

## Stay At home 91

### Chapter 91: Upgrade Costs Money

Mag nodded, smiling. "I'm sure you will." Amy's thoughtfulness made his heart ache. Mischievous kids had often mocked Mag Alex's way of walking when he limped on the road. They had even thrown stones at him.

He had tried his best not to let Amy see this, but still she had seen it several times. The little girl had stood before him, crying, telling them to go away. He could still remember it like it was yesterday. *Maybe that's when the idea of protecting me took root in her mind.*

Looking at Amy's earnest and determined face, Mag couldn't help but lift her up, hold her in his arms, and kiss her on the forehead. His nearest and dearest was always putting him first. It warmed his heart and made him feel like crying.

"Don't worry. Father will become stronger too. It should be me protecting you. You just need to be happy every day," Mag whispered in her ear. *I'm not a good father, letting her carry so much.*

"But..." Amy lifted her head.

Mag knew what she wanted to say. He shook his head with a smile. "The day after tomorrow is our rest day. We can play all day. We'll visit Chaos School to see if we can find a suitable magic caster to teach you."

Amy's eyes brightened instantly. "Really?" She gazed at Mag with her big blue eyes, surprised. Then she became a little worried. "But I've promised half-beard grandpa to teach him fireball magic. I don't want to be called a liar."

Mag shook his head, smiling. "Actually, he is a very powerful magic caster. But he wanted to take you to a far faraway place to learn magic, so I turned him down. You don't have to teach him fireball magic, because he already knows how to use it."

"Really? But his beard got burnt by my fireball," said Amy incredulously.

Mag nodded with a smile. "That's because your fireball is very powerful. So, if you have to use it again, first you must consider if he or she can stand it, or they might be roasted," Mag said seriously.

He was teaching her to learn to control the power she possessed.

Although Amy was still small, Mag was already starting to shape her worldview. He didn't expect her to become a saint, but he didn't want her to grow up a devil, either.

Kindness was a good quality, to an extent.

That was what he had gradually apprehended after he got transported into this world by God. Anything could go bad without limits. One might escape the punishment of men, yet he couldn't escape the righteous judgment of God.

Amy nodded earnestly. "Yes, Father." Then she looked down at the little kitten, which was looking up at them. "Roasted, roasted..." she murmured in a low voice.

"Meow..." Amy's words sent a chill down the kitten's back, and it flinched in fright.

"Go play with Ugly Duckling. If you're tired, go upstairs and sleep. I'll clean the restaurant." Mag stroked Amy's hair, smiling, and put her back on the floor.

Amy shook her head. "No. Ugly Duckling, Mushroom Fairy, and I will wait here." She picked up the kitten, climbed onto the long-legged chair, turned on the music box, and hummed along. Suddenly, she looked at Mag, who was wiping tables, and asked, "Dad, if I sing for Teacher Luna, will she be happy?"

Mag nodded, smiling. "Of course she will." Amy really liked Luna, but she was too young to be enrolled in Chaos School. Luna had taken the liberty of letting her in many times, though.

Mag had planned to check with some teachers in the school to see if they could teach Amy some rudimentary knowledge about magic.

Amy had invented fireball magic all by herself. If she didn't know the basic concepts of magic, she might not be able to control this power. He didn't want his precious little girl becoming a rascal in other people's eyes. There was big difference between innocent and wild.

Amy nodded. "Then I'll study harder. I'll sing for dad and Teacher Luna," she said solemnly, and started humming along again.

A smile touched Mag's lips, and he worked faster. Amy was starting to get used to saying "dad". Although sometimes she still used "Father" subconsciously, Mag didn't care anymore. Sometimes, he even found the sound of "Father" a little cute. He decided to let her use whichever she wanted.

Mag cleaned the restaurant, marinated some meat to use in three days from now, and washed his hands. Amy was leaning on the counter, asleep, with the kitten dozing off in her arms. The music box was still playing, but its sound seemed to have become a little hoarse.

Mag raised an eyebrow. "System, listen to your 5,000 copper coins' worth of music box. What a rip-off! It's broken in only one day!" he said in his mind.

"There is no perpetual motion machine in this thing, so the acoustic quality will change when the power runs out. You just need to buy four A size batteries to replace the old ones," the system said calmly.

"You use A size batteries for such a fancy music box?! It should come with a lithium battery and a charger!" Mag complained. He could feel his vicious tongue stirring.

"In the detailed directions on the description page, it says clearly that the music box is powered by four A size batteries. It's not my fault that you didn't read it. But I can alter it for you if you want. You have four choices to choose from," the system said, its voice still calm.

"Wait..." As Mag watched the four choices pop up in his head, he felt he had been tricked by the system. He hadn't had time to read the directions, and the system had taken advantage of that. He felt a little annoyed.

When he looked through the four choices, he could barely hold back his laughter.

“First: power source alteration. The four A size batteries will be replaced by a fast charging ultra-capacity lithium battery. Three minutes of charging can last the music box three hours. If it’s fully charged, it can last it three days. Sale price: 10 gold coins. Accessories: one original charger.

“Second: power source alteration and clothes. Apart from the same service as the first choice, you’ll get 10 sets of beautiful clothes for the doll. You can change its clothes just by pushing a button. Sale price: 20 gold coins.”

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## **Chapter 92: The Kitten Gets Kicked Out Of Bed Again**

The last two ones could even upgrade the music box into a holographic projection device, and their prices were 100 and 200 gold coins, respectively. Mag lifted an eyebrow. “System, can I swear? I’d sooner buy a new one.”

“You don’t want to do that. If you insult me, you may trigger hidden missions,” the system said seriously.

“Fine. You son of a gun.” Mag nodded. He was a little tempted to choose the fourth one—a holographic projection device and the doll would be able to perform many dances. But the price made him hesitate. “I choose the first one,” he said at last.

Money was of paramount importance right now. Amy was still very interested in the music box, and she hadn’t learned the first song, so it wasn’t necessary to upgrade it to a holographic projection device.

“10 gold coins has been deducted. Alteration is in progress, and will be finished in five minutes. The battery will be fully charged after the alteration,” said the system.

Mag took a look at the counter. The music box had disappeared. *I don’t need to wait here, since the system will charge it for me.* He grabbed the cat, slowly picked Amy up, and walked up the stairs softly.

Amy was sleeping soundly. Mag didn’t want to wake her up. He put the two little things on the bed, and then went downstairs to turn off the light.

After he washed up, Mag walked over to the crib. Amy’s sleeping face put a smile on his lips.

He had never thought that he would get such a cute little girl. This transportation had been meant to be a punishment, but he found it so rewarding now. He had many beautiful expectations and dreams of the future. *The restaurant is a start. I’ll blend into Chaos City, and then this multi-species world.*

Mag woke up early in the morning. He kicked off his busy day with preparing ingredients. It was only when he became an owner of a restaurant that he realized how early the restaurants providing breakfast had to prepare in advance, and he didn’t even have to buy fresh ingredients himself.

Today’s business was even better than yesterday. The fact that his roujiamo could help lose weight was really catching on, so many fat customers came today.

The most eye-catching ones were eight rich ladies. They came together, and their bodies were even more marvelous than those of Harrison and his friends. Mag worried about his chairs when they took their seats. Luckily, the chairs, which were 10 gold coins each, withstood their test.

It was quite a view when they ate their roujiamos. The nearby customers gaped at them, mouths open. It was too “good” a scene for Mag to look at.

“Mag, the screen says that the number of days before your rest day is one. Do you not open tomorrow?” a customer asked as he took a roujiamo from Mag’s hand.

“No, we don’t. We have a rest day every week. We’ve opened for six days, so tomorrow is our rest day,” Mag answered, smiling. He had lost count of how many times he had answered that question.

“I see. I guess I can’t take my wife and children here tomorrow,” he said disappointedly. Then he thought for a moment, and added, “Your business is so good, and even one day means a lot of money. Some customers might not come again if they came here only to find you were closed. Other restaurants open all year long. Can you adjust?”

“He’s right. Mag, your food has made me unable to eat anything else. I would be starved to death tomorrow.”

“Mag, we come here every day. Don’t do this to us.”

Other customers echoed his sentiment. They had grown too addicted to Mag’s food to let him rest one day. They were persuading and even threatening him.

Mag shook his head. “You won’t die of hunger in one day. It’s our rule to have a rest day every week. We only have one cook here—me, and I need time to attend to other business, so we can’t open all year long.” He rejected them directly.

The customers traded unhappy glances. Mag was pretty adamant, unlike other restaurateurs who always worried about losing regulars when taking a rest day. They would stay in their restaurant all day long if they could. They were not as self-willed as Mag.

They knew very well that Mag had been strictly sticking to his opening hours. They knew that he wouldn’t open a minute earlier even if dozens were waiting outside, and that he wouldn’t cook another plate after nine even if many were still hungry. So, they were just clutching at straws.

After the last customer walked out, Mag closed the door and sighed with relief. Finally, he could rest tomorrow.

He could understand their wanting to eat delicious food every day, but Amy always came first. He could care less about their unhappiness. *They should be grateful that I only rest one day every week*, he thought.

Today, he and Amy profited almost the same amount as yesterday. It was the best they could do. Now he only needed to sell another 300 roujiamos to complete his roujiamo mission. He could do it in one day after the rest.

Amy didn’t notice the difference in the music box. Now she was able to sing the whole song if she sang along with the elf. She was indeed very talented when it came to music.

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The next morning, Amy woke up early. She climbed down her crib and got on Mag's bed. "Father, we're going to the school to see Teacher Luna today, right?" she asked, excited.

Mag, who didn't have to be woken up by the alarm clock today, opened his sleepy eyes and met Amy's big, clear eyes. She had pulled the curtain open a bit. He glanced at the clock—it was already 8 am. He hadn't slept so well for days.

Mag nodded, smiling. "Yes, we don't have to work today. We'll go out after breakfast." He sat up, picked Amy up, and tickled her. She giggled.

Amy also waved her short arms to try to tickle her father. Their laughter resounded through the house.

"Meow, meow..." The kitten jumped around on the floor. It even tried to rear up on its hind legs to see what was going on, but its short legs were not helping. It cried out unhappily. It had been kicked out of bed again.

Mag held Amy in his arms and stood up. "Rise and shine. Time to go. What do you want to wear? How do you want me to comb your hair?" he asked, smiling.

### **Chapter 93: I'm Very Bad-tempered!!!**

Amy thought for a moment. "I want to wear my hair in two braids and wear that purple dress with flowers on the chest and the white shoes. Will I look like Mushroom Fairy?" she asked, looking at Mag.

Mag nodded with a smile. "Yes. You'll be more adorable than Mushroom Fairy. You'll be a fairy yourself." He got out of bed, found Amy's little dress, and helped her put it on. Then he did her hair into two pigtails skillfully. After days of practicing, he had got really dexterous at handling her hair.

Amy still liked the pigtails and showed no intention of changing her hairstyle, so Mag had no chance to show his hairdressing skills.

Amy put on her white shoes and spun in a circle. "Father, do I look beautiful?" she asked as she looked at Mag.

Mag's eyes lit up. "Yes. You're such a pretty little fairy," he answered, nodding. *She's even prettier than the elf in the music box.*

"Meow..." Ugly Duckling walked over to Amy. It rubbed its little head against her calf. It was a little upset because no one had paid any attention to its cries.

"Ugly Duckling, the dress would be wasted on you. You won't look any better in it." She sighed, stooping down to pick the kitten up.

"Meow, meow..." Ugly Duckling lifted its paws up and widened its eyes as it cried out, trying to prove its cuteness.

"You look even uglier now." Amy forced its head to one side in disgust.

“Meow...” The kitten looked away, its eyes watery.

Mag shook his head, smiling. *Another master would have grown very fond of such a cute orange cat, but not Amy. She is teasing it every day and thinking of it as her future roast goose.*

Mag washed up, brushed his teeth, and went downstairs. Several customers were leaning on his window, looking inside. Their faces lit up when they saw Mag. Then came the sound of knocking.

Mag frowned. “System, do you have any window shades?” He felt he had to cover his window during closed hours. Their watching made him uncomfortable.

“You don’t have the right to make me change the layout of the restaurant right now,” the system said solemnly. “You’ll have to upgrade the restaurant to lv2 first. Then I’ll change it for you for free to a certain degree.”

“Measure the size of the floor-to-ceiling window for me please,” Mag said calmly.

“It’s 6.5 meters long and 3.6 meters tall,” answered the system quickly.

Mag nodded. “Then I’d like a right size window shade and tools to hang it up.”

“I’ll say it again: you don’t have the right to make me change the layout of the restaurant for you right now,” it said seriously.

“When did I ask you to change the restaurant for me? I just want to buy it. Don’t be so overzealous in this kind of stuff. Aren’t you a respectable food system?” Mag said sarcastically, his mouth twisting.

“...” An ellipsis went across Mag’s head. Then, it said solemnly, “I’m a respectable system. I don’t have any window shades.”

“Five gold coins?” Mag asked in a calm voice.

“I’m a respectable system,” the system repeated.

Mag raised an eyebrow. “Six gold coins. If you don’t want to sell, I’ll buy a bamboo curtain on the street. It’s as good as any.” His voice was still calm.

The system fell silent, seeming to be agonizing over it. After a while, it asked tentatively, “A little more?”

“No way.” Mag curled his upper lip. *And it calls itself a respectable system.*

“Pay me four more gold coins and I’ll give you a window shade that best matches the restaurant. It’s totally automatic. It will block all the unwanted prying eyes and become hidden when you pull it up. A set of tools will come free with the window shade to help you punch holes accurately. It’s very easy to install. I’m sure you’ll like it.” The system made an enticing offer.

Mag shook his head in disappointment. “No thanks. It’s too heavy. I can’t even lift it up, to say nothing of installing it. I guess I’ll go find a better seller who would deliver and install it for me.”

The system fell silent again.

Amy took a look at the people who were leaning on the window and knocking at their door, and didn't understand. "Dad, there are customers waiting outside. Isn't today our rest day?" she asked as she looked up at Mag.

"Yes, it is. We don't open today, but they still want to eat here," said Mag, smiling. "Sit, I'll bring you a glass of water, and then make breakfast for us." He turned to walk towards the kitchen.

*It's very clear on the signboard. I'll have to explain it to the customers when we leave. They may not be happy to hear it, though.*

Mag didn't rush to push the silent system. It was impossible for him to install such a big window shade all by himself; however, he would have to explain away the automatic design if he asked for help. It was best if the system would install it for him.

Amy turned to take a look at her father. "Why won't they let Father rest one day? Besides, we are to see Teacher Luna today," she muttered to herself. Then she clenched her little fist and walked to the door with the kitten in her arms.

Outside their door still stood a dozen customers. Some of them hadn't heard Mag's explanation yesterday, and others had come here on the off chance that Mag might open because of so many customers coming.

Yet it was already past the opening time, and the door was still closed. They saw the rest day countdown on the screen. Some customers left after waiting for a long while; after all, they wouldn't let a breakfast mess up all their arrangements for the day.

Those who had come a long way to arrive here refused to leave without their food, so over 10 people remained. They decided to say something flattering—or menacing, if necessary—to make Mag at least cook one roujiamo for them each.

Sarger was among the crowd. He had been very lucky to find a more difficult quest yesterday. He had killed three flamingos and had been rewarded with 80 gold coins. He wanted to use some of the money to buy breakfast because he didn't come across a quest like that every day; besides, he had been lucky to finish his quest in such a short time. He had to change his plan of eating 10 roujiamos every meal to eating five.

He had heard Mag's explanation yesterday, but he wanted to come here to try his luck before going to the guild to find a quest. He was standing at the back of the crowd and didn't hurry to walk to the door.

When they heard Mag's footsteps coming downstairs, they all looked to the door with great expectations. They were hoping their enthusiasm would change his mind.

"Ding!"

The door opened slowly. They looked down and saw Amy's long face and the kitten, disappointed.

"We don't open today. Father and I are going to visit Teacher Luna. If you want to eat the delicious rainbow fried rice and roujiamo, come back tomorrow." Then Amy's face darkened as she lifted her hand. "And if you knock again, I'll set you on fire! I'm very bad-tempered!!!"

#### **Chapter 94: Payment Is Negotiable Based On Skills**

The crowd became hushed. They looked at one another, and then at Amy, who was holding her little fist up as the kitten curled up in her arms. She narrowed her eyes and pouted her lips to try to look menacing, and they bit back their words when they saw this.

*I'd better get going... She looks so cute even when she's angry. Sargeris turned around and left after he glanced at Amy. Looks like I have to settle for some roasted meat. I'll try to find a difficult quest again today. I have to work hard to earn enough money to eat 10 roujiamos every meal.*

A girl couldn't help but laugh out. "She is so adorable!"

Some customers had seen Amy burn a lava demon and a royal magic caster's beard. They knew that the magic caster hadn't got angry and wanted to take her on as his disciple.

So, Amy's threatening words worked out pretty well. After all, she even dared to burn a demon, and they were not as strong as the latter. They hesitated for a moment and left when they saw the demon leave without a word.

"Mag really means what he says," one customer said. "And it's pretty smart to let his girl handle this situation. I'm very upset, but I just can't get angry. It's so annoying." He sighed, and then smiled.

"Yes. I've walked over 20 minutes to get here," another one said. "But it's not easy for him to run a restaurant all by himself. He loves his daughter, so it's quite understandable for him to want to spend more time with her."

Several remaining customers, who didn't know what was going on, looked at the adamant Amy, and then at those who had left without hesitation. They paused for a moment and took their leave.

Mag smiled when he came out, holding a glass of water. *Such a great little helper.* He had thought about how to explain it to them to make them feel better, and had thought that it might take him a while to talk them out of eating here today. He had never expected that Amy's threats would save him so much trouble.

Amy's smile returned when she turned to Mag. "I have sent them away, Dad. They fear me when I get angry," she said with a look saying she was waiting for her father to praise her.

Smiling, Mag nodded. "Yes. Amy is amazing. You've helped me a lot," he said. *The little thing was more cute than angry just now, and those customers have fallen for her cuteness.*

Amy nodded happily. "Thank you, Dad. I'll help you more." She took the glass and drank some water. Then she looked down at the kitten in her arms. "Father, are we taking Ugly Duckling with us? It's so ugly, it might scare Teacher Luna. Can I leave it at home?"

"Meow, meow!" the kitten cried out immediately, looking up at Amy, its eyes imploring and unhappy.

Mag shook his head. "Ugly Duckling hasn't eaten anything yet, so we'll take it with us and buy some milk for it on our way there," he said. *And I think Miss Field will like it.*



*The kitten is only a little bigger than a grown man's palm. It's a cute little orange cat. Maybe the name 'Ugly Duckling' left a bad first impression on her, so she finds it ugly. But, she has been pretty nice to it these days.*

Amy nodded. "Oh." Then she turned to her cat. "You must cover your face when we meet Teacher Luna. I don't want you to scare her or those little kids," she warned.

Ugly Duckling nodded eagerly, trying to look like it had understood.

After breakfast, Mag found the little basket that the herb collector had given him and put the baby bottle and a soft towel in it so that Amy could use it to hold the kitten when she got tired. They could also put in it the things they bought on the road. Then, they left.

Mag was wearing a long charcoal gray gown, which was very common in this world. It was somewhat like Hanfu <sup>1</sup>, only that it didn't have so many layers and was simpler and neater. After all, danger lurked around every corner in this world. It was better to fight and run in something simple and comfortable.

Mag's long gown had been made specially by the system. It was a customized one, so it fitted quite well, and the cotton the system had used was much more comfortable than the linen-cotton in this world. He cut quite a figure in it, and the charcoal gray color made him look even more mature and responsible. Only the small basket in his hand was a little hilarious.

When they walked past the magic potion shop, Amy teased Black Coal and Green Pea as usual.

Ugly Duckling was a little hostile to the obnoxious crow, but it wasn't able to jump high enough to reach Amy's knee, let alone the birdcage which hung as high as a grown man's head, so it just growled with anger.

Mag nodded at Urien with a smile, and left with Amy.

"Father, are we going to the school right now?" Amy asked, looking up at Mag.

Mag shook his head, smiling. "No. I have to deal with some business first, and then we'll go to the school." He had some other business to take care of other than finding an employee in a job agency.

Amy nodded. "Okay." She wanted nothing more than to sing for Teacher Luna right now, but she had to listen to her father.

Job agencies were called job-finding services in this world. They came into being when Chaos City became prosperous. They had expanded their services from finding workers and adventurers for workshops and guilds, respectively, to almost any professions. One could even find a nurse there.

They stopped at a job-finding service called "Find All Job-finding Service". It was about 20 square meters. On the outside stood two oblong wooden boards, on which were stuck several pieces of paper, and on the paper were job descriptions, employees needed, and salaries. Most of the salaries were negotiable.

Mag looked through the paper. Workshops were looking for workers, and adventurer groups were looking for special adventurers to do certain quests. The latter should be put up in the adventurers' guild; nonetheless, they were here.

There was a section for job ads looking for waiters/waitresses and nurses. The average monthly salary for a waiter/waitress was 3000 copper coins, and their meals were free. They had to work from early morning to late night. It was one of the typical jobs that had long working hours and low salary.

These job ads were all quite ordinary. However, when Mag shifted his gaze to the bottom right corner, the look on his face became a little strange.

“Looking for a girlfriend—a succubus or an elf. Daily salary: at least five gold coins. Payment is negotiable based on prettiness and skills.”

“Looking for a demon muscleman who looks scary and can withstand the magic attacks from a 3rd-tier magic caster. The scarier, the better!”

“Looking for a handsome, lovely boy—an elf or a human—who should be good-looking, thoughtful, and can have s\*x with me seven times a day. Daily salary: at least 10 gold coins. Payment is negotiable based on skills!”

### **Chapter 95: Different Kinds Of Waitresses**

Mag lifted an eyebrow. *What the hell?! This agency even goes as low as to look for female and male escorts for its clients?*

Although it was still early in the morning, this job-finding service was crammed with various species—humans, orcs, demons, and even elves. They were all staring at the wall covered with ads. Every once in a while, someone would call out a number, and then the one that had been called would talk more with a worker here. It seemed they were all looking for a job, and they got along well with each other.

A voluptuous succubus walked towards the job-finding service. She gave Mag the glad eye, but Mag showed no interest. She took back her gaze and turned to look at the special section. Her eyes lit up. “Hey, I’d like to be this one’s girlfriend. I think I can earn 10 gold coins a night,” she shouted towards the door.

“Coming,” a voice answered immediately. Then, a middle-aged bald man with a mustache trotted out. He took a glance at Mag and Amy first, and then walked over to the succubus with a smile. “Miss Barbar, I think you can earn 15 gold coins a night with your skills. Come on in and register. We’ll inform the client today, and maybe you can start working tonight.”

She nodded. “Thank you.” Then she whipped her scarlet hair towards Mag and walked inside, wiggling her sweet body.

Mag frowned at her cheap perfume. He had seen all kinds of women in his previous life, and most despised those who felt good wearing heavy makeup.

His taste in women had changed several times as he aged, but he had never seen attraction in this kind of women. He even found them repulsive. The succubus he had met before was much better, but he wasn’t attracted to her.

“Humph!” Amy gave the succubus a wary look and lowered her hand. *This white-faced woman even tried to seduce Father. If she dared to come closer, I’d let her taste my fireball.*

“Good morning. I’m Crease, the owner of this job-finding service. Can I help you with anything?” said the middle-aged bald man, smiling at Mag and Amy.

The cute half-elf girl startled him. *By the look of him, he should be wealthy,* he thought.

*And he has a half-elf daughter. That means he is very wealthy. After all, it’s difficult for a man to marry an elf girl, and even more difficult for him to wander around with a half-elf daughter. He must have an outrageous amount of money.*

“I’m looking for a waitress for my restaurant.” At first, Mag thought this job-finding service was a little despicable. Then he remembered he was in a different world. *It’s nothing compared to the red-light districts on Aden Square. This agency is pretty big, so they should have more resources.*

Crease nodded. “Do you have any specific requirements?” he asked. “We have three kinds of waitresses. We have the ones that are normal-looking, work hard, and ask for a low salary; we have the ones that are relatively good-looking, work diligently, and ask for a moderate salary; lastly, the ones that are good-looking and ask for a high salary. The good-looking ones include three species: humans, succubi, and elves. They demand a short working time and a not heavy workload.”

Mag raised an eyebrow. “So the salary is based on prettiness?” he asked. *The good-looking ones don’t need to work hard to get well paid. I guess pretty ones get all the advantages in this world.*

“A pretty waitress can raise a restaurant’s earnings by much, especially a good-looking progressive succubus. She will double your profit on drinks, so it’s a pretty good investment,” he said softly. Then, he smiled, and added, “Besides, many good-looking waitresses don’t mind having an affair with young restaurateurs. You can hire another two hard-working waitresses to do your work. Sounds good, right?”

Mag shook his head slightly. “Can I look at the relatively good-looking ones’ files?” He understood very well what Crease meant, but he had never thought about using several voluptuous waitresses to attract customers. He disdained to do that. What he really needed was a very diligent waitress of few words. Of course, she had to be relatively good-looking at least. He didn’t want her ruining his customers’ appetite.

He didn’t mind giving her a high salary as long as she could meet his requirements. His business was booming, so an employee’s salary was nothing compared to her contributions toward improving efficiency. He didn’t need useless but good-looking waitresses.

Crease nodded. “Of course. Please come in. Our reception room is on the second floor. You can read their files there. Take your time.” He led Mag and Amy into the building.

Half an hour later, Mag walked out with Amy disappointedly. There were indeed many applicants, but no one was to his liking. They were either too old or too plain. He wanted his employee to have a vibe that matched his restaurant. He wanted to improve his guests’ dining experience.

Crease walked out after them. “I’ll keep my eyes open, Mag. I’ll contact you as soon as I find someone suitable,” he said, smiling. *It doesn’t seem like he has come looking for trouble, or I would throw him out. He wasted me a half hour!*

Mag nodded. “Thank you.”

“Goodbye, Mr. Nest,” Amy said, waving her little hand.

His mouth twitched. “Good... Goodbye,” he said, smiling. *What the heck is Mr. Nest?*

Mag and Amy went to the market and bought some sheep milk for the kitten, and then he took her to an information-collecting shop owned by a human. It was like a private detective agency. He spent 10 gold coins hiring the owner to collect detailed information on Krassu and Urien.

Both old men wanted to take Amy in as their disciple, so he decided to find out who they really were first.

Mag didn’t have time to do it himself. Apparently, it was not a bad choice to hire a professional to do this job. He only needed to sell several roujiamos to earn the money he needed to hire a professional, so why would he do the legwork himself?

“Father, can we go to the school now?” Amy asked, looking up at Mag. They had been to two places, and the kitten was close to sleeping.

Mag nodded with a smile. “Yes. Let’s go to the school.” He helped Amy put the kitten in the basket. The little thing went out like a light when it touched the soft towel.

## **Chapter 96: Chaos School**

Chaos School was an educational institution under the Gray Temple. It consisted of two sections—primary section and secondary section. Children went to either of the two sections based on their age and skills.

Students between 5 to 12 years old were educated at the primary section. They would study rudimentary knowledge, common language, arithmetic, etc.

Meanwhile, their special talents and skills would also be developed there, like magic skills, observing skills, calculating skills... Prior to entering the secondary section, they would be tested first, and those who passed the test would gain the right to receive further education at the secondary section.

If they couldn’t pass the test before they turned 12, they would be forced to leave the Chaos School. In fact, five out of six students would be expelled.

After they graduated from the secondary section, most of them would join the Gray Temple. Their skills and loyalty would become the fresh blood in maintaining the governance of the Gray Temple.

Mag wasn’t averse to this educational system, because every graduate had the right to choose whether to join the Gray Temple or not.

Of course, they had to pass another test first. It reminded him of the civil service system in his previous life.

The best thing about the Chaos School was probably that it was the first to bring knowledge to the city.

The interaction between species had promoted the integration of human language and elf language, and thus the common language had appeared and become widely used.

Yet it wasn't easy for other species to master this language, so even Haga, a chief's son, was barely able to use the common language to communicate.

The primary section of the Chaos School received over 1,000 students each year, and the yearly tuition was only 5 gold coins, which was a lot less than other schools' tuition fee—at least 50 gold coins a year.

Moreover, students from different species studied together in the Chaos School. It was very common for a human child to sit next to a demon, an elf, a dwarf, or a troll, which was a unique scene that one could only find here, in Chaos City.

After a hundred years of development, Chaos City had achieved peace and harmony, and all of this would be impossible without the Gray Temple and the Chaos School. When two people from different species met on the road, they might recognize each other as classmates or schoolmates, so the hatred faded gradually.

And the people here had a much higher educational level. They also contributed a lot to the peace here.

Mag and Amy were standing at the gate of this large Chaos School, and school was not over yet. An old man and a big orc standing at the gate had declined their request to enter. They had to contact Luna after school, and only then they could enter.

Mag took a look at the big clock outside the gate. "Looks like we're too early," he said. *It's 10:30 am. The third class isn't over. We have to wait till around 11:30.*

Amy glanced at the grim-faced orc and tugged at Mag's clothes. "Father, we can sneak in," she said quietly.

Mag was taken by surprise. "Sneak in?"

Amy nodded. "Yes. There is a secret passage. I have used it many times."

10 minutes later, Mag turned to look at the hole covered by thick tree branches and stroked Amy's head with a smile. *Such a smart girl.*

"I know which classroom Teacher Luna is in. This way, Father." She grabbed Mag's finger and walked to the left quickly.

Mag could see that Amy really wanted to see Miss Field, so he followed her without question. *She has watched from outside the classroom before, so I guess it doesn't matter much.*

The teaching buildings were built of stone and wood, two-storied, and had walls made of black square stones. The roofs and second floors were made of wood. There were windows in two walls to let in as much sunlight as possible.

The sound of students' reading came floating out of every building. All the teaching buildings had been painted sky blue and grass green, looking lively and fresh. Some walls had children's paintings on them—paintings of different cultures. Such a harmonious sight!

*The man who founded the Gray Temple must be quite a visionary.* Through these paintings, Mag seemed to see the future that this visionary had pictured.

*Start from Chaos City, and spread the idea of integration. When the whole continent is truly integrated, the war among species will probably never occur again.*

*This idea coincides with mine. If the whole continent is integrated, the number of hybrids will inevitably increase, and when they become a large part of the whole continent, the discrimination against them will naturally disappear.* The thought brought a smile to Mag's face. *Maybe I could witness the rise of a new era, and it would be nice if I could give it a little boost.*

"Father, why are you laughing?" Amy asked, a little confused. She thought a moment, and said, "I know. You're happy to see Teacher Luna too."

"Maybe you're right." The sound of children's reading put Mag in a good mood.

*The atmosphere here is really nice. When Amy is old enough next year, I'll have her study here. She'll have a much better time here rather than staying home with me. She has mastered her fireball magic, so I don't think anyone will dare to bully her.*

Amy nodded. "Me too. I'm super excited." Then she put a finger on her lips as she pointed to the building nearby. "Teacher Luna teaches in this classroom. Let's get closer quietly."

Mag nodded and said nothing. He stepped softly and followed Amy slowly to the window.

Below the windowsill were two black rocks. Amy hesitated a moment and stepped on them. Now she was just as high as the windowsill.

Mag looked at the two rocks with surprise. *Seems like someone put them here for Amy. They're perfect for her, and there are none below other windowsills.*

Luna's voice came out of the classroom. It was such a sweet and comfortable voice that it could easily attract children's attention.

She was teaching the multiplication of one-digit numbers. They didn't have the 9×9 table or the decimal system, so it was not easy to do multiplication. Even Mag couldn't understand her method of multiplying seven by nine. *Poor kids...*

Amy listened attentively, her eyes shining in excitement.

Mag stood behind her, listening quietly. *It's not cool to disturb her. I should be careful not to make any sound.*

"Meow..." the kitten cried out.

### **Chapter 97: Why Is It Called Ugly Duckling?**

Mag looked down. The kitten was already awake. It looked up at Amy and cried out a few more times, each time louder than the previous. *Damn!*

The classroom fell silent immediately. Luna looked to the window, thinking that some wildcat had distracted her students.

But her face lit up when she saw Amy. She strode towards the door quickly.

"It's Amy! Hello! Wow, I like your hair," a window-seat girl wearing her hair in a mushroom bowl said delightedly as she looked at Amy, her eyes shining with excitement.

"Shush, Daphne. Don't talk to me or say my name during class," Amy said immediately.

"Why are you here again? I don't like seeing you here," a demon child said solemnly. On his head was a blade of grass like a mung bean sprout, and his hair was in a mess.

"Shut up, Ignatsu! Or I'll pluck out your bean sprout again!" Daphne said aggressively, glaring back at the little demon.

"I'm not afraid of you," he replied, but he leaned back.

"Ugly Duckling, stop crying! Or I'll roast you!" Amy snapped.

The kitten had been afraid of this sentence since it was an egg. It became silent right away, cowering and shivering in the little basket.

Mag petted its hair, trying to comfort it. *The possibility of getting roasted may hang over its head forever.*

Luna walked out with a smile, holding a piece of chalk. "Amy, you're—" The sight of Mag holding a basket startled her before she could finish her words.

"Teacher Luna, I'm here to attend your class and to see you. And I want to sing for you," Amy said to Luna, giving her a big smile. Then she took a look into the classroom and became a little upset. "But I seemed to have disturbed the class."

"I'm sorry. I brought her here. And I apologize for the cat," Mag said apologetically as he stroked Amy's hair.

Luna was wearing a powder blue dress and the same white silky scarf embroidered with a golden lily flower today. Apparently, she really liked that scarf. Her smile was so gentle when she looked at Amy.

"Don't worry. The kitten has intrigued the kids. It's been days since you last came here. They all miss you," Luna said, looking at Amy's depressed face and her father, who tried to take all the blame on himself. Then she took Amy by the hand, and added softly, "Come on. Introduce us to your little friend, and sing your song for me and the class."

Mag gazed at Luna. Right now, her face seemed to be shining with love and care. Her kind encouragement moved him. *She is a good teacher.*

Amy's eyes brightened. "Really?" She came down from the rocks, looking at Luna's smiling face full of encouragement. Then she took the kitten out of the basket and turned to Mag. "Father, I... I want to..."

Mag gave Amy an encouraging smile and nodded. "Go, Amy. You can do it."

Luna glanced at Mag, surprised. *It's not very common for a father to be so sensitive to his child. He knows what his girl wants and how to encourage her.*

The sight of Mag reminded her of the roujiamo she had had that day, and her heart started racing. Although she had felt a little abashed, the Yangzhou fried rice and roujiamo had been really good. If she hadn't spent all her money she had received from home on the kids, she might have tried them one more time.

*He is such a good cook!* She had never eaten anything better before. The thought of the good food made her mouth water despite herself.

"Okay," Amy said. Mag's encouragement put confidence on Amy's face immediately. She walked into the classroom with Luna.

Mag stood by the window, smiling and gazing at Amy who was in a purple dress, holding Ugly Duckling in her arms.

She was no longer that shabby little girl, and he wanted her to be more confident.

"You haven't seen Amy for many days. Did you miss her?" Luna asked the children, smiling.

"Yes! I do!" Daphne shouted immediately. *Amy looks so different with her beautiful hairstyle and new dress.*

Ignatsu shook his head. "Not really." But he couldn't divert his eyes away from Amy. *Why is she suddenly so pretty? She's like a china doll.*

Other kids were all staring at Amy out of curiosity. *She used to be so ragged and her hair was always messy. How has she become so beautiful all of a sudden? She is even more adorable than the elf next door.*

When they saw Ugly Duckling in Amy's arms, their eyes widened in delight. *It's so fluffy, so small, and so cute! I want to hold it and give it a stroke. And it's white and orange, cuter than those black or white cats.*

For the first time, Amy had received so much admiration and envy. She was nervous, but also happy. They didn't look at her with disgust and pity any more. She felt so good that she smiled.

Luna was also smiling. She had tried to build up her confidence, but every time the little girl got picked on, she got more frustrated and less confident.

*It's only been a few days. Amy seems to have changed completely, not just on the outside, but on the inside as well. She seems to have become stronger and more sure of herself. She has stopped worrying about her being different from others.*

*No one else but Mag has brought about this change.*

*Why does he suddenly seem like a different man, starting to care about Amy?* she wondered.

"Amy has brought a new friend with her today, and she wanted to sing a song for us," Luna said, smiling, giving Amy an encouraging look.



Holding the kitten in her arms, she said, "This is Ugly Duckling, my..." Then she paused a moment, trying to figure out what it was to her. "Father said it will become a swan when it grows up. Now I think it's my pet."

"A swan?" The children became really intrigued. They gazed at the orange cat in Amy arms, and didn't know what was ugly about this cute cat. *It doesn't even look like a duck. And it will become a swan?*

"Why is it called Ugly Duckling?" Daphne asked curiously.

### **Chapter 98: I Know The Answer To This Multiplication Problem**

"Because it's so ugly," Amy replied directly. Then, she added, "Besides, it came out of an egg. I've never seen such an ugly duckling."

"It came out of an egg? If it's a duckling, then it's really very ugly!"

"Yes. It looks like a kitten, though. Weird. No wonder it's different from normal kittens. But it's so cute."

Amy's explanation made them quickly accept the idea that Ugly Duckling was really a very ugly duckling. *It's a duckling, but it looks like a kitten, so it's indeed not a good-looking duckling. But it's so cute.*

"Meow!" Ugly Duckling retorted helplessly.

Luna looked at the kitten in Amy's arms. It was so cute and so fluffy that she wanted to hold it too. But she didn't think that it would grow into a swan. *Looks like Mag is wrong.*

"I want to sing a song for you and Teacher Luna..." The children's recognition really raised Amy's confidence. She took a glance at Mag smiling outside the window, and continued, "It's called 'a little girl with mushrooms.'"

"I don't think she can sing any songs," Ignatsu muttered in a low voice. Daphne gave him an angry glare, and he immediately fell silent, but he still didn't believe that Amy could sing anything nice.

"Go ahead, Amy. I can't wait to hear it," Luna said, smiling.

"A little girl goes to collect mushrooms, she carries a big bamboo basket..." Amy sang carefully, holding Ugly Duckling in her arms.

All the children were attracted by the merry song and Amy's soft voice. The sound struck love into their hearts and brought merry smiles onto their faces.

Mag looked at the little kids lost in her song, and then at Amy, feeling very proud. *My daughter is really amazing.* This was the first time he had heard her sing the whole song. She had sung unaccompanied, but her childish voice was so pleasant to the ear that he found she sang even better than the music box.

"Wonderful!" Ignatsu exclaimed, his eyes widened, his bean sprout cheerfully waving side to side.

"Amy's so incredible," Daphne said, resting her chin in her hands. She was extremely fond of Amy.

The looks on other children's faces were almost the same. They were very surprised at Amy's sudden change. Then their surprise changed into envy and admiration. *She's really incredible.*

Luna was also taken by surprise. *Such a good song! But why have I never heard it before? Is it a local children's song?* She had thought that Amy would sing a song that she had taught her, and never expected to hear a tune that even she didn't know. She couldn't help but take a glance at Mag. *Did he teach Amy this song?*

After she had finished, Amy looked down at the children, abashed and expectant. She didn't know how she had performed.

"Bravo!" Ignatsu said, clapping his hands. Then the other children cheered and clapped.

Amy smiled happily. It was the first time that she had been recognized by so many people, and they were her peers, no less. She felt so delighted.

Luna nodded, smiling. "Yes. Amy sang very well. Thank you, Amy, for your excellent performance."

Amy nodded cheerfully. "It's my pleasure." Then she saw the problem on the blackboard. She hesitated a moment. "Teacher Luna, I know the answer to this multiplication problem," she said, looking up at Luna.

Luna froze for an instant. "Yes?" She took a look at the  $7 \times 8$  on the board. *I have just taught them how to do this multiplication today. It's very complicated, and only few who are good at arithmetic have learned how to do it. Amy was not here these days, so it's impossible for her to know the answer.*

"I don't think so. It's very difficult. Only I know how to do it," a little boy in blue and white said from the first row, pride written all over his face.

"I find it easy," Amy said solemnly, gazing at the boy.

"I don't believe you! Solve it if you think it's easy," the boy said defiantly. *Only a few can do it, and she said it's easy? I don't believe her.*

Other children had similar looks on their faces. *She can't do it. Only Teacher Luna and a math genius like Parmer know how to solve such a difficult problem.*

Mag found their sudden argument surprising and amusing. *Amy has already mastered the  $9 \times 9$  table, so it's very easy for her to solve this problem.*

*It's about time they felt the power of the  $9 \times 9$  table.*

Luna wanted to say something to lighten the atmosphere. *Amy has just become confident; I don't want her to get back to her old self.*

"The answer is 56," Amy said calmly, looking at Parmer.

*Did she get it right?* the children wondered. Luna hadn't told them the answer yet, so they all looked to their teacher and Parmer.

Parmer rose quickly to his feet. "How... How... How do you know?!" He looked at Amy and then at the answer on his exercise book, shocked.

Amy gave a slight nod. "By calculating."

"The answer is 56." Luna was no less surprised than her students. *I know Amy's studying progress better than anyone. There's no way she can solve that problem. But she gave the correct answer without having to use paper and a pen. Did he tell her the answer while they were outside?* she wondered.

"Great! Amy has got it right!" Daphne exclaimed, smiling happily.

Ignatsu gazed at Amy with a strange look on his face as if he were seeing her for the first time. *How has she become as clever as Parmer all of a sudden?*

After Luna told them the answer, the looks on the children's faces changed instantly. *We don't know how to do it, but she only needs to take a glance to know the answer. She might be even cleverer than Parmer.*

"I don't believe her. She must have got lucky," Parmer said. "Teacher Luna, please give us five more problems, and let's see who can work out the answers faster." He felt his position as a math genius was in danger.

"As you wish," Amy said coldly.

Luna had planned to de-escalate the situation. She took a look at Mag, who was very calm, and nodded after hesitating a moment. Then she wrote five multiplication problems on the blackboard.

### **Chapter 99: Yes, You Lose**

Parmer resumed his seat. He looked at the five problems on the blackboard, and said to Amy confidently, "I'll count to three and then we start. The one finishing them faster wins. One..."

"64, 42, 72, 48, 63. I've finished," Amy said calmly, looking at the board.

Parmer had just counted to three. Before he could close his mouth and write down the problems, Amy had finished.

The classroom fell silent. They didn't know if Amy had got all of them right, but she was unmistakably a lot faster than Parmer. *Amy gave the answers before Parmer even started calculating.* They all looked to their teacher, waiting for her to tell them the correct answers.

"Did you just say some random numbers?" Parmer asked, incredulous.

"I have calculated," Amy said seriously, looking at Luna.

Luna looked at the board and gave the answers. "64, 42, 72, 48, 63. Amy's answers are correct!" Her voice rose a little in astonishment.

Of course, these problems were easy to her, but even she had to calculate in her head to know the answers. *It seems Amy knows the answers without having to think. Maybe only a genius can calculate this fast!*

"Amy's really amazing!" Daphne exclaimed. She had just said what other kids wanted to say. *Parmer is incredible, but now it seems Amy is even more incredible than him.*

"Holy moley! I can't play with her anymore. All good-grade children are nuts," Ignatsu said in fright, shaking his head disappointedly.

For a while, Parmer didn't say anything. Then he nodded solemnly. "I lose," he said. *"Father said, win or lose, a man must always act like a man, especially before a woman.*

*Although maybe Father only said that to comfort himself because he is often beaten by Mother and doesn't dare to hit back, I still think he has a point.*

Amy nodded. "Yes, you lose." Her voice wasn't too proud, but she sounded as if she had seen it coming. Her tone frustrated Parmer even more.

*She's so incredible!* That was many children's only thought about Amy. *The shabby little girl has become even cleverer than Parmer.*

Mag smiled. *Our 9×9 table is beyond compare!* Then he looked at the gentlemanly boy. *His face looks familiar, but I can't remember where I've seen him.*

The bell rang. The children immediately put this entire incident behind them and couldn't wait for Luna to say "class dismissed".

"All right. Class dismissed," she said, not prolonging the class. Right now, Luna had a lot of questions on her mind. She took Amy by the hand and walked out of the classroom. "I'm sorry, Mag. Can I ask you a few questions?" she said. "If you don't mind, can we talk in my office?"

Mag nodded, smiling. "Okay." He had something to ask her too.

After they arrived at her office, Luna gave Amy a candy and had her play by herself on a chair nearby. She wasn't able to hold back her questions any longer.

"How did Amy learn to do those problems so quickly in such a short time? I taught her a multiplication table before, but it has so many terms, she didn't memorize them all. There's no way she can solve those problems so quickly using that multiplication table."

"I taught her a new multiplication table and a new numeral system. It's much easier, so she could work out those answers so quickly." Mag didn't lie, because he trusted Luna, and there was no need to hide something like this.

It would be interesting to see the 9×9 table dominate this world.

War might be the fastest way to achieve integration, but it would also cause the most problems. It would be much better if culture could promote integration.

Luna's eyes lit up immediately. "A new numeral system?" She had thought Amy had studied harder under Mag these days.

*If this much easier numeral system really exists, it will be a milestone in the mathematics' world!* Her hands started shaking with excitement. "Mag, is this system universal?" she asked solemnly.

Mag nodded. "Yes, I think so," he said. *It has been used in China for thousands of years, so of course it's universal.*

*But it would be impractical to just rely on Luna to spread this system. We need to involve a much larger institution, like the Gray Temple.*

"Teacher Luna, Father is really incredible," Amy said, holding Ugly Duckling in her arms, the look on her face very proud.

"Mag, I know it's too forward, but can I have a look at this new system of yours?" Luna asked earnestly. "If you plan to publish it, maybe I can help. My grandfather is one of the educational officials in the Roth Empire. I can't tell you his name, but he is dedicated to spreading knowledge of arithmetics. Our numeral system is too complicated, so not many people have the patience to learn it, and even less have mastered it. In Chaos School, every year only half the children can pass the arithmetic test when they finish their studying in the primary section.

"If your system is easier and universal, I'm sure he'll be glad to help. Your name will live in the arithmetic history."

It was all well and good to be able to live in history, but Mag didn't want to be so conspicuous right now. The name Mag Alex had been a thorn in the flesh of many people in Rodu. If he stuck out now, a lot of people would be provoked.

He was a little surprised to find that Luna's grandfather was an educational official. He had thought she was just a lady from a normal noble family.

Most of the people in Mag Alex's life had been military men, so he didn't know many officials from other departments. *Now that I think about it, the name Field does ring a bell. I seem to recall that an old man from a royal banquet was a Field. We had a drink together. He could drink a lot. Maybe he and Luna are related.*

Mag nodded, smiling. "Sure. I can show you the numeral system. But can I use the name Mamy instead of mine?" It was a perfect chance to advertise his restaurant.

*If they name such epoch-making numeral system and the 9×9 table after a restaurant, I wonder what the kids here will think when they study the Mamy table,* Mag thought.

Luna nodded. "Sure," she said. *It's too early to talk about this sort of thing. I have to see the system first.*

## **Chapter 100: Roasted Meat Restaurant**

Mag nodded. He asked for a pen and paper and wrote down the 9×9 table. In order to explain it better, he wrote down the whole 81 terms. Then he explained the decimal system in detail.

People here were using the sexagesimal system, and it had more than 1,700 terms, so the multiplication and division of two-digit numbers and more were extremely complicated. One would be considered a mathematics expert here if he or she was able to do the division of three-digit numbers and more.

So, before spreading the 9×9 table, this complicated system had to be replaced. History has proved that the decimal system invented by the Chinese sages was the simplest and most universal system. This system and the 9×9 table together were enough to solve most of the mathematical problems in life. It was an era in which the ancient Chinese dominated the whole world in arithmetic.

Luna watched beside Mag, her eyes bright and her mouth wide. She was an arithmetics teacher, and grew up in an arithmetical family. She could see what Amy hadn't seen.

Although she couldn't fully understand the decimal system, Mag's simple and ingenious explanation had helped her see the excellence of this system. She saw infinite possibilities in this system and the catchy 9×9 table.

"Mag, I don't know if your system is universal, but you're undoubtedly a genius," Luna said earnestly as she watched Mag put down the pen.

Smiling, Mag shook his head. "I'm not a genius. I just know a little more than you." He didn't know what effect the wisdom of the ancient sages would have on this world.

"I'll have it delivered to Rodu as soon as possible. I don't have the ability to verify it or assess its value, but I'm sure it will cause quite a stir in the arithmetic world. And the word 'Mamy' won't be forgotten." Luna found Mag modest and courteous. *He's a great cook, and a genius in arithmetic. He would even use the word 'Mamy' to sign such a great discovery. Talk about spoiling a child.*

*Such an interesting and mysterious man! Is there anything he can't do?*

Amy gazed at Mag, eyes shining. *Even Teacher Luna said Dad is a genius. Dad is indeed amazing.*

Mag nodded, smiling. *I don't think they have the concept of thesis or patent in this world, and I don't plan on using this to make money. It will be our awesome advertisement.*

He didn't come here to teach the 9×9 table. He remembered his mission of finding a magic teacher for Amy. "Miss Field, I've come here with Amy to visit you, and I have a question. Can the magic teachers here teach a student outside school hours? Amy is interested in magic, but she's not old enough to be enrolled, so I want to hire a teacher to teach her some basic knowledge about magic."

Luna shook her head regretfully. "I'm afraid they can't. Teachers here are not allowed to provide paid lessons outside school, or they will be dismissed." Then she took a look at Amy, and added, "Amy can study here next year, but she won't be able to get access to magic knowledge until she gets older. After her magic talent is confirmed by a magic teacher, she will be taught with other kids like her."

*Never thought Mag would come here personally to find a private magic teacher for Amy, thought Luna.*

"I see. Thank you, Miss Field." Mag was a little disappointed, but he was powerless against their rules. His plans had fallen through. Now he had to find another way.

"Amy is young. There is no need to rush to learn magic. It's very dull," Luna said, smiling at Amy.

Amy shook her head. "Teacher Luna, I love magic. I think it's very interesting."

Mag and Amy stayed in Luna's office for a while before they left. When they walked through the gate, the old man and the orc gaped at them with confusion. They didn't know when they had entered.

*I have to have it delivered to my grandfather now. It may prove to be an important turning point in his cause of spreading the knowledge of arithmetics. He will be very interested in him.* Luna watched Mag leave by the window, excited. Then she strode to the table, picked up the two pieces of paper, put them in her pocket carefully, and walked out.

“Father, are we going back home now?” Amy asked as she looked up at Mag, holding his finger. She was in a good mood today. Her song had been praised by the children, and she had beaten Parmer with the 9×9 table her father taught her. She didn’t feel inferior to them anymore.

Mag shook his head. “No. Now that we’re out here, we should enjoy ourselves. Let’s go find lunch.” Staying at his restaurant every day was boring, and it was just lunchtime, so he walked towards a pretty busy roasted meat restaurant with Amy. *Let me see what this restaurant has to offer.*

Ugly Duckling had fallen asleep again. Mag had covered it with the towel, so no one would know what was inside the basket unless it cried out.

The aroma of the roasted meat tickled their noses the moment they walked in. However, Mag frowned. *There is a smell of mutton in that aroma. The spice is too pungent; it smells even stronger than pepper.*

“Father, are we eating roasted meat?” Amy’s eyes were shining with excitement. She had never had roasted meat before.

Mag was hesitating, debating whether to stay or not. The expectant look on Amy’s face helped him make up his mind. He nodded. “Yes.” They seated themselves by a window.

This restaurant was quite popular on Aden Square, almost as popular as the Fryer Tavern. People always lined up here at dinner time. Even during lunch, the room with over 20 tables was almost full.

Mag took a look at the plate on the table nearby. The mutton had been cut into pieces, a little black. On the surface was some black sauce and seasoning. Two customers were enjoying their meat, talking and laughing, seeming pretty satisfied with the food.

*The sauce is not even on the meat, the timing of the seasoning was wrong, the temperature of the fire was too high, the meat has been overcooked. Did an assistant cook make that?* One look at the dish and Mag wanted to criticize it.

*Smile, I’m an owner of a restaurant now. If I can’t control my vicious tongue, I may be recognized, and they may think I came here to look for trouble.* Mag calmed himself down, opened the menu, and ordered a plate of mutton and a plate of beef. These were the most expensive ones on the menu, each plate 88 copper coins.

Mag lifted an eyebrow. *Now I understand the looks on their faces when they see our menu.* The cheapest was a set meal for children, 20 copper coins, even cheaper than his egg!