

Stay At home 81

Chapter 81: Mushroom Fairy

“Sure. You just need to push this button here.” Looking at the two excited little things, Mag pressed the little button on the side of the box.

Suddenly, the edge of the music box was lit up by colorful light. After the light flickered twice, the elf girl started playing the violin. She opened her mouth and melody began pouring out.

“A little girl goes to collect mushrooms, she carries a big bamboo basket, and leaves in the early morning barefoot... sai luo luo li sai luo luo li sai...”

The familiar tune startled Mag. He had thought the system would use the songs from this world and never expected to hear “a little girl with mushrooms”. It had been translated into the common language of this world. I was a lively song, pleasant to the ear.

This music box was truly ingenious. Not only could the little elf sing and play the violin, she could rotate. Her dress danced with her, and the whole thing looked very lovely.

“System, you are not worried that I may become a famous children’s song singer here with these 50 songs?” Mag asked in his mind.

“You’re not able to sing in tune, so it’s out of the question for you,” the system said calmly.

“...” Mag didn’t know what to say. The system really knew a lot about him. Then he looked at his daughter and smiled again. “It doesn’t matter. Maybe I can’t, but my daughter can.”

“There’s a 50 percent chance that your daughter is just like you,” the system retorted.

“You don’t need to worry about that. She has clearly inherited all the good genes. She’ll learn this song in less than three days. You’ll see,” Mag said confidently while looking at Amy.

Elves were very versatile. They were blessed with a long life, so they had a lot of leisure time to do things they liked. Most of them were good at singing, dancing, drawing...

The sudden sound scared the kitten. It jumped back with a cry. Mag deftly caught it; otherwise, it would have fallen down the counter.

Ugly Duckling hadn’t fully recovered from the fright. It stared at the little elf for a while and slowly backed away, wariness written all over its face.

Amy’s eyes were fixed on the music box and became brighter by the minute. After the song was over, she turned to Mag, and said excitedly, “This little elf is a great singer, Father! Is she for real? Can she sing other songs?”

Mag nodded, smiling. “She’ll be Amy’s little friend from now on. She’s not a real person, but she can sing a lot of songs for you. Let’s just stick to this song right now, and after you’ve learned this song, we’ll hear the next one, okay?” He didn’t want Amy to just listen to them; he wanted her to learn them.

He was pretty expectant to hear Amy sing. Mag Alex hadn't been able to sing in tune, either. Amy had heard Luna sing one or two songs before, and she could hum a little after she had heard it several times. Apparently, she liked to sing; she just didn't have any chance to learn.

Amy nodded delightedly. "Okay. Amy loves singing. I'll have Mushroom Fairy teach me." She touched the music box and felt very satisfied.

Mag raised an eyebrow. *Mushroom Fairy... A strange name for such a cute elf girl.*

"But, Dad, Mushroom Fairy just mentioned lollipop in the song. What's a lollipop? She said she would share it with other kids. Is it delicious?" she asked curiously.

Mag nodded. "Yes. It's pretty delicious. But I can't conjure one for you right now," he answered regretfully. There was one incredible fact about foodies: after they heard a song, they might not recall the lyrics or tune, but they would definitely remember the food in it.

The system had told him that it would not sell lollipops unless he unlocked new recipes.

Mag was aware that the system was very inflexible when it came to recipes. It might be because of the rules, so he gave up.

Nonetheless, there were candy-making shops on the Aden Square. If Amy wanted to eat lollipops, he could ask them to make some. Perhaps he could even cooperate with them and sell lollipops in this world. He might change the world dominated by soft sweets here.

"Oh." Amy was a little disappointed, but her smile returned when she saw the music box on the counter. She stood on a step of the long-legged chair, wrapped her arms around Mag's neck, and kissed him on the cheek. "Thank you, Father, for this singing Mushroom Fairy. I like it so much," she said merrily.

Smiling, Mag gave Amy's head a stroke. "I'm glad you like it. I'll go clear the dishes and do some preparations. If you're tired, go upstairs with Ugly Duckling and sleep for a while." He was very satisfied because Amy liked his little gift.

Amy nodded meekly. "Okay. But I want to listen for a while longer."

Mag changed some settings so that the music box would play "a little girl with mushrooms" over and over again. He turned to clean the restaurant as Amy rested her chin in her hands, staring at the music box.

Customers had really increased these days, and so had his workload. He had to process ingredients, receive customers, take orders, cook, serve, and clear the table... all by himself. It was really hard for him.

To be sure, Yangzhou fried rice could nourish his body, but the repeated work had exhausted his mind. He had to find a diligent worker as soon as possible.

When Mag was done cleaning the restaurant, Amy was already asleep on the counter with the music on. The kitten was slowly moving towards the music box, staring at the elf with an alarmed look on its face. It was both curious and scared, trying to get a closer look.

“Sleep upstairs, or you’ll catch a cold.” Mag took a glance at the jumpy cat, dried off his hands, lifted Amy up softly, picked up the cat, and went up the stairs.

“Meow...” Ugly Duckling scratched Mag’s hand with its little paw in discontentment, but its claws were not long enough, so its scratching was more like stroking. It looked at the music box, unhappy. It had mustered up all its nerve to get so close. Just before it could reach it, it got taken away by Mag...

Chapter 82: An Accident Scammer?

After he put Amy and her kitten on the crib and tucked them in, Mag went downstairs to prepare ingredients for dinner. He stopped at the counter and put the music box in the compartment again. It came in very handy when he wanted his little girl to sleep.

Mag decided to make 128 roujiamos this evening. The dough needed two hours to be well kneaded, making it more urgent for him to improve his strength. If he could increase the strength by 0.5, the kneading time would be halved.

While kneading, Mag thought about his future plans. He was having a pretty comfortable and happy life with Amy now, but fathers always wanted to give their daughters a better life.

The restaurant was all he had right now, and he would always rely on it. It had brought him recognition and respect, as well as money. He felt happy doing this business.

His restaurant was running smoothly and had new customers every day. It wasn’t packed with customers yet, but he was already busy enough.

He was close to the goal of selling 1,000 roujiamos. At this rate, he needed only two more days. Then he could unlock tofu pudding and add it to his menu.

The thought of tofu pudding made his mouth water and made his kneading hands feel stronger.

“Father...” Amy said at the door with Ugly Duckling in her arms after Mag had finished kneading, her eyes still drowsy. The kitten slid down along her dress by itself.

Although it was only a few days old, it was very energetic. The little doze seemed to have charged it up. It started running and jumping happily in the kitchen.

“Sit. I’ll bring you a glass of water,” Mag said with a smile as he turned to look at Amy. When he was about to reach for the glass, the frolicking kitten suddenly bumped into his feet. It froze on the spot right away and looked up at Mag for a little while and fell on its back, motionless. It looked at Amy with watery eyes, face aggrieved.

“An... An accident scammer?!” Mag couldn’t refrain from laughing as he saw this. *This little rascal, that was an Oscar-level performance there. It has given up on being a master and is trying to start an acting career?!*

“Ugly Duckling, I saw what happened. Don’t get up if you like the floor. I won’t hold you anymore if you get dirty,” Amy said solemnly as she looked at the cat.

“Meow...” The cat got back on its feet with agility. It cast a sullen look at Mag and ran back to Amy, rubbing itself against her leg.

After Amy drank her water, she went to play with the music box along with her kitten. She must have inherited her mother’s musical gift since she could hum along with the song after she heard it only a few times. It seemed she could learn how to sing it in a day or two. Her sweet and childish voice was so cute.

Mag took a look at the time—it was only half past four, but some customers were already looming outside. Now and then, they would peer into the window to look for Mag.

They knocked at the door sometimes, but Mag ignored them. It was too early to open the door; besides, he wanted to have some rest—he had to make supper for themselves.

People outside were starting to line up, about half a dozen. Some were calm, but others were becoming restless.

“Why is it still not open? I didn’t have any lunch and came early to eat roujiamo.” A young man walked back and forth anxiously. He wanted to knock on the door, but drew back his hand again—someone had done what he had attempted to do, and there was no response.

“Calm down. No need to rush,” Krassu said slowly. “The owner here is very punctual. He won’t open a minute earlier than five and won’t cook for you after nine. Be patient, young man.”

Krassu’s smile couldn’t hide the sulkiness in his voice. He was a 10th-tier magic caster, and now he had to wait in line every day in front of a restaurant. This would become breaking news in Rodu.

If it were not for the Yangzhou fried rice and the little girl, I would never come here, thought Krassu. He was lucky that he hid for a dozen years; now, even in Chaos City few people could recognize him. He didn’t have to lose too much face.

“Mag’s roujiamo is worth the effort. You can’t find it anywhere else,” Harrison said, grinning. He had invited his friends to come with him, but they were all busy. He was also a little busy this evening, so he came here early.

A carriage stopped near the people. “Harrison, you’re so early. You came alone?” Gjergj said as he came out of the carriage, a little surprised.

“They’re all busy this evening. I’ve got some business to deal with as well, so I arrived early,” Harrison explained. Then, he asked curiously, “The Yangzhou fried rice, your wife liked it, I hope?”

Gjergj handed a dragon coin to him. “Here, a dragon coin.” Then, he smiled, and said, “She didn’t like it. She loved it! She hadn’t eaten much for several days, and she finished the whole plate. Not even one grain of rice was left. And she asked for more! So I’m here to buy some for her supper. She has decided to eat the fried rice for her every meal.”

Harrison took the coin and patted his friend on the shoulder. “All thanks to Mag. She’s giving you more pocket money now?”

Gjergj nodded, smiling. “Yes, but I can’t hang out with you guys for a while. I have to stay home with my wife.”

Harrison gave a nod. "Right. Then I'll drink more."

...

After he had some rest, Mag made two plates of Yangzhou fried rice and put the bai ji bread in the oven.

During supper, Ugly Duckling gave a sorrowful look again, staring at them with longing eyes. It looked so melancholic that even Mag wanted to give it some fried rice and roujiamo. But before he could say anything, Amy's vicious tongue had already made it look away as always.

After Mag cleared the table, it was just five o'clock. He opened the door and was stunned out of words.

Two dozen people were waiting outside. They formed a very long queue. Their faces lit up when they heard the door open.

Chapter 83: I've Brought My Own Chair

The long queue had drawn a lot of attention.

This corner on the Aden Square had only unusual shops, like magic potion shop, forge, etc., so nobody would come here unless they had to or they were just strolling.

People had never seen such a long waiting line before any shop or restaurant, so they were pretty intrigued. The grand restaurant and the expectant faces made them curious.

What does it sell? The owner has so many customers just waiting outside? they wondered.

What was more surprising was that these customers were waiting quietly. People who knew each other might talk to one another in a low voice now and then, but unlike other restaurants, they were not very restless and impatient.

This atmosphere and their expectant faces gathered some onlookers. Although they didn't join the long line, they stayed. They wanted to find out what this restaurant had to offer.

Mag was startled by the long queue. He had never thought that so many people would come so early.

Besides, the queue had managed to attract over 20 spectators. He was not very confident that all of them would become his customers, but there was a high chance that some would.

"Oh, finally. Mag, I've waited for a half hour," the young man standing at the head of the line complained, though his eyes shone with delight.

"We follow the opening hours on the signboard here. You can come when it suits you. Now, come in, please," Mag said with a smile, holding the door open. There was no apology on his face, though.

He was not prepared to compromise on opening hours. He needed enough time to rest and prepare. Moreover, if this rule were broken, he would have to open earlier and close later again and again. That was the last thing he wanted. He didn't like the idea of losing his rest day.

The young man nodded. "I know. It's the rule. I'd like two roujiamos please," he said as he walked in.

He had seen Mag and Amy eating inside and found Mag a little unreasonable when he didn't let them in. That being said, he had to forgive him on account of the tasty food. After all, he would never eat anything this good in another restaurant even if he waited for one day.

Krassu walked up to the door and smiled. "Mag, have you given any thought to—"

"Sir, please come in and place your order first. We don't want to make the ones behind you wait for too long, do we?" Mag interrupted with an impeccable smile and a perfect excuse.

"No." Krassu had no choice but to bite back his words and limped inside, leaning on his staff. When he saw Amy, who was playing with her kitten at the counter, his eyes brightened again. He hurriedly walked to the table near the counter and seated himself. "Good evening, little girl," he said to Amy, smiling.

Amy raised her head and took a glance at Krassu. "Good evening, white-bearded grandpa." She caught sight of his staff, which had a sapphire at the top. "Is that a magic staff? The one that every magic caster has?" she asked curiously.

"Yes. And it's not a normal magic staff. Apart from performing magic, it could be used to hit my enemies. I have hit a dragon's head with it once," Krassu answered with a smile, gently running his hand along the staff. Suddenly, he found himself missing the old times. When he was young, his fearlessness had won him the nickname "Mad Magic Caster", but this renown seemed to have all but faded.

"Good for you," Amy said indifferently as she stared at the sapphire. Obviously, she was more interested in the shining gem.

Krassu had intended to brag about his past, but Amy's indifference really put a damper on his speech. He gave an awkward smile and stopped talking.

At least he had found an opportunity to talk to Amy, so he wasn't in a rush. *This little girl must have many interests, and I only need to find one to coax her into leaving with me.* He turned and saw Mag walking in. "Mag, I'd like two plates of Yangzhou fried rice. Please serve them up separately."

Mag nodded. "Okay, please wait a sec." He turned around and went into the kitchen. *I just taught Amy to detect deception this noon, and now this evil-willed Krassu wants to trick her into becoming his disciple. He can be used to assess my teaching's results. If I have overlooked something, I'll make it up with Amy later tonight.*

All the customers had entered, and still the restaurant was not full. That was the benefit of a larger restaurant. There were 16 tables and each was able to seat four people, so it could accommodate up to 64 customers at one time.

Many customers were sitting alone; few were sharing the table with strangers. They had no choice but to share their table when there were more customers.

Out of curiosity, many onlookers came in as well, but when they saw only two dishes and their high prices, most of them shook their heads and left.

The owner here must be out of his mind, the ones that had left thought. 600 copper coins for a plate of Yangzhou fried rice? Many people have to work for days to earn that money.

Others who had some coins in their pocket stayed, but didn't place their order right away. They had planned to wait and see the food first.

A man's voice rang out. "Mag, I've brought my own chair. Can I come in?" The door was pushed open and a demon stuck his head in the door.

Some customers were startled, and some were looking at him with alarm. Lava demons were known for their grumpy temper, and this one was surely not a good-tempered one.

"Big Bald Head, don't be so loud, or I'll set you on fire," Amy said sullenly as she looked at Sargerass. She didn't want him to frighten the customers.

Sargerass gave an apologetic smile right away. He remembered all too well the sting of her little fireball. He had earned nine gold coins from his quests today. He didn't want to cause any trouble, because he needed the roujiamo here. So, he lowered his voice. "Mag..."

The lava demon was like a sheep in his restaurant. Mag wanted to laugh. *Never thought he would bring a chair. Maybe he was a little scared by the 10-dollar chair.* He walked to the kitchen door and nodded. "Sure. Come in."

Sargerass opened the door, walked in with a humble iron chair, and took a seat by the door. He opened his mouth to order food, but the sight of Krassu choked off his words. His eyes widened. *Isn't that...*

Chapter 84: Would You Pay For Me?

Sargerass bit back his words as he gazed at Krassu, and cringed.

He had seen a magic caster defeat a dragon outside of Rodu, and he had heard him shout that he would batter the dragon's head with his staff.

And now that magic caster was waiting to be served here in his white robe. He could only see his profile back then, but he had recognized him at first glance. He was in awe of powerful humans.

He felt he could also fight a dragon after he got to another level and procured the weapon under the holy lake, but he might have to eat a lot of roujiamos first. He had to find quests in the guild and make money to eat roujiamo every day.

The owner here is indeed much stronger than he seems. Such a powerful magic caster is eating in his restaurant, Sargerass thought. He felt fortunate that he hadn't made any waves in the morning. "Mag, I'd like three roujiamos," he said to the owner.

He had only eaten one roujiamo for breakfast and several wild fruits in the swamp for lunch. He had killed a dozen poison dart frogs and felt famished right now.

The quest's payment was only sufficient to pay for three roujiamos. He needed a lot more. He had to go to the guild early tomorrow to seek quests with better payment.

Mag nodded. "All right. Please wait a moment." Sargeran moved the wooden chair aside. His iron chair only had several bars and a round plate, simple yet firm. Seeing that he was using it to eat roujiamo, it should be difficult to burn.

Mag was not very worried that he would burn the floor or wall, because he hadn't left a mark on the floor in the morning. It seemed the system had built this restaurant with some pretty good materials.

"The floor is made of rocks from the bottom of Santonia, an active volcano which is the holy land of the lava demons," the system said proudly. "The material was processed by sanding, polishing... The floor has high heat resistance. The wall is made of synthetic sound-proof material, which has high hardness. A coating using the same material as the floor has been applied on the surface, so it also has good heat resistance."

"Then is the wall strong enough to keep out dragons?" Mag asked as he lifted an eyebrow.

For a while, the system said nothing. "The restaurant is designed to deal with normal problems. You should try not to provoke a dragon if you cherish your life."

"Aren't dragons normal in this world? System, you need to work on your construction ability." Mag sighed regretfully.

Mag hadn't expected too much from the building, though. However, if the walls were extremely strong, he could use his restaurant as a fortress.

"Please don't underestimate me. It's just that you haven't upgraded the restaurant. It's still lv1," the system said seriously.

Mag's eyes lit up immediately. "The restaurant has levels? How to upgrade it? More missions?" he asked eagerly. *It's more interesting if it could be upgraded. Maybe I can turn it into a fortress after all.*

"Spend 50,000 gold coins on anything except ingredients, and then the restaurant will be upgraded to lv2," answered the system.

Mag was taken aback. "You money-grubber." He had thought that he might have to do some missions. *Turns out I only need to pay to upgrade. But 50,000?! What a rip-off!*

"After you've upgraded it to lv2, you'll be given a chance to change the restaurant for free, and you can unlock many other things. Go for it!" the system said.

"I don't have enough money," Mag said with a twist of his mouth. He was still trying hard to save 10,000 to buy his strength. He wasn't able to procure 50,000 anytime soon. Anyway, he was pretty happy with the restaurant now and was in no rush to upgrade it.

Mag started serving customers in the order of their entry. The bread loaves were almost ready in the oven, so he served roujiamo first. After he put the second batch of bai ji bread into the oven, he began cooking Yangzhou fried rice.

Many customers came very early these days, so Mobai was not always the first anymore. Although he lived next door, he was busy forging weapons every day. He arrived shortly after it had opened and ordered two plates of fried rice as usual.

“Little girl, can I buy you something to eat?” Krassu smiled as he looked at Amy, trying to lure her with good food.

Amy’s eyes brightened. “Okay.” Then she shook her head. “But I’m already full. You can buy me something tomorrow. You’ll pay for me, right?”

“Sure. I’ll buy you anything you like,” Krassu said with a big smile. *She is a little foodie. She can’t resist good food.*

I can easily check her magic talent as long as we are alone. Maybe I can even use food to make her come with me to the tower.

Mobai studied Krassu with narrowed eyes. Then he took a look at Mag, who was slaving away in the kitchen. *I have to warn Mag later.*

Amy nodded happily. “Then I’ll eat breakfast after you arrive in the early morning. Just pay for my food. I like my father’s cooking. It’s the best,” she said with an innocent smile.

Krassu had planned to show off the tasty food in Rodu to intrigue Amy, but now he felt like he had played himself.

Then he found she had a point now that he thought on it. He hadn’t found anything good to eat for years in the whole Rodu, let alone Chaos City, but Mag’s fried rice made him want to eat it for every meal.

It wasn’t a smart move to offer to buy the owner’s girl something to eat. Now that he had played himself, he had to live with it. “Right. Then I’ll come here and pay for you tomorrow,” he said with a helpless nod.

Amy nodded. “Thank you, white-bearded grandpa.” It felt so good to get paid when you ate your own food at your own house.

Mobai froze for a minute and almost laughed out loud. He looked at Amy and found his worry was completely unnecessary. *She isn’t easily tricked.*

Other customers were all gazing at Amy with interest. *This little half-elf girl is so cute and talks in a funny way. She often makes people speechless, but it’s very amusing to watch.*

Krassu refused to give up easily. He thought a moment, and then his face lit up. “I can show you something interesting, like dancing snowmen.” He snapped his fingers and many thumb-sized white snowmen jumped down from his hand. They started dancing in a ring on the table.

Chapter 85: Can Your Little Man Sing?

Five white little men formed a little ring and waved their hands to dance on the table as if they were dancing around a bonfire. They immediately caught people’s eyes. It was naturally very magical to normal people.

The reason why humans could live on this continent was because of intrepid soldiers. Besides them, powerful magic casters were also definitely worth mentioning; in the war among species, they had turned a losing war into victory more than once.

After the war, the royals of the Roth Empire held them in high regard. They had built a Magus Tower to welcome all the powerful magic casters. They held a high social position in the empire.

So, humans were in awe of them. Although Chaos City was not under the administration of the Roth Empire, humans were still living peacefully here with the powerful country behind them.

Other customers were looking at Krassu with respect as the old man in robe performed his magic. Then they took a look at Amy. *Such an interesting magic! This little girl must love it.*

“Can your snowmen sing?” Amy asked as she shrugged, watching the dancing little men. She wasn’t quite impressed.

Ugly Duckling also took a look, and then it drew back its head disappointedly, boredom written all over its face.

“S-sing?” Krassu was taken aback. *I can make them do more difficult tricks, but sing? I got beaten by my master many times for failing to articulate spells,* he thought as he watched his dancing snowmen. Then he shook his head with a smile. “They have been conjured up by magic. They can’t sing.”

Amy’s question made other customers widen their eyes in surprise. *She’s not happy with that? It’s asking too much to make them sing. They were conjured up by magic; it’s just impossible. The old man has said it himself.*

Amy shook her head. “But mine can. Besides, your snowmen are ugly,” she said as she looked scornfully at those faceless snowmen before Krassu.

The old man was unconvinced. “Your little man can sing and dance? No, that’s impossible,” he said, shaking his head,

The looks on other customers’ faces said they didn’t believe Amy, either. *It’s impossible, unless there is a hidden Lilliput on this continent.*

Mag made a faint smile in the kitchen. He was pretty satisfied with his anti-deception teaching, and felt happier now that his little girl was getting ready to flaunt her new toy.

“Well, I guess I’ll have to show you,” Amy said helplessly. She crouched down, took the music box out, and put it on the counter softly. “Behold, the singing little girl Father has conjured up for me.”

They all craned their necks to get a better look. The moment they saw the music box, their eyes lit up immediately.

“It’s so pretty!” exclaimed a girl not far from the counter, her mouth slightly open. On top of an exquisite wooden box was hemispherical crystal glass, inside which stood a fair elf holding a musical instrument. It was so beautiful that they couldn’t avert their eyes.

“Whoa...” The looks on their faces were almost the same. It was not a shining toy, but the sight of the transparent crystal cover that had no impurities whatsoever was enough to make them gasp in wonder.

He used a piece of crystal glass to make a toy for his daughter?! Talk about spoiling! That's simply unimaginable!

Now the dancing snowmen before the old man were a little ordinary compared to the elf in a purple dress, and even their lovely dancing had become a little silly.

Krassu took a look at the music box. *He didn't conjure that up!* He was very confident because there was no trace of magic wave around it. *Looks like he lied to his girl again.* But he didn't expose his lies. He wasn't averse to his ways; he understood it was not easy for a man to raise a child alone.

"It can sing?" Krassu asked in doubt. *There's no magic wave, so obviously that puppet elf can't sing or dance.*

They were all gazing at it curiously. *It's absolutely stunning. She said it could sing. We'll wait and see.*

"Of course." Amy pushed the little button on the side.

Colorful light around the edge flickered, and then the melody started. "A little girl goes to collect mushrooms..." The elf girl started playing the violin while rotating. She looked so lifelike as if she were real.

"That's... That's impossible!" Krassu's eyes widened as he watched the little elf. He could sense trace amounts of energy wave, but he was sure it was not magic. *If it's not magic, how can this puppet girl sing and dance?*

He had said so confidently that Amy's toy couldn't sing, but she could not only sing, she sang very well, like a bird, as if a real elf were singing merrily. He became a little embarrassed.

He had lived for quite a long time and hadn't commented much since he passed 100. Who would have thought that he would strike out here?

If his hide hadn't grown thicker as he grew older, he might have taken off his robe and sunk into the ground with shame. It was so embarrassing. He lowered his eyes, wishing this little episode would blow over. *They wouldn't embarrass an old man too much, I hope.*

"It really can sing and sings so beautifully. Is this a child's song? Why haven't I ever heard it before?" the girl nearby said with surprise and doubt as she listened to the music.

It's a merry song, and the words are encouraging kids to work and share. It should be one of the popular songs. It's strange that I don't know it, she thought.

Amy turned it off. "White-bearded grandpa, Mushroom Fairy can sing and dance. Aren't your snowmen a little dull?" she asked seriously, looking at Krassu.

Now they were all staring at Krassu with strange looks on their faces.

It was not very decent to laugh at an old magic caster, but Mag couldn't refrain from smiling, because the old man had fared so miserably against Amy's toy when he tried to impress her with his magic. *Now how would he respond to her question?*

Chapter 86: I Want To Protect My Father

Sarger's shoulders shook wildly in his effort to hold back his laughter. He covered his mouth to smother his voice, but still a snort of amusement came bursting out through his nose without his permission.

He might have guffawed if he hadn't known better.

The customers nearby glanced at the demon who was easily amused and had terrifying laughter, and changed their seats to stay away from Sarger—even if they had to share a table with strangers.

Despite his thick hide, Krassu gave a dry smile in abashment as he felt the stares. When he was about to say something to put an end to this awkward moment, Mag put a plate of fried rice before him. "Your Yangzhou fried rice," he said, smiling.

Krassu's eyes lit up immediately when he saw Mag. "Mag, how did you conjure up such an interesting little elf?" he asked. He was using Mag to shift their uncomfortable gaze. Besides, he was indeed very curious about this toy.

It shouldn't be magic, because I can't sense any around it. But if it's not magic, how can it sing? It's impossible for it to move by itself, Krassu thought.

Other customers were afire with curiosity by then. They were all staring at Mag, wondering. *Who the hell is he? Not only can he cook, he is able to conjure up such an exquisite toy. Is he really a powerful magic caster?*

"This is not usual magic. There are other things involved. It's difficult to explain in detail. I'm afraid maybe you can't understand," Mag answered.

"You might be right," Krassu said, feeling a little despondent. Yet when he opened his mouth, the words would not come. He found Mag might have a point. He had been dealing with magic all his life, so he knew little about other things.

Even his social skills were awful. As such a powerful magic caster, he should have had geniuses lining up at his door asking to become his disciples, but in fact, he had to travel long and far to look for a disciple at such an old age.

To make matters worse, he had been ridiculed for his effort to check a restaurateur's daughter's talent.

Seeing that the old man didn't intend to ask more questions, Mag turned to walk towards the kitchen. He had prepared many mechanical theories for his questions. Although they were just something he had learned in college, it should prove more than effective to impress the people here—he had graduated from one of the top 20 engineering universities in the world.

Amy gave Mag a sweet smile, quite proud of herself.

Mag looked down at his greasy hands and didn't stroke Amy's hair. He smiled back, eyes full of fondness, and went into the kitchen.

Amy's response had been impeccable. She had done everything Mag had taught her and more. She might have made Krassu doubt himself.

Harrison looked at Mag's back. "Magic caster or not, Mag is incredible," he said as he took a bite of his roujiamo, his fat shaking.

"Agreed." Gjergj nodded, his fat shaking as well. "I wonder if Mag will sell that. Parmer would be happy to see it," he muttered, staring at the music box in spite of himself.

Other customers took a glance at the two fatties, whose fat were dancing wildly, and nodded thoughtfully. *Mag is truly incredible.*

Sargeras managed to hold back his laughter. He felt even hungrier. Once he would have shouted at the owner and threatened to smash the restaurant, but today, he was waiting patiently.

After all, even a 10th-tier magic caster had to suck it up here. He might be grumpy, but he hadn't got into any big trouble journeying 50 years on this continent. He was pretty reasonable, actually.

When other customers were enjoying their meals and stopped paying attention to him, Krassu took several bites of his fried rice and gazed at Amy, who was stroking the kitten's head while staring at the little elf in the music box. He started scheming again.

After he thought a moment, Krassu looked at Amy and smiled. "Little girl, what we have just talked about doesn't matter. What really matters is that someday bad things might happen, whether they be an act of God or an act of man. At moments like those, the powerful ones can protect themselves and their loved ones. I, for one, have such power. Do you not want to learn magic to protect the ones you love?"

Amy thought for a moment and turned to look at Mag in the kitchen. "I want to protect my father," she said, with determined eyes.

"Meow..." cried out Ugly Duckling as it lifted its head, trying to remind Amy of its existence.

"You're not included," Amy said, pushing its little head down.

"Meow, meow..." the kitten cried out disappointedly in a soft voice as if it had been wounded.

"That's right," said Krassu, nodding with a smile. "If you want to protect someone, you have to be powerful yourself. And you will be if you learn from me." He was trying to make himself look like a kind, reliable master.

Although he had said some similar words yesterday and got rejected directly by Mag, he really wanted to make sure whether or not Amy had the talent. If she was really talented and fit to be his disciple, he would do his best to gratify Mag's requirements. He would be dead in several years, so there was little he cared about.

Amy nodded. "I think you're right." But before Krassu could smile, Amy added doubtfully, "But white-bearded grandpa, you can't even walk with ease. You can't protect yourself, and you want to teach me to protect my father? Protect him from whom? Kids like me?"

"Well..." The look on Krassu's face became odd again. *What's going on in her head? Why is she not like other kids?*

Besides, do I look like I can only protect his father from kids?! Krassu raised an eyebrow.

He had fought an orc when he was only 18. He had smashed his staff on the head of a giant dragon when he was 24. It was a weak green dragon, though. But he was at his peak after all. He would never harm a child.

“If you don’t trust me, you can use any magic on me. I’ll just sit here and won’t move,” Krassu said confidently as he slapped his chest.

Chapter 87: My Fireball Might Make You Kick The Bucket

Krassu and Amy’s conversation once more caught others’ attention.

Some customers had seen Amy use her magic on Sargerass. *Even a lava demon was almost burnt by that little fireball, and now the old man will just sit there and won’t move? Maybe he shouldn’t let his guard down like that.*

“Do you see the small purplish gold staff on his robe? If I remember right, only those who serve the Roth Empire have that on their robes,” said a middle-aged human male, who was dressed like a businessman, in shock. He was staring at the old man’s left shoulder, on which a pinky-sized staff in purplish gold was embroidered.

“Yes. This old magic caster serves the empire?” said his dinner companion, a little surprised as he gazed at the emblem. It was the highest honor for a human magic caster. No one dared to impersonate one.

The people nearby overheard their words. They all looked to Krassu’s shoulder. Most of them might’ve not seen a magic caster who served the empire before, but they had heard many stories about them.

After Alex was killed in battle, for so long the army of the empire hadn’t seen one Griffin Rider who was able to kill a dragon by himself. These years, when evil dragons attacked towns and cities of the empire, more often than not, those magic casters serving the empire would show up to fight them with their powerful magic. They brought peace to the people and earned more of their love and respect.

They were all 8th-tier magic casters and above. They were very powerful and had done much for the empire.

If this white-robed old man serves the empire, then he is at least an honorable 8th-tier magic caster, the customers thought.

He is a senior magic caster that should be respected by most of his peers, but he got made fun of by Amy several times. Judging by the words he said, he probably wants to take Amy in as his disciple, but apparently she’s not very interested.

Since when is it so hard for an 8th-tier magic caster to find a disciple? they wondered. Amy is little and doesn’t know much, but Mag owns such a multicultural restaurant, so it’s impossible for him not to recognize that purplish gold staff.

Mag’s calmness after Krassu implied his intention surprised them even more. *Maybe that old man isn’t good enough for Mag. Maybe he is a more powerful magic caster, they thought.*

Now that they had figured out who the old man was, they felt they could see the result of his little game with Amy.

He is a royal magic caster, and she is a restaurateur's daughter who can barely walk. They are utterly different in social position and power. Amy can't possibly hurt him even if he doesn't move, they thought.

He is clearly above the 8th tier if he can beat a dragon with a fireball. He's reached the 9th tier. Or the 10th, Sargerass thought. He still remembered the scene outside of Rodu as if it were yesterday.

The look on his face became a little strange when he saw Amy. *But even a 10th-tier magic caster might suffer if he took her fireball lightly like I did in the morning.*

Her fireball is small, but its power is huge. Its temperature is even higher than my flames'. She has such an incredible talent at such a young age. If I were a magic caster, I might want her to become my disciple as well.

Krassu's request really intrigued Amy. "White-bearded grandpa, are you serious?" she asked incredulously. "My fireball might make you kick the bucket."

"Yes. Little girl, don't hold back, and don't worry about me," Krassu said confidently. "If I can't stand your fireball, I guess I can only fight little children from now on." Amy's worry warmed his heart.

He was even happier now that he knew Amy could use fireball magic. *Turns out she can use magic despite her two bloodlines. She's trainable. But I have to see her magic first to assess her talent.*

"Actually, I just don't want to burn the chair and table," said Amy, casting a worried look at the table before Krassu.

"..." For a moment, Krassu didn't know what look he should use to express how he was feeling. He had never thought that he would be less important than a table and chair. "Don't worry. I'll pay for everything you burn," he said disappointedly in depression.

Amy nodded. "Well, since you have requested so sincerely, I guess I have to grant your wish. Why would anyone ask for this?" she said, the look on her face seeming like she were looking at a naughty child. She put Ugly Duckling aside and looked at Krassu. "Scream if you can't stand it," she advised.

Krassu shook his head. "That will never happen." He looked so relaxed, like a real master.

"Then here it comes," Amy warned, looking at Krassu. She held out her little hand, and suddenly a flame appeared and contracted into a bluish violet little fireball quickly. She threw it at the old man.

Krassu's eyes went wide as he watched the flame. *Such pure magic! The fireball doesn't have any other magic elements. It's small, but it has tremendous power.*

Of course, Amy's fireball was no more than a spark to him, but the spark had ignited infinite possibilities.

She's only three or four, and she has mastered the fireball magic all by herself without any guidance. She doesn't need any spells or time to perform her magic, no less. And she has figured out how to throw it out. She is just the kind of genius I've been searching for!

Most importantly, he liked this simple and violent fireball magic the best. His fireball magic was the fastest and the most powerful on the whole Norland Continent, if nothing else. No one disputed that.

After all, he could use his fireballs to fight dragons and send them scurrying away. No other man could do that on this continent.

In the split second when he was thinking, the fireball landed on his long beard. It started burning immediately.

“Shoot!” Krassu cried out, startled. He rose hurriedly to his feet and ran towards the door, not caring what he had just said, his beard in flames.

Chapter 88: I Can Teach You How To Defeat Children

The customers had been expecting Krassu to stop Amy’s fireball with ease like a master. Instead, they witnessed the old magic caster scuttling towards the door with his beard on fire. The air became a little awkward as a smell of singeing hair permeated the room.

“Alas, I guess white-bearded grandpa’s power can only be used to fight kids,” Amy said regretfully like a lonely master, drawing back her hand. She waved at her kitten and was ready to play with it.

Ugly Duckling had run to the other end of the counter. After it made sure that no fireball was in Amy’s hand, it ran to her and positioned itself comfortably in her arms.

The embarrassing silence was broken. Amy and her kitten brought smile to customers’ faces. *That magic caster might get angry now that his beard was burnt. Mag’s restaurant may not be able to stand his anger,* they thought.

Sargeris nodded contentedly. *She shouldn’t be taken lightly. Even a 10th-tier magic caster would be taken by surprise.* He felt better now because someone else had made the same mistake as him, and that someone else was stronger than him.

Mag turned to look in the direction of the door, frowning. He wasn’t worried about the old man getting angry, because he had requested it himself, and he had come here to check out Amy’s talent.

He was worried that if Amy’s talent caught his attention, he would come here every day, pestering him. It seemed he was already doing that, though. Anyway, he would never let Amy go to Rodu.

Krassu opened the door and rushed out. He pointed his finger at his beard, and a water ball exploded right away. The bluish violet flame that was burning along his beard was put out in an instant.

Water splashed on the ground and his white robe, along with some burnt beard. He cut quite a sorry figure.

He should have got depressed and angry. Instead, he was delirious with joy. He tilted his head back and laughed aloud like a mad man. Other customers stopped laughing and looked to the door, worried.

His beard is ruined. Has he gone mad? If he got angry, he might burn the restaurant to the ground. He doesn’t look very stable right now.

“Has white-bearded grandpa gone crazy? I shouldn’t have burnt his beard. I don’t know if he can grow it back,” Amy said regretfully as she looked to the door. *If he can’t, I’ll have to find a new nickname for him.*

Krassu’s weird laughter didn’t last long, because he soon realized he was a little out of control. He straightened his face and reached out to stroke his beard, only to be shocked that it was not there anymore.

He looked down and found that his white beard, which had been over 20 centimeters long, was now burnt to half the length. Its bottom had been miserably blackened.

He had been growing his beard for decades and maintaining it every day. He strictly controlled its length. Even losing only one hair of his beard would make him grieve for a while. And now, it was ruined.

If the person who had done this to him were not Amy, he would definitely smash three holes in his head with his staff—even if it were a dragon.

But it was Amy. Plus, he had asked for it sincerely, and he had assured her that he would be okay.

It was his own doing. He could blame no one but himself. He was feeling aggrieved, but what could he do?

Then he recovered quickly. “Well, I can’t blame my precious disciple. She has such a great talent, even if she could only use fireball magic, she would achieve perfection in using it under my guidance. I’ll make her my disciple.”

His heart raced without his permission as he thought about Amy’s fireball. He had walked for more than six months after he left Rodu and went south, and had seen a number of geniuses, but they weren’t exactly what he had in mind. The moment Amy unleashed her fireball, he knew he had found the disciple he had been looking for. The best disciple for him.

His smile returned. He waved his hand and used cleaning magic on himself. His robe got cleaned right away, but he couldn’t recover his beard anytime soon. He pushed the door open and walked back in.

“That old man values his beard more than his life,” Urien muttered to himself as he stood at his door, watching Krassu enter the kitchen. “His beard was ruined, but he was laughing. Looks like the little girl has a better talent than I’ve expected. I have to act quickly, or she’ll become his disciple. I’ll rob him of her. That old man always has a discerning eye.”

The customers had been worried that Krassu would retaliate in fury. They had thought he would at least storm in and shout with anger. So, they were taken aback when they saw the old man walk in with a smile and his shortened beard. *He is not mad?*

Amy watched as Krassu resumed his seat. Before he could say anything, she said seriously, “You don’t need to say anything, half-beard grandpa. I think I can teach you how to defeat children. If you truly want to learn, I can give you a discount.”

Sargeris guffawed despite himself. He was drinking water he had brought along, and the water was coming out of his mouth.

A 10th-tier magic caster, who could beat a dragon with one fireball, was being ridiculed by a four years old girl, and she was offering to teach him how to defeat little kids. He had never seen anything so amusing in 50 years.

Other customers were shocked, and didn't join in his laughing. They were all staring at him. The two customers who were sitting at a nearby table moved a little further away from him.

To be sure, they also found Amy's remarks amusing, but they knew better than to laugh at a royal magic caster. They didn't want to taste the wrath of his fireball.

In the Roth Empire, it was clearly stated in the rules that royal magic casters had the right to punish anyone who insulted them, and wouldn't be charged with a crime.

People in Chaos City didn't have to abide by the rules of the Roth Empire. However, once, a royal magic caster had been insulted by someone from another species, and he had killed him on the spot. The Roth Empire had resolutely protected him, and he had left Chaos City safe and sound.

Chapter 89: Mag Turned Him Down?!

"White-bearded grandpa" had become "half-beard grandpa", and he got scorned by her. Krassu had no choice but to bite back his words. He blushed as he thought about what he had just said, and turned to give Sarger as a glare.

Sarger as was a little scared, but he couldn't help laughing. He had been holding back his laughter, but Amy's words had completely set it off. He lowered his head to avoid Krassu's eyes and kept laughing with his mouth covered. His shoulders were shaking violently. Never had he seen anything so funny for decades.

"Half-beard grandpa, don't scare Big Bald Head. If he got angry, he might burn away the rest of your beard. Then you'd become beardless grandpa," Amy warned, looking at the old man.

Krassu turned to Amy with a big smile, and said in a soft voice, "It was just an accident. I can use fireball magic as well. And mine is bigger and more—"

"Your second Yangzhou fried rice," Mag interrupted, putting the plate in front of the old magic caster. "I have told you. Amy is so little, I'm not going to let her leave me to study magic. If she likes to, I'll find her a teacher to teach her here," he said solemnly.

Before the customers had recovered from the shock of Krassu's calmness, Mag's rejecting him shocked them even more.

Sounds like it's not the first time that Mag has rejected him. She must be real talented if she could make the old magic caster come down off his high horse to try to bait her behind Mag's back.

"Mag turned him down?!" Harrison said as he gaped at Mag, mouth open. *It would bring a great honor to his family if she became a royal magic caster's disciple.*

Every year, numerous people went to great lengths to send their children to that tower in Rodu. They were happy even if their children could be accepted only as servants. They were counting on the chance that someday their kids might catch a magic caster's eye.

The old man has offered to take Amy on as his disciple, and Mag turned him down because he doesn't want Amy to leave his side?! Harrison didn't understand.

"I find it very natural. If I had such a cute girl, I'd do the same," Gjergj said adamantly as he looked at Mag. "No one could take her away from me, not even a royal magic caster."

"Yes. I will never leave my father," Amy said to Krassu, nodding seriously. "Half-beard grandpa, I can teach you when I have time if you really want to learn. I have to collect money now. I'm very busy."

Krassu took a look at Mag, who was so determined, and then at Amy, who had shown great interest in becoming his master. "I think I'd better finish this rice before it gets cold." He picked up the spoon quietly and got back to his fried rice, frowning thoughtfully.

He had planned to take Amy back to the Magus Tower to teach her there. The tower had been constantly repaired and improved by the royalty. Other than elves' Secret Dream Land, it was the perfect place to learn magic. Those magic rooms would make learning faster.

But it seems Mag is very determined to keep Amy at his side. He is pretty wealthy, so money won't sway him. He has excellent cooking skills, but he chose to stay in Chaos City, so he probably doesn't care much about the advantages he might get from the Roth Empire. And he hasn't shown any interest in my magic, thought Krassu.

These three advantages he had seemed worthless to Mag. Above all, he loved Amy more than anything. Krassu was a little upset; he didn't know what he had to do to change Mag's mind.

Mag took a glance at Krassu, who stopped badgering Amy, and turned to walk into the kitchen.

He had been a little worried after Krassu had revealed who he was. After all, he had no chance against such a powerful magic caster.

The fact that Amy could burn his beard was mainly because he had been absent-minded for a moment, and because he hadn't taken her seriously. Amy was to Krassu as an ant was to an elephant.

Fortunately, Krassu seems quite reasonable. He hasn't forced us to comply with his power and social position. Still, I will never let Amy go to that dangerous tower alone, Mag thought.

This little episode blew over after Krassu started eating again. The old man hadn't escalated it, so it was more like a joke between him and Amy.

Today's customers had made sure that the owner's girl was a badass. *She even dares to burn a royal magic caster's beard. We definitely must pay after eating.*

Those that had been served became lost in the good food quickly, enjoying the pleasant taste.

The inviting aroma and the delighted looks on their faces made many of those that had entered out of curiosity order a plate in spite of themselves. They wanted to try this appetizing dish even if they could barely afford it.

Mag put three roujiamos before Sargeris and warned the nearby customers to stay away from him. He didn't want the demon scaring his customers.

Sure enough, a ball of flame came out of his mouth after he took a large bite of roujiamo. His lava was burning red, and flames arose from his body.

Luckily, he had learned. He was sitting on the iron chair he had brought along, far from the table and the wall. The only part that wasn't on fire was his roujiamo-holding hand. Other customers watched him in fright as he wolfed down his food.

"Mag, I'd like two plates of Yangzhou fried rice to go, please. Both my wife and kids like your fried rice," Gjergj said with a smile as he took his second roujiamo.

Mag shook his head. "I'm sorry, but right now, one person can only have one plate of food to go because I have to serve the customers eating here first." More and more new customers were arriving, and he had a mission to accomplish, so he had to limit the takeout food.

"I see," Gjergj said. He had promised his wife and kids that he would bring supper for them. His wife might come down hard on him if he brought only one plate back. Two of his kids who could already eat had eaten some fried rice at lunch time from their mother's, Miranda's, plate, and they had pestered him to bring some for their supper.

"Mag, I'd like one plate of Yangzhou fried rice to go as well. Just one," Harrison said with a smile as he took a bite of his roujiamo, winking at Gjergj.

Chapter 90: I'll Call It The Burning Legion

Mag nodded. "All right. Please wait a sec." He turned to walk to the kitchen.

He had seen Harrison's winking, but it was not against his rules, so he said nothing. It was common between friends, and he understood.

After Mag went into the kitchen, Harrison smiled at his friend. "Parmer and Parbor also like this Yangzhou fried rice, right?" he asked.

"Yes. They like it so much. Even Angus wanted to try it, but his teeth are just starting to grow, so he can only eat eggs." Mentioning Gjergj's children brought a radiant smile to his face.

Harrison nodded, smiling. "Then bring mine to them. Say hello for me and tell them I'll take them to the stud farm someday."

Gjergj nodded. "Thank you. I will. They are always talking about your two white horses." Then they changed their subject to the stud farm. Harrison's family had invested in a stud farm. He had invited Gjergj to join to buy more horses and enlarge the farm. He wanted to make it big enough for racing horses, like the ones in Rodu.

Krassu finished his fried rice quietly. He was a little upset. He hadn't figured out how to sway Mag.

He had some old friends here in Chaos City, but he didn't want to trouble them with such an embarrassing problem.

Besides, his friends would probably use knife and gold to persuade Mag. He didn't want his precious disciple to learn unwillingly, because he knew very well that learning magic was a dull process even with enthusiasm.

"Half-beard grandpa, don't be so sad. I can't come with you to a faraway place to teach you fireball magic, but I can teach you here. You can leave when you have mastered it," Amy said solemnly to Krassu. *White-beard grandpa looks so pitiful now that his beard has been burnt by me. He has to use his staff to help him walk, and his magic is terrible. I worry about him.*

Krassu's eyes lit up while Amy looked at him with pity. He had a moment of clarity. *I don't have to teach her in the tower. Maybe Mag will say yes this time.*

But I'll have to make some alterations to the plan. I'll have them ship some equipment from Rodu for me.

The thought brought a smile to his face again. "Little girl, may I have the check?" He pulled out two dragon coins from his pocket and put them on the table softly.

"Yes. 12 gold coins, please." Amy took the two dragon coins and handed eight gold coins to Krassu. "Here, eight gold coins." She glanced at him, surprised. *He feels so happy because he can learn from me?*

"Goodbye, little girl." Krassu took the coins and walked towards the door with his staff, smiling.

It may be a little difficult this way, but I don't want to live in that tower anymore. I've lived there all my life. It's not an uplifting place, and he used to call it Coffin Tower, Krassu thought.

However, here, I can almost smell freedom in the air. More importantly, I can get good food and possibly a precious disciple. It's not a bad way to live the rest of my days.

Other customers watched as Krassu walked out, wondering. *Why did he become so upbeat all of a sudden?*

Sargeris sat with his head lowered and didn't dare to meet Krassu's eyes. He had thought the old man would reprimand him, but he just glanced at him and left without a word.

Sargeris breathed a sigh of relief. "He scared the sh*t out of me!" He glanced back and saw the old man's back. Then he got back to his roujiamo.

He could clearly feel his blood boiling, pounding at his barrier, behind which something he desired was sealed. The impact was not strong, but strong enough to ignite his hope. The possibility that he could get to another level just by eating roujiamo intoxicated him.

If it works on me, then it should work on all the lava demon warriors. Most of them haven't broken through the second barrier, so the effect on them should be stronger. Guess I should come home sometime and bring them here to try this roujiamo. Then we can form a group to do more difficult quests to earn more money to buy roujiamo. Sargeris nodded. *We've been lying low for years. It's about time we showed them what we're really made of.* He thought a moment and muttered to himself, "I think I'll call it the Burning Legion."

Mag had been busy for the whole dinner time. He stopped taking any orders after 9 pm. After the few customers finished their food and left, Mag turned over the “Open” sign and closed the door. He let out a sigh of relief. He felt a little exhausted after working for four hours straight. He seated himself on a chair by the door and prepared to rest for a while before cleaning.

Amy walked over to him and put the kitten on the floor. “Father, we sold 305 roujiamos and 76 plates of rainbow fried rice today. That comes to 1,371 gold coins,” she said as she stood on tips of her toes to pound Mag’s back.

Mag’s eyes lit up. “Oh, our earnings have doubled,” he said happily. *Subtract the cost for ingredients, and we’ve earned more than 900 gold coins. It’s indeed a good choice to increase the supply of roujiamos.*

Over 50 new customers had come for dinner, and most of them had arrived due to the recommendation of the regulars; others had been drawn in by the busy atmosphere. Now he had got 260 customers. He should be able to finish his mission at this rate.

He had sold more than 400 roujiamos in total, and only needed two more days to accomplish this mission. Then he could unlock tofu pudding.

The thought of a bowl of steaming tofu pudding brought a smile to his lips.

“Dad, we’ve been eating roujiamo for days. When will you make something new?” Amy asked expectantly as she pounded Mag’s back.

“Well, I’ll cook you a new dish in two days,” answered Mag with a smile, stroking Amy’s head. He hesitated a moment, and then asked seriously, “Amy, do you want to learn magic?”

“Yes. I want to learn powerful magic. I want to protect dad in case they plan on hurting you,” Amy said solemnly, nodding. She reached out to grab Mag’s finger. “Don’t worry, Father, I’ll become very strong.”