

Stay At home 911

Chapter 911 Now Swim!

News of Alex killing all the elf hunters and saving a mercenary group spread rapidly among mercenaries, but that was not the only good news.

The elves had been saved. Some of them had put themselves out of their misery before Alex got to them, but the rest of them were alive and somewhat well.

Alex had done this great deed, not the Gray Temple.

He found their hideout and killed all of them single-handed.

The name "Alex" was the one they talked about the most in Chaos City tonight. They recalled his acts of heroism in the past and praised his bravery and other eminent virtues.

They suddenly realized that the past three years without Alex had been dull and unexciting.

Now he was back, and in less than a month, he had become the main topic of conversation.

He had killed six level 10s and the spatial demon patriarch in Rodu. Then he appeared in the Wind Forest, wounded an elder of the elves, and saved Irina. He came to Chaos City and declared all wandering elves were under his protection.

Today, he descended from the sky and slew all the elf hunters.

He was a human, to be sure, but he was revered as a hero by many species.

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Mag couldn't care less what other people thought of him. Nothing was more important to him than his daughter. He wiped the foam off Amy's nose and helped her hold Ugly Duckling, who was struggling to get out of the bathtub.

"Stop it, Ugly Duckling! If you don't take a bath, you can forget about sleeping in my bed. I can't stand the smell coming off you," Amy threatened as the cat clawed at the bathtub wildly.

Ugly Duckling stopped struggling immediately. It gazed at Amy, trying to gauge whether she was angry or not. After it was convinced she meant what she had just said, it withdrew its paws and gave an obedient meow.

Amy nodded. "Good duck." She squeezed some animal shampoo onto its hair and massaged it in with her fingertips. "Why don't you learn to swim, Ugly Duckling? Then you'll be able to save me if we fall into water together."

Ugly Duckling's eyes went round, suddenly frightened.

"If I fall into water... I just realized I'll never fall into water. I can fly! But you may, and when you do, I won't be able to pull you out because you're too fat! So..."

"Meow, meow~" Ugly Duckling edged backward slowly, afraid.

“Get over here.

“I said get over here!

“Trust me, you don’t want me to come to you.

“Good duck. Now swim.”

Mag watched as the cat started swimming reluctantly. Since it was its first time swimming, it swallowed a lot of water. It quickly got the hang of it, though, and its dog paddle was getting better fast.

After he dried its hair and tucked Amy in, Mag went up to the balcony.

It was cold and dark outside. Mag pulled his clothes more tightly around himself, looking up at the starry sky thoughtfully.

It had been almost four months since he got transported to this world. He had hated it here at first, but as time went by, he had come to love this strange continent. It had been an amazing journey for him.

If not for Amy, he might not have been able to hold on so long; he might have given up when the system locked him up to train in the test field for the first time. After all, he had always been a lazy person.

This world was far from being peaceful, but maybe he could make it a tad less sh*tty.

Mag stood there, thinking about the problems at hand and possible solutions.

In three months, the peace treaty signed by all the species 100 years ago would expire. Whether they chose to renew the treaty would determine whether this relative peace could continue.

After the birthday banquet for the king of the Roth Empire, each species had been expected to make an announcement appealing for peace, but they didn’t, so this renewal would definitely not go smoothly. After 100 years of recuperation, each species would have their own plans. Obviously, it wouldn’t be easy for them to reach an agreement.

It was highly unlikely that there would be a full-on war, though. After all, as powerful as dragons were, they had suffered heavy losses in the last war.

However, local wars would be inevitable. They would probably try to redive their territories according to strength. Many innocent people would be caught up in wars and die.

Considering his influence, Mag could do little; even Alex couldn’t prevent what was going to happen. Mag could use Alex’s influence to put pressure on some species, but that was the best he could do.

The restaurant was now on the right track. After today’s upgrading and expansion, the revenue should be able to rise a lot.

He had just spent a huge amount of money on one strength point. He didn’t know when he could earn enough money to buy another 0.5 strength point, so it was unlikely that his strength would skyrocket anytime soon.

He had sold his patent on the steam engine to the Buffett Banks and gotten 10% shares in trains and 20% shares in steam engines. The possibility of mass production of steam engines and him receiving huge profits was small.

To make profits in the freight business, one had to invest an insane amount of money in building railways first.

Mag was more optimistic about the application of steam engines in other industries.

Steam engines could be used in many different businesses, such as textile mills, machine shops, and smelting plants. Their selling point was efficiency. Once put into mass production, they would bring him and Buffett Banks huge profits.

Mag knew that steam engines would've probably helped him become the wealthiest man on the continent if he hadn't sold the patent.

Yet he was too lazy to turn steam engines into money, so he left it to Buffett Banks. They were professionals who were better at making money than he was. They would make him rich enough.

Chapter 912 Please Help Her

Mag didn't want to kill dragons in the sky or catch demons in the sea like Alex. He didn't want to be a business tycoon, either. He had become fond of cooking.

He liked to stay by Amy's side, make delicious food for interesting guests, and listen to their sincere praise.

He had no ambition in his previous life or this life.

One thing he really wanted to do now was to bring Irina from the Wind Forest to Mamy Restaurant.

He could feel that she was special.

He didn't know how to express that feeling. She was not his lover, but he couldn't wait to see her again.

"Am I in love with her?" Mag whispered, looking in the direction of the Wind Forest. He was silent for a while, and then said, "Wait for me, I will get you back. Next time, no one can stop me."

Mag went downstairs. The second floor was twice as big as before. It had changed completely after the renovation.

Mag's room was a third larger than before. The floor was covered with soft carpet. The big soft double bed looked very attractive.

The Aden Square could be seen through the one-way window extending to the floor. In the crib beside the big bed, Amy was sleeping with Ugly Duckling in her arms.

Amy's amusement park was also twice its original size, and thus no longer crowded with entertainment equipment. She now could have a better time in her amusement park.

Next to the master bedroom, there was a purple-and-blue room with stars on the ceiling. It was Amy's future room, because she naturally needed her own room when she grew up. The house was now big enough for several more rooms.

There was a small study in the corner of the second floor. In the study stood a desk, two chairs, and a shelf full of books. The window of the study faced the Bastie Prison as Mag had required.

Mag believed the prison could clear his mind.

He smiled after checking out all the rooms. "That's what a home should be like!" But something seemed to be missing.

He knew what was missing, but he didn't want to say it.

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The night was getting deeper. There were no people in the streets.

In a quiet hut in the north of the city, Elizabeth was sitting on her ice bed, meditating. Suddenly she opened her eyes and looked out of the window warily. A white snowflake appeared at her side, and then it broke instantly.

Almost at the same time, the hut collapsed, making a loud noise. The whole street was shaking.

The residents nearby screamed in fear and the children cried loudly.

Two demons appeared on a big tree not far away from the hut, one tall and one short. They were staring at the hut. The taller demon was holding a dark crystal ball in his hand.

"Is she dead?" the shorter demon asked in a hoarse and excited voice.

The taller demon frowned at the crystal ball in his hand, and angrily said, "No! She's gone!"

"There she is!" The figure behind a broken wall immediately turned and ran into an alley. The shorter demon jumped down the tree and rushed towards the alley like an arrow.

"The people of the Gray Temple will be here in three minutes, so we'll retreat if we can't kill her in three minutes," said the taller demon. With that, he disappeared in an instant, and then reappeared in the alley. He looked at a snowflake on the ground with an evil smile on his face. The dark crystal ball in his hand glowed red. The red light then turned into a red knife, cutting open space.

The red knife found the target in the space rift. The figure in the rift stumbled, and a few drops of blood fell to the ground. Then the rift closed.

"What?" The taller demon was surprised. His brow furrowed, and the red knife opened the space again. A few groans came from the rift.

"How dare you make trouble in Chaos City!" An old man's voice cracked through the night as loud as a thunderclap. A flying mount came rapidly in this direction.

“Retreat!” called the taller demon. He appeared in the alley on a teleportation formation that had already been set up. The shorter demon didn’t seem to want to go, but he looked at the flying mount and rushed to the teleportation formation too.

The formation was activated, and the two demons disappeared in a flash.

A dozen or so ice spears came down from the sky, but it was too late. They all hit the teleportation formation.

“They’re growing bolder by the day,” the old magician said angrily as he sat on the back of a big white bird. He took a look at the collapsed hut and was relieved to find no one in it. Unfortunately, the teleportation formation had destroyed itself.

The old magician straightened his robe, stood up, and said in a loud voice, “Don’t worry. I’m with the Gray Temple.”

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Yabemiya was sleeping soundly when she heard a thud outside. She immediately opened her eyes.

“Did something hit the roof?” She opened her sleepy eyes. She was sure that it hadn’t been an hallucination. She hesitated for a moment, turned on the light, put on her clothes, and walked out of the door.

She saw Sally as soon as she went out. “Miya, did you hear it, too?”

Yabemiya nodded. “Yes. Something seems to have fallen on the roof. Shall we go and have a look?”

“Yes, I don’t think it’s a bird.” Sally walked warily to the door. Yabemiya quickly followed her.

Sally slowly opened the door, her magic wand in hand. Yabemiya found herself holding a pan. She followed Sally silently.

As soon as the door opened, Sally saw a figure lying outside. She cast an illuminating spell. “Why is she here?” she asked, surprised.

“Miss Elizabeth!” cried Yabemiya in surprise. When she saw the blood on her body, the pan in her hand crashed to the ground. She rushed out from behind Sally and knelt down in front of Elizabeth. However, she couldn’t use healing magic, so she looked up at Sally, and said, “Aisha, please help her!”

Chapter 913 Thank You For Last Nigh

Sally hesitated as she looked at Elizabeth, who was breathing faintly. She turned to Yabemiya. “Miya, are you sure she’s a good person?”

Yabemiya looked up at Sally and nodded firmly. “Yes, I can assure you Miss Elizabeth is not a bad person.” She hurriedly applied pressure on her bleeding wounds with her hands. “Aisha, please help her. She has lost a lot of blood,” she said anxiously.

Sally hesitated for a moment, and then began to cast healing magic.

Green light fell on Elizabeth, and the wounds healed up quickly. Color returned to her face.

10 minutes later, Sally put away the magic wand and the green light disappeared. Elizabeth's wounds had turned into shallow scars. Although her face was still a little pale, her breathing was smooth and no longer as weak as before.

"Thank goodness! Aisha, you're amazing," said Yabemiya in surprise. She crouched down and carefully picked Elizabeth up, turned around, and began to walk towards the door.

"Miya, are you going to take her inside?" Sally asked, puzzled.

Miya nodded. "She's unconscious, and it's cold outside. If we leave her here, she will catch a cold."

Sally didn't move. She looked at Elizabeth, and said, "She is a level seven frost dragon. The people who wounded her must be at least at level eight. We'll be in danger if they come here."

"But we can't leave her here, she's just a girl." Yabemiya paused for a moment, and then said, "We should help her, at least until she wakes up."

Sally was silent for a moment, and then she moved aside and let her pass.

"Thank you, Aisha," Yabemiya said gratefully. She walked in with Elizabeth in her arms and went straight to her room.

Sally sighed. "Such a kind girl." With a wave of her hand, a stream of water appeared, washing all the blood from the door and the roof. She stood on the roof and looked around for a while before returning to the house.

As she walked past Yabemiya's room, Sally saw that she was carefully wiping Elizabeth's body with a towel soaked with warm water. She hesitated for a moment and said nothing. Although the frost dragon was suspicious, nothing had happened the few times she had been alone with Miya.

Besides, Babla was also a 7th-tier magician, just like her.

Even if Elizabeth harbored evil intentions, Sally didn't think she would hurt Miya, not when she and Babla were in the same house.

Her injuries seemed to have been caused by demons. Sally could sense evil in the wounds. She didn't know what had happened to her. Why do they dare to attack a dragon in Chaos City? Don't they worry about the rage of the dragons?

After the third basin of hot water, Elizabeth's blood was finally wiped clean. Miya dressed Elizabeth in her clothes, though they didn't fit very well.

"What happened to Miss Elizabeth? Who hurt her?" Yabemiya sat by the bed, looking anxiously at Elizabeth. After a while, she drifted into sleep.

The next morning Elizabeth opened her sleepy eyes, suddenly remembering the demons and the attack, her eyes flicked opened and she started to jump up.

Then she saw pink instead of demons. The bed under her was soft, and the quilts were as light and warm as feathers. She felt so comfortable that she didn't want to get up.

“What is this place?” She remembered being attacked by a level nine spatial demon and a level eight demon. She lost consciousness after teleporting herself. She thought she was going to die in their hands, but when she opened her eyes, she found herself under a warm quilt.

Elizabeth looked around warily, and then her eyes fell on Yabemiya, who was sitting there sleeping, with her head down on the bed.

Elizabeth’s eyes widened in surprise. “Yabemiya?”

Did she save me? Elizabeth softened as she watched Yabemiya’s quivering lashes and her lovely face. It was the first time she had looked so closely at her face. She slept like a child.

Elizabeth suddenly remembered her wounds. She lifted the quilt and looked down, giving a wry smile. The pink pajamas she was wearing were too short, but they were neither too tight nor too loose, and the fabric was soft and comfortable.

All the wounds on her body had healed, leaving only a few faint scars. For dragons, scars were medals, so she didn’t care.

But why am I here? Did I leave a teleportation formation here? Chaos City was big, but the sleeping girl might be the only one she could trust.

Fox really wants me out of the picture. I was lucky last night, but I don’t think I’ll be able to survive their next assassination. Should I give you the golden dragon pearl now? Elizabeth looked at Yabemiya, thoughtful.

That was when Yabemiya woke up. She opened her eyes to see Elizabeth looking at her. “Miss Elizabeth, you are awake!” she said happily. “Do you feel any better? You lost a lot of blood yesterday. I’m very worried about you. I’m so glad you woke up!”

“I’m much better now,” said Elizabeth, after remembering herself. She felt a warm feeling in her heart as Yabemiya looked at her with concern. No one in this world had looked at her like this in a long time since her mother died. “Thank you for last night,” she said.

“That’s the least I could do. You must be thirsty. I’ll pour you a glass of water.” Yabemiya left, and soon came back in with a glass of warm water. She smiled and handed it to Elizabeth. “Can you walk? Why don’t you go to Mamy Restaurant with me in the morning? You need some tofu pudding. It’ll rid you of the scars.”

Chapter 914 Yes, Boss!

“Oh my God! It’s just been one day, and Mamy Restaurant has grown twice as big!”

“It seems all of the renovation happened in just one day! Talk about efficiency!”

“A renovation of this scale usually takes half a month or so, but Mag did it in one day. He must have hired some very powerful magic casters to do the job. I wonder how much money he had spent.”

“But all that doesn’t matter. I’m more concerned if they’ll be able to serve more people each meal now that they have gotten bigger. My boss has taken to having a short meeting every day after work, so by the time I get here for dinner, I’m almost always too late!”

Early in the morning, the guests in line outside the restaurant quickly saw the difference. Although the lowered curtains blocked the view, it was obvious Mamy Restaurant had gotten much bigger.

“Today’s new dish: Peking Duck. 100 every night. Limit one per customer. No to go allowed.”

One customer found a notice hanging on the door.

“What is a Peking Duck? Never heard of it. A kind of roast duck?”

“Roast ducks in Ducas Restaurant are pretty good, they’re crispy, but too sweet to eat much. They add too much sugar. I wonder what this Peking Duck will taste like.”

“Only one way to find out. Mag has never disappointed us once, so I definitely will come early tonight, I don’t want to miss out on the opportunity to try the new dish. But I don’t think I can finish a whole duck by myself, I need to find someone to come with me.”

The crowd gathered around the notice and chatted.

“Roast duck? Did you catch some ducks again, Father?” Amy asked nervously when Mag told her about the Peking Duck.

Mag shook his head with a smile. “No, someone else did. And I’ll turn them into roast ducks.” Amy might want to set the ducks free again, considering that she had already done it once with the two Red-top Tricolor Ducks.

However, this time the ducks had been killed and dressed by the system, so she couldn’t set them free even if he let her.

Amy took a look at Ugly Duckling. When she found it was sleeping on the counter, she crept over to Mag. “Then let’s eat them when Ugly Duckling is not around,” she whispered. “They might be its brothers and sisters! If it sees us eating them, it will get sad or even scared and run away!”

It was all Mag could do not to laugh. He nodded. “Good idea.”

The cost of making a roast duck was 500 copper coins, so Mag priced a Peking Duck at 2,000. If he could sell 100 ducks every day, he could make profits of 150,000 copper coins. It was more profitable than Yangzhou fried rice.

Mag didn’t worry about customers not liking the dish, because even he couldn’t say no to it, and he was the pickiest eater he knew.

“Can we have roast duck for breakfast?” Amy asked with an expectant face.

“I’m afraid it’s too greasy for breakfast. It’s bad for you. We can have it for lunch maybe.” It was really difficult for Amy to hold her horses whenever he mastered a new dish.

Amy nodded. She looked a little disappointed, but not unhappy.

That was when a knock came on the door. "Boss, it's me, Firis."

Mag opened the door to find Firis standing outside in her brand-new chef's uniform. She was panting, her face red. "I'm sorry, Boss," she said, embarrassed. "The bed is too soft. Am I late?"

Mag nodded after looking at his watch. "You're 15 minutes late, but since this is your first time being late, I'll let you off with a warning. Please don't be late again."

"Thank you, Boss, I won't." She had meant to come here early, but she had overslept. She ran here, but still she failed to make it in time.

"Come on in. If we hurry, we can make up for lost time," Mag said with a smile.

As a boss, he couldn't pamper his employees. It was important to come to work on time. The restaurant was very busy now, so one employee being late might affect the operation of the whole restaurant.

Firis hurried in and was surprised to find that the restaurant had doubled in size. The wooden shelves, the green plants, and the warm lights... Everything worked together to make her feel so warm and comfortable.

"Good morning, Big Sister Firis," Amy said as she rubbed Ugly Duckling's head.

"Morning, Amy," she said, following Mag to the kitchen.

She was completely stunned when she looked inside.

The kitchen was where magic happened. The old one had been made for Mag to cook in it alone, but the new one was twice its original size, and everything had been arranged so neatly that there was enough room for three or four people working together.

Firis was dazzled, not by the lights, but by the neatness of the kitchen.

This is so impressive! Firis thought, and suddenly found that her kitchen that she had been very proud of was nothing compared to this one.

"This is the ingredients we'll be needing today. I'll help you process them, but as you can see, our restaurant has become much larger, so I'll have my hands full with all the cooking. When I start cooking, I need you to process all the ingredients for me. Can you do it?"

"Yes, Boss!" she answered quickly.

Then she washed her hands and started working. I will pass the probation period and work in this kitchen!

Chapter 915 Maybe I'm Allowed To Fertilize That Tree

Mornings in the Wind Forest were foggy.

In a luxurious palace, a middle-aged elf looked at Borg sadly, and said, "Lord Borg, when Irina and some other guys killed all the mercenaries who escorted the slaves, we lost more than 100 slaves. And yesterday, Alex destroyed a mercenary group led by a level eight demon in Chaos City. I'm afraid it will be very difficult for us to get more slaves."

Borg was sitting in an opulent chair with a dark face. He crushed the cup in his hand. "Alex is such a pain in the a*ss. Although he has died once, he is just as obnoxious as he used to be." He paused for a moment, and then continued, "Raise the bounty and warn those guys not to even think about selling slaves elsewhere. Otherwise, they will pay a heavy price! Elves can only be sold to the Wind Forest! If they forget, have people remind them."

"Yes, Lord Borg," the man replied before bowing and taking his leave.

"How long can the Tree of Life last? That power is fascinating. Soon I'll subject the whole Wind Forest to my rule, including the queen." Borg raised his hand and a green flame appeared and danced in his palm. Greenish black lines appeared on his arm, extending to his wrist.

"Alex, I'll kill you myself and have my revenge!" Borg's eyes turned blood-red, his shadow dancing in the light like a devil.

The cave in which the Tree of Life grew still emitted green light. The Spring of Life had dried up completely, and the trees around had become less vigorous and some were dying.

The once holy land of the elves had now become a forbidden area. Elves were told not to come near, or they would be subjected to severe punishment. Two teams of elves were patrolling here.

After the elven queen went into seclusion, several major events had happened in the Wind Forest. Princess Irina had been deprived of the title of princess, but what she had said was like a seed, which had rooted in the hearts of young elves and grown.

Many young elf boys and girls from noble houses were grounded these days. Although the news came out that they made small mistakes, everyone knew why they were punished.

Changes were happening quietly, unsettling the older generation of elves, and it was none other than the successors they were painstakingly trying to cultivate that were causing these changes.

The cave was as quiet as ever, or rather, quieter than before because Firis, who had always fussed over every little thing, was no longer here.

Irina was still sitting under the Tree of Life in her long white dress, meditating with her eyes closed. A green light rose from her body and connected her to the tree of life.

There were many blackish green cracks in the trunk of the Tree of Life. They were halfway up from the roots, and there was evil coming out of those cracks.

The leaves were drooping and not as green as before.

However, the vitality of the Tree of Life and Irina's magic were fighting against the evil and trying to keep it at bay.

"As expected, Borg has turned his back on the God of Life and joined the undead. He even dares to hurt the Tree of Life." After a long while, Irina opened her eyes. The light coming from her faded away. She needed some rest to recover her energy.

"Bean Sprout, I want a cup of..." Irina started, and then suddenly remembered that Firis was no longer here. She looked at the empty cave and shook her head with a smile. The girl who had been found and

taken in by her when she was very young, and who had never left the Wind Forest before, was in Chaos City now. She trusted Mag to look after her.

Irina looked up at the Tree of Life and sighed. "Hang in there, old friend. If you fall, elves are finished. The God of Life will not protect the elves tainted by the undead. You are our last hope."

The half-withered branches swayed slightly, as if in response to Irina's words.

That brought a smile to Irina's lips. She stood up and walked around in the cave. Then she sat back down and closed her eyes again. "I'll rest an hour, and then we continue fighting the evil. I think I'm getting the hang of it. It seems its fear of holy light is far greater than the power of life."

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"That tree has stopped producing water of life. It's a big problem. I can't grow rice!

"Now I need a lot of rice of life every day, and the stock can last three months at most. It takes two months for rice to grow and ripen, so I need to get that tree to start producing water again in one month.

"Those things are really annoying. They couldn't have come at a worse time. I would have wiped them all out with gamma rays, but God has told me not to meddle in such matters. I can't grow rice with them here. I'm losing money!"

The system was talking to itself in Mag's head.

"I can't kill them, but maybe I'm allowed to fertilize that tree.

"As the God of Cookery Cultivation System, my mission is to assist Mag to become the God of Cookery. If I can't guarantee the adequate supply of rice of life, Yangzhou fried rice will have to be removed from the menu. I cannot let that happen!

"Saving the tree doesn't go against my three rules.

"I have never dealt with undead creatures before. Let me study the anatomy of them first. Everything can be explained by science. If it cannot be explained, it must be because science is not developed enough."

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Once again, Firis showed her great knife skills. All the ingredients quickly became pieces of required sizes under the Chinese chef's knife. Even Mag couldn't find fault with her handiwork.

Mag was busy too. In addition to the ingredients that needed to be cut, there were many other things that needed to be done by him, such as preparing the sauces for beef kebabs and marinating beef.

However, Mag's workload had been reduced by at least half, which made him very happy.

Soon Sally and Yabemiya arrived.

"Miya, did you sleep well last night?" Mag asked with concern when he saw the dark circles around her eyes.

Chapter 916 Talk About Being Extravagant!

"I..." Yabemiya started reluctantly.

"What happened?" Mag stopped what he was doing and looked into her eyes. He could tell something had happened last night.

Sally looked at Miya and said nothing.

Yabemiya paused a moment as they gazed at her with concern. Then she shook her head with a smile. "Nothing. I guess I didn't sleep well last night. I had a bad dream."

Mag didn't want to press her further. "Well, we're here if something is bothering you. You don't need to go to the ice cream shop today. Go back and get some rest when breakfast hours are over."

"Thanks, Boss." Miya felt a warm feeling in her heart. I don't know who her enemies are, maybe it's best if I don't get Boss involved. She isn't able to get out of bed yet, so I should bring her something to eat when I get back.

Sally sighed silently. She's too trusting. Hopefully that frost dragon is not a bad person as she believes.

"Oh, Boss, I saw the notice outside," said Miya as she stood at the kitchen door. "So there's a new dish coming out. Peking Duck, right? But where are the ducks?"

They all turned to look at Mag, as curious as the customers waiting outside. Each and every dish in this restaurant had blown their minds, so of course they were intrigued.

"Ducks are still on the way. The new dish will be launched officially tonight. It's not fit for breakfast, but I'll cook one for lunch and we'll try it." Yes, roast ducks were good, but they were not good for breakfast.

"Great!" Miya exclaimed happily. "One of the best things about working here is getting to try new dishes first. Boss, you can call me whenever you want to invent new dishes. I can help you taste them."

They smiled. Maybe everyone wanted to help Mag invent new dishes by eating them.

"Trust me, you don't want to try my failed dishes," replied Mag. "Besides, you'd have to have a really big stomach 'cause I fail a lot."

Everyone burst into laughter. Even Sally covered her mouth and grinned.

Firis looked at them and suddenly considered herself very lucky. Neither Irina nor Mag had mistreated her because of who she was or where she had come from. The atmosphere here was much more relaxed and peaceful than that in the Wind Forest.

Of course, she was confused to find Sally here.

Sally was the most likely to become the new elven princess now that Irina had been deposed, but she was here, working as a waitress when everyone thought she was training in her house.

Sally had disguised herself and tried to find out what had happened in the Wind Forest yesterday, but what she had found out really shocked her.

Irina had been deposed, and the elven queen had gone into seclusion. Right now, there were two opposing forces in the Wind Forest; one was led by Borg, the other by Helena.

Although the possibility of the elven realm sliding into a civil war was low, they would probably try to find another elven princess. As such, Sally might be forced to leave Chaos City and return home. She had wanted to talk to Firis yesterday, but the latter had locked herself in her room all day. Somehow their eyes found each other, and they quickly looked away.

Later, during their breakfast, Yabemiya asked Mag if she could take a sweet tofu pudding home and eat later.

“Sweet tofu pudding?” Mag asked, surprised. She has always only eaten savory tofu pudding, and why does she have to take it home?

“Yes. I want to try it. But don’t get me wrong, I’m still a savory tofu pudding girl. I just want to try it so that...” She paused, trying to come up with a convincing reason. “So that I can find more reasons not to eat it. Yeah. That’s the reason.”

Mag nodded with a smile. “I see. Of course you can take it home.”

Clearly it was a lie, but Mag didn’t want to expose it. Something did happen last night. She must have her reasons not to tell me.

Everyone had a secret, including him.

Miya’s face lit up. “Thanks, Boss!”

“Normally we can cater for about 300 people in one morning,” Mag said after breakfast, “but since we’re bigger now, I plan to serve 400 customers during breakfast hours, so I’m afraid we’ll have to work harder than before. I’m sure we can do it.”

Miya nodded confidently. “We got this.”

Sally and Babla were full of fighting spirit. They decided to give their all now that their workload had increased.

“Do you want me to help with serving customers, Boss?” Firis asked.

“No need for that,” Mag replied. “You just stay in the kitchen. You’ll be as busy as a beaver after you’ve mastered how to grill beef kebabs.”

The people in the back part of the waiting lines would have left, but Mag told them they could serve up to 400 customers this morning.

“Welcome,” Mag said to the crowd, smiling.

Finally they got to see the new Mamy Restaurant.

“Whoa, it’s much bigger than before. I like the wooden shelves. It’s so classy. Mag is indeed a genius.”

“That plant can grow in water alone? I didn’t know! But these crystal glass containers look very expensive, and they are using them as plant pots?”

“Talk about being extravagant!”

Chapter 917 I Wanted To Invite You To Attend The Parent-Teacher Meeting

A giant falcon landed quietly on a mountain five kilometers away from Chaos City.

Two figures got off the bird and looked in the direction of the city.

“Lord Elliot, if other great houses found out about you coming here, they might have questions,” a middle-aged elf said, worried.

“What’s important now is getting Sally back,” Elliot said gravely. “I’m afraid no one but me can do that. We need to make her the new elven princess if we want to survive the turbulent situation.”

The middle-aged elf looked at Elliot like he wanted to say something, but he didn’t.

“Wait for me here. I’ll bring her back by sunset tomorrow. Stay out of trouble.” With that, Elliot headed fast towards Chaos City.

Mamy Restaurant was barely able to handle the increased workload.

The limbs of the waitresses grew heavier by the second even with the help of magic.

“You could use several more waitresses, Mag,” Harrison said to Mag cooking in the kitchen when he paid his check. “Look at them, this is no way to treat girls.”

“Yeah, and I could use several more cooks too,” Mag said, and flicked the wok with a quick sleight of hand, making the colorful fried rice fly gracefully in the air. If he hadn’t leveled up by two levels the other day, he wouldn’t have been able to handle the heavy workload, either.

Harrison stuck his head into the kitchen and took a look. “No way! You’re cooking for 400 people by yourself?! I’m speechless! How can you do this to yourself?”

Mag rubbed his sore wrists when the breakfast hours were over, and looked at the girls who had collapsed on the chairs to rest. My conscience will be troubled if I don’t give them a raise.

When Mag was thinking about how much their salaries should be raised, a towel which had been soaked in hot water appeared before him. “Here,” said Firis.

Mag took the towel in his hand, surprised. “Thanks.”

“You’re welcome.” With that, Firis walked out of the kitchen as hurriedly as if she were fleeing from a crime scene, and handed out the towels to the other girls.

“Such a kind-hearted girl.” Mag put the towel on his face. The heat drove his fatigue away. He felt so comfortable that he wanted to close his eyes and sleep.

They all looked at Firis with gratitude in their eyes.

“I’m going back to the dormitory. I’ll catch you guys later,” Yabemiya said after they carried all the dishes into the kitchen. She then picked up her sweet tofu pudding and started to leave.

“Hold on a sec, Miya,” said Mag. “I cooked one more plate of fried rice by accident, why don’t you take it with you?” He handed a box to her.

Miya was so touched that she bowed to Mag. “Thanks, Boss.”

“Go on. Go back and get some sleep,” Mag said, and touched her head. “Set an alarm. Don’t be late for work.”

Miya nodded. “Got it.” She then left quickly.

Sally and Babla still looked tired. “Get some rest,” Mag said to them. “Harrison was right. This is no way to treat girls. Maybe I need to hire several more capable waitresses.”

“You won’t be able to find anyone as good as us,” Babla said coolly.

“You’re truly very competent, all of you.” There was no way he could use beef kebabs to trick another 7th-tier spatial magic caster into working for him.

But still, he had to try.

To make matters worse, the Brewsters might come any day and take Sally away. Given what was happening in the Wind Forest, he couldn’t force her to stay.

They are probably on their way here if they’re not stupid, and it doesn’t take a detective to know she is working here.

Sally’s leaving would put the restaurant in a difficult situation. He needed to find a solution, and quickly.

7th-tier water-type magic casters were not that hard to find in Chaos City, but they were either working for the Gray Temple or in mercenary groups. It would be a tad difficult to poach them.

Another solution was to find a low-level water-type magic caster good enough to clean the restaurant, a cashier good at math, and two reasonably quick and efficient waitresses to serve customers.

Is Sally doing four people’s jobs? I guess I’m really an exploiter. He didn’t like the idea of a lot of employees working in the restaurant, but it seemed there was no other option.

Guess I have to talk to that Crease again. Hopefully he’ll find several capable ones for me, Mag thought to himself.

“Oh, Firis, go to the market and buy some beef, and then use it to hone your grilling skills.” Mag walked to the counter, took out several gold coins, and gave them to Firis.

“I…” Firis started reluctantly, but then she nodded and left.

Sally and Babla left as well after they had finished cleaning up the restaurant. They hadn’t gotten accustomed to the considerable amount of work; they needed some rest.

Mag changed into his casual clothes and planned to go to the Find All Job-finding Service, but when he opened the door, he found Luna standing outside about to knock.

“Hi, Teacher Luna, what brings you here?” Mag asked, surprised.

Luna pulled back her hand. "Hi, Mag. I wanted to invite you to attend the parent-teacher meeting."

Chapter 918 Do Not Disturb

"Parent-teacher meeting?" Mag had been so busy dealing with elf hunters that he had forgotten all about this. He remembered now. But Amy's teachers were Krassu and Urien. Did Krassu sent her here?

Luna seemed to have read his mind. "Yes. The school holds a parent-teacher meeting every semester. I know Amy is studying under Krassu and Urien, but the school has assigned her to me, so..."

"I see. Thank you for coming all this way to tell me this. I'll be there. When is the meeting going to be held?"

"1:30 PM tomorrow." Luna paused a moment. "But the school wants both parents to attend."

Mag smiled. "Amy has told me about this. Don't worry, I'll figure something out."

Luna looked relieved. "Okay, I'll see you then."

Mag nodded with a smile.

"Hopefully Aisha won't say no," Mag muttered as he watched Luna leave. "If she don't want to pose as my fake wife, maybe I can ask Firis. She's not ideal, but she's much better than Blour."

Mag was riding to a job center when he suddenly remembered the food competition which would start in a couple days. "I have to perfect the eggplant with garlic sauce fast, or I'll fail the system's mission!

"System, why don't you give me a recipe for the eggplant with garlic sauce?" Mag asked.

Five words went across his head. "Inventing fertilizer. Do not disturb!"

Mag responded, "What the hell?!"

Mag arrived at the job center. Although there were creatures from all kinds of species looking for jobs, he found no one to his liking.

He discovered a fact about himself, though, and that was that he liked his waitresses to be beautiful.

Even though he was not a womanizer.

As competent as some older women were, he couldn't bring himself to hire them.

He then went to the Find All Job-finding Service to see if the balding Crease could help him out.

Crease felt Mag had gotten the better end of their last deal, but he was a smooth businessman, and he didn't show the least displeasure. Mag's requirements were difficult to meet, so he demanded twice the normal fee.

Mag nodded. "No problem."

"I'd put up a 'we are hiring' poster on the wall if I were you, since your restaurant is so popular," Crease spoke without thinking.

Mag's face lit up. "Yeah! That could work!" I keep hearing many people talking about how they want to work for me for free as long as I give them food, and some of them seem pretty capable. "Thanks, man." With that, Mag turned around and left.

Crease looked like he was going to slap himself on the face. Why did I have to tell him that?

Mag rode to the market. There were eggplants in this world too, but compared with their counterparts on Earth, they were much larger, about the size of a wax gourd. They were said to be found in forest trolls' territory, and they tasted the same as the ones on Earth.

Mag picked one up and reckoned it weighed over five kilograms. A large eggplant like this is enough to feed several people.

The vendor was a middle-aged man. When he saw Mag interested in his eggplants, his sleepy eyes flicked open. "Freshly picked eggplants. Look how big they are! And cheap at twice the price! 10 copper coins each. I can give you a discount if you buy five."

Less than two copper coins for a kilo. It is cheap, Mag thought. People here didn't know many ways to cook eggplants, and everyone hated this soft, weird-tasting vegetable save for forest trolls. That was why the vendor had almost fallen asleep.

"I'll have three. I'll come back if they're good." Mag picked three and handed three silver coins to him.

"If you buy five, I'll give you one for free," the vendor said as he tied the eggplants up with a length of straw rope. Even forest trolls seemed to be getting fed up with eggplants, so he needed to find a way to sell them before they rotted.

Mag shook his head. "No, thanks. Three is enough for me today. I'll come back tomorrow." Now he needed to buy seasonings and spices for chili broad bean paste, which was a deciding factor in making the eggplant with garlic sauce.

Mag saw Firis carefully choosing beef when he was buying spices. He watched for a while and left without disturbing her.

Choosing ingredients was a basic skill a cook needed to master.

Mag went upstairs after he got back, and found the notebook in which he had written the recipes he had come up with for the eggplant with garlic sauce. He would test them out one by one.

Chapter 919 This Was Divine

Mag was working on chili broad bean paste, while Firis was grilling kebabs.

Without customers, the restaurant was very quiet. Now and then they sighed, but they quickly jumped into another trial again.

Behind every delicious dish is a passionate chef and his relentless pursuit of perfection. I need to try harder! Firis thought as she stole a glance at Mag.

When it was lunch time, Mag went to roast a duck. He put thin pancakes, spring onions, cucumber sticks, and sweet bean sauce on the table.

Everyone else was sitting at the table looking to the kitchen and waiting with great expectation.

It was Mamy Restaurant's first Peking Duck, and they would be the first ones to try it.

Mag slowly wheeled out of the kitchen a dining cart, on which lay several beautiful plates, a round wood cutting board, a heavy-looking Chinese chef's knife, and a platter covered by a silver cloche.

Everyone was staring at the covered platter, wondering what the roast duck looked like.

"Peking Duck," Mag said with a smile, and removed the cloche.

On the platter sat a fat roast duck, its skin shiny brown. Their eyes brightened as it was so beautiful.

It was still steaming, and the mouth-watering smell floated into the air.

Their mouths started watering despite themselves.

Yabemiya took a deep sniff. "Smells so good! The aroma is different from that of beef kebabs, but it's just as inviting."

"Father, there's only one duck, but there are six of us. Are we going to split it?" Amy said, perplexed.

They turned to look at Mag, waiting for his answer.

Mag smiled. "Yes, we are. Slicing a duck is an important process. How you do it will affect the taste of the duck." He put on disposable gloves, put the roast duck on the cutting board, picked up the knife, and sliced it up nice and thin.

Each piece of duck was as thin as a leaf. All pieces were of the same size, all with a little duck skin.

The knife was heavy, but Mag used it like it was a part of his body. He sliced the duck up and placed the pieces on the beautiful plates in no time.

Amy stared at the meat like she was ready to pounce on it.

Firis gaped in awe. He can cut the meat into such thin pieces without the aid of magic! Such impressive knife skills.

She didn't believe she could have done better than Mag, even with the help of her wind magic.

Sally and Yabemiya couldn't hide their surprise, either. The slicing process seemed to have given soul to this dish. As they smelled the strong aroma in the air, they felt like they could almost taste it, even though they were not eating it. Their anticipation was growing by the second.

"108 pieces," Mag said, putting down the knife. There was barely any meat left on the bones. He smiled as he looked at the five plates full of meat.

108 pieces. The perfect number. Only duck-slicing masters were able to slice a duck into 108 thin pieces of the same size and thickness. That was a skill that had taken Mag the most time to master.

Slicing a duck was a skill that really needed a lot of practice to master.

"Father, can we eat now?" Amy asked. It was all she could do not to make a grab for the meat.

“Sure,” Mag said, looking lovingly at his daughter. “But before we dig in, let me tell you how to eat it first. You can eat it by itself, or you can dip it in the sweet bean sauce. The best way is to dip it in the sweet bean sauce and roll some cucumber sticks, some spring onions, and the meat in a pancake.”

Now they knew what the things before them were for. That was such an elaborate way to eat the Peking Duck.

“Go ahead, eat up!” Mag said to the girls who could hardly wait any longer.

Amy was the first to pick up a piece with her chopsticks. She brought it into her mouth directly.

Her face broke into a blissful smile instantly. It was the taste of happiness.

“Mmm, so that’s what a roast duck tastes like. A roast swan must taste more or less the same. Yummy!” exclaimed Amy.

“Let me try it,” Yabemiya said, picking up a piece and dipping it in the sweet bean sauce. She then put it in her mouth and bit into it.

The skin was crispy while the meat was soft. It was flavorful enough by itself, but the sauce gave extra flavor to it.

Yabemiya closed her eyes and saw a duck in an oven. Its skin was slowly turning brown. Grease seeped out of the duck and ran down the skin and into the fire.

This was divine.

Chapter 920 I’d Like You To Be Amy’s Mother

Yabemiya opened her eyes, stunned. “Is this really a roast duck? There is not even the slightest hint of the unpleasant taste inherent in duck meat. I never thought the meat could be so tender under such crispy skin.”

“Let me try it with a pancake.” Sally picked up a pancake, which was so thin that it was virtually translucent. She carefully placed it on her plate. It was still warm to the touch.

It’s so thin! Sally thought. She dipped a piece of duck in the sweet bean sauce, put it on the pancake along with two spring onion sticks and two cucumber sticks, and then carefully wrapped the pancake around the filling for fear of breaking it.

She looked surprised when she picked the roll up and there was no sign that it would break.

“That duck roll looks perfect,” Mag said, smiling. “It tastes better if you put it all in your mouth at one go.”

Sally hesitated a moment as she looked at the roll. It was unladylike for her to eat in one go, but she did as Mag said nonetheless.

The pancake was soft and tasty. After she bit into the filling, various tastes erupted on her taste buds, caressing them and making them quiver with excitement.

The more she chewed, the better she felt.

The sweet bean sauce went great with the meat.

The cucumber was refreshing and a welcome crunch to the meat. The mouth-watering taste lingered in her mouth after she swallowed.

Sally savored the taste for a moment, and then raised her head to look at Mag. "I didn't think cucumbers and spring onions would go well with duck meat, but it seems I was very wrong. It's scrumptious."

"Mmm, it's so good..." Amy said as she chewed on the meat. Then her eyes found the cat sitting on the counter craning its neck curiously to see what they were eating. She smiled an evil smile. "Grow up quickly, Ugly Duckling."

"Meow~"

Ugly Duckling felt a sudden chill going through its body. It crept backwards in fear, lost its footing, and tumbled down the counter. The girls giggled.

The delicious roast duck brought them joy and laughter.

Mag also picked up a piece and ate it. He loved everything about it—the color, the taste, the texture. It was just perfect. It was even better than the Peking Duck he had eaten at the Quanjude Restaurant.

He used wood from fruit trees to roast the duck, which added a pleasant fragrance to the meat, and Red-top Tricolor Ducks tasted much better than Peking Stuffed Ducks.

"I guess it's true what they say, that ducks are fattest in late autumn," Mag said after swallowing the meat.

They accumulated fat in autumn for winter.

Firis looked like something was on her mind as she ate. Why does it taste familiar? Could it be that I have eaten it before?

One duck was clearly not enough to eat for six people, so when they were half done with the meat, Mag went into the kitchen and cooked something else.

When the lunch hours were over, Yabemiya took a box of Yangzhou fried rice and left with Babla. Firis stayed on and practiced grilling kebabs. Mag walked over to Sally, who was cleaning the restaurant with her water-type magic.

"I have a favor to ask of you, Aisha," Mag said reluctantly.

Sally turned to face him. "What is it?"

"It's totally understandable if you say no," Mag said, embarrassed. "Um... How do I say this..."

"I'll help if it's in my power," said Sally. She had never seen Mag so ill at ease.

"You see, Amy's school is holding a parent-teacher meeting, and they want both parents to attend, so... I'd like you to be Amy's mother." Mag felt so embarrassed that he wanted to sink into the floor. He had rehearsed the conversation in his head many times, but it was still so difficult to say it out loud.

“Huh?” Sally blushed when she understood what he meant. She lost her usual calm and coolness and looked startled.

“No, not like that! I just wanted you to pose as Amy’s mother and attend the parent-teacher meeting with me. It’s cool if you don’t want to.”

“What do I have to do?” Sally replied after remembering what a loving father he was. “I’ll help you if you think I can do it.”

“Really?” Mag’s face lit up. Sally was the best person he could find for the job. He might have had to hire a wife if she had said no.

Sally nodded. “Yes.”

“Thanks! But I don’t know what you have to do, since it’s also my first ever parent-teacher meeting. I don’t think we need to do much, though. I’ll ask them for more details.”

“All right.” Sally turned around and got back to her cleaning work. Streams of water caressed the leaves of the green plants, taking the last speck of dust away, but Sally looked a little distracted.

...

The restaurant was not open yet, but already many people had come for dinner. The lines were getting longer by the minute.

“Have you heard? Mag is launching a new dish tonight. It’s called Peking Duck!”

“Of course I have. I punched out early and got here as fast as I could. I don’t want to miss out on the new dish.”