

## Stay At home 1161

### Chapter 1161: Guidelines For Encircling Cities With Villages!

Firis stopped in front of Irina and gazed at her with reddened eyes. The princess had lost weight in the months that they were apart, and she also looked weary, so this period had to have been tough on her. She couldn't have eaten very well during these times.

Firis felt worse and started to tear up as she continued to look at her.

"Bean Sprout." Irina, too, looked at Firis with elation in her eyes. However, she soon felt annoyed. Why did that chap send Firis here? The situation of the Night Elves wasn't good. Firis didn't know any magic, and wouldn't be able to protect herself in battle.

"They still haven't grown much." Irina's gaze landed on Firis' bosom, hovering for a brief moment before she sighed.

The same familiar tone of voice and the attack on her soul, but Firis smiled happily. As long as she could stay with the princess, she would be happy to listen to all her insults every day.

Sargerass also stepped out from the teleportation portal. He looked at the arrow nailed onto the wagon, and asked Kiel and the gang, "Are you guys alright?"

"Boss, we are okay. We just got almost hit." Kiel shook his head and then touched his scalp.

The tunnel was lit, and dozens of elves with bows and arrows walked out. When the elf who was leading them saw Sargerass and the gang, she exclaimed, "It's you guys!"

"Huh? Isn't this Miss Shirley? What are you doing here?" Sargerass and the gang stared at Shirley in a shock. Shirley had tied her hair up into a ponytail. The clothes on her had a few holes, but they still looked very clean.

"We have heard that Miss Shirley left the restaurant, but we didn't expect you to be here. Boss Mag got us to send foodstuffs for the Night Elves," Sargerass said with an embarrassed smile.

"Boss..." Shirley was a little taken aback. She looked at the wagons filled with gurney sacks, and felt a warmth in her heart. She hadn't expected that he would send her so much food.

"Shirley." Firis greeted Shirley, feeling rather excited too. After all, they had worked together for some time, and now they had reunited here again.

"Firis." Shirley nodded slightly too. It was difficult to see an old friend here.

"Food!" The elves' eyes lit up, and they were ecstatic when they saw the fully loaded wagons.

They had already been drinking porridge for a period of time, and food had run out completely yesterday. They could only drink water to suppress their hunger.

Now, they didn't have to go hungry anymore, since they had received so much food, and they could continue to defend the underground cavern.

“So, you all knew one another.” Irina looked at them in surprise, and her gaze paused when it landed on Shirley.

This beautiful elf who hailed from Chaos City had a 7th-tier power. The Night Elves’ potential was rather strong now, so she was only assigned to be the leader of a garrison. She didn’t expect that she had been a service staff member at Mag’s restaurant.

*She is a very beautiful elf, only second to me.* Irina’s eyes narrowed. Mag had concealed his identity, so how did he manage to get such a powerful and beautiful elf to work at the restaurant as a service staff member willingly?

“Yes. Shirley and I have worked together in a restaurant in Chaos City.” Firis nodded and looked at Sargerass and the gang before continuing, “Mr Sargerass and his people were entrusted by Mr. Mag to send me and food here. He is the restaurant’s regular customer.”

After getting Firis’ verification, Irina said to Sargerass, “Thank you very much. We are short on food right now.”

“Don’t stand on ceremony, Your Highness. Boss Mag has already paid us, so this is our duty.” Sargerass smiled shyly. He looked at that wide passageway, and said, “We can help you move the food in.”

“It’s alright. We can move it by ourselves. You guys can detach the unicorns and leave before they come back. If the advanced elves are alarmed, you will have a hard time leaving,” Irina said as she looked at the fire torches that were slowly surrounding the mountain again.

“That’s fine with us too.” Sargerass nodded. Then, he said to Firis, “Take care, Miss Firis.”

“Thank you all very much.” Firis bowed to them, full of gratitude. The way they took care of her along their journey had subverted her impression of demons.

The Burning Legion detached the unicorns, and the elves took over wagons. They dashed down the slopes in the dark, and quickly disappeared into the night.

Irina retrieved her gaze, and calmly ordered, “Take all these wagons back. Don’t leave a trace.”

Wagons and wagons were soon dragged into the caverns.

“Princess, we have taken stock of all the food. If we ration it properly, it will last us for two months,” the chief of guard reported, barely able to hide his smile.

“Alright, we have solved the problem of supplies. Guard this information, and continue to fortify the defense underground cavern.” Irina nodded, her expression was more relaxed too.

*How did he know what I am lacking now? That fellow. Even though he didn’t say it, he does a great job.* Irina’s lips curled as she looked at those supplies. Her smile got increasingly brighter.

“Princess, our boss asked me to pass this to you.” Firis took a booklet wrapped with kraft paper and passed it to Irina.

“Passed to me?” Irina’s eyes lit up as a hint of confusion appeared on her face. Had Mag told Firis about their relationship?

“Yes. He said this is a war manual and let me pass it to you. It might be helpful.” Firis nodded with a smile, adding, “Boss is really a nice person.”

“War manual?” Irina took over that booklet and flipped it open. She read out the first page. “The First Half: Guidelines For Encircling Cities With Villages!

“What strange thing is this?” Irina frowned and flipped to the middle again. Her brows furrowed even tighter. “36 Stratagems of Sun Tzu’s Art of War.”

“Boss is just being kind. Maybe it is not really useful...” Firis murmured. Although she didn’t know much about war manuals, it didn’t sound very reliable.

“Mm-hm, I will go and study it.” Irina nodded and left with the booklet.

Firis looked around her before her gaze landed Shirley, who was about to lead a group of elves to continue on their patrol. She quickly said, “Wait a min, Shirley.”

Shirley halted and looked at Firis who ran to her.

Firis took out a rabbit that was weaved with yarn and passed to her. Smiling, she said, “Anna wanted me to pass this to you. She said she would be waiting for you to return.”

#### **Chapter 1162: Let’s Fight, Fat Head Fish!**

“Anna.” Shirley was taken aback as she looked at the chubby rabbit. The workmanship wasn’t very good. The loose threads were visible, and the eyes and nose were drawn, which made it look ugly cute. It reminded her of that cute little person.

She didn’t know how to knit at all. She wondered how much time she spent knitting this ugly little rabbit. However, it looked much better than the little bunny hat she gave her.

“Thank you,” Shirley said to Firis with gratitude and took the rabbit before leading the elves away. She turned around and a smile appeared on her lips. It felt so good to have someone who would miss her.

...

Late in the night.

*If I estimate it according to the distance, the Burning Legion should have already sent Firis to the underground cavern. I wonder if Irina received that war manual? Was she inspired?* Mag stood on the balcony and stared to the northeast with worry on his face.

His power had just recovered to the 8th-tier. He wouldn’t be a great boost to Irina when facing the entire elven tribe. Instead, he would have brought even more enemies to the Night Elves.

What he could do to help the Night Elves was support them with the resources they needed to tide over the most difficult initial period.

As the members of the restaurant increased steadily, and with the promise of the merfolk, he would be able to give Irina powerful assistance at a critical time.

But he could only use the chance once, so he got to find the most optimal opportunity.

“What is the most important now is to regain my power. Only my own strength is dependable,” Mag mumbled to himself as he took out his sword to practice.

Two hours later, a very sweaty Mag went downstairs for a bath. He lay on his bed after changing into a set of clean pyjamas. He clicked open the golden Steamed Fish Head with Diced Hot Red Peppers experience bag in his brain.

An enormous amount of information flooded him. It took Mag some time to digest and rearrange it into something he could use. Then, he pushed open the door to the test field for the God of Cookery.

“Let’s fight, Fat Head Fish!” an elated voice said the very moment Mag stepped into the test field for the God of Cookery. A golden Chinese cleaver suddenly appeared in Mag’s hands.

“Erm?” Mag was stunned. A giant fat head fish suddenly flew toward him with a wide open mouth from a corner.

“What the heck is this?” Mag lifted his hand and gave it a slash. That fat head fish was cut into halves and landed on the floor.

That fat head fish’s head was two times bigger than the head of a normal fish, and its body was also rounder. The ratio of its body to his head was 1:1. Basically, the fish only had two body parts.

A fish that only had a fat head.

And right at this moment, a figure 1/10000 appeared at the upper left corner in the Mag’s mind.

Before Mag had a chance to ponder, two fat head fish flew toward him from his left and right.

“Hey? System, what are you doing?” Mag asked with furrowed eyebrows as he slashed the two fat head fishes with his cleaver.

“This is a small opening game based on the Host’s past comments on the Steamed Fish Head with Diced Hot Red Peppers—Let’s Fight, Fat Head Fish! The Host has to fight increasing numbers of fat head fish. Once you are bitten by the fish, the count will start again.

“Moreover, you have to slash the fat head fish open in the middle of the head before it can be considered an effective kill. The first level, 10,000 fish. Go for it, Host!” The System’s laughing voice sounded.

“ㄟ( ++ 皿 ++ )!~”

Mag looked at the fat head fishes which had multiplied into four, and slashed them into halves.

Now that he thought back, he had complained offhandedly when eating Steamed Fish Head with Diced Hot Red Peppers in Changsha because the chef’s cutting skills were rather bad. The two halves of the head were cut unevenly. He said, “Let that chef go and hack 10,000 fat head fishes before he sells them again...”

He’d never thought...

...it would come true.

He indeed had to pay for his sins eventually.

Mag was hacking those fat head fishes like a whirlwind. He spun around among the fishes as he hacked and slashed. A fish died with every strike.

“This isn’t too difficult.” Mag used his 8th-tier knight’s body and reflexes to avoid those rotund fat head fishes easily. It was almost like going through a thick forest without a single leaf touching his body...

“Aiyoh!”

Mag suddenly felt a pain in his butt. He turned and saw a fat head fish latched onto his butt firmly. It was even rolling its eyes at him.

“Challenge failed!

“Back to zero!”

A cold voice sounded.

“No!”

Mag stared as the numbers that were in the 9,000s returned to zero in an instant. He couldn’t help but moan. Then, he used his knife to smack that hateful fat head fish away.

A fat head fish flew out from the corner...

“Challenge failed!

“Challenge failed!!

“Challenge failed...”

Although he was failing constantly, the numbers were increasing steadily, and Mag had evolved from his initial avoidance to a cold-blooded fat head fish killer.

300 fat head fishes appeared at the same time. Slash, slash. With two strokes of the cleaver, 300 fat head fishes were cut in two at the same time, and landed on the ground. Every one of them was perfectly cut into equal halves.

“Congratulations, Host. You have passed successfully! This time...”

The system’s voice sounded.

Mag flicked his hand, and the golden cleaver flew out and nailed a fat head fish at the corner into the ground. The system’s voice became noisy instantly. It only recovered after a while. “Now, you can begin to practice how to make the Steamed Fish Head with Diced Hot Red Peppers...”

“It’s just Steamed Fish Head with Diced Hot Red Peppers. How difficult can it be?” An expert smile appeared on Mag’s face as he picked a red chilli pepper and gave it a small sniff.

His face turned red instantaneously, and he sneezed hard for a few times.

“Damn, this chilli is a little too hot.” Mag raised his brows. This spiciness came too sudden.

Diced hot red peppers was the crux of the Steamed Fish Head with Diced Hot Red Peppers dish.

Making a successful chilli marinade was the focus of making a scrumptious Steamed Fish Head with Diced Hot Red Peppers.

Hence, Mag's journey of making the Steamed Fish Head with Diced Hot Red Peppers started with marinating the chilli.

The red hot chilli peppers—together with ginger, spring onions, and garlic—were placed on top of the white fish head, and then put into the steamer. When the time was up, the fish head would be taken out and soy sauce drizzled over it. Then, hot oil was poured over it, and a helping of Steamed Fish Head with Diced Hot Red Peppers that tasted, smelled, and looked good was done.

It looked rather simple at first.

However, when each and every single step was elevated to perfection, things were no longer simple.

Fail... Fail... Fail...

Early in the next morning, Mag opened his eyes, and the way the fat head fish rolled its eyes at him still lingered in his mind.

"Phew." Mag heaved a sigh of relief and glanced at the alarm clock next to his bed. It was six o'clock.

Today was his rest day, and the restaurant wasn't open for business, but he still had to get up early to make breakfast for the cleaners because they didn't have any days off.

Mag got out of the bed quietly. After washing up, he went to the kitchen downstairs. He went to take a look at the fish tank and a fat head fish was swimming past and rolling its eyes at him.

"凸( ++ 皿 ++ )!"

"I am going to get you!"

Mag grabbed that fat head fish, grasped the Chinese cleaver from the knife rack, and hacked that fish right on its head.

"Ding!"

The cleaver snapped into two.

The fat head fish that only had a little broken skin rolled its eyes smugly.

### **Chapter 1163: Host, Please Respect This System. Don't Humiliate Me With Money**

Mag stared at the broken cleaver in his hands, and then stared at that smug fat head fish. He was so taken aback that he asked in his heart, "System, does this stupid fish of yours have an iron head?"

"Please remain calm, Host. This Fat Head Fish lives in Lake Karasana at the extreme north of Norland Continent. The lake is frozen throughout the year, and the oxygen level in the water is extremely low. In order to survive, these fat head fish will use their heads to break the ice every day to obtain oxygen. After tens of thousands of years of evolution, their heads become extremely tough, and thus they are also called Icebreaker Fish. They are a 3rd-tier magic beast." The System gave a brief introduction.

“They only have to move to live in another place. Why did they have to do that?” Mag pursed his lips. He peered at the broken cleaver in his hand, and said, “Where’s that cleaver from last night? Seems like this golden-rimmed cleaver had outlived its usefulness. That cleaver from last night was quite good to use, just give me one of that.”

“Ding! Breaking the cleaver has triggered a hidden mission: one has to have his own personal best of the best cleaver in order to be the God of Cookery. Could the Host please proceed to the Issen Castle and find the best knifsmith and custom-make a personal Knife of the God of Cookery!” The system’s voice sounded.

“You are actually trying to do that?” Mag cocked an eyebrow before he shook his head decisively. “I reject this mission, System! I am a chef and this is already Year 9012, who would deliberately go to the dwarves to custom-make their cleavers now?”

“As a professional assistant, do you need to make your daddy make a trip personally when money can easily be used to solve this problem? Spit it out, how much does the cleaver from last night cost?”

“The cleaver that Daddy used was called “Crushing the Foes”. It was a cleaver that this System had specially designed for the Host. It used the highest-grade titanium alloy...” The System’s bootlicking voice suddenly faltered. After clearing its throat, it seriously continued, “Host, please respect this System. Don’t humiliate me with money. I am an upright and principled system. For this mission, you have to—”

“Double,” Mag said calmly.

“—personally—”

“Triple,” Mag continued calmly.

“—go—”

“Quadruple.”

“...go... go... go...”

“Fine, if you are not selling, I am not going to make this fish.” Mag flicked his hand nonchalantly, and that fat head fish went back into the tank in a perfect parabola.

“Wait a sec!” The System raised its voice, and then continued with much difficulty, “Host, you have to complete this mission! The time limit is three days. If the mission fails: the Host will lose all his rights to use the knives in the kitchen as he would be deemed looking down on the knives! If the mission is successful: the Host will gain a chance to return to his peak power briefly!”

Mag, who was about to walk away, halted, and asked with uncertainty in his heart, “System, do you mean it would be similar to the previous time where my power returns to 10th-tier straight away?”

“Yes. It’ll return to the peak condition that this body was once at for 10 minutes,” the System confirmed.

Mag’s eyes lit up before he piteously said, “10 minutes is a little too short, right? If the enemies talk too much, I will faint even before we start fighting. You know, some villains really talk a lot. Why don’t we make it slightly longer?”

“You cannot blame the villains for talking too much. Otherwise, all the superheroes’ stories would have been tragedies,” the System murmured before saying, “However, what the Host said makes sense. Hence, this System will adjust to this condition accordingly, and add another five minutes.”

“15 minutes.” After some pondering, Mag nodded in agreement. “Alright, I accept this mission.”

Looking at the three days countdown that appeared in his head, Mag began to make congee with pork and century egg.

Anna came down when the congee was almost ready. She went into the kitchen, and said, “Uncle Mag, let me help you.”

“Anna, don’t wake up so early in the future. Sleep more as you are still growing,” Mag said to Anna with a smile.

“It’s alright. I have slept enough. Uncle Mag wakes up even earlier than me.” Anna shook her head as she pulled open the bowls’ drawer and took out a pile of big bowls carefully. Then, she walked out of the kitchen.

Mag looked at Anna’s little back. This little one was perfect, apart from being too sensible. She was so sensible that his heart ached for her.

Mag opened the door at 6:30 am sharp, and carried the big pot out. Then, with Anna’s help, he distributed the congee with pork and century egg to the cleaners.

When they were almost done eating, Mag loudly announced, “I have something to tell you folks. I need to go on a trip today and it may take 2-3 days, so for the next couple of days, you folks have to bring your own breakfast. I inform you folks in advance, and hope you all don’t forget about it.”

“Please go on your trip in peace, Mr. Mag. We can take care of ourselves,” Old Jack said with a laugh, and the other cleaners chimed in too.

“Didn’t he promise us there will be breakfast every day? It’s only been two days and it stops,” Elton grumbled unhappily as he drank a mouthful of the congee.

This congee was delicious and free. Normally, he would always go hungry in the morning, and now the congee stopped after two days.

He gazed at Mag and moved his eyes around. Then, he laughed and stood up as he said to Mag, “Erm... Mr. Mag, we won’t have any breakfast once you leave. Why don’t we do this: since a bowl of your congee with pork and century egg sells for 200 copper coins, you can give each of us 400 copper coins to buy our own breakfast for these couple of days. The stuff that you give out will be of equal value, and we can have hot breakfast too. This problem will be solved.”

Many cleaners lifted their heads when they heard about 400 copper coins, which was almost a month of their wages. Even though they felt Elton’s method didn’t seem quite right, on second thought, his words weren’t wrong, either. That was 400 copper coins. They could buy lots of meat if they got it.

Mag looked at Elton and then suddenly laughed. This cad was much more despicable than he had imagined.



“Elton, you nasty, old cad!” Old Jack stood up immediately, pointed his finger at Elton, and furiously scolded, “Mr. Mag made us breakfast out of his own good will. He even got up early on his day off to stay true to his promise. What does he have to gain from you? The dirt on your body?”

“Now, he has to leave for an errand, and you actually have the cheek to ask him for 400 copper coins for breakfast? What do you think you are? Why don’t you use your face to sweep the floor?”

“You don’t want your face, but we still want ours. We couldn’t bring ourselves to make such a request. I even feel I have let Mr. Mag down by eating this congee next to you.”

“Yes. Mr. Mag is a great person. Please go on your trip in peace. We will take care of our own breakfast,” many of the cleaners chimed in.

Some of the cleaners who were tempted earlier blushed and lowered their heads in shame.

*Old fart has thwarted my plans.* Elton eyed Old Jack viciously. He saw that everyone was dissuaded by Old Jack’s words and he had become the bad guy, so he began to smile and say to Mag, “I am just saying it for fun. It’s just a joke. Don’t mind me, Boss Mag.”

“It’s fine. From tomorrow onward, you don’t have to come.” Mag smiled, and said to Elton, “This is not a joke.”

#### **Chapter 1164: Hey, Dirty Grandpa, You Have To Pay For What You Broke**

**Translator:** Henyee Translations **Editor:** Henyee Translations

Elton was stunned, and panic flashed across his eyes. He gulped and said, “W-what do you mean by saying that I don’t have to come?”

“Its literal simple meaning. From tomorrow onward, Mamy Restaurant will no longer supply breakfast for you,” Mag said to Elton sarcastically. “I am not serving you anymore.”

Elton’s expression changed drastically, and he pleaded, “Mr. Mag, I was just joking earlier, please don’t take it seriously. I promise I will never joke again. Look, the weather is so cold, I’ll be frozen to death if I don’t get a hot breakfast. Please take pity on me.”

Anna looked at Elton and then Mag. She seemed to want to speak, but hesitated to.

The other cleaners were also looking at Mag. Elton had indeed gone overboard. They were wondering how Mr. Mag would handle it.

“Excuse me, my kindness is limited. I only want to give it to people I want to share it with, and you obviously are not one of them. You are on the restaurant’s blacklist. From now on, my restaurant will not be serving you,” Mag said mildly, without any leeway for negotiation.

Elton stared at Mag, and realized he wasn’t going to negotiate or back down from not supplying him with the congee. Anger gave Elton the courage, and he smashed the big bowl onto the ground. He pointed at Mag with a smirk and scolded, “You are a hypocrite. You supply us with a little congee to do a show. Now, you are deliberately finding fault with me to stop supplying the porridge. I am going to expose you and let everyone know what kind of person you are. I am going to the city lord to report you.”

Mag glanced at the shattered bowl on the ground and cocked an eyebrow. This fellow was really an incorrigible person.

Elton looked Mag with smugness in his eyes. These rich people most cared about their reputation and face, especially a restaurateur like Mag. His business was going to suffer if his reputation was damaged. Mag would definitely bow down to him, and then Elton could extort a sum of money from him, and would be able to enjoy himself for the next few months.

Old Jack wanted to speak again, but the old lady stopped him, and softly said, "Mr. Mag can solve this himself. Don't mess things up for him. He isn't someone Elton could extort money from."

Mag looked at Elton as he smirked and said, "You're free to go report me wherever you like. This is your freedom. Of course, I am going to hold you accountable for all the slander and false accusations. I got money and time, so I am not afraid of trouble."

Elton was stunned. He didn't expect Mag would be so tough. His embarrassment became anger, and he said, "Fine. I am going to report you at the city lord's castle right now!" He turned to leave immediately after saying that.

"Wait a minute. It's fine if you want to report me, but compensate me for the bowl that you broke deliberately first. This is a top-grade porcelain bowl from the east. One costs 400 copper coins." Mag stopped Elton and pointed at the shattered bowl on the ground.

"400 copper coins!" Elton's eyes widened. He stared at the shattered bowl and then at Mag. He angrily said, "T-this is extortion!"

"Extortion?" Mag laughed. Then, his gaze turned cold and he raised his voice. "What you have done is akin to disorderly behavior. You have deliberately damaged others' property. According to Chaos City's law, you have to be responsible and compensate me accordingly."

"I... I..." There was panic in Elton's eyes. He didn't know any laws, and didn't expect Mag wouldn't back off, clashing with him head-on instead.

His monthly wage was only 600 copper coins, and he would spend it all on drinking on gambling within a few days. He still owed quite a lot of money, so there was no way he could compensate Mag with 600 copper coins.

"I am not going to argue with you anymore." Elton waved his hand and picked up his broom, preparing to leave.

"Hey, Dirty Grandpa, you have to pay for what you broke. Otherwise, my little fireball is not going to let you off." Amy's melodious voice sounded from behind. Nobody noticed that Amy had woken up, and was standing at the entrance with a little fireball dancing on her hand.

Elton's expression changed when he turned around and saw the tiny fireball in Amy's hand. He carried his broom as he ran and shouted, "Assault! Someone is assaulting cleaners! Assault..."

"He ran. Looks like he is not going to pay. What a bad decision," Amy murmured before pointing her finger at Elton. The little fireball flew out and chased after Elton.

A dirty old man carrying a broom and a dancing red fireball were running around Aden Square crazily. They were maintaining a distance of 50 cm the whole time.

Mag turned and asked, "Amy, will there be trouble?"

"Don't worry, Father. He is not going to die," Amy promised.

"Boom!"

An explosion sounded, and a small mushroom cloud rose up in the distance, accompanied by shrill screams.

Elton, who was covered in flames, dived into the bone-chilling fountain. The flames were extinguished instantly. Although he wasn't injured, the clothes on his body were all burned off, and the clear water became black.

He was shivering in the water. He couldn't decide whether to get up or not. He was so cold that tears flowed down his face. *Heavens, I should have just eaten the free breakfast and kept quiet. Now, I have neither breakfast nor clothes, how am I going to survive this winter?!*

The cleaners all grasped the bowls in their hands tightly after watching this scene. This was a bowl that cost 400 copper coins. They would have worked for nothing if they had broken one.

However, nobody sympathized with Elton. They all knew what kind of person he was. He was lazy and dishonest. He failed when he had designs on Mr. Mag, and was punished instead, so he had it coming.

"Mr. Mag and the little girl are really formidable. They had Elton under control," Old Jack said to the old lady smilingly.

*Uncle Mag and Amy are still the ones with solutions when it comes to dealing with bad guys, Anna thought. She wouldn't know what to do if it was up to her.*

Mag pinched Amy's face with a smile before saying to the cleaners, "Please continue, everyone. There is still plenty in the pot."

He took a broom, swept up the fragments, and threw them into the rubbish bin.

He wasn't some saint, so he wouldn't tolerate anyone.

After breakfast, Mag packed his stuff, wrote a notice, and hung it at the door.

"Uncle Mag, are you going on a trip?" Anna asked curiously after she saw the notice.

### **Chapter 1165: Issen Castle**

"Trip?" Gina stood at the side with a perplexed expression as she didn't quite understand the term.

"Yes, Amy and I are going on a trip." Mag nodded. He turned around with a smile, and asked Anna, "Do you want to go with us, Anna?"

*Will I be an inconvenience to them?* Anna thought worriedly before shaking her head, and said, "No, thank you. I will go to Big Sister Miya's ice cream shop."

“Alright then.” Mag didn’t insist. The trip to the dwarves wasn’t actually a real trip. He wasn’t sure if they would encounter any danger during their journey. Then, he asked Gina in the merfolk’s language, “Gina, we need to go on a trip for a couple of days. If you are bored, you can return to Lantisde or go have fun with Miya.”

Shaking her head, Gina said, “Lantisde is too far away, and I don’t want to bother Elizabeth. I will go to the ice cream shop with Anna.”

“Alright then.” Mag nodded. It was indeed very troublesome to travel to the Boundless Sea Realm without a flying mode of transport.

“Father, where are we going to play?” Amy asked curiously, hugging Ugly Duckling.

“We are going to a far away place. Wait here for me, I need to get something first.” Mag went back to the restaurant to scoop up the fat head fish that he had hacked on its head this morning. He put it into a small bucket, and took out a set of ingredients for making steamed fish head with diced hot red peppers from the fridge. Then, he lowered his head and said to the fat head fish swimming leisurely in the small bucket, “Don’t think I can’t do anything to you. I will eat you on our way there. I may not have a cleaver, but I have a sword.”

The fat head fish glared, and started to jump hysterically in the bucket.

Mag covered the bucket, which was a special bucket he bought from the System. Even a 3rd-tier magic beast like it couldn’t burst out of it. He was going head-on with this fat head fish.

“Let’s go. We will go to the ice cream shop first as I have something to tell them before we depart.” Mag came out and locked the door. He held Anna with his right hand and Amy with his left, and walked toward the ice cream shop.

Gina looked around her for a moment before she ran to catch up with them. She held Amy’s hand with a radiant smile.

Mag told Miya and the gang that he needed to go on a trip, and would only be back two, three days later. The restaurant would suspend its business until he got back. Then, he left with Amy.

After getting out of the city, Mag brought Amy to look for Ah Zi on the mountain. Mag whistled when they reached the middle of the mountain.

Ah Zi dashed out of the cave rapidly, and let out a surprised call as it dived toward Mag and Amy.

Ugly Duckling, which was lazing comfortably in Amy’s arms, opened its eyes and saw a huge griffin diving toward them. It jumped out of Amy’s hands and hid behind her, shivering badly.

Ah Zi landed in front of Mag and rubbed its head against Mag’s hand. It moved back instinctively when it saw Amy reach out, but it quickly went back to let her caress its head when it saw her expression become stern.

“How are you, little Ah Zi?” Amy said smilingly. She wasn’t scared of the griffin’s massive size at all.

“Meow~” Ugly Duckling called out weakly as if it was trying to remind Amy of its existence.

“?” Ah Zi was surprised to hear that call, and it stretched out its neck to look behind Amy. Its eyes lit up when it saw Ugly Duckling which was hiding behind Amy.

“Meow!” Ugly Duckling was shocked. It hugged Amy’ leg and buried its head into her shoes. It didn’t dare to raise its head and huddled itself.

“You are such a scaredy-cat, Ugly Duckling,” Amy said with disdain.

Ah Zi slowly lowered its head and gave Ugly Duckling a puff.

Puff~

As if a strong wind was blowing at it, Ugly Duckling fell back and rolled several times before lying on the ground and looking up at that huge head with a befuddled expression.

The furry head had dazzling purplish-golden fur and looked very majestic.

Ugly Duckling rolled its eyes about, and dared not make a move as it looked at Amy for help.

Ah Zi got closer to sniff at Ugly Duckling. An expression of ponder appeared on its face, and it went over to the other side to give Ugly Duckling a puff again.

Ugly Duckling fell back and rolled several times before lying on the ground with its white belly facing the sky. It rolled its eyes back and stuck its tongue out to play dead on the ground.

Mag, who was about to stop Ah Zi from hurting Ugly Duckling, faltered. He was watching Ah Zi size up Ugly Duckling with interest.

What was Ugly Duckling actually? So many customers came to the restaurant every day, but none of them knew what Ugly Duckling was. This made him really curious.

Ah Zi was a 10th-tier purple-striped griffin. It always treated the usual magic beasts with disdain, and seldom paid attention to them.

But now, he was surprised that it was so interested in Ugly Duckling.

Could Ugly Duckling be the offspring of some super magic beast too?

Ah Zi went close to Ugly Duckling, which was playing dead, and bared its scary teeth suddenly.

“Meow~”

Ugly Duckling was so shocked that it opened its eyes immediately and smacked Ah Zi on its face. Then, it jumped up and dashed back into Amy’s arms. It hid its head in her arms, leaving its butt facing out.

“Hahaha.”

Ugly Duckling left three light white scratches on Ah Zi’s head and made Ah Zi laugh hysterically.

“See, Little Ah Zi is laughing at you because you are fat. You are a fat and scaredy-cat.” Amy poked Ugly Duckling’s fat butt with disdain.

“Meat for you, Ah Zi.” Mag took out a big piece of beef from his backpack and threw it into the sky. Ah Zi leaped into the sky and caught it with its mouth. It chewed and swallowed before landing in front of Mag and shook its tail vigorously.

“I only brought a piece with me. You can catch your own prey along the way, and I will roast it for you.” Mag laughed and shook his head as he stroked it. Then, as he carried Amy and jumped onto the griffin’s back, he said, “Ah Zi, bring us to Issen Castle. Don’t let anyone see us on our way there.”

“Howl!” Ah Zi let out a long howl and took off toward the west, spreading its wings.

“Meow!” Ugly Duckling poked its head out Amy’s arms and looked down. Its eyes became two spirals instantly, and it fainted in Amy’s arms. This made Ah Zi laugh out again.

Ah Zi caught quite a big goat on the way, and Mag roasted it on the spot. He cut out two pieces for Amy and his lunch, and then gave the rest to Ah Zi as a reward.

After eating the roast goat, Ah Zi continued to fly toward the west with them on its back. After a while, a castle built in the midst of mountains appeared in Mag’s vision.

Black steel embedded into the cliffs and interconnected tunnels built up a nation in the mountains.

This was the Issen Castle, a nation that belonged to the dwarves, and the capital of forging of the Norland Continent.

Ah Zi landed in a valley not too far away from Issen Castle. Mag leaped to the ground with Amy. He stroked Ah Zi’s head, and said, “Play around here, Ah Zi. Don’t be discovered by others. We will stop here for a maximum of three days.”

Ah Zi nodded, and its gaze landed on Ugly Duckling in Amy’s arms.

“Even though Ugly Duckling is a little stupid, it’s still mine. You cannot have ideas on it, Little Ah Zi,” Amy said sternly.

### **Chapter 1166: Can I Just Take A Small Bite, Please?**

“Meow, howl~”

Ugly Duckling, which was afraid of Ah Zi initially, cried out at Ah Zi, shook its head, and bared its teeth smugly.

“Puff.” Ah Zi puffed out with annoyance, but it shrugged when it looked at Amy, trying not to make her angry.

“However, I can consider sharing a little with you when it gets bigger,” Amy murmured. “But only a little.”

“Meow?” Ugly Duckling’s eyes widened as it realized things weren’t as simple as it thought.

“Howl!” Ah Zi seemed to have understood Amy. It raised its head and released a happy howl as it looked at Ugly Duckling expectantly.

“Alright, let’s go to Issen Castle first. Although it looks quite near, we still have to find the best blacksmith when we get there.” Mag waved goodbye to Ah Zi. He held Amy’s hand and walked toward Issen Castle.

Ah Zi flapped its wings and left the canyon where people often passed by.

Issen Castle looked close when they were in the air, but to prevent others from discovering them, Ah Zi landed tens of miles away. It would take them some time to travel there.

Amy got tired only after walking for a short while. Mag carried her up, dumped Ugly Duckling into his backpack, and continued walking toward the steel castle in the midst of the mountains.

Just as Mag was considering renting a bicycle from the System, sounds of horses’ hooves and horse-drawn carriages appeared behind them. Mag stood at the side to let them pass, but the caravan stopped next to them.

On the first horse-drawn carriage, a middle-aged man in merchant clothing asked Mag, “Hey, are you going to the Issen Castle? Do you want us to give you a ride since you have brought a child along with you?” His gaze landed on Amy, who was sleeping in Mag’s arms, momentarily.

He didn’t know what this fellow was thinking, bringing a child out in such cold weather. The child would have been frozen by the time they walked to Issen Castle.

Mag surveyed the caravan. There were 10-odd horse-drawn carriages full of goods, and the coachmen were all humans. They looked like merchants from Rodu, and this chubby middle-aged man who greeted them should be the owner of the caravan. He was tanned and looked friendly, so Mag smiled, and replied, “If it’s possible, can we bother you, please?”

“Alright, hop in. There is a charcoal stove in the carriage. It’s warm. Don’t let the kid freeze,”

Godala said with a generous laugh as he lifted the heavy drapes of the carriage to let Mag and Amy in.

Mag carried Amy onto the carriage, and the warm air engulfed them. The coldness was totally shut out.

The interior of the carriage was rather spacious, and there was a rollaway bed at the back, so it should be where this merchant usually slept. There was an iron basin which had charcoal burning in it in the center of the carriage. There was a little iron grill on it which had a chicken roasting upon it. The carriage was already filled with the aroma of roast chicken.

“Roast chicken?” Amy had woken up the moment Mag sat down. She popped her head out of Mag’s arms, and stared at the roast chicken on the grill.

“This is not our roast chicken,” Mag said with a resigned smile. This little one could even notice a roast chicken in her sleep.

“Not ours?” Amy looked around her. How did she end up in this place? She had only dozed off for a short while. She perplexedly asked Mag, “Are we there already, Father?”

“Not yet. This kind uncle is giving us a ride, so we are in his horse-drawn carriage,” Mag said, shaking his head.

“Oh.” Amy nodded with a thoughtful expression. Then, she made a sweet smile, and asked Godala, “Uncle, is that roast chicken yours? Can I just take a small bite, please?”

*This little girl is so adorable.* Godala looked at Amy with wide eyes. He took the roast chicken and passed it to Amy with a smile. “You can even have two bites.”

“Amy, don’t eat others’ food. Uncle may not have had his meal yet.” Mag shook his head at Amy, who was about to accept the roast chicken.

“It’s fine, it’s fine. How much can a kid eat with two bites? Let her have some first, I can just eat the leftovers,” Godala said as he waved his hand. The little girl looked utterly precious and lovable. It was totally fine to let her have two bites first.

Amy retrieved her hands while staring at the roast chicken as she said to Mag, “Father, Uncle says it’s fine.”

“This...” Mag murmured. He finally nodded when he saw that Godala indeed didn’t mind. He again reminded her, “Just one bite.”

“Mm-hm.” Amy nodded happily as she pulled a thigh off the chicken and stuffed the whole thigh into her mouth. She chewed for a while, and then spat out a perfectly clean thigh bone before swallowing the rest. She nodded satedly. “Even though it isn’t as nice as the ones Father roasted, it is good enough.”

“This...” Godala stared at Amy, who ate a whole chicken thigh in a bite, in a shock. He only regained his wits after a while. How did this tiny little girl eat a whole chicken thigh in a single bite? Even he couldn’t have done that!

Moreover... he indeed had not had his lunch yet. This chicken which he had roasted for the past one hour was the lunch that he had prepared for himself. He would be lying if he said he didn’t feel his heart ache when he lost a whole thigh to a single bite.

“Uncle, can I have another bite, please?” Amy gave Godala a charming smile again.

Looking at that smile that was as cute as a kitten, who could believe that she had just eaten a whole chicken thigh in a single bite!

Even though he had said the words himself earlier, looking at the way she ate, he would only be left with bones when she were to take another bite.

“Erm, I think your father is right. Little children shouldn’t eat too much when they sit in a carriage, or else they would feel uncomfortable.” Godala took the roast chicken over from Amy and nodded seriously.

Mag touched his nose as he tried to hold back his laughter.

“It’s only a small bite.” Amy retrieved her gaze unwillingly from the roast chicken. She took Ugly Duckling out from the backpack and hugged it. She leaned against Mag and immediately closed her eyes to resume her sleep.

Stunned, Godala stared at Amy who fell asleep instantly. Then, he gave Mag a thumbs up. “This daughter of yours is a genius.”



“You’re far too kind.” Mag turned to his side slightly to let Amy lean at a more comfortable angle.

“Oh yes, I am Godala. A merchant from Rodu. Where did you come from? What are you going to do at Issen Castle?” Godala asked Mag curiously.

This pair of father and daughter didn’t look like merchants or vagrants. Instead, they looked like the rich who came out for a leisure trip. They even brought along a kitten of a strange coloring.

Chapter 1167: The Legendary Blacksmith

“I am Mag. This is my daughter, Amy. We came from Chaos City. Our flying steed had some problems, and it dumped us before we reached Issen Castle, so we could only walk there,” Mag replied with a smile, mixing lies with the truth.

Mamy Restaurant was very famous now, and they could bump into someone they knew in Issen Castle. They would have caused more suspicions and concerns if they concealed the truth completely. It was better to be more truthful; anyway, he did come to make a good cleaver.

Godala looked at Mag, feeling rather surprised. That they could take a flying steed from Chaos City to Issen Castle implied that this pair of father and daughter were indeed not vagrants, and were rather well-to-do people. They simply had a stroke of bad luck. Smiling, he said, “In this case, you have rather bad luck. If you haven’t met me, you would’ve been walking for two, three hours in the cold weather. What did you guys come so far to Issen Castle to do?”

“I am a chef. I came here to find the best blacksmith to make me a handy cleaver. I wonder if Mr. Godala knows who is the best blacksmith in Issen Castle? Where can I find him?” Mag asked.

“I have been shuttling between Rodu and Issen Castle for the past 30 over years. I stay at Issen Castle for three months every year, so naturally I know it like the back of my hand,” Godala said confidently. Then, he puzzledly asked Mag, “Even though I have never been to Chaos City, I have heard many of my colleagues say that Chaos City has every species there. It shouldn’t be difficult to find a dwarf blacksmith to make you a cleaver there? Why did you come to Issen Castle specially for that? And you are even looking for the best blacksmith? Isn’t this too over the top?”

“The cleavers made by the blacksmiths in Chaos City couldn’t satisfy my requirements,” Mag replied to Godala, who was looking at him as if he was a moron, calmly.

“Couldn’t satisfy your requirements? Do you have to demand so much from a cleaver?” Godala still couldn’t understand as he tore out a chicken thigh and started eating it.

He always used a small knife that he brought along with him whenever he ate the wild game that he caught on his journey. He bought it at a roadside stall at Issen Castle with 3 copper coins. It was still perfectly functional after 10-odd years of use. Why was Mag being so particular?

“Some of the ingredients can’t be hacked apart with a normal cleaver. Hence, I have to come to look for the best blacksmith in Issen Castle to make the best cleaver,” Mag replied.

“A normal cleaver can’t hack it apart? Are you cooking with magic beasts?!” Godala was slightly taken aback. He had seen quite a number of magic beasts as a travelling merchant all these years. Because a caravan always had one or two knights travelling along with them, nothing ever happened when they met the low-tier magic beasts.

The magic beasts did have solid bones, and even the knights' longswords couldn't hack them apart.

"Yes." Mag nodded before continuing, "Please tell me all about the formidable blacksmiths in Issen Castle, Mr. Godala. The motive of my trip is to bring back the best cleaver. I would be wasting time if I asked after we reached Issen Castle."

"Alright, then. I will tell you about them." Godala saw that Mag was very determined, so he didn't ask anymore. "If you ask who is the most famous blacksmith in Issen Castle, that has to be the legendary blacksmith—Master Rom.

"Master Rom, who is already at the ripe old age of 400, has left his name on the Norland Continent for making uncountable famous weapons. The most famous among them was Lord Alex's Tian Du sword.

"Over 300 years ago, Master Rom had custom-made the Tian Du sword for the ancestor of the Alex Family. That ancestor guarded the northwest of the empire, and rendered meritorious service. He extended the glory of the Alex Family at its peak.

"Many years later, the Alex Family's castle was overrun by the demons and orcs' coalition forces. The family was exterminated, and almost no one survived.

"300 years later, Master Alex appeared out of nowhere with the Tian Du sword, and became the strongest powerhouse of the Roth Empire without any dispute. He was like an archangel that descended from above and crushed all the powerhouses on the Norland Continent. He slaughtered dragons and demons, and was deemed the number one knight. Tian Du sword was again famous and considered as the number one sword in the world."

Mag was rather surprised that the master who'd made the Tian Du sword was still alive.

"Mr. Godala likes Alex a lot?" he smilingly asked Godala, who was very excited when he talked about Alex.

"Of course! Is there anyone in the Roth Empire who doesn't like Master Alex? He is the pride of our empire. He was the first knight in this world to be called a dragon killer, and because of him, we, the people of Roth Empire, never fear the giant dragons again," Godala said with conviction. He glanced at Mag and then shook his head dejectedly. "Never mind. A chef like you wouldn't understand. Anyway, you could never imagine the things that Master Alex had done."

"Alright, please continue to talk about that Master Rom." Mag nodded as he tried to hold back his laughter.

"Master Rom had made many other famous masterpieces besides the Tian Du sword. Only the most powerful powerhouses from each species are able to reserve a weapon from him. Normal people don't even have the rights to line up for them," Godala lamented.

"So, this means that this Master Rom represents the highest standards of the blacksmiths in Issen Castle?" Mag said thoughtfully.

"You can put it that way too. You can go ask around, nobody will say they are better than Master Rom." Godala nodded before trying to talk Mag out of his idea. "Don't even think about Master Rom. You can't even get in the line. Furthermore, I have heard that Master Rom's temper has gotten from bad to worse

in the last few years. He has already changed many assistants in the shop, and customers who went in without an appointment were scolded and chased out straight away. You'd better not go and try your luck."

"I want to have the best cleaver forged for me, so I am afraid that I have to go and try my luck," Mag said with a smile. "I wonder if Mr. Godala knows the location of Master Rom's workshop?"

"Sigh. I have already said you will not succeed at Master Rom's. He only makes the best weapons in this world. Why would he make a cleaver for you? You will be beaten and thrown out by his disciples if you go to him. If you want to find a good blacksmith, I can introduce a few who are capable and easy to negotiate with. Why do you have to seek trouble for yourself?" Godala looked at Mag puzzledly.

Mag could see that Godala was being kind, but he still shook his head with a smile. "Since I have already come to Issen Castle, I have to give it a try. If I failed, Mr. Godala could introduce the other blacksmiths to me."

"Alright. We will be passing by Master Rom's workshop later, and I will let you alight there." Godala gave up trying to talk Mag out of it after he saw that Mag was so stubborn. He would know what he said was true after he ran into the wall.

For the rest of their journey, Godala told Mag about the rules and things to note in Issen Castle. They had a good time chatting.

"That is Master Rom's workshop, Mr. Mag." The horse-drawn carriage stopped on a street in Issen Castle. Godala very seriously reminded Mag, "I am staying at the Tam Inn at the end of this street. You can come and look for me if you have any trouble. Remember, do not provoke Master Rom, or it will be very troublesome."

### **Chapter 1168: Humiliating The Master!**

After watching the caravan move away, Mag, carrying his backpack and holding Amy's hand, stared at the ordinary and rather rundown blacksmith workshop in the quiet street corner. It didn't feel like the world's top blacksmith's workshop; it looked like the usual rundown old blacksmith shop instead.

Then, his gaze landed on the 10-odd people lining up in front of the entrance.

The blacksmith shop had a small door that was half-closed, and he could hear the tinkering sounds coming from within. The line was formed outside that door.

A demon with a ferocious face, a demon with a strapping figure, a human knight in armor, an elf with an aloof expression, and a goblin with a pointy face. They were all looking at one another with hostility as they stood in the line. All of them had the presence of a powerhouse.

Mag's gaze swept across them; even the weakest elf had a 7th-tier power. The rest of them were 8th-tier and 9th-tier powerhouses.

This scene made Mag feel rather familiar.

Amy looked at the line curiously, and asked, "Father, are they lining up for their meals?"

“No. They should be waiting to order their weapons. Let’s join the line.” Mag shook his head and brought Amy along with him to walk to the end of the line.

Mag joined the line, and he instantly attracted the attention of all the customers standing in front of him. They were sizing him up with hostility in their eyes.

After they saw that Mag was just a normal human, there was also disdain in their expressions.

The demon standing in front of Mag turned around with a hostile expression, and said to Mag, “Hey, what are you doing here, chap? Bringing your kid out for fun? Do you know what this place is?” His gaze even lingered on Amy as he made a scary face at her.

“Hahaha. Uncle, you have a funny expression.” Amy was not scared at all, and she laughed happily instead.

“Funny?” Hadeng was stunned. His scary looks could even make little demons cry on the spot, let alone human children, and this kiddo actually said he looked funny? Wasn’t this insulting his looks!?

Mag pulled Amy behind him, and calmly said to this hideous-looking demon, “This should be Master Rom’s workshop, right? I came here to ask him to forge a cleaver.”

A 7th-tier demon. He could even kill him instantly with his current capability, and he had the capability to duel with any one of those in the line.

He, who had just broken through to the 8th-tier, hadn’t sparred with anyone yet.

“C-cleaver?” Hadeng was taken aback, and he stared at Mag in disbelief. “You are talking about the cleavers that you humans use to chop your food ingredients?”

Everyone in the line looked stunned and a little furious.

They had come to line up here every day, hoping that Master Rom would be kind enough to forge an unique weapon for them one fine day and they could become one of the top powerhouses in Norland Continent.

And this fellow actually wanted Master Rom to forge a cleaver for him?

Wasn’t it akin to humiliating the master!?

It was because of these ridiculous fellows that made trouble at the master’s workshop every day that the master got irritated with them, the innocent customers.

“Mm-hm,” Mag replied calmly.

“The dishes my father makes are fantastic,” Amy chimed in.

Everyone glared at them. This father and daughter pair simply had no shame.

Hadeng was very angry, but he couldn’t vent his anger when he looked at the adorable little lolita. He pointed to the front. “If you want to forge a cleaver, you can do it at any of the other blacksmith shops. Why are you coming here to create trouble at Master Rom’s? See that, that shop over there specializes in making cleavers and hoes. You can proceed over there.”

“Thank you very much for your concern. My cleaver must be made by Master Rom.” Mag shook his head, and didn’t bother with Hadeng anymore. He took out a water bottle, poured a cup of water for Amy, and then he tilted back his head to drink from the bottle heartily.

“You...” Hadeng still wanted to say something.

Right at this moment, that half-closed door suddenly opened outward, and a lad in his teens walked out. With a sad expression, he said, “You guys can go now. Master Rom says he doesn’t want to see anyone today. Even if you wait till the sun goes down, he will not see you.”

Everyone in the line felt disappointed immediately.

“Little Master, is Master Rom in a bad mood again today?” the orc standing in the very front asked in a soft voice.

The young shop assistant looked inside with a depressed expression, and then said, “Master has been in a bad mood for the past two years. You guys can stop coming. Master will never make weapons for you if he cannot finish his current work.”

They began to go away with disappointment on their faces. Even though they had been through the same experience numerous times, their hope seemed to get dimmer and dimmer with every rejection.

“Sigh, I guess I will come again tomorrow.” Hadeng sighed and prepared to leave too. He looked at Mag, who was keeping the water bottle and began to move to the front, and asked with befuddlement, “Why are you still moving to the front? Master Rom already said he wouldn’t be taking any customers.”

“He might see me since all of you have left,” Mag said smilingly. He only had three days. Even though it looked like that Master Rom had a weird temper, he still had to give it a try.

Hadeng sarcastically said, “Ah, you really think you are nice to look at? Master Rom has even rejected many 10th-tier powerhouses, and you want him to make you a cleaver? You know about Alex, right? That guy who flies around in the sky on a griffin and kills dragons for fun. His sword was made by Master Rom, and you want to use a cleaver that came from his sword’s creator?”

The customers who were still close by laughed at Mag sarcastically. This fellow was so ridiculous. A chef trying to get Master Rom to make him a cleaver was really one big joke.

“Since when has Master Rom stopped accepting normal orders?” Mag asked instead, ignoring Hadeng and the other customers’ sneering.

Hadeng saw that Mag had remained calm, so he toned down his sarcastic smile. After some thought, he said, “It has been more than one year. I heard Master Rom was very friendly before. Although he didn’t accept many orders, he was always polite to his disciples and customers. But in the recent couple of years, his temper has been getting worse. He has already changed three batches of apprentices, and is very unfriendly to customers who come to his workshop.”

As if he had felt he was being over friendly to Mag, Hadeng put on a serious face again and smirked.

“Anyway, you must be daydreaming if you want Master Rom to make a cleaver for you. You could even get beaten up by his disciples and thrown out to the other street.”

"I hope I can still see you here tomorrow." Hadeng left after saying that. The other customers had also left.

Mag arranged his clothes and then held Amy's hand as he approached the lad, who was about to close the door, with a smile. "Little Master, can you help me tell Master Rom that I am a chef from Chaos City, and I would like to ask Master Rom to make a cleaver for me?"

### **Chapter 1169: Excuse Me, Can You Lend Me A Knife Please?**

"C-cleaver?" The dwarf assistant was taken aback. Although he had only been with Master Rom for six months, he had already heard many weird requests as he had to receive many customers who were attracted by Master Rom's fame every day. However, this was the first time he had heard of a cleaver.

"Yes." Mag nodded seriously before adding, "The kind of cleaver that a chef uses to chop his ingredients when he's cooking."

"Master Rom said he was not receiving any customers or accepting any orders today. Please go back." The shop assistant shook his head. This human chef most likely didn't know the situation very well. It was usually the powerhouses who came to look for the master to forge a weapon specially for them. Instead, he had requested to forge a cleaver.

"May I bother you to inform the master?" Mag insisted.

The assistant pondered after he saw Mag's determined gaze. Then, he nodded. "Alright. I will pass on the message, but don't get your hopes up."

"Thank you." Mag nodded.

The lad turned and went in. The interior of the weapons shop was much more spacious than it looked from the outside. However, there wasn't much lighting in there. There were only two dim yellowish wall lights, which made the interior look quite dark.

A little blacksmith in his teens was standing in front of the furnace, flattening the red iron ore with the heavy hammer in his hand with all his might.

An old dwarf with white hair was sitting on an iron stool in front of the furnace. The pipe that he was smoking was already extinguished, and he was staring at the dancing flames in the furnace with a vacant look.

"Master Rom." The lad went forward and called him cautiously.

The old man remained dazed for quite some time before he raised his head up, revealing his red bulbous nose. He frowned, and impatiently said, "What's the matter? Haven't those irritating fellows scammed yet?"

"No, they are already gone. However, there is a chef who said he came from Chaos City, and would like you to custom-make a cleaver for him. He wanted me to pass you this message," the lad quickly said. He peeped at the master's expression, and he knew he had gotten himself into trouble because of that fellow at the entrance.

“Cleaver?” Master Rom was stunned. Then, as if he had suddenly recalled something, he raised his voice. “You are saying there is a fellow out there who wants me to make a cleaver for him?”

Cold sweat began to trickle down from the lad’s forehead. He suddenly regretted passing the message about making a cleaver for that fellow. He could have just lost the chance to continue working at Master Rom’s workshop. However, he could only nod his head under the gaze of Master Rom now.

“Ha! I learned to forge at the age of five, and I no longer forged stuff like cleavers and hoes since I was eight. I have forged countless weapons for the past 400 years, and they are all considered to be the best of the best, and now somebody is asking me to forge a cleaver? Do they think I am at my wit’s end?!” Master Rom kicked an iron frame at the side over. The iron frame that was full of unfinished weapons fell to the ground, making a din.

The little apprentice put down the hammer in his hand slowly and looked at the shop assistant with a worried look.

The young shop assistant panicked, and he said in a quivering voice, “I... I’ll ask him to leave now.”

“No need! Scram, all of you scram!” Master Rom roared angrily.

“Yes,” both the apprentice and the assistant replied. They didn’t dare to pick up the iron frame, and swiftly walked toward the door.

Mag, who was standing at the half-closed door, could hear the movements in there clearly. He felt rather guilty when he saw the two young lads rush out and close the door.

“Please go. Mr. Rom will not see you.” That assistant gave Mag a complicated look, and then left with the other lad dejectedly. Both of their backs looked desolate.

“Father, why are they not happy?” Amy asked perplexedly.

“They were scolded by their master because of Father. They may even lose their jobs.” Mag looked at their backs, and felt that he should find a chance to compensate them.

Only when their backs disappeared at the end of the street did Mag stop looking at them to look at the ancient workshop.

“Must this cleaver be made by Master Rom, System? Can I change to another expert blacksmith?” Mag asked in his heart.

“Master Rom is the top blacksmith in this world. No one’s forging skills is comparable to his. Only the cleaver he makes can cut through anything and will be able to accompany the Host on his life journey. So, the Host has to get Master Rom to forge the cleaver for him before the mission is considered completed.”

“System, this mission of yours is unreasonable. He looks down on forging cleavers. This is an impossible mission,” Mag said with dejection.

“There will be all sorts of trouble on your journey to become the God of Cookery. I hope the Host will try to conquer them enthusiastically,” the System encouraged before disappearing completely.

“Damn.” Mag rolled his eyes. He went into deep thought, staring at the tightly shut door.

In the blacksmith workshop, Rom stared at the mess on the ground. He took a deep breath before lying in the chair, staring at the fire in a daze.

He had never left this workshop in his entire life. He learnt how to forge from his father at five years old, and he could forge the best cleavers and hoes in Issen Castle when he was six. He started to forge weapons at the age of eight, and it all started from there.

Tian Du sword was forged for a knight who came from afar when he was 20.

He spent one whole year’s time before that sword was forged successfully, and that young knight used that sword to the north of the human territory, rendered meritorious service, and slaughtered many powerhouses. It also brought him the attention of the people on the Norland Continent, and made him a famous blacksmith.

And in the hundreds of years that followed after, he made numerous weapons, and they had become the murder weapons in the hands of the many powerhouses.

He became more and more famous. 10th-tier powerhouses began to line up to ask him to forge their weapons, and the rich and powerful of all the species began to lower their high-and-mighty heads to ask him to make a weapon for them.

Even during the years of the species war, he never left his workshop. He was immersed in forging, giving the powerhouses powerful weapon after powerful weapon, and allowed them to gain fame and notoriety. They gave him the name of “Number One Blacksmith”.

He didn’t know what he wanted, but he enjoyed the feeling of being immersed totally in forging very much. He was even more addicted to the sensation of success when he took the powerful weapons out of the furnace when they were done.

However, when he woke up one morning two years ago, he suddenly couldn’t remember what he had done yesterday. He had even forgotten how many strikes he had struck on that sword he was forging the day before. He also couldn’t remember the number of procedures he had done on it too.

To a blacksmith, this was without a doubt fatal.

He could no longer forge a weapon alone all by himself, but he was unwilling to tell anyone about this.

Therefore, he became frustrated and irritable. He chased away his closest disciples, and no longer accepted new orders. He had not given out a weapon in two years.

The 400 years of lifespan seemed to be coming to an end.

Rom knew this very clearly, but he didn’t want to admit it.

He was willing to collapse on his forging table one day, but he didn’t want to die in a haze.

Right at this moment, there was a knock at the door, and a cute and cuddly voice said, “Excuse me, can you lend me a knife please?”

**Chapter 1170: You Can Continue To Jump Around**



“Borrow a knife?”

The cute and cuddly voice woke Rom from his deep thoughts. He glanced at the small window in the corner, and realized the sky had already turned dark.

“Who wants to borrow a knife? A little girl? Weird?” Rom frowned. He slowly stood up and grabbed the wine canister at the side. He opened the cover and had a gulp before walking to the door.

Even though he was slowly losing control of his emotions in these two years, he couldn’t reject children as he got older.

Rom opened the door, and saw a little half-elf girl about four, five years old standing at the door. The little one was so pretty, and she was looking up at him now.

“Little one, why are you knocking on my door?” Rom tried to lower his voice so he wouldn’t scare this little one.

“Old Grandpa, can you lend me a knife, please? My father and I came from a far away place. We don’t have a place to stay and a place to eat. Now, we can only cook our own dinner here. But, we forgot to bring our cleaver, so we can’t even chop open that stupid fish,” Amy said to Rom piteously.

Rom looked at where Amy was pointing. There was a fire lit on the empty space opposite of the workshop, and a young man was standing next to the fire. He was looking over here with a smile, and there was a big bag at his feet.

“I don’t have a cleaver, little one. Go and ask somewhere else.” Rom shook his head. He didn’t lie—there indeed wasn’t a cleaver in his workshop.

Amy took a look at the dark alley, shaking her head, and said, “But everyone else is closed. Old Grandpa, can you just lend us any knife? As long as we can cut open that stupid fish.”

Mag, who was standing next to the fire, was also appraising Rom. This old dwarf still looked very strong. His thick arms were as thick as a normal human’s waist, so they made him look very squarish. His white hair and wrinkles proved his age.

Given the dwarves’ average lifespan of 400, this Master Rom was indeed very old.

However, he looked quite friendly when he was talking to Amy. One couldn’t imagine he had just screamed at his assistants irritably earlier.

Rom looked around, and saw the other shops on the streets were indeed all closed. The dwarves loved to drink, and they all went to the pubs to drink once the sky turned dark. It was really not easy to find another place to borrow a knife.

Mag came forward and said to Rom, “Nice to meet you, I am Mag. My daughter and I came from Chaos City. I would like to ask Master Rom to forge the best cleaver in this world for me. I have made Master Rom angry, and gotten the two lads in trouble with my imprudent behaviour earlier. I feel very bad, and would like to apologize to Master Rom for that. I hope Master Rom can forgive the two young gentlemen.”

“You are that fellow who was trying to ask me to forge a cleaver earlier?” Rom furrowed his eyebrows with an angry expression. He raised his voice and said, “I am a weaponsmith. I only forge weapons for battle. I never forge cleavers. Please go. I will never forge a cleaver for a chef.”

“Master Rom, as a chef, I believe the battle between a chef and his ingredients is even more intense than the battle between a knight and a magic beast, because no knight would ever slice open the magic beast’s skin and hide delicately, hack open the strongest bones to find the most delicious part, and present it to his customers,” Mag said Master Rom with a determined look.

“Ah. A chef is just a chef. Do you believe you are fighting like a knight fighting a magic beast?” Rom smirked as he disagreed with Mag’s laughable point of view.

“This is a 3rd-tier magic beast, Fat Head Fish. I want to use it to make the most delicious steamed Fish Head with Diced Hot Red Peppers. I have 100 methods to kill it, but my cleaver couldn’t hack open its head. Hence, I have brought it from Chaos City to Issen Castle to find a cleaver that can hack open its head,” Mag said as he took out the bucket, pointing at the fat head fish in there.

Rom looked at the magic beast that was bumping into the cover crazily in the bucket. The fat head fish that was making thuds was stunned too. Judging by sensing its magical presence, this was indeed a 3rd-tier magic beast, and the big head that was a half of its whole body should be the hardest part of its body.

It was indeed not easy to hack open the head of a magic beast like this without a suitable weapon. However...

“Don’t we only eat the fish’s flesh? I have never heard of people eating a fish’s head. So what if you could hack open this fish’s head? Are you going to eat what is inside the fish’s head?” Rom said to Mag with a frown.

“A fish head that is cooked appropriately tastes way better than the flesh. Isn’t it a waste to pass over such a delicacy?” Mag shook his head as he said to Master Rom, “Master Rom, why don’t we have a bet. You lend me a knife to hack open the head of this fat head fish, and I’ll cook a dish with the fish’s head. You will taste it, and if you think it’s delicious, please forge a cleaver for me. If you don’t think it’s nice, I will leave Issen Castle immediately. What do you think about it?”

“Old Grandpa, my father’s dishes are really very scrumptious,” Amy said to Rom as she rubbed her tummy. With a piteous look, she continued, “My tummy is starving~~~”

“Meow~”

Ugly Duckling gulped as it stared at the fat head fish in the bucket. Its eyes began to emit a green glow.

That fat head fish seemed to sense a horrible threat. It stopped all its movement at once, and slowly turned around to look at Ugly Duckling. With a splat, it swam to the other end of the bucket instantly and stared at Ugly Duckling with fear.

“A bet?” There was some hesitation on Rom’s face. He looked at the fat head fish in the bucket, and then looked at Amy again. He finally nodded after pondering for some time. “Alright, I will bet with you. But don’t get happy too early, I am very picky about my food.”

An elated expression appeared on Mag's face. *When it comes to food, no matter how picky your mouth is, I can make you shut it and concentrate on eating.*

Rom went into the workshop, picked up a semi-finished product on the floor casually, and tossed it to Mag.

Mag grabbed the longsword agily. The black longsword felt rather light in his hand. Looking at this sword, it most probably wasn't complete, as the patterns on the sword's handle and body weren't carved yet.

However, even though it was just a semi-finished product, it was still an exceptional sword.

"Good sword. Thank you, Master Rom. Please give me a moment." Mag put his hands together in a gesture. Then, he carried the sword and the bucket toward the fire.

Putting down the bucket, Mag used the snow to cleanse the sword. Then, he removed the cover to grasp that fat head fish. Looking at the fat head fish that was struggling in his hand, he laughingly said, "You can continue to jump around."