

## A Stay-at-home Dad's Restaurant In An Alternate World –

### Chapter 21: The Sad Story Of The Ugly Duckling

“Please note that system is not a shopping mall! I do not provide clothes!” answered the system coldly.

“I’ll pay. How much for a pair of pajamas? 50 copper coins? 100? Even two gold coins is okay by me,” said Mag calmly. He glanced at the remaining 616 copper coins.

For a while, the system said nothing, and then a quotation appeared in Mag’s head. “A pair of children’s pajamas: two gold coins; a pair of men’s pajamas: three gold coins; a suit of children’s normal clothes: three gold coins; a chef’s suit: three gold coins. Different colors and styles are available.”

Mag took a look at Amy, who was starting to feel sleepy after the bath, and said in his mind, “I’ll have a pair of children’s pajamas and a chef’s suit, then.” The price was not very expensive, but he had to prioritize his mission, and saving money to buy ingredients was the most important right now.

Suddenly, a lot of children’s pajamas with different styles and colors popped up in Mag’s head. He didn’t know which one he should choose, so he turned to Amy and asked, “What kind of pajamas do you like, Amy? What color?”

After thinking for a long time, Amy looked at Mag with anticipation and answered, “Amy likes purple clothes, especially one with a little bear on it...” Her father’s magic was so incredible, and the house and clothes he had conjured up were very beautiful, so she looked forward to the new clothes with great expectations.

A pair of purple pajamas caught Mag’s eye. They were fluffy onesie pajamas, with two bear ears on top of the hood and a lovely brown little bear on the front. *This one should do.*

“I’ll go get the pajamas for you,” Mag said after the system told him that the clothes were ready. He went into the room and opened the wardrobe. A pair of cute bear pajamas and a brand-new chef’s suit were already there.

Mag folded his suit and put it on the bed, and then he took the little pajamas to the bathroom. He looked at Amy and asked, “Do you like them?”

“Wow, they’re so pretty!” Wrapped in her bath towel, Amy looked at the purple bear pajamas unfolded in Mag’s hands and nodded happily. “Yes! Amy loves purple. They’re so fluffy, and I’ll become a little bear in it. I love it! Father is the best!”

Looking at her happy smile, Mag felt happy too. He picked up a clean towel. “I’ll help dry off your hair, and then you can change into your pajamas and take a nap.”

Amy nodded. “Okay.” She moved her head towards Mag and couldn’t wait to try on her new clothes.

Mag dried her hair off with the towel carefully, blew it with the hair dryer, and then helped her put on the new clothes.

Amy raised her hand to rub her face with one fluffy sleeve. “So soft and comfy.” She narrowed her eyes, her face filled with happiness.

Mag looked at Amy. The fluffy purple sleepwear was like a lovely little bear on Amy and flattered her soft white skin. Her silver hair was spreading on her shoulders and her back; her cute pointy ears were snow-white and crystal-clear—she was a perfect combination of human and elf.

“Here, let me hold you up. Let’s take a look at Amy, the little bear.” Mag put on Amy’s hood and held her up towards the mirror.

Amy looked at the little bear in the mirror, opened up her mouth, and waved her two hands at Mag. “Oh, here comes the little bear, and it will eat you!”

“Don’t eat me, please!” Mag retracted his head to play along, smiling.

“It’s okay. Don’t be afraid. Amy couldn’t bear to eat Father.” Amy extended her hands to hold Mag’s face, pecked him on the cheek, and stroked his hair.

The little thing was so adorable. Mag held back his smiling. “Oh, I’m not afraid anymore.” He took a sniff. “Our little Amy smells very good now; it’s time to take a nap.” He held her in his arms and walked into the bedroom. He put her on the bed gently.

Lying in bed, Amy shook her head as she held Mag’s finger. “Amy can’t sleep. Please tell me a story, Father.”

Mag nodded. “Well then, I’ll tell you the story of the Ugly Duckling.” He pulled up a chair beside her bed.

“Okay. Amy wants to hear it.” Amy nodded.

“In a beautiful country that was far, far away, a female duck was sitting on her eggs to hatch her babies...” Mag started telling the story in a low voice. Almost every child had heard this story, and Mag chose it for a reason.

Amy’s lack of self-confidence was partly because she thought she was different from humans and elves, so she was picked on and laughed at sometimes, like the little swan born amongst the ducks.

He intended to tell her through this story that she was not different, but special, and that she would prove to be better than all of them.

Of course, now that he was here, he wouldn’t let anything bad happen to her.

An ugly duckling was born in a group of ducks. Just because she looked different from all the others, she got disliked. She was chased away by ducks, pecked by chickens, taunted by cats, and kicked by the maid in the chicken house.

She had no choice but to follow the river and leave that place on her own. She went through the cold winter and almost got killed by the wife of a peasant. Finally, the warm spring came. When she saw a flock of swans flying in the faraway sky, she spread her wings recklessly and found out that she was actually a beautiful, proud swan. She was meant to fly in the sky, and deserved to be loved by others.

Mag told the story vividly in a low and deep voice. Amy was completely engrossed in it. She clenched her fists as if worrying about the ugly duckling, and after learning that the latter had made it out alive, she let out a sigh of relief, but became alarmed again because of the new dangers that appeared. Finally, when the ugly duckling changed into a beautiful swan, took to the air, and found her true friends, a happy smile showed on her little face.

“So, Father, Amy is an ugly duckling? And I’ll be a beautiful swan when I grow up?” Amy looked at Mag with expectation.

“No, Amy is already a beautiful swan now, and you’ll become more gorgeous and beautiful when you grow up.” Mag shook his head, smiling. He stroked Amy’s hair with his other hand, and said softly, “Besides, as long as I am here, no one can hurt you.”

“I know, Father.” Amy looked into Mag’s eyes and nodded with confidence. Reluctantly, she said, “Amy has a small request.”

“What is it?” Mag looked at her encouragingly.

“Can we raise an ugly duckling?” asked Amy softly.

“Do you like swans?” Mag was taken aback. Little swans were not easy to get, but he could figure something out if Amy wanted to raise one.

“Yes. When it grows up, we can eat roast goose.” Amy nodded solemnly.

Thank you for reading on

## Chapter 22: The Second Customer

Mag opened his mouth, but didn't know what to say. The little chowhound had a completely different mindset than normal children. He nodded with a smile. “Okay, Father will take you out tomorrow and buy one if there is someone selling them.”

“Father, you're the best!” Amy rubbed her face against Mag's hand happily. She was so sleepy that she fell asleep in no time, holding Mag's hand, murmuring the words “roast goose”.

*Looks like she does want to eat the roast goose. I have to get my hands on the recipe quickly,* Mag thought. He withdrew his finger from Amy's little hand. Looking at her adorable sleeping face, he couldn't help but stoop down and kiss her forehead, and then he stood up, picked up his suit on the bed, and went to take a bath.

Mag put Amy's clothes in the washing machine, and when he finished bathing, her clothes had already been washed. He hung them outside the window, thinking that they should be dry tomorrow, and then he put his clothes in the washer too.

Mag went downstairs. After he cleaned the kitchen, he took a piece of paper and a pen, sat down beside the counter, and started to ponder carefully.

His first priority was to complete the mission. That meant he had to make at least 3,000 gold coins. He had to sell 500 plates of Yangzhou fried rice to earn that money.

Mag overlooked something before. He could buy the ingredients and not use them. This way, he only needed to sell half to complete his mission; thus, his pressure decreased a lot.

Sure, it was still very difficult for him to sell 500 plates of Yangzhou fried rice in 10 days. After all, as of now, he had only sold four, and all of them to one customer.

“Do I have to go outside and tout my business?” Mag wrote down a “four” on the first line. He put down the pen and looked to the door, a little depressed. On the square, only a few children were running around.

This location was so remote. If it were on the other side of the square, it would attract many customers just by its beautiful look, but now, not a lot of people could even see this place.

"I hope more customers will come in the evening." Mag walked up to the door, opened the lock, and turned the "Open" sign over. It was already four o'clock.

Since there was no customer and Amy was sleeping, Mag was reduced to sitting around on the long-legged chair behind the counter. He went through memories in his head and turned the useful ones into his own. He learned about the landscape and all the species on the whole continent.

As he had expected, this world was much more dangerous than he had thought. Even in this Chaos City which was ruled by the Gray Temple, fights were not uncommon, and if no one was killed during the fight, usually the punishment wasn't very severe.

*Seems like I have to improve my strength to protect Amy and this restaurant—even if I can't regain the power from my predecessor's prime,* thought Mag. After all, he had already known he couldn't keep a low profile when he'd decided to open this restaurant.

On the square, a tall and slim elf who was wearing a silver dress with golden embroidery on its hem stopped outside the restaurant, her light blue eyes looking at the building with surprise.

*Why is this restaurant here? Also, it's... so beautiful.* Sally studied the restaurant and the two-storied building, her pretty face full of surprise.

She was chosen to marry into another family, but she didn't want to hand her future over to others at such a young age, so she ran westward, all the way from her home in the Wind Forest to the legendary Chaos City, at night while keeping it a secret from her father—the chief.

She had been wandering in this city for two days, and had seen quite a few interesting things, but so many different species were living here, so she wasn't quite used to the circumstances here yet.

Besides, she knew her father had already sent someone to look for her, so she purposely avoided the hotels and restaurants owned by elves in this Chaos City. However, she didn't feel comfortable living and eating in the hotels and restaurants owned by other species—she had lived in her beautiful castle all her life. She had found a hotel owned by a human female last night; it was not grand, but it was clean, and only women had lived there before.

Sleeping was no longer a problem to her, only eating.

Sally did a lap around this famous Aden Square. Most of the restaurants looked very greasy, with a lot of flying bugs and too many tables and chairs that almost stuffed the whole restaurant. All the species ate together in close proximity. This sight really discouraged her.

She was a high-born elf. There was no way she would dine with orcs, let alone dwarves!

She hadn't eaten anything since noon. The two spirit fruits she had had in the morning had already been digested by her. She had walked around the whole Aden Square. Her stomach was rumbling, but she'd rather eat nothing than walk into those places.

Finally, she decided to take the risk and go to the restaurant owned by elves to get a decent meal. That was when she found this beautiful restaurant in the corner of the square.

It was even prettier than her own castle. The whole front wall was a sheet of transparent crystal glass; it was very clear, with no impurity whatsoever, and so thin and flat.

Even the crystal glass in the elf queen's castle was merely half as big as this one, and it was well-preserved in her chamber, but here, it was being used as a wall for the restaurant! Such an extravagant owner!

She could see everything inside through the glass wall. The brownish yellow tables were evenly aligned. There were 16 tables in total, but it wouldn't be crowded even if the restaurant were full.

Yet, she was the most attracted by the four amber chandeliers. The crystal was carved into such an exquisite light. The amber crystal beads were strung together, so dreamy.

*If only I could eat here.* This thought popped up in Sally's head, and tempted her like a devil, but she couldn't make up her mind. *It doesn't say 'elves only'; what if some dwarf or orc come sit beside me?*

Suddenly, her stomach rumbled. Her hunger overwhelmed her other thoughts. She gave her bow on the back a yank and walked towards the restaurant, her face filled with confidence and firmness.

In this Chaos City, power was everything. She was confident that her archery would make those lowborn back off on their own.

The ringing of the bells interrupted Mag's thinking. With some surprise, he lifted his head to look to the door. It was a tall and slim elf he saw.

She wore her long light blond hair in a neat ponytail. She had fair skin, a pretty face, and two small pointy ears; her light blue eyes showed her nobility. She was wearing a light silver dress with a golden embroidered hem. She had beautiful collarbones and slender, fair calves. There was a long bow on her back, and a quiver full of arrows at her waist.

"Welcome." Mag stood up and smiled at her. She was his second customer.

Thank you for reading on

## Chapter 23: To Eat Here Or Not?

Sally walked in and heard Mag's voice when she was about to glance around the restaurant. She seemed a little surprised.

Clearly, he was a human male, but he looked much better than the ones she had met today, and were slovenly dressed with stubble all over their faces.

His short hair was very orderly, and there was no stubble on his chin. His mustache wasn't an unpleasant sight, but instead made him look mature. His dark eyes seemed very deep.

His clothes were just black and white, but they were very well made, and more importantly, they were quite clean. She had a good impression of him.

Besides, he might be lean, but he looked like a sword standing in its sheath. Only the human knight who'd come to the elves before had made her feel that way; he had a heavy sword like no other, which was very impressive.

However, the man before her was obviously different. He was not very aggressive, but rather reserved and steady, and didn't look like he could carry a heavy sword.

Humans were relatively acceptable to elves—except the messy ones, of course.

Sally gave Mag a nod of acknowledgement, and continued to look around the restaurant.

Its decorations were very special, featuring humans and other species. For example, there was a valley painted in gray on the wall—the famous Valley of the Wind in the Wind Forest. Sally grew up there, so she recognized it at first glance.

Farther on was a big city of humans. She had seen a similar painting in her father's study. It should be the capital of the Roth Empire—Rodu.

She could more or less recognize the other famous places in the paintings by guessing. These paintings alone were proof enough to her that the owner here was no ordinary man.

The chandeliers were even more beautiful from up close. The carvings were so delicate as if they were like this from the very start.



Mag was also looking at the elf. It was the first time that he had seen a female elf. Her facial features were very distinctive and deep; her slim and long neck made her look like a proud swan.

*Amy will be better-looking than her when she grows up*, Mag thought. He pursed his lips and looked at this elf beauty in appreciation, and, of course, that was all he was doing.

Sally slid her finger across the table and didn't feel anything greasy at all. They were just as clean as the ones in her home, which made her less nervous and out of sorts.

She couldn't refrain from glancing at Mag. He was around 30. Humans could live several decades—it was so short compared to the elves' lifespan, which could reach as long as 800 years. He was at such a young age, yet he was the owner of such a beautiful restaurant, which was very mysterious and made her curious.

On top of that, she could feel his eyes on her ever since she walked in, but he wasn't making her uncomfortable, because she found nothing ugly in his stares, only courtesy and appreciation.

No beautiful woman would find handsome males' appreciative gaze distasteful, and neither would Sally.

She put her bow and quiver down on the table and took a seat, and then she asked Mag politely, "What do you have here?"

"There's a menu on the table. You can take a look," Mag answered as he pointed at the menu beside her.

Sally picked up the menu and opened it. The fine material of the cover made her like the details of the restaurant more, but she froze for a moment when she dropped her expectant gaze to the menu. *It's ... empty?*

*No, there's a small line at the top. Such a big restaurant, with such exquisite decoration, but it only offers one dish?*

Suddenly, Sally felt like she had entered a strange place. *Could this be a human trick that the wet nurse often talked about?*

*Yangzhou fried rice—600 copper coins each?* Sally was taken aback when she made out the small words. She looked closer. After she was certain that she didn't misread the menu, she raised her head slowly to look at Mag. She narrowed her eyes to try to figure out whether he was a fraud or not.

She wouldn't have been surprised if a dish were priced at 10 gold coins in such a grand restaurant. However, there was only one dish on this menu, and it was priced at 600 copper coins. That was not very cheap.



The hotel she'd stayed in last night only cost her 100 copper coins.

Besides, she had heard a lot about human-made food before. *What's this Yangzhou fried rice? Is it really worth 600?* She tried to find the answer on Mag's face.

However, she gave up quickly. Mag kept up his calm smile. He made her feel comfortable, yet he kept his distance. She couldn't work out what was on his mind.

Sally wouldn't care about those 600 copper coins if it were before, because this environment alone would have been reason enough for her to spend a gold coin sitting here for a while longer.

However, she only took a dozen dragon coins with her when she ran away in a hurry, and she had already spent some. She didn't want to go back home soon on account of her financial problems, so she had to make every coin count.

It was a little extravagant for her to spend 600 copper coins on one meal; besides, since it didn't seem large in volume, maybe one plate wasn't enough for her.

At this moment, the ringing of the bells sounded again, and with it came Mobai's loud and clear voice. "Mag, I'm here again. Give me two plates of Yangzhou fried rice. Please serve them up separately. It's best to eat them hot."

"Sure. Please wait a moment." Mag looked at Mobai with surprise. He must have washed and changed his clothes. He was in a gray shirt and a pair of gray pants; his footwear was black cloth shoes, clean and tidy. The hammer that he had carried at noon was not with him. All of this made Mag feel touched.

"Right." Mobai nodded, smiling. He glanced around the restaurant and was a little disappointed when he didn't find Amy. He caught a glimpse of Sally, who was holding her bow vigilantly, and then he took back his gaze quickly and took his seat at a random table.

"Please take your time, Miss. You can call me when you're ready to order," Mag said as he looked at Sally who was still hesitating, and then he turned around and went into the kitchen. He started to prepare the fried rice. Regular customers were great as he had expected.

"Okay." Sally nodded. She had been alert ever since Mobai came in. Seeing that he wasn't staring at her like the rude dwarves in her impression, she relaxed her hand slowly.

*Leave or eat here?* Sally couldn't make up her mind. She gave Mobai a sideways glance as he was sitting there, waiting for his food. *He was very eager to order the fried rice when he came in, and now he is waiting with anticipation. Is this Yangzhou fried rice really that good?*

*Never mind. I'll see what this Yangzhou fried rice really is first, and if it's truly delicious...* Sally clenched her fist and made up her mind.

Thank you for reading on

Chapter 24: A Very Beautiful Elf Big Sister

Mag finished the first plate of Yangzhou fried rice very soon and walked out with it.

When Sally saw the tray on Mag's hand, her eyes brightened immediately. *It's so wonderful! This is that Yangzhou fried rice?* The rice was coated with golden eggs; each ingredient was chopped into the size of a rice grain. The colors were all mixed in the plate, but in an orderly manner. The whole thing was like an elaborate piece of art. Its freshness whetted her appetite.

When Mag walked past her with the fried rice, a strong aroma wafted by, and she couldn't help but take a sniff. She smelled eggs and the mixed smell of different ingredients, which made her even hungrier. She turned to look in Mobai's direction in spite of herself.

"Your Yangzhou fried rice, please enjoy." Mag put the plate down in front of Mobai, with a spoon on the edge of the plate.

"Thank you." Mobai looked at the fried rice before him and couldn't tear his eyes away from it. He couldn't refrain from taking a deep sniff of the aroma that was tickling his nose. Although he had eaten four plates for his lunch already, he hadn't lost his interest at all; instead, he wanted more, so when he finished his work in the afternoon, he wasted no time in coming here after he washed and changed.

Mobai picked up the spoon and brought a spoonful of rice to his mouth. He chewed carefully. The taste of the mixed ingredients spread out in his mouth immediately and slid down his throat like a warm current. Mobai felt warm all over. The fatigue from his work in the afternoon was relieved right away, and he felt so good that he wanted to cry out.

"It's so good! Even if I eat it a hundred times, I'll still find it good!" Mobai took another spoonful, and then one spoonful after another; he just couldn't stop his hands.

Compared to his gobbling it at noon, he carefully chewed his dinner, tasting the flavor of every ingredient. This way, his taste buds were greatly satisfied, and he found the dish even more tasteful.

Sally heard herself swallow her saliva. She panicked for an instant. Fortunately, Mag was already in the kitchen preparing the second plate, and Mobai was too preoccupied with his dinner to notice her.

*Is it really that good?* Sally thought as she watched Mobai stuff himself with the colorful fried rice happily.

The aroma permeating the air was tempting her. Her expression indicated that she was struggling inwardly. She gripped her purse subconsciously. In it were only 12 dragon coins and eight gold coins; her senses were telling her that she couldn't spend money randomly anymore.

However, it indeed smelled so good.

On top of that, she felt like trying the fried rice in the dwarf's plate as she watched him eating, though she had always found these bearded beings obnoxious. She was ashamed of this feeling.

*I'm a noble elf! How could I think that?* Sally clenched her fist, but she still couldn't tear her eyes away from the fried rice. How painful!

Mobai finished his first plate of fried rice, and not even one rice grain remained. He put down the spoon, not quite satisfied. When he lifted his eyes and caught Sally looking at him, he froze for an instant, but then he smiled. "Mag's Yangzhou fried rice is really good, girl. You would regret it if you didn't give it a try."

"Yeah, right." Sally turned away. Her pride as an elf made her unable to accept the food the dwarf recommended. Yet, looking at the menu before her, she was wrestling with herself again.

*Perhaps he hasn't eaten anything good. Maybe that's why he finds it delicious?*

*The wet nurse once told me that humans touch the ingredients directly with their hands. Is it really safe to eat the food touched by that man?*

*Perhaps it's fine for me to spend 600 copper coins on this meal? I still have 12 dragon coins, and I would spend the rest more carefully.*

Mobai shrugged at her indifference and didn't take it to heart, waiting for his seconds in expectation.

*The elves are all like that, considering themselves better than the other species, Mobai thought. Judging from the color of her hair, she seems to be from one of the royal families. Actually, it's very kind of her—she is sitting in the same restaurant with a dwarf.*

Mobai felt like he was reborn after the four plates of Yangzhou fried rice at noon, comfortable all over, but perhaps because he had eaten too much for his lunch, he didn't feel very hungry, so two plates were just enough for his dinner.

...

A childish voice with some sleepiness in it sounded from behind the counter. "Father..."

Mobai's eyes brightened immediately, and he looked in the direction of the counter expectantly. The little girl was so cute. He had been despised by her several times at noon, and pretty much tricked into eating four plates of Yangzhou fried rice, but when he heard her voice, none of it mattered at all.

He closed his shop early, washed, and changed to come to this restaurant because he wanted to eat that delicious Yangzhou fried rice, yet that was not his sole reason. He had to admit that he came here to see that lovely little girl as well.

Sally was also a little surprised when she heard Amy's voice. She looked to the counter. *Sounds like a little girl, and she is the daughter of the owner?*

While Sally was thinking, a little girl in her fluffy purple clothes appeared from behind the counter. She turned her little head and looked out. When she turned her gaze to Sally, she was taken aback as if she felt she had been mistaken. She rubbed her eyes and looked again. Her eyes widened immediately. She turned to his father in the kitchen, and said, "Father, look! A very beautiful elf big sister!"

*So cute!* Sally felt like her heart stopped for a moment. The look of the little girl rubbing her eyes in her purple bear sleepwear was extremely adorable, like a lovely little bear.

No, she was much lovelier than a little bear. Her fair and sweet little face made her want to pinch it, and her words from excitement made her blush a little. They were just innocent words from a child; nonetheless, she felt very happy.

Soon, Sally found herself looking at Amy's pointy ears showing through her silver hair. She was a little surprised. *She is a half-elf?*

Mag walked out with the second fried rice and put it down before Mobai. He stroked Amy's ahoge and smiled. "Amy waked up so soon."

Amy nodded. "Yes, Amy waked up and is hungry. Amy wants to eat Father's rainbow fried rice, so I have come downstairs." Then she pointed at Sally excitedly. "And Father, that elf big sister is so beautiful. Amy has never seen someone so beautiful."

"Amy will be as beautiful as her when you grow up." Mag went down beside Amy whose mouth was still slightly open. He smiled at Sally, and said, "Right, Miss?"

Thank you for reading on

## Chapter 25: I Heard Your Tummy Rumble

Sally was taken by surprise. She froze for an instant and had mixed feelings about them as she looked at Mag's sincere expression and his little girl's expectant face.

The little half-elf was Mag's daughter, which meant he had an elf wife.

The lifespan of elves was long, so they seldom made friends with humans. The prospect of living for a long time after they watched their friends die was too painful.

It was even rarer for an elf to marry a human, because the pain would be doubled.

However, love was blind, so half-elves who had half human blood and half elf blood in them came into this world.

Elves were proud. They decided that the blood of half-elves was not pure anymore, so, while they might not be hostile towards them, they wouldn't let them enter the Wind Forest, because they didn't see them as their own kind.

Half-elves were relatively more acceptable to humans, because their life was only 200 years, closer to humans'. However, their pointy ears which were very different from humans' were always pointed at by humans.

It could be said that half-elves were meant to have a hard life ever since they were born, unless their parents were strong enough to protect them from the two species. Yet, nobody had ever done that successfully.

However, it seemed that the man half-crouching on the ground who asked her this question sincerely planned to do this. The firmness in his eyes touched her.

The little girl beside him in her cute bear sleepwear was looking at her expectantly. Her silver hair was so bright—a typical feature only possessed by the elves' royal family—which made her think of an elf that she hadn't seen for a long time. Yet there was no way they were related.

Still, she was indeed a pretty little girl, and had inherited her parents' merits. Sally smiled at Amy after a little hesitation, and then she nodded, and said, "Yes, you'll be as beautiful as me when you grow up."

"Really? Father, will I really be as beautiful as this elf big sister when I grow up?" Amy's face was full of pleasant surprise and doubt. She raised her little hands to cover her slightly open mouth and looked to Mag as if not believing what she had just heard.

“Sure. The elf big sister has told you herself. Amy will be very pretty when you grow up, even prettier than the swan.” Mag nodded as he looked into her eyes.

“Yes, I feel the same. You’ll be even better-looking than elves when you’re older,” Mobai said as he looked at Amy, smiling, spoon in his hand.

“Great! Amy is so happy! I want to grow up quickly and become as beautiful as the elf big sister!” Amy completely believed them as she looked at the smiles on their faces. Now that she had learned that she would be a beautiful girl instead of the monster that other children were always talking about, she spread her arms and ran around the restaurant happily.

Mag watched as Amy ran merrily; he smiled with relief. Nothing was more important than Amy’s happiness. He hoped to make amends for what she had endured by doing these things. He turned to Sally, and said, “Thank you.”

“My pleasure.” Sally looked at the smiles on their faces and found herself in a good mood too. *At least he’s not a bad father.* She nodded at Mag, and said, “I’d like a plate of Yangzhou fried rice too.”

Mag nodded. “Okay. Please wait a moment.” Then he turned to Mobai and thanked him too.

Mobai waved his hand, and said enviously, “Don’t mention it. I was just telling the truth. You’re very lucky to have such a lovely girl, Mag.”

Smiling, Mag nodded. “Please enjoy.” Then he turned around and walked into the kitchen to make another plate of fried rice. He felt he was lucky too; otherwise, he wouldn’t have such a lovely daughter.

Amy happily ran two laps around the restaurant and greeted Mobai. “Hello, dwarf grandpa Mobai.” Then she climbed onto the chair opposite Sally, rested her chin in her hands, and asked curiously, “Elf big sister, what’s your name? Where are you from?”

If the person who was asking her these questions were not this little girl, her first reaction would be holding her bow. However, looking at the curious little face of this adorable girl, she couldn’t refrain from answering, “I’m Sally, from the Wind Forest.”

“Big sister Sally, my name is Amy. The Wind Forest is the place where a lot of elves live, right?” Amy’s eyes were shining. She asked with expectation, “There must be many beautiful elf big sisters there, just like you, right?”

Sally nodded, smiling. “Yes, a lot.” She felt much better hearing compliments from this little girl’s mouth rather than from others’.

Mag listened to their conversation from the kitchen and smiled. It looked like the little thing was very curious about elves, though she'd never showed it before.

Sally wasn't impatient and proud, but instead answered Amy's every question patiently, even if they were very naïve or related to the Wind Forest.

Mag walked out with a plate of fried rice. He put it down in front of Sally and smiled. "Your Yangzhou fried rice is ready, Miss."

"Thank you." Sally gave him a courteous reply. She was totally attracted by this Yangzhou fried rice. The pleasant smell of eggs and various ingredients tickled her nose, and it was even stronger than just now. She swallowed her saliva in spite of herself. She was too absorbed by it to care about the manners she had learned.

Elves' food was relatively simple, and they mainly lived on various spirit fruits. Even when they cooked, they cooked the ingredients separately. They wouldn't let the taste of one ingredient spoil another.

She had never tried the food cooked by putting several ingredients and oil together. She hadn't even tried any other oil besides meat.

Yet she didn't feel greasiness at all as she looked at the Yangzhou fried rice which had some oil on it.

Sally was even more amazed by Mag's cutting skills. Every ingredient was cut into the size of the rice grain, including green peas. It couldn't be done without thousands upon thousands of times of practice.

She looked at the fried rice before her with great expectation. She had never seen anyone who could make such an exquisite and well-combined food.

"Please try it, big sister Sally. Father's rainbow fried rice is very good." Amy looked at her with anticipation as she sat opposite her. Then she added in a whisper, "I heard your tummy rumble."

Sally's face flushed red. It was so embarrassing. Still, she couldn't help but pick up the spoon and bring one spoonful to her mouth. The sweet taste of the rice spread in her mouth immediately. She closed her eyes unconsciously and let out a groan in spite of herself. "Mmm..."

Thank you for reading on