

Stay At home 211

Chapter 211: You're One Hell Of A Chicken Farmer

Mag didn't care two hoots about them as long as they kept their argument out of his restaurant. He was even willing to put up a ring for them to fight in if the Gray Temple permitted it.

The ring would serve as an eye-catching advertisement.

Yabemiya looked to the door, worried. "Boss, should I try and talk them out of arguing?"

"Which side will you take?" Mag asked.

"I'll side with sweet tofu pudding people," Yabemiya answered.

"Then how do you propose to talk them out of it?" Mag asked, smiling.

Yabemiya froze, and then blushed. "I don't know..."

"Remember, we should never take sides when it comes to customers."

Yabemiya nodded. "Yes, Boss." *I must always refrain from recommending sweet tofu pudding to diners.*

After they finished their dinner, Mag took a walk in his restaurant, raised the shades, opened the door, and smiled. "Welcome to Mamy Restaurant. Please come in!"

Mag noticed the black veil girl. *She came again. When will she take off her veil?*

Gloria felt her heart racing. *Did he just look at me?*

It was another busy night. Mag slowed down a bit to make it easier for Yabemiya. *We'll be more productive when Sally comes here tomorrow.*

At 9 p.m., Mag stopped cooking and turned down a few customers who wanted to have a little supper.

Kebabs and beer. That's a proper supper. Besides, Amy has school tomorrow; she has to sleep early.

"You don't need to clean the tables and floor, Miya," Mag said as Yabemiya took out the mop and rag.

"Aisha will do it tomorrow with her magic."

Yabemiya opened and closed her mouth. "I..."

"Yes?"

Yabemiya shook her head. "Nothing, Boss."

"Amy and Ugly Duckling are sleeping. I'll take them upstairs. Go home when you're done." Mag said, picking them up.

Miya nodded. "Yes, Boss." After she watched him go upstairs, she looked at the rag in her hand and started clearing tables.

Mag put the two in the crib and went to take a shower. When he came back downstairs, Yabemiya was already gone. The tables and the floor were clean and shiny.

“Something is on her mind...” Mag thought aloud. He locked the door, turned off the light, and went upstairs. He lay down on his bed and opened the experience bag.

The experience flooded into his head and became one with his memory immediately.

*Looks like it’s not as hard as I thought. *Mag walked into the test field.

He nodded when he saw a pan and an earthenware pot on the stove.

Braised chicken and rice was a more complicated dish, but Mag was not green at cooking anymore, and he was much stronger now, so he was confident he could handle it.

When he opened the fridge and saw the chicken drumsticks, he was startled.

“What the hell are these?!” Mag blurted. There were ten chicken drumsticks with golden red skin, several times bigger than normal chicken drumsticks.

“They are the drumsticks of fire chickens,” answered the system. “Fire chickens are very common on this continent—1st-tier magical beast, fairly aggressive. Their meat is tender and very nourishing.

“The drumsticks you’re looking at are from the fire chickens I’m raising on the Volcano Island which formed 10 years ago in the Staro Sea. I have made the island habitable for them to live on.

“The active volcano can make the fire chickens grow faster and stronger. In fact, they can be as strong as 2nd-tier magical beasts.

“Their meat is at least three times more nourishing, especially for men and people who are sensitive to cold weather.”

“You can make them as strong as 2nd-tier magical beasts? You’re one hell of a chicken farmer.” Mag took one in his hand. *It weighs at least three pounds.*

The skin looked a little rough, but felt soft to the touch. The meat was soft, but not as soft as normal chicken drumsticks.

Chapter 212: Such A Fine Knife!

He put the drumstick aside and took out a box of dried shiitakes, which had flower-like white cracking patterns on them. The moment he opened the box, he smelled a strong characteristic fragrance, which made him feel relaxed and calm.

They were of the same size. Mag picked one up. The cap was about four centimeters in diameter. They were dried but not brittle. “These are some shiitakes!”

“Shiitakes are fragrant and delicious, and can help work up your appetite and strengthen your body,” said the system. “They are essential ingredients of this dish.

"I grow them on aquilaria trees in the moist part of the Wind Forest. I regulate the water content in the wood to create the perfect environment for the shiitakes to grow in.

"Each tree can produce over a thousand of shiitakes, and I select only around a hundred, which are the best in quality, appearance, and size.

"They can serve as incense; their fragrance is very refreshing. Additionally, they are much more delicious than normal shiitakes when used for cooking food. I have cleaned all of them before they were dried. They're being stored in a germ-free environment with no additives whatsoever."

Mag nodded. "You're quite impressive when it comes to food."

Only the system is capable of cultivating shiitakes in the Wind Forest. It would be very interesting if some elf saw the aquilaria trees covered in mushrooms.

That being said, I must compliment it on its effort. The ingredients produced by the system are just unbelievable.

Then the system told him about the other ingredients and spices. They might not be as astonishing as the fire chickens and shiitakes, but they were still of higher quality than the normal ones.

"Thank you for your kind introduction. Now, leave me alone." Mag had become very excited. *It's another nutritious dish. I can't wait to find out how it will taste.*

He had everything he needed: one chicken drumstick, 20 shiitakes, three potatoes, three celtuces, four green peppers, some star anises, bay leaves, Sichuan peppers, chilis, ginger, salt, sugar, dark soy sauce, light soy sauce, cooking wine, etc.

Now, he only needed to follow the steps in his head.

He had to cut the chicken drumstick first. When he looked to the knife block, he found another knife besides the Chinese chef's knife. It resembled the Chinese chef's knife in appearance, and was only a little longer and narrower. It looked very sharp, and the back of the knife was golden. "A new knife?"

"You can use the old one first," said the system.

Mag put the chicken drumstick on the chopping board and hacked it with the old knife.

The knife went through the meat easily, but when it met the bone, they gave out a sound of metal hitting metal. The knife almost bounced off, making his hand a little numb.

Its edge had got nicked. "What the hell?!"

"The fire chicken is no ordinary chicken; their bones are much harder," said the system. "That's why those knights all carry sharp swords. Even Mag Alex couldn't have killed dragons without his heavy sword.

"You need a proper knife if you want to become the God of Cookery. See that golden knife over there? It's made of tungsten steel, sharp and hard. It can cut through the skin and bones of any magical beasts that are below 3rd-tier. I have made it longer and narrower for you.

"Try it. I'm sure you will love its sharpness."

“I think you’d make a great salesman.” Mag took the new knife in his hand.

It weighed about the same as the old one. The handle was slip-resistant and comfortable to grip, and he liked its appearance better. He held the drumstick with one hand and brought the knife down.

It went through the meat like it was nothing and cut through the bone easily, leaving no broken bits. Mag saw marrow in the bone.

“Such a fine knife!” Mag exclaimed in delight. He liked not only its sharpness, but also the perfect balance.

“Made by me,” the system said proudly.

Mag paid no heed to it. He cut the drumstick into several pieces, rinsed the blood off, and put them in a big bowl with marinade.

He soaked the dried shiitakes in some warm water.

Then, he cut the ingredients into pieces properly.

Chapter 213: I Knew It

The rice was also a very important part of this dish.

But, the system wouldn’t let Mag use the rice irrigated by the water from the Spring of Life, on account of a shortage in supply. Instead, it provided another type of rice called “moonlight rice”.

The system grew this rice on the Moonlight Island in the Staro Sea. The yield was pretty high since there were abundant wetlands on the island. Some stones on this island could absorb moonlight, which made the rice as tasty as the Spring of Life rice.

Mag opened the drawer to get some rice. In the left compartment was the Spring of Life rice, and in the right one was moonlight rice.

Mag took some rice from the right compartment. Each rice grain was very translucent, with a small white crescent moon in it, so they were a little whiter than the Spring of Life rice grains.

Mag smiled. “These are really beautiful. System, are you mentally a girl?” *I bet no girl can resist this rice.*

“I may be a system, but I also like beautiful things...”

Although it might not be as magical as the Spring of Life rice, Mag was still quite happy with it. *Amy will probably like it.*

He cooked the rice in the cooker. Normally, the chicken should be marinated for about an hour, but the system shortened the time for him. After the shiitakes were well soaked, he cut them into strips.

All the ingredients were ready. Mag donned a serious face and started cooking.

He turned the stove to medium heat and put some oil in the pan. When the oil was hot enough, he added in some sugar. The sugar was a little brown, and had a smell of honey because the system had added honey when making it.

The honey had been harvested in the Wind Forest. The system was trying to start a bee farm since there wasn't enough honey in that forest.

The sugar melted quickly and gave off a pleasant smell.

Mag put in about a fourth of the chicken, and stir-fried it until the skin browned and was covered by sugar. A strong meaty smell floated out of the pan. He moved the chicken onto a plate.

He cleaned the pan and stir-fried the spices in the pan for a few seconds to bring out their flavor. Then he added in the chicken, and after a while, some cooking wine, dark soy sauce, and light soy sauce.

At last, Mag put in the shiitakes. The distinct, pleasant smell of shiitakes came out quickly. It seemed to have made the meaty smell stronger somehow.

**This smell is simply divine! *Now he understood why the system had said the shiitakes were essential. They have brought this dish to another level!*

He stir-fried a few more seconds, and moved it all into the earthenware pot. *This pot is big enough to braise 16 plates of chicken, I think.*

Then he added in the water which had been used to soak the shiitakes. **This water will make the dish even more flavorful. *He put the potatoes and celtuces in the pot, and brought the soup quickly to a boil.*

After about 15 minutes, Mag opened the lid and added in the green peppers and chilis. Then he turned up the heat to thicken the soup.

The meaty smell became even stronger, tickling Mag's nose.

I feel... hungry? That's strange, I'm not supposed to go tired or hungry here.

When the soup was thick enough, Mag opened the lid and stirred the mixture a little before turning off the heat. Then, he moved the dish into two brown earthenware bowls.

Now the food was done—an aromatic dish with brown chicken, black shiitakes, yellow potatoes, green celtuces, and thick soup.

Mag put a bowl of rice on the cooking bench. The white crescent moons seemed to have become even clearer. It looked like a bowl of crescent moons. "Did I pass your test, system?"

"I'm afraid you failed," answered the system.

"1. The size of the chicken pieces is so random.

"2. The chicken and sugar have been overcooked; it tastes tough and bitter.

"3. The soup is too thick and greasy."

Mag nodded thoughtfully. He didn't get frustrated, though. *I knew it. The system is right. I have to take care of these problems. *He dumped the food into the trash can.

*Someone should have sliced out my vile tongue! I think I had three requirements for this dish. When the f*ck will I get out?!*

On the Earth

An old man turned on his TV and picked up his cellphone. "Hey, Li, turn on your TV! The fourth episode of 'The Miserable Life of Vicious Tongue Shen' is on!"

A voice answered the phone. "Oh, thank you! He'll be cooking my braised chicken and rice day and night without any sleep for a half year! He is reaping what he sowed!"

At the same time, hundreds of people were watching this episode.

"Thank you for watching this new episode of 'The Miserable Life of Vicious Tongue Shen'!" said the system.

"As you can see, Vicious Tongue Shen is now confined in a kitchen by me. I won't let him leave until he meets all his requirements for braised chicken and rice. He is now filled with despair and terror.

"You may rest assured that I'll do all I can to make his life miserable, and he can do nothing but follow my every order."

Chapter 214: Where Is My Knife?

Mag cooked and cooked, never slacked off, and never got frustrated by the system's comments.

Amy will love this dish! It has a lot of meat in it, Mag thought happily, and cooked faster.

Days and days had passed, and his practice had paid off. He had truly mastered this dish.

He turned off the heat and put a bowl of braised chicken on the cooking bench with some tender moonlight rice. "System, what about this one?"

The air was thick with the aroma of chicken and shiitake.

"According to your requirements before..."

"1. The soup should be thick, mellow, and agreeably greasy—achieved!"

"2. The meat should be brown, tender, and tasty—achieved!"

"3. The rice should be fluffy, firm, and delicious—achieved!"

"Congratulations, you've mastered this dish!"

Mag felt a sense of fulfillment. *It's not so hard after all.* After 80 days, he had finally perfected all the details.

"You have 10 minutes to try the food you cooked," said the system.

"That's a first." Mag was very surprised. *It used to be that I had to ask for its permission first. The system is a little strange this time.*

"Okay. After all the hard work, I think I deserve it." He took a spoon and a pair of chopsticks from the cupboard and picked up a piece of chicken. It was coated in the soup. He brought it into his mouth.

His eyes brightened immediately. The thick soup had a strong taste of chicken and shiitake, stimulating his taste buds.

He bit into the meat. It was really tender, flavorful, and soft, but not as soft as the stewed meat. The flavor stayed in his mouth after he swallowed.

"It's so good!" Mag said delightedly, eyes shining as he looked at the dish before him.

He spooned some soup into his mouth. *Mmm! Now that's what a soup should taste like!*

He took a bite of rice. It got even tastier when he chewed into those little moons.

With the chopsticks in one hand and the spoon in the other, he was bolting down his food.

When he finished a half bowl of the rice, Mag spooned some soup into the bowl and mixed them together.

He took a bite and smiled. *Maybe that's the right way to eat braised chicken and rice!*

After the second bowl of rice, Mag put down the spoon and chopsticks and gave a burp with a blissful look.

Before he knew it, he was on his bed again. He was very satisfied and fell asleep quickly.

The alarm woke him up at 5 am. Mag sat up and looked toward Amy. She was still sleeping, and Ugly Duckling was struggling to hold on to the edge of the crib.

It will fall from the bed again.

"Meow!" Ugly Duckling looked to Mag for rescue, but it fell down on the floor before Mag could do anything. *Poor cat.*

Mag got off his bed and picked it up. "Maybe I should get a small bed for you."

The kitten looked at Amy, and then at Mag. After a moment, it shook its head. "Meow, meow," it said, pointing at Amy.

Mag gave a smile. "Okay, it's your choice." *It's a loyal cat.*

No matter how badly Amy treats it, it still won't run away. Maybe it's because she was the first person it saw when it broke out of the shell.

Mag put the kitten beside Amy. She wrapped her arms around it and said, "Where did you go, Ugly Duckling..."

It licked her hand, closed its eyes, and started sleeping again.

Mag tucked them in, took his clothes quietly, and went to wash up. He planned to cook some braised chicken and rice for Amy.

He smiled as he pictured Amy eating happily, but when he walked into the kitchen, he froze.

"I think you forgot something, system."

"I think not," it replied calmly.

"Where is my knife? My pan and pot? My chicken drumsticks?"

"Congratulations! You've triggered a new mission! You have 24 hours to capture a wild fire chicken by yourself! Completing the mission will get you a golden knife and unlock the new ingredients and kitchenware; failing it will lead to strength falling by 0.5."

Chapter 215: Braised Shrimp

"Wait. What did you say?"

"Congratulations! You've triggered a new mission! You have 24 hours to capture a wild fire chicken, by yourself! Completing the mission will get you a golden knife and unlock the new ingredients and kitchenware; failing it will lead to strength falling by 0.5," the system repeated.

"No, before this."

"I think not."

"Right. I'd better start preparing ingredients." Mag closed the fridge door and drank some water to calm himself down.

*What the f*ck?! It wants me to capture a 1st-tier magical beast?! And in 24 hours? Now I understand why it acted a little strange earlier. It set a trap for me! This f*cking system!*

The customers will be furious if I close the restaurant today. They may not eat here again. I hope they won't break my window. I feel bad having to do this.

"I already told you about the mission," the system said, annoyed. "Your 24 hours starts now. I don't care if you finish it or not."

"What books are you reading these days?" Mag asked abruptly.

"How to Become an Actor."

"You must be very proud to see that your act worked so well!" he said angrily. The countdown began in his head, and he became a little worried suddenly.

He didn't worry about having to fight a fire chicken; he thought he should be able to kill one with a proper weapon.

Neither did he worry about the customers he was going to let down.

He was worrying about his promise to Amy. He had promised her that he would cook a new dish with a lot of meat for her today!

The last thing he wanted to see was Amy's disappointed eyes. He started pacing the floor nervously. "System, do you sell braised chicken and rice?"

"Sorry, I don't sell any food."

"Buy one for me from the Earth then. I'll pay you."

"It's not easy even for me. And it's very expensive."

"How much?"

"50,000 gold coins."

Mag lifted his eyebrow. "How much for the new knife, pot, and pan?"

"You can't afford to buy them, either." The system really enjoyed putting him down.

"You..." Mag took a seat, brooding. *The damned system struck back. If only I had much more money... It seems I have no choice but to finish this mission. But, I don't want to let Amy down.* He thought a moment. "I can use the ingredients as I like, right?"

"I wouldn't try and invent new dishes if I were you," said the system. "You're just a rookie cook right now. The things you might invent would only bring shame to this restaurant. You'd lose customers!"

"Who said anything about inventing new dishes? I just want to cook something new for Amy." Mag stood up, put on his apron, and walked towards the kitchen.

"I think I'll make some braised shrimp, with green peppers and eggs," Mag muttered. "Too bad I don't know how to make red braised pork belly, but I think some stewed meat will be good too."

"I—"

"Keep talking and I will never upgrade the restaurant," Mag interrupted, cutting pork belly.

The system fell silent right away.

Mag only used some lean part and put the rest back into the fridge.

A while later, Amy came downstairs with Ugly Duckling. She had changed into her robe, her silver hair undone with a wisp of ahoge. "Smells good! What're you cooking, Father?" she asked, surprised.

"Something you like. Why don't you sit there and wait a moment?" Mag said, smiling at her.

Amy nodded. "Okay." She took a seat and looked toward the kitchen with great expectations.

The shrimp had turned red and was giving off a pleasant smell. He was cooking it according to the method of cooking braised chicken, only that he had just used ginger, garlic, chilis and stuff. He added in some soy sauce and braised them for a while. At last, he moved them neatly onto a plate.

Mag cleaned the wok and cooked green peppers and eggs. The golden eggs and green peppers looked very appetizing.

Then he cut the stewed meat into thin slices and made some sour and spicy sauce. He put the dishes and rice on the tray and walked out.

Amy's eyes went wide, staring at the tray. "Wow! What are these, Father? Did you come up with all these new dishes last night?"

Chapter 216: Do You Want To Skip School Today?

"Yeah. I made these just for you," Mag answered, looking at Amy with loving eyes. He put them down on the table.

He might be a rookie cook right now, but the skills he had already mastered were enough for him to make these new dishes tasty, if not perfect, for Amy.

"You're not allowed to develop new dishes since the restaurant is only lv1," said the system. "This is your first warning. After your third warning, the restaurant will be degraded."

"Degradate it all you like. It's already at the lowest level," Mag said, seating himself.

"That's where you're wrong. I'm sure you still remember that rickety house."

"You..." *I won't let Amy live in that ramshackle building again.*

"Remember, you're to be the God of Cookery. Be strict with yourself and patient. Do it one step at a time," the system said solemnly.

"Fine," Mag said after a moment. *The system is right. I need to be patient. The things I've made are nowhere near authentic. If I'm content with them, I'll never get better.*

"Meow, meow!" Ugly Duckling was staring at the shrimp with longing eyes. It reached out its paws tentatively, but never dared to touch the plate.

"Amy, put Ugly Duckling on the floor and wash your hands first," Mag said when Amy was about to pick up a shrimp with her hand.

"Yes, Father," she said, tearing her eyes away from the shrimp. She put the cat down on the floor and ran towards the kitchen on her short legs.

Mag peeled a shrimp skillfully. "Come here, Ugly Duckling." Holding the tail, he fed the shrimp to it.

The kitten raised its head, chewing merrily.

By then Amy had run back. She crouched down beside the kitten and looked up at Mag with her mouth open. "Feed me too, Father!"

The kitten gave her a sullen look. "Meow."

"This is MY father!"

The kitten was beaten. "Meow, meow." It rubbed its head against her leg.

Mag smiled and peeled a shrimp for Amy. "Here you go."

Amy ate half with one bite. Her eyes brightened. "It's so good! And we have so much meat like you promised!"

Mag was very happy that she liked it. "Eat as much as you like."

It's important to keep promises to kids; they can easily pick up bad habits.

Mag didn't eat any shrimp since the two little things liked them so much. *They should be good, judging by the looks on their faces.*

"System, is it dangerous for me to go hunting by myself?" Mag asked, clearing the table.

"Your chance of survival is 50%."

Mag almost dropped the dishes in his hands. He frowned. "Wait, what?! It's just a fire chicken! It can kill me?"

"A fire chicken may not be able to kill you, but there are other magical beasts which are much powerful than fire chickens."

"I'm such a weakling..."

"You can say that again."

"Then why throw this mission at me? Do you want me dead?!"

"No. Your chance of survival can increase up to 99% if you have powerful items," the system said happily.

This damned system is trying to sell me something again! Mag thought.

"I don't have enough money to buy a proper sword." He walked towards the kitchen.

"Don't worry. You can always rent one. The daily rental is only 10 gold coins, and you will get a 10% discount if you rent it for seven days and over. You can also rent a suit of armor, a one-time magic shield, a one-time magic-attack, and stuff."

Mag's contempt grew stronger as it spoke. "What if I bring Amy with me?" he asked suddenly.

The system fell silent. "Your chance of survival will be 100%," it said at last.

Mag was taken by surprise. "For real?"

"Yes. Amy is much more powerful than you."

This fact didn't upset Mag. "You'd better be right."

"You can count on my calculations," the system said with certainty. "But I don't recommend you bring her with you. Amy has school today. Be a man and do it yourself!"

Mag sneered. *You can't provoke me into buying stuff from you.* He put the dishes in the dishwasher and turned to smile at Amy. "Do you want to skip school today, Amy?"

Chapter 217: A Big Troll And Many Goblins In Red Hats

Amy was teasing Ugly Duckling with a strip of cloth. She turned to look at Mag, confused. "Skip school?"

Mag nodded. "Yes. You're not going to school today. Let's go out hunting a chicken!" He didn't want to die again; 99% chance of survival wasn't good enough for him. He wouldn't take any chances. If he died, Amy would be left alone.

Amy's face lit up. "We can eat chicken tonight?"

"Yes."

"Then let's go, Father!" She jumped off the chair.

"Hold your horses. I have to write two excuse letters first—one for Krassu, and one for the customers." He took out pen and paper and started writing.

He told Krassu that Amy had got sick.

"Can Ugly Duckling go with us?" Amy asked. The kitten looked at him with pitiful eyes.

"Will taking the cat lower my chance of survival?" Mag asked in his head.

"It will increase it," answered the system.

Mag smiled at Amy. "Yes, why not?" *But what can it do?* he wondered.

"Okay, let's go." Mag put a bottle of water, four loaves of baiji bread, and a small bag of sauce in his bag.

He pushed the bike out. No one was waiting outside, since it was still very early. He stuck an excuse letter on the door, which said, "Out for new ingredients. We'll have a new dish on offer when we open tomorrow!"

Then he rode to the Chaos School. He gave the other excuse letter to the old guard at the gate and asked him to give it to Krassu.

"Bye, Mr. Turnip and Mr. Turtle Shield!" Amy said in her seat, waving her hand.

Anthoine and Arnold waved back. They looked at the letter when they were gone. *She is... sick?*

"Are we going outside of the city, Father?" Amy asked curiously. "I've never been outside of the city before. What's out there? Daphne said there were many scary magical beasts. Her father is a strong adventurer. She said he always brought back many kills..."

"We'll go to the Chaos Guild first. We have to find out where we can find fire chickens." Seeing that she was quite excited, Mag smiled. *This might turn out to be a good trip.*

The Chaos Guild was the only adventurers' guild in Chaos City, but it was also the largest one on the whole continent, providing different levels of quests. Every day, a lot of adventurers came here looking for jobs.

"Are we going to become adventurers?" Amy asked, excited.

Mag nodded with a smile. "Yes. Let's see if we can find a quest for hunting fire chickens." The system had said specifically that he had to capture one by himself. Otherwise, he would have hired someone to do it for him. *I could buy a map of habitats of fire chickens, but it might be too expensive. I think a map will come with the quest.*

The Chaos Guild was just outside of the Aden Square.

Mag stopped in front of the gate. "Ugly Duckling, you stay here and watch over the bike."

"Meow," it said. The bike sickness was killing it.

Mag looked up at the Chaos Guild. It was a massive structure made of rough black stones, grand and about 20 meters high.

Eight white pillars stood in a straight line outside, as high as the guild and so thick that it would take three men with outstretched arms to reach around each one.

It was said that the eight pillars symbolized the eight species. They had been weathered and eroded over the years.

In the middle of the façade was the main entrance to the guild, and above the entrance was a round emblem—a dove bearing an olive branch.

It was the emblem of Chaos City. After the peace treaty was signed, everyone had wanted to use their own species' emblem as the city emblem, and their argument had almost led to war again.

Then, a dove with an olive branch flew over the meeting. The elven representatives suggested using it as the emblem, and it got accepted by all species.

Mag smiled. *History does have a way of repeating itself.* He took Amy by the hand and walked towards the gate.

The gate was around 10 meters high—even higher than the gate of Chaos City. A forest troll walked past them. He was about eight meters tall, with creepers all over his back. The ground shook with every step he took.

A band of goblins with bows and magic staves was just walking out of the gate. They were all wearing red hats. "Hey, watch it, big guy!" shouted the old goblin leading the band.

Amy's eyes widened. *A big troll and many goblins in red hats...*

Mag was a little startled. *They are only as big as his foot! But, they are fully equipped and look pretty confident...*

"Boss, he might not be able to hear us," a young goblin said, worried.

“Should we get into combat position, Boss?” asked another goblin, pulling his sword from its scabbard.

Chapter 218: Ingredients-finding Job No. 256

Their leader’s face darkened as the troll approached them. His hand went to the hilt of his sword. “Stop where you are! Or we’ll look at this as a hostile action!” he bellowed.

The other goblins drew their swords and raised their staves. The conflict seemed unavoidable.

Suddenly, the troll appeared to have sensed something. He stopped his foot before it was too late. When he looked down and saw the goblins, he scratched his head and walked away.

“Boss, I think he is insulting us!” said the young goblin who was the first to draw the sword. He looked like he was about to slash at the troll.

Their leader moved his hand away from the hilt. “It’s just his ears don’t work so well,” he said calmly. “Let’s go. No fighting is allowed around the guild, or we will be prohibited from looking for jobs here again.”

“But...”

“Let it go. You don’t want to fight that,” an older goblin said, giving a pat on his shoulder.

The young goblin looked back at the troll, hesitated a moment, and kept up with the band, depressed.

A smile showed on Mag’s face. The city seems to be running in good order.

“Let’s go.” Mag and Amy started walking again.

“Father, if they fought, who would win?” Amy asked out of curiosity.

“The troll, I think.”

“But the goblins have the numbers.”

“Numbers mean nothing against overwhelming power.”

Amy nodded, thoughtful. She looked back at the goblins and smiled. “Then they were very brave. They stood up to him.”

“Yes, indeed.”

“Wow, such a big house!” Amy exclaimed in surprise the moment they entered. She looked around curiously.

Mag was also quite amazed by the builders’ skills, even though Mag Alex had come here before.

It had two floors and looked like a busy airport. There were dozens of big magic screens displaying different information about all kinds of jobs: daily-life jobs, fighting jobs, magical beasts-finding jobs, material-finding jobs, ingredients-finding jobs, etc.

Adventurers of different species were looking up at the screens. After they found the right job for them, they had to register at the reception desk.

The daily-life jobs were relatively easy—collecting debts, looking for lost pets, babysitting, and whatnot. Mag even saw a job of sending flowers to a girl. The reward was 10 copper coins, and a little girl took that job right away.

Mag stopped at the two five-meter-tall screens displaying information about ingredients-finding jobs.

Many people were standing here—elves, humans, orcs, and demons. They came individually or in groups, staring at the two screens.

Some restaurants in Chaos City liked to make food using magical beasts to accommodate the curiosity of their customers.

The magical beasts were in a similar situation to the wildlife on the Earth, only they had no law to protect them. They had to protect themselves.

The rewards were high. Capturing a three-headed silver cheetah—an 8th-tier magical beast—would be rewarded with as much as 10,000 gold coins.

The foodies in this world are just unbelievable, Mag thought.

Then he saw the job of catching two pounds of dead leaf cicadas. Mag had never found fried cicadas inviting in his past time. How do they cook them? he wondered.

Mag's strange bag and cute girl were starting to attract attention.

Sometimes, parents could be seen looking for jobs here with their kids, but only in front of the daily-life jobs screens.

The ingredients-finding jobs often involved killing magical beasts, and were thus much more dangerous.

Even a 1st-tier magical beast was able to take out 10 men. The wings of the dead leaf cicada were as sharp as razors, and could easily slit a man's throat.

So, they were surprised to see Mag with no weapon, but with a child.

"Taking the kid out for a trip?" a man asked Mag. He didn't want to see Mag putting the little girl's life in danger.

Mag nodded with a smile. "Yes."

He didn't mind them staring at him. He had found his job. Ingredients-finding job No. 256: Capture a wild fire chicken alive. Reward: 10 gold coins.

Thank you for reading on myboxnovel.com

The man frowned. He wants to do a job while going on a trip with his kid?! "You should go north then. Plenty of views there, and it's very safe. Kids of the Chaos School go there every spring and autumn. The job can wait. Have fun with your kid."

Mag could tell that the man was warning him kindly. "Thank you. I'll take her there next time." Then he walked towards the reception desk with Amy.

Chapter 219: Thirteen Swordplay Forms

Mag handed an iron card to the young reception girl, and said, "Ingredients-finding job No. 256, please."

The iron card was like a membership card, and could store information about the adventurer and every job he had done thanks to magic casters.

Due to his poor health, Mag Alex had only been able to undertake easy jobs, but he had managed to get from a level 0 adventurer to a level 1 adventurer.

"The job of catching a fire chicken?" she asked after checking his file.

Mag nodded. "Yes."

"I know you're a level 1 adventurer, sir, but the fire chicken is very dangerous and aggressive. Are you sure you want to do this job?" she asked, looking over Mag.

He has done hundreds of jobs, or rather, errands, but he looks so strong and handsome! she thought. *That's strange.*

Mag nodded. "Yes." He knew the girl was just looking out for him.

The receptionist remembered herself suddenly. "All right. Do you need a map of their habitats?"

"Yes, please." The map was the reason he had come here.

"The map is one gold coin. I wish you the best of luck." She handed the map and his iron card to him.

"Thank you." Mag paid the money, took the map and his card, and walked towards the gate with Amy.

"He took the fire chicken job?" a man asked after Mag left.

"Yes. The fire chicken is pretty powerful among 1st-tier magical beasts," said a second voice. "Even a fully equipped 1st-tier knight may not be able to beat one. It's impossible for him to capture one alive."

"Poor girl. Hope they won't die," a third voice said.

I hope nothing bad will happen to them, the receptionist prayed inwardly.

Guy handed his card to the girl. "Ingredients-finding job No. 87: capture a bronze wild boar. Also, I'd like a map." He looked at Mag and Amy and shook his head.

I have warned him, but he's so stubborn. I will help them out if I meet them out there.

As an old hunter, killing a fire chicken was easy for him, but he didn't want to do it, because the reward was too small.

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"Father, they said it's impossible for us to catch a fire chicken. Why?" Amy asked, looking up at Mag.

Mag stroked her head and smiled. "Because they don't know how powerful you are."

Amy shook her head. "No. It's because they don't know how powerful Father is!"

Mag was very happy. "I don't care what they say as long as I'm a good father in your eyes."

"You're a great father, Father!" She let go of his hand and ran towards the bike. Ugly Duckling was waiting for them in the basket with a pitiful look on its face.

"System, I want to rent a sword for a day," Mag said, walking slowly.

"That's 10 gold coins. Thank you!" the system said. "It will be ready in five minutes."

"Give it to me after I leave the city. And, I need you to keep my bike safe for me for a day."

"That will be one gold coin."

Mag nodded. "Okay." Even though the system had said he was 100% safe, he wanted to go all out for to finish this mission and protect Amy. He decided to think like Mag Alex.

Mag Alex had been a brilliant swordsman as well as an excellent officer.

He wouldn't have fallen into that situation if he had turned down a certain old friend. They had planned everything meticulously.

The fire chicken or any other magical beasts would have been small fry to him. He could have killed them with one swing of his sword.

Yet Mag wasn't capable of doing something like that now.

Mag Alex had learned swordplay from his father, and started using a sword weighing over 100 pounds at the age of 15.

Mag was now as strong as Mag Alex when he was about 10 years old.

Later, Mag Alex killed his first dragon, and found a nameless swordplay manual in which were 13 swordplay forms in its den. He called it Thirteen Swordplay Forms.

When he was at his best, he could wield his heavy sword so fast that no one could see it.

Of course, Mag couldn't wield even a smaller longsword that fast now, and thought he might only be able to do the first three forms.

But it's probably enough for me to kill a fire chicken.

Chapter 220: Frosty Wings

"Let's go, Amy," Mag said.

"Yes, Father!" she answered happily. "Ugly Duckling, we're going out of the city!"

"Meow, meow!" it cried excitedly.

Mag had the system hide the bike, and walked down the black stone road towards the gate.

The gate was not far south of the Chaos Guild. It was about eight meters tall, while the city walls were 15 meters tall. They were not very tall, actually, because this city was a symbol of peace. The walls of

Rodu were as tall as 60 meters, and were five meters thick; they could hold for a while against the attack of a 10th-tier dragon.

Still, the walls of Chaos City were not easy to breach. There were numerous magic spells on the walls, and counting. In fact, it was one of the most impregnable cities.

Eight soldiers in black uniforms were guarding the gate, with swords hanging at their waists.

Mag saw the emblem on their chests—a dove bearing an olive branch. *It seems the gate is guarded by men from the castle of Chaos City.* The emblem of the Gray Temple was a diamond, though details differed among departments. For instance, the emblem of Chaos School was a pencil and ruler.

Adventurers were coming and going through the gate. No non-adventurers could Mag see, as nothing but herbs and fearsome beasts could be found in the swamps and valleys south of the city.

Dangerous as it was, it was a great place for adventurers to make money.

A guard motioned them to stop when they walked to the gate. “Are you going out?” he asked Mag.

Mag nodded. “Yes.”

“I must warn you: you’re walking into beasts’ territories,” the guard, Buddy, said earnestly. “It’s not safe for your kid.”

Never in his 20 years of guarding the gate had he seen an unarmed man with a girl and a cat.

Every day, many adventurers came back injured, mutilated, or dead.

They risked their necks every time they went out there.

The map was updated every day based on the information provided by adventurers, yet they could never prepare themselves for every eventuality.

By then, the other guards and some adventurers had noticed Mag too. They were all gazing at this man in fancy clothes with confusion.

Mag nodded with a smile. “I know that. Thank you for your warning. Can I go now?”

Buddy gave him a long look. “Yes. Good luck.”

“Thank you.” He was grateful that they hadn’t mocked him, but he was also a little disappointed—he couldn’t enjoy the amusement of proving them wrong.

“Will they make it back alive, Boss? The little girl is pretty cute,” a guard said.

“I hope so.” Buddy took his eyes away from Mag and focused on his job again.

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“It’s so beautiful!” Amy cried in delight.

The mountains far away looked like a painting, and the lingering swathes of fog made them even more attractive. Mag’s eyes also brightened.

Suddenly, something appeared in the sky, and it flew over to the gate in no time.

“A dragon!” a man cried, in excitement or perhaps in fright.

Mag looked up and squinted his eyes.

It cast a huge shadow on the ground with its wings spread wide. Even the air had become cold.

It was a frosty dragon, with white scales and a wingspan of over 30 meters. It was big but not fat, graceful and dignified, its eyes deep blue and freezing cold.

Most people didn't dare to look up, eager to get away from this chilling beast.

The dragons might not have won the war, but they were unmistakably strong. This one was at least as powerful as a 7th-tier magic caster.

And once they were outside of the city, the rules could bind them no longer.

“Wow, it looks so much like the dragon Master Turtle summoned!” Amy said. “It's so beautiful!”

Ugly Duckling looked up at the dragon and cried with hostility.

Mag nodded. “Yes, it is beautiful.” It was the first time he had seen a real dragon. It looked like a piece of art. Its frosty wings flapped, bringing about some wind and snow.

The other adventurers stayed well away from Mag and Amy.

The dragon saw Mag too. Frost formed under Mag's feet. *Why am I feeling a sense of... fear?* the dragon wondered.