

Stay At home 491

Chapter 491 Hers Really Are Big

Mag played with Amy and Ugly Duckling in the playground for an entire afternoon. The place wasn't very large, but all of the facilities were made to be quite compact, so they didn't take up much space. There was a small seesaw, a two-seat merry-go-round, small bumper cars... There was everything one would expect to find in a miniature amusement park.

"This is so fun, Father! I love this playground, and it's purple as well. I'm going to bring Jessica and Daphne here; they'd really love it here too." Amy's hair was plastered to her forehead because of sweat, but she was looking at Mag with excitement shimmering in her eyes.

"Alright, you can invite them to come and play with you on your days off." Mag wiped the sweat off Amy's forehead and picked up Ugly Duckling, who was still disoriented after riding on the merry-go-round. He then carried the two of them toward the bathroom as he said, "Alright, let's stop here for this afternoon. I'll give the two of you a bath, then open the restaurant up for the dinner service."

"Yay! I want a bubble bath!" Amy yelled with excitement.

"Meow~" The dizzy Ugly Duckling was immediately alert upon hearing a bath being mentioned, and it stared at Mag as it tried to struggle free from his arm.

"Ugly Duckling, if you're not going to take a bath, then don't sleep on my bed tonight. I don't want to sleep with a dirty cat." Amy turned to Ugly Duckling with a stern expression.

"Meow~" Ugly Duckling looked up at Amy before resting its head on Mag's arm with a pitiable resigned expression.

Mag was in full agreement with Amy's sentiment. Cats universally despised waters and baths, but Amy was always holding Ugly Duckling in her arms, so he always paid a lot of attention to Ugly Duckling's hygiene.

He placed Ugly Duckling in its designated little basin, and Amy began to splash it with water. Its fluffy fur was immediately plastered to its body, and after soap bubbles were applied, only its pitiable little face was still visible. All of a sudden, it shook violently, spraying both Mag and Amy with water and soap, which sent Amy into hysterical giggles.

After bathing Amy and Ugly Duckling, Mag fitted Amy into a clean set of clothes. He then took a bath himself, and changed into a clean chef's suit before going downstairs.

Yabemiya and Sally were sitting in silence downstairs amid a slightly awkward atmosphere.

After familiarizing themselves with each other, Yabemiya became more talkative, while Sally was still as aloof as ever. As such, the two of them would often sit like this in silence.

"Your clothes look really good, Amy." Yabemiya and Sally both turned toward the counter upon hearing footsteps coming down the stairs. Yabemiya turned to Ugly Duckling, and ushered it as she said, "Come here, Ugly Duckling."

Ugly Duckling took a glance at her before lazily closing its eyes. It rubbed its little head against Amy's foot and raised its paws for a hug.

"You can stay down there." Amy shook her head before rushing over to Yabemiya. She then raised her little arms, and wheedled, "Big Sister Miya, I want a hug."

"Alright, let me give Princess Amy a hug." Yabemiya smiled as she picked Amy up and settled her on her leg.

Amy laid her head on Yabemiya's chest, and closed her eyes as she murmured with contentment, "It's so soft and comfy."

She's so pretty. She's going to be a fine beauty when she grows up. Yabemiya looked down at Amy with a dotting smile.

Hers really are big. Sally looked at Yabemiya's chest, then at her own, and was instantly somewhat dejected.

"Meow~" Ugly Duckling sat on the ground, looking up at Yabemiya and Amy with a pitiable expression.

Mag entered the kitchen with a smile. He really loved the peaceful atmosphere in the restaurant. He was quite fond of Sally and Miya, and it appeared that he wouldn't have to hire any more staff before the restaurant expanded.

Mag began to prepare the ingredients for the dinner service, but he suddenly sensed someone standing behind him. He turned around, only to discover Yabemiya standing at the kitchen's entrance.

"Boss, I'm just having a quick look..." A panicked expression appeared on Yabemiya's face as if she were a kid that had been caught doing something wrong.

"Come in if you want to have a look. The restaurant's business is improving quite quickly, so I wanted to teach you how to make ice cream and roujiamo anyway. Would you like to learn? I can teach you some other dishes if you want as well." She wouldn't be able to see anything from the entrance, so Mag invited her into the kitchen.

"Me?" Yabemiya's eyes immediately lit up, but she then quickly waved her hands as she said, "No, no, I'm too stupid and clumsy. I'm only going to ruin the food and hurt the restaurant's reputation."

"How would you know that if you don't try? As long as you genuinely want to make delicious food for our customers, I'm sure you'll be able to succeed." Mag looked at her with an encouraging smile.

"Can I really do it?" The gentle encouragement in Mag's eyes reminded Yabemiya of her mother's kind gaze, but she was still a little hesitant.

"Of course you can. You're a good girl with a great work ethic; I'm sure you'll be more than capable enough for this task." Mag nodded with a confident expression.

"Father's right. Big Sister Miya is super awesome. I really want to taste ice cream made by Big Sister Miya." Amy had also appeared at the entrance of the kitchen, and offered words of encouragement.

“You can do it. You’ll actually be good at a lot of things if you believe in yourself.” Sally also offered Yabemiya an encouraging smile.

Yabemiya was suddenly filled with confidence, and she stepped forward as she asked, “Then... can I try it?”

“Of course you can. Even if you don’t succeed on your first few tries, it doesn’t matter. The weather is so hot today; we could use some ice cream to cool us down.” Mag nodded with a smile before instructing Yabemiya how to use the ice cream machine.

The ice cream machine was a fully automatic piece of high-tech equipment that appeared daunting at first, but was actually quite simple to use. After mixing together all of the required ingredients, anyone would be able to press the right sequence of buttons to produce the ice cream. The only technical part was catching the ball of ice cream perfectly at the center of the wafer cone, ensuring no damage was done to the ball as well as that the second ball of ice cream could balance perfectly on top of the first without the two affecting each other’s structure and shape.

Those two elements required finesse and technique, and it had taken Mag many tries in the test field for the God of Cookery to find the best way to do things.

“Make sure to concentrate; press this button, and the ice cream machine will be turned on. A ball of ice cream will fall from here, and you need to use the cone to catch it like so...” Mag began to explain the steps to Yabemiya.

All the while, Yabemiya looked on with rapt focus, asking a question from time to time. She often operated the dishwasher, so she was used to kitchen utensils that could do work at just the press of a button.

“Where are you going, Young Master?” Yngwie was slightly surprised to see Blour on his way out of the elven embassy.

“The dinner service is about to begin soon. I plan to go scouting at Mamy Restaurant again.” Blour nodded with a serious expression. He had changed into a set of blue and white robes, and also reverted back to his normal male appearance.

Chapter 492 Shirley is My Little Sister

“Luna.” At the school gates, Vivian rushed over to Luna in a set of green male attire. School had ended for the day quite a while ago, so there were barely any students at the school gates.

“Why are you dressed like that?” Luna faltered upon seeing Vivian, and an exasperated look appeared on her face.

“Have you been struck by my masculine charm?” Vivian looked at Luna with feigned love in her eyes as she attempted to hook a finger gently under Luna’s chin.

“Not at all.” Luna took a nimble step backward to avoid Vivian’s hand as a smile appeared on her face.

“Sigh, women are such fickle creatures. Last time, you told me that you wanted to elope to the corners of the world with me, but you’ve completely gone back on your word now. What am I to do?” A pained expression appeared on Vivian’s face as if she had been dealt a heavy blow.

“That’s enough clowning around; let’s go. If we’re late, we’re going to have to wait in line for a long time.” Luna held onto Vivian’s hand with a resigned expression, and led her to the nearby horse-drawn carriage as she said, “Plus, we’re at the school gates, and you’re in male attire; it’ll be bad if students were to see us like this.”

“Why’s that? Are teachers not allowed to be in a relationship? Principal Novan isn’t even prohibiting students from entering relationships. You need to abandon your archaic mindset, Luna. This is Chaos City, not Rodu; you need to live more freely in a city of freedom like this,” Vivian lectured.

“I’m not interested in having a relationship at all at the moment. All I want is to teach to the best of my abilities. I want to draw more attention to those kids who can’t even afford food. There are so many more things I want to do.” Luna shook her head.

Vivian turned to Luna, and asked, “What else do you want to do?!”

Luna looked back at Chaos School with a smile on her face, and said, “There are many things I still want to do. After learning how to spread freedom and equality in the world from Principal Novan, I want to set up a school in Rodu as well, and teach kids what freedom and equality are.”

“But Boss Mag’s food is so good; would you really be able to leave that behind to go back to Rodu?” Vivian asked.

Luna faltered upon hearing that, and hesitated momentarily, but she still gritted her teeth and said, “I will definitely go back. This is a promise I made to myself when I chose to stay in Chaos City, and it’s also my dream.”

“I lost my dream after eating my first spicy grilled fish,” Vivian mused.

“I definitely won’t abandon my dreams for grilled fish.” Luna shook her head with a serious expression.

“Let’s hurry up. I really miss my super delicious grilled fish.” Vivian led Luna onto the horse-drawn carriage and instructed the coach driver to set off.

“Vivian, what’s your dream?”

“My dream? In the past, I just wanted to lie around and do nothing for the rest of my life. Now that I can live without pain, I don’t feel like lying around so much anymore. Maybe I should become a teacher too. What do you think?”

“Don’t you hate children?”

“I do. Children are so annoying! But then again... I find them to be quite adorable sometimes. I can sense a lot of energy from kids, and I really like that.”

It was close to the commencement of the dinner service, and two long lines had appeared in front of Mamy Restaurant again. Krassu and Urien hadn’t arrived yet, so a few minor scuffles would erupt between the sweet and savory factions, but it was quite tranquil and peaceful overall.

Constantine stood at the back of the line, looking around for the woman of his dreams.

Will Madam Shirley come back for dinner tonight? Constantine was feeling rather concerned. When he had asked Shirley for her contact details earlier in the day, she had completely ignored him and left on a horse-drawn carriage. That was quite a humbling experience for him. He had picked up so many women in the past few years, and it was his first time being ignored like that by one of his targets. That only worked to further fuel his urge for conquest, though.

However, he had to admit that Shirley gave him a different feeling from the women in the past. He felt as if he had to look up to her and treat her with care.

That carriage! Right at that moment, a horse-drawn carriage approached Mamy Restaurant, and Constantine's eyes immediately lit up. He recognized that carriage-it was the very one that Madam Shirley had gotten onto after lunch. He stared at the horse-drawn carriage, thinking about what he could do to capture the heart of this woman of his desires.

The horse-drawn carriage stopped near Mamy Restaurant, and Blour emerged from within in a graceful manner. He looked at the two lines outside Mamy Restaurant, and faltered at the sight of Constantine.

This guy again? He sure is stubborn. Blour furrowed his brows. He had been harassed during lunch by the very same man, and was beginning to suspect this guy lived in Mamy Restaurant.

What?! How did she become a male elf!? Constantine's eyes widened in shock and incredulity as he stared at Blour. He clearly recalled that Shirley had gotten onto this horse-drawn carriage, so why had she since been replaced by a man?

This male elf was also very graceful and handsome, but he most definitely wasn't Shirley.

He was hoping that perhaps Shirley would also be on the carriage, but it left after the male elf disembarked, leaving Constantine feeling quite disappointed.

Who is this guy? Why was he on Madam Shirley's horse-drawn carriage? Constantine surveyed Blour as he approached, and for some reason, his heart rate was beginning to spike.

Hmm? What's happening to me? Why is my heart beating faster at the sight of a male elf? He does look more beautiful than some women, but he's definitely a male elf! No, I must be reacting in this manner due to my disappointment in Shirley's absence. Constantine took a deep breath to calm himself down before smiling as he turned to Blour, and said, "Greetings, sir, may I ask in what way you're related to Madam Shirley? I saw you disembarking from her carriage just then, and I was wondering if Madam Shirley would come to dine at this restaurant tonight."

"Hmm?" Blour raised an eyebrow in response. He was going to pretend not to recognize this guy, but who would have thought that the latter could remember what his carriage looked like, and was even going as far as asking him about his relationship with Shirley?

Seeing as Blour appeared to be a little displeased, Constantine immediately added, "I'm merely curious; I bear no ill will."

"Shirley is my little sister. She has plans for tonight, so she won't be able to come," Blour replied calmly.

Chapter 493 Don't Go Anywhere

Many of the customers standing in front of the restaurant turned to look at Blour. Beautiful women were rather common, but men that were more beautiful than women were a lot rarer. Furthermore, he was a beautiful elf, and his arrival immediately drew the attention of many female customers. Even some male customers couldn't help but take a second glance at him.

"She's your little sister?" Constantine looked at Blour with a surprised expression. He suddenly discovered that Blour's facial features were indeed rather similar to Shirley's. If they were brother and sister, then that would explain why he had disembarked from Shirley's carriage.

"Yes." Blour nodded in response. He didn't really want to speak with Constantine.

"My name is Constantine. You look a lot like Madam Shirley." Constantine gave Blour a smile. After learning that Blour was Shirley's elder brother, his heart was put at ease. At the same time, he was thinking about how he could get closer to Blour as the latter could potentially play a role in his conquest of Shirley.

"Beautiful people all look alike," Blour replied indifferently. He didn't really like this guy, but seeing as he appeared to have an eye for beauty, he was a lot more tolerable.

"Indeed, there aren't very many elves in this world as beautiful as Madam Shirley and yourself." Constantine nodded with a genuine expression. For some reason, he was growing rather fond of Blour even though it was only their first meeting. Perhaps it was because he was related to Madam Shirley?

"There are so many people lining up this early; as expected, business is great for Boss Mag's restaurant. I feel like it's becoming increasingly more difficult to get a meal here." A horse-drawn carriage stopped near the restaurant, and Vivian emerged with a disgruntled expression on her face.

"Mr. Mag's food is worth lining up early for. I'm not surprised that business is so good for him." Luna also emerged from the carriage with a smile on her face.

"Looks like our Teacher Luna has been won over by Boss Mag's food. These are some danger signals I'm seeing." Vivian chuckled.

"I know what I want, but you'd better make sure not to lose yourself over a grilled fish." Luna turned to Vivian with a smile.

"I don't even want children; how could I become someone's stepmother? You don't have to worry about that." Vivian jumped down from the carriage with a nonchalant expression before turning to help Luna down as well.

"The mandarin harvest seems to be quite bountiful this year." Luna looked at an old mandarin-selling farmer on the side of the road with a smile on her face.

Vivian looked at Luna and patted her on the shoulder as she said, "I'll buy a few mandarins; don't go anywhere."

"There's no need for that; we're here for dinner..." Luna shook her head with a smile, but Vivian was already walking toward the old farmer, so she could only stand on the spot with a resigned expression. Vivian knew that mandarins were one of her favorite fruits.

“The mandarins look quite good, and the price was pretty low as well, so I bought a few extra; you can take some back with you.” Vivian soon returned with a small basket of mandarins. She was holding two mandarins in her hands, one of which she gave to Luna as she placed the basket in the horse-drawn carriage.

“Thank you.” Luna smiled as she looked at the mandarin in her hand.

The golden mandarin was about the size of an adult’s fist, and had smooth golden skin. One could tell just from looking at the mandarins that they were definitely freshly picked.

The skin gave way easily even under gentle pressure, revealing the orange flesh of the mandarin within, and the refreshing sweet and sour aroma of the mandarin wafted forth.

Luna gently bit down onto a section of the mandarin, which was semi-translucent, so light could pass through. She could clearly see the supple mandarin flesh within, and juice spilled into her mouth as she bit down, sending a sweet and sour flavor combination spilling into her mouth.

It was as if she had instantly been teleported into a mandarin forest. There were golden mandarins everywhere as far as the eye could see, and the autumnal feeling in the air struck one with a carefree feeling

“It’s delicious.” Luna turned to Vivian with a joyful smile on her face.

“Have some more, then. There’s plenty more where that one came from.” Vivian also smiled in response, but there was a sympathetic look in her eyes. Luna hailed from a well-off family, but she was living so frugally that she couldn’t even bear to spend money on mandarins. Why couldn’t she treat herself a little better?

Luna nodded as she placed another section of mandarin into her mouth, smiling with elation as she did so.

Vivian silently took the skin off the mandarin in her hand and placed it in Luna’s hand.

“I feel like I’m almost full already,” Luna said after finishing the two mandarins.

“That won’t do. I’m treating you to a massive feast tonight, you can’t just say you’re full after eating two mandarins.” Vivian furrowed her brows as she dragged Luna toward one of the long lines.

As the two of them joined one of the lines, Vivian caught sight of Blour, and whispered to Luna, “Look at that elf; he’s even more beautiful than most women!”

“He really is quite beautiful.” Luna was also stunned by Blour’s appearance. He had long golden hair and a set of extremely handsome features. For a male elf to be described as beautiful was a testament to his stunning appearance.

Blour turned around as if he had detected their gaze. His eyes rested on Vivian, and he noted that “he” was a rather handsome man, but “he” gave him a peculiar feeling for some reason. Blour felt as if something were amiss, but he couldn’t quite place his finger on it. Perhaps there was a mutual sense of appreciation between handsome men like them.

What does he want? Vivian looked straight back at Blour in a confrontational manner. There were countless handsome men in this world; she wasn't just going to swoon at every single one of them.

Blour turned away upon seeing that. He didn't want to waste time on inconsequential characters.

This bastard is ignoring me? Vivian raised an eyebrow. Being stared at was an uncomfortable feeling, but getting ignored pissed her off as well, and she was suddenly struck with an urge to hit someone.

“Whoosh_”

A gust of wind blew past, and a massive bat appeared in the air above the Aden Square. It arrived directly over Mamy Restaurant in the blink of an eye, upon which it transformed into a man in black. He looked down at the long line down below with furrowed brows before turning his attention to the front of the line. He smiled as he murmured to himself, “I'm a 9th-tier vampire, surely no one can stop me from jumping the line.”

“Are you sure you want to do that?” Urien was making his way slowly over to Mamy Restaurant, and he appraised Dracula with a calm expression as the latter attempted to land at the front of the line.

“You can try it.” A horse-drawn carriage stopped nearby, and Krassu emerged from within with a smile on his face.

Chapter 494 Why Aren't You Fighting Today?

Dracula's body stopped cold in midair as he caught sight of Urien and Krassu approaching the restaurant. He immediately landed at the end of one of the lines, and squeezed out a smile as he said, “A regal vampire like me wouldn't stoop to something like jumping a line. Master Urien, Master Krassu, it's a pleasure meeting you two here.”

Dracula turned away, and the smile on his face instantly disappeared as cold sweat poured down his face. Even though it was very humiliating for a 9th-tier vampire like him to concede in such a spineless manner, there was no way that he could stand against the Lord of Ice and the Lord of Fire.

What's happening with this world? Thank heavens I stopped just in time. Otherwise, I would be receiving a brutal beating right now. These two are the ones who drove all of the ogres into extinction! With that in mind, more cold sweat materialized on Dracula's forehead.

“Little Amy used melee magic to defeat a 4th-tier magic caster today. As you can see, melee magic is far superior to long-range magic.” Krassu turned to Urien with a smug expression. He couldn't be bothered to deal with trash like Dracula.

“A 4th-tier magic caster?”

“Is Amy already that powerful?”

“She's a four-year-old 4th-tier magic caster! What an exceptional prodigy! Surely even Princess Irina wasn't a 4th-tier magic caster at four years old?”

The customers in front of the restaurant immediately burst into a flurry of commotion upon hearing that. Amy was so adorable that everyone thought her to be a harmless little girl, but she had defeated a 4th-tier magic caster! All of them were surprised beyond words to hear that.

A 4th-tier magic caster was an intermediate magic caster. In the city lord's castle and the Gray Temple, someone like that could become the leader of a small squadron.

"Looks like Little Amy is a hidden powerhouse of Mamy Restaurant. When she says she is super fierce, she really is super fierce!" Harrison sighed with emotion.

"Indeed. When Parmer came home today, he told me that Amy had become the hero of Chaos School today, beating two powerful magic casters from the Magus Tower by herself, and forcing them to concede the match." Gjerj nodded with a smile.

A four-year-old 4th-tier magic caster? Looks like this little girl really is a super prodigy. I have to notify my brethren about this when I get back. We have to make sure not to mess with a supreme prodigy like her, especially when she has two terrifying masters like Urien and Krauss. Dracula made a mental note to himself as he overheard everyone's conversation.

"That's just a 4th-tier magic caster. Even a 5th-tier magic caster will be no match for Amy's ice magic soon." Urien pursed his lips in response. He wasn't enraged in the slightest by Krauss's words. Instead, he appeared to be brimming with confidence.

That declaration caused another stir among all of the customers. How long had it been since Urien and Krauss had accepted Amy as their disciple? How could she improve at such a phenomenal rate? She was most likely going to shatter all of the records established in the magic world in the future. As expected of a disciple that the Lord of Ice and Lord of Fire had fought over. It made sense now why they were willing to set aside their century-long feud to take her under their wings.

"When that time comes, even 6th-tier magic casters will be trembling in the face of Amy's staff." Krauss wasn't backing down either as he joined the sweet faction.

"We'll see about that." Urien chuckled coldly as he joined the savory faction. Freezing winter descended on one line, while scorching heatwaves swept through the other as the atmosphere instantly became very tense.

Dracula was very relieved to see that Urien and Krauss weren't paying any attention to him. As he passed by Blour, he took a glance at the latter with a hint of surprise on his face. "An elven brat?"

"Oh, look, if it isn't a high and mighty demon." Blour turned to Dracula with a hint of mockery in his voice.

"Are you talking about me, little brat?" Dracula stopped and raised his chin in a proud manner. He looked at Blour with an arrogant expression, and said, "We vampires are indeed high and mighty creatures. We only drink blood and are all gentlemanly beings of refined grace."

"Oh really, now? I heard a vampire was forced to eat grass by Princess Irina; is that also one of your so-called vampires who only drink blood?" Blour raised a barbed question.

All of the nearby customers were struggling not to burst into laughter. They didn't know whether what Blour said was true, but the image of a vampire being forced to eat grass was absolutely hilarious.

How the hell does he know about that?! Dracula raised an eyebrow. If he were to admit that as true, he would be too embarrassed to ever come to this restaurant again. Thus, he put on a calm facade, and said, "How could something like that possibly happen? Even if it did happen, it couldn't possibly have happened to one of us vampires, and it definitely wasn't me."

"Really?" Blour looked at Dracula with a suspicious expression, wondering why he insisted on reinforcing the notion that he wasn't the vampire in question.

"Of course it's true! We vampires have great pride and character. There is no way we would ever eat something like grass," Dracula replied sternly.

"What flavor tofu pudding do you eat?" Constantine suddenly asked.

"I eat the savory tofu pudding of course... Uh..." Dracula looked at the amused smiles on everyone's faces, and he felt as if his dignity had been swept to the ground. He glared at Constantine before falling silent.

"That was a good question." Blour looked at Constantine with a hint of approval on his face. He didn't think that he would suddenly pose a question that would embarrass the vampire like this. It was quite a pleasant feeling to see the arrogant vampire taking a loss.

"You're too kind. May I ask you name?" Constantine looked at Blour with a fawning smile. He was a little frightened by the glare Dracula had directed at him, but being praised by Blour filled him with joy and confidence again. "Blour," Blour replied indifferently before looking away.

Blour... At least I know his name now. Perhaps I can learn the secret to Shirley's heart from her brother. Constantine's eyes lit up with excitement.

"Why aren't you fighting today?"

Right at that moment, a little girl emerged from the restaurant with a kitten in one hand and a stool in the other. She sat down on the stool with the kitten on her lap and looked at everyone with a confused expression.

Chapter 495 It's A Pity That He's A Male Elf

Everyone in front of the restaurant instantly fell silent. All of the customers looked on with peculiar expressions as Amy sat on her little stool as if she were settling in to watch a good show.

They were already used to Amy spectating their scuffles and cheering them on from the sidelines, but it still felt weird to have her there. It made them feel as if the debate in which they voiced their beliefs was nothing more than a cheap performance.

Amy looked at the silent customers, and contemplated momentarily before turning to Krassu and Urien as she asked, "Master Half-beard, Master Turtle, which one is more powerful between you two?"

The customers standing behind Krassu and Urien immediately retreated a few steps in unison. At the same time, they were also quite curious. The two of them had had a century-long rivalry, and were now the leaders of the sweet and savory factions, so it would be interesting to determine which one was more powerful.

“What do you think, Little Amy? Remember that you used melee magic to defeat that most powerful opponent in the end.” Krassu looked at Amy with a confident smile.

“But Master Half-beard, didn’t I use a long-range spell to defeat him in the end?” Amy looked up at Krassu with an innocent expression.

Krassu’s expression immediately stiffened.

“You see? Even Little Amy admits that long-range magic is the most powerful. Krassu, your melee magic is useless.” Urien turned to Krassu with a smug look.

“But Master Turtle, I used the fireball magic that Master Half-beard taught me,” Amy continued.

“...” Urien’s eyes widened as he choked on the rest of the insults that he was going to direct toward Krassu.

“So I think Master Half-beard’s melee magic is super powerful, but the flames of extreme frost that Master Turtle taught me are also super strong. I don’t know which one is better between the two, either.” Amy looked at the two of them with a conflicted expression.

“What a naughty little girl; she’s trying to goad the two great magic casters into battling each other. I’ve never seen a battle between two great magic casters before; it should be a very interesting spectacle.” Vivian chuckled.

“Amy isn’t intentionally starting a fight. Her performance in the match today was nothing short of extraordinary. Both her melee and long-range magic were exceptional, and even if I were in her shoes, I wouldn’t be able to pick which one was better.” Luna shook her head with a smile. She had witnessed Amy’s spectacular performance in person, so she knew why Amy was so conflicted.

Who’s this little girl’s mother? How could she possess such extraordinary aptitude? I can’t sense any magical aura from the owner of this restaurant, so he definitely isn’t a magic caster. In that case, she must have inherited her aptitude from her mother. No one in the entire elven race can compare to her; not even the elven princess back when she was at her age... Blour looked at Amy with furrowed brows and a curious look in his eyes.

“Ice magic is the most powerful, Little Amy. You’ve already mastered the flames of extreme frost, so I’ll be teaching you true ice magic next. A giant Frost Dragon materialized from ice and frost can dominate the heavens, and its invincible might is indisputable.” Urien looked at Amy with a serious expression as he materialized an ice sword, which he thrust toward Krassu.

“That’s all just for show. You can crush all ice magic with a single swing of your staff. Little Amy, I’m also going to start teaching your more powerful melee magic from now on. In the future, you won’t have to fear magic casters or knights; you’ll be able to take them out with your staff with ease.” Krassu also wore a serious expression as he stomped his foot on the ground, materializing a wall of fire that kept the ice sword at bay.

The customers behind them backed away even further. They were horrified by the notion of becoming collateral damage in a battle between these two insane powerhouses and dying.

The situation grew more and more tense and grave. Spells unleashed by great magic casters were devastatingly powerful, and even though the spells were intentionally restricted to a certain area, the magic waves surging through the air still sent chills running down everyone's spine.

"We're open for business; please come in."

Right at that moment, the restaurant's door opened, and Mag emerged from within with a smile as he patted Amy's little head. She really was a natural troublemaker. In all honesty, he was also curious who was more powerful between Krassu and Urien. If it weren't for the fact that he was worried that they would destroy his restaurant, he would want to instigate a battle between them himself.

"Alright, then." Amy shuffled her little stool off to the side and stuck out her tongue at Mag in a cheeky manner.

"Hmph!"

Krassu and Urien harrumphed in unison as they strode into the restaurant.

"I would love to get to know you better, Mr. Blour. May I have the pleasure of dining at the same table as you?" Constantine turned to Blour with an expectant gaze.

"You can sit wherever you like." Blour gave an aloof response.

They really are brother and sister. Even the way they speak and their personalities are so similar. It seems like Mr. Blour is easier to talk to, though. Constantine wasn't irked in the slightest by Blour's cold demeanor. Instead, he nodded with a smile.

The customers began to enter the restaurant one by one, and Amy quickly noticed Blour. Her eyes lit up as she said, "Big Brother, you're so good-looking."

A smile appeared on Blour's face. Being praised for his looks was very pleasing to him, and he was just about to give a reply.

"It's a pity that you're a male elf, though. If only you were a beautiful big sister." Amy sighed with a wistful expression.

What's wrong with male elves? Why can't male elves be beautiful as well? Blour's eyes widened. He didn't think that he would ever become a victim of sexism. Amy had clearly praised "her" for "her" beauty when "she" had visited the restaurant earlier for lunch.

"Pffft- This little girl is hilarious!" Vivian couldn't help but burst into laughter.

"Teacher Luna!" Amy caught sight of Luna in the line, and she immediately stood up with Ugly Duckling in her arms. She then also noticed Vivian, and a curious look appeared on her face as she asked, "Big Brother Mustache, why are you with Teacher Luna?"

"I'm good friends with Teacher Luna, so I came to have a meal with her. Are you going to offer us a discount?" Vivian asked with a smile.

"I can't do that, but Big Brother Mustache, you can pay for Teacher Luna's meal. Isn't that what all men should do?" Amy asked with a serious expression.

What a crafty little girl. Vivian raised an eyebrow in response.

"Looks like I'll be getting a free meal today, then." Luna turned to Vivian with an amused smile.

Why does that elf look so familiar? A curious look appeared on Mag's face as he caught sight of Blour.

Chapter 496 Sally's Blueprint

"Blour (Shirley), elf, male, 25 years old, 7th-tier magic caster."

Mag raised an eyebrow as he looked at the information displayed in his mind from the omniscient door. No wonder he looked familiar—he was the cross-dressing guy from earlier in the day.

"Teacher Luna." Mag nodded at Luna with a smile in greeting.

"Mr. Mag." Luna responded in kind.

"Boss Mag, why aren't you greeting me?" Vivian latched onto Luna's arm in a territorial display as she looked at Mag with a smile.

"Hello there, young... sir." Mag turned to Vivian with a smile. This cross-dressing girl appeared to be quite close with Teacher Luna. Furthermore, it appeared that she was trying to stake her claim on Luna. Could it be that they were... Mag looked at Vivian with a meaningful glance.

"Let's go eat, Luna." Vivian was a little displeased that Mag had called her "young" sir, but she had already achieved her objective of staking her claim over Luna, so she entered the restaurant with a joyful expression.

"Vivian, human, female, 19 years old, 1st-tier knight."

A string of information appeared in Mag's mind, and he smiled as he thought to himself, As expected, it is a cross-dressing girl. We've had a cross-dressing man, and now we have a cross-dressing woman. How interesting

Mag had seen through Vivian's disguise the first time she had ever come to the restaurant. Judging from her smug expression, she was probably still under the impression that she had pulled the wool over his eyes.

Who's that? Within the restaurant, Sally was surveying Blour with narrowed eyes. That elf gave her a familiar feeling as if she had seen him somewhere before. Furthermore, the aura that he was giving off was quite similar to that of the female elf who had come in earlier for lunch.

Blour also glanced at Sally, but didn't say anything. He had come rather early, so there were still some vacant seats in the restaurant, and he picked one to sit in.

Constantine sat down across from him with a smile on his face. He opened the menu, and said, "This is your first time here at Mamy Restaurant, right, Mr. Blour? Let me tell you, Boss Mag's food is the absolute best you'll find in the Aden Square..."

"I'll get a Yangzhou fried rice, a mocha ice cream, and... a sweet tofu pudding as well," Blour said to Yabemiya without even looking at the menu.

"Alright, please wait a moment." Yabemiya smiled with a nod before turning to the dumbstruck Constantine as she asked, "What would you like to order?"

"I'll have the same as him, thanks." Constantine quickly regained his composure and gave a response.

"Sure, please wait a moment." Yabemiya nodded with a smile before turning to the kitchen.

Constantine was constantly trying to find conversation topics, but Blour only gave an occasional response while most of his attention was focused on Sally.

"That's Madam Aisha, a waitress here at Mamy Restaurant. I don't know how Boss Mag was able to convince such a beautiful elf to work as a waitress for him." Constantine had also noticed that Blour seemed to have taken an interest in Sally.

Aisha? Looks like she's changed her name to hide her identity. Working in a bustling restaurant like this with such a shoddy method of obscuring her identity isn't going to work. Even if Yngwie doesn't tell anyone, it won't be long before news of her working as a waitress here will travel back to the Brewster Family. Blour raised an eyebrow. He turned to Constantine with an intrigued look, and asked, "Do you know how long she's been working here for?"

"About a month, I think. In any case, she was here the first time I came to this restaurant. Mamy Restaurant has only been running for about a month, and it has already achieved high rankings in the Aden Square food competition. That's nothing short of extraordinary." Constantine was very excited as it was the first time Blour had asked him a question.

"I see." Blour nodded before falling silent and ignoring Constantine again. He had heard everything else he needed to know from Yngwie, so he didn't require any more information from Constantine.

Constantine had thought that he had successfully struck up a conversation, but he was back to being ignored again. However, he still tried to make small talk in order to try and curry favor with Blour.

Sally was also carefully surveying Blour. She didn't know who he was, but it was quite concerning to her that two powerful elves had visited the restaurant in a single day. If they were from the Wind Forest, then they had very likely come for her.

She had only just reached Chaos City, and she didn't want to go back home so soon. That was not what she had set out to achieve.

She wasn't sure when she wanted to leave Mamy Restaurant, but she still had dreams. She trusted that she would leave Mamy Restaurant one day and embark on another journey.

Elves had long 800-year-long lifespans; she didn't want to spend the entirety of those eight centuries in the Wind Forest, nor did she want to give herself to a man she had never seen before.

Furthermore, there was a blueprint in her heart.

Even though the elven brethren traveling the Norland Continent had been abandoned by the God of Life, she still wanted to gather them together and convince them to return to the Wind Forest so they could return to the embrace of the God of Life.

Living without a home nor faith had to be very depressing

She didn't want to become the elven queen, but she did want to guide her brethren back to the Wind Forest.

"Luna, what do you want to eat?" Vivian turned to Luna as she flipped open a menu.

"Don't you want to eat spicy grilled fish?" Luna asked with a smile. The spicy grilled fish had cured Vivian of her crippling illness, and Luna was absolutely overjoyed for her.

In the past, she very rarely saw Vivian smile. She was only 19 years old, but she was like a dying old lady. The torture of sleeping in pain every night had taken far too severe a toll on her.

But now, she had completely transformed into a brand-new person. She was full of energy again, and even had aspirations of becoming a teacher. Vivian had always been annoyed by children in the past, so Luna found it incredible that Vivian would consider such a pursuit.

"Yes, spicy grilled fish is my favorite!" Vivian nodded with excitement. She contemplated momentarily before asking, "How about we try out the insanely spicy grilled fish today?"

"I don't want to." Luna immediately turned her down. She didn't like foods with strong flavor, and she had almost been floored by just a medium spicy grilled fish before. She simply couldn't imagine how spicy an insanely spicy grilled fish would be.

"Alright, then we'll go with super spicy instead?" Vivian asked.

"Sure, that sounds good." Luna nodded with a smile at the sight of Vivian's expectant gaze.

"Alright, let's get a medium size super spicy grilled fish!" Vivian decided with elation.

Chapter 497 I'm Blour Baibilly

I really want to eat tofu pudding, but if I order it straight away, that little half-elf girl is going to laugh at me. What should I do? This is so annoying. Dracula was engaging in an internal conflict. He glanced at the tofu pudding image on the menu, and he could already feel himself salivating.

She won't notice if I place my order quietly, right? After a long hesitation, Dracula finally made up his mind. He ushered Yabemiya over before saying quietly, "I'll get a savory tofu pudding and a braised chicken and rice."

"Sure, please wait a moment." Yabemiya nodded with a smile. She recalled that he was the vampire who had been exposed to be a grass-eater back during the conference between the dragons and the demons.

“Uncle Bat, did you order the savory tofu pudding? It’s a pity that our restaurant doesn’t sell grass.” Amy made her way over to Dracula with a smile on her face.

All of the nearby customers turned to look at Dracula with intrigued expressions. He had just vowed to never eat vegetables earlier, but tofu pudding was made from soybean, so it was technically a vegetable-based dish as well.

This little girl is the devil! She’s just like that elven princess; she’s even more terrifying than us demons! Dracula stared at Amy. For some reason, her smile really reminded him of another smile, one that still sent chills running down his spine on remembering it to this very day.

“There’s some dried prawn in the tofu pudding. That’s what I’m trying to eat. Of course, as a gentleman, it would simply be unbecoming of me to waste food, so I guess I’ll have to eat the entire dish,” Dracula responded with a serious expression.

“A vegetarian vampire; how rare.” Blour turned to Blour with a hint of a smile on his face.

“What do you have against me? I don’t think I’ve met you before this?” Dracula turned to Blour with a perplexed expression. Even as a gentleman, he was still a vampire first and foremost, and as such, he had his own dignity and temper.

All of the customers turned to Blour with a hint of concern in their eyes. They were laughing with him as he insulted Dracula, but none of them dared to directly insult the powerful vampire. After all, he dared to blatantly fly over Chaos City in broad daylight, thereby indicating that he was at least an 8th-tier powerful being.

He appears to be a 7th-tier magic caster, while Dracula is a 9th-tier vampire. If an altercation arises between the two of them, he has no chance of winning. Sally was also looking at Blour with a concerned expression. She didn’t know Blour, but she didn’t want to see him being hurt by a demon.

“Does an elf need a reason to hate a demon?” Blour appraised Dracula with a mocking smile as he continued, “During the war among species, you demons joined forces with the orcs to invade the Wind Forest, slaughtering countless of my elven brethren. Some things can fade with time, but in the hearts of some people, some things can never be forgotten.”

“Very good. I accept this reason; you may treat me with whatever attitude you like.” Dracula looked at Blour with a hint of surprise before nodding in response.

Some things will never be forgotten? Sally looked at Blour with a thoughtful expression on her face. She knew a bit about the war among species. In the initial phases of the war, the elves were almost driven to extinction. Only under the guidance of the queen did they manage to ward off the combined attacks from the demons and the orcs. After over a century, the Wind Forest had finally recovered to its former state.

Something like that will never happen again. The elven race is more powerful than it has ever been, Sally thought to herself. With the powerful elven army, the elven race could stand against any race without worrying about the Wind Forest being breached again.

In that case, it’s quite possible that he comes from the Wind Forest. I wonder if he recognizes me, and if he does, will he spread word about where I am? Sally was getting quite anxious as she looked at Blour.

“You are indeed a gentleman.” Blour looked at Dracula for a while longer before nodding and turning away.

“Of course I’m a gentleman. I’m the most gentlemanly vampire in this world.” Dracula nodded with a content expression.

“You’re so cool, Uncle Bat,” Amy praised with a smile.

“I enjoy hearing honest praise like that, little girl.” Dracula turned to Amy and nodded with satisfaction.

“But you’re still miles away from my father’s level.” Amy chuckled.

“So, am I still supposed to be happy?” Dracula’s expression was a little strained. This little girl never seemed to play by the rules.

“I think you should be.” Amy nodded.

“Alright, then I’m very happy.” Dracula took a wary glance at Krassu and Urien as he forced a smile onto his face.

The dishes began to arrive one after another, and the customers became immersed in their meals. Constantine was still trying to find conversation topics, but Blour was just too haughty and aloof, just like Shirley. He simply treated Constantine as if he didn’t exist, making it very difficult to strike up a conversation.

Blour finished his meal in silence. The delicious cuisine struck him with an incomparable sense of enjoyment, and even though it was his second time dining at the restaurant, he was still stunned by its amazing dishes.

Blour put down his spoon and looked down at his spotless plate. He then raised his hand, and said, “I’m ready for the bill.”

“Allow me; it’ll be my treat today.” Constantine hurriedly stuffed the remaining half of his roujiamo into his mouth before pulling out his wallet.

“I’m Blour Baibilly.” Blour rose to his feet and offered a dragon coin to Sally.

Sally’s hand suddenly stiffened in mid-air as she was about to accept the coin. Her pupils expanded drastically as she stared at Blour, and the water element in the air around her became very volatile as if they were going to implode.

“Don’t worry, I’m not here to fight you. If you don’t mind, I’d like to speak to you after the close of business tonight.” Blour looked at Sally with a calm expression.

Sally looked at Blour cautiously, and hesitated momentarily before the faint blue light covering her hands faded. The water element around her also settled down as she accepted Blour’s dragon coin and handed him a gold coin in return. She nodded, and said, “Alright.”

“I’ll wait for you, then.” Blour turned and made his way out of the restaurant.

“I... You... I’m also ready for the bill.” Constantine looked on with a dumbstruck expression, clearly unable to comprehend what had just happened. Blour was inquiring him about Aisha earlier, but he

suddenly seemed to be very familiar with her. However, he didn't have any time to ponder this further, and hurriedly paid his bill before rushing out of the restaurant.

Looks like he really is from the Wind Forest. I wonder if Sally will leave with him. Mag looked at Sally from the kitchen with a hint of concern on his face.

Chapter 498 All That's Left is to Find a Man

"The super spicy grilled fish is amazing! I feel like my entire body is on fire!" Vivian panted heavily with sweat pouring down her face, but she was looking at Luna with an elated expression.

"It's too spicy for me; I don't think my stomach will be able to handle any more." Luna's nose and eyes were both red, and she was dabbing at her eyes with a white handkerchief to suppress her tears. This level of spiciness was beyond her tolerance, and even eating just a little was too much for her.

"It's alright, Luna, you'll be fine. I eat this stuff every day, and I'm perfectly ok." Vivian waved her hand before placing another large chunk of fish into her mouth. The spicy flavor spread along her tongue, and then throughout her entire body, expelling all of the frosty energy within her meridians. After increasing the spiciness level from what she normally had, this feeling became even more pronounced.

"At this rate, I feel like I'll be cured in a month or two." Vivian was overjoyed.

"Then you should eat some more. This spicy grilled fish was practically made for you." Luna was also looking at Vivian with a joyful smile. Countless doctors and magic casters had tried and failed to cure Vivian's condition, but in the end, it was cured by a delicious spicy grilled fish. Fate worked in some amazing ways at times.

"That's true. After I'm cured, I'm going to send a plaque over to the restaurant that says 'Greatest Doctor In History'." Vivian nodded with a smile.

"Pffft." Luna couldn't help but burst into laughter. She flicked Vivian on the forehead, and chuckled as she said, "Where is Boss Mag supposed to hang up a plaque like that? He's a chef, not a doctor."

"Chefs who can't cure illnesses aren't good chefs." Vivian shrugged in response.

"Whatever you say." Luna scooped a spoonful of tofu pudding into her mouth to alleviate the scorching spicy sensation. She still preferred foods with more subtle flavor, after all.

"That elf sure was good-looking. It's a pity that he's gone now; I haven't seen eye candy like him for a long time." Vivian looked at the restaurant entrance with a slightly forlorn expression.

"Have you fallen in love?" Luna asked with a smile.

"Of course not! There's no way I'd like him." Vivian raised an eyebrow as she whispered, "Plus, do you think a man as good-looking as him would like a woman who's uglier than him? A man like him would only look for a woman more beautiful than him. Either that or he's into other men."

"Hey, that's going too far." Luna glared at Vivian as a horrified look appeared in her eyes.

"Hehe, you never know." Vivian chuckled before turning her attention back to her grilled fish.

Sally looked at the restaurant's entrance with an unsettled expression. She had envisioned being identified by one of her elven brethren countless times in her mind, but never would she have thought that the first person to identify her would be Blour Baibilly, the man that was supposed to be her fiance.

The Baibilly Family had a higher status than the Brewster Family in the elven race, and that was why the marriage had been agreed on without her consent.

As for this fiance who was known as the most handsome male in the elven race, Sally had seen him back when she was a child. She recalled that he was constantly spying on Princess Irina and her group of little friends while perched on a tree, and that was the only memory she had of him. Who would have thought that he would suddenly turn up at Mamy Restaurant to seek her out?

Who was that elf during the lunch service, then? Sally thought to herself with furrowed brows. Her peaceful life had been interrupted all of a sudden, and she would either have to return to the Wind Forest or leave Mamy Restaurant to embark on another journey. She found both of those options very frustrating

"Aisha, what's wrong?" Yabemiya laid a hand gently on Sally's arm and handed her the gold coin that she had just taken.

"Oh... Nothing." Sally forced a smile onto her face in response. She accepted the gold coin from Yabemiya, and did her best to focus on doing her job.

What's going on with Aisha? She isn't normally like this. Yabemiya was a little concerned as she looked at Sally. However, she was quickly called over by customers who were ready to place their orders, and she didn't have any time to ponder the issue.

Sally ran away from home, so it's only normal that people from her family want her to return home. Whether she wants to go home or not is her choice; if necessary, I can perhaps ask Krassu and Urien to help her. Mag was also rather concerned as he looked at Sally. He had anticipated that this day would come, but he was still feeling quite conflicted when this scenario actually eventuated.

"Boss Mag, I would like to extend another offer to you to open a restaurant on the Demon Islands. I swear on the honor of the vampire race that your safety will be assured, and business will be just as good if not better than here." After paying for his meal, Dracula extended another earnest invitation to Mag.

Before Mag had even given a reply, all of the customers had turned to Dracula with enmity in their eyes. If they had any say in it, Mag wasn't going anywhere.

"Do you think the honor of the vampire race outweighs the two of us?" Krassu looked at Dracula with a meaningful expression.

"Back then, there was a blabbermouth who swore on the honor of his ogre race that he would eat me. After that, ogres ceased to exist in this world." Urien also turned to Dracula with a calm expression. His voice was very tranquil and placid as if he were discussing the weather outside rather than mass genocide.

"Come to think of it, I think it's good that your restaurant is here, Boss Mag. I'll be sure to come back in the future to enjoy your food again. Master Krassu, Master Urien, please enjoy your meal." Dracula felt

a chill run down his spine, and he immediately forced a smile onto his face as he hurriedly retreated out of the restaurant. As soon as he was out the door, he spread open his massive wings and disappeared in the blink of an eye.

Mag looked on with an amused smile as he swallowed the rejection that he hadn't even had a chance to utter.

"Bye, Boss, bye, Little Amy." Yabemiya and Sally bade farewell before leaving the restaurant.

After exiting the restaurant, Sally turned to Yabemiya, and said, "Miya, you go home first today. I still have something that I need to do."

"Aisha, are you really alright?" Yabemiya was quite concerned as she looked at Sally. She had been very absent-minded the entire night, and now, she was separating herself from Miya to do something on her own.

"I'm fine. I just need to go and meet someone; don't worry about me." Sally shook her head with a smile. It was good to know what at least someone was concerned about her.

"Alright, then. Be safe." Yabemiya nodded before departing.

"You can come down now." After Yabemiya's departing figure had faded in the distance, Sally turned her attention to a large tree near the restaurant, where a figure was reclining on a sturdy branch.

Chapter 499 About Freedom

"Let's go somewhere else. I don't want anyone to overhear our conversation." Blour took a glance down at Sally before drifting down lazily from the tree that he was perched on. He then turned and made his way deeper into the square.

Sally hesitated momentarily before following behind him.

"Father, are we still not going to bed?" Amy yawned as she looked at Mag, who was standing at the restaurant's entrance.

"Coming now." Mag closed the door before picking up Amy and Ugly Duckling in his arms, and making his way upstairs.

There wasn't really anything that he could do about Sally at the moment. He simply wasn't powerful enough at present, so he could only keep a low profile and let Sally make her own decision.

"What do you want from me? If you're trying to persuade me to go back to the Wind Forest, then you can forget it. I won't go back." Sally looked on with a cold and wary expression at Blour, who had stopped in front of a patch of flowers.

"I've only just come to Chaos City as well; I don't want to go back so soon." Blour turned to Sally with a lazy smile, and said, "Yngwie received information that you were working at Geya Hotel and Mamy Restaurant, so he relayed it back to the Baibilly Family. My father then sent me here with a very simple objective in mind. He wants me to approach you and make you fall in love with me, thereby making our engagement a reality."

“Even if you know where I live, you won’t be able to stop me if I want to leave. You’re only a 7th-tier magic caster, as is Yngwie.” Sally wore a slightly grave expression on her face. Her worst fear had been realized—Blour was indeed here for her, and not just coincidentally passing by.

Furthermore, the Baibilly Family already knew of her location, so it would be unrealistic for her to continue to stay at Mamy Restaurant.

However, she didn’t understand why Blour would tell her all this. If his goal were to approach her, then what he was doing simply didn’t make sense.

“You don’t have to worry. I don’t like you, and I have no intention of marrying you. Otherwise, I wouldn’t be telling you all this. Instead, I would act according to their plans and make you fall in love with me.” Blour smiled at the cautious Sally, and said, “Of course, with my stunning beauty, any woman would fall in love with me even if I didn’t try.”

“What do you want, then?” Sally’s brows furrowed as she looked at Blour. She had heard about his narcissistic tendencies back when she was at the Wind Forest; it appeared that those rumors were true. However, she was more interested in what he had to say. If he really didn’t like her and was opposed to the engagement as well, then perhaps they could work out a deal.

“I want many things, but those things do not include you. If you want to continue to stay in Chaos City, then you have to cooperate with me in putting on an act. Otherwise, even I can’t ensure that information regarding your whereabouts won’t be disclosed to the Brewster Family.” Brewster looked at Sally with a smile.

“How do I cooperate?” Sally asked.

“Their objective in sending me to Chaos City is to get me to approach you, then establish a relationship with you. That will ensure the success of the marriage alliance between the Brewster and Baibilly Families. If they become aware of the fact that there’s no way for a relationship to blossom between us, they’ll take that information to the Brewster Family, and exchange it for some benefits. However, if they think that I have a chance of conquering you and taking you as my wife, then they’ll try to create more time for us to be together, thereby keeping your whereabouts confidential to everyone else.” Blour looked at Sally with a serious expression as he said, “So, all you have to do is pretend to be interested in me, and you’ll be able to buy time for yourself.”

Sally looked at Blour in silence for a long while before asking, “Why are you doing this? How do you benefit from helping me?”

The smile on Blour’s face faded, and was replaced by a serious expression. “That’s simple. I also want freedom. Chaos City is a very interesting place, and I want to stay here for a while. However, I need your help to do that, and I need you to promise me something.”

“Promise you what?” Sally looked at Blour with a wary expression. She didn’t believe for a second that Blour would help her from the kindness of his heart, especially when he was supposed to be her fiancé.

“You most likely haven’t heard about this, but this morning, Princess Irina left the cave of life and killed Schubert, the leader of the Krol Family.” Blour didn’t give a direct reply to Sally’s question.

“What?!” Sally stared at Blour with incredulity on her face. Schubert was an extremely esteemed individual in the elven race, and his Krol Family held an even higher status than the Brewster Family. And yet, Schubert, his family’s head, had been killed by Princess Irina? How had something like that happened?

“Yngwie only just received an urgent letter detailing this event earlier in the day...” Blour began to elaborate on the contents of the letter as he said, “Schubert brought everything upon himself. Princess Irina was put in detention for a year for killing Schubert, but that’s only a trifling punishment considering the crime that she had committed. You know what that means, right?”

“An elf without freedom... isn’t an elf?” Sally listened to Blour’s words, and she felt as if the ideals that had been drilled into her ever since she was a child had received a heavy blow.

“I agree with the princess’s views on freedom, but the current elven race is both free and powerful. If we overthrow the current social system, then the elven race will inevitably become weaker. In that case, other species will be able to slaughter us as they please again. When that time comes, more elves would lose their freedom, and be humiliated even further.” Sally shook her head as she said, “What we should be doing now is to convince all of the elves roaming the continent to return to the Wind Forest. Only then will our elven race become more powerful.”

“100 years ago, the elven race was able to force the demons and orcs out of the Wind Forest. This revolution is not enough to make the elven race fall apart.” Blour looked at Sally with a serious expression, and asked, “Besides, do you really think that the roaming elves want to return to the Wind Forest?”

Chapter 500 The Moon Festival

“Why wouldn’t they want to return to the Wind Forest? Only there would they be able to receive the blessings of the God of Life and be protected by more powerful elves. Those who roam outside the Wind Forest must deal with threats from beings of foreign races every day; even survival is a problem for them, so what kind of happiness and freedom could they possibly derive from such a lifestyle?” Sally asked.

“I’ve only left the Wind Forest several times before, but in my opinion, this world is different from the one you see. The roaming elves on the continent do not come under constant threat from beings of other races as you claim. Instead, many elves are able to quickly adapt to their new lifestyle. For example, in Chaos City, many elves have joined the city lord’s castle and Gray Temple, thereby becoming regulators of the city, allowing them to live peaceful and free lives.” Blour shook his head in response.

He looked at the indignant Sally with a mocking smile on his lips as he continued, “Also, why would they leave the Wind Forest in the first place? Are you unaware of the reason behind their decision? Following the war among species, Mistress Helena began to revolutionize the elven race. Ever since then, more and more elves began to leave the Wind Forest. They haven’t been abandoned by the God of Life; this was their own choice. They don’t need protection; they need freedom. The elven race is protected by nature, and the God of Life won’t abandon them just because they left the Wind Forest.”

“I only trust in what I have seen. In the Wind Forest, our brethren lead safe and peaceful lives. Also, the number of elves leaving the Wind Forest has decreased significantly in the past few years. Instead, more

and more elves are returning to the Wind Forest; doesn't that mean that the Wind Forest is becoming a better place?" Sally was still clinging to her beliefs, but her voice was clearly no longer as certain as before.

"They're not leaving, because they've been shackled to the Wind Forest. An invisible wall has been established around them, preventing them from leaving. As for the elves that returned to the Wind Forest, do you think they willingly came back so they could become slaves for the major families? You live a free and carefree life in the Wind Forest, but do you know how many elves were reduced to slaves in order to support your lifestyle? They don't have a single shred of freedom to speak of." The mockery on Blour's face grew even more pronounced, and he looked at Sally as if he were looking at a silly little girl. She was a typical young mistress of a major family who had been brainwashed by the elven education system.

If it were someone else, Blour would have definitely already turned away and left. However, Sally's identity was rather special, and he could also sense the sympathy that she had toward other elves.

From her perspective, Helena's revolutions had made the elven race more stable and powerful. The major families were stronger than ever, and they were making the entire elven race far more efficient. Those were the main benefits brought about by her revolutions.

He had also been of this same opinion once. There was even a time when he had been a strong advocate of Helena's revolutions, thinking that what she was doing was making the elven race a better society.

That was until he began to come into contact with the elves of the lower social classes, and those elves that had supposedly come back voluntarily to the Wind Forest. Only then did he discover the dark underbelly of the elven race. He knew then that Helena's revolutions were nothing less than disastrous for the elven race.

As such, Blour felt as if he could see a younger version of himself reflected in Sally. Back then, he'd also hoped that the elves roaming the continent could return to the Wind Forest, where they would then be able to live in safety and comfort.

However, what he wanted now was to help more elves escape the place that was once considered to be the holy land of the elven race. He wanted to release them into a wider and freer world where they could find happiness.

Sally looked into Blour's eyes, and she felt as if each and every one of his words had dealt a heavy blow to her. She thought back to the servants tending to her family. They seemed to never have time for rest, and were constantly busy. If they made the slightest mistake, they would be scolded, and even receive physical punishment.

Are they really happy? Sally thought back to all of those exhausted faces and shook her head internally. She rarely ever saw them smile, so how could they possibly be happy?

They had been enslaved and lost all of their freedom. They were even prohibited from leaving the territory of the major families that they served.

Even though the major families had enslaved elves according to the new elven laws, Sally discovered upon deeper thought that those elven servants hadn't done anything wrong to deserve enslavement. In fact, some of them were enslaved simply as they had accidentally trespassed onto the territory of one of the major families. What a sick joke!

In that instant, the ideals that Sally had firmly upheld for the past two decades began to crumble. She was even beginning to suspect whether the elven race had truly become more powerful.

"Elves don't need stable lives. Nature is our home, and without freedom, we will lose our souls." Blour looked at Sally with a serious expression as he said, "If you want me to help you stay in Chaos City, then promise me one thing: if you become the leader of the Brewster Family or even the elven queen, give all elves true freedom rather than this supposed life of safety and stability."

Sally pursed her lips as she looked at Blour, but she didn't respond to his words.

"I'll come to Mamy Restaurant again next evening. I hope to hear your decision then." Blour didn't pressure her any further, and nodded before departing. What is true freedom? Sally was left standing alone under the moonlight. She stared at her own shadow, and fell deep in thought.

In the restaurant, Amy had just taken a bath and put on her pajamas, but she no longer felt like sleeping. Instead, she turned to Mag with a beseeching look in her sparkling blue eyes. "Father, can we go look at the stars?"

"Alright." Mag was about to tuck Amy into bed, but he simply couldn't refuse her adorable request.

"Yay! Let's go look at stars, Ugly Duckling!" Amy picked up Ugly Duckling with elation, and began to rush toward the balcony on the third floor.

Mag followed Amy upstairs with a smile on his face.

"The moon is so round and beautiful today. It looks like it would be really delicious to eat." Amy looked up at the bright moon with a joyful expression.

Mag also looked up at the bright moon in the sky, only to find that it was almost a perfect full moon. After hearing Amy's words, he began to reminisce about the days when he would enjoy mooncakes during the moon festival. It was sad that those days were gone.

"Father, can the moon be eaten?" Amy asked with curiosity etched on her little face.

According to the time in this world, it should be the moon festival in three days. Even though the moon festival doesn't exist in this world, it couldn't hurt to have some mooncakes and celebrate the occasion. A plan began to hatch in Mag's mind.