

Stay At home 1171

Chapter 1171: Please Taste It

The fat head fish struggled in Mag's hands hysterically as it tried to escape from Mag's grasp.

However, Mag's hands were like pincers that wouldn't let go no matter how hard it struggled. He took that black longsword and swung it. The fat head fish was cut into two from the center.

These knife skills. Rom, who was still vexed over letting a chef use a weapon he forged to kill a fish, widened his eyes. The clean and smooth cutting skills hacked that 3rd-tier big fish into halves. The cut was clean and tidy, and the intestines were separated equally in the two halves perfectly without any damage.

Even all the different species' powerhouses that lined up at his shop every day couldn't have done that.

The intestines were removed, and the sword was flipped over. Tiny scales began to fly off. In the blink of an eye, the entire fish became two equal halves of fish head on the plate.

The fish tail was cut off by Mag. Because this fish's body was extremely short and the flesh was very succulent, there was still a section of flesh left just beneath the head. The entire fish could be utilized very efficiently.

I guess this fat head fish should be destined to be made into the steamed fish head with diced hot red peppers? Mag looked at the small fish tail in his hand. He used a bamboo skewer to go through it, and then grilled it over the fire straight away. This was Ugly Duckling's dinner.

After removing the gills and making a few cuts on the flesh, he rubbed cooking wine, pepper, and salt over it. Then, he left it aside to marinate.

He took out the chaotian pepper and pickled ginger that he had bought from the System, and cut them up on the small chopping board that he brought along. Then, he added a little cooking wine to them, and put them into a bowl.

He sliced the raw ginger and chopped spring onions into sections before placing them on the bottom of a deep dish. He placed the marinated fish head on them before putting the bright red chopped peppers on top of the fish head.

There was a steaming pot hanging over the fire. The water in the pot was taken from a well nearby.

The fire quickly got the water boiling. Mag lowered the plate with the fish into the pot and covered the lid. The fish was now steaming in the pot. All he needed to do was wait patiently for it to be ready.

Rom walked to the fire and stared at Mag in amazement.

He had never cooked for himself. He was used to having a big piece of meat with hard liquor at the pub for his meals. He had never watched someone cook so closely and attentively.

He had always imagined that a chef cooked in a simple and rough manner, but Mag was different. The way that he focused on his cooking was way above the best smith he had ever seen. He was calm and confident, and his actions were practiced and smooth. He reminded him of himself.

The way he looked when he was focused made the people watching him hold their breath, afraid to interrupt his exceptional performance.

Mag flipped the fish tail over to the other side, and when he raised his head, he was surprised to see Rom next to the fire. Smiling, he said, "Please wait for a moment, Master Rom. It still needs some time before we can take it out."

"Mm-hmm." Rom cleared his throat to hide his embarrassment after staring, but he didn't think he was going to lose this bet—after all, he was one deciding if this dish suited his taste.

In the empty space in the street corner in front of the workshop, an old dwarf, a young cook, and a half-elf child were standing around the fire, waiting patiently for the steamed fish head with diced hot red peppers to be ready.

And Ugly Duckling was staring at that fishtail with its head up. It swallowed its saliva subconsciously. The aroma of grilled fish began to spread, and it was a smell that mesmerized the cat.

Mag picked up the bamboo skewer and turned it around once. He was sure that this fish tail was already ready, so he was about to remove the skewer and give it to Ugly Duckling.

Amy came forward with a sacrificial expression, and said, "Father, let me try the taste for Ugly Duckling first."

"Meow!" Ugly Duckling shook his head at Mag quickly.

A smile appeared on Mag's face. This little one was so greedy that she even wanted to eat Ugly Duckling's food. He looked at the small fish tail in his hand, and then broke off a tiny piece to give Amy, and placed the rest in front of Ugly Duckling.

"Meow, howl~"

Ugly Duckling meowed at Mag with gratitude before climbing up a big tree at the side with the fish tail. It sat on the branch and enjoyed its dinner.

Amy put the piece of fish into her mouth and chewed. Her eyes lit up as she said, "Although Father didn't put salt on it, it is still very scrumptious."

Then, her gaze started to move toward Ugly Duckling, which was sitting on a branch.

As if it could sense Amy's gaze, Ugly Duckling turned its body around slowly and faced her with its butt, pretending not to see her at all.

"Alright. That is Ugly Duckling's dinner. Let it eat in peace. It had a hard time on the journey too," Mag said laughingly as he took out a packet of rice vermicelli, and put it aside as he looked at the steaming pot.

"I hope you'll get too fat." Amy gave Ugly Duckling one look before looking at the steam pot too.

After steaming with a big fire for 10 minutes, Mag removed the steam pot and took the fish head. He scattered some chopped green onions over it, and drizzled a tablespoon of soy sauce above it too. Then, he heated up some oil and drizzled it over the fish head.

Psst...

A beautiful sound appeared. The spicy chopped chilli covered the entire fish head, and the oil was dancing on the plate. The hidden freshness was ignited at this instance.

The fiery red chopped chilli on top covered white and tender fish head, and a piping hot aroma washed over them.

“Gulp.” Rom’s Adam’s apple moved, and astonishment appeared on his face lit up by the fire. There was a light in his eyes.

What a wonderful aroma. Is this really the aroma of the fish? An excited sensation washed all over me. It made me want to hide yet also go ahead at the same time. It’s too amazing... Rom stared at the steamed fish head with diced hot red peppers with disbelief. A storm was already brewing in his heart.

His stomach growled beyond his control, and that made him blush.

A curl appeared on Mag’s lips. Everything would be easy now as his stomach had growled. He changed the water in the pot, and placed it over the fire again.

“Have a seat here, Master Rom. We have only one fish for you today.” Mag invited him as he took the plate of fish head, and went over to the simple tables and chairs that the old folks used to sit under the sun. He placed the plate on the table.

Amy had already jogged over and climbed up onto a chair.

Since I’ve already agreed to the bet, I will just take one bite, Rom thought as he walked over to the table too.

“Please taste it.” Mag passed a pair of chopsticks to Rom.

Rom took the chopsticks and glanced at Mag before picking up a piece of chopped chilli and putting it into his mouth.

“No—” Mag couldn’t stop him in time.

“Ugh!!!”

Rom’s face flushed red instantly. The sourish and spicy taste exploded on his tongue. His tongue didn’t seem to belong to him anymore. The spicy feeling spread from his tongue toward the rest of his body. The chill in his body was expelled instantly, and fine sweat appeared on his forehead.

“Phew~”

Rom let out a breath. His whole body felt unblocked after eating that piece of chilli.

“—you should have eaten the meat.” Mag only managed to get the rest of his words out now.

Chapter 1172: The Insane Steamed Fish Head With Diced Hot Red Peppers

Rom felt his whole body was smoothed out after swallowing that piece of chopped chilli. Sensation slowly returned to his tongue, and the sourish taste was rather unique too.

Mag used chopsticks to push the chopped chilli aside to reveal the white and tender fish head below. He gestured to Rom. "This is the fish head."

"Of course I know this is the fish head. I was just having a taste earlier," Rom replied calmly before using the chopsticks to feed himself a piece of the fish meat.

The hot and sourish taste of the chopped chilli was the first to blossom. Because he had already eaten a piece of the chopped chilli earlier, he didn't feel the taste was sudden or hard to accept. The slightly weaker taste allowed him to savor it in detail instead.

The soft and tender fish head meat was fat but not greasy, spicy, and scrumptious.

The unique steaming method locked the freshness of the fish head within the meat, and the chopped chilli's spicy and tart taste engulfed and seeped into the entire fish head. The scrumptiousness blossomed from inside out.

This was simply delicious!

Rom felt as if a fireball had exploded in his head and became a dazzling firework. His scalp was tingling, and it was a very amazing sensation.

Vaguely, he suddenly started to remember some things.

In the morning before yesterday, he lost his temper with his two disciples for no rhyme or reason, and then drank the water he used to rinse his mouth.

Yesterday afternoon, he tried to forge the sword that he left aside for over a year. After swinging for a few times, he fell asleep hugging the hammer. He forgot what he wanted to do after he woke up, and lost his temper with his two disciples again.

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Things that he had forgotten began to flash across his mind.

His scalp was tingling, but he felt his brain had become clearer and clearer, as if the fog hovering in it was lifted slowly.

Have I been living so horribly? Rom was depressed as he looked at the scenes. He hadn't reviewed his behavior since he'd begun to forget what happened the day before two years ago. He became irritable and paranoid. He drank heavily every day, and used anger to cover his embarrassment so he could maintain his identity as a master weaponsmith.

He remembered what happened in his life for the last month after swallowing a piece of meat.

Only the word "horrible" could describe it.

He was no longer the person who was extremely demanding with his personal behavior and skills.

Rom's emotions were very complex. He never imagined he would become someone like that.

But, why could I suddenly remember all this? Rom was surprised. Although all these things had happened to him in the past, starting two years ago, he would already forget what happened before. However, now he began to recap what he had forgotten for the past one month.

Could it be... Rom opened his eyes and looked at the steamed fish head with diced hot red peppers on the big plate. He ate a piece of the fish earlier; could it have something to do with the fish head?

With a skeptical mentality, Rom ate another piece of fish meat.

The tender scrumptiousness still ravaged his mouth, but Rom's focus wasn't on it. The tingling sensation in his scalp was continuing, and even more images started to appear in his mind. The timeline kept moving backward.

His eyes began to get wider and wider. The continuous memories reappeared in his mind, and they were very clear.

The things that he had lost for two years had come back to him at that moment. This feeling was worth more than anything to him.

"This fish meat could make my head clear and my memories return in sequence." After swallowing the fish meat, Rom stared at the steamed fish head with diced hot red peppers with astonishment. Even his voice was quivering.

"It even has this effect?" Mag was surprised too. It looked like this fat head fish didn't grow a big head for nothing. However, seeing Master Rom being so agitated, could he have been bothered by an unclear mind before?

Rom put another piece of fish meat into his mouth carefully again. He savored the delicious taste that was ravaging his tongue carefully before accepting the gift of his memories.

His previous thought of just taking a single bite was tossed away. Both the exquisite taste of the fish head and the amazing discovery of returning memories had made him immerse himself deep within.

"Looks like Old Grandpa enjoys it very much. I will try it too." Amy was holding a small bowl as she reached toward the plate to get a piece of fish meat. She put it in her bowl before taking a bite.

"Woah!" Amy's eyes lit up. The spicy and sourish fish meat was soft and tender. *It's so delish!*

As Mag saw the two of them were enjoying it so much, he, too, used his chopsticks to feed himself a piece of fish meat.

The spiciness and tartness of the chopped chilli were just right. It wasn't as spicy as the spicy grilled fish, and it wasn't as tart as the boiled fish with pickled cabbage. The spiciness that was just right made the spicy taste of the steamed fish head with diced hot red peppers appear more gentle, yet had the attractiveness that made one lost within it.

The fish meat was soft yet still bouncy. The perfect heat and timing made the fish's texture just right. It would have been too tough if it had been left to cook longer, or too soft if it had been taken out too early.

After swallowing the fish meat, it became a warm current that heated up the body, and the tingling sensation in the scalp made the brain become sober and clear.

“Only a steamed fish head with diced hot red peppers that tastes like this can be called the real steamed fish head with diced hot red peppers.” A smile appeared on Mag’s face. It was totally worth his effort in killing the fat head fishes for the whole night in the test field for the God of Cookery.

When they had eaten half of the fish head, Mag got up to toss the rice vermicelli into the boiling pot. Then, he sat down and continued to eat his dinner.

The three of them were enjoying their dinner very much, and soon there were only a few big pieces of bones and chopped chilli left on the plate.

“It’s finished?” Rom used his chopsticks to search among the chopped chilli. There wasn’t any meat to be found. He retrieved his chopsticks with disappointment.

“I think I could still eat one more of it.” Amy put a piece of chopped chilli into her mouth and chewed. She wasn’t affected by the spiciness at all.

“Give me a minute. We still have the rice vermicelli.” Mag got up and brought three bowls of rice vermicelli over. He scattered some chopped spring onions over them, and then scooped a few spoonfuls of the red gravy from the plate onto the rice vermicelli. He gave a bowl to Rom.

Rom hesitated for a moment before accepting the bowl of rice vermicelli. The white rice vermicelli was drenched with the red gravy and garnished with the chopped green onions. The aroma was already greeting their noses.

“The gravy of the steamed fish head with diced hot red peppers is also one of the highlights of this dish,” Mag said with a smile. He sucked in a mouthful of rice vermicelli. The smooth and bouncy rice vermicelli was soaked with the gravy, and it was deliciously sourish.

Rom saw that Mag was enjoying the rice vermicelli, so he took a bite too.

“Oh!” Rom, who wasn’t expecting much, suddenly widened his eyes. The gravy wasn’t fishy at all. Instead, it was fresh and sour; together with rice vermicelli, they went into his mouth smoothly. It was so delicious that he couldn’t stop himself.

How did the simple rice vermicelli become so delicious after the gravy was poured on it? Is this fellow a genius? Rom put down his empty bowl and looked at Mag with amazement. His previous prejudice against chefs had disappeared totally.

Chapter 1173: You Are An Exceptional Chef

“I apologize for the incomplete service.” Mag kept the empty bowls with a smile, and asked Rom, “I wonder is Master Rom satisfied with this dinner?”

Rom nodded with a complex expression. After a moment of hesitation, he asked, “I want to know, what fish is this? Why could I remember the things that I have forgotten after eating it?”

“This is the Fat Head Fish caught in the extreme north territory of the Roth Empire. It is also called the Icebreaker Fish. Fish head has the effect of nourishing the brain naturally, and this fat head fish’s head is

much bigger than normal fish. And since it lives in an extreme cold environment, it might be the reason why it has some special effects,” Mag said after pondering for a while.

“So that is the reason. Not everyone is able to venture to the extreme north.” Rom suddenly understood, and then he felt lost again.

After eating that steamed fish head with diced hot red peppers, he felt he had sobered up totally. Everything that happened in the past one year had become crystal clear, and he no longer felt trapped when he was thinking.

This was obviously obtained after eating that fish.

This crystal clear, sober feeling was extremely precious to him after living in a blur for two years.

However, he obviously wasn’t able to catch this big headed fish from the extreme north by himself; hence, the hope of eating this fish frequently to maintain his soberness was naturally crushed.

Mag looked at Rom’s rapidly changing expression, and could already guess what he was thinking. Smiling, he said, “If Master Rom wants to eat this steamed fish head with diced hot red peppers, you can come and look for me at Chaos City. I have a restaurant there. If I have a cleaver that I can use, I will be able to provide this steamed fish head with diced hot red peppers every day.”

“Chaos City.” Rom was taken aback. He pondered as he looked at his workshop. He had stayed here for over 400 years, which was almost his entire life. He had also thought for many times that he was going to die here.

He had never thought about leaving this place, no matter if it was during wartime or the peace.

Maybe it was an attachment, or maybe it was fear.

The outside world was strange to him. He didn’t have friends, only customers.

He had never left Issen Castle, and he didn’t know the world beyond it.

This old workshop was seen as the honor and holy place of a weaponsmith. It was his most glamorous outfit and also his sealed fortress.

And now, Mag was inviting him with the steamed fish head with diced hot red peppers.

Instead of dying in confusion, why don't I change a place to live and die sober on the forging table? Rom’s gaze became determined, and the workshop that he had always held dear became worthless instantly.

Rom turned around and seriously asked Mag, “I will be able to eat steamed fish head with diced hot red peppers every day if I go to Chaos City?”

“If Master Rom could come and line up early, I don’t see a problem.” Mag nodded with a smile. Of course, this richest weaponsmith in the world didn’t have to consider the issue of money.

Rom nodded slightly without a word, but he had already decided in his heart.

“Master Rom, about the bet we had earlier...” Mag probed.

“You won. I have to admit that the steamed fish head with diced hot red peppers you made was the most scrumptious food I have ever eaten. It was also the most special food. I want to apologize for insolent words earlier. You are an exceptional chef,” Rom said gravely.

“Master Rom is an honest person,” Mag said smilingly.

A smile also appeared on Rom’s face as he said without any hesitation, “What kind of cleaver would you like? I can forge it and give it to you by tomorrow.”

“This is the drawing. I need a cleaver like this.” Mag took out a drawing and passed it to Rom.

“Seems like you were very confident that you could convince me from the very beginning.” Rom received the drawing with a smile. He stuffed it into his pocket after taking a quick glance. A cleaver was a piece of cake to him.

“It’s not easy for me to come to Issen Castle. It would have been a wasted trip if I couldn’t have convinced you, Master Rom,” Mag replied, still with a smile. Even though he had to stay for one more day, the mission was considered completed in advance.

“We have finished the fish head, but I still have liquor. Do you want a sip of it?” Rom took the botas de vino from his waist and passed to Mag.

“I can only drink one sip with Master Rom because I have to take care of my child.” Mag took the botas de vino and tilted his head back, taking a big gulp. The liquor was strong, but not very tasty. Then, he returned the botas de vino to Rom.

“Since this is the case, I will not force you.” Rom took the botas de vino and took two big gulps. After wiping his mouth, he asked, “Where will you be staying tonight?” His gaze landed on Amy. This was the coldest time in winter, and the little girl was too young to stay overnight in the open.

“We are going to check into the Tam Inn over there for the night,” Mag said as he pointed to the front.

Rom waved and said, “Alright. You guys can go over there right now. Come to get your cleaver on tomorrow’s evening.”

“Goodbye, Master Rom,” Mag said, and kept the utensils that he had washed into his backpack. He took a burning branch from the fire to use it as a torch, held Amy’s hand, and walked down the street.

“Goodbye, Old Grandpa.” Amy hugged Ugly Duckling and waved to Rom. Then, she skipped down the street with Mag.

The street that wasn’t very wide was paved neatly with stones. Every stone was cut into almost identical squares and pieced together perfectly. No visible seams could be seen.

The houses at the two sides of the street were also neatly built with stones. The dwarves’ exceptional skills and rigorous character could be seen from them.

It wasn’t the starry sky above the streets. Instead, there were black rocks which were just dozens of meters away from the ground. It made it difficult for people to discover it under the cover of the dark sky.

However, there would be a big hole for the air to flow in and out and provide illumination at every short interval. They made the interior of Issen Castle seem less closed up and oppressive.

This huge building complex that was built and extended over thousands of years by generations of dwarves was considered to be of superlative craftsmanship. There was no way it could be duplicated at all.

The war of the species had destroyed almost half of the castle, but after 100 years of peace, the Issen Castle was now even more spectacular and arduous. It was deemed as one of the most difficult to breach castles in this world.

Mag led Amy to the end of the street. The cold wind extinguished the torch that he was holding in his hand totally.

“This way.” Mag looked around and saw a boisterous tavern at the end of the street. Sounds of laughter and discussions could be heard coming from there. Opposite of the tavern was the Tam Inn that they were looking for. The metal signboard was shaking vigorously in the wind, and the door was tightly shut. He could see the interior was lit up warmly through the windows, and there was also a courtyard at the side where there were many carriages and horses.

Mag went to knock on the door, which opened very quickly. A hunchbacked old dwarf cracked open the door slightly, and warily asked Mag, “Do you want to stay here for the night?”

“Yes. My daughter and I would like to spend a night in this inn.” Mag nodded.

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In the tavern across, there were customers of all species. They were drinking hard liquor and talking and laughing loudly.

“Lord Hadeng, did you manage to see Master Rom today?” the bartender asked Hadeng curiously. Those around them also looked over when they heard that. In Issen Castle, everyone was interested in anything about Master Rom.

Chapter 1174: Today, I Will Teach You How To Forge A Cleaver

“Even though I didn’t get to see Master Rom today, I believe I will be meeting him soon. I believe Master Rom will make me an ultimate weapon sooner or later for the sake of my sincerity.” Hadeng tilted his head back and took a big gulp of the liquor with a smug expression.

“You said that last month too,” an orc next to him said, pursing his lips. He had gone to line up today too, so he was very clear about the situation. Hadeng still had to wait for those who were in front of him to get their turn before it would get to him.

Hadeng glanced at that orc, and was certain that he wasn’t an opponent that he could defeat. Hence, he decided to let things slide as he smilingly said, “However, there was a chef who hailed from Chaos City today. He said he came to ask Master Rom to forge him a cleaver. Don’t you guys find it funny?”

“Asking Master Rom to forge a cleaver? Is that fellow insane?”

“That’s right. Did he know who Master Rom is? He is the number one weaponsmith on the Norland Continent. Someone actually wants him to forge a cleaver?”

“Did that fellow get hammered to death by Master Rom on the spot?”

The tavern burst into a commotion instantly.

The dwarves in Issen Castle were born to be blacksmiths as even a 10-year-old child could forge a cleaver, and someone actually asked the legendary weaponsmith, Master Rom, to forge a cleaver. Wasn’t it akin to asking for trouble?

Smiling, Hadeng shook his head. “We left after Master Rom said he wasn’t going to accept any orders, but that fellow wasn’t very street-smart, he refused to go. I’m also not sure whatever happened afterward, but that fellow was obviously a stubborn mule. He could still be going there the next day. We will be able to find out tomorrow.”

“Then, we’ve got to go and see tomorrow. I want to see who’s the fellow that is so daring to come to Issen Castle and insult Master Rom.”

“Yes, let’s go and see.”

People began to acknowledge and agree with him in the tavern. To the young dwarves, Master Rom was their idol. How could he be insulted like this?

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Mag, who just checked into the best room in Tam Inn, was packing up the room. He had no idea that there was a group of people preparing to watch him fail and even beat him up.

Of course, even if he knew, he wouldn’t care.

There was nothing more important than letting Amy have a good sleep.

Tam Inn wasn’t a high-class hotel, and the cheaper rooms were even damp and messy. Hence, Mag spent another 100 copper coins for the best room in the inn.

The room was on the second floor and away from the tavern, so they wouldn’t be disturbed by the drunkards’ screams and shouts.

The room’s decorations were very simple: just a stone bed, two sets of bedding, a small stone table, and two stone stools. There was nothing else in the room.

The biggest difference when compared to the rooms on the ground floor was that the room was better ventilated and cleaner.

Mag dumped the beddings onto the chair in the corner, and then bought two sets of comfortable feather duvets from the System. Then, he carried the sleepy Amy onto the bed and covered her with the duvet.

Ugly Duckling burrowed itself into the duvet and snuggled into Amy’s arms. It fell asleep instantly.

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Early next morning, Joey and Joss came to the workshop, and discovered in shock the workshop's door was open.

"Did the master get drunk again yesterday?" Joey said, feeling worried and unsettled. Master Rom had gotten drunk and slept at the door of the workshop recently. He was sick for a few days because of that.

"Quick, let's go and have a look," Joss said anxiously. Even though the master always vented his anger on them, he was still the person they admired the most.

The two of them quickly walked to the workshop's door, and they heard the sounds of hammering from within. The clear and crisp sounds had an amazing rhythm.

"Is this?" Both of them were surprised as they had seldom seen Master Rom forge anything personally for the past few months. They were used to seeing him sit in front of the furnace in a daze most of the time, and he could spend the whole day just sitting there.

Moreover, he would drink a lot of alcohol every night and wake up very late the next day. So, what was going on with the hammering sounds in the workshop now?

Filled with doubts, the two of them pushed open the door gently and walked in. They saw Master Rom wearing thin clothing while standing in front of the forging table, and swinging his personal black hammer. He was sweating profusely as he hammered on a fiery red hot metal mold on the forging table vigorously.

Master Rom, who was over 400 years old, had a healthy and strong physique that could put many youngsters to shame. That black hammer which weighed over 150 kg seemed so light and agile in his hands. It turned, flipped, and then hammered forcefully onto that metal mold. The metal mold which was mixed with many precious metals changed its shape rapidly in front of their eyes. The metals merged together and formed a brand-new alloy, being slowly molded into shape under the heavy hammer.

Joss and Joey stood at the door and stared at Rom in a shock. The amazing rhythm between the hammer and him was so harmonious that it seemed heavenly.

This was the first time that they had seen Master Rom so immersed in forging since they came to the workshop. This scene had totally subverted how they imagined forging was supposed to look.

At this moment, he was no longer the irritable master. Instead, he was truly the famous forging master. He was using the astonishing skills that shocked the world and presented many awesome weapons.

"Ding!"

The hammer landed forcefully on the metal mold. Then, Rom slowly lowered his hammer as his chest rose and fell slightly. He grabbed a towel from the side to wipe the sweat on his face before smiling at Joey and Joss, who were standing at the door in a shock, and saying, "What is it? Do you want to learn?"

"Yes." Joey and Joss nodded simultaneously without the need to think further.

Laughing, Rom said, "You guys got to work hard if you want to learn. My skills are not meant for lazy bums."

“Huh?” Joey and Joss were shocked to see the smile on Rom’s face. Normally, Rom was always brooding, and had never smiled at them before, let alone offered to teach them forging. He only let them forge things by themselves or chase away the customers lining up at the door.

“Y-you are saying that you are going to teach us how to forge weapons?” Joey was the first to react as he stared at Rom in disbelief.

“R-really?” Joss was still in a shock and disbelief.

“Since I let you into the workshop, naturally I am going to teach you things. As for how much you are able to learn from me, that will all depend on you.” Rom picked up the heavy again, and smilingly said, “I accepted a new order yesterday. Today, I will teach you how to forge a cleaver.”

“Cleaver?”

Joey and Joss were stunned again.

“Are you talking about the cleaver that is used by a chef?” Joey asked cautiously as he had angered Master Rom when he mentioned the chef’s request yesterday. Why did he decide to forge the cleaver today?

Chapter 1175: Mm-hm. This Pancake Is Super Delicious!

“Yes. I have accepted the order from the chef who came from Chaos City, who was also the one you reported to me yesterday. Our job today is to custom-make a cleaver that can hack open the skulls of 10th-tier magic beasts.” Rom nodded. He picked up the hammer and hit the metal mold on the forging table heavily as he started to explain the different methods of hammering for forging different types of weapons.

Even though Joey and Joss were full of doubts, and couldn’t understand why Master Rom accepted the order from the chef, they swiftly settled down and listened to his teachings intently when he started the lecture about the forging techniques.

Outside the workshop, Hadeng and the rest had also arrived very early, and began to line up.

Many of them had deliberately come to watch a good show after hearing Hadeng say that someone had come to ask Master Rom to forge a cleaver the day before.

“Has that fellow who asked the master to forge a cleaver come?”

Their gazes began to sweep across the line. There were two human knights in the line, but they didn’t look like chefs at all.

“Maybe that fellow finally got it and scrambled?” Hadeng, who was standing at the very end of the line, also looked around in surprise. Even he wasn’t sure he could get Master Rom to forge a weapon for him, let alone a chef asking to forge a cleaver.

The news of a chef from Chaos City asking Master Rom to forge a cleaver had spread within Issen Castle like a wildfire. It became the source of happiness in Issen Castle that day.

Mag deposited his luggage at the inn temporarily after he checked out of the room. He was going to bring Amy out for breakfast.

“Mr. Mag? You guys are here too.” Right at this moment, a voice sounded behind them.

“Oh, it’s Mr. Godala,” Mag said with a smile when he saw Godala walking over.

Since Godala was also staying in this inn, it wasn’t odd to bump into him. It seemed like he already had his breakfast, and was chatting with his fellow merchants.

Godala came forward, and smilingly whispered to Mag, “I heard you guys have become famous. The news that a chef from Chaos City asked Master Rom to forge a cleaver has spread throughout Issen Castle.”

“We could get famous like this?” Mag was surprised. He didn’t do anything out of norm since he arrived at Issen Castle. He behaved like a perfectly prim and proper traveller.

“You have no idea about Master Rom’s status in Issen Castle. Your asking him to forge a cleaver is akin to insulting all the weaponsmiths in Issen Castle,” Godala said using a deliberately lowered voice.

“Oh, really,” Mag said thoughtfully. He guessed the entire Issen Castle would go crazy if they knew Master Rom had agreed to forge the cleaver for him.

“You didn’t get to meet Master Rom yesterday, right? It’s okay. There are always so many people lining up at Master’s, but they never get to meet him. You will get used to it,” Godala consoled him.

“Don’t worry. I feel fine,” Mag answered with a smile. He didn’t say the truth, because he was worried that Godala’s reaction would attract too much attention.

“Father, I am hungry.” Amy tilted her head to look up to Mag as she expectantly said, “Let’s go and eat some delicious food.”

“Anyway, I have nothing to do today, why don’t I show you around Issen Castle? No one knows what is delicious here as well as me,” Godala said smilingly.

“Then we will bother you, Mr. Godala.” Mag’s eyes lit up. They were new to this place, and it would be the best to have a guide so they could avoid tourist traps.

After getting out of Tam Inn, they could see the light passing through the holes illuminating the streets. The shops on both sides of the street were open too. Most of the people walking on the streets were dwarves, but there were also one or two people from other species every now and then.

The weapons of Issen Castle were popular throughout the entire Norland Continent. Thus, there were many merchants who brought rare objects to Issen Castle to sell, and would then buy weapons from Issen Castle to sell to the rest of the world. They could earn a bucket load of money with just one trip.

The dwarves could be considered as a neutral race, and enjoyed good relationships with all the other species on the Norland Continent. Hence, they allowed all the species to trade in Issen Castle.

Godala had already told Mag about the rules of Issen Castle and the dwarves on their journey here. He brought Mag to eat a kind of pancake that was called the “Dwarf Pancake” for breakfast. It was first

deep fried and then baked till crispy in a hot oven. Its texture was crispy and the center was filled with savory pickled vegetables. It tasted like the combination of sesame cake and a hard flour pancake. It was crispy and not greasy at all, which surprised Mag.

“The pancake here is nice, right?” Godala bit into the pancake in his hand, smiling, and continued, “There are a few hundred pancake shops in Issen Castle, but none is as good as this one. I don’t usually bring people here.”

“Mm-hm. This pancake is super delicious!” Amy nodded. She held a pancake like a little squirrel, and munched on it very happily.

“It is indeed a very scrumptious pancake.” Mag nodded. This was one of the benefits. He could never have found such a delicious pancake by himself.

After having their breakfast, Godala brought Mag and Amy to a few famous sightseeing spots in Issen Castle, and they also ate many unique snacks along the way. They had a ton of fun.

When it was almost evening, Godala said, “Brother Mag, should I bring you to a smith I know to custom-make a cleaver? Although he is not as good as Master Rom, he is also well-known in Issen Castle. Given my friendship with him, he could even make it free of charge for you. Should we go over to him now? You can tell him what kind of cleaver you would like to have. Then, I’ll bring you somewhere nice for dinner.”

“Actually, Master Rom has already agreed to forge a cleaver for me yesterday. Looking at the time, I should be going to collect it now,” Mag said smilingly after taking a glance at his watch.

“W-what?” Godala was taken aback. He struggled to believe his ears.

“After Old Grandpa ate the fish head Father cooked yesterday, he promised to make a cleaver for Father,” Amy added before gazing at Godala with anticipation. “Uncle Merchant, what do you mean by something nice?”

“Master Rom agreed to make a cleaver for you?!”

Godala’s voice became a few pitches higher. Then, he swiftly covered his mouth and stared at Mag in a shock.

Being a merchant who had frequented Issen Castle for the past 20-30 years, he knew very well what Master Rom represented. Only powerhouses were able to get custom-made weapons from him, and they had to pay a very high price for it.

Reportedly, a merchant was once lucky enough to obtain a custom-made weapon from Master Rom. He retired immediately after he sold it.

Of course, this was just hearsay.

In order to have Master Rom custom-make a weapon, one would need both status and money.

For the past two years, Master Rom hadn’t accepted any new orders, nor released any new items.

But now, Mag actually said Master Rom had agreed to custom-make a cleaver for him, and he could even collect it today?

This was even more shocking than Master Rom agreeing to make a weapon for him!

Chapter 1176: I Will Kneel Down Here And Call You Daddy Today!

“Are you joking with me, Brother Mag? Did Master Rom really agree to forge a cleaver for you?” Godala stared at Mag, still not able to convince himself.

Smiling, Mag nodded. “Yes. If Brother doesn’t believe it, why don’t you come with us to the workshop to get the cleaver? I could also treat Brother to dinner tonight to thank you properly for taking care of us for the past two days.”

“Hey, this is nothing, and of course I trust you.” Godala quickly waved his hands. Then, he said, “Since it’s almost time, let’s get over there quickly. We shouldn’t make Master Rom wait for us.”

“Alright.” Mag nodded, and the three of them walked to a horse-drawn carriage.

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The door of Master Rom’s workshop remained closed for the entire day. The customers lining up were anxious and resigned. Although they were used to hearing bad news, the total silence made them feel even more anxious.

“Did that chef make his appearance?” Many people had joined and then left the curious crowd throughout the day, waiting for a good show. However, the chef who asked Master Rom to custom-make a cleaver had not appeared, and Master Rom didn’t open his door, either.

“It’s time for dinner again, and the workshop’s door is still closed. Looks like today is a wasted trip again.” Hadeng, who was the last in the line, sighed. Even though he was used to it, he was still disappointed.

Furthermore, that chef didn’t appear today, so he had missed out on some fun too.

After all, he was the weakest here, so it was rare to have someone standing behind him.

He even began to regret saying the harsh words yesterday.

Just as the crowd was about to disperse, the tightly shut door opened suddenly, and Joey walked out. His gaze was sweeping across the crowd as if he was looking for someone.

Everyone halted.

“Little Master, how is Master Rom’s mood today? Will he be accepting new orders?” the orc who was the first in line asked nervously.

Joey couldn’t find the human who brought along that adorable little girl yesterday. It seemed like he hadn’t come yet. He retrieved his gaze and shook his head at the orc. “Master said he is not taking new orders today, either. However, he has made a new blade today.”

“Master Rom forged a new blade!”

“If I remember correctly, Master Rom has not released a new weapon in two years, right?”

“This blade took him two years. Could it be another amazing item that could conquer a territory?!”

A commotion broke out among the crowd instantly. Master Rom had been dormant for the past two years, and then he suddenly made a new blade. This was big news. They were wondering who was the big shot that ordered it.

Joey’s expression was rather weird. He wondered what kind of facial expressions they would have if they knew that blade was a cleaver.

“You all may go now if you have nothing on. I still have to wait for that customer to come collect his blade,” Joey said. It would be the best if fewer people knew about it. Moreover, the master didn’t like crowds.

“The customer is collecting it today?”

“Then, can we see that blade with our own eyes?”

“I may be able to boast about this moment for the rest of my life. I got to stay and witness it.”

The crowd was ecstatic the moment Joey said that. Those who were about to leave initially faltered in their steps too. They were all curious who the person collecting the blade was, and what kind of astonishing blade that was.

“When will I be able to have a weapon crafted by Master Rom personally like that extraordinary person?” Hadeng said enviously. That person was already collecting his blade, and yet Hadeng was still at the very end of the line.

The crowd was waiting excitedly. They even lowered their voices so they wouldn’t annoy the big shot who was coming to collect his blade.

Right at this moment, a horse-drawn carriage came over from afar.

“Is that big shot sitting in that carriage?” Everyone’s eyes lit up. Although this carriage looked very ordinary, and was driven by an ordinary human, that big shot could be a low-profile person.

The horse-drawn carriage stopped gradually in front of the workshop. The crowd was staring at the driver. They made him so nervous that he grasped the reins tightly, not even daring to make a move.

Under the intense attention of the crowd in front of the workshop, the carriage’s drapes were lifted, and a young man with a thin moustache came out of it. A four, five years old half-elf lolita followed right behind him.

An expert was indeed an expert. He looked so young and traveled with an adorable lolita, which made him the center of attention everywhere he went.

The surrounding crowd was secretly admiring the man’s handsome looks and grace and the lolita’s cuteness.

“Isn’t this the chef from yesterday?” Hadeng said as he glared at Mag and Amy who alighted from the carriage.

The customers in the line also recognized Mag, and they all rolled their eyes. This fellow was the one who asked Master Rom to forge a cleaver. There was no way he could be the big shot who was coming here to collect the blade.

“This is the chef that asked Master Rom to forge a cleaver?” The surrounding crowd was taken aback. The mysterious chef they were waiting for the whole day had finally appeared by evening. They almost mistook him for the big shot who would come here to collect the blade.

“Is this fellow without any sense of shame? How dares he come to the workshop again? Is he coming to ask Master Rom to forge a cleaver for him again?”

“That’s right. How dares a mere chef make such a request? Master Rom is the number one weaponsmith in Issen Castle!”

“I have waited here for the whole day so I can teach this shameless fellow a lesson. Then, he will know the price he has to pay for disrespecting Master Rom.”

The dwarves in the crowd were getting angry, and many of them were gearing up to teach Mag a lesson.

“Haha. I didn’t expect you would dare to come again today. Are you still going to ask Master Rom to forge a cleaver for you? However, it looks like you won’t even be able to reach the door today?” Hadeng sneered as he watched Mag walk over while holding Amy’s hand.

Mag looked at the agitated crowd, and then looked at Hadeng who was gloating. With a calm smile, he said, “Really? I came to get my cleaver today.”

“Huh?” Hadeng was stunned.

The dwarves who were about to swarm him halted in their steps too. They looked at Mag with confusion.

“Getting your cleaver? You said Master Rom had already agreed to make a cleaver for you?” Hadeng regained his wits and smirked. “Ha. If Master Rom will forge a cleaver for you, I will kneel down here and call you daddy today!”

“You came, Mr. Mag!” Joey quickly approached Mag, and smilingly said, “The cleaver that you ordered is already complete. The master is waiting for you inside right now.”

Chapter 1177: Become Brothers With The Rock Spirit

Hadeng’s smug expression was frozen instantaneously. His mind was in a mess as he looked at Joey who was approaching them, all smiles.

“What did this little master just say?”

“Did Master Rom really forge a cleaver for this chef?”

“H-how is this possible? Master Rom has lain dormant for two years, and the first time he worked after two years was to forge a cleaver for a chef?”

“Could this person be a secret expert besides being a chef?”

The surrounding crowd were staring at Mag in disbelief. They felt their brains had failed them as they simply couldn't imagine why would the number one weaponsmith in the world forge a cleaver for a chef personally.

Especially those customers who came to line up every day. They even felt like gobbling Mag up alive.

They came to line up respectfully every day, yet they didn't even get the chance to meet Master Rom, and this fellow actually made Master Rom forge a cleaver for him personally on his very first visit.

However, this was a customer that Master Rom had accepted an order from, so they wouldn't dare to act even if they had many ideas in their heads. Master Rom would never make a weapon for them if they angered him.

"Call me daddy right here?" Mag began to size up Hadeng before saying to Amy, "Amy, what do you think about this little brother?"

"No way, he's so ugly. He's even uglier than Ugly Duckling. I don't want a little brother like that." Amy shook her head gravely.

"This is indeed a problem." Mag nodded in agreement.

The father and daughter's conversation made the crowd laugh out loud. However, Hadeng had said those words himself, so they couldn't blame the father and daughter at all.

"T-the two of you..." Hadeng was so furious that his moustache was quivering. This pair of father and daughter were obviously laughing at his "handsome" looks. However, he was immediately proven wrong for the words he just said, so now he didn't know how to rebut them.

Mag looked around him. Then he pointed to a big, ugly black rock, and said, "Okay, we can consider it done if you kneel down and call that rock daddy. Maybe you can even become brothers with the rock spirit, and by then you won't even need a weapon."

Hadeng was confused by the rock spirit talk, but he did understand that Mag wanted him to call that rock daddy. This was too humiliating.

"You are such a big guy, so you got to mean what you say," Amy said to Hadeng with an encouraging look as she tilted her head.

"Yes. We all heard that. Quick, call it daddy. We are still waiting to see the new blade that Master Rom forged."

"Even if it is a cleaver, it is a cleaver made by Master Rom personally. It probably is the only cleaver in this world that was forged by Master Rom."

The surrounding crowd began to jeer too. The bigger the commotion, the more they would enjoy it.

Hadeng blushed deeply when he heard the crowd's jeering. He looked at Mag who stood his ground, and said through clenched teeth, "You insist on forcing me?"

"I didn't force you. You forced yourself," Mag said to Hadeng calmly. "You can choose to reject, but I heard Master Rom has always focused on integrity."

Hadeng's expression changed, and he took a quick look toward the workshop. He clenched his teeth and walked to the black rock. He kneeled down in front of it with a plop, and then called out to the rock, "Daddy!"

Everyone was watching Hadeng with a smile. Today's show was quite interesting as they saw a demon call a rock his daddy.

"Brother Mag is no pushover," Godala, who was sitting in the carriage, lamented. He couldn't help but feel worried as he looked at that aggrieved demon. This demon didn't look like a good person. Would he seek revenge on Mag later?

"Let's go." Mag retrieved his gaze. He held Amy's hand and followed Joey to the workshop's door. He wasn't a doormat that allowed people to step all over him.

Joey opened the door wide to welcome Mag and Amy in before closing it again.

Everyone was stretching their necks and watching curiously. They all wanted to know how the cleaver made by Master Rom looked, and if it would be used as a weapon. It would most probably be an awesome weapon.

"You came, Mr. Mag," Master Rom said with a smile. He had come out from the forging room after washing his hands just as Mag came in.

"Yes. We spent the day touring the Issen Castle, and as a result, we came late. Sorry to keep you waiting, Master Rom," Mag apologized.

"It's fine. I have only just finished forging it a short while ago. You came at the perfect time." Rom shook his head. He pointed to the forging table at the side. "Please take a look and see if it is what you want."

"Alright." Mag nodded and walked to the forging table. A glaring golden glow made him narrow his eyes even before he got close.

On that forging table, a cleaver lay on a knife frame quietly.

The blade's thick spine, angular body, and sharp edge radiated an awe-inspiring coldness.

This was a neat Chinese cleaver.

It was also the cleaver's model drawn on that piece of paper that Mag had passed to Master Rom yesterday.

"You will only know if the knife is suitable when you use it." Master Rom's voice came from behind.

"I concur with this theory," Mag agreed with a smile as he reached out to grab that cleaver.

The cleaver was made from one single metal alloy as the handle was also metal. The metal handle felt cooler to the touch and more comfortable than a wooden handle after it had been polished with anti-slip patterns.

Furthermore, even though this cleaver looked light, it actually weighed about 15 kg. The high density metal became a cleaver after it was beaten into shape repeatedly. Master Rom's exceptional skills could be seen easily here.

However, this cleaver weighed and felt just nice to Mag as normal cleavers felt too light in his hands.

“Try it out.” Rom passed a metal rod as thick as an arm to him casually.

“Try with this?” Mag took that metal rod, feeling a little surprised.

“If we can’t even try with this, how are you going to split open a 10th-tier magic beast’s head?” Rom asked.

“That’s right too.” Mag nodded. He raised the cleaver and flattened the metal rod with a smack. Then, he cut it into metal strips that were as long as a matchstick and as thin as a strand of hair.

“Such exceptional cutting skills!”

Joey and Joss stared at Mag with their mouths wide open. There was actually a person who could cut metal into strips as fine as a strand of hair, and every strip was exactly the same size and length.

“It’s a marvellous knife,” Mag, who stopped chopping, praised from the bottom of his heart. He scrutinized the cleaver which didn’t have a single scratch on its surface nor a dent on the edge. It was even much better than that golden cleaver provided by the System in the test field for the God of Cookery.

Mag put the cleaver and said to Rom, “I wonder how much I should pay you, Master, for such an exceptional knife?”

Chapter 1178: This Cleaver Will Be Called ‘Fat Head Fish’!

Even though this was only a cleaver, Mag was sure that most 10th-tier knights’ swords were no match for it.

Master Rom was right. This was a cleaver that could split open a 10th-tier magic beast’s head. It could most probably even be used to skin a giant dragon.

The price of a cleaver of this caliber already couldn’t be measured with the price of a normal cleaver. Mag felt it was reasonable to be charged as a top-tier weapon.

“This cleaver is free. It’s a gift for you.” Rom shook his head with a smile, and said, “However, before you take it away, I have to name it. It’s my rule. You can use the weapons any way you like, but their names have to be given by me.”

“Could Master name it, please.” Mag raised his cleaver to Master Rom with both hands. He knew about that rule. “Tian Du Sword” was named by Master Rom. Master Rom could have a fetish to dish out names.

Master Rom took the cleaver and was silent for a moment. Then, his eyes lit up, and he said, “Yes. This cleaver will be called ‘Fat Head Fish’!”

“Fat...” Mag opened his mouth and then swallowed his words. Never mind, since the cleaver was a gift. “Fat Head Fish” should be its name, then; as long as the master was happy.

And that fat head fish yesterday had died for a good cause too.

Master Rom took out a metal pen and carved a few words at the edge of the cleaver. He kept the pen and nodded in satisfaction before giving the cleaver to Mag.

Mag received the cleaver with both hands, and gratefully said, "Thank you for the cleaver, Master."

He knew Master Rom didn't need money, but he deeply appreciated this gesture.

"Ding! Congratulations, Host, for attaining an exceptional knife: Fat Head Fish! The reward for completing the God of Cookery's cleaver's mission: one chance to return to the peak form! The time limit is 15 minutes."

The System's voice appeared in Mag's mind, and had even set off two fireworks special effects.

"Don't mention it. I still have to thank you for your hospitality last night." Master Rom continued to wave his hands. He felt totally different when he woke up in the morning. He felt he could still work for another several years on the forging table. He could still continue doing the things he liked.

And all this was possible because of the steamed fish head with diced hot red peppers Mag made last night.

It felt incredible to be sober, and he was willing to exchange all his wealth for a clear mind. All the things in the basement meant nothing to him.

"Oh yes, Mr. Mag, you said your restaurant is in Chaos City. If I moved to Chaos City, would I be able to eat the steamed fish head with diced hot red peppers that you made every day?" Master Rom asked Mag expectantly.

"Is Master Rom planning to shift the workshop over to Chaos City? If this is the case, you just have to come to the restaurant early every day, and you will get to eat the steamed fish head with diced hot red peppers," Mag replied in a surprise before smiling, and continuing, "If you move to Chaos City, all the steamed fish head with diced hot red peppers that you order will be free of charge."

Master is going to move the workshop to Chaos City? Joey and Joss were shocked, and they stared at Rom in disbelief.

Master Rom had never left Issen Castle in the past 400 years. Even the sword that the first king of the Roth Empire asked him to forge was made in this workshop before it was delivered to the Roth Empire.

Many of the famous weapons on the Norland Continent were made in this seemingly rundown workshop. This was also the holy land of all the weaponsmiths in Issen Castle.

And now, the master wanted to move the workshop over to Chaos City so he could eat some steamed fish head with diced hot red peppers? Wasn't this simply too crazy?

"No, no." Master Rom shook his head after hearing that. Laughing, he said, "I have never spent much money in my life. It's just lying around here, I have to spend more of it.

"Furthermore, I still have to think of some methods to bring all this money over to Chaos City. I estimate it will take a few days to shift it all out," Master Rom said to himself, feeling troubled.

Mag felt speechless. Ordinary people indeed couldn't understand the problem of having too much money.

"If Master wants the money to be moved easily, I could ask a friend at Buffett Bank after I get back to Chaos City. They can come to your place, sort out the money for you, and change it into a deposit slip of equal value. You will only need to take the deposit slip to Chaos City, and when you need the money, you simply need to take the slip to the bank to cash it out," Mag suggested.

"There is something so convenient? I will bother Mr. Mag, then." Rom's eyes lit up. This had solved a big problem for him.

"I guess they would be very happy to serve you," Mag said with a smile. This could be considered as a favor to Scheer since he had to ask her for a favor too.

"Master Rom, we will meet again in Chaos City. I will take my leave now." Mag kept the cleaver and bade farewell to Master Rom.

"Goodbye, Old Grandpa." Amy waved her hand obediently.

"We will see each other again very soon." Rom nodded with a smile.

Joey strode to the door and opened it for Mag. He sent them out with a smile.

This was his first time seeing the master smiling so much, and his temperament had become calm overnight. He even taught them many forging techniques today. All these things had something to do with Mag.

"They're out!"

The crowd saw Mag come out, and their eyes lit up with anticipation. They all wanted to know what kind of cleaver Master Rom forged for Mag.

However, Mag was empty-handed. They didn't see the cleaver, so he had to have kept it.

"Bro, what kind of cleaver did Master Rom forge for you? Can you show it to us?" a dwarf standing in the front asked curiously.

The crowd chimed in and asked Mag to show them the cleaver.

Hadeng was standing behind the crowd. He, too, couldn't help but stand on his tiptoes and look. He had come to Issen Castle for more than one year, and he still hadn't seen a weapon which was forged by Master Rom. It would be nice to have a glimpse, even though it was a cleaver.

"Alright. I will show you guys the new work from Master Rom." Mag hesitated for a moment after seeing the crowd's anticipation before finally nodding his head. He took out the cleaver from the bag, and removed the gray cloth that was wrapping it.

The red setting sun shone in from the hole above, and the light landed on the cleaver. Glaring rays were reflected from it.

"Woah!!!"

Everyone narrowed their eyes subconsciously, and then let out a sound of sincere admiration.

A master was indeed a master. They couldn't see anything except a flash of light that almost blinded them.

"Now, everyone has gotten a look. Goodbye." Mag kept the cleaver and carried Amy toward the horse-drawn carriage.

After getting into the carriage, Mag and Godala went to have dinner before going back to Tam Inn for their luggage. They said their farewell to Godala at the inn's entrance.

Godala got closer and said to Mag in a low voice, "Brother Mag, I am very happy that you could get a cleaver from Master Rom, but there were a few people in the crowd earlier who were looking at you with an ominous look. You have to be very careful when you leave tonight. I don't have anything fantastic for you, but you can take that white unicorn in the stable. Don't stop after you leave Issen Castle. They will not be able to catch up with you as long as they don't have a flying steed."

Chapter 1179: Go, Little Fireball!

Mag was surprised to hear that, and he gazed at Godala, feeling very touched.

He had long noticed those ominous looks. A few of them even followed them all the way here, and were now staring at them from a corner.

However, he didn't realize that Godala had also noticed those people and guessed their thoughts.

They were only strangers coming together by chance. It was already very nice of Godala to bring them into the castle yesterday and be their guide today. And now, he was going to give his fastest unicorn to him so he could escape from those fellows. Mag was very touched by him.

People said that merchants only focused on profits, but Godala had subverted his impression of merchants.

"It's fine. Don't worry, Brother Godala. I have made some plans too, they are not going to catch up with me." Mag shook his head with a smile. He naturally wasn't worried who was going to follow them. Parting with Godala here was deliberately done to show those guys so they wouldn't go looking for trouble with Godala.

"But..." Godala still looked worried.

"Master Rom has planned my itinerary for me," Mag said in a hushed voice.

Godala's eyes lit up with realization. Master Rom's words were very influential in Issen Castle, and with his arrangements, Mag could naturally leave Issen Castle without any problems. Smiling, he nodded.

"Since this is the case, you should quickly set off now. Be careful on your journey."

"Alright. Brother, you can come and look for me at Chaos City whenever you get the time. I have a restaurant at Aden Square called Mamy Restaurant. You can find us just by asking around when you reach Chaos City." Mag said his goodbyes. He held Amy's hand and walked down the street.

Under the slowly darkening sky, a few shadows flashed across from different directions.

“Father, are there people following us?” Amy turned to have a look.

“Yes. We have a few little tails behind us.” Mag nodded with a smile.

Ugly Duckling shook its head, copying Mag’s actions. Then, it felt bored. It snuggled into Amy’s arms and closed its eyes again.

“Little tails. Should we get rid of them?” Amy said, feeling very enthusiastic.

“Wait until we leave Issen Castle. It’s not optimal to act here.” Mag shook his head. He carried Amy up and hastened his steps.

The sky was totally dark as they walked along the long street. Mag took out the head torch that he bought from the System, and turned it on to illuminate his way.

“What is that? Why is that fellow’s head glowing?”

The figures who were following them suddenly halted, and gazed at Mag, who had a glowing head, warily. That beam of white light was exceptionally bright in the dark.

However, their obsession to obtain the cleaver had overcome their sanity as they watched Mag go away. They quickly followed after him again.

After walking for almost 30 minutes, Mag got out of Issen Castle and continued toward the valley on a snow-covered road.

A few dark shadows dashed out of Issen Castle and continued to follow them at a distance.

There were also two flying steeds that were watching the father and daughter walking from above under the camouflage of the dark.

With that bright beam of light as a lead, they didn’t have to worry that they would lose track of them.

They were obviously not from the same gang, but they had the exact same intentions.

Hence, there would definitely be a fight between them tonight.

However, this fight would only happen after they got the cleaver in their hands.

Even though everyone was aware of one another, they still maintained a certain distance, and weren’t in a hurry to act.

There was a rule in Issen Castle: within a 10 kilometers’ range, no one was allowed to act against Issen Castle’s customers, or else they would be deemed to be enemies of Issen Castle.

It would have posed a big problem to them if this human chef had remained in Issen Castle. However, he had left Issen Castle after he got his cleaver, and that had made things much easier for them.

The beam of light went up the slope and continued walking toward the valley. The 10 kilometers’ distance was reached, and a cold gleam appeared in the eyes of those following after them. The valley was where they would act.

However, the beam of light suddenly disappeared when it reached the valley.

The disappearing beam of light plunged the valley into darkness instantly, and the two figures disappeared too.

“Oh no!” someone shouted, and dashed toward the canyon like a dark shadow.

The two flying steeds that were following from above also dove downward immediately. Although they didn’t think a mere human could escape from them, the cleaver wouldn’t be as easy to snatch if it landed into the others’ clutches.

In the blink of an eye, the eight figures who followed them out of the castle dashed into the canyon at the same time.

The narrow canyon was cast in a pitch-black darkness. There was absolutely nothing there apart from snow. The pair of father and daughter couldn’t be seen at all.

“Where did they go?” Everyone was shocked. They saw the beam of light enter into the valley; where could they hide in the blink of an eye?

“Two 8th-tiers, three 7th-tiers, and three 6th-tiers. These fellows are really very greedy.” Mag was standing on a cliff at the top of the canyon with Amy in his arms. He looked downward at the confused group before throwing a lightstick wrapped in a black cloth down. Then, he shouted, “The cleaver is here!”

The lightstick gave out a golden glow in the dark. It created a beautiful parabola vaguely through the black cloth and landed among the group.

“Cleaver!”

Everyone’s eyes lit up in the valley, and they all reached out to the black cloth at the same time.

An iron-arm eagle dived downward and grasped the black cloth with its claws.

The knight on the iron-arm eagle’s back was elated, but before the iron-arm eagle could take off again, an orc leaped up high and grabbed the wing of that iron-arm eagle. He tore the iron-arm eagle’s wing off.

Fresh blood splattered everywhere, and the knight fell off the eagle. The lightstick wrapped in the black cloth flew up high again.

Mag retrieved his gaze from that extremely horrific fight. “Looks like we don’t have to act—”

“Go, little fireball!” Before he could even finish speaking, the giant golden-purple fireball in Amy’s hand crashed toward the group, dragging a long tail behind it.

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The canyon shook; a mushroom cloud rose up, and snow rushed into the valley at the same time.

Mag looked at Amy who had caused an avalanche with a resigned look, and smiled as he said, “Alright, Amy. We got to go.”

Those people were experts above 6th-tiers, so he wasn't worried that they would be crushed by the avalanche. However, the scene would definitely get messier.

Mag whistled, and Ah Zi flew here from afar. It carried Mag and Amy on its back, and disappeared in the blink of an eye, merging with the skyline.

Chapter 1180: The Restaurant Is Not Opening For Business Today

This horrific cleaver-snatching battle continued all the way past midnight.

When Hadeng dug out the cleaver wrapped in the black cloth from the snow ecstatically, he removed a dim lightstick respectfully. The other seven experts, who looked equally horrible, tilted their heads up and howled at the same time before throwing up three mouthfuls of blood.

Hadeng tilted his head back and furiously cursed, "F*ck your mother!!!"

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On the other side, Mag and Amy had already returned to Mamy Restaurant. They had a relaxing hot bath, and were now preparing to go to bed.

An elated Gina, who was wearing the school swimsuit and waiting at the bathroom's door, came forward the moment Mag came out from it, and said, "Mr. Mag, the high priest has already found a way to connect Lantide to Mamy Restaurant."

"Oh?" Mag was surprised to hear that. He didn't expect Lantide to find the solution so soon.

"Mr. Mag gave the ability to breathe on land to 100-odd Lantidean warriors previously, so the high priest let them explore and create an underwater tunnel leading to Chaos City without attracting the attention of other species. They are now able to travel from the sea realm of Lantide to Chaos City's moat. A trip round trip will only take three days," Gina said.

"Although it is slower than using a flying steed, it's quite good to have a method that won't attract the attention of the other species." Mag nodded. Ethnic wisdom was indeed a force to be reckoned with, especially with a race like Lantide that had once flourished.

"The number one warrior of Lantide will be delivering the shark's fins to the restaurant once every three days to ensure a constant supply," Gina said with a smile.

After hearing someone else was going to deliver the shark's fins, Mag was surprised, and asked Gina, "Gina, a-are you going back then?"

"No. I can't bear to leave Mr. Mag and the gang." Gina shook her head. She grabbed hold of Mag's arm and smiled sweetly. "I want to stay at the restaurant. I want to live with Mr. Mag and the rest."

"Erm..." Mag hemmed. He was worried that Irina would smack him to death on the spot when she got back.

"Mr. Mag doesn't want Gina to stay?" Gina asked with a hint of panic.

“No. Gina is an excellent employee who pacifies the children at the restaurant. Of course I would like you to stay if you are willing.” Mag shook his head rapidly.

“I will continue to work hard.” Gina smiled and hugged Mag before she turned to walk to her room. She halted when she reached her door. She said, “Mr. Mag can come and look for me anytime if you cannot sleep.”

“Cough...” Mag was almost choked to death by his own saliva. Why was this girl in a school swimsuit saying all this in the middle of the night?

“I have slept a lot during the day. If you can’t sleep, either, you can come and chat with me,” Gina added with a smile. Then, she flexed her hand at Mag like a kitten before going back to her room.

“It’s late in the night, so I’d better sleep.” Mag focused in front of him and walked past Gina’s room with a prim and proper expression. He lay on his bed and quickly fell asleep.

...

“Is Boss Mag still taking a day off today? I missed him so much that I couldn’t sleep yesterday. I can’t even survive one day without him.”

“Please maintain your decorum, Mister.”

“Haha. I didn’t expect my opponents to include men too. Public morals are degenerating with each passing day.”

Many customers had gathered at the entrance of Mamy Restaurant early in the morning. Many of them were pining for the food after Boss Mag suddenly went on a leave yesterday.

“The notice for the day off is still there. I wonder if Boss Mag is back already?” Harrison, who was the first in line, lamented. The cleaners didn’t come for breakfast today, so it would most probably be a wasted trip too.

It made people sad that it was closed for three consecutive days.

It was 7.30 am, the usual time for business soon. The restaurant was still quiet, so the customers left.

Mag slept till 9 am before he woke up. He managed to make up for his lost sleep for the later half of the night.

“I feel rather guilty to take another day off.” Mag sat up on his bed.

Amy also sat up in her small bed too. She turned her head, and piteously said to Mag, “Father, I was woken up by my hunger this morning.”

“Meow~” Ugly Duckling was standing on the floor with its two front paws at the foot of the bed, looking at Mag too.

“Then, could our little Amy please get up now, and Father will go and make you something delicious,” Mag said smilingly as he retrieved a set of black and red gothic lolita dress for Amy from the wardrobe. He added on a small black cape around her.

"I want to wear a nice bun on my head today," Amy said, raising her hand.

"A bun? Okay." Mag nodded as he took out a black rubber band from a small box. He combed Amy's hair up and twisted it nimbly before securing it with the rubber band. A perfect bun was done.

"Have a look." Mag passed a mirror to Amy.

"Wow. What a nice looking little bun. I want to eat it up," Amy said happily before jumping up from the bed, and hugged Mag around his neck. Smiling, she said, "I have a father who can do anything."

"I have a super adorable little baby." Mag carried Amy smilingly. He put little boots for her before walking toward the bathroom. They went downstairs after washing up.

Gina was wiping the tables and chairs with a damp cloth when she heard the sounds at the stairs. She saw Mag coming down with Amy, who was hugging him tightly, in one arm and carrying Ugly Duckling in his other hand. His face with distinct features had a gentle smile.

It's so touching~ Gina's eyes lit up again. Mr. Mag always made people feel safe and comfortable.

"Gina, you haven't had your breakfast too, right?" Mag asked Gina, who was in daze, smilingly.

"Ah? Yes, I have not eaten yet. But I am not hungry." Gina was surprised, and then quickly shook her head.

"Growl." Her tummy rumbled as soon as she finished talking. Her face became bright red instantly.

Amy slid down from Mag's arms with a smile, and said, "Big Sister Gina is lying. Your tummy says it's very hungry."

"You two wait here. I will go make breakfast right now," Mag said smilingly while putting Ugly Duckling on the counter. He took the apron next to the door and tied it around his waist before going into the kitchen.

Today's breakfast was a set of Yangzhou fried rice. The warm fried rice would console a hungry stomach and fill the new day with energy.

"The restaurant is not opening for business today. Let's go to the ice cream shop," Mag said smilingly after eating breakfast.