

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

Chapter 11: Amy's Wish

After a plate of Yangzhou fried rice, Mag sat there, trying to feel the difference. As he had expected, the fried rice made from these precious ingredients had more than just a splendid taste.

The most direct effect was soothing weariness. The fatigue from making the two plates of Yangzhou fried rice in the morning had vanished after that plate. He felt warm all over and more vigorous than when he drank Red Bull.

It must be the rice. I'll be eating that rice three meals every day, so my strength will steadily increase, thought Mag. Among these ingredients, nothing was more precious than the rice watered by the Spring of Life.

"Amy, how do you feel after eating that rainbow fried rice?" Mag asked as he looked at Amy. *Half elf blood is running in her veins, but the rice shouldn't cause any problems, I think.*

"I feel the fried rice is very delicious!" Amy put her bowl on the table and stuck out her tongue to lick the rice on the corner of her mouth while she looked at Mag and nodded earnestly.

Mag got surprised, and then smiled—there was nothing wrong with her answer. He asked again, "Besides the good taste and good looks, do you feel unwell somewhere?"

"My body?" Amy thought for a while and shook her head, but then nodded.

"Where?" Immediately, Mag stood up from his chair and slightly leaned forward to look at Amy, his face a little worried.

"I... I just feel like a fire is burning in my body. It has happened before, but not as hot as now. I don't feel very well. Father, what happened to Amy?" Amy looked at Mag, a little confused. Her face already turned a little red, but she still looked rather calm.

Yet, Mag was a little terrified. He had thought that the rice watered by the Spring of Life should do a lot of good to Amy because she was a half-elf, but it didn't seem like that was the case; instead, something bad seemed to have stirred inside her.

Looking at Amy's red face, Mag couldn't come up with anything. It was nothing like a child's normal fever or cold, and he didn't find any solution in his predecessor's memory.

He watched her face turning redder and redder, and all of a sudden, he remembered something, and then he picked up Amy's hand and said, "Come with me now, Amy. We're going to the Gray Temple..."

But Amy retracted her hand and shook her head. "Father, I seem to have figured out what I should do." She lifted her right hand before her, palm facing upwards as if holding something.

Mag looked at Amy, a little confused. "Amy, what are you—"

Suddenly, a bluish violet fire rose from her palm and immediately went up for a half meter. Its terrifying temperature even warped the air a little.

Unconsciously, Mag practically fell back two steps, and even the chair was plowed down by him. He looked at the bluish violet fire in Amy's palm, which was slowly leaping, and watched its flame diminish to a small bluish violet fireball.

"Amy, are you hurt?" asked Mag immediately. The fireball was even smaller than Amy's hand, but its heat was a little terrifying. He could sense danger in it, and was worried about Amy, but he couldn't get close, so he grew more anxious.

Amy shook her head. The redness on her face had decreased a lot. She looked at the fireball in her hand as if it were some interesting toy, and then she said excitedly, "Father, I'm okay. Look at this fireball! It's so lovely. Is this magic?"

Mag breathed a sigh of relief. Amy's face was starting to return to normal. It looked like this fireball had balanced out the heat and discomfort inside her body. However, watching the bluish violet fireball, Mag narrowed his eyes slightly—he was not certain whether or not it was magic. *Shouldn't the flame of the normal fireball magic be fiery red?*

Amy saw Mag narrowing his eyes and got a little terrified. She shook her hand, and the fireball was extinguished immediately. Then she drew back her hand, lowered her head as if she had done something wrong, and said, "Please don't get mad, Father. Amy's wrong. I'll never mention that I want to learn magic ever again." Then she peeked at Mag, her little face never more aggrieved.

"What?" Mag froze for an instant by Amy's sudden behavior, but he soon found out why in his predecessor's memory—in order to hide who they were and to protect Amy, his predecessor had kept a low profile since they came to the Chaos City.

When going out, Amy had to put on a hat that could cover her ears in order not to let anyone find out that she was half-elf. So, while she had shown a great interest in magic since little, she had been asked to strictly keep away from anything relating to magic, let alone learn it.

Looking at Amy who was aggrieved, with her head bowed, Mag couldn't help but feel his heart ache. His predecessor had wanted to keep their heads down and let Amy live a normal life. He could understand that he was trying to protect her.

But that didn't mean he approved of his method. Suppressing Amy's nature was something he'd never do; besides, in his eyes, while lying low was not wrong, it was a lie to console oneself if one accepted mediocrity willingly.

In his previous life, he had read about this: being mediocre was not terrifying; the terrifying thing was, after a mediocre life, one still told oneself that the plain life was the single true life.

Mag Alex's life was far from a mediocre one, but he had wanted to make Amy live a mediocre life, which was something Mag could not accept.

The offspring of the once strongest knight of humans and the princess of elves—could she be a genius?

After all, the fireball magic just now was mastered by Amy herself. Based on his predecessor's memory, he wouldn't have met this kind of fireball head on even in his prime.

Amy was fiddling nervously with her index finger, her head bowed. Watching this, Mag's heart softened immediately. *Such a lovely girl! Of course she can do anything she wants to. It's my responsibility to handle everything else.*

"Amy, raise your head and look at me," said Mag, smiling.

Amy hesitated for a moment, and then looked up at Mag. "Father, Amy will not learn—" Although today's Father was very kind and gentle, she still remembered his angry face when she'd said she wanted to learn magic last time. She didn't want to make her father angry or unhappy.

"No, Amy," Mag interrupted, smiling. Looking into her eyes, he said earnestly, "From today, I will not forbid you to learn magic. When the restaurant starts operating and we make some money, I will send you to the Gray Temple to learn magic."

Amy froze for an instant. "Really?" Then she looked at Mag, surprised and a little dubious.

"Of course." Mag nodded. "But it may take some time because the restaurant has just opened today—"

"Father, you are the best! Amy loves you!" Before Mag could finish his words, Amy had already slipped off her chair, jumped into his arms, held his face, and kissed it. Then

she looked up at Mag, and with a serious look, she said, "Amy will become a very powerful magic caster and protect Father. It's my wish."

Mag looked at Amy in the eye and nodded earnestly. "Okay. I'm sure Amy can do it." Then, smiling, he said, "Well then, let's open the restaurant first. Mamy Restaurant, our restaurant."

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