

## **Stay At home 861**

### **Chapter 861 You“ve Ruined Me, Boss Mag!**

She bit through the piece of stinky tofu, and the juices within it immediately flourished in her mouth as an explosion of heat and spiciness.

Hot!

In that instant, that was the only word that flashed through her mind.

“Rip!”

At the same time, the sound of fabric being torn rang out as the collar of her dress split open. What lay beyond that part of her dress was something that only she knew of.

Mag raised an eyebrow upon seeing this. This woman appeared to be quite thin and frail, but her chest was quite sizeable indeed. In that respect, she was rather like Miya. Could it be that this was a common trait among all women with giant dragon bloodlines?

A layer of faint icy mist rose up around Elizabeth as her body’s first reaction was to lower her temperature.

However, as the cool mist was about to reach her oral cavity, she prevented it from doing so.

She couldn’t bear to part with this scorching hot feeling.

The hot and spicy juices had set all of her taste buds into an elated frenzy, and the diverse variety of condiments created an incredible flavor.

Beneath the crispy and fragrant skin was an extremely soft and smooth tofu center, creating a huge contrast.

Elizabeth panted as she opened her mouth, trying to dispel some of the heat in the simplest way possible while still carefully savoring the delicious flavor that had blossomed in her mouth.

The rich aroma in the air complemented the delicious flavor on her tongue, and she could no longer smell anything abhorrent from this dish. Instead, this aroma had become impossibly intoxicating to her.

She felt as if she could see a piece of tofu pudding being deep-fried in a pot of oil and then filled with all types of condiments before being drizzled by a ladle of scorching hot sauce.

The incredible imagery was the perfect accompaniment to this incredible flavor.

After swallowing her first piece of tofu, the delicious flavor lingered in her mouth, and her stomach was rejoicing.

“She... She ate it!”

All of the customers stared at Elizabeth with astonished eyes. She had reacted so violently to the putrid odor, yet she had just eaten an entire piece of stinky tofu in what appeared to be an extremely enjoyable manner.

“Gulp...” A woman swallowed involuntarily as she murmured, “Am I the only one who thinks that looked super delicious?”

“I also think the same,” someone beside her chimed in with a nod.

“H... How is this possible! I can’t even stand this horrible odor; how can she eat something like this and look so happy while doing it?” Harrison’s eyes were about to bulge out of their sockets.

“When has Boss Mag’s food ever disappointed us? You should go streak in the square now,” Gjerj chuckled with a hint of gloating joy in his eyes.

“This is...” Harrison’s expression immediately fell, and he was kicking himself for making such a stupid bet. What was he supposed to do now?

After the blissful smile lingered on her face for a while, Elizabeth returned to her senses and discovered the torn front of her dress, upon which a faint blush appeared on her face.

She raised a hand to her chest, and her torn dress sealed itself again. However, her corset had also split open, and she’d have to change to a new one. All she could now was temporarily seal it together with ice.

“Did it taste good?” Yabemiya asked with a hopeful look on her face.

“It was very delicious.” Elizabeth nodded in response. If it weren’t for Yabemiya’s insistence, she would’ve most likely missed out on this delicious dish. After all, she had zero tolerance to foul odors.

“That’s great!” An elated smile appeared on Yabemiya’s face. This was an extremely important testimonial.

Without saying anything else, Elizabeth picked up another piece of stinky tofu with her chopsticks before placing it in her mouth, and then continuing to bask in its unique delicious flavor.

Xixi had also stopped pinching her own nose, and she was staring at the stinky tofu before Elizabeth with a hint of yearning in her eyes. “It really is a fragrant aroma! It’s just that the aroma is so strong and rich that it comes across as stinky when you first catch a whiff of it. Now that I really try to delve into the aroma, I can smell an extremely alluring underlying scent.”

“We’ll get two stinky tofus,” Lulu said to Yabemiya.

“Coming right up.” Yabemiya nodded with a smile.

“I also want a stinky tofu.”

“I’ll get two; one for now, and the other for takeaway.”

All of the customers who had already planned to give up on the dish were suddenly scrambling to make their orders in case they missed out on it.

All of the regular customers of Mamy Restaurant were devout foodies. After all, having to line up for close to an hour at a time for a meal wasn’t something that everyone could endure. As such, as long as the dish tasted good, what did it matter that it stank? On top of that, it was actually simply overly rich in aroma rather than stinky, so it was certainly nothing to fear.

Of course, there were still many customers who decided against trying out the dish. Regardless of what other people said, the fact of the matter was that it stank, even if the stench was arising from an overly rich fragrance. It was not that easy for customers to overcome this mental hurdle.

“When are you going to streak, Harrison? Make sure to notify us beforehand so we can go and spectate,” one of the customers asked with a smile.

“Please do notify us, and I’ll make sure I don’t go out for that entire day. I’d rather not see something so traumatizing,” a young woman chimed in with amusement in her eyes.

All of the other customers also burst into laughter.

These regular customers of Mamy Restaurant met each other virtually every day, so it was fine for them to make jokes at the expense of other regular customers from time to time.

“Well... You see... I think I’ll need to try out this dish for myself to see if it actually tastes good,” Harrison mumbled as he strode back to his seat with a slightly awkward look on his face. Prior to returning to his table, he took a deep breath, and then pinched his nose before also sitting back down.

A slight wisp of the stinky tofu’s aroma entered through his restricted nostrils, and his face immediately turned red. However, on this occasion, he didn’t immediately rear back. Instead, he forced himself to remain in his seat and truly experience the aroma of the dish.

After setting aside his preconceived notions of the dish and enduring the initial putrid odor, he also gradually pinpointed a unique fragrance, and the aroma suddenly wasn’t all that unbearable anymore.

Thus, he released his nose, and was suddenly struck by the feeling that this aroma was rather alluring. He turned to Yabemiya, and said, “I’ll also get a stinky tofu.”

Everyone’s stinky tofu dishes were quickly brought out, and Harrison picked up a piece with his chopsticks before placing it in his own mouth. The hot and spicy juices splattered all over his tongue as he bit down onto the piece of tofu, and his face immediately became flushed again as he opened his mouth and panted urgently. The flabby rolls all over his body were trembling, but he simply couldn’t bear to spit out the delicious stinky tofu in his mouth, and tears were beginning to well up in his eyes.

A delicious flavor spread through Harrison’s entire mouth, but tears were streaming down his face as he murmured to himself, “You’ve ruined me, Boss Mag!”

Another burst of raucous laughter rang out in the entire restaurant.

As for the other customers who’d ordered stinky tofu, they had mentally prepared themselves for what was to come, but when their dishes were first brought to them, they were still dealt heavy blows by its overwhelming distinctive aroma. Many of them even sprang out of their chairs in an instinctive reaction. However, after tasting the dishes for themselves, they were completely won over by its captivating flavor.

Following the conclusion of the breakfast service, Mag went upstairs and changed out of his chef’s suit, then turned to Yabemiya and the others, who were cleaning up the restaurant, and said, “I’m going out for a bit. The restaurant needs to expand, and I have to hire a new employee.”

After that, he pushed his bicycle out the door.

## Chapter 862 Er... I Don't Need One With a Huge Chest, I Prefer Flat-chested Ones

"System, you said that after reaching level four, I can expand the restaurant for free; what does this expansion entail? Also, how much money is required for me to upgrade to level four?"

"After being upgraded to level four, the system will help you expand the restaurant from an 18-table capacity to a 36-table capacity, which means you'll be able to serve a maximum of 144 customers at once. The area of the kitchen will also be expanded by twofold. Upgrading to level four only requires 50,000,000 spending points; you currently have 5,521,250 spending points, so you're missing 44,478,750 spending points," the system replied with a smile in its voice.

"What kind of restaurant require 50,000,000 to construct?" Mag raised an eyebrow upon hearing this. Even though spending points weren't the same as real money, he was still quite displeased to hear this.

Of course, his displeasure simply stemmed from his poverty.

At present, the restaurant earned him around 1,000,000 copper coins of pure profit per day. Even so, he'd still only been able to save up around 50,000,000, so the system was clearly planning to completely rob him clean in one go.

"Strength, how much does a strength point cost now?" Mag asked.

"At present, one strength point costs 25,000,000, and the next one will cost 40,000,000 copper coins," the system replied in an enthusiastic manner.

Mag raised an eyebrow before demanding, "Sell me the two strength points for 50,000,000 and waive the construction fee for the restaurant expansion as well. If you don't like that price, I'll just construct everything myself."

"Do you know how much effort and resources are expended to calculate the amount of energy and angle of each lightning strike? On top of that, each successive strength point requires several times the expenditure of the previous strength point; the price I'm offering you is already the cost price, yet you're still trying to barter with me! Do you not have conscience?!" the system wailed in an indignant manner.

"So you are selling or not?" Mag rolled his eyes in a nonchalant manner.

"No way!" the system replied in a firm voice.

"Alright then, looks like I'll have to find a construction team first. It's going to be a little slow, but it shouldn't coast me all that much," Mag murmured to himself before suddenly noticing a carpenter's workshop nearby, so he began to ride his bicycle toward it.

"Don't do that! Everything is negotiable! If you look for someone else, they won't be able to do anywhere near as good a job as the system can, and they'll take far longer to do it as well. On top of that, their materials can't compare with the materials used by the system. Who else in Chaos City is going to get you wood from a 1000-year-old tree in the Wind Forest? If there's a mismatch in the construction style, the restaurant will look hideous!" The system hurriedly tried to dissuade Mag from hiring alternative labor.

"That's alright, I can just get rid of all of the existing tables and chairs, then make sure that the new batch is all completely uniform," Mag said as a hint of a smile appeared on his face.

“Can you add a bit more to the price?” the system asked in a feeble voice.

“Alright, considering it’s indeed true that you do use good materials, I’ll throw in an extra 100 copper coins,” Mag said as he parked his bicycle in front of the carpenter’s workshop, and then threatened, “If you don’t agree to that, I’m going in right away.”

“Deal!” the system spat through gritted teeth.

“Good.” Mag smile widened as he turned around and rode his bicycle onward.

50,000,000 copper coins was quite a hefty amount for him, but if that could allow him to attain the body of a 6th-tier knight, then it was well worth the price.

On top of that, it was also very important for him to upgrade the restaurant so he could earn money more quickly. Only through earning more money could he purchase more strength points.

It would take a long time before he could begin to profit from the steam engine, and Gloria’s clothing shop was only in its infancy. As such, the restaurant was currently his main source of income, and the ice cream shop was also an important addition to that.

After parking his bicycle outside Find All Job-finding Service, Mag slowly walked into the building.

Crease was just in the process of speaking to his employees when he suddenly looked up and caught sight of Mag. He murmured to himself, “Why is he here?”

However, he still sent his employees away, and then put on a warm smile as he greeted, “Welcome, Boss Mag; are you here to hire another server?”

Mag had visited him on two previous occasions, but stood him up and found waitresses elsewhere on both instances, thereby completely wasting his time. As such, he didn’t really want to deal with Mag.

“That’s right, Boss Crease; I want to hire another waitress, one that’s beautiful, quick on her feet, clever, and doesn’t demand high wages. Do you have anyone like that?” Mag asked with a smile.

“If I found someone like that, I’d keep them for myself.” Crease rolled his eyes in response. If it weren’t for the fact Mamy Restaurant was currently extremely popular in the Aden Square, he would’ve definitely thought that Mag had come here to prank him.

How could anyone possibly satisfy all of those criteria?

Mag wasn’t irked by his response, and he continued, “I heard that many elves have come to Chaos City recently; the city lord’s castle will be helping them with employment options, right?”

“Do you want to hire an elf, Boss Mag?” Crease asked with furrowed brows. Their job-finding service did indeed receive an invitation from the city lord’s castle recently.

“That’s right. I can pay you twice the normal fee, but I have some requirements that must be satisfied,” Mag replied as he nodded with a smile.

Crease’s eyes immediately lit up upon hearing this, and he hurriedly prompted, “Go ahead and state your requirements, Boss Mag; I’ll go to the city lord’s castle to source some candidates for you right away.”

Mag thought about it for a moment before replying, "I want a waitress that's around 15 to 16 years old, and quite good looking. Er... I don't need one with a huge chest, I prefer flat-chested ones... Aside from that, I want someone who's more docile and isn't too rowdy. That'll be all. As for wages, I can offer 1,500 copper coins per month, and aside from undertaking waitress duties, she also has to babysit for me from time to time."

"Haha, I get it. You want someone docile and obedient, eh? I didn't think you were grooming girls from a young age, Boss Mag," Crease said with a knowing smile.

"I don't understand what you're saying, Boss Crease; all I want is to hire a good server." Mag shrugged in a resigned manner. He was only doing his best to give a description of Firis' traits.

Crease pulled a contract out of a nearby drawer, and then scribbled something on it before handing it over to Mag. "Please sign here, Boss. Also, we recently introduced a new rule, which requires 10% of the fee to be issued in advance. If you're willing to pay double the normal fee, then 10% of that will be a deposit of 300 copper coins. We'll recommend candidates to you until you find one you're happy with."

"Alright, I hope to hear back from you as soon as possible, Boss Crease." Mag quickly signed the contract before handing over the deposit.

"I'll go to the city lord's castle right away. I'll definitely find one that you'll like, and then take her to you in person for inspection." Crease put away the contract and the deposit before accompanying Mag out the door with a wide smile on his face.

After Mag's departure, Crease immediately got onto a horse-drawn carriage with one of his employees, and the two of them headed straight to the city lord's castle.

### **Chapter 863 What's the Point of All This Unnecessary Rambling?**

On an empty plot of land in front of the city lord's castle, a series of tables had been arranged. Sitting behind these tables were people from employment centers as well as those who were looking to hire new employees. All of them were waiting for the arrival of the elves who were seeking employment.

During this recent period, the elven population in Chaos City had been rapidly increasing, but a large proportion of them were children and elderly elves, while just a small proportion were in their prime.

However, elves had extremely long lifespan, so given their polite mannerism and graceful demeanor, even elderly elves were quite popular with employers.

Under normal circumstances, wages for elven employees were quite high, but due to the fact that these elves were trying to find employment as quickly as possible so they could settle permanently in Chaos City, the wages offered were going to be slightly lower than usual, and that was something that the city lord's castle had accepted to be inevitable.

After all, these elves had only just arrived at Chaos City, and employers had to spend time and effort to train them before they could succeed in their roles.

There were many elves going from table to table, trying to find a job that was suitable for themselves, and then conversing in greater depth with the employers and the personnel from employment centers.

This employment convention was being held by the city lord's castle, so it was guaranteed that there were no traps waiting for these elves. After all, no matter how unscrupulous a business was, they wouldn't dare to risk offending the city lord's castle.

Most of the elves wore wide smiles on their faces as they prepared to begin a brand new chapter of their lives in this city.

To most of them, a job was something that was completely new and intriguing. In the past, they were one with nature, foraging for fruits and nuts as food while living inside trees.

However, here in Chaos City, there were no fruits and nuts for them to pick, nor any tree hollows for them to live in. If they wanted to live here, they had to find jobs, and then exchange their labor for income so they could purchase necessities like clothes and food.

This was a brand new way of life. At the very least, that was what Firis thought. She had lived her entire life in the Wind Forest, and as she cast her gaze over the employment information being displayed around her, she discovered that many of the jobs being offered were simply incomprehensible to her. These jobs included things like cleaning up storefronts, serving customers... All of them were completely alien, and she couldn't bring herself to be interested in them.

Many of the employers had set their sights on Firis. A young and beautiful elf like her was very popular, and there weren't many of them present during this convention.

She was a little thin and looked somewhat frail, but she would be perfect as a pretty face hired as a front desk attendant.

Many of the employers were already racking their brains, trying to think of conditions that they could offer that would make them stand out among all of the other employers present.

What kind of job will allow me to pass his test? Firis thought to herself with her brows furrowed. All she wanted to do was to pass Alex's test as quickly as possible, and then look after the young mistress to the best of her ability and await the day when she would be reunited with the princess.

"Hmm?" Crease had been sitting around for two hours, and only signed up two elderly elves during this process. However, his eyes immediately lit up at the sight of Firis.

She was around 15 to 16 years of age and quite beautiful in appearance. She seemed to be the quiet and docile type, and most importantly, her chest was flat!

Perfect! She's perfect! She satisfies all of Mag's criteria!

Crease immediately rose to his feet before quickly making his way over to Firis, stopping her in her tracks with a smile on his face as he said, "Hello there, I am the owner of the Find All Job-finding Service, and I have a job that's perfect for you; would you be interested?"

Shameless!

All of the employers who had set their sights on Firis were rather annoyed to see this. Some of them were even making their way toward her, getting ready to pounce as soon as she turned down Crease's offer. If they were to miss out on her, who knew when the next one would come along? A young and beautiful elf like her was perfect for countless workplaces.

“A job that’s perfect for me?” Firis repeated with a curious look on her face. She didn’t even know what kind of job was suitable for herself, so how did this man know what type of job was perfect for her?

“Don’t buy his nonsense! He doesn’t know anything about, yet he’s already making empty promises; he’s clearly not trustworthy! I have a job here that is truly perfect for you,” a portly employer said in an urgent manner.

Everyone else also tried to get a word in, and all of them began to bicker loudly around Firis.

“Don’t be too quick to make your decision; listen to what the jobs they’re offering entail, then make an informed decision. No one can force you to do anything against your will here,” an employee from the city lord’s castle who was supervising the convention reminded.

Firis hurriedly nodded in response. She had been given quite a fright by all of these employers flocking to her at once. She had been concerned that no one would want her, but it appeared that she was very much a hot commodity. After taking a deep breath to compose herself, she turned to Crease, and said, “You still haven’t told me what job you have that’s perfect for me.”

“You’ve heard of Mamy Restaurant, right? It’s the most renowned restaurant in Chaos City! The owner of the restaurant has just returned from King Andre’s royal birthday banquet, and received the best dish award there. He’s by far the best chef in Chaos City, and not only does he possess superb cooking skills, he’s also very young and handsome. Even the city lord himself as visited his restaurant on many occasions, and...” Crease began to deliver a long-winded spiel about the glorious past of Mag and Mamy Restaurant.

“How about you tell us what kind of job the owner of Mamy Restaurant is offering, and what’s the monthly wage he’s willing to pay? What’s the point of all this unnecessary rambling?” another employer asked as he pursed his lips.

“Ahem...” Crease cleared his throat in a slightly awkward manner; he was feeling rather flustered at the sight of all of these competitors. If his conditions didn’t prove to be alluring enough to Firis, then these employers would immediately swoop in to take her from him. However, 1,500 copper coins was simply far too low of a monthly wage for him to be able to announce it with confidence.

After taking a glance at the competing employers and the city lord’s castle employee nearby, Crease continued, “This exceptionally talented chef and restaurant owner is currently looking for a waitress to work at his restaurant, which is just as exceptional as he is. If you were to work there, you’d surely also become exceptional, and on top of that, you get three free staff meals per day cooked by Boss Mag. To be able to enjoy such delicious foods as a part of your job would be—”

“Cut the chit-chat! Just tell us the monthly wage that he’s offering!” another employer urged in an impatient manner.

Firis was also looking at Crease intently, awaiting a response to this question. She didn’t have much a concept of money, but the employees of the chaos city had given them a detailed introduction of what money was, as well as what it could be used for. It was next to impossible to live in Chaos City without money, so the more money one had, the better.



Looking around at everyone's intense eyes, Crease wanted to dig a hole and bury himself in there. As opposed to continuing with his pointless rambling, he mustered up his courage, and summarized, "You'll be getting 1,500 copper coins a month, and that includes food and accommodation. On top of that, you'll occasionally have to babysit for the owner, who has a half-elf daughter around four to five years old."

#### Chapter 864 Boss Mag, I've Got the One You're Looking For!

"Heh, 1,500 copper coins? Our shop is hiring a front desk attendant, and we're offering 5,000 copper coins a month. Workdays are from nine to five with weekends off, and the work is very easy. All you have to do is sit behind the front desk, and food and accommodation are also included."

"Being a restaurant waitress is a super tiring job. Not only do you have to carry out food for customers, you have to wash dishes, wipe the floor, and clean up the restaurant, You'll be standing for the entire day, and you won't even get a chance to catch your breath. Why don't you come to our company as a spokesperson? All you have to do is help display our new products once a week, and you'll get 6,000 copper coins per month. You can do whatever you want with the rest of your time."

"Our boss needs a secretary, and he's offering 15,000 copper coins a month. You eat whatever he eats, and you live wherever he lives. This job is way better than anything else these people have to offer!"

Everyone began to bicker once again while throwing the occasional insult at Crease. It was downright delusional to think that one could hire a young and beautiful elf for just 1,500 copper coins a month.

Crease heaved a faint internal sigh upon seeing this. The conditions being offered were quite alluring even to him, and in comparison, working for 1,500 copper coins per month was a completely unattractive option. Thankfully, he'd already taken that deposit of 300 copper coins from Mag, and he certainly wasn't going to return that.

However, much to his surprise, Firis ignored everyone else and stared directly at Crease as she asked, "Did you just say that I'll have to look after the owner's four-year-old half-elf daughter from time to time?"

At this point, Crease had already given up hope, but he immediately looked up as if he'd been thrown a lifeline upon hearing this. "Well... If you're really against babysitting, I can discuss this matter with Boss Mag..."

"This restaurant owner is a tyrant! Not only is he offering such low wages, he's also going to force you to babysit for him in your spare time. You'll definitely regret working for someone like him!" a fat employer urged in a heartfelt manner.

Everyone else also chimed in in agreement. With the conditions being offered, even a normal middle-aged woman would most likely turn down the job, let alone a young and beautiful elf.

However, Firis nodded in a determined manner, and said, "Alright, I'll take this job."

"Huh? What did you just say?" Crease was struggling to believe his ears.

Everyone else also immediately fell silent as they stared at Firis with incredulity in their eyes.

"I think you're right; this job is indeed perfect for me," Firis said with a serious look on her face.

Do you want to reconsider? Crease almost blurted that out in a reflexive response. All of the other jobs being offered were far better than working as a restaurant waitress for 1,500 copper coins a month.

However, as a seasoned businessman, Crease was able to immediately cast aside that irrational train of thought as he opened up a path among the stunned employers, then pointed at a nearby stall, and said, "Right this way, please. We'll sign a contract, and I'll take you to the restaurant soon."

"Alright." Firis nodded before following along behind Crease obediently.

"Was... Was she dropped on her head as a baby? She's giving up on 15,000 copper coins a month to become a restaurant server and a part-time babysitter?"

"That job should be her last choice! Are these elves really just naive or plain stupid?"

All of the employers looked on with flabbergasted expressions as Firis departed with Crease. They suddenly felt as if they didn't understand this world anymore. However, the city lord's castle had stipulated that the elven job-seekers were free to make their own decisions, and no one could force them into accepting jobs against their will, so they couldn't do anything.

"You don't know anything! This is Mamy Restaurant we're talking about here, and their servers get to have their fill of all types of delicious food every day. If we were to convert these free meals into money, she'd at least be getting 30,000 copper coins a month! In my opinion, she's far smarter than all of you!" a young man said with pursed lips as he passed through the area.

"30,000 copper coins' worth of free meals a month?" Everyone drew a sharp breath upon hearing this before falling completely silent. They all cast a final wistful glance at Firis before returning to their tables, waiting for the next suitable candidate to turn up.

After signing a contract with Firis, Crease was very afraid that she'd suddenly change her mind, or that other employers would swoop in to try and steal her away. As such, he immediately departed from the city lord's castle and headed toward Mamy Restaurant with her.

"Can I ask what the restaurant owner's daughter is like?" Firis asked in a quiet voice after they got onto a horse-drawn carriage together.

Crease thought back to the little girl who had coined for him the nickname "Mr. Nest", and his lips twitched in a rather awkward manner. However, he disguised this reaction with a smile as he replied, "She's... a super adorable little girl."

Firis smiled and nodded upon hearing this.

She didn't think that she'd be able to find a job where she could look after a half-elf little girl. The monthly wage seemed to be slightly low, but food and accommodation were included, so that wasn't overly important to her. The most important thing to her was whether this job would allow her to pass Alex's test.

It should be fine, right? Firis thought to herself with anticipation and uneasiness in her heart. She had never looked after a small child before, so she had no experience whatsoever.

When Crease arrived at Mamy Restaurant with Firis in accompaniment, Mag just so happened to also be walking out of the neighboring forge with a contract in his hands. He'd already rented all three of Mobai's vacant storefronts, and was charged only 3,000,000 copper coins for 10 years, so he'd received a sizeable friendship discount.

"Boss Mag, I've got the one you're looking for!" Crease immediately yelled as soon as he caught sight of Mag after disembarking from the horse-drawn carriage.

"You're quite efficient this time, Boss Crease." Mag glanced at Firis, who had just emerged from the horse-drawn carriage as well, and a smile appeared on his face, but he quickly turned his attention back to Crease.

Is he the restaurant owner? From what I heard earlier, he also seems to be a really good chef, but he looks so young, and those eyes... They seem familiar to me somehow... Firis was carefully appraising Mag with a curious look in her eyes. A young and handsome man like him didn't seem to belong in a kitchen, and what especially drew her attention was his eyes. Those familiar eyes harbored within them a gentle light, but he was sure that this was the first time she'd ever met this man.

"Of course! Your request is my top priority, Boss Mag. This is Miss Firis, and she would like to apply for the role of waitress at your restaurant. Would you like to speak with her?" Crease gave Mag a quick knowing wink as he spoke.

"Alright, please come in." Mag nodded with a smile before making his way over to the restaurant doors and pushing them open.

"Come in, Miss Firis," Crease called out as he entered the restaurant behind Mag.

"Alright." Firis nodded in response. The slab of floor-to-ceiling glass had her feeling slightly awestruck, and the crisp tinkling of a bell rang out as she opened the door. She was then greeted by the sight of a beautiful restaurant with refined decor and a soothing atmosphere. The wooden furniture was quite warm and welcoming, art pieces on the walls were spectacular to behold, and every single ornament matched the rest of the restaurant to perfection.

"Please take a seat."

Mag's voice cut short Firis' slight stupor, and she turned around to look into Mag's eyes. He was holding two glasses of water, and those gentle eyes of his seemed to possess a unique allure that drew in the onlooker.

## Chapter 865 Congratulations, You've Been Hired

Firis faltered momentarily before returning to her senses, and she immediately turned her gaze away as a faint blush appeared on her face before she sat down next to Crease.

Mag placed a glass of water down before both Crease and Firis, then sat down across from Firis as he smiled, and asked, "Miss Firis, is that correct?"

"Yes," Firis replied in a quiet voice as she stared into the glass of water before her, not daring to look into Mag's eyes.

Mag was feeling rather amused as the current timid and nervous Firis seemed to be a completely different person compared to the young woman who was threatening to jump down from his griffin the day before. With that in mind, he smiled, and said, "I am the owner of Mamy Restaurant, Mag. Seeing as Boss Crease brought you over to see me, I'm sure you've already developed a certain level of understanding in regards to our restaurant. However, what I want to do now is to test your abilities."

"Alright." Firis nodded as she wrung her hands together in a reflexive manner. She had thought that she'd be able to get to work right away, but who would've thought that the owner was going to test her? If she were to fail the test, then she wouldn't be able to get this job.

Crease became a little flustered upon hearing this. He felt as if he'd virtually swindled Firis into coming with him, yet Mag was going to test her rather than hire her right away? That was ridiculous! As such, he hurriedly said, "Boss Mag, Miss Firis is an extremely smart and clever girl, and you're only offering 1,500 copper coins as a monthly wage, so we can just skip the test, can't we?"

"This a rule of the restaurant, and it's something I refuse to compromise on. My restaurant doesn't need a pretty face; I need a waitress who can truly offer a useful skill set," Mag replied with a serious look on his face.

Crease's eyes widened upon hearing this. Was this the same man who had come to him this morning and asked him to find a timid flat-chested girl whom he could groom from a young age?

In contrast, Firis' eyes lit up upon hearing this. She didn't want to just be a pretty face, and she was even more averse to earning unscrupulous income by selling her appearance and body. As such, Mag's words were interpreted by her as a gesture of respect. Even though the monthly wage being offered was only 1,500 copper coins, this was still not a job that was open to anyone. As such, she looked up at Mag with a serious expression, and said, "Please begin your test."

"What do you think you'll be responsible for in this restaurant, and what skills do you have that will allow you to succeed in this role?" Mag asked in a serious manner.

Hiring Firis was Mag's way of fulfilling the promise of looking after Firis that he had made to Irina, but he didn't want to hire a useless pretty face for the restaurant. After all, if all he wanted were pretty faces, Sally and Miya were already exceptional at that role. He wanted to give her an opportunity, not a free job.

As for why he decided to use Crease as a middleman, that was because he didn't want Firis to know that he was Alex.

A secret could only be well-kept if the least number of people possible knew about it. The more people were aware of a secret, the higher the likelihood that it would spread, and in that case, the secret would cease to be a secret.

"What are my responsibilities?" A contemplative look appeared on Firis' face. She looked around at the entire restaurant to find that it was spotlessly clean, even in the most hard-to-reach areas, so they clearly weren't lacking a cleaner.

As for serving customers, she didn't think that she'd have the courage nor the ability to do so. After all, she found it difficult to even utter coherent sentences when meeting strangers for the first time.

In the end, she cast her gaze toward the kitchen, and her eyes lit up with confidence. She turned back to Mag, and said, "I can help out in the kitchen; I'm one of the top five best chefs in the Wind Forest."

"Top five?" A hint of surprise appeared on Mag's face.

"Top five!" Crease also exclaimed as he stared at Firis as if she were some kind of prized treasure. A thought suddenly occurred to him as he smiled, and said, "Boss Mag, if you don't think she's suitable for this job, then I can leave with Miss Firis right now. I'll be sure to find another suitable candidate for you. If you want, I can even return the 300 copper coins that you issued to me as a deposit."

One of the top five chefs of the Wind Forest could easily become the head chef of any restaurant in Chaos City!

In particular, if he could introduce such an exceptional elf to a restaurant that served elven cuisine, he'd be able to at least receive 10,000 copper coins for his efforts.

He was already beginning to regret not learning about this from Firis on the way here.

"Don't be in such a hurry, Boss Crease. I'll only be able to determine whether she's suitable or not after the test. My restaurant just so happens to be missing an assistant chef, so if Miss Firis really is an exceptional chef, she'd be perfect for my restaurant," Mag said with a smile. He could naturally see exactly what Crease was thinking.

Thus, he rose to his feet and made his way over to the kitchen as he said, "Please show me what you can do, Miss Firis."

Firis also stood up before walking over to the entrance of the kitchen behind Mag. There, she was greeted by the sight of a bright and clean kitchen with cooking utensils of all different shapes and sizes. In particular, there was a thick and sturdy rectangular chef's knife that was extremely eye-catching, and she couldn't help but gawk in amazement.

A chef paid a lot of attention to their kitchen, and she was very pleased with her own kitchen as it contained the most complete set of kitchenware out of any kitchen in the entire Wind Forest.

However, compared to Mag's kitchen, her kitchen was nothing. She couldn't even decipher the function of most of the knives hanging from the walls.

Mag pulled a potato out of the fridge before placing it onto a nearby chopping board, then turned to Firis, and said, "Choose a knife for yourself, then chop this potato into rice-sized cubes. The more uniform the shapes and sizes of the pieces, the better."

"Rice-sized pieces?" Firis looked at the potato with a confident expression on her face. She slowly made her way over to Mag's large collection of knives and hesitated for a long while before choosing that thick and maladroit chef's knife that had caught her eye earlier.

Quite frankly, this knife looked a little ugly and archaic, but it seemed to possess some kind of magical power that made it impossible for her to ignore it. Even though there were prettier and lighter knives all around it, she was still drawn to that one knife in the end.

The knife was slightly cool to the touch, and it was around twice as heavy as a normal chef's knife. However, it was also very balanced, so she didn't feel like its extra weight was a burden.

She's got a good eye. Mag was rather surprised that Firis had chosen the Chinese chef's knife.

After that, Firis made her way over to the chopping board and gently raised a hand. The potato on the chopping board flew into the air, and Firis slashed the knife in her hand over it in a series of rapid strokes, peeling off strips of skin that were carrying virtually no trace of potato at all.

"That's amazing!" Crease was absolutely flabbergasted upon seeing this.

The potato, which was peeled in the blink of an eye, fell back onto the chopping board. Firis raised the knife before bringing it down again, and the knife transformed into a blur, thudding onto the chopping board in a rapid yet consistent rhythm that was very pleasing to the ears.

The pleasant rhythmic thudding then suddenly ceased, and Firis put down the knife before taking two steps backward, leaving a pile of potato cubes on the chopping board. The pieces of potato were all of the bright golden color and virtually completely identical in shape and size.

"Congratulations, you've been hired," Mag said with a completely genuine smile. He'd found himself a treasure!

#### Chapter 866 I Heard You're a Very Famous Chef

"Really?" Firis stared at Mag with a hint of shock and elation on her face. She had thought that she'd have to undergo many tests, but who would've thought that Mag would make such an announcement after only asking her to chop up a potato? This surprise came far too abruptly to her, and she was struggling to come to terms with it.

"That's right. You can start working tomorrow. If you'd like, you can stay at the restaurant during the lunch service and familiarize yourself with the environment here. I'll write up a contract for you, and you'll be undertaking a three-month probation period, following which you'll become an official employee and enjoy all of the benefits available to the other official employees," Mag said with a smile and a nod. Not taking into account anything else, just Firis' cutting skills alone made it a no-brainer for him to hire her.

"..." Crease was appraising Firis with a complex expression. He felt as if he'd picked up a gold nugget, and then sold it for a cabbage.

This young woman was way too stupid! She was selling herself for 1,500 copper coins per month, and she looked so happy during the process; this was downright incredible to him.

However, seeing as the two of them had already arrived at an agreement and Mag had issued the deposit, Crease certainly wasn't going to do something out of line just to try and maximize his profits. As such, he rose to his feet, and said, "Looks like you're very pleased with Miss Firis, Mr. Mag. In that case, I wish you good luck in all your future endeavors. I'll be going back now."

"Thank you, Boss Crease; you've found the perfect new employee for me. Please wait for a moment, I'll issue the rest of the fee right away." Mag made his way over to the counter before quickly returning with a small bag of coins.

Crease counted the coins to verify that there were 2,700 in the bag, and his smile also became a lot more genuine. He had earned 3,000 copper coins in less than half a day, and even though it certainly wasn't a big deal, he did enjoy jobs with such quick turnover. As such, he put away the bag, and nodded at Mag as he said, "Thank you for your prompt payment, Boss Mag; I look forward to working with you again next time."

"If I ever need to hire new employees in the future, I'll be sure to come and find you," Mag replied with a nod and a smile. 3,000 copper coins was a rather hefty amount to hire a middle-man, especially when Mag had basically done everything aside from blatantly telling Crease who was the person that he wanted. However, everything turned out to be worth it in the end, and Firis turned out to be a surprise package that was well worth the investment.

Of course, the benefit of using Crease as a middleman was that it saved him a lot of trouble. At the very least, it wasn't that easy for others to become suspicious of him now.

After seeing off Crease, Mag returned to the restaurant and began to carefully appraise Firis.

She appeared to still be only around 14 to 15 years old, and she had a pair of beautiful eyes set on a slightly round face. Her hair had been organized into a little bun on the top of her head, giving her a pure and cute appearance. She was currently sitting behind the table, holding her glass of water with both hands with her back ramrod straight, appearing as if she were very nervous and uneasy.

In reality, she was indeed feeling quite anxious. Ever since she'd been born, she'd never been alone with an unfamiliar man in an enclosed space.

Irina's wise words were constantly echoing through her mind, telling her that no matter what excuse a man used to try and get her alone with him, she had to refuse. If that didn't work, she would have to resort to kicking him between the legs, and then quickly running away. This was because most men had impure intentions when approaching women.

Firis could refuse to believe anyone else, but she trusted Irina unconditionally with all her heart.

With that in mind, Firis was becoming even more nervous. She could sense that Mag was carefully appraising her, and through the distorted image that she could see in her glass of water, it appeared that he wasn't standing very far away from her. Could it be that following Crease's departure, Mag was going to cast aside all pretenses and show her his true colors?

Even though she wasn't a powerful magic caster and most of the spells she knew were more geared toward assisting others, she was still a 5th-tier magic caster, so she'd be able to take care of a normal human with no issues whatsoever. After taking a quick glance at the wand hanging from her waist, Firis was feeling slightly less anxious.

Just as these thoughts were racing through Firis' mind, Mag suddenly said, "You can feel free to have a look around the restaurant; there's no need to be so tense. If you find this place boring, you can also go back after you sign the contract, and then just come back tomorrow morning before 7:30 am."

Firis' train of thought was immediately cut off by Mag's words, and she looked up to find Mag appraising her with a pair of bright and gentle eyes. The princess had told her no one could lie with their eyes, so perhaps he wasn't a bad person, after all.

Mag was rather amused by Firis' timid display. In essence, she was a sheltered young woman who had only interacted with a very select group of people in her life, so there were many things that she had to learn. As such, Mag smiled, and continued, "I may be the owner of the restaurant, but I hope you can treat me as a friend. That way, we'll both be more comfortable. There are also three other waitresses that work here, and I hope you can get along with them as well."

Firis stared into Mag's eyes for a while, and for some reason, her cheeks were beginning to feel a little hot again, so she quickly nodded in response before averting her gaze.

However, as Mag turned toward the counter, Firis was struck by a sense of familiarity again as she caught sight of his profile from behind. From this angle, he looked so much like the man sitting on the griffin a few days ago.

No, there's no way that he'd become a chef, so they can't be the same person. Firis quickly shook her head to rid herself of that ridiculous thought.

Mag pulled out a pen as well as a contract that he'd already prepared earlier, and he placed both of them before Firis as he said, "This is the contract; you can read over it to see if there are any concerns you want to raise."

Firis picked up the contract before looking at it carefully. She was quite sheltered and timid, but she certainly wasn't stupid.

Food and accommodation were included, but she had to do her job diligently every day; as for the monthly wage... A hint of surprise suddenly appeared on Firis' face upon reading this section of the contract, and she looked up at Mag as she asked, "Did you put the wrong number here?"

"3,500 copper coins is your probationary monthly wage, and after you pass your three-month probation period, there's a chance that you could receive a further pay rise. I've decided on this monthly wage based on your level of ability," Mag explained with a smile. Setting aside everything else, his conscience simply wouldn't allow him to offer a measly 1,500 copper coins a month to an employee with such exceptional cutting skills.

"Thank you," Firis said in a grateful manner, and she was truly beginning to look forward to starting her job. After carefully reading through the contract, she signed it to seal the deal.

"I welcome you as the newest staff member of Mamy Restaurant. I'm going to prepare the ingredients that we'll be requiring for the lunch service now; you can do as you please in the meantime," Mag said as he picked up the contract.

Firis mustered up her courage before looking up at Mag as she said, "Can I watch you cook? I heard you're a very famous chef."

## Chapter 867 But Her Chest is So Small

"Of course." Mag nodded in response. He had been truly stunned after seeing Firis' talent. She was the first person he'd seen with cutting skills that weren't inferior to his, and the fact was that she'd honed



these skills without a test field for the God of Cookery like he had, so she was a far more talented chef than he was.

After all, even with the experience the system had passed onto him, it had still taken him many dozens of days of wholehearted practice in the test field for the God of Cookery to attain these cutting skills.

Of course, Mag was more curious about Firis' cooking skills. She had said that she was one of the five best chefs of the Wind Forests, but did elves even cook?

Didn't their diet consist entirely of fruits and nuts? In any case, Mag was feeling slightly skeptical.

Now that more and more customers were coming to the restaurant, and expansion was imminent, Mag would most likely struggle to keep up on his own. If he could have an assistant chef that could share some of the burden, even if it were just to prepare the ingredients, he'd most definitely be able to work a lot more efficiently.

Anna possessed decent aptitude, and she could be a great helper in the future, but she was only a small child at the moment, so Mag certainly wasn't going to ask her to help him in the kitchen during the services.

After going out this morning, Mag was already on a slightly tight schedule, so he paid no further heed to Firis, throwing on an apron before pulling out ingredients from the fridge to prepare for the lunch service.

Firis stood at the entrance of the kitchen, watching as Mag used the rather strange-looking chef's knife in an expert manner. A rhythmic tapping soon rang out from the chopping board, and all of the ingredients were cut into extremely uniform shapes and sizes, just as if Mag were a machine rather than a human.

That's amazing! He's not using any magic at all, yet even though he's a little slower than me, all of his cuts are so incredibly accurate; it's almost impossible to believe someone could be capable of such incredible precision. Firis' mouth gradually grew open. She had always been extremely confident in her own painstakingly honed cooking skills, but she was still very amazed by Mag's exemplary cutting skills.

Time flew by quickly, and Firis looked on in a completely entranced manner, not just because of Mag's cutting skills, but also the innovative ways in which he cut his ingredients. Many of the ingredients were cut into shapes and sizes that others would never even consider. For example, why was he cutting potatoes into rice grain-sized pieces? Firis was quite curious and intrigued.

After placing the final portion of diced potatoes on a plate off to the side, he set his chef's knife aside and flexed his slightly sore wrist. Even though he was doing this every day, it still wasn't an easy task.

Right at this moment, Amy's mellow voice suddenly sounded outside. "Father, I'm back!"

This was followed by a burst of knocking on the door.

"Coming!" A smile appeared on Mag's face as he wiped his hands clean before quickly making his way over to the door.

Ugly Duckling was sleeping on the counter, and it also suddenly opened its eyes before slowly sliding down onto the ground along the side of the counter, and then rushing over to the door behind Mag.

Is that his daughter, the little half-elf girl? Firis also cast her gaze toward the door with a nervous look on her face. She had never interacted with a small child before, but she had to grow accustomed to and become good at it. Only then could she have the courage and confidence to stand before Alex and request to look after the young mistress again.

According to Crease, the restaurant owner's daughter was around four to five years old, so she was similar in age to the young mistress. If she could look after the owner's daughter well, then she'd also be able to succeed in looking after the young mistress.

With that in mind, Firis forced a smile onto her face to try and make herself appear more benevolent and approachable.

As soon as the door was opened, a little girl immediately rushed in. She wore a little purple dress and had delicate porcelain-like skin. Her pointy little ears were almost completely transparent, and her large blue eyes were like vast ocean. Her silver hair had been arranged into a pair of pretty little braids, and she wore a wide smile on her face as she dove into Mag's arms.

Blue eyes, silver hair, and she looks so much like the princess; even the way that she smiles looks so much like the princess! How... How is this possible? Firis looked on at Amy with incredulity in her eyes as the latter was scooped up into Mag's arms.

"Huh?" Amy also caught sight of Firis at this moment, and a curious look appeared on her face as she asked, "Father, who's this big sister?"

"This is Big Sister Firis. From today onward, she's also going to be working at our restaurant," Mag explained with a smile.

"Hello, Big Sister Firis, I'm Amy," Amy said with a vibrant smile on her face.

"H... Hello, Amy." Firis was suddenly afflicted by a slightly dry throat. She was telling herself over and over again that there was no way Amy could be the young mistress, but still couldn't help but draw comparisons between her and the princess.

If there were one person who knew Irina best, then it was her, not Alex. She had envisioned what the young mistress would look like many times in her heart based on Irina's appearance, and Amy was almost a perfect match for her mental image.

It was just that... there was no way Alex could be the owner of this restaurant. Mag's cutting skills had already displayed to her that he was an extremely seasoned chef as there was no way those cutting skills could be developed without many years of practice.

Furthermore, the princess had told her in the past that Alex was completely useless when it came to cooking, so she had to cook for them all the time, and Alex was apparently a big fan of her food.

Thinking back to the princess's cooking skills... Firis could roughly imagine just how horrendous Alex's cooking skills had to be.

"Big Sister Firis is so beautiful," Amy exclaimed before shifting her gaze downward, upon which she shook her head, and sighed. "But her chest is so small; it looks about the same as mine."

"..."

“...”

After receiving this figurative stab to the heart, Firis’s conflicted emotions were suddenly cleared away. A hint of indignation and resignation appeared in her eyes as she suddenly noticed that Amy spoke in an extremely similar manner to the princess as well. However, she simply couldn’t bring herself to be angry at the sight of Amy’s adorable little face.

“It’s alright,” Amy consoled. “Even though you won’t be growing anymore, Big Sister Miya says I can still grow bigger.”

“...” Firis felt as if she were choking on a mouthful of her own blood.

Even though she was used to receiving such verbal abuse from Princess Irina, the fact that these words were being spoken by such an adorable little girl somehow made them hurt even more.

“It’s alright, Big Sister Babla says that women have to live for themselves and not care about what other people think,” Amy consoled before murmuring in a low voice, “But then again, she’s also very small as well.”

#### **Chapter 868 She Also Cooked Her Rice Using the Spring of Life...**

What is this familiar throbbing pain in my heart? Firis sniffled as she thought to herself. It had been a rather disconcerting experience not to hear the princess’ scathing criticism over the past few days, but who would’ve thought that she’d encounter a little girl who could fill in that role instead? Even as she was saying such hurtful things, her bright blue eyes were completely clear and innocent, so Firis simply couldn’t bring herself to resent this little girl.

It was just like when she was with the princess; she was simply far too beautiful for anyone to stay mad at her for long.

On top of that, they both spoke in such a matter-of-fact manner as if they were merely stating facts rather than delivering malicious insults, and that only made it more difficult for Firis to be mad at them.

She resembles the princess so strongly; even their mannerisms and the way they talk are the same. I’m sure the princess was just like her as a child... Firis thought to herself, and the more she looked into Amy’s eyes, the fonder she grew of her.

She was suddenly beginning to really look forward to this job. Being able to interact with such an adorable little half-elf would surely make this job a lot more fun.

At this moment, Yabemiya and Sally also arrived, and the former strode into the restaurant first with a curious look in her eyes. “Do we have a new colleague?”

A wide smile then appeared on her face as she continued, “What a beautiful elf! I’m Miya; welcome to our restaurant.”

“I’m Babla. Welcome.” Babla was also appraising Firis with a curious look in her eyes, and there was an immediate connection between the two as they appeared to be around the same age.

Firis immediately became rather nervous at the sight of her new colleagues, but she then relaxed a little upon seeing Miya's friendly smile, and she hurriedly replied, "I... I'm Firis, Thank you for the warm welcome."

Firis! Sally's footsteps faltered as she stared at Firis with a hint of bewilderment in her eyes. Why was Irina's personal maid here?

Firis had also noticed Sally at this point, and she reflexively took a couple of steps backward.

"I'm Aisha. I'm responsible for clearing the tables and cleaning the restaurant. Welcome." After walking in through the door, Sally had already recomposed herself, and she appraised Firis in a calm manner as if she had no idea who Firis was.

"Thank you." Firis cast her eyes downward slightly. She didn't know if Sally had actually failed to recognize her or was simply putting on an act, but she didn't expose her for using a fake name.

A while back, High Priestess Helena had suggested a few candidates to take over the position of princess, and among those candidates, Sally was the most powerful as well as the one who everyone thought had the greatest chance of replacing Irina.

Now that Irina had been deposed as princess, the position was vacant, and barring any mishaps, there was a very good chance that Sally could become the new elven princess.

However, she was rumored to be cultivating in seclusion in the territory of the Brewster Family; what was she doing in Chaos City? And why had she become a restaurant waitress? This was simply incredible!

Mag cast a quick glance at Sally and Firis, and he could tell that these two had clearly recognized each other. However, he wasn't overly concerned. By saving the elven captives from the Wind Forest, Sally was now in the same boat as Irina, so he didn't have to worry about her plotting against Firis.

During this period of time in which he'd known Sally, she wasn't very talkative, but she always charged to the forefront whenever any danger arose, so she was most definitely a trustworthy friend.

Furthermore, after running away from home and coming to Chaos City, Sally had distanced herself from the Wind Forest, and she might still be unaware of the drastic changes that had just taken place there.

Mag had bought some information prior to this, thereby learning that the elven race was already preparing to select a new princess directly after the incident in the Wind Forest a few days ago.

The elven queen was in seclusion, and Irina had been deposed, so it could be said that the elven race was now in its most vulnerable state in the past century. As such, they had to select a new princess for everyone to pin their hopes on, and Sally was naturally the most popular candidate.

"You can all chat and get to know one another; I'll go cook up some lunch." Mag placed Amy down onto the ground before making his way toward the kitchen.

"Big Sister Firis, you're an elf; Big Sister Sally, you're also an elf. Do you know each other?" Amy asked in a curious manner.

"No," Sally replied with a shake of her head.

Firis glanced at Sally before also shaking her head as she said, “No.”

Amy was slightly disappointed to hear this, but a smile quickly reappeared as she said, “That’s alright, you two can get to know each other now.”

“Boss is super strict with the staff that he hires, so you must possess some kind of super awesome skill, right, Firis?” Yabemiya asked with a curious look in her eyes.

Everyone also turned to her with intrigued expressions upon hearing this. Everyone had their own unique skill set that allowed them to excel in different duties in the restaurant, and that was a perfect indication that Mag chose his staff based on their abilities rather than their looks.

“I only know how to cook a little...” Firis replied in a modest manner.

The three waitresses were all extremely beautiful and made others comfortable in their presence; that was a truly exceptional skill in her eyes.

“Wow, you can cook? That’s so awesome! We can’t help out Boss Mag at all, so he’s always having to do so many things by himself. If you can give him a hand, then that would be great!” Miya exclaimed in an excited voice.

Inside the kitchen, a smile appeared on Mag’s face as he listened to the conversation between the women. He really enjoyed this comfortable work atmosphere.

Miya’s warm and bubbly demeanor gradually made Firis feel a lot more relaxed, and she slowly became more talkative as they began to discuss a variety of topics.

Lunch was soon ready, and Mag carried everyone’s dishes onto the table. He had prepared a Yangzhou fried rice for Firis as he was sure that she would enjoy the flavor of the Spring of Life.

Thus, all six of them sat down around the table, and Firis stared at the alluring dishes before her with an awestruck expression on her face.

At the center of the table was a fish that had been placed in a long platter. It was virtually buried under sliced chili peppers, but its aroma wasn’t unbearably spicy as one would expect. Instead, it gave off a very captivating smell that made one salivate uncontrollably.

The aroma of the chicken soup was also extremely enchanting to her, and she could detect a special fragrance from the dish. This wasn’t an unfamiliar fragrance, as it belonged to a type of mushroom that could occasionally be found in the Wind Forest.

After being dried under the sun, these mushrooms would emit an alluring aroma that made them similar to a condiment. She had once used this dried mushroom to cook a soup, which she found to be very appetizing. She didn’t think that she’d be able to taste it here in conjunction with the chicken soup that Mag had made.

However, what attracted her attention the most was the portion of beautiful fried rice that had been placed before her. The grains of rice were covered in golden egg, and ingredients of all different colors were combined into one dish, yet all of them had been diced into rice-sized pieces.

She had been wondering why Mag insisted on chopping up some of the ingredients into such fine pieces, but her question had naturally been answered by this dish.

Everyone else had already dug in to their meals. Firis hesitated momentarily before also scooping a spoonful of fried rice into her mouth.

Oh! This is amazing! Firis' eyes immediately lit up. The egg around the rice melted almost as soon as it entered her mouth, while the rice-sized pieces of winter bamboo shoot and peas were crunchy and refreshing. The grains of rice were also sweet and fragrant, forming a perfect combination with the soft ham, and she seemed to have also tasted a hint of shrimp in the dish. After swallowing her first mouthful of fried rice, a warm sensation spread through her entire body, and a delicious flavor lingered within her mouth.

Of course, the most important element of the dish was the faint fragrance lurking within the rice. She was 100% sure that this was the fragrance of the Spring of Life as she also cooked her rice using the Spring of Life...

### **Chapter 869 You'll Grow if You Eat More**

The flavor of the Spring of Life in this dish was a lot less pronounced than what she was used to, but she could definitely still detect traces of it.

The Spring of Life was the holy spring of the elven race, and it was prohibited from being transported out of the Wind Forest, so how had Mag gotten his hands on it?

Firis was rather confused by this issue, but her attention was then quickly drawn to the delectable flavors flourishing in her mouth.

She had once thought that nothing was more delicious than the dew-covered fresh spirit fruits that were plucked down from the trees of the Wind Forest. Those were nature's creations, and eating them was like tasting a piece of nature.

However, this Yangzhou fried rice dish completely changed her mind.

The flavor of the Spring of Life was very faint in this dish, so it really didn't play a significant role here. What was truly delicious were the seemingly ordinary ingredients that were melting in her mouth.

She was quite a confident chef, and she'd always tried to cook the most delicious food possible for the princess, but in that instant, she began to doubt her own cooking skills.

Fruit was naturally the main source of food for the elven race, but there were also exceptional elven chefs who could embellish a dish without drowning out its original flavor, thereby making certain foods easier to consume and more alluring to the consumer, but the one constant was that maintaining the flavor and texture of the ingredients was a top priority.

However, this Yangzhou fried rice completely bucked that trend. After slicing ingredients into such tiny pieces, their texture had obviously completely changed, but that only made them more harmonious and delicious.

It was as if there were some kind of magical power between all of the ingredients that transformed them into something more delicious despite the fact that they had been altered and become drastically different from what they initially were.

This directly contradicted the cooking philosophy that she had always firmly stood by, but she was awestruck by just how amazing the product of this cooking method was.

So ingredients can be cooked like this... A thoughtful expression appeared on Firis' face, and a hint of admiration crept into her eyes as she cast her gaze toward Mag. For him to be able to combine so many ingredients in such perfect harmony made him a very admirable chef in her eyes.

But where did he get the Spring of Life from? Could it be there are people in the Wind Forest who are smuggling the Spring of Life into the outside world? Firis was still feeling rather concerned about the presence of the Spring of Life in this dish. Even though she no longer belonged to the Wind Forest, her identity was rather special. If Mag really were somehow related to Spring of Life smugglers in the Wind Forest, she wouldn't be able to bring herself to place her full trust in him.

The Yangzhou fried rice was irresistibly delicious, and she quickly finished it with relish.

She then cast her gaze toward the spicy grilled fish at the center of the table. Just the sight of the red chili peppers covering the fish was making her sweat, and even though the aroma emanating from the dish wasn't all that sharp, it was still undeniably spicy. After a brief hesitation, Firis picked up a piece of fish with her chopsticks before placing it into her mouth.

A dish with such a strong spicy flavor was something that she would've never considered in the past.

However, as she took her first bite, she discovered that the crispy fish skin and smooth meat created a perfect contrasting set of textures, while the juices that they'd been dipped in created an explosion of heat and spiciness in her mouth that made her want to yell out.

Her tongue was slightly numb from her first mouthful of fish, but she simply couldn't stop eating it.

The crispy and fragrant skin, and soft and smooth meat, the spicy yet delicious juices... All of them combined to open up a whole new world to her.

So food can be cooked like this! Firis' eyes lit up further and further as she ate. This was her first time sharing a meal with these people, so she should've been more reserved and polite, but she simply couldn't control her chopsticks as they carried one piece of fish after another into her mouth. It was almost as if stopping for even a single instant would be sacrilegious to such a delicious dish.

Everyone at the table simply looked on with amusement in their eyes, and they weren't irked in the slightest by her sloppy table manners.

They had the pleasure of enjoying these delicious dishes every single day, yet even they struggled to maintain a semblance of good table manners, let alone someone who was tasting these dishes for the first time.

"Phew..."

After devouring the fish until there was only an empty skeleton left, Firis finally heaved a long sigh. A blush then appeared on her face as she came to realize that she'd eaten almost the entire fish by

herself, and she hung her head in a guilty manner as she said, "I'm sorry... It was... It was too delicious, so I couldn't help myself..."

"That's alright, we're glad you enjoyed it, Big Sister Firis. Also, you'll grow if you eat more," Amy said with a smile as she glanced at Firis' chest.

Everyone also turned to appraise Firis' chest with contemplative expressions on their faces.

"..." Firis was at a loss for how to respond. Amy was clearly trying to console her, but why did it feel like an insult?

Mag smiled as he said, "You have to make sure to eat until you're full. I'll normally try to cook according to how much everyone eats, but if there's not enough of a dish, I can just cook more, so you don't have to worry about everyone else missing out on the fish."

"That's right. You look really adorable when you're eating, Firis," Miya also said with a warm smile on her face.

"I'm full." Babla placed her spoon down with a nod.

"Can I begin cleaning up now?" Sally had also put down her chopsticks, and was appraising Firis with a gentle smile on her face.

A surge of warmth suddenly flowed through Firis' heart at the sight of everyone's benevolent expressions. She had been an orphan for as long as she could remember, and the only people who had ever been good to her were the princess and Snarr, that latter of which she only met once in a while. Aside from that, she had rarely ever experienced kindness from others.

However, here in this restaurant, she felt loved by everyone, and it was an extremely pleasant and warm feeling. She was like a little bird who had lost her way after coming to Chaos City, but she suddenly felt a sense of belonging here.

"Thank you, everyone." Firis stood up and extended a deep bow to everyone, then turned to Mag, and said, "I'll definitely work hard. If possible, I'd like to start today."

"Today?" Mag looked into Firis' determined eyes and hesitated momentarily before nodding as he said, "You can watch me cook during the lunch service, and I'll get you to prepare some of the ingredients required for the dinner service. As for whether you'll be able to cook the dishes on your own in the future, that will be down to your ability and the amount of effort you put in."

"I'll be sure to work hard!" An elated smile appeared on Firis' face before she nodded in a solemn manner. After tasting Mag's incredible cooking, she'd already completely cast aside her pride as one of the best elven chefs of the Wind Forest, and she was determined to learn how to cook truly delicious food from Mag. After honing her cooking skills here, she could cook for the princess and the young mistress as well, and they would surely also enjoy this cooking.

"Hold on, I'll grab a work uniform for you." Mag rose to his feet, then turned to Sally and the others, and said, "You can all begin preparing for the lunch service now."



## Chapter 870 Go On, I Really Want to Hear i

“You must be a really good chef, Firis; this is the first time Boss has ever agreed to let anyone participate in cooking with him,” Miya said as she looked at Firis in an awestruck manner. She had worked in kitchens for many years, but ever since coming to Mamy Restaurant, she had never been asked to help with cooking, not even in ingredient preparation.

Firis was also quite pleased to hear this, and she smiled at Miya in response. All good chefs had a certain level of pride, and they wouldn't allow just anyone to enter their kitchens.

Big Sister Irina asked me to keep an eye on the big sisters who try to get close to Father... Amy thought to herself in a rather conflicted manner as she appraised Firis while holding Ugly Duckling in her arms. However, her expression immediately eased as her gaze crept down to Firis' chest. I'm sure it'll be fine if it's Big Sister Firis!

Not long after that, Mag came downstairs again, and then handed a black and white chef's suit to Firis as he said, “Here's your work uniform; you can only come into the kitchen after putting it on. The bathroom is on the left-hand side on the second floor, and you can get changed in there.”

“A-alright.” Firis accepted the chef's suit, and a blush immediately appeared on her face. She quickly made her way upstairs, holding the chef's suit in her hands as if it were a hot potato.

Are these his clothes? What do I do? Am I actually going to have to wear this? If I don't wear this, I won't be allowed into the kitchen, but if I do... These are clothes that have been worn by a man! Firis rushed into the bathroom before closing the door and fanning her flushed cheeks with her hands.

A warm light illuminated the bathroom, and the clean mirror reflected her red cheeks. The smooth marble floor was very comfortable to look at, and there was a very large white bathtub separated from the rest of the bathroom by a semi-transparent glass panel.

After taking a few deep breaths, Firis placed the chef's suit onto a rack beside her, and then began to strip off her own clothes.

Are they really that small? After taking off her clothes, she couldn't help but appraise her diminutive chest in the mirror, upon which a resigned and dejected look immediately appeared on her face.

It fits... perfectly... After changing into the chef's suit, Firis was stunned to find that it was exactly the right size, just as if it had been custom-made for her. Even the shoes fit extremely snugly on her feet.

Furthermore, the style of this chef's suit was also slightly different from the one that Mag was wearing. The waist was clearly more tapered, and the buttons ran diagonally down the front of her top, thereby giving the entire suit a softer and more feminine appearance. The white hat was also slightly shorter than the one Mag wore, while beneath the suit was a black apron, a pair of casual black pants, as well as a pair of flat black leather shoes.

The style is quite unique, but I really do get a good feeling when I put on this uniform... Firis inspected her reflection in the mirror, and discovered that she seemed to have truly become a chef after putting on the chef's suit, which instilled within her a sense of purpose and direction.

So these are new clothes. Firis stroked her chef's suit with a smile on her face, but for some reason, there was also the tiniest hint of dejection in her heart.

After the table had been cleared, Firis had also finished getting changed, and she emerged from the bathroom before making her way downstairs.

Amy looked up at her with surprise and elation in her eyes as she said, "Wow, you're wearing the same clothes as Father! Are you going to become the second chef, Big Sister Firis?"

"Firis must be an exceptional chef to have been chosen by Boss," Miya praised with a hint of admiration and envy in her eyes.

Firis was rather embarrassed to have so many people staring at her, and she hung her head to look down at her shoes. She would blush whenever she spoke to anyone aside from Irina, so this was way too much attention compared to what she was normally used to.

Mag nodded with a pleased smile as he inspected Firis in her chef's suit. She was someone who could truly help him in the kitchen, so he had chosen a chef's suit for her rather than a dress. He could sense that she was rather embarrassed, so he said, "You don't have to serve any customers, as you'll be working with me in the kitchen. All you have to do is stand beside me and watch during today's lunch service."

"Alright." Firis nodded in response. She glanced at the long line that had already gathered outside the restaurant before hurriedly making her way into the kitchen while heaving an internal sigh of relief. There was no way she could serve so many customers with how shy and awkward she was.

"Then let's begin the lunch service." The clock on the wall had just struck 11:30, and Mag made his way over to the restaurant's entrance before opening the door.

"Boss Mag! I've finally found you!" Before Mag even had a chance to say anything, an indignant wail suddenly rang out from beside him.

Mag faltered slightly as he turned toward the slightly tanned fatso standing behind Krassu. Why did this man look so familiar?

"I'm Abraham!!" The man's voice became even more indignant.

"Duke Abraham? How did you become like this? I thought you went back to Rodu midway!" Mag's eyelids twitched, and only after taking a closer look was he able to verify that this really was Abraham. However, his skin had turned significantly darker than when he'd first met him in Rodu, and he had clearly lost a lot of weight as well.

Only four or five days had passed since their last encounter, so Mag wasn't able to recognize him initially. Just what had happened to him in these past few days?

"Duke?" Everyone else also turned to Abraham with curious looks in their eyes. The title of duke was one that was used only in the Roth Empire on the Norland Continent, and it was an extremely prestigious title. All dukes were very important people in the Roth Empire, yet this tanned middle-aged man was supposed to be one of them? Why had he come to Chaos City?

“Let’s... not talk about that...” Abraham replied with a depressed expression. He was a duke of the Roth Empire, yet he’d been forced to trek through the mountains for three days and almost starved to death because he’d overfed his falcon steed. This was far too embarrassing a story for him to tell!

“Go on, I really want to hear it.” Amy had sat down on her little stool near the entrance, and was looking at Abraham with a curious expression as she asked, “Was it because your big fatty bird was too tired from flying and fell out of the sky? Or did you get lost along the way?”

“...” Abraham’s eyes abruptly widened, and he almost blurted out “Holy shit! Did you see everything?”.

“You see that, Ugly Duckling? You can’t let yourself get too fat. If you fall from the sky while flying, it’s going to be super embarrassing,” Amy said with a serious expression as she pinched Ugly Duckling’s chubby cheeks.

“...” Abraham wore a dark expression on his face, and he wanted nothing more than to bury himself in the ground so he could escape from all of the amused eyes being directed at him. However, he simply couldn’t bear to walk away from this restaurant. He had endured countless hardships and lost close to 10 kg of weight to get here, so he couldn’t just leave.

At the sight of Abraham’s expression, Mag could tell that Amy had most likely struck the nail on the head. He repressed the urge to smirk as he said, “The restaurant is now open for lunch. Welcome, everyone.”