

Stay At home 921

Chapter 921 I Don't Mind Waiting In Line

"How does that duck head taste? Is it good?" Harrison asked Amy as she sat at the door nibbling at a duck head. The inviting smell made his mouth water.

It was not only Harrison—the other customers lining up outside were also attracted by the brown duck head. Their mouths started producing excessive amount of saliva at the delicious sight. Amy could barely hold the greasy duck head with her hands. She ate it like there was no tomorrow as she gave a blissful smile.

It was absolute torture to the guests.

They could hardly hold back their urge to rush over and take the duck head by force.

Amy raised her eyes and nodded. "Yes. It's so good! Do you want some?"

Harrison nodded, staring at the duck head expectantly. It had been bitten by Amy, but he didn't care.

"Then you can keep on wanting." Amy lowered her head and got back to her food.

Harrison: "..."

The other customers: "..."

"I should feel offended, but why am I smiling? Because she's so adorable? Maybe... I've never seen anyone so adorable while stuffing her face." Harrison sighed helplessly.

"If I didn't know better, I'd think she were eating the best food ever."

"I know the little game Mag is playing. He is using Amy to whet our appetite!"

"Yeah, but there is nothing we can do about it."

"Yes, there is. I'm gonna eat a whole duck of his!"

The customers outside were chatting away to kill time.

"Miss Christy, you said you wanted to take me to a gourmet restaurant. Let me guess, is it Ducas Restaurant?" an old man in a gray robe asked Christy while they travelled in a luxurious-looking carriage.

"I lived here for over 30 years, and I come visit every year. I know Chaos City better than you do."

"Of course you know this city much better than me, Lord Hiril," Christy replied with a respectful smile.

"We're not going to Ducas Restaurant, and I don't think you've ever been to the restaurant we're going to before, because it hasn't opened the last time you were here."

Hiril James was a legendary businessman who had made his fortune in the leather business. He was as old and famous as Ian and Jeffree, but his business empire was not in Chaos City, but in the orc realm and the Roth Empire.

Orcs were good at hunting. They provided 60% of the leather on the continent, of which 90% was sold by the James Family.

The James Family couldn't have achieved such a high social status if not for Hiril.

After dozens of years of fighting for fame and fortune, Hiril decided to retire and live out the rest of his days in Chaos City.

Given how wealthy the James Family was, you'd think it had a lot of money in Buffett Banks, but no.

Hiril and Ian were not on good terms with each other. Rumor had it that Ian had something to do with Hiril's leaving Chaos City and resettling in the orc realm.

However, they neither denied it nor confirmed it, which aroused many people's curiosity.

If Christy managed to get the James Family to deposit money in the Buffett Banks, she would get a sizable bonus and possibly a promotion.

She had met Hiril a few years back, so as soon as Hiril returned to the city, she called on him on the off chance that he still remembered her. To her surprise, the benign old man didn't just grant her an audience; he even accepted her invitation to dinner.

It seemed Hiril quite enjoyed Christy's company, which made her grow more confident of talking him into putting money in Buffet Banks.

Christy had done her homework before visiting Hiril. The old man preferred food to women and wine. He would, every month, make time to go to Rodu to eat when he lived in the orc realm.

That was why Christy had offered to take him to dinner before talking business.

Hiril had willingly accepted without being high and mighty.

"A newly opened restaurant?" Hiril asked, surprised. "Is it even better than Ducas Restaurant?"

"You'll know when we get there." Christy smiled.

"Keeping me in suspense, huh? Now I can't wait to try the food there."

Ducas Restaurant might be the best in Chaos City, but it was nothing compared to some of the dining places in Rodu.

Hiril hoped the new restaurant was as good as Christy said.

Christy drew back the curtain when the carriage stopped. "I'm sorry, Lord Hiril. I'm afraid we have to wait in line," she said after taking a look out of the window.

When Hiril turned to look, he saw two long waiting lines which had stretched far into the square. There were at least 100 people in each line. "Mamy Restaurant? I've never seen so many people lining up in front of a restaurant before in Chaos City."

In fact, he had never seen such a sight anywhere else.

"Master, I'll talk to the owner and have him let you in first," the coachman said respectfully, and was about to jump off the carriage.

Christy looked anxious, but before she could say anything, Hiril smiled, and said, “Lev, it’s rude to cut in line. This restaurant must be superb if so many people are waiting here patiently. I don’t mind waiting in line as long as the food is good.”

Chapter 922 Impotence

Christy smiled, revering Hiril even more. Some people were very approachable despite their high social status.

If that coachman had tried to force his way into the restaurant, the two 10th-tier magic casters and Duke Abraham might have been annoyed, which was the last thing she wanted to see happen.

After the carriage pulled over, Hiril and Christy got off and walked towards the back of the waiting lines.

As he got closer, Hiril couldn’t help but overhear the crowd arguing fiercely over a dish called tofu pudding. They looked as if they were going to punch each other in the face.

“What is tofu pudding, Miss Christy? And why are they arguing over it?” Hiril asked out of curiosity.

“Tofu pudding is a dish of Mamy Restaurant,” Christy explained. “It comes in two flavors: sweet and savory. People waiting in the left line prefer the savory flavor, and people in this line like the sweet flavor better. You should try it, it’s very good.”

“I see. It must be really good if it can make people argue like this, but I don’t have a sweet tooth, so I guess I’ll wait in that line.” With that, Hiril went to the left line.

Christy didn’t understand why some people would want to eat savory tofu pudding, but she never gave voice to her confusion.

Tofu pudding was the other reason why Christy was here tonight.

Last time she’d been here, she had eaten a tofu pudding which had rid her of the pimples that had bothered her for days, and that wasn’t the only good news. She found her skin had become better too.

The tofu pudding worked even better than magic potions when it came to skin problems, which naturally had surprised Christy.

Every woman wanted her skin to be soft and smooth, so she felt the tofu pudding alone was worth the trip and waiting.

At five o’clock, Mag opened the door and welcomed them in with a smile.

“Good evening, Mag,” Christy said, grateful to Mag for his stinky tofu, which had helped her land a deposit from Duke Abraham.

Right now, a group of staff from Buffett Banks were counting coins in the duke’s residence.

They hadn’t finished counting yet, but her superior had told her that her bonus alone would be more than what she had earned last year.

“Good evening, Miss Christy,” said Mag. He still remembered this beautiful lady, and he had heard from Carla about how she had secured a deal from Duke Abraham with half a plate of stinky tofu. It was not an honorable way to secure a deal, but it was smart.

Mag took a look at the benevolent-looking gray-haired old man who was walking in with Christy.

That was when a few words went across Mag’s head. “Hiril, male, 65 years old, a normal human, has palpitations and chest pain. A Peking Duck and some pancakes will alleviate his symptoms.”

“What?”

A strange look appeared on Mag’s face. “Since when have you become a doctor, System?”

“The omniscient door has been updated with the restaurant, and now is able to detect what a body needs, and then recommend food accordingly,” replied the system.

“Using food to cure diseases? Yeah, that might be a good idea. At least now I know which dishes I should recommend to each customer.”

A skinny man nodded at Mag, and went straight to the last seat in the corner.

“Vicennio, male, 30 years old, a normal human. Symptoms: weakness in the back and knees, mental exhaustion, impotence. Have one pepper steak and two roujiamos every day for a week, and the symptoms will be alleviated. No sex in the meantime, or his health will get worse.”

Mag felt sorry for Vicennio. Hopefully pepper steak and roujiamo will work as well as viagra.

He then turned around and made for the kitchen. He had another busy night ahead of him.

“The new dish is so expensive! 2,000 copper coins each. Almost as expensive as a grilled fish!”

“Looks like I can’t eat it tonight.”

“The picture is so inviting, though. The skin is shiny brown. How do they do that? It’s even more tempting than the roasted whole suckling pig at Ducas Restaurant.”

“It sure is expensive, but it says here that it’s enough for two or three people to eat. How about we share a duck and then split the bill?”

Hiril opened the menu and saw the picture of the Peking Duck. “If the real thing is just like the picture here, then it might be even better than the roast goose in the Roast Goose Restaurant in Rodu. Shall we order a Peking Duck, Miss Christy?”

“Sure,” Christy said with a smile. She was confident Hiril would love this dish because even that smelly dish called stinky tofu could make Abraham go crazy.

Chapter 923 10 Points

“I’d like a Peking Duck!”

“We’ll have a Peking Duck too!”

“Excuse me, I’d like a stinky tofu!”

The guests placed their orders one after another. Some people found the Peking Duck too expensive, some chose to see the real thing first, and some chose to buy a duck together.

Orcs, demons, humans, and dwarves shared a table all the time here in Mamy Restaurant, but never once had they chosen to buy a dish together.

This was a thing that probably had never happened anywhere else before.

Hiril looked surprised. "I've never seen anything like this before. Interesting." Then his eyes found Mag, who was cooking in the kitchen. "Such a young cook. I wonder how good he is."

The system had improved the oven, making it capable of cooking 10 ducks at once, and it took only 20 minutes to roast each batch.

Mag wheeled the dining cart out of the kitchen and stopped at Krassu's table. He then put pancakes, sweet bean sauce, spring onions, and cucumber sticks in front of him.

"Why is Mag serving the dish himself?"

"Yeah, that's strange. Maybe he wants to show us the proper way to eat it."

They craned their heads to get a better look of what was on the cart.

"Here's your Peking Duck, Lord Krassu, enjoy," Mag said as he opened the cloche, revealing a roast duck whose skin was shiny brown.

Mag hadn't activated the molecular isolation system yet, so the wonderful aroma drifted freely around the room, making everyone's mouths water.

Hiril's eyes went round as he stared at the roast duck. "It smells much better than the roast geese in the Roast Goose Restaurant. That's really amazing."

The roast geese in the Roast Goose Restaurant were famous throughout Rodu, and Hiril used to go there every two months or so.

He had never thought a roast duck would smell better than a roast goose.

"Looks good," Krassu said, "but how should I eat it? With my hands?"

Mag shook his head with a smile. "No." Then he put on disposable gloves and picked up the knife and duck. "I'll slice it up for you."

As Mag moved his hand, meat slices came off the duck quickly and landed neatly in a row on the plates in front of Krassu.

Meat from different parts of the body was being put onto different plates. All the pieces were of the same thickness. A short while later, only a skeleton was left.

Mag's superb knife skills amazed everyone, causing their excitement and anticipation to grow.

"You can eat it with the sweet bean sauce, but the proper way is to wrap the meat, spring onions, and cucumber sticks in a pancake," Mag said after cutting off the duck head.

"I give you 10 points for your performance," Krassu said, giving him a thumbs-up. He then wasted no time picking up a piece of duck and dipping it in the sweet bean sauce. He awkwardly rolled the meat, a spring onion stick, and a cucumber stick in a pancake and stuffed it into his mouth.

Krassu's eyes went wide as he chewed on it. The pancake was soft and a bit chewy, the meat was greasy but not too greasy, and the spring onion and cucumber stick were so refreshing.

"This duck is heavenly!" Krassu said after he swallowed.

Mag could hear other customers swallowing saliva.

Christy looked happy when she saw the excited look on Hiril's face. It seemed she was getting closer to her goal.

"Mag's little show and the roast duck are well worth the price."

"I'd like a Peking Duck!"

"Me too, Miss Miya."

They hurriedly placed their orders for fear that the Peking Ducks might sell out.

"So many people like Mag's character as well as his cooking," Firis whispered as she looked at Mag's back. "One day, I'll become as good as Mag."

Although Mag only needed two minutes to carve a roast duck, there were 100 ducks, and he would have to spend over three hours on slicing ducks. He decided to have Firis master this skill as soon as possible.

"Here's your Peking Duck, enjoy," Mag said as he placed several plates of duck meat in front of Christy and Hiril.

"Thank you. I'm sure I'll enjoy it," Hiril said as he looked up at Mag. Before today, never once had a chef done such a thing before him. He couldn't wait to try it.

Mag nodded and wheeled the cart back into the kitchen.

"All right, let's dig in," Hiril said to Christy. "Coming here with you today is the wisest decision I've made recently."

His eyes went wide when he put a piece of duck into his mouth.

Chapter 924 Mag Is Such A Talented Chef!

Hiril didn't eat it with spring onions, cucumber sticks, or a pancake. Just a thin piece of duck.

The moment his teeth sank into the crispy skin and tender meat, an amazing taste swept across his tongue.

The pleasant smell of wood from fruit trees made him feel as if he were in an orchard.

"I've tried all the restaurants of any popularity in the orcs' territory and Rodu, but I've never eaten anything so good!" Hiril said, his voice excited and joyous.

The Roast Goose Restaurant claimed to be the best at roasting geese. Their roast geese, which were priced at 500 copper coins each, might have won many people's hearts, but they couldn't hold a candle to this roast duck.

"Never thought I'd eat something so good here in Chaos City. Let me try the sweet bean sauce." Hiril dipped a piece of duck into the sauce and then put it into his mouth.

The sauce was thick and smooth, and tasted mildly sweet and savory at the same time. It went perfectly with the duck meat, giving extra flavor to it.

The sauce didn't overpower the taste of meat, but enhanced it, making it even more flavorful.

"I never liked sweet sauce, but something about this sauce makes it a must for the duck," Hiril commented to Christy.

"Mag said the proper way to eat it is with spring onions, cucumber sticks, and pancakes," Christy said as she carefully placed a duck roll she had just made on a plate and pushed it gently towards Hiril.

"Thanks, Miss Christy," Hiril said. He felt like she was growing on him. His oldest granddaughter was of an age with Christy, but she rarely visited him, let alone make duck rolls for him.

He picked it up, the pancake translucent in the lamplight. He could even see the two spring onion sticks and two cucumber sticks neatly placed on the meat.

Hiril looked at it for a moment before eating it. The pancake was warm, soft, and a bit chewy; the spring onions and cucumber sticks were fresh, crunchy, and refreshing.

"What an unusual combination of flavors! This dish is amazing!" Hiril almost jumped up in excitement.

The three different ways of eating the duck afforded him three distinct and enjoyable experiences.

The Peking Duck had blown his mind so much that he found his stereotype about the food in Chaos City had been broken.

"This is so good!" Hiril made another duck roll himself, and ate it with an elated smile.

Christy also took a graceful bite of the duck roll she had just made.

"Mmm, delish!" Christy smiled so much that her eyes almost closed.

She had prepared herself, but she was still stunned.

"This duck is out of this world!"

"Mag is such a talented chef!"

"This is simply unbelievable!"

The customers were full of praise for Mag's cooking and his knife skills.

Mag couldn't get enough of their praise, but then again, who didn't love praise?

"Excuse me, I'd like a Peking Duck."

"I'm so sorry, sir, but we've sold out," Yabemiya said with an apologetic smile. "Please come back tomorrow night."

Yet the customer was pretty persistent. "Mag," he called out, "it's still early, why don't you make another batch for us? I'm sure there're enough people to buy 10 more ducks."

The customers who wanted to order a duck looked to the kitchen, wondering if Mag would grant him his wish.

Mag turned around and smiled. "I'm sorry, sir. I want to cook more for you, but right now we are only able to prepare 100 ducks every day. We'll try to prepare more in the future."

"Such an interesting owner. I wonder if he'll let me have another tofu pudding," Hiril said as he put down his spoon, looking at the empty bowl before him.

"I'm afraid he'll probably say the same thing," replied Christy. She wanted another tofu pudding too!

Hiril looked surprised, and then smiled. "It's rare to find such a devoted chef these days."

"Yeah," Christy agreed. "He is so different." There was a sparkle in her eyes as she looked at Mag's back.

"Since we're not entitled to more of the amazing food here, I guess we should leave now." Hiril paid the check and walked out with Christy. "This is the best meal I've had since I returned. Thank you, Miss Christy."

Christy smiled. "No, I should thank you for treating me to such a wonderful dinner."

"You're a good kid. I wish you were my granddaughter. Walk with me around the square if you have nothing better to do."

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Full dark had fallen by the time there were only a handful of people waiting outside. They had to be avid fans of the food here if they could wait for so long.

Mag could satisfy most of the fans now that the restaurant had grown bigger.

"Ding!"

The door opened.

"Wel—" Sally was struck dumb when she looked up from the table she was cleaning and saw who it was.

Chapter 925 Are You Going To Go With Him?

Elliot looked surprised when he saw Sally in a qipao holding a tray full of dirty dishes, but only for a moment. He regained his composure and smiled at Sally. "Excuse me, are you still open?"

"Yes, we are," Yabemiya said hurriedly when she saw Sally standing there like a statue. "Please take a seat wherever you like."

When Elliot sat down and started to browse a menu, Miya nudged Sally and asked in a whisper, "What's wrong? Are you OK?" Shouldn't she be happy to see another elf?

"I... I'm fine." Sally collected the rest of the dishes on the table absent-mindedly, and turned to leave for the kitchen. She must have turned too fast, though, because the dish stack moved and fell off the tray.

Sally was caught by surprise. She had only made such a mistake as this when she first started working here.

Babla was carrying a tray serving food. When she saw the dishes falling from the corner of her eye, she stuck out her index finger and raised it. The plates stopped before they hit the floor, and then flew back onto Sally's tray.

Babla winked at Sally as she walked by her. "Be careful."

Sally nodded and started for the kitchen again.

A 7th-tier spatial magic caster? How did the owner here manage to hire two 7th-tier magic casters and a half-dragon? Elliot thought curiously.

Sally went into the kitchen and closed the door behind her. She put down the tray and strode over to Firis, who was watching Mag cook.

"Sa— Aisha, what're you—" Firis started, suddenly nervous.

"Shh! Keep your voice down," Sally whispered. "The head of the Brewster Family is outside. I believe he is coming for me, but if he saw you, he'd probably take you too."

Mag raised his head and glanced at them, a hint of sadness flashing across his face. Sally is leaving.

The elves were drifting towards a civil war after the elven queen went into seclusion and Irina was deposed. It was an open secret that Borg was plotting to become the first male monarch in elven history. Helena, meanwhile, was trying to crown a new queen.

Sally was the first on her list.

Few elves knew that the new elven princess, and possibly the future elven queen, was working as a waitress in a restaurant in Chaos City.

Mag had known that someone would come looking for Sally, but he hadn't expected them to come so soon.

It would be almost impossible to find a waitress as good as Sally again.

The elves might never forgive him if they found out that the old elven princess was his daughter's mother and the new princess was one of his waitresses.

Mag wasn't worried that Elliot would take Firis away by force. He wouldn't dare to lay a finger on the girl who had been brought here by Alex. Besides, he didn't want too many people to know he was here.

Firis looked frightened. She peered out and then looked at Sally. "Are you going to go with him?"

She had been suspecting, from the day she met Sally in the restaurant, that she had run away from home, because from what she had learned, Sally should be in seclusion.

And now she had been found.

The head of the Brewster Family had come to take her back himself.

“What choice do I have? He has seen me.” Sally gave a sad smile, put the dishes in the dishwasher, and walked out with the tray again.

When Elliot saw Sally clean ables with water-type magic, he felt relieved and happy.

The Sally he had known had been too rebellious and stubborn to do anything he told her, but now it seemed she had become better-natured and more easy-going.

He had thought he would lose his temper when he saw her, but strangely, he was not angry with her at all.

She has stayed here for several months. What’s keeping her here? Elliot wondered. She looks nothing like the girl that ran away from home months ago.

Sally had calmed herself down. She didn’t avoid Elliot’s eyes and cleared the tables methodically as always.

“It’s my first time here. Any recommendations?” Elliot asked with a smile when Sally walked past him.

Taken by surprise, Sally stood there for a moment before turning around. She looked him in the eye, surprised at his calmness, and then walked over to open the menu. “How about the pepper steak? And we have beer if you’d like some.”

“Okay. I’ll have a pepper steak and a glass of beer.”

Sally nodded and walked to the kitchen.

Soon Elliot found himself staring at a steaming steak and a glass of bubbling beer.

His eyes widened when he smelled the aroma of the steak.

Chapter 926 Go Home With Me

Elliot picked up his knife and fork. Juice came seeping out of the steak when the knife went into it without resistance. The aroma grew stronger, making his mouth water.

He forked a piece into his mouth and chewed down on the steak. Delicious meat juices immediately gushed into his mouth. The fragrance of the black pepper complemented the beef to perfection, and the delicious flavor dancing on the tip of his tongue put an involuntary smile on his face.

This flavor was simply incredible. The gourmet food he had eaten in the Wind Forest couldn’t compete with this.

He could tell from the tender meat that it had come from a strong Ironhide Bull.

The scent of red wine mingled with the aroma of the steak, flooding Elliot’s nostrils.

The delicious steak seemed to be capable of making him forget all of his worries.

After swallowing the mouthful of beef, he felt as if a flow of warmth had slid down his throat, filling his entire body with a warm sensation. The steak was so irresistible that he simply couldn’t stop eating.

“Ding!”

The fork clattered on the plate. Elliot was surprised to find his plate already empty. He looked like he hadn't had anywhere near enough.

Never thought food could be this good. Now I know what's keeping Sally here, Elliot thought to himself.

Elliot put down his knife and fork and picked up the glass of beer.

It was golden and translucent, a third of the glass taken up by white froth.

Is it ale? Elliot brought the glass to his nose and took a sniff.

Smells like ale, only milder. A refined version of ale? He took a sip.

The beer was smooth and reinvigorating, but did not lack body. It carried with it a smooth bitter tang, but there was no bitter aftertaste, and he was drawn into drinking another large mouthful.

Elliot tilted his head back and gulped down the rest of the beer, leaving only a layer of bubbles behind.

Elliot burped, and said to Sally, “Can I have another steak and one more glass of beer?”

Sally glanced at the clock on the wall and shook her head. “I'm afraid we're closing.”

Elliot looked disappointed. “Guess I'll have to come early tomorrow.” Then he pulled out his wallet. “Can I get the check?”

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“I have something that I need to do tonight,” Sally said to Miya, Babla, and Firis after all the customers had left. “Don't wait for me.”

Miya nodded. “Come home soon.” She then left with Babla and Firis who had covered her face and ears with a silk scarf.

Streams of water flowed around the restaurant, taking away every speck of dust.

Mag stood there, looking kind of sad as he watched Sally use her water-type magic.

When the water disappeared, the restaurant returned to the pristine condition again. The green plants flourished on the shelves.

“Boss, I'm afraid I have to leave,” Sally said calmly as she looked at Mag.

“Are you going back home?”

Sally nodded. “Yes.” Then she looked around the restaurant and smiled. “I had planned to travel around the entire continent, but I ended up staying here. I had a very good time, though, and I made many new friends.”

Mag looked at her. She rarely smiled, but she looked even better when she did.

She was Mag's second customer as well as second waitress. She was his cashier and responsible for all the cleaning work. She was his friend.

Mag wished she could stay, but he knew she couldn't, not when her father had found her. And she couldn't run away again. She had no choice but to go back with him.

Sally gazed at Mag for a while. "Thank you," she said at last.

Mag smiled. "Are you leaving tonight or tomorrow? I'm thinking about throwing a party for you."

Sally shook her head. "I'm not very good at saying goodbye. Please don't tell them anything until I'm gone. I'll attend the parent-teacher meeting with you tomorrow." She blushed and looked away.

Mag nodded. "Thank you."

"See you tomorrow," Sally said. She then grabbed her clothes and walked out.

You never know what life will throw at you. Mag locked the gate and turned off the lights. When he walked to the stairs and saw Amy sitting there with Ugly Duckling, he smiled.

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"Go home with me, Sally," Elliot said when Sally walked out.

"I want to stay here one more day," she said calmly. "I still have some business to take care of."

Chapter 927 I'm So Gonna Die!

Elliot nodded. "We'll go back tomorrow night then."

He took his leave.

Why didn't he yell at me? Sally thought as she watched her father disappear into the distance. Has he changed?

Later that night, a young girl went to the elven embassy, talked with Blour, and left quickly.

"You owe me big time, girl," Blour said, standing there in the yard.

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"I'm back, Miiss Elizabeth," Yabemiya said. "You must be hungry. Here." She handed the Yangzhou fried rice to her.

Elizabeth was sitting on the edge of Yabemiya's bed. She took the box in her hands. "Thank you. Can I have some water?"

"Oh, I forgot to tell you how to use the water dispenser. How thoughtless of me! Sorry... Sure. Wait here, I'll go get some water for you."

Where does that water come from? Elizabeth wondered as watched Yabemiya use the water dispenser. Is there a spring or something under the house?

Yabemiya handed her the water, and she downed it in one go.

"Let me pour another glass for you."

Elizabeth drank about half of the second glass, and then opened the box to eat.

Yabemiya closed the door softly and sat beside Elizabeth. She still looked pale due to loss of blood, but she looked much better than yesterday.

Suddenly, Elizabeth stopped eating and turned to look at her. "Thank you."

Yabemiya was caught by surprise. She jumped to her feet and waved her hands nervously. "You're welcome."

Elizabeth finished her food in no time, without leaving even one rice grain behind.

Yabemiya cleaned up the mess and poured another glass of water for her. She then pulled some quilts out of her closet and started making a makeshift bed on the floor.

"Are you going to sleep on the floor?" Elizabeth asked.

Yabemiya nodded. "Yes." When she saw that Elizabeth looked a little displeased, she hurriedly asked, "Did I sleep-talk or snore last night? Did I wake you up? I'll sleep on the couch in the living room."

"No! You can sleep on the bed. It's big enough for us both to sleep on." Elizabeth found herself holding the glass of water tightly.

Yabemiya gave her a look like she had just said the most unbelievable thing in the world. "I can sleep on the bed?"

"Of course. It's your bed. I can take the floor if that's what you prefer." Elizabeth gulped down the rest of the water, lay down with her back to Yabemiya, and pulled the quilt over her.

Yabemiya hesitated a while. Finally she put the quilts back into the closet. She laid herself down on the very edge of the bed and inched towards Elizabeth until the quilt could just cover her. "Do you want me to turn off the light, Miss Elizabeth?" she asked quietly.

"Yes." Her voice was cool, but her lips curved in a smile. She found her shyness adorable.

Yabemiya turned off the light, plunging the room into darkness.

It was so quiet that Yabemiya could even hear her rapid heartbeat. She lay there, her body rigid with nervousness.

She had always slept alone after her mother died, and now she was sleeping with a powerful, highborn dragon. She felt privileged.

She's such a nice person, Yabemiya thought. It seemed she had forgotten that the bed was hers.

Elizabeth had never shared a bed with others as far as she could remember, not even with her mother, because she was a dragon, and dragons had always been a symbol of power. They were expected to be independent from a very young age. Her mother had never indulged her, even though she knew she had loved her very much.

She rarely saw her father, but Miya, her half-sister, had never seen him before. She felt so sorry for her that she wanted to give her a hug.

Then she remembered she was a dragon, and dragons were cold creatures.

Slowly, they drifted into sleep.

When Yabemiya woke up the next morning, she felt warmer than before. Sunlight came streaming through the window. She opened her eyes to see a face inches away from hers.

Her sleepy eyes flicked open. Her skin is perfect without any kind of imperfections, her nose is so beautiful, and her eyelashes are so attractive. No! All that is not important right now! Why am I in her arms?

Oh boy... I'm so gonna die! Her heart started pounding. Her mind went totally blank. But it's so warm and comfortable! A smile came unbidden to her lips.

That was when Elizabeth opened her eyes.

Chapter 928 She Is The Bes

Yabemiya's smile froze. The bliss in her eyes gave way to fear.

Elizabeth looked embarrassed. She didn't remember wrapping her arms around Yabemiya, but there they were.

They were both well-endowed, and they were so close that Elizabeth's breasts were pressing against those of Yabemiya, big, soft, and warm. They had been like this for God knows how long. Elizabeth blushed fiercely.

She would have pushed Yabemiya away, but the half-dragon was clearly struck dumb with fear, so she just lay there, at a loss for what to do next.

By then Yabemiya had regained her composure. She was surprised when she saw Elizabeth's red face and heard her heart beating like crazy. Could it be she's nervous too?

"How long do you plan on staying in my arms?" Elizabeth asked with a hint of anger in her voice.

"Ah!" Yabemiya jumped out of the bed immediately and fell back two steps, her face red like a tomato. "I'm so sorry, Miss Elizabeth! I don't know how I ended up sleeping in your arms. Please forgive me!"

Elizabeth sat up and turned to look in the direction of the window. "I'm thirsty."

"Oh, I'll go get some water for you." Yabemiya put on her slippers and went to the living room hastily.

A smile touched the corners of Elizabeth's mouth. She stretched, her pajamas showing off her lovely figure. I can't remember the last time I slept so well. It must have been because of her.

"Here," Yabemiya said, handing the glass to Elizabeth. She didn't dare to meet her eyes, so she just stole glances at her.

"Thank you." She took a drink from the glass. "I'm leaving," she said, looking up at Yabemiya.

"So soon?"

Elizabeth nodded. "There is something I need to take care of."

"But your wounds..."

“They have almost completely healed. Don’t underestimate dragons’ self-healing ability. You’ll know how powerful dragons are when you become one.” Elizabeth put down the glass and smiled proudly.

“I don’t know what had happened to you, but you can stay here if you want to. It’s safe here.”

“It won’t be once they find me.” Elizabeth stood up and put her hand on the table. A sapphire ring suddenly appeared.

“Thank that elf for me and hold onto the ring for me until I get back...” The temperature dropped suddenly as a teleportation glyph appeared under her feet, and an instant later, she was gone.

“If I can get back alive...”

“Miss Elizabeth...” Yabemiya felt as empty as the room she was standing in.

She looked at the ring on the table and picked it up. “It’s so beautiful!”

The ring was silver, engraved with a dragon. The sapphire was transparent and flawless.

She agonized for a while over whether to put it on or not. At last she shook her head, found a piece of cloth, wrapped it up carefully, and hid it away in a corner of her closet.

Good luck, Miss Elizabeth. Dragons might be strong, but some humans are stronger than dragons. Alex the Dragon Slayer, for instance. He must look fierce. Hopefully I’ll never meet him.

...

Sally had planned to talk to Elizabeth, but she didn’t see her when she walked past Miya’s room.

“Good morning, Aisha,” Yabemiya said, walking out with a smile. “Elizabeth has left. She says thank you.”

Sally nodded, relieved. Miya’s smile never failed to put her in a good mood.

“I need your help, Aisha. An orc wants to celebrate his son’s birthday in the ice cream shop. His boy is only five years old but very sick. The doctor said he won’t live very long. He wants to see snow before he dies, so...”

“I’m sorry, Miya, but I have to go somewhere tomorrow,” Sally said apologetically.

“Oh.” Miya looked disappointed, but only for a short while. She smiled at Sally. “It’s okay. Do your thing, I’ll figure something out.”

Sally nodded and walked towards the bathroom. Such a nice girl. She always puts others first.

...

Mag was sitting at a table, drawing up a recruitment notice. He had been at it for over an hour, but still hadn’t written one to his satisfaction. The trash can beside him was filled with paper balls.

He sighed. “No way am I going to find someone as good as Sally. She is the best.”

Chapter 929 I’m Going To Go To The Parent-Teacher Meeting

Since no one but Mag knew Sally was leaving, the restaurant was just like it had been.

Mag wasn't good at saying goodbye, either, so he hadn't told anyone.

It was all he could do not to drug the head of the Brewster Family when he saw him sitting there again, even though he was Sally's father.

When he saw Gjerj leave with a braised chicken and rice, Mag put down the ladle and quickly caught up with him.

"Hey, Mag," Gjerj said, standing at the door.

"Um, you see, I need to attend the parent-teacher meeting in the afternoon, but I have no clue what I am supposed to do, 'cause it's my first time. I was wondering if you could give me some pointers."

"Sure," Gjerj said. "We don't need to do much, actually. The meeting is a chance created by the school to bond with our kids and make good memories with them. You can bring some snacks if you want."

"I see. Thank you." He sounded relieved. "Say hi to your wife and kids for me."

"All right."

...

"Are you really going to attend the parent-teacher meeting in the afternoon, Father?" Amy asked expectantly as soon as she came back home from school.

"Sure. It's your first parent-teacher meeting, of course I'll be there," Mag replied, smiling.

"Great!" Amy jumped up happily. "But where is mother? Have you found one for me?"

Firis pricked her ears up and listened intently.

"Yes. Aisha will come with us."

"Big Sister Aisha! Thank you, Father!" Then she went to rub Ugly Duckling.

I thought he'd ask me to accompany him... Why do I feel so left out? Firis felt her cheeks flush red.

He said he wanted me to look after Amy when he hired me... Maybe he had said that to everyone else in this restaurant, Firis thought, chopping veggies.

"Firis," Mag called out, "you don't need to practice your grilling skills today. I'll teach you how to slice ducks."

A shadow of disquiet flickered over her face. She preferred to work in the kitchen where nobody could see her.

"It's a time-consuming job, and I don't have time to do that now that we have more customers," Mag continued.

"But..."

"Don't worry, you'll be fine. I'm sure you can do it," Mag said with an encouraging smile.

Firis's face felt hot under Mag's gaze. She hesitated a moment before nodding. "I... I'll try."

"Good. Lunch is ready. Let's eat." He walked out of the kitchen, holding a platter of grilled fish.

"Wow, so many dishes! And beer! We rarely have lunch this early. What's so special about today?" Yabemiya asked Mag.

"That's every dish on the menu save for stinky tofu!" Babla's mouth started watering. It was the first time she had seen such a big meal in Mamy Restaurant.

"That's every dish I like," Amy exclaimed, trying to keep Ugly Duckling from craning to get close to the table.

It was too much food for them to eat at once.

Sally felt a warm feeling in her heart.

"I think it's fate that brought us together," Mag said. "Don't forget the memories we've shared if one day you have to leave. You're always welcome here. Cheers." He raised his glass.

"Cheers!"

They touched their glasses together and drank.

Amy raised her ice cream and licked the top.

Sally was happy, and her smile brought a big smile to Mag's own lips.

Maybe she wouldn't like her life in the Wind Forest, but it was her choice.

At least the elves would be better off with her in charge.

After the lunch service was over, Mag went to the market with Firis and bought 10 ducks as large as Red-top Tricolor Ducks. He had the vendor dress them.

"You need to slice the meat of a duck into 108 pieces. No more, no less," Mag said. He then took a duck out of the oven and showed her how to carve it.

"The next duck will be well cooked in 20 minutes. Use the rest of the ducks to practice," Mag said, putting down the knife. "Now, I'm going to go to the parent-teacher meeting."

Chapter 930 You'll See

The parent-teacher meeting held by Chaos School was a pretty big event. It was understandable, considering that it was the only school in the city.

Chaos City attached great importance to education, so most of the residents living here had studied at that school, and now their children were gaining knowledge there.

No employers would give their workers a hard time if they wanted to take today off.

There were many carriages and horses outside the main gate, but they had been parked in orderly rows.

Everyone was properly dressed. No one wore anything too ostentatious, not even highborn and wealthy people, because they knew Chaos School didn't judge people by their appearance, but by their character.

Chaos School followed a principle: Only the wise and strong would be met with honor.

Therefore, how parents were dressed did not provide any positive influence on their children. This was the school's take.

If anyone were to stand out or be a sore sight amongst the crowd, they would only cause their child to be met with odd gazes. This wasn't something good.

When Mag arrived on a bicycle in a black suit and black leather shoes, he naturally attracted a lot of eyes. A box was wrapped in a black cloth behind him. As he appeared with Sally at the school's entrance, he was quite surprised that he became especially outstanding, contrary to what he believed would be a fashion event.

"What's that two-wheeled thing they are riding?"

"What's he carrying on his back? A box?"

"Look at that elf! She's so pretty! And so young! She is a mother already?"

Some parents couldn't help but stare at Mag and Sally.

Being the focus of attention, especially with her taking the role as Amy's mother, Sally asked, her voice low and nervous, "Bo— Mag, what do we do?"

Mag was very calm, though. "Let's find a spot to park the bike first." He looked around and then wheeled his bike towards a familiar face.

"Hey, Mag!" Gjerj called out. He wasn't surprised to see Sally here.

"Hi, Gjerj. Can I park here?"

"Sure. Nothing is easier to park than your ride." Gjerj stepped aside and let Mag park between two carriages.

"What's behind your back?" Gjerj asked curiously.

Mag smiled. "You'll see." He took the cool box out of the basket. "See you later."

Gjerj nodded. What's in the two boxes? he wondered, scratching his head.

Chaos School consisted of two sections: the primary section and the secondary section.

The parent-teacher meeting was only for students in the primary section. Those in the secondary section needed to learn to be independent, so they didn't need the parent-teacher meeting.

There were about 20,000 students studying in the primary section, so there would be 40,000 parents or so attending the meeting.

It was a good thing Chaos School was big enough.

They are smiling. Could it be that having kids can make people happier? Sally wondered as she walked with a large crowd in the campus.

She had never thought about having her own children. She was still a child herself in everyone's eyes. Now she was participating in the parent-teacher meeting under the guise of being Amy's mother. Although it was just an act, she still felt baffled.

Mag's two boxes were so conspicuous. Some people might have made him open them to check the contents, but he looked nothing like a terrorist.

"Amy's class is over there," Mag told Sally when he saw Luna standing at her classroom door with a smile.

Luna looked surprised when she saw Sally, but her smile returned quickly. "Good afternoon, Mag."

"Good afternoon, Teacher Luna," Mag replied with a smile.

Amy was sitting in the classroom beside Daphne. When she saw Mag and Sally, she waved her hands happily. "Father! Ai— Mother!"

Some parents turned to look when they heard such an adorable voice.

"That girl looks so cute!"

"She's the powerful magic caster I told you about, Mother."

"She's adorable as well as talented. Her parents must be really proud."

Their eyes quickly found Mag and Sally.

Mag looked around 30. His black suit showed off his lean, muscular physique. He was very handsome with his short mustache, and his kind, sparkling eyes made him look really approachable.

Sally looked more like a girl than a woman in her close-fitting qipao. She was tall and slender, pretty but emotionless, giving off a stay-away-from-me aura.

They looked a perfect match for each other. They were not wearing any blingy accessories, but still, many people couldn't tear their eyes away from them.

"Now I know why that little girl is so adorable," a man muttered. Many other parents nodded in agreement.

She had obviously gotten her good genes from her parents.