

## Stay At home 791

### Chapter 791 Should We Have Noodles or Rice for Breakfast?

A brand new day had dawned on Rodu. Due to the return of Alex, many people were beginning to reassess the situation. Even though not many details had been revealed about the battle that had taken place the night before, the coincidental appearance of the second prince on the scene drew a lot of suspicions.

Back when news of Alex's assassination had first spread three years ago, the king himself had made a public announcement of the cause of Alex's death, executing a few orcs and demons as a result. However, there were still some conspiracy theorists who were convinced that foul play was involved, and that Josh was actually the one who had orchestrated the assassination.

Josh just so happened to have appeared in the battle that had taken place the previous night, and there were even rumors that he had faced Alex in battle. This information suddenly made the conspiracies surrounding Josh seem not so implausible after all.

There had always been a delicate balance maintained between Josh and Sean. As long as the king refrained from choosing an heir, the balance would continue to exist, and everything would appear to be quite tranquil and peaceful.

However, Alex's return was like a sledgehammer that brutally shattered this frail balance.

With his enormous power and his position in the hearts of the citizens of the Roth Empire, his choice would undoubtedly be capable of tipping the scales. Even the king himself couldn't simply ignore his opinion.

Regardless of whether Josh was involved in the assassination three years ago, most people were of the opinion that Alex wouldn't choose to side with Josh following his return. He had endured battles of life and death on the empire's borders with Sean as his comrade, so the first prince was clearly the better choice. Following Alex's passing, the first prince had mourned and fasted for Alex for three days and three nights; that was a clear indication of the close bond that they had shared.

All of the officials who had already made their choices were considering whether they had made the wrong decision, while some of the fence-sitters were also being tempted to pick a side.

The storm that had taken place the night before had shaken the entire Roth Empire.

Of course, some people were completely unaffected by this incident. These people included the normal citizens of the city, as well as the scholars who were heading toward Carlo Church in an excited manner.

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Carlo Church was situated in the western region of Rodu on a vast plot of land that had been cordoned off using black railing. At the center of a yellowing lawn stood a grand round-domed church, beside which were two rows of large white stone pillars. There was a plaza that had been paved with slabs of white stone in front of the church, and white pigeons were searching for grass seeds in the gaps between the stone slabs.

The black-robed priests wore serious expressions as they traversed through the long corridors of the church. There was no hint of a smile on their faces whatsoever, and all of them seemed to be in a hurry.

The church had a longer history than even the Roth Empire. During the war among species, priests had roamed the entire Norland Continent, administering treatment to the humans who had been wounded during the war, and fostering the children who had lost their parents to battle. As such, they were deeply respected and revered by the masses.

Furthermore, the church also played an imperative role in uniting the humans during the war among species. It was through a common faith that everyone banded together, and the church had developed many exceptional knights and magic casters for the human race.

The royal family of the Roth Empire at the time were the spokespeople for the church. They led the humans during the war and ensured the survival of the entire human race, securing a vast territory in the process.

However, following the founding of the Roth Empire, all of the past kings had been trying to lessen the influence and the power of the church.

This trend was especially apparent during the several decades when Andre had been in power. From the many churches that had once stood all over the Roth Empire, this Carlo Church was now the only one that remained. Most of the church's influence had been absorbed by the Magus Tower, and the people who had been part of the war among species had all passed away. As such, this century-old church was now merely a symbolic existence, marking a chapter in the history of the human race.

Even though the church was still supposedly respected by the royal family, it was heavily restricted and essentially no longer had any power.

The cavernous Carlo Church had even been reduced to a venue for some officials when holding major events, such as this debate.

All of the elderly priests naturally weren't responsible for attending to such matters, and all of them stayed in the back rooms, reminiscing about the good old glory days.

Even though the church had been steadily on the wane, it was still not a place that could be defiled by anyone; the Roth Empire's department of education was only allowed access to the main hall of the church, and they were prohibited from accessing any other areas.

The young priests wore serious expressions as they poured tea for the white-robed elders before standing off to the side with their hands clasped behind their backs.

Even though they didn't like these people for being so boisterous and noisy in the church, they had to force themselves to serve them, so it was no wonder that their expressions were rather sour.

The main hall of the church was paved with marble that was glistening with a faint golden sheen, and natural light was passing through the clear crystal dome up above, illuminating the entire hall.

There were beautiful pieces of art carved on the stone walls within the church, all of which were images depicting the members of the church lending their assistance to the human warriors during the war among species.

During those chaotic and tumultuous times, it was none other than the priests who led the humans out of the darkness, allowing them to finally become a force to be reckoned with on the Norland Continent.

There were currently hundreds of white-robed and azure-robed people sitting cross-legged before the pieces of wall art. Some of them were quite old and wizened, while others seemed to have barely graduated out of their teens. There were clearly less azure-robed figures among them, and the people were also quite a bit younger than the average age of the people present.

Meanwhile, there were 10 people who were also seated cross-legged on the tall platform. Half of them wore white robes, while the other half were in azure robes, and they were sitting on either side of the platform with a clear division between them.

The white-robed figures were all elderly men with white hair. In contrast, among the azure-robed figures, aside from Byron, who sat at the center, all of the other four weren't even middle-aged yet, so their group appeared to be far more youthful.

All of the azure-robed figures present wore rather nervous expressions as they glanced at Byron from time to time. This was going to be the final one of 10 debates, and the result of this debate would decide whether they would adopt the new numerical system or stay with the old hexadecimal system.

During the previous nine debates, the trend was that more and more people were joining the azure-robed camp. However, there were still more conservative and stubborn white-robed, and it was very difficult to counter their arguments surrounding tradition and inheritance.

If they were to lose this debate, then all of their past efforts would go to waste. The multiplication table that they were hoping to popularize would also be buried in the sands of time. This was something that no one wanted to see.

A black-robed middle-aged man made his way toward Byron, and said, "Master Byron, it's 9 am. We should begin the debate now."

Why isn't Mr. Mag here yet?

Luna was standing at the entrance to the hall, casting her gaze into the distance with an urgent expression on her face.

Byron also glanced at the entrance before withdrawing his gaze as he nodded, and said, "Let's begin."

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On a certain food street, Amy looked up at Mag, and asked, "Father, should we have noodles or rice for breakfast?"

## **Chapter 792 Sorry, Am I Late?**

As soon as 9am arrived, the debate commenced.

This debate had already been raging for two months, and it became very heated right away.

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The man sitting at the center of the conservative white-robed had a large black mole on his glabella. His name was Erma, and he wore a disdainful look on his face as he said in a haughty manner, "The hexadecimal system is something left to us by our ancestors. It is the manifestation of the wisdom of our forefathers. During our history of thousands of years, it has played an extremely important role, and it's not an exaggeration to say that it's an imperative part of human society. For this system, countless mathematicians worked and researched tirelessly to enrich themselves and expand this field. It's the brightest star in the history of the human race, and the result of countless blood, sweat, and tears shed by those who lived before us."

All of the conservatives nodded in agreement, and Erma's disdain was mirrored in their eyes as they looked at the revolutionary azure-robos.

These people had somehow been swayed by Byron to try and revolutionize the numerical system, and it was ridiculous that they were making such a big deal out of this farcical matter.

The decimal system was only used in the Roth Empire when applied to currency, and all of the scholars in the field of mathematics had always looked down on it, thinking that it was an inferior numerical system that wasn't worth researching. If it weren't for the fact that they were trying to make the currency system easier to understand for the general public, the decimal system wouldn't even exist in the Roth Empire.

Byron was the deputy minister of the department of education, and he was the highest-ranking figure among everyone gathered here. However, even with his lofty status, it was still quite difficult for him to try and implement this revolutionary new system, and that was an indication of just how deeply rooted the hexadecimal system was in the field of mathematics in the Roth Empire.

This event had become the laughingstock among the scholars of the Roth Empire of late. Master Byron was an extremely esteemed figure in the field of mathematics, and was close to retirement age, but he was getting involved in such a massive farce. His entire career would most likely be blighted by this foolish decision.

The youngest scholar among the revolutionaries, going by the name of Lister, vehemently countered, "The decimal system is far simpler and more efficient than the hexadecimal system. If we were to implement it in conjunction with the Mamy Multiplication Table, we'll be countless times more efficient when making calculations. It has so many distinct advantages over the hexadecimal system, and widespread implementation would significantly increase the general IQ of the entire population! We'll be paving the way to a future where even common citizens can make calculations for themselves!"

"Commoners? Heh." The portly Leeroy sitting beside Erma pursed his fat lips with disdain, and said, "Arithmetics is an art, not something for those lowly and ignorant commoners to dabble in! It is an exclusive art form passed down between nobles; those lowly commoners should just do what they're told! And who gave you permission to raise the IQ of the general public? The more those idiotic commoners know, the more ideas they'll have, and that's not a good thing."

Lister's expression changed as he slowly clenched his fists. He was born in a noble family that had already fallen from grace, and he had been accepted into Bauhinia Academy for his prodigious talent in the field of mathematics. At the age of 30, he had already become the youngest professor in the academy.

During his youth, his gambling addict grandfather had lost the entire estate, so he had to live among the commoners with his parents in the northern region of the city. As such, he lived a life that was no different from that of commoners, and he still had many commoners as friends.

As such, commoners were not lowly beings in his eyes.

However, the current caste stunted their potential for growth, barring them from the academies that were exclusive to nobles, thereby cutting off their only avenue to accumulate knowledge.

It was just as Leeroy had said: the commoners could only do as they were told, while the nobles received the best education and became the elites of society. In contrast, the commoners had no right to access education, and could only live in ignorance for generation after generation.

Lister also knew that all of the commoners had to work hard every day just to fill their stomachs. They had no spare time nor money to receive education in order to better themselves.

However, if the decimal system could replace the hexadecimal system and be widely implemented along with the Mamy Multiplication Table, then even commoners would quickly be able to grasp basic arithmetics. That would be enough for them in everyday life.

A quantitative change of a large enough degree would inevitably result in a qualitative change. Once enough commoners grasped the decimal system, the entire human race would advance, taking a huge step forward.

Mathematics wasn't some kind of so-called artistic endeavor. Instead, it was a tool that had been invented for use in daily life. However, he simply couldn't convince these stubborn "masters" who held extremely high positions in the world of scholars within the Roth Empire.

Byron looked at Leeroy with a serious expression, and said, "What we're doing is not educating the ignorant masses. Educational exclusivity for the nobles has been in place for many years, and the next step for us is to choose some talented children among the commoners and give them an education, making them become the pillars of our Roth Empire."

"Commoners all have ignorant blood running through their bodies, so they won't become pillars of our empire even if they do receive an education. Our mathematical committee has already voted yesterday, and over 90% of our members have voted against the implementation of the decimal system. That is our final stance on the matter. Besides, you expect us to implement an untested multiplication table proposed by some random person? If we overthrow the hexadecimal system that we've used for thousands of years in preference of something so ridiculous farcical, we'd become the laughingstock of the entire continent! You'll be ruining the field of mathematics in the Roth Empire; can you shoulder the blame for such a massive travesty?" The white-robed Earlton chuckled coldly.

The revolutionaries fell silent upon hearing this, and everyone turned their eyes to Byron. Only Byron could shoulder such a heavy burden, so he was the only one who could rise to the occasion.

Luna was wringing her hands together with an urgent expression as she looked at Byron. Earlton had dug a massive pit for Byron, and he was going to lose regardless of whether he jumped into the pit or not.

All of the conservatives wore confident smiles on their faces, seemingly having already anticipated this result.

“Sorry, am I late?”

Right at this moment, the doors of the hall were suddenly pushed open from the outside. A young man strode in, holding the hand of an adorable little half-elf girl, who was, in turn, holding a little orange kitten.

### Chapter 793 Uneducated Chef

The debate had already reached a state where a verdict was about to be reached. No one dared to answer the sharp question raised by Earlton, and if the revolutionaries had no response, then this debate would conclude with the victory going to the conservatives.

However, right at this moment, someone suddenly arrived at the venue.

Everyone turned their attention to this strange combination, which consisted of a young man with a little half elf girl, as well as an orange kitten. They appeared to have nothing to do with this debate, so everyone was perplexed why they had come here.

“Who’s that?”

Earlton appraised Mag with a cold expression. If this debate could conclude due to a question raised by him, then his status in the world of scholars would most definitely be enhanced further. As such, he was naturally rather displeased to be interrupted on the cusp of glory.

“Isn’t he that chef from yesterday’s royal banquet?”

Erma faltered slightly upon seeing Mag and Amy. He had attended the birthday banquet the day before, so he could naturally recall this duo. However, he hadn’t thought that he would see them again today. Could it be that meals were to be served during the debate, and he’d been invited here to cook for everyone?

“Exactly, why did he come here rather than stay in the palace and cook for His Majesty?” Leeroy frowned as he looked at Mag.

All of the revolutionaries were also just as confused; aside from Byron, none of them even knew who Mag was.

“Teacher Luna.”

Amy waved at Luna before adjusting Ugly Duckling’s position as it was about to slide down out of her arms.

“Amy, Mr. Mag.” A smile appeared on Luna’s nervous face. Even though they were late, it was very much a case of better late than never.

“Sorry, we got a little delayed on the way here.”

Mag nodded in an apologetic manner. He hadn’t cooked breakfast earlier, and it had been rather difficult to choose what to eat, so they ended up arriving at the venue later than expected.

“Right this way, please, Mr. Mag,” Byron said with a smile as he rose to his feet.

“Sure.” Mag left Amy with Luna before making his way over to Byron.

Earlton was a little displeased. “What are you doing, Master Byron? The debate is still in progress; how can we allow an unrelated outsider to interrupt us? Even more so, he’s just an illiterate chef! Could it be that you’re trying to get a chef to help you in this debate?”

All of the conservatives burst into raucous laughter as they looked at Mag with disdain in their eyes. If a chef was proficient in the field of mathematics, then wouldn’t that make them the same as lowly chefs? That would be preposterous!

“Not only is Mr. Mag the chef who received the best dish award during the royal banquet, he was also the one who proposed the Mamy Multiplication Table, and it’s none other than his brilliant contribution that has made arithmetics so simple to popularize. As such, he has every right to participate in this debate today.” Byron turned toward Mag with approval in his eyes, and asked, “How can you call him an unrelated outsider? Who among us has more right than him to be here? He is our sixth speaker during this debate!”

He’s the one who proposed the Mamy Multiplication Table?! Lister’s eyes immediately lit up upon hearing this.

The simple yet efficient multiplication table was imbued with astonishing wisdom and intelligence. In Lister’s heart, the one who’d proposed such a brilliant tool surely had to be an old and wise scholar. Who would’ve thought that it would actually be a man who appeared to be comparable to himself in age?

All of the other revolutionaries were also astonished to hear this.

If it weren’t for the fact that they had been won over by the brilliant Mamy Multiplication Table, they wouldn’t have chosen to jump ship and throw their support behind the decimal system so quickly. After all, no one wanted to become a rebel if they could avoid it.

As such, all of them were stunned by the fact that such a young man had proposed the revolutionary multiplication table. On top of that, he was also a chef?

The glowing praise Byron had delivered immediately made everyone reassess Mag. His ability to win the best dish award during the royal banquet already indicated that he stood at the pinnacle of the cooking world. How could a cooking genius like him also be a brilliant mathematician?

Earlton looked at Mag with a deriding sneer, and scoffed, “No wonder the so-called multiplication table is so crude and unsightly; turns out it was invented by a chef! I underestimated the multiplication table. If I’d known that it was something proposed by a lowly chef, I would’ve never participated in this debate.”

All of the conservatives also wore expressions of disdain and superiority. All of them hailed from noble families, and the fact that they were scholars placed them on a pedestal above even normal noblemen, let alone a lowly chef.

Even the revolutionaries were starting to lose their confidence.

Byron hadn't revealed any information about Mag to them this entire time. As such, they hadn't even been aware of his age, let alone his profession.

To scholars like them, it was naturally a little absurd that they were fighting so hard for a multiplication table proposed by a chef.

"Simplicity is the basis for popularity. It is the priority for basic education, and it determines whether it's easily replicable and has the potential to become prevalently utilized." Mag turned to Earlton with a smile, and said, "Basic arithmetics is supposed to be a practical skill, not some profound art. It's an absolute joke that all of you are trying to overcomplicate skills that can be mastered even by children barely out of their infancy. All of you are desperately nursing your frail egos and trying to create an artificial pedestal for yourselves so you can continue to feel superior to everyone else. However, that pedestal is going to be destroyed by the decimal system and the multiplication table."

Mag cast his gaze toward the five white-robed elderly men on stage with a disdainful sneer, and continued, "That's why you're scared. You're petrified that those 'ignorant' commoners will one day be able to easily calculate answers to questions that you have to work painstakingly to answer. It doesn't feel good to have your fragile egos come under threat, does it?"

All of the conservatives' expressions changed in unison. Mag's words were like sharp blades digging under their skin, making them feel very uncomfortable.

Change was indeed something that evoked fear and unrest among people. Fear of the unknown made the conservatives wary, and they would much rather stay in their own comfort zones. As such, regardless of how superior this decimal system was, they were insistent on denying it its place under the sun so they could continue to be looked up to by the masses.

In contrast, all of the revolutionaries' eyes immediately lit up. During the entire course of this debate, they had constantly been bullied by the conservatives. All five of the white-robed elderly men were extremely esteemed scholars, so no one dared to directly rebuke them. However, Mag had no such qualms, and his scathing tirade was extremely satisfying to all of the green-robed revolutionaries.

Earlton was so enraged that his beard was trembling as he pointed at Mag. "You... You... That's utter nonsense! If a child can calculate multiplication problems with two-digit numbers, I'll retire right away! However, if you're simply spouting nonsense, then I'm going to reveal to this entire world that your multiplication table is nothing more than a pile of trash!"

### **Chapter 794 She's Only Four this Year**

The atmosphere in the hall immediately became quite tense. Earlton was an extremely esteemed figure in the field of mathematics here in the Roth Empire, and his position was only below that of Erma and Leeroy. Setting official titles aside and speaking from a scholarly perspective alone, even Byron ranked below him.

He was now threatening retirement and putting his entire career on the line to crush Mag, and that was a clear indication of his confidence.



Even though Mag's words were quite sharp, upon careful analysis, they appeared to be quite exaggerated. After all, could a child that was barely out of their infancy really be able to win against the best mathematicians of the Roth Empire?

Earlton's actions seemed to be quite rash and reckless, but he was actually taking a calculated risk.

Two-digit multiplication problems were considered to be extremely difficult in the world of mathematics. If the problem involved large numbers, then no ordinary mathematician would be able to solve it. In fact, there were many people present who were unable to solve such questions.

However, Mag was proclaiming that even a child was capable of such an extraordinary feat, and that was clearly nothing more than a pipe dream. Now, Earlton was grabbing ahold of that point and issuing a challenge that Mag clearly couldn't win.

The revolutionaries were all waiting for Mag's response. The notion had been raised by Mag, and it was time for him to support it.

If Mag didn't accept the challenge, then the verdict of this debate was quite apparent. However, if Mag were to accept the challenge, where was he going to find such a prodigious young mathematician?

Could it be...

Luna withdrew her gaze from Mag and turned toward Amy, who was currently struggling to hold Ugly Duckling in her arms. Was Amy going to be the one to prove Mag's point?

"What a touching bet. If all of you were so eager to retire and refrain from continuing to burden the field of mathematics, it would be vastly fortunate for the entire Roth Empire," Mag said with a smile. A bet like this played right into his hands. Looking at the enraged expressions on the faces of all of the white-robed dogmatic old farts, Mag's smile widened even further.

"Seeing as you're so eager to volunteer yourself as tribute, let me show you the power of the multiplication table used in conjunction with the decimal system. My four-year-old[1] daughter will be the one to demonstrate this point for me." Mag gestured toward Amy, who then skipped over to him with Ugly Duckling in her arms.

Mag continued, "You can pick the best mathematician among you and assign the same two-digit multiplication problem to both competitors. Of course, the mathematician chosen by your side must use the hexadecimal system in their calculations. The winner of this showdown will decide who wins this debate. If you lose, then you have no right to further obstruct the implementation of the decimal system and the multiplication table in the Roth Empire."

The entire hall had fallen completely silent. No one had expected Mag to accept the challenge. Furthermore, he was upping the stakes, and proposing that the outcome of this contest decided the outcome of the entire debate.

What was even more arrogant of him was that he was allowing anyone from the conservatives to go up against Amy, which meant that even Erma or Earlton could take the stage!

Everyone immediately turned to Amy, only to discover a little girl who appeared to be around three or four years of age. Her semi-transparent pointy little ears and her intricate little face were all very

adorable, and as she blinked her large blue eyes in an innocent manner, she didn't look like she was capable of even simple arithmetic calculations.

Little girls her age were normally still fretting about what they were going to eat; how could she have possibly mastered the skill to solve two-digit multiplication problems?

All of the revolutionaries were also feeling quite nervous. Even though they had chosen an extremely difficult path from the very beginning, all of them had been working their hardest during the past few months.

However, Mag was now proposing a downright absurd contest, and if he were to lose, they would also lose the debate. In that case, all of their efforts would completely go down the drain.

Everyone turned toward Byron in unison. He was the leader of this mathematical revolution, and only he could decide whether this showdown would go ahead.

Byron looked at Mag for a moment, and then cast his gaze toward Amy. A smile appeared on his face as he nodded, and said, "I have no objections to this."

Earlton, Erma, and Leeroy glanced at each other before Earlton turned to Mag with a cold sneer on his face. "Alright, I'll be happy to crush your insolence!"

Erma turned to a young man with a heavily freckled face below the stage, and said, "Fitch, you can compete against her."

"He's sending out Fitch! That's... That shouldn't be allowed!"

All of the revolutionaries immediately sagged like deflated balloons. Fitch was the most exceptional young student of the elite imperial academy of mathematics, and had been a prodigy from a young age. At just 10 years of age, he solved a two-digit multiplication problem on his own, and was accepted into the academy as Erma's disciple.

Now, he was still only 16 years old, but his reputation had already exceeded that of many of his teachers, and no one could compete with him when it came to speed solving. Even Erma had proclaimed that Fitch would reach greater heights than he had during his peak.

Such a brilliant prodigy was being sent out to compete with a little three-year-old half elf girl. It appeared that the conservatives were willing to become laughing stocks as long as they could win this debate.

"Yes." The young man emerged from within the crowd before slowly making his way onto the tall platform. Without his freckles, he would actually be quite a handsome young man.

Even though he was a little thin and frail, he carried himself in a graceful manner, and there was no hint of arrogance about him that one would expect from a prodigy of his lofty status. Instead, he gave off an air benevolence, and seemed to be quite approachable.

Mag glanced at the young man with absolute confidence in his eyes.

These stupid old bastards dared to proclaim that the multiplication table was crude and unsightly! It was time for them to learn their place!

“My daughter, Amy, will be participating in this contest. She’s four years old at the moment.” Mag patted Amy’s head before turning toward the conservatives as he continued, “In a contest of calculation, the best parameter to decide on a winner would naturally be speed. We’ll each pick a random two-digit number to be used as components for the multiplication problem, and we’ll see who can get the answer first. The final answers can be converted into the other contestant’s numerical system for verification purposes.”

### **Chapter 795 You’ve Lost!**

The rules were very simple, and the fact that each side was picking a random number made the contest quite fair. Furthermore, a contest of speed was the most direct and straightforward way to decide a winner.

However, the adorkable Amy created a stark contrast with the prodigious Fitch. Even if Fitch were to secure victory in this contest, it wouldn’t do much to enhance his reputation. Instead, it would actually be rather embarrassing for him regardless of whether he won or not.

The rules had been proposed by Mag, and he was using his own daughter to prove his point. In response, Erma was sending out his disciple, Fitch, to compete in his stead.

If Erma were to take the stage and compete against a little four-year-old girl, he would truly become the joke of the entire scholarly world regardless of the outcome.

Erma looked at Byron, and solemnly said, “Seeing as everything has been decided, let’s begin the contest.”

This debate of numerical systems had been raging on for far too long. Even though they currently still had the situation under control, those revolutionaries were gaining more and more traction, and more and more people were becoming interested in the decimal system as well as the so-called Mamy Multiplication Table.

That was not good news for them, so they had to end this farce as quickly as possible. If they could prove that Mag, who had proposed the multiplication table in the first place, was nothing but a scam artist, then the wind would undoubtedly be completely taken out of the revolutionaries’ sails.

Byron turned to Mag to gather his opinion. Mag nodded in response, so Byron replied, “Alright, let’s begin.”

Mag leaned down with a smile, and said to Amy, “Amy, you have to go and solve a multiplication problem now. Just use the method that I taught you, then yell out the answer loudly as soon as you solve it.”

“Alright, I’ll win for sure.” Amy nodded confidently. She had been doing multiplication problems for half an hour every day under Mag’s tutelage during this recent period of time.

“She’s just a little brat who’s barely learned how to walk; you’re telling me she can solve a two-digit multiplication problem? What a joke!” Earlton pursed his lips with disdain as he looked at Amy. He had absolute confidence in winning this bet. After all, Fitch’s speed solving skills were quite extraordinary even to him.

Furthermore, this boy had limitless potential, and as long as he continued to be obedient, the conservatives would push him to even greater heights.

"I'm Fitch." Fitch made his way over to Amy and bent down slightly before offering his hand in a gentlemanly manner.

"I'm Amy." Amy looked up at Fitch, and also extended a little hand of her own.

However, her hand was grabbed by a larger hand midway.

Mag gently tucked Amy's little hand down by her side before looking at Fitch with a smile. "I think this is going to be an interesting contest."

"Because you'll be losing to an opponent called Amy," Amy added with a serious expression.

Fitch stood up straight again with a smile, and replied, "I always look forward to interesting contests, but I've never come up against an opponent who could push me."

A middle-aged man strode forward as the emcee, and loudly announced, "Both contestants will be given the same problem comprising of a multiplication problem with two numbers, each of which will be picked out by each side. Once the answers have been derived, they'll be converted into decimal and hexadecimal forms for cross-referencing purposes. The one who gets the correct answer first will be the winner!"

Someone had already carried tables, chairs, paper, and quills over to Amy and Fitch, both of who were sitting with a distance of around three meters between them with their backs facing each other.

Amy gently placed Ugly Duckling onto the table, and whispered, "Don't go anywhere or make a fuss, Ugly Duckling; I'll be done soon. Otherwise, I'm going to eat you!"

"Meow~"

Ugly Duckling lay down obediently on the table, and didn't dare to move even a single whisker.

Fitch sat down at his table with a calm expression. Just his presence alone seemed to carry a calming quality, and with him participating in the contest, it appeared that victory was assured for the conservatives.

Mag also received a quill and a piece of paper. After a brief period of contemplation, he wrote down the number "56" before handing the piece of paper to the emcee.

Erma did the same thing at almost the exact same moment.

Soon, both numbers were converted into decimal and hexadecimal forms before being given to Amy and Fitch, and the contest officially commenced.

Amy looked at the two numbers on her sheet of paper with a blank expression as if she had been completely shell-shocked, not even picking up her quill.

Meanwhile, Fitch picked up his quill as soon as the numbers were revealed to him before scribbling up a series of complex formulae and equations that were extremely difficult to follow.

Erma looked at the two of them with a confident smile on his face. With Fitch's abilities, it would take him no more than an hour to solve this question. By then, that little girl would've most likely given up and fallen asleep already.

She's not even picking up her quill; is she conceding her loss already? What a shameless bastard that man is, getting his daughter to take the fall for him! All of the conservatives heaved sighs of relief. They'd initially been a little worried that Mag had educated a brilliant prodigy, but it appeared that their concerns were completely unnecessary.

There was most likely no one in this world more proficient in speed solving than Fitch. Even if there was someone like that, it definitely wouldn't be this little four-year-old half-elf girl.

Why isn't she picking up her quill?

The revolutionaries were also growing rather flustered. Their hearts had already leaped to their throats when Mag thrust his daughter into this contest, and now, it appeared that their worst fears were going to be realized. This little girl was clearly throwing the match!

Has Amy mastered two-digit multiplication already? Luna was also looking at Amy with a nervous expression. Even for her, it would take at least a day to solve a two-digit multiplication problem using the hexadecimal system.

Three months ago, Amy couldn't even remember any numbers; how was it possible that she had mastered such a profound and difficult skill so quickly?

Luna turned her gaze toward Mag, and all of her concerns were immediately quelled at the sight of the confident smile on his face.

Three months ago, Amy couldn't even count numbers properly, but she mastered one-digit multiplication in just two months. With Mr. Mag here, nothing is impossible! With that in mind, Luna felt a lot more assured.

The entire hall was completely silent aside from the scratching of Fitch's feather quill. Time seemed to have slowed down, thereby further exacerbating the nervous energy in the air.

Less than half a minute had passed when Amy suddenly murmured to herself, "16\*56=896. That's my answer, 896."

She then picked up her quill for the very first time, and carefully wrote down those three numbers.

She put down her quill and picked up Ugly Duckling as she smiled, and announced, "I've got the answer; you've already lost!"

### **Chapter 796 I've Los**

"H-how is that possible?!"

The entire hall burst into an uproar as everyone looked on with incredulity at the elated Amy, as well as the stack of untouched paper on the table.

During this short span of time, Amy hadn't touched her quill even once, and when she finally did pick it up, it was only so she could write down her answer. That was simply incredible to everyone.

Some of the scholars present had researched calculating two-digit multiplication problems using the decimal system. However, they wouldn't be able to solve such a question in half an hour, let alone half a minute.

Fitch was scribbling furiously on the sheet of paper before him when his quill suddenly faltered. He turned back to look at the beaming Amy with a hint of surprise on his face.

Luna's eyes widened as she stared at Amy with disbelief in her eyes. Not only had Amy actually solved the question, she had done so in what felt like the blink of an eye.

Amy was a child who would never lie, and Mag had a propensity of constantly creating miracles. As such, she was almost blindly confident that Amy had calculated the correct answer. After all, no matter how implausible or absurd something seemed, it wouldn't be strange for Mag and Amy to be able to achieve it.

"How could she possibly have solved a two-digit multiplication problem in such a short time?! Besides, she didn't even make any calculations; she must've just blurted out a random answer!" Earlton rose to his feet as he glowered at Mag with a cold expression, and interrogated, "Do you think we're all idiots? This is indeed a contest of speed, but the correct answer has to be reached first!"

Everyone was still reeling from shock when they were enlightened by Earlton's words. Just as he had said, it was completely impossible to solve a two-digit multiplication problem in half an hour, especially when zero calculations had been made during this process.

As such, the only possibility was that Amy was lying, and that she hadn't actually calculated the correct answer. Instead, she had merely blurted out a random number, and was trying to somehow swindle a victory.

The smiles on the faces of the revolutionaries gradually congealed as they turned their eyes toward Amy and Mag. If that was indeed true, then their actions would bring disgrace to all of the revolutionaries present.

"In the decimal system, this is only to be expected. If Amy didn't have to waste time meticulously writing down that answer in the end, she would've been able to calculate the answer in her mind within 10 seconds." Mag's expression remained completely unflustered as he looked back at Earlton, and said, "In any case, Amy has already confirmed her answer. If you have any doubts, you can wait until he's also got an answer, then ask him to convert it into decimal form for comparison."

The entire hall fell silent once again. No one had expected Mag to give such a calm and straightforward response.

Earlton's eyes were flashing with a hint of bewilderment as he looked at Mag. He could tell that Mag didn't seem to be lying, so how could he possibly be so confident?

Byron stood up, and said, "Seeing as one side is expressing doubts regarding the answer, I suggest our two sides each task one more person with the same calculation. That way, we'll have more answers for confirmation."

Earlton was about to issue another retort when Erma raised a hand to stop him, and nodded as he said, "We'll do as you say, Master Byron. Don't be so quick to jump to conclusions, Earlton. Fitch, you keep doing what you're doing. Leeroy will be the one calculating the problem from my side, and his answer will be used as the final answer for cross-referencing and comparison."

Earlton sat down with a dark expression before aiming a cold glare at Mag.

"Lister will be responsible for calculation on our side, and his answer will also be our final answer." Byron nodded in response before turning to Lister.

"Yes." Lister nodded before beginning his calculations.

Leeroy had also received a quill and a stack of paper. He hesitated momentarily before exchanging a glance with Erma, and then also set about making his calculations.

"This is indeed becoming rather interesting." A smile appeared on Fitch's face as he turned around to continue his work as well. His quill was scribbling even more furiously over the sheet of paper, even to the extent that the tip of his quill was barely traceable to the naked eye.

"Father, why don't they believe me?" Amy asked as she looked up at Mag with a perplexed look on her little face.

"Because you're so much better than them that they're unable to comprehend it. If you want them to believe, then you have to shatter their outlook on the world and force them to embrace a new world; that's not an easy task," Mag replied in a quiet voice. Even though he had expected this dissent from the conservatives, it was still a little disappointing for him to see them continue to be so stubborn and dogmatic.

"If Father had competed instead of me, they'd be even more shocked." Amy nodded in response.

"That's true." A smile appeared on Mag's face. With his eidetic memory, answers to normal multiplication questions were directly accessible in his mind, so he wouldn't even need to calculate at all.

Thus, Fitch continued to calculate along with Lister and Leeroy, and the atmosphere within the hall became quite tense once again.

The outcome of this contest would determine the result of this debate, and, more importantly, whether the decimal system would receive widespread implementation.

No one would've dreamed that this monumental task would fall on the shoulders of a little four-year-old girl, and this startling turn of events had caught everyone off guard.

Meanwhile, Mag was carrying Amy in his arms as he made a lap around the hall, appreciating the beautiful mosaics on the walls and telling Amy about the history of the Norland Continent.

Alex didn't actually know much about the church's history, but Mag could roughly glean the story through the introductory annotations on the wall mosaics. Even though these annotations had to be taken with a grain of salt due to the fact that they were naturally all praising the church as a glorious

entity of righteousness, the story told still reflected a representation of the church that had survived through the dark ages.

Faith was the best remedy for those suffering from despair amid the endless darkness. It was like an undying flame that was present in the heart of every human being, uniting them as one and making them so powerful a race that even the giant dragons had to be wary of them.

The church's power was forcibly reduced before it could abuse that power. At least this way, the church's glorious image remains eternal in everyone's hearts. Mag looked at the wall mosaics with furrowed brows as he thought to himself, It has to be said that Andre really is a wise king. However, he's not even willing to tolerate the church; how can he tolerate his two sons doing so many heinous things behind his back?

"I've got an answer."

Right at this moment, Fitch's words cut off Mag's train of thought, and he turned to face him with Amy in his arms.

Everyone in the hall turned their attention to Fitch in unison with tense, expectant eyes.

However, Fitch only had eyes for Amy as he calmly said, "I took the liberty of converting my answer into decimal form, and it's 896. I've lost."

### **Chapter 797 Can I Learn Decimal Form Calculation From You?**

The entire hall erupted into a loud commotion following a brief silence.

Everyone wore astonished expressions on their faces as they struggled to come to terms with what they were hearing.

"Fitch lost!"

"That little girl had the right answer?!"

"The little girl only took half a minute to get her answer, but Fitch took over half an hour to get the same answer? How is that possible?!"

None of the conservatives were willing to accept such a crushing loss. To think that the most prodigious young talent among them, Fitch, had lost to a little half-elf girl who was only four years old!

"Does that mean we won?"

"That means that little girl calculated the right answer! She really calculated the correct answer to a two-digit multiplication problem in half a minute!"

"That's... absolutely incredible! Long live the decimal system!"

Following a brief period of stunned silence, all of the revolutionaries erupted into ecstasy. Just a moment ago, they had been dwelling deep in the pits of despair, and this sudden massive contrast made for an amazing experience.



Luna jumped up with excitement, but she quickly realized that what she was doing wasn't very lady-like, and a blush appeared on her face as she stood still on the spot again. Thankfully, everyone in the hall had their eyes fixed on Mag and Amy, so no one noticed her little slipup.

A smile had also appeared on Byron's face as he looked at Mag and Amy with approval in his eyes. As expected, inviting the inventor of the Mamy Multiplication Table to the debate was the best course of action.

I'm surprised he was willing to concede his loss so easily. Mag was looking at Fitch with a hint of surprise as well as approval on his face. The vast majority of those so-called prodigies were extremely proud, yet this boy was able to set aside his ego and have the humility to openly admit his loss to a little four-year-old girl in front of so many people; he was a true man.

"Th... that's impossible!" Earlton abruptly rose to his feet as the confident expression on his face completely crumbled. His reputation and career were on the line; if Fitch lost, then it was over for him!

"Leeroy! What did you get? You had to have gotten a different answer from that little rascal, right?" Earlton turned to Leeroy with a hint of desperation in his eyes.

Everyone else also turned to Leeroy and Lister. Fitch had already conceded that Amy had given the correct answer. Now, it was time to compare Fitch's answer with the ones derived by these two to determine the final result of this impromptu contest.

Leeroy slowly put down the quill in his hand and looked at his final answer. He then turned to Earlton with a complex expression, and said, "Fitch's answer is correct."

"I also got the same answer as Fitch."

At this moment, Lister also put down his quill and turned to Mag and Amy with awe and admiration in his eyes.

"How... How could this be..." Earlton stumbled and almost fell over. He rushed over to Leeroy's table and grabbed the piece of paper the other man had been working on. After catching sight of his final answer, his legs finally gave out from under him as he sat heavily on the ground. All color had drained from his face.

The entire hall fell deathly silent once again, and all of the conservatives wore ugly expressions.

A man of Leeroy's status clearly wouldn't lie in a situation like this. Otherwise, if it were to be proven later on that he had told a fib in this situation, his reputation would receive a lethal blow.

All four people who had worked on this question had arrived at the same answer, so the result of this contest was nothing more than a foregone conclusion.

Amy had derived the answer to the question in a scarcely believable time of half a minute, completely crushing the genius, Fitch, who was seen as the likeliest successor to Erma.

"Contestant Amy is the winner of this contest!"

The emcee stepped forward and pointed a finger at Amy.

“We won!”

A collective cheer erupted from the revolutionaries.

They had been on the back foot throughout the entirety of the past 10 debates, only to stage a miraculous comeback and clinch the victory in the eleventh hour. It was all thanks to this extraordinary father and daughter duo; they had successfully turned the tables in one fell swoop, and given them the victory that they had been dreaming of.

“To think that she was able to calculate a two-digit multiplication problem in half a minute; she’s not just a prodigy anymore, she’s a freak!”

“Also, according to what Mr. Mag said, half a minute isn’t her limit. If she hadn’t used her quill, it would’ve taken even less time!”

“That’s incredible! Could it be that Mr. Mag even had a multiplication table for two-digit numbers? If we learn it, will we be able to calculate such problems just as quickly?”

Aside from the loud cheers erupting through the revolutionaries, many of them were discussing spiritedly among themselves. The oppression they had suffered at the hands of the conservatives was making them begin to doubt whether it was worth supporting the decimal system and the multiplication table, after all. However, after witnessing Amy’s downright terrifying calculation abilities, all of those doubts had been completely quelled. Now, their minds were only filled with admiration for Mag as well as anticipation for their own futures.

The hexadecimal system was already well established in the current world of mathematics, so it would be very difficult for them to leave a last legacy.

However, now that the brand-new era of the decimal system was about to be ushered in, they were going to be regarded as the first group of people to champion such a revolution, making them pioneers of sorts.

This monumental debate was most likely going to be recorded in the Roth Empire’s history books. In particular, this final debate would surely be regarded as a major turning point in the history of mathematics when reviewed many years in the future.

The one who had proposed the Mamy Multiplication Table, Mr. Mag, and his freakish prodigious daughter had definitely stamped their mark on history.

Byron rose to his feet before turning to Erma and the others as he smiled, and said, “Seeing as the final result has been decided, I expect you to keep your promise. The conservatives can no longer impede the widespread implementation of the decimal system, and the department of education will be overseeing this implementation. I hope you won’t do anything out of line.”

“Rest assured, Master Byron; we made a promise and we fully intend to keep it.” Erma slowly rose to his feet with a strained expression as he turned to Mag, and said, “However, I’m not sure if those scholars would be willing to learn and popularize the so-called multiplication table if they were to discover that it had been invented by a chef.”

Mag looked back at Erma with a deriding sneer, and countered, "Something as crude and inefficient as the hexadecimal system could've easily been invented by a cave-dwelling neanderthal chef at some point in the distant past, yet you still revere it as a prized treasure, do you not? Even the text and language that we're now using evolved from the most crude cave carvings made by our primitive ancestors; are you going to renounce this language just because you look down on those primal beings?"

"Hmph! What utter nonsense!" Erma's expression darkened as he stormed out of the hall.

Leeroy took a final meaningful glance at Mag before also departing.

Meanwhile, two young scholars helped Earlton to his feet, and the trio hung their heads low as they scurried past Mag.

"Hey, old man, I hope you remember what you promised everyone earlier. Make sure to publicly announce your retirement as soon as possible. I'm sure the entire Roth Empire would rejoice upon hearing such fantastic news!" Mag stabbed another dagger into Earlton's heart with a benevolent smile that completely belied the venom in his words.

"You!!" Earlton's eyes widened before he fainted on the spot.

Right at this moment, Fitch approached Mag, and asked, "Mr. Mag, right? Can I learn decimal form calculation from you?"

### **Chapter 798 I Can Find You with Just a Phone Call**

All of the people who were making their way toward the entrance of the hall turned around to look at Fitch with incredulity in their eyes. Fitch had always been groomed as the successor to Erma, who was the most esteemed figure in the field of mathematics in the Roth Empire.

With such a prestigious backer, Fitch had an immeasurable future, and he was destined to become the scintillating star among the world of scholars.

But now, this young man was throwing that bright future away to learn about the decimal system from Mag?

Mag and his daughter had just given the conservatives a vicious slap to the face, yet Fitch was immediately jumping ship and joining them.

What he was doing was akin to ruining his own future career! Here in Rodu, if any scholar were to offend Erma, then they would never amount to anything, as they would be oppressed and ostracized until the day they died.

Aside from surprise, there was also fury on the faces of the conservatives. This was an utter betrayal from Fitch, and they were struggling to come to terms with his decision.

Even the revolutionaries were all looking at Fitch with puzzlement in their eyes.

Even though the revolutionaries had won this debate due to a brilliant display from Mag and his daughter, the hexadecimal system had been in prevalent use within the human race for several decades,

and it would undoubtedly take a long time for the decimal system to replace it. So why was Fitch abandoning all of his brilliant future prospects?

Erma had just reached the entrance to the hall when he faltered in his footsteps upon hearing Fitch's words. He then harrumphed coldly without even turning his back before storming away.

"His career as a scholar is over."

All of the conservatives looked at Fitch with wistful expressions before also exiting the hall. Of course, there were also some who were taking pleasure in the misfortune that was sure to befall Fitch as a consequence of his actions.

Mag looked at Fitch for a while before shaking his head as he replied, "Sorry, but I'm not taking students. If you want to learn decimal form calculation, then you can ask Master Byron. He's more professional than me; I'm just an illiterate chef."

Fitch shook his head with a determined expression as he insisted, "No, I want to learn from you. I want to learn the method that she used to calculate the answer to a two-digit multiplication problem in less than half a minute. I've never cared about my master's occupation or what kind of person they are. Regardless of who you are, knowledge remains constant, and that's what I want to learn from you."

Mag looked into Fitch's pure and determined eyes for a while longer before shaking his head again. "I don't take students, and I'll be going back to Chaos City tomorrow. If you really want to learn the decimal system and the multiplication table, you can join the revolutionaries and send letters to me if you have any questions."

"Then it's settled!" Fitch's eyes immediately lit up as he extended a respectful bow toward Mag.

A smile appeared on Mag's face as he nodded in response.

Fitch then made his way over to Byron and began to converse with him in a modest manner. Even from afar, it was quite apparent to Mag that Byron was in a very good mood.

"Father, I did really well, didn't I?" Amy looked up at Mag with an expression that was practically screaming "praise me".

Mag nodded with a smile, and replied, "Yes, you did very well, Little Amy. You're already better at mathematics than all of those old guys."

Luna also made her way over to them, and gave Amy a thumbs-up as she said, "That's right, you beat the number one mathematics prodigy of Rodu today, Little Amy; you did extremely well!"

"Heehee."

Amy was filled with elation, having been praised by both Mag and Luna. She swayed Mag's arm from side to side and whispered into his ear, "Put me down, Father, I'm going to go play hide-and-seek with Ugly Duckling. You can have some alone time with Teacher Luna."

Mag was at a loss for words as he gently placed Amy down onto the ground, wondering just what was going on in that little head of hers.

Luna glanced at Fitch, then turned to Mag with a smile, and asked, “Fitch is an extremely talented individual; are you not going to consider taking him as your student?”

Mag shook his head with a smile, and replied, “I’m a chef, not a teacher. If he was a cooking prodigy, perhaps I’d consider it.”

Luna couldn’t help but burst into laughter. “Thank heavens you didn’t say that when everyone else was around. Otherwise, you’d be making a lot more enemies than you already have.”

Mag sharp tirade from earlier had completely changed the warm and gentle image that Luna had of him. However, she didn’t find this revelation to be uncomfortable in the slightest. Instead, she felt as if she was getting to know him better. This was how a man should be—warm and benevolent to those who deserved it, yet sharp and unforgiving in equal measure to those who didn’t.

Mag and Luna chatted a bit about promotion of the decimal system before Mag suddenly discovered that he didn’t know where Amy had run off to. He hurriedly apologized to Luna before excusing himself to hurry away in search of Amy.

After a while, Amy was still nowhere to be found, and Mag was starting to panic a little.

“There’s a door here; could it be that Amy went into it?” Luna was also searching around in an urgent manner when she suddenly discovered a small door that was slightly ajar in a discreet corner of the hall.

“I’ll go have a look.” Mag immediately hurried toward the door. This small door was just wide enough for Amy and Ugly Duckling to pass through, and they weren’t anywhere else in the hall, so the likeliest possibility was that she had entered through this door while chasing Ugly Duckling.

Exiting the hall through this small door, Mag was greeted by the sight of a block of buildings with a round dome. There were many evergreen trees growing in the area, and there was not a single person to be seen. It was a very peaceful and secluded place.

“Amy! Amy!” Mag yelled as he looked around.

There were too many buildings and trees here, and Amy would definitely panic if she were to get lost in this place. If something were to happen to her, he wouldn’t be there to protect her, and that notion made him feel very uneasy.

“Don’t worry, Mr. Mag, all of the church’s priests are kind and gentle people. Little Amy is really smart as well, so nothing could happen to her here,” Luna consoled in a comforting tone. “Let’s keep looking around. If we still can’t find her, then I’ll get my grandfather to speak with the personnel in the church so they can help us in our search.”

“Alright.” Mag nodded before making his way in a certain direction. He looked around with rapt focus, and at the same time, he said internally, “System, give me Amy’s location.”

“Apologies, but the system doesn’t provide location services,” the system replied before adopting a cheeky tone as it continued, “However, the system does offer a phone watch product. Are you worried

that your children will go missing? Are you worried that you won't be able to find them?! Well, fear not, because the My Little Genius Phone Watch will be the answer to all your concerns!

"No matter where you are, I can find you with just a phone call. Hey! I can find you with just phone call, I can find you with just phone call..."

Mag's brows were tightly furrowed as the system began to play an advertisement jingle in his mind. "Piss off!"

After searching for over 10 minutes and looking through every single corner of several halls, Mag was still unable to find Amy, and his expression was becoming more and more concerned.

Luna also wore an urgent expression, and she was just about to say something as she approached Mag.

"Meow~"

Right at this moment, the mellow cry of a cat sounded from nearby.

"It's Ugly Duckling!"

Mag's gaze was immediately drawn to the grand hall to his right. The thick wooden door that was around five to six meters tall was tightly shut, but he was sure that he had heard Ugly Duckling's meow from in there.

As such, he hurriedly strode forward and push open the heavy wooden door. The sight that greeted him within the hall immediately made him falter momentarily.

### **Chapter 799 This Crown Will be Yours**

The thick wooden door was slowly pushed open, revealing a cavernous hall that was slightly dim despite the lamps hanging from the walls.

In the deepest part of the hall, there was an elderly man sitting on a throne with a crown on his head. He was holding a diamond-studded staff that was shimmering with glorious light, striking the onlooker with the urge to revere and pray to it.

At the foot of a gem-studded staircase leading up to the throne, there was a small humanoid figure standing at the center of the hall.

A beam of light shone down from the ceiling directly onto her body, and it was as if a shimmering golden veil had been draped over her.

She was none other than Amy, but it was still a mystery to Mag how she had ended up here.

"It's the pope; he won't hurt Amy," Luna said in a quiet voice as she laid a hand on Mag's arm.

Mag hesitated momentarily before withdrawing his outstretched foot. He looked up at the elderly man on the throne, who was sitting there in a stationary statuesque manner. His benevolent features made it impossible to develop any enmity toward him, and he was appraising Amy with a pair of light blue eyes that were gleaming like diamonds.

“What does he want to do?” Mag was still feeling rather wary. The current pope, Kant, had outlasted the two kings prior to Andre. He witnessed the church’s fall from grace, but he continued to urge the church to accept these changes without resistance, thereby indicating that he was very much a man of peace. However, Amy was far too important to Mag, so he couldn’t help but feel wary of this benevolent old pope.

Amy extended a little hand with a curious look on her face, inspecting the golden light that was falling onto palm. A joyful smile appeared on her face as specks of golden light began to converge toward her back, manifesting into a pair of golden semi-transparent wings. She gently flapped those wings, and her feet left the ground as she rose up into the air.

“Wow! I can fly now!”

Amy was squealing with delight as she attempted to control the wings. Her body rose up higher and higher, and even though her ascent was a little unstable, she was most definitely flying.

“Meow!”

Ugly Duckling looked up at Amy with an urgent expression, flapping its front paws with all its might as if it were also trying to fly.

“This light...” Mag looked on at the flying Amy with a hint of surprise on his face. There were some races in this world who were capable of flight such as vampires, but elves were definitely not on this list.

Unless they could manifest wings with magic or use some magic tools to help them fly, there was no elf who could fly without using any magic.

As such, the only possibility was that the beam of light shining down on Amy had granted her the ability of flight.

Amy was adorable as ever as she rose up into the air. She was like a holy fairy who was full of spritely energy, making it difficult for the onlooker to turn their gaze away from her.

“The one chosen by God! You really are the one chosen by God! I can’t believe it...” The pope looked up at Amy, and his perpetually calm eyes were currently filled with excitement.

“Woah!!!”

Amy flapped her little wings as she danced through the air in the hall. Only after a while did she notice that Mag and Luna were standing at the entrance to the hall, and she immediately yelled with elation, “Father, Teacher Luna, look! I can fly now!”

Mag smiled as he gestured toward Amy, and urged, “Amy, get down from there.”

“Alright,” Amy replied obediently before flying toward Mag. However, she failed to control her speed during her descent, and plummeted straight down when she was still around two meters away from the ground. Thankfully, Mag was able to react in time to catch her in his arms.

“Heehee, I knew Father would catch me.” An elated smile appeared on her face before she turned around to look at the old man sitting on the throne. Her smile widened even further as she said, “Grandpa Sparkles, thank you for giving me these wings!”

“God chose you, not me. If you want to thank someone, then you should be expressing your gratitude toward God.” The pope smiled at Amy as he said, “Would you be willing to join our church to become our holy maiden? If you’d like, this crown will be yours, and you’ll become the owner of this entire church.”

Luna’s mouth slowly gaped open as she looked on with incredulity. The pope was asking Amy to become the holy maiden and take over the church? That was insane!

Mag was also completely stunned by this turn of events. Amy had merely played a game of hide-and-seek, yet she had been chosen by the pope to become the holy maiden. Did that mean she was going to become the next pope?

Even for a man who possessed a vast array of experiences like Mag, this notion was quite difficult to digest.

Even though the church wasn’t as powerful as it once had been, it was still very influential within the upper echelons of the Roth Empire.

Even when Andre was being inaugurated, he had to kneel down and kiss the back of the pope’s hand. Only after the pope placed the crown on his head did he officially become the king.

However, the pope was now offering such a prestigious position to Amy without even a second thought. Mag felt as if he were dreaming as he gawked at the old man seated on the throne.

Before Mag had a chance to ponder the issue any further, Amy shook her head with a serious expression, and said, “Sorry, Grandpa Sparkles, but I don’t like to sit so high up, and this church is too big for me, so I’ll have to refuse. I want to live with Father in his restaurant and eat all types of delicious foods every day.”

Amy had turned down such a brilliant opportunity in preference for delicious food. In her heart, the position of pope couldn’t even compare to a bowl of tofu pudding.

Thankfully, there weren’t any other people around. Otherwise, Mag would have to be wary of jealous reactions from passersby.

The pope also faltered slightly upon hearing this, clearly not expecting his offer to be declined, particularly not for such an absurd reason. He appraised the serious expression on Amy’s face with a warm smile, and said, “If you become the pope, you’ll be entitled to many rights. No one on the Norland Continent will be able to hurt those you want to protect, and of course, you’ll get to eat whatever you want.”

“But I only want to eat Father’s cooking, and I only want to live with Father and no one else.” Amy shook her head as she said, “Also, I’m super strong right now, so I’ll definitely be able to protect Father in the future.”



If Amy's words were to be heard by the rest of the world, they would definitely create a massive stir. After all, there was most likely no other person in this world who would refuse an offer to become the pope for such a reason.

This... was downright insane.

### **Chapter 800 Meow... Howl~**

The pope appraised Amy with wise eyes that were filled with praise and appreciation, not displeased in the slightest by Amy's rejection.

"Even if you don't become our holy maiden, you're destined for great things, and you'll definitely be able to protect your father." The pope appraised Amy with a smile and paused for a moment before continuing, "However, if you do become the pope, you can protect all kind humans."

"All kind humans?" A thoughtful look appeared on Amy's face. She contemplated the pope's words for a while before looking up as she asked, "But did you protect them?"

The pope's smile gradually faded, and a hint of sorrow appeared in his eyes.

Since when did she start asking such sharp questions? Mag turned to Amy with surprise and approval in his eyes. Being able to see through empty promises and identifying the crux of the matter was undoubtedly a very good ability to have.

However, Mag then turned to the pope with a wary look in his eyes. Even though the pope was renowned for being a benevolent man of peace and hadn't displayed any animosity this entire time, there was no guarantee that he wouldn't be infuriated by Amy's question.

The church clearly didn't possess the ability to protect anyone anymore. What they had to worry about now was how they were going to protect this final Carlo Church.

Luna also wore a concerned look on her face. Even though the church's powers had waned significantly, she had heard many stories about the church from her grandfather. Even her grandfather had to extend a respectful bow every time he saw the pope, and he was a man who was greatly respected by many.

The pope was silent for a while before replying in a heavy voice, "I once worked hard to try and protect them, until one day, I discovered that what I was doing was only hurting them more instead. Hence, I chose to become a bystander, and prohibited the church from interfering with the lives of the masses."

"If your help is only hurting them, then you must've not found the right way to help them. You're not wrong for trying to help them, but you should change your methods instead of trying to run away," Amy said as she furrowed her brows in a sympathetic manner. "If those kind people pray for your help, but you choose to ignore them, isn't that very cruel?"

The pope's eyes gradually lit up, and he reflexively rose to his feet. He raised his head slightly to look up at the golden light shining down from the heavens, and new life seemed to have been injected into his body.

"Did I say something wrong, Father?" Amy whispered into Mag's ear.

Mag shook his head with a smile, and replied, "No, that was very well-spoken, Amy."

No one else would be able to say such things to the pope if they stood in Amy's place.

The pope withdrew his gaze from the round dome ceiling up above, then turned to Amy with a benevolent expression, and asked, "What's your name, little girl?"

"Amy," Amy replied in a crisp voice.

"Amy, regardless of whether you want to accept my offer, the position of holy maiden will forever be reserved for you. If you'd like to join our church one day, I will inaugurate you as the pope in person."

The pope cast his gaze out of the hall, and even though he was smiling, there was a sharp look in his eyes as he mused, "As for myself, it's about time I taught the church to do what it should be doing."

Amy twisted around to look at the pair of little golden wings on her back with a conflicted look, and asked, "Then what about these wings? If I refuse, will I have to return them to you?"

She was absolutely in love with the feeling of flying without having to expend any magical power, and she was quite reluctant to give up these wings.

The pope shook his head with a smile, and replied, "Those wings are a blessing from God, so only God can take them away. You are the one chosen by God, and God never makes the wrong decision."

An elated smile appeared on Amy's face as she said, "Wow, then you have to thank God for me! I really, really like these wings!"

The pope nodded with a smile before taking a seat again.

Mag and Luna extended respectful bows toward the pope before carrying Amy and Ugly Duckling out of the hall.

The thick and heavy wooden doors slowly closed behind them, and the intricate designs carved onto the door struck the beholder with a sense of awe and prestige.

Amy spread open her little wings and flew up from Mag's arms, weaving through the trees in an agile manner. Her twin silver braids bobbed up and down during her flight, and the peals of tinkling laughter escaping from her mouth reverberated throughout the entire church.

Many priests had gathered at the windows to see what was going on outside, and they were all astonished by the sight of the little golden wings on Amy's back.

Some of the older priests were practically glowing with excitement as they joined their hands in reverent prayer.

"Meow!"

Ugly Duckling galloped along the ground as quickly as it could, trying to keep up with Amy.

Amy suddenly stopped in mid-air and turned to Ugly Duckling with a sweet smile as she asked, "Ugly Duckling, do you want to fly as well?"

"Meow!"

Ugly Duckling was quite alarmed by this notion, and its paws slipped as it plunged headfirst into a pile of dead leaves. Its entire head was concealed under a layer of leaves, and it maintained that position like an ostrich with its head in the sand.

“That’s not going to work.” The angelic voice of a demon sounded beside its ear, and Ugly Duckling buried its head even deeper into the leaves, only to be plucked out by Amy.

Amy held Ugly Duckling by the scruff of its neck and looked into its eyes with a serious expression. “Even though you’re an ugly duckling now, you have to remember that you’re going to become a beautiful white swan one day. If you’re scared of heights, how will you ever become a swan?”

“Meow~”

Ugly Duckling blinked with tears shimmering in its large blue eyes as if it were a frightened child.

“You can do it!” Amy patted Ugly Duckling’s head before flapping her wings, and she instantly rose up into the air.

“Meow... Howl~”

Ugly Duckling was so frightened that it was howling like a husky, and Mag was feeling quite sympathetic toward it, but also a little amused. Could it be that both Ugly Duckling and Ah Zi are part husky?

After allowing Amy to play with her new wings for a while, Mag gestured for her to come down, seeing as more and more priests were being drawn to the scene by her wings. “Come on down, Little Amy, it’s time for us to go.”

Amy carried Ugly Duckling down from above, and the latter had its eyes tightly shut. She descended right into Mag’s arms, and the joyful smile on her face created a stark contrast with Ugly Duckling’s expression of horror and despair.

“Howl... Meow~” Ugly Duckling cried pitifully as it turned to Amy.

“Not bad, Ugly Duckling. I’ll take you flying every day from now on.” Amy smiled as she patted Ugly Duckling’s head.

“Meow!”

Ugly Duckling’s eyes rolled over and it fainted in Amy’s arms.