heard from Gloria about her competition with Cyril. Mag would naturally rather see her win as he was far from a fan of this second young master of the Moreton Family.

As Mag currently was, the Moreton Family was still a colossus that he couldn't contend with. In the face of such an immense entity, it would be far wiser to infiltrate it from the inside rather than directly strike it from the outside.

Furthermore, it was not difficult to deduce the reason behind Gloria's visit. After all, she surely hadn't come here just to make small talk with him.

Gloria nodded in response with a proud look on her face. "We have. The tailors are gradually becoming more skilled in their roles, so their efficiency had markedly improved. The first batch of dresses that we

had planned has already been produced, and the high-end dresses were carefully examined multiple times before they were delivered to the customers. The other two styles of dresses will also be officially released tomorrow.”

“That’s fantastic news. As long as quality can be ensured, increasing the rate of production is one of the best ways to improve revenue,” Mag said with an appreciative nod of his head. “If the Blue Suede Textiles Shop is too small in area, perhaps you can think about finding a factory that specializes in this area of production. We’re trying to offer a high-end shopping experience for our customers, so it would not be ideal if the customers were to visit your store, only to find that it resembled a production factory more so than a luxury clothing store.”

A contemplative look appeared on Gloria’s face upon hearing this, and her eyes quickly lit up as she nodded in reply. “I see what you’re saying. I’m going to move all of the tailors and their equipment out of the shop today and give them a more suitable work environment.”

“We’re already deep into fall, so there won’t be a lot of time before these dresses become phased out for winter clothes. During my spare time at Rodu, I drew up two more designs, and I can give them to you now. Regularly releasing new products is a good way for a clothing shop to remain relevant to female consumers,” Mag said before rising to his feet and making his way into the restaurant.

“You drew up two designs in your spare time? That’s amazing!” Gloria’s mouth was slightly agape, and the admiration in her eyes only grew more pronounced as she looked at Mag.

The first three dress designs were absolutely stunning; even the most seasoned tailor might not be able to come up with such brilliant designs. However, Mag was telling her that he’d drawn up two more designs during his spare time in Rodu; that was incredible!

Gloria felt as if she didn’t even need to look at the designs to know that they were definitely quite splendid, and this sense of blind trust surprised even herself.

Mag re-emerged from the restaurant with two rolled-up sheets of A4 paper and a glass of water. He placed the glass of water down in front of Gloria, and then handed the sheets of paper to her with a smile as he said, “These are just a couple of errant designs I drew up; it’s yet to be seen whether they’ll receive a welcome reception.”

“The system made those designs!!!” the system roared.

### **Chapter 822 Long Time No See, Mr. Mag**

The system’s objections were completely ignored by Mag. He’d bought the designs, so he had no qualms claiming them as his own.

As for the system’s human rights, the system wasn’t a human, so it had no such rights.

Gloria carefully untied the string that had bound the two designs before slowly unfurling the sheets of paper.

She was greeted by the sight of a long gray top with a wide folded collar. The garment extended down past the knees with a sash around the waist that would perfectly accentuate the wearer's slender figure, creating a very flattering and fashionable effect.

Even though it was only a two-dimensional design, just the sight of it was enough to mesmerize Gloria.

"It's so beautiful," Gloria praised after finally returning to her senses. Even though she hadn't seen this design being made into actual clothes, she knew from the moment that the design was revealed to her that it would most definitely be very popular among all women.

There was even a split second where she was struck by the impulse to keep this design to herself. How wonderful would it be if she could be the only one to own such a beautiful piece of clothing instead of having to sell it to others?

However, her sense of reason told her that she still had a long way to go if she wanted to become the designated heir of the Moreton Family, and the first step would ensure her victory over Cyril in this contest.

"This is a windbreaker. The design is more three-dimensional, so it can't be produced using silk or other materials with lackluster firmness and structural integrity. As for what specific materials should be used to make it, the tailors will have a better idea of that than I do," Mag cautioned with a smile. He was a complete amateur when it came to tailorship, so he didn't dare to make any executive decisions.

However, Mag was still feeling quite pleased with Gloria's admiring expression. After all, it was difficult not to be happy when such a fine beauty was looking at him in such a manner.

Gloria nodded earnestly, and committed this piece of advice to memory before unfurling the other design with an expectant look in her eyes.

The second design was also for a windbreaker, except the previous one was more refreshing and elegant, yet this black one was more of a bold statement piece. The wide hem and the conspicuous style was also quite appealing, but it wasn't as suitable for her in a stylistic sense.

"Mr. Mag, you really are a genius. Even tailors who've been in the trade for several decades are in awe of your creativity. I'm sure these two windbreakers will stand at the height of fashion leading up winter. I'm sure they'll be revered by all women in Chaos City!" Gloria praised in an earnest manner as she carefully rolled up the two designs again.

"You're far too kind, Young Mistress Gloria." Mag shook his head with a smile. Even though he knew nothing about clothes designs, he did have a good discerning eye. These two windbreakers were of completely different styles, but both of them had their own unique appeal that could satisfy the needs of different women.

After that, Mag spoke with Gloria about the foundation that Luna was founding. Gloria had promised to donate 10% of the Blue Suede Textiles Shop's earnings to the foundation, and Mag had also made the same promise with his ice cream shop. However, he had been too busy lately to actually set this into motion.

"I've already asked the accountant to make some preparations for the donations. At the conclusion of this month, I'm planning to tally up our profits before making a donation to the foundation. After that,

we'll make bulk donations once every season. Due to the fact that this is supposed to be a clothing fund, I would like to ensure that all the money will contribute toward making clothes for the children in need," Gloria said as she looked at Mag.

Mag nodded, and replied, "I can see that you've put a lot of thought into this matter. I also plan to do the same as making bulk seasonal donations will be the easiest way to keep track of things."

"Thank you for your designs, Mr. Mag; I have to find a more suitable workplace for the tailors, then move all of their equipment over, so I'll be taking my leave," Gloria said before departing.

Mag looked on at the departing horse-drawn carriage, and a faint smile appeared on his face. This young mistress had been too afraid to even reveal her features to everyone not long ago, but perhaps she'd become a splendid businesswoman in the future.

Mag was just about to stand up and return to the restaurant when a glossy black horse-drawn carriage approached the restaurant. The carriage stopped in front of the entrance of the restaurant, and Scheer disembarked from it in her usual red dress. She stood at the top step of the carriage, and looked down at Mag with a smile as she greeted, "Long time no see, Mr. Mag."

"Indeed. You look well, Young Mistress Scheer," Mag replied with a smile. Compared to the innocent little white flower that was Gloria, this Young Mistress Scheer was a seasoned thorny rose, and he had to be a lot more careful when dealing with her.

Scheer got down from the horse-drawn carriage with a smile on her face before taking a seat across from Mag. "I heard that King Andre asked you to stay at the palace as the head chef of the royal kitchen, and I was worried for a long time that you'd agreed. I was really relieved to hear that you'd returned to Chaos City. If a genius like you were to be confined in the royal palace as a chef, then that would be a terrible waste."

"Even here in Chaos City, I'm still just a chef, so it's certainly not a terrible waste; I'm merely doing my job," Mag replied with a shake of his head before looking into Scheer's eyes as he asked, "However, a busy woman like you certainly wouldn't have the spare time to visit a chef like me. May I ask about the reason for your visit?"

"Would you make me some breakfast if I told you I came here just to taste your food?" Scheer asked with a smile.

Mag shook his head with a smile, and replied, "The breakfast service is already over. If you'd like some breakfast, then you'll have to come back earlier tomorrow."

"Then let's cut straight to the chase. Regarding the business proposal that you raised before you set off for Rodu, I've already drafted a specific three-way contract. At the same time, Buffett Banks has already established a separate steam operations department, and that department will be solely responsible for everything surrounding the steam engine and steam train projects.

"The city lord's castle has also established a new secret department to correspond with our steam operations department. The two departments will cooperate to research and promote the steam-powered projects, and we aim to construct a useable steam train before the end of the year. What we

need now is technical support from you, Mr. Mag,” Scheer said as she adopted a more serious expression.

Mag was slightly surprised by the efficiency of the Buffett Banks and the city lord’s castle. He hadn’t expected them to set up everything and establish a plan so quickly. After a brief pause for thought, Mag nodded, and replied, “I’ll provide all of the required designs and blueprints after verifying that there are no issues with the contract, and I’ll offer my technical knowledge and skills throughout the entire project.”

“Good. It’s a pleasure to be working with you.” Scheer rose to her feet before extending a hand toward Mag.

“The pleasure is all mine.” Mag also stood up and shook her hand.

Their eyes met, and a smile appeared on both of their faces at the same time. It was a fantastic feeling to be working with smart and straightforward people.

### **Chapter 823 He’d Once Fought Alex to a Draw**

There was a forest on the Norland Continent known as the Norland Eye, and it was widely renowned as the oldest and most beautiful forest on the entire continent. The forest was lush and scenic, and all types of birds were flying between its trees.

The elves who embodied grace and beauty resided here, and they befriended the plant life here with their perfect affinity with nature. Those plants could even assist them in battle, and all of the other races were quite stunned by just how closely connected with nature they were.

Thus, the Tree of Life became the sacred tree of the elven race, and it symbolized the harmonious relationship between nature and the elven race.

However, many of the massive ancient trees had since been felled for wood, and all of the small wooden huts and treehouses in the forest had disappeared. A series of tall spires and majestic palaces took their place, and the stumps of all of the felled trees told a story of tragedy and sorrow.

However, the elves that were traversing through these lavish palaces seemed to pay no heed to all of this, as if they’d already forgotten the sacrifices their forefathers had made to protect this forest.

It had been three days since the elven princess had returned to the forest, and the incident that had taken place outside the Wind Forest that night had not gone unnoticed. The forest was currently rather peaceful, but it was only the calm before the storm.

Within a grand palace, there were several elderly elves gathered together. If any other elves were present, they’d be stunned to find that the leaders of most of the prominent elven families had been gathered here.

“Dammit! How many times has Irina stepped in to foil our plans?! She killed Schubert, she changed the slavery laws, and even the slaves outside the forest have been freed! Does she even consider us when she does all these things? Does she think she’s the queen already?!” a portly elf yelled in an enraged voice, and the folds of fat all over his body tremored with his fury.

“Exactly! Those mercenary teams don’t even dare to deliver slaves to our forest anymore. If things continue like this, our supply of slaves will be completely cut off! I was looking forward to a few more young and beautiful female servants to warm my bed during the upcoming winter,” a tall and thin elf grumbled in agreement.

Many of the elves in the palace wore furious expressions on their faces, and they were all cursing Irina for her “heroic” deeds.

In contrast, the elderly elves sitting in the main seats were quite calm and collected, and they didn’t contribute to the verbal denouncement of Irina. Only their tightly furrowed brows suggested that they were not feeling as placid as they looked.

“That’s enough,” one of the tall and broad elves said in a stern voice, and the palace gradually fell silent as everyone turned their eyes toward him.

“What should we do, Master Borg?” an elf asked in a quiet voice as he looked at the tall and broad elf with a hint of fear in his eyes.

Borg Sette was the grand elder of the Sette Family and the number one war god of the elven race. During the war among species, he’d led the elven armies to many famous victories, and his influence among the elven race was second only to that of the elven queen. In the hearts of his personal guards, he was even more important than the queen herself, and there were rumors going around that his powers were close to comparable to the elven queen’s.

There was also a rumor circulating that the elven queen might have sustained severe injuries during the war among species, which was why she was in seclusion for most of the year. In that case, Borg was very likely to currently be the most powerful being of the elven race.

Irina had always been seen as the successor to the elven queen, which made sense considering she was the queen’s daughter.

However, Irina was extremely abrasive and extremely opposed to the new social hierarchy being implemented in the elven race.

She had always been trying to overthrow this new social system, and that made all of the elves who were benefiting from this new social model quite anxious. However, it would undoubtedly be the case that Irina possessed insane aptitude, and with the elven queen on her side, no one dared to do anything.

Three years ago, she’d given birth to Alex’s child, and this scandal was the catalyst for these elves to come out and try and shake Irina’s position.

Some elves tried to champion purer candidates as the heir to the elven queen. For example, Helena’s faction had been searching for a suitable candidate to replace Irina this entire time.

Meanwhile, there was also a small group of more radical elves that pinned their hopes on Borg.

Borg was only around 600 years old, so he was only just past the halfway mark of an elf’s lengthy 1000-year-long lifespan. If he could become the elven king, then no changes had to be made, and they could do whatever they wanted with reckless abandon.

The Sette Family was the most powerful family in the elven race, and they also received the largest number of slaves per year. Borg was also quite fond of picking his own slaves, and it was said that at least one young female elven slave was killed in the Sette Family per day.

Borg cast his gaze toward the elves before him, and said in a grim voice, "What Irina is doing has already posed a major threat to our way of life and shaken our control over the elven race. If we don't crush her, then more and more incidents of a similar nature will take place. The forest that we fought so hard to protect and the families we worked tirelessly to establish will become a pile of loose sand once again. When that time comes, our families will be plunged into eternal torment and pain again."

The atmosphere in the palace gradually grew graver and tenser, and all of the elves had fury burning in their eyes.

"We must protect the new social hierarchy with our lives!" an elf urged through gritted teeth.

"Irina is a maverick princess. She gave birth to a human's child, and she slew the mercenary squads that we hired. She released the traitors that we worked so hard to capture, and she poses a major threat to all of our families. That is not something that we can accept, so we must do something about it," Borg said in a cold voice as a frosty look flashed through his eyes.

All of the elves were spurred on by his words, and the atmosphere became quite heated. They had envisioned this scenario in their hearts countless times, but Schubert's death was like a bucket of cold water that had abruptly doused the flames in their hearts. However, now that Borg was stepping forward to oppose Irina, the flames in everyone's hearts were reignited.

"But we received news from Rodu not long ago stating that Alex is still alive. Not only that, but he slew six 10th-tier powerful beings, including Benson..." the leader of the Brewster Family, Elliot, said in a hesitant voice.

His words immediately dampened the fighting spirit of all of the elves present; many of them were quite fearful of the prospect of crossing the legendary man that was Mag Alex.

They did indeed denounce Irina for giving birth to a human's child, but everyone knew that the child's father was someone they couldn't stand against, as he was none other than Mag Alex.

Three years ago, he had been confirmed to be dead, but he had reappeared just two days ago before slaying six 10th-tier powerful beings, including the patriarch of the Spatial Demons, Benson. It was nothing if not an emphatic announcement of his return.

Seeing as Alex was alive, and had saved Irina's life two days ago, who knew if he would appear in the Wind Forest as well if they were to try and target Irina now?

Thus, the entire palace fell silent again as everyone looked to Borg for a decision.

Four years ago, he had once fought Alex to a draw.

**Chapter 824 Next Time, I'll Make Sure He Dies...**



“Alex is not someone who’s worthy of fear. Even if he’s still alive, that won’t affect our plans in any way.” Borg looked at everyone with a nonchalant expression, and said, “Back when I fought him four years ago, I intentionally held back as I didn’t want to embarrass the father of Irina’s child. Even if he managed to survive the assassination three years ago, he would’ve definitely sustained severe injuries, so he won’t even be as powerful as he once was.”

“Master Borg is the war god of our elven race, while Alex is only a human who’s in his thirties; how could he possibly compare with Master Borg?”

“So Master Borg was intentionally holding back! Hmph, and to think that Alex was boasting about his own undefeated record for so many years; what a shameless fool!”

Many of the elves in the palace were reinvigorated upon hearing this, and they all heaped praise on Borg, but there were a few elves who appeared to be rather skeptical.

Did Borg really hold back during that battle four years ago? I clearly recall that he appeared to be struggling, while Alex looked like he was barely breaking a sweat... Elliot turned to Borg with a bemused look. He was one of the bystanders who had spectated the aforementioned battle, and Alex’s immense power had left a strong impression in his mind. In fact, he couldn’t even understand why that battle had ended in a draw as opposed to a victory for Alex.

The leader of the Baibillys, Vincent, also wore a skeptical look in his eyes, but his expression remained unchanged as he also showered praise on Borg along with all of the other elves.

Borg raised a hand to silence everyone, and then said in a solemn voice, “Schubert and Cobil have been killed by Irina for no reason. Even though she’s the elven princess, she will be renounced by the Goddess of Life for taking the lives of her brethren in such a cruel and unwarranted manner. I’ve decided that during the ceremony to be held in three days, I’m going to advise the panel of elders to abolish Irina’s position as princess and make her pay the price she should pay for mercilessly slaughtering her brethren.”

The palace was silent for a moment following this announcement before one of the elves threw his hands up into the air, and yelled, “Abolish Irina! Avenge Schubert and Cobil!”

“Abolish Irina!”

“I’ll be voting to abolish Irina as well!”

All of the elves raised their hands up high into the air and yelled in unison with deranged looks in their eyes. If they could abolish Irina as the elven princess, and then disable her as a punishment for killing Schubert and Cobil, that would spell the end of their days spent in uneasiness and uncertainty.

Elliot remained silent throughout this entire process, looking at all of the deranged elves in the palace with a complex look on his face.

All of these elves were leaders of prominent families, so their unanimous decision meant that a massive revolution was about to begin in the elven race.

He didn’t know whether this was a good thing for the elven race, but if Irina were to be abolished as the elven princess, and Borg had no intention of becoming the elven king, then there was a very good

chance that Sally would become the new elven princess. That would undoubtedly be vastly beneficial to the Brewster Family.

However, Elliot certainly wasn't delusional to think that the Brewsters would rise to the top of the Wind Forest because of that. If Borg could disable Irina, who had the support of the queen and was quite powerful in her own right, then even if Sally were to become the elven princess or even the elven queen, she would still be nothing more than a puppet controlled by Borg.

Furthermore, what made him quite uneasy was the news that he had received earlier this morning. If that piece of news were to be confirmed, then the Brewster Family would face a crisis of unprecedented proportions.

Vincent glanced at the concerned Elliot, and a complex look also flashed through his eyes. However, he quickly concealed the hint of indecision on his face before joining in on the raucous cries erupting within the palace.

"Aside from Irina, I heard that there were two other elves who were involved in freeing the elven slaves outside the Wind Forest. If that's true, then they're both traitors of the elven race, and we have to find them and kill them! If they're here in the Wind Forest, then we'll execute them in public to show everyone the price that one will be made to pay for betraying the elven race!" Borg announced in a solemn voice.

"Burn them to death!" all of the elves chanted in unison.

A hint of concern flashed through both Elliot's and Vincent's eyes, but they quickly composed themselves again.

There weren't all that many elves gathered at the palace, and the meeting didn't last very long. After receiving the support of all of the prominent elven family leaders, the meeting concluded, and all of the elves left through the backdoor in order not to attract any attention.

Borg emerged from the palace, and strode through a long corridor on the way to his backyard.

Boris Sette rushed over to him with an excited expression, and asked, "Father, did you really hold back during that battle four years ago, yet still fight Alex to a draw? Does that mean you're already more powerful than the elven queen? Does that mean you're the most powerful being on the entire continent?"

As the leader of the Sette Family, Boris had always been a calm and steadfast figure. However, he was completely unable to maintain his composure on the eve of what was surely going to be a massive revolution in the elven race. If Irina were to be abolished as the elven princess, then the elven race would lose its heir to the throne.

If Boris were already more powerful than the queen, and received widespread support from most of the major families, then he could quite possibly become the first elven king in history.

As Borg's eldest son, the leader of the Sette Family, and a 9th-tier magic caster, it was quite possible that Boris could then become the second elven king in history.

"I once fought Alex, and I stood no chance in that battle," Boris said in a cold voice without even turning his head.

Boris' footsteps immediately faltered, and the excited smile on his face also instantly congealed.

Borg was no match for Benson, yet Benson had just been slain by Alex two days ago in Rodu, along with five other 10th-tier powerful beings.

Boris was immediately struck by a bone-chilling sense of fear, and the glorious future that he'd envisioned was completely shattered.

Borg had lied to all of the elves. During his battle with Alex, it was most likely the case that Alex had been the one to hold back, yet the battle had still only ended in a draw.

Following a brief moment of stunned inactivity, Boris finally came to his senses before rushing over to Borg. He wore a panicked look on his face as he asked, "Father, what are we going to do if Alex comes to the elven race when we try to plot against Irina?"

Borg suddenly stopped before turning to look into Boris' panicked eyes. "Let me ask you this, then. Would you be willing to give up everything you have now and return to the days spent in a cramped little treehouse, where you have to pick wild fruits and hunt for sustenance?"

Boris immediately faltered upon hearing this. He first looked into Boris' grim eyes, then around at the lavish palace around him, and he shook his head without a second thought. However, a hesitant look then appeared on his face as he began, "But—"

A cold smile appeared on Borg's face as he cut off Boris. "Irina wants to abolish the entire social hierarchy that we've established, yet everything you're able to enjoy now is a direct result of this social hierarchy. If we don't get rid of her, then the next one to be killed could be you, and you'll never be able to climb to the top.

"I was no match for Alex four years ago, but..." Boris extended his right hand, and a ball of gray flames erupted from the center of his palm. The flames were emanating a horrifying, bone-chilling aura of death. "Next time, I'll make sure he dies..."

## **Chapter 825 I'll Kill Anyone That Dares to Touch You**

After emerging from the Sette Family's territory, Elliot walked along the path with a heavy heart. A deer-drawn carriage had already been prepared by his servants, but he wanted to walk while he contemplated some matters.

At this moment, a voice suddenly sounded behind him. "Please wait, Family Leader Elliot."

A hint of surprise flashed through Elliot's eyes, but he still stopped in his tracks as he put away his dejected expression. He forced a smile onto his face as he turned around to find Vincent making his way toward him. "Hello, Family Leader Vincent. I didn't get a chance to greet you during the meeting; what a coincidence that we've bumped into each other here."

"It's not a coincidence; I came here to seek you out, Family Leader Elliot," Vincent replied with a shake of his head.

“Oh? What business do you have with me, Family Leader Vincent?” Elliot asked with a surprised expression.

Due to the marriage agreement between Sally and Blour, the relationship between the Brewster Family and the Baibilly Family had become a little awkward.

Elliot was unable to dissuade the elders of the family from establishing this marriage agreement for the sake of the Brewster Family.

However, not long after that, Helena suggested to the queen to make Sally one of the candidates to become the elven princess, and she was also the likeliest candidate to fill the role among all of the chosen ones.

As such, the Brewster Family’s status immediately enjoyed a meteoric rise, making it a family that was comparable to the Baibilly Family. If Sally were to become the elven princess or even the elven queen someday, then the status of the Brewster Family would continue to rise, cementing them as the number one family of the elven race.

Sally had already run away from home as she vehemently opposed this arranged marriage, and the Brewster Family still had yet to track her down.

Due to the fact that she’d become the likeliest candidate to become the elven princess, the elders were no longer forcing her to marry Blour. Instead, they simply wanted to find her and get her to return to the family.

Elliot was naturally very loving and protective toward his only daughter, so he naturally couldn’t bear to see her marry someone she didn’t love. As such, he had wanted to revoke this marriage agreement long ago, but doing so would inevitably create bad blood between the two families, so he didn’t know how to raise the issue with the Baibilly Family.

Even during the meeting earlier, he had been intentionally avoiding Vincent, but who would’ve thought that Vincent would come to him?

Just as Elliot was contemplating how to bring up the matter, Vincent glanced around at their surroundings before taking a step toward him, and then asking in a low voice, “Among the two elves that ambushed the mercenary squad outside the Wind Forest, one of them was Young Mistress Sally, right?”

“Wha...” A stunned look appeared on Elliot’s face, but he quickly recomposed himself before giving a dry chuckle. “Surely you jest, Family Leader Vincent. My daughter has gone to visit her aunt outside the forest recently. Besides, she’s always been quite an obedient girl, so there’s no way she’d do something like that.”

“This is one of the arrows that we found at the scene; I’m sure you’ll be quite familiar with it, Family Leader Elliot,” Vincent said as he pulled a section of an arrow out of his sleeve before offering it to Elliot. There was an elegant “Li” character engraved on the black metal arrowhead[1].

Elliot looked at the arrow in Vincent’s hand, and his expression abruptly changed drastically. This morning, he had received an arrow with the same character engraved onto its head. He had

commissioned a craftsman to craft this batch of custom-made arrows for Sally, and all of them had the same character engraved on them. They were also a unique batch of arrows in the Wind Forest.

All of a sudden, a ball of red flames erupted from Vincent's palm, and the arrowhead was melted into a tiny puddle of molten metal that dripped onto the ground amid a faint sizzling sound.

Elliot was quite taken aback by this development. He had thought that Vincent would use the arrow to blackmail him into supporting Sally's marriage with Blour, or perhaps extort him for even more than that, but who would've thought that Vincent would destroy the arrow right in front of his eyes? A hesitant look appeared on Elliot's face as he asked, "What are your intentions, Family Leader Vincent?"

Vincent waved a hand toward a deer-drawn carriage parked beside them, and he wore a grim look on his face as he said, "Please come with me, Family Leader Vincent. There are some matters that I must speak with you about in private."

Elliot hesitated momentarily, but still nodded and got onto the carriage in the end.

Half an hour later, within a quiet and closed-off room, Elliot stared at Vincent with an incredulous look as he exclaimed, "You're telling me that Sally is in Chaos City, and that the two elves who ambushed the mercenary squad two days ago were none other than her and Blour?"

"That's right. I've received reliable information from Yngwie over at Chaos City that Blour and Young Mistress Sally had taken these elves to Chaos City. There, they were granted residence by the city lord's castle, and an announcement was made, stating that these elves would be protected by the city."

Vincent wore a complex expression as he said, "I only wanted Blour to go out and see the world, but I didn't think that he'd get into so much trouble. Now, our two families are basically in the same boat. If Borg were to hear about this, both of our families would most likely be destroyed."

"You sent him out to see the world? You must've known that Sally was in Chaos City well in advance, right, Family Leader Vincent?" A wry smile appeared on Elliot's face.

An apologetic look appeared in Vincent's eyes as he replied, "Rest assured, Family Leader Elliot. I won't force a marriage between Blour and Young Mistress Sally, but this news will spread sooner or later. Even though they were never seen with the rescued elves, nor did they reveal their identities to those elves, there's always an avenue through which news like this can escape."

Elliot took a moment to compose himself before asking, "What do you suggest?"

A dark expression appeared on Vincent's face as he said, "That Borg is an extremely ambitious man who's aiming to overthrow Her Majesty and replace her as the monarch of the elven race. If he really does become the elven king, and then decide to turn on us, then both our families will be in dire straits. If he really is already more powerful than Alex, then no one will be able to stop him from disabling Irina. When that time comes, whether Her Majesty and Mistress Helena can control the situation will determine the state of the elven race. As such, we should..."

...

"I really am ok, Princess; it's just a little bump, and you already treated it for me. Let me go and cook for you. The sun is so bright today, and the Tree of Life is also really happy... Let's... Let's not go the starry sky cave..."

Within a spacious cave, Firis' face was quite pale as she carefully tugged on the hem of Irina's clothes with a beseeching look on her face.

"No one can touch you as long as I'm still alive." Irina looked at the deathly pale Firis, and thought back to when she'd returned to her cave two days ago. Back then, Firis had been lying in a pool of her own blood, and if she'd returned any later than she did, Firis would've died from excessive blood loss. That was not some small bump; it was a lethal hole in her chest.

"Firis, you belong to me, and I'll kill anyone who dares to touch you."

Irina pinched Firis' cheek in a playful manner before exiting the cave with purpose and killing intent radiating from her body.

### **Chapter 826 Can You Kill Everyone on Your Own?**

Irina drifted out of the cave like a celestial maiden, and appeared in front of another black cave in the blink of an eye. She stood before the opening of the cave and looked up at the vines climbing all over the rocky mountain face. Even though it was already deep into fall, and vines and leaves and were still lush and green, presenting quite a pleasant sight to behold.

A hunched elderly woman was huddled up inside the cave with a slightly panicked expression on her face.

"You should know why I'm here," Irina said in a calm voice as she descended before the cave.

"I do." Helena turned around to appraise Irina with a pair of eyes that were inky-black as the night sky, but also seemed to be twinkling with the exuberant light of stars. She also wore a calm expression as she looked back at Irina, and said, "However, I spared her life because you should be the one to do the honors. You can do with her as you please."

Irina looked into Helena's eyes, and raised an eyebrow as she asked, "And what about you?"

Hetty stumbled out of the cave with a frenzied look on her face as she yelled, "Irina, I'm the one behind all this; none of it had anything to do with Mistress Helena! You can do whatever you like with me, but if you dare to try and defile Mistress Helena's name, even if I die, I'll haunt you as a ghost!"

Helena's expression remained unchanged as she replied, "If I wanted to kill you, why would I have waited for so long?"

Irina withdrew her gaze from Helena before turning her attention to Hetty, and the surrounding air temperature suddenly seemed to have plummeted significantly.

Thud!

Hetty suddenly fell to her knees before kowtowing a few times to Helena, refusing to stop even as the sharp rocks on the ground cut a gash into her forehead. Blood flowed from the gash into her eyes, then slid down her face alongside her tears, and her voice was quite hoarse she sobbed, "Mistress Helena, if I am to ever be reincarnated, I'd wish for nothing more than to be your slave again!"

As soon as her voice trailed off, a ball of red flames appeared in her hand, and she slammed it toward her own heart.

Helena turned to the side and conjured up a green leaf in her hand to obscure her line of sight, seemingly unwilling to behold what was about to happen next.

However, before the ball of flames struck Hetty's chest, it was suddenly snuffed out. Her wrinkled and wizened palm struck her chest with a dull thump, but that was certainly not a lethal attack as she'd intended it to be.

"I don't want to hear some tear-jerking story from you, nor do I want to see you die on your own terms. What right do you have to kill yourself before I'm done with you?" Irina withdrew her hand with a cold smile on her face, and Hetty's face gradually paled as a long thorny whip appeared in Irina's hand.

"Slap!"

The whip whistled through the air before striking Hetty's back, tearing through her skin and flesh to inflict a gruesome wound. Hetty was nothing more than skin and bones already, and her bones were now visible through the gash.

A bloodcurdling howl erupted from Hetty's mouth, startling away a flock of nearby birds. At the same time, many of the elves in the forest turned in that direction with bewilderment etched on their faces, wondering just who it was that would dare to wreak havoc in Mistress Helena's cave.

"That one was for Firis. Remember this, before you can confirm that I've died, don't touch any of the people close to me. Otherwise, I'll make sure that you suffer a terrible death."

Irina's cold voice was audible throughout almost the entire forest, and her bone-chilling tone struck horror into the listener's heart.

Very few people were aware of the context behind her warning, but they still couldn't help but shudder with fear.

"Slap!"

Another whip strike landed, flinging more blood and flesh into the air.

"That one was for Snarr. I was always wondering how he'd been ambushed in Rodu, but now I know," Irina continued in a cold manner before raising her whip again to unleash another strike.

"That one was for me. Of course, the ones that follow this one will also all be for me. As for the reasons behind them, I don't think I need to reveal them to you one by one."

The thorny whip flashed through the air like a scalpel, tearing away Hetty's flesh in bloodstained chunks. Her bloodcurdling cries rang out one after another, and she'd almost been reduced to a skeleton by Irina's unrelenting assault.

The entire Wind Forest was deathly silent. All of the elves were listening to the horrific cries echoing throughout the forest, and even though many of them were extremely far away from Helena's cave, they still couldn't help but be struck by a sense of fear.

No one knew what was happening, and no one dared to go and investigate. Ever since Princess Irina had reemerged from her cave, the Wind Forest had been plunged into a state of unrest. Even the normal elves in the forest could sense the dark shadow that loomed over their homeland.

“That’s enough!”

Helena raised a hand, and the green leaf she was holding shot forth before slitting Hetty’s throat, thereby putting an end to her life.

“Enough?” Irina tossed her whip onto the ground. Despite the horrific torture she’d just inflicted, her white dress remained completely pristine and devoid of bloodstains. She turned to Helena with a deriding look in her eyes, and asked, “There’s still so much trash in this forest that thrives on tormenting their own brethren; how is this anywhere near enough when they’re still alive?”

Helena looked into Irina’s eyes in a calm manner, and asked, “Can you kill everyone on your own?”

“No, I’m not on my own. All of the wandering elves that you’ve labeled as traitors, as well as all of the elves in the forest who’ve yet to lose their sense of conscience, all of them stand with me. When these sparks burn into a raging fire, you’ll realize that I’ve never been alone.” Irina’s expression also became quite placid as she looked back at Helena.

Helena was silent for a long while before she furrowed her brows, and continued, “I’ll admit that I made an unwise decision in order to keep more of our brethren in the Wind Forest and bolster the strength of our elven race. Our elven race has indeed become significantly more powerful during the past century, but all of the elves in power have been blinded by their pursuit of more power and benefits, making protecting the forest and their brethren merely a secondary objective in their minds. This was something that I had not envisioned in the beginning.”

“You planted the seed of evil in their hearts, yet when those seeds develop into unsightly monstrosities, you merely make a grudging admission that you ‘made an unwise decision’. What a joke!” Irina sneered.

Helena cast her gaze into the distance and shook her head as she said, “I haven’t planted the seed of evil in their hearts; I’ve merely given them more power, and they chose this path for themselves. It may be a little late, but I can still force them to exercise restraint so they can be of benefit to our elven race.”

Irina glared coldly at Helena, and asked, “So even now, you still don’t think you’ve done anything wrong?”

Helena calmly replied, “I’ve dedicated my entire life to protecting the forest and our brethren. In my mind, the ends justify the means, and any sacrifice is worth it as long as I can achieve that final objective.”

“So you’re saying the lives of countless innocent elves is a worthy sacrifice for your pitiful scheme. No matter what your original intentions might have been, you’re an abhorrent being in my eyes, and I’ll protect the forest in my own way.” Irina left Helena with a meaningful glance before turning around to depart.

“They’re going to try to bring you down during the ceremony in three days; I don’t want to see you die,” Helena suddenly said. “After we pass away, you’ll be the guardian of this forest.”

Irina paused momentarily before replying in a calm voice, “I won’t die, but I won’t live for your sake.”

Faint golden light flashed, and Irina disappeared on the spot.



Helena stood in silence for a while before waving a hand through the air. The chunks of flesh and blood splattered all over the cave converged to form an elf again, while the soil within the cave piled up to form a grave without a tombstone.

“You can continue to stay by my side during this life...”

Helena’s forlorn voice echoed throughout the cave.

### **Chapter 827 System, Have You Been Looking at Weird Stuff Behind My Back?**

After bidding farewell to Scheer, Mag made a trip to the largest bookstore in Chaos City, and purchased a bunch of books containing information regarding all of the races on the Norland Continent. Many of these books were about the church, and there were some that were quite suitable for Amy to read as well.

Mag was an avid reader, and this hobby of his became even more prominent after he came to this world. He was able to quickly accumulate knowledge through reading and better his understanding of this world.

This was a world in which wealth didn’t necessarily guarantee a good life, so he had to arm himself with more knowledge.

Of course, he also really enjoyed these busy days spent cooking, reading, and engaging in a series of other meaningful activities. At the very least, it was much more engaging and interesting than his uneventful past life.

Mag paid for the books, and also issued an additional delivery fee before providing the address of his restaurant to the bookstore employee. He didn’t want to be transporting a massive box of books back with him on his bicycle, so he was getting the bookstore to deliver the books to him at a designated time instead.

After that, Mag paid his ice cream shop a visit. The ice cream was already packed to the rafters with customers, and Yabemiya wore her usual bubbly smile as she offered up one delicious ice cream after another to the eagerly awaiting customers.

All of the customers wore blissful smiles on their faces; not only were they enjoying their delectable ice creams, they were also basking in the atmosphere of this beautiful ice cream shop as well as the bubbly energy that Yabemiya was radiating.

This is probably what natural charisma looks like. Mag stood outside the ice cream shop for a while with a smile of approval on his face. Getting Yabemiya to run the ice cream shop for him was one of the best decisions he’d ever made.

After departing from the ice cream shop, Mag didn’t return to his restaurant. Instead, he went to the nearby Ricky’s Rotisserie before making his way to the second floor.

The second floor had already been cleaned up by the system, and the area of around 200 square meters was completely empty. However, the room was quite dim due to the lack of windows.

Mag briefly inspected his surroundings before asking internally, “System, how much will it cost me to make half of this floor into three independent rooms?”

“The system is a proper God of Cookery System, not a construction system, so please don’t ask the system to complete such trivial tasks,” the system replied in a serious manner.

“Didn’t you do all of the restaurant renovations?” Mag asked as he pursed his lips.

“Providing the perfect restaurant is part of the system’s duty, but what you’re asking for now goes beyond that!”

“System, aren’t service staff an important part of a restaurant as well?”

“Of course. Exceptional service staff can drastically enhance a customer’s dining experience, so they are indeed vital to a good restaurant,” the system agreed.

“In that case, in order to ensure the quality of customer service from the restaurant’s service staff, I have to do my best to make sure that they can get home safely every day, then have a good night’s sleep so they have the energy to turn up to work and provide exemplary customers service. As such, isn’t it very important to provide them with comfortable lodging?” Mag asked with a smile.

“If you look at it from that perspective... then it does seem rather necessary...” the system conceded in a conflicted manner.

“A restaurant’s employees are an extremely important component of the restaurant, so I expect the highest quality from you. Show me the blueprints before you begin renovations.” Mag nodded with a pleased expression before heading downstairs.

“Wait... You...” The system seemed to have suddenly returned to its senses.

However, Mag was not interested in hearing its objections. Instead, he cut off the system, and said, “You can give me a quote now. Of course, if you don’t want to take the job, then I can consider hiring another construction team. I heard that the construction team of the city lord’s castle is currently looking for business; if I communicate with City Lord Michael, I should be able to get a friendship discount.”

“Don’t do that! He can offer you a friendship discount, but the system can offer you a relative discount!” the system hurriedly exclaimed.

“So you’re admitting that you’re my son?”

“...”

“I have no stupid son like you.” Mag pursed his lips in a disdainful manner.

“The system can provide the best design plans on the market. The floor-to-ceiling window in the living quarters will directly face the Aden Square, and one would only need to open the curtains every morning to be greeted by the sight of the beautiful square. The system will also be providing furniture of the highest quality to ensure the most comfortable living experience, and the newest air conditioning system will constantly monitor parameters such as the temperature and humidity within the room. On top of that, the system will design a two-person bathtub to be used by the service staff and yourself,” the system said with a slightly suggestive tone in its voice.

Mag almost fell down the stairs upon hearing this, and he raised an eyebrow as he asked, “System, have you been looking at weird stuff behind my back? What’s this about a two-person bathtub?”

“Research has shown that a larger bathtub contributes to a marked improvement in one’s happiness factor derived from taking a bath. Furthermore, more positions will be possible in a larger bathtub compared to a smaller one.”

“Alright, we’ll do as you say.” Mag massaged his brows in a flustered manner. This system was becoming more and more ridiculous by the day. As he continued down the staircase, he said, “I think we can just skip the design and construction fees. As for the other fees, I won’t ask for much; I’ll only ask for a 50% discount. You can give me a final quote based on that.”

“The design and construction processes epitomize the wisdom and efforts of a master designer and super craftsman! How could you just waive those fees?! That’s far too unreasonable and inhumane! And a 50% discount is way too much! The system provides only the best of the best at the lowest prices; if you ask for a 50% discount... the system will be incurring a loss!” the system yelled in protest.

Mag furrowed his brows as he countered, “Didn’t you say you were offering a relative discount? How could you be so stingy to your own father? When have you ever seen a son charge their father for design and construction fees? You’re the worst son I’ve ever seen!”

“Other people’s fathers buy them houses instead[1]...” the system grumbled.

Mag raised an eyebrow upon hearing this. The system had definitely been doing research behind his back; it was becoming more and more difficult to win arguments against it. However, his expression remained unchanged as he shrugged in a nonchalant manner. “If you don’t want to do it, then I’ll find someone else.”

“The system will do it!” the system wailed in despair and fury. “After waiving the design and construction fees, then applying a 50% discount to the rest, that’ll be a total of 500,251 copper coins!”

“Just waive the remainder and do 500,250 copper coins.” Mag nodded with a pleased expression as he rode his bicycle toward the restaurant.

“But the system already gave a 50% discount!!” the system roared with rage.

“Seeing as I’ve already learned out to make it, it would be a waste if I didn’t broaden these foodies’ horizons a little,” Mag murmured to himself as he returned to the restaurant. He strode into the kitchen before bringing out a series of tools and utensils.

“Of course, most importantly, I can’t be the only one in this world to enjoy that torturous yet blissful feeling!”

## **Chapter 828 Of Course!**

In an office in the department of education of Rodu, a stern-looking official was appraising Byron with a concerned look on his face as he said, “Master Byron, His Majesty has approved of the implementation of the decimal system, but it still hasn’t been approved of to be taught in schools. That’s going to create a massive obstacle in our attempt to promote the system. Students are going to focus more on the hexadecimal system as that what’s going to be tested in their exams, and they’ll neglect learning about the decimal system as a result.”

Byron turned to the official with a calm smile, and replied, "I anticipated that this would happen. The decimal system has only truly received widespread attention from the scholars of the Roth Empire in the past three months. Even though we've proven the superiority of the decimal system, it's still a newcomer to the field of mathematics, after all. Presenting a new system or concept to the world of scholars will inevitably be a lengthy process; we have to prepare to be in it for the long haul, perhaps for five years or even a decade."

The official's brows remained tightly furrowed as he said, "But this is a fantastic opportunity for us, seeing as we've just won the debate. If we get delayed for too long, the conservatives may gradually minimize the influence of the outcome of this debate; that would be very detrimental to our implementation of the decimal system."

"No, winning this debate has been a vast stroke of fortune for us. It signifies the first victory of the revolutionaries over the conservatives, and Fitch has also given up on the conservatives to learn the decimal systems. He will undoubtedly guide more brilliant young scholars and mathematicians down the same path." Byron shook his head with a smile as he said, "What our department of education has to do next is to set up bases to promote the decimal system in all of the schools. All of the schools are still teaching in the hexadecimal system, but we can make this a selective class that children can take if it strikes their interest. That way, more and more children will be able to come into contact with the decimal system."

"That's a great idea!" The official's eyes immediately lit up.

Byron nodded, and continued, "You go and draft up a plan first. Tally up how many schools in Rodu we can establish such bases in, then determine how many teachers and how much expenditure would be required to support such a project. After verifying all that, you may begin the process. I'll be personally overseeing this project."

"Yes, Master Byron." The official quickly departed.

Byron looked out at the old tree outside the window. The final leaf on the tree branch was struggling to hold on in the face of the fall wind with all its might, looking as if it were going to fall at any moment.

"I hope I can live to see the day when the decimal system takes the place of the hexadecimal system across the entire Roth Empire..."

...

West of Rodu, on the racecourse of General Barkly's manor.

A tall and broad young man rode atop a black unicorn and galloped around the racecourse a few times before drawing to a stop and dismounting from his steed. He casually tossed the reins to a servant who was waiting nearby, receiving a hot towel with which he wiped his hands in exchange. He then turned to a black-robed young man standing off to the side with his head bowed, and asked, "What is it?"

The young man stepped forward, and replied in a hushed voice, "Young Master, according to the information that our subordinates just received, the man who won the best dish award during the royal banquet..."

“Has this information been confirmed?” A cold and sinister expression immediately appeared on Timothy’s face upon hearing this.

The young man hurriedly nodded, and replied, “Yes, the information comes from a reliable source, and many people have tried to research him ever since he made a name for himself in Chaos City. As such, his identity has been confirmed by multiple sources.”

“Gould, did you think I wouldn’t find you just because you changed your appearance and learned to cook?” Timothy clenched his fists as he spat through gritted teeth, “Kill that bastard, then find Ophelia and bring her back to me!”

“Yes!” The young man cupped his fist in a respectful salute before quickly departing.

...

“You idiots! How many times do I have to say this before it’ll get into those thick skulls of yours? This is how you connect this line. Otherwise, even if the formation commences operation, we won’t be able to set the wooden giant into motion!

“Do you think I don’t know about the limitations of these formations? Do you think I’m unaware of the fact that the wooden giant can only unleash a single punch before it exhausts its power supply? If I could iron out all of these kinks on my own, what would I need all of you idiots for?!

“Sigh, all of you truly are idiots, idiots! IDIOTS!!”

Within the southwestern courtyard of the royal palace, there were all types of wood and crystals littered all over the ground. Yuri was standing among the piles of materials, looking at the formation masters he’d gathered with a disappointed look on his face.

After a long silence, an elderly man finally suggested in a feeble voice, “Your Highness, perhaps we can switch to energy stones of a higher caliber as the power source...”

“You can try that.” Yuri nodded in response.

“Boom!”

10 minutes later, a loud explosion rang out, and the resulting shock waves plastered the half-dead elderly man onto a nearby wall. Yuri heaved a faint sigh as he said, “Did you really think I wouldn’t have thought of such a simple method myself, you old idiot? If the energy stones contain more power than the limit of what the formation can handle, then it’ll explode as soon as it’s set into motion.

“Didn’t Father say that all of you were the most exceptional formation masters in the entire empire? I’m really struggling to believe that that’s the case now.”

Yuri heaved another sigh as he looked at everyone with disappointment in his eyes.

...

After changing into his male attire, Blour picked up Anna from the restaurant in the morning, and then took her on a trip around Chaos City before taking her back to the city lord’s castle.

The horse-drawn carriage stopped on the side of the street near the city lord's castle, but Blour and Anna didn't disembark from it.

There were two employees from the city lord's castle plastering a new notice onto the noticeboard, and all of the curious passersby gathered around to see what the notice was all about.

One of the passersby began to read in a loud voice, "From this day forth, all wandering elves who are willing to settle in Chaos City will be granted citizenship and protection following a background check. On top of that, the city lord's castle will severely punish any groups or individuals that pose a threat to the inhabitants of Chaos City..."

"They've finally found a sanctuary..." A smile appeared on Blour's face, and he simply couldn't suppress the excitement in his heart as he looked at the notice on the noticeboard.

"Uncle Blour, does that mean everyone will be safe now that they're living in Chaos City? They don't have to worry about bad people taking them away anymore, right?" Anna asked as she looked up at Blour.

Blour nodded with conviction as he replied, "That's right, Chaos City will be a safe haven for wandering elves from now on. They'll be safe as long as they come to Chaos City."

"That's great!" A vibrant smile appeared on Anna's face.

"Indeed, it certainly is," Blour replied with a smile.

...

"Did you hear? A chef from our Chaos City won the best dish award during the king's birthday banquet!"

"Really? Could it be Head Chef Beate from Ducas Restaurant?"

"Beate didn't even receive an invitation; how could he have possibly won the best dish award? I heard yesterday that the one who received the award was the owner of Mamy Restaurant."

"Seriously? How about we go to his restaurant for a meal today?"

"Of course!"

### **Chapter 829 System, Do You Take Me For an Idiot?**

News of Mag securing the best dish award during the royal banquet spread like wildfire around the entire Chaos City. Of course, the foodie community was particularly interested in hearing this news.

King Andre's royal banquet was a gathering of all of the top chefs in the world. It was said that each chef could only cook one or two dishes, and it was often the case that their dishes weren't even presented to the king.

For Mag to secure the best dish award on such a prestigious occasion was a strong testament to his cooking.

It was quite incredible that such an exceptional chef could hail from Chaos City, and the restaurant that he'd opened in the Aden Square naturally became the hot topic among all of the avid foodies in the city.

Rodu had always been renowned as the capital of delicious cuisine; it was the holy land in the hearts of all of the foodies on the Norland Continent.

After all, everyone who had been to Rodu and tasted the cuisines offered by the multitude of food streets there simply couldn't find any other place on the continent that could match that culinary experience.

Duke Abraham had once been of the same opinion, so he'd never left Rodu as nowhere else could compare in his heart.

However, he had now been drawn away from Rodu by something superior.

"Are you sure that's Chaos City?" Abraham was pointing at the city in the distance with an excited look on his face as he sat atop his obese black falcon.

"That's right, Duke Abraham, we're about to reach Chaos City soon!" The beast tamer beside him nodded with excitement, but his expression fell as he looked down at the black falcon underfoot. "But it looks like our steed is struggling again. We'll have to land somewhere and allow it to rest for an hour or so..."

"Huff... Huff... Huff..."

The black falcon was panting heavily as it flapped its wings with difficulty, looking as if it could plummet out of the sky at any moment.

A furious look appeared on Abraham's face. "What?! It has to rest again? This is the 10th time! You told me yesterday that we'd reach Chaos City by yesterday afternoon, but it's been a day and a night, and we've only just managed to see Chaos City in the distance! Are you playing with me?"

The beast tamer's face paled as he hurriedly replied, "I wouldn't dare to do that, Duke Abraham! It's just that... we've already unloaded all excess baggage from the falcon's back, but I didn't think that its own weight would be enough to make it struggle so much, so..."

Abraham waved an impatient hand through the air, and said, "I don't care! I have to get to Chaos City right away; throw off everything that I don't need!"

"But... we've already thrown off all of the guards and luggage yesterday; you and I are the only ones left now," the beast tamer said in a trembling voice.

Abraham cast his gaze out into the empty sky, and then turned back to the beast tamer.

The beast tamer's eyes gradually widened as a harrowing thought occurred to him.

"Argh..."

Right at this moment, the overweight black falcon's wings suddenly ceased flapping, and it plummeted from the sky like a giant meatball...

Two screams of shock and horror rang out in unison...

...

When noon struck, Yabemiya entered the restaurant with a shocked look on her face as she exclaimed, "Boss, the line outside is starting to coil around the Aden Square; there are way too many customers!"

"There are indeed quite a few customers." Mag nodded with a slightly astonished look in response.

The line outside the restaurant wasn't quite as long as Yabemiya was proclaiming it to be, but there were at least 500 people in the line already; it was more than twice the number of customers that normally visited their restaurant during the lunch service, and that number was constantly increasing.

Sally wore a concerned look as she said, "Won't there be many customers who line up for a long time but won't be able to get a meal?"

Yabemiya nodded with a sympathetic look as she chimed in, "I'm worried about that too. They'd be really sad if they lined up for so long but didn't get to eat what they were so excited for."

Mag contemplated the situation with furrowed brows before making his way over to the counter as he said, "Miya, I'll write up a notice while you go and count out the customers. Once you get to the 300th customer in the line, tell everyone behind them that there are too many customers for us to serve, and tell them to come back next time."

"Alright." Yabemiya nodded in response.

Mag quickly wrote up a simple notice. The lunch service wasn't all that long, so serving 300 customers would most likely be the extent of the restaurant's capabilities.

"After you inform all of the customers behind the 300th customer of the situation, you can give this notice to the 300th customer and get them to explain what's going on to all of the customers that come thereafter. That way, you won't have to constantly stand at the back of the line during the lunch service," Mag instructed as he handed the notice to Yabemiya.

"Alright, I'll do that right away." Yabemiya nodded before hurrying out the restaurant.

"Being too popular is quite a headache in itself." Mag sighed in a resigned manner as he looked out at the customers lined up outside the restaurant.

Other restaurant owners would probably tear their hair out by the roots if they were to hear that. An amused smile appeared on Sally's face as she looked at Mag. She had already heard about the new notice released by the city lord's castle; Mag had done something that they'd desperately wanted to do, but didn't have the ability to accomplish.

He really is a good and kind person, Sally thought to herself as her gaze fell on Mag's long and slender fingers. A thought then seemed to have occurred to her, and a blush suddenly appeared on her face as her feet squirmed reflexively in a rather awkward manner.

"This wouldn't be a problem if you extended the duration of the services. If you extended the breakfast service by two hours, you'd be able to serve 300 more customers; if you extended the lunch service by another two hours, you'd be able to serve 600 more customers; if you extended the dinner service by three hours on top of that, you'd be able to serve 1,000 more customers per day! You'd be rolling in profit!!" the system urged in a vehement manner.



“System, do you take me for an idiot? If I work 24 hours a day, when would I get any time to myself?” Mag pursed his lips with disdain before asking, “Have you finished renovating the staff dormitory?”

“All of the renovations have been completed, and the air purification process is currently underway. It should be ready for inhabitants in around an hour or so.”

“Good.” Mag nodded with a pleased expression. Mag had specifically requested different designs for the three rooms based on the personalities of his service staff.

During lunch, Mag put down his chopsticks with a smile, and announced, “The new employee dormitory is ready, and you can all move in today. After the lunch service, I’ll take you there to have a look; it’s situated on the floor directly above Miya’s ice cream shop.”

“Above the ice cream shop?” Yabemiya’s mouth gaped open with surprise. She hadn’t heard any sounds of renovations in the past few days during her time at the ice cream shop.

“An employee dormitory?” Sally was rather perplexed.

“That’s right. I’m rather concerned about how unsafe it is for all of you to live on your own, and your living quarters are all a little far away from the restaurant. As such, I’ll be providing a dormitory to all of you as an employee benefit,” Mag replied as he nodded with a smile.

### **Chapter 830 But Doesn’t Big Sister Aisha Live in the Restaurant?**

Sally looked at Mag with a hesitant expression, and said, “The place I’m currently living at is quite good, and I have a part-time job at Geya Hotel...”

“Don’t be in a rush to turn me down. I have something else that I have to announce. During your three-month probation period, you two have completed your roles to an exceptional standard, providing the highest level of service to all of our customers. As such, I’ve decided to raise your wages to 10,000 copper coins per month, and that will only be the wages you receive from the restaurant.

“Miya is currently also the manager of the ice cream shop, so she’ll receive 10,000 additional copper coins a month. On top of that, I’ve noticed that Aisha has been heading over to the ice cream shop regularly to help out. If you’d like, you can quit your job at the hotel and help out Miya at the ice cream shop during your spare time. In that case, you’ll receive an additional 5,000 copper coins as wages per month,” Mag said with a smile.

“2... 20,000 copper coins?” Yabemiya’s mouth gaped open even more as she stared at Mag with astonishment in her eyes. Three months ago, she had just been kicked out of a restaurant’s kitchen and almost starved to death on the streets, yet Mag was now offering her 20,000 copper coins a month!

She had never owned that much money at once, and she’d only ever seen so much money in one place in the coin register of Mamy Restaurant, yet this was now about to become her monthly wage?

Yabemiya was feeling a little light-headed.

“15,000 copper coins a month...” Sally’s eyes also lit up slightly. Back when she’d first decided to become an employee at Mamy Restaurant, she had obviously been entranced by the food, but her other objective was to save up enough money so she could make a trip around the entire continent.

During the past three months, she'd saved up a few thousand copper coins. She was still quite far away from having enough money to fund her trip around the entire continent, but her goals had already changed anyway. She didn't want to tour the entire continent anymore. Instead, she wanted to remain in Chaos City and help those in need here with her income.

Babla hesitated momentarily, but she still couldn't help but ask, "What about me?"

After coming to this world, she had gradually understood the purpose of money and just how useful it was. After losing her status as a princess, everything required money. Thankfully, Mag hadn't kicked her out during this time. Otherwise, she would most likely have to live on the streets.

Mag turned to Babla with a smile, and said, "You've been working for less than a month here, but you've displayed outstanding skills and service as well. Hence, after this month, your monthly wage will rise from 3,000 to 5,000 copper coins, and after you've worked for three months here, you'll also be receiving 10,000 copper coins per month."

Mag had no qualms about acknowledging Babla's skills. Aside from the fact that she was a little pampered and conceited when she'd first arrived, she'd grown accustomed to her role very quickly, and was significantly boosting the efficiency of the restaurant's operation.

Babla's eyes also lit up with excitement upon hearing this. She was aware of the gap between herself and Sally and Yabemiya, so the prospect of earning the same wage as them after working for three months was certainly far from unacceptable to her. Even so, she still repressed the smile that was inching its way onto her face as she calmly said, "Alright."

"Boss, I feel like I don't deserve that much money for what I do. I'm volunteering to run the ice cream shop, so I shouldn't receive any additional wages for that..." Yabemiya shook her head emphatically as she looked at Mag. Back at her last job, she had worked non-stop for 16 hours per day, doing all types of heavy manual labor, so working at Mamy Restaurant and the ice cream shop was like heaven for her.

Sally was also looking at Mag with an uncertain expression. She was naturally aware that the wages Mag was offering were far above that of the standard for restaurant service staff in the Aden Square.

Mag shook his head with a smile as he looked at everyone with a gentle expression. "The value that you bring to the restaurant far exceeds the wages that I'm offering you. Also, just because you enjoy your job doesn't mean I can take advantage of you and use you as free labor. If you don't accept your wages for running the ice cream shop, I'll be left feeling very guilty."

"That's right, all of the customers say that the big sisters bring beautiful scenery to the restaurant..." Amy swallowed her mouthful of fried rice before saying, "Even I look more adorable next to all of you."

Amy's words drew a burst of laughter from everyone.

"Thank you, Boss." Yabemiya stood up and bowed deeply to Mag. She then raised her head, looked at Mag's warm smiling face, and returned a vibrant smile of her own.

Meeting Mag was the luckiest thing that had ever happened to her. Mag was the one who had taken her from the brink of death and carried her to nothing less than paradise.

“Thank you,” Sally also turned to Mag with a grateful expression, and said, “I’m willing to accept a part-time role at the ice cream shop.”

Even though the owner of Geya Hotel was a very good person, she still decided to quit that job and accept this new job opportunity. She had to earn more money in order to achieve her new objectives.

“Alright, I’ll take you three over to the employee dormitory this afternoon. You can use the spare time during the afternoon to transport all of your belongings to your new home. The dormitory is quite well furnished, and you can move in right away,” Mag said with a nod.

“But doesn’t Big Sister Aisha live in the restaurant?” Aisha suddenly asked with a curious look on her face, “This morning...”

Sally immediately blushed as she lowered her head, her eyes suddenly seemingly transfixed on the fried rice before her.

Mag raised an eyebrow and hurriedly plucked a piece of chicken into Amy’s bowl as he said, “Amy, you should taste this chicken...”

...

Due to the limited serving capacity of the restaurant, many excited customers could only leave in disappointment. There were many regular customers among them, and even Mobai could only heave a forlorn sigh at the sight of the two long lines gathered outside the restaurant.

“Boss Mag’s restaurant is becoming more and more popular; we’ll have to turn up really early if we want to enjoy a meal there.” Xixi sighed as she stood in front of the magic potion shop, and then waved a hand toward Lulu with a smile as she urged, “Let’s have some food as well; it’s not going to be as good as Boss Mag’s food, though.”

A bashful smile appeared on Lulu’s face as he untied his blacksmith’s apron, and then made his way over to Xixi as he said in a gentle voice, “As long as it’s cooked by you, I’m willing to eat it for the rest of my life.”

“I suddenly don’t feel hungry anymore.” Mobai heaved a faint sigh before turning around and re-entering his forge.

...

Following the conclusion of the lunch service, Mag led Sally and the others to the employee’s dormitory.

Taking into consideration the fact that the spare space on the first floor and the empty half of the second floor could be used for other purposes in the future, the staircase leading up the dormitory was situated outside the backdoor of the ice cream shop. A luxurious carved spiral staircase had been built there, leading straight up to the door of the second floor.

After entering through the door, everyone was greeted by the sight of a spacious living room paved with superb wooden floor panels. There was a large open kitchen and a dining room with a beautiful four-person table, and the dormitory was also complete with a bathroom, a shower, and a small balcony. Most of the dormitory had been constructed from wood, creating an elegant and refined effect.

“Wow!”

The three girls' eyes immediately lit up as soon as they took in the dormitory before them. Regardless of which angle they appraised the room from, it was like a beautiful work of art.

Mag was very pleased with their reactions, and he smiled as he said, “I prepared three rooms for you three; you can choose which one you'd like to live in based on the style that you prefer.”