

## **Stay At home 2151**

### **Chapter 2151: I Wish You All the Best**

The dishes were served and the people had taken their seats.

Annie ate obediently and quietly. Amy had also put away the gifts from her two masters and was concentrating on dealing with the chicken drumstick before her.

"I am thankful to both of you for your patient guidance toward Amy. A toast to the both of you," Mag raised his glass as he said a toast to Krassu and Urien sincerely. After that, he finished his drink in one shot.

Krassu and Urien had taught Amy and also helped the father-and-daughter on many occasions.

Mag would always remember the favors they had done for them.

Today, the two had come, with apparent intentions to bid farewell.

In the race meeting yesterday, although both of them were not present, they would definitely not sit by and watch the war happen.

This would be a dangerous journey and the both of them had started making arrangements for themselves should anything untoward happen to them.

They had imparted all that they had learnt to Amy, leaving a seed behind.

"We should be grateful to you for giving us such an obedient disciple," Krassu said with a hearty laugh.

Urien raised his glass and took a sip of alcohol. After that, he looked at Mag and said, "Rom will make a new weapon for Little Amy. Do go over from time to time to ask about it."

"Alright." Mag nodded. Master Rom had brought this up before but there had been no news recently.

Krassu said, "Amy is very obedient but she is still a child after all. There will be times she will feel lazy. Boss Mag, please watch her and make sure she trains hard. Only hard work will help one become a powerhouse."

"Alright. I will make sure she practices." Mag nodded.

After a few years, Mag had experienced being lectured once again.

Mag drank with the two old men as the parent of their student.

Maotai is hard liquor and even with their alcohol tolerance, Krassu and Urien were still a little tipsy after a bottle.

"Great... great wine. Boss Mag, what is this liquor?" Krassu asked Mag with his eyes semi-opened.

"This is Maotai. take these two bottles with you. When you're back, we can continue drinking." Master smiled as he pushed two bottles into their arms before sending them out.

The two, who had been squabbling for their entire lives, ended up with their arms around each other when they were drunk, staggering into the magic potion shop together.

“Father, where are my Masters going?” Amy asked Mag curiously.

“They are going to save the world,” Mag said with a smile.

Amy’s eyes lit up. She looked at Mag expectantly and asked, “Can they bring me along?”

“Not this time. Because this is an adult matter. Amy can do it when you grow up.” Mag shook his head.

“I see.” Amy pouted her little mouth and sighed. After that, she muttered, “I want to grow up quickly...”

Mag smiled and stroked Amy’s head as he turned to go in.

“Boss Mag!”

A bright voice called out.

Mag looked over and saw a few big and burly men walk over quickly. Sargeras led the group and Kiel, Mond, and a few other lackeys were walking beside him.

Sargeras, who had his shirt unbuttoned, was exuding ferocious vibes from the flaming lava cracks on his body. He was already reaching the 10th-tier.

“Chief Sargeras,” Mag greeted him.

“Boss Mag, I didn’t expect you to really be back. I thought I wouldn’t be able to meet you,” Sargeras said with a foolish smile as he rubbed his bald head.

“I returned yesterday.” Mag nodded. He looked at the luggage Mond was carrying behind him and asked curiously, “Are you preparing to go somewhere far away? For a mission?”

“We are responding to the city lord’s call to go to the northern ice plains to defeat the Army of the Dead. I am going over to report today. Before I left, I wanted to bid farewell to you but I didn’t expect to really meet you,” Sargeras said with a smile.

“Why did you suddenly decide to go to the north?” Mag was surprised.

He knew the situation of the lava demons. Sargeras and the Burning Legion were the only ones holding the entire tribe up. If he dies in the north, he would have no chance of making a comeback.

Sargeras said with a smile, “If we hide at the back, who would protect all of you? This is what we should be doing.”

“Yes! We are all going willingly to kick the a\*s of the Army of the Dead!” Kiel concurred.

The people of the Burning Legion all burst out laughing, making the mood a lot lighter.

Mag looked at this group of men and had more respect for them.

They could put their hatred aside and put their personal safety behind them to uphold the principle of a knight.

At this moment, the vigour of the Burning Legion touched Mag.

“Boss Mag, I am thankful for your care over this period. You are a saint to the lava demons. We would hereby bid our farewell to you.” Sargerass pounded his chest with his fist, greeting Mag with the lava demon salute.

The people of the Burning Legion all saluted Mag in the same way.

Mag nodded with a smile. “You’re welcome. Come back alive. There would definitely be enough roujiamo to go around.”

Sargerass and the members of the Burning Legion laughed.

“Burning Legion!” Sargerass shouted.

“For Roujiamo!” the members of the Burning Legion replied in a large chorus.

“Bald Uncle, I wish you all the best.” Amy raised her little fist.

Sargerass looked at Amy and smiled pamperingly. He bent down and gave Amy a gentle fist bump.

He retracted his hand and found out, to his surprise, that there was a little ring in his hand.

“You must beat a lot of baddies!” Amy winked at Sargerass.

Sargerass smiled and accepted Amy’s little gift. After that, he led the Burning Legion off as they bade farewell.

“Amy baby, what did you give Uncle Sargerass?” Mag asked Amy with a smile.

“Just... a little gift.” Amy turned and ran into the restaurant.

Mag smiled and shook his head. He turned around and closed the door behind him. After that, he walked into the kitchen and started making stew and kneading dough.

In the evening, mag sent two buckets of roujiamo over to the temporary camp outside the city with a horse-drawn carriage. He got the guards’ help to hand the food over to Sargerass.

The sun had started to set but a bright light suddenly lit up a corner of the camp, together with the sound of celebratory howls.

“Take that as my blessing to you.”

Mag sat in the horse-drawn carriage and ordered the coachman to return to the city.

The horse-drawn carriage pulled to a stop outside Mamy Restaurant.

Mag saw two ladies standing at the door immediately when he alighted.

Scheer Buffett and Gloria Moreton.

They were the two talents of the business world in Chaos City. But right now, they were standing outside Mamy Restaurant, waiting for him?

The atmosphere was rather amiable but they were not chatting merrily, at least it was not a strange atmosphere.

The two were standing a meter apart.

Scheer had an aura of a capable business woman around her. She was wearing a red down jacket and had bright red lipstick on. One would feel an inexplicable sense of suppression just seeing her stand there.

Meanwhile, beside her, in a white down jacket and black woolen dress, Gloria appeared elegant and restrained. However, she did not lose in terms of presence standing beside Scheer.

The sound of Mag alighting made the two turn at the same time.

### **Chapter 2152: What Do You Know Now?**

Mag was glad that Irina wasn't home right now, otherwise the ambiance would be awkward even if it didn't transform into a love battlefield.

Mag paid the coachman and then said to the two of them with a smile, "Miss Scheer, Miss Gloria. What are you two doing here?"

One had to say that these two had top notch looks and temperaments.

Although they were still inferior to Irina, they both had their own charm.

"I heard Mr. Mag has returned today, so we came to visit you. I happened to bump into Miss Gloria at the restaurant's door, so we waited here together for you," Scheer answered smilingly.

"Mr. Mag, long time no see," Gloria said to Mag.

"I just went to deliver some food to my regular customers at the army barracks beyond the city. It's cold outside. Let's go in to talk." Mag opened the door to let them in.

Mag brought them a pot of hot tea, poured a cup for each of them and smilingly asked, "Have you guys eaten?"

Scheer said with a smile, "I've had a simple meal, but if Mr. Mag is willing to cook, my stomach is willing to undertake more pressure."

Gloria's stomach grumbled before she could even speak.

She blushed. She hadn't eaten her lunch, as she got her coachman to come to Mamy Restaurant after she finished her work. She had only had breakfast today.

Mag took a menu from the side and placed it in the middle of them with a smile. "That's great. I haven't had my meal either. What would you like to eat? Just order. It's my treat today."

"I'm just joking. It isn't your working day, so how can we bother Mr. Mag to cook for us?" Scheer replied smilingly.

Mag looked at Gloria, who was about to reject his offer too, and shook his head gently. "No. You guys are worth it."

Scheer had spent a great deal of money and effort to build the cannons. She created a cannon production line with the fastest speed, which helped him greatly.

Meanwhile, Gloria was making winter wear for the frontline soldiers for when they went to the freezing north; this was also strategically important.

Just these two points alone were enough to make Mag cook for them personally.

Scheer saw that Mag wasn't joking. After thinking briefly, she said, "Then, I won't be polite with you. I'll have a helping of beef steak."

After hearing that, Gloria said after thinking for a while, "I shall bother Mr. Mag to make me a helping of Yangzhou fried rice."

Of course, she had missed Mr. Mag's tofu pudding the most.

However, she also knew very well that the tofu pudding couldn't be made within a short period of time, so she naturally couldn't make such an overboard request.

"Alright. You guys take a seat first." Mag went into the kitchen.

Scheer and Gloria sat facing each other. The restaurant's warm and comfortable environment made the atmosphere less awkward.

"I heard you have been busy with preparing the winter wear for the soldiers? How is it going?" Scheer asked.

Gloria shook her head and said with a forlorn expression, "We're rushing with the production now, but we only have a limited number of tailors, so with our current progress, it will be very hard to provide all the warriors with a new winter jacket when they set off."

She had employed almost all the tailors in Chaos City. Most of them joined voluntarily, but their numbers were still limited.

She came to Mamy Restaurant today to ask Mr. Mag if he had any solutions for it.

"The north is cold and its weather is completely different from our Chaos City. The warriors will get frozen if they don't have winter wear with them." Scheer frowned. She had been busy with the cannons, so she didn't realize the severity of that problem yet.

"Yes. I have tried to transfer stock from the other areas, but the allied forces come from all races, so winter wear is in demand everywhere. It's very difficult to come up with enough numbers within a short time." Gloria nodded.

Mag was also pondering with a frown in the kitchen.

The orcs, demons and trolls, who had tough skins, would still be alright, but the humans who had weak bodies, would be seriously injured by the cold if they didn't have ample winter clothing.

However, war preparations could never be done in a few days. The incident happened suddenly and all the races had no time to prepare the large amount of winter wear at all.

After all, no race had ever considered fighting on the snowplain in the extreme north before.

Scheer pondered and then her eyes suddenly lit up. She said, "I have a solution."

“What?” Gloria looked at Scheer with anticipation.

“Tailor is a technically demanding title, so that’s why there is a limited number of them in Chaos City. However, if you lower your requirements to people who can sew a winter jacket, that number will greatly increase.” Scheer smilingly said, “You may not know that many poor people in Chaos City sew their own winter wear during the winter.”

“You’re saying... let the people in Chaos City sew the winter wear for the warriors? Oh yes! That’s a great idea!” Gloria lit up her eyes. She stood up immediately and grabbed Scheer’s hand agitatedly. “Thank you!”

“I-it’s nothing.” Scheer wasn’t used to Gloria’s enthusiasm.

Gloria retracted her hands and said with a blush, “I’m sorry. I got carried away. I need to go to the city lord’s castle right now and ask the city lord to order the residents of Chaos City to sew the winter wear for the warriors.”

As she spoke, she prepared to leave.

“Wait a sec.” Mag came out of the kitchen with a plate of Yangzhou fried rice. He pressed on Gloria’s shoulders gently and said, “You have to fill your stomach first even if you want to save the world. No one else can do a better job than you if you collapse.”

“But...” Gloria’s tummy began to growl when she smelled that aromatic Yangzhou fried rice. The intense hunger even made her feel that little stars had appeared in her eyes.

“Let’s eat. I guess you’ll have a busy night tonight.” Mag pressed Gloria back to her seat and gave her a spoon.

“Mmm.” A layer of fog appeared in Gloria’s eyes and she put a spoonful of fried rice into her mouth.

The warm sensation filled her heart. The tiredness from the past few days seemed to be washed away. Her entire person was filled with blissfulness.

Scheer looked at Mag and then at Gloria before revealing an ‘Oh, I see’ expression.

“What do you know now?” Mag saw Scheer’s expression from the corner of his eyes and raised his eyebrows. He went into the kitchen and came out with a medium-well steak shortly.

“Thank you. I shall tuck in now.” Scheer nodded. She picked up the knife and fork and began eating gracefully.

Actually, she didn’t eat before she came, either. The engineers suggested a few improvements for the cannons, so she wanted Mag to help her look at it. It would be great if the cannons’ firepower could be improved.

As for why she came to look for Mag.

Perhaps... it was just a baseless superstition.

**Chapter 2153: Good Fellows!**

Gloria finished her Yangzhou fried rice quickly. She looked much better than her previous tired state. She got up, bowed to Mag and Scheer and gratefully said, "Thank you for the solution, Miss Scheer, and thank you for your hospitality, Mr. Mag. I have to rush to the city lord's castle now. Goodbye, and I hope to see you guys again soon."

"Goodbye, see you." Mag got up to open the door for Gloria and watched her leave in her horse-drawn carriage.

Mag had added some Spring of Life into her Yangzhou fried rice. He hoped Gloria could finish her job with more energy.

Mag closed the door and returned to the table. Scheer was looking at him smilingly.

Mag picked up his roujiamo and continued munching while asking Scheer, "Is the steak not tasty, or am I too beautiful?"

Scheer was amused. "I'm just a little curious. How long have you known Gloria, Mr. Mag? And, why did you choose to help her?"

"Gloria is the restaurant's regular customer. I always like the people who frequent my business and will help them whenever I can," Mag said calmly.

"I see." Scheer cut the steak gracefully with slightly upturned lips. "Seems like I have missed out on a lot of things. I wonder if Mr. Mag is open for business tonight?"

"Today is my day off. Making this steak is already considered as working overtime. I'm not working tonight." Mag rejected her decisively.

What a joke. As a man with principles, he definitely wouldn't bow down to evil forces so easily.

Moreover, he had to consider the situation where Irina was going to come home at any time.

"I wonder what is the purpose of Miss Scheer's visit today?" Mag asked.

Scheer wasn't someone who came to eat out of boredom.

Scheer popped the last piece of beef into her mouth before putting down the cutlery. She wiped her mouth gracefully before pulling out a piece of folded paper from her bag at the side. She spread it out on the table and smilingly said, "I hope Mr. Mag can help me look at this blueprint."

Mag looked at the blueprint and then at Scheer, who was looking at him smilingly.

"I guess no one else in this world knows this blueprint better than Mr. Mag, right?"

Mag leaned against his chair and looked at this smart woman with a smile.

"It's all out. The cannon is indeed designed by me."

Scheer's smile got wider. Indeed, her instinct was never wrong.

"However, is this an improved version of the cannon?" Mag picked up the blueprint. Other than his own blueprint, there were three more versions of blueprints behind it, which had improvements made to the cannon and artillery shells.

Scheer nodded and said, "Yes. This is the improvement that our engineers made after working hard for two days and nights. The core is to enhance the cannons with spell formations, thereby improving the cannons' range and explosive power."

Mag's eyes lit up after hearing that and asked, "Have you done the tests yet?"

"Yes. The first version has already passed the tests. This is the correlation data." Scheer pulled another piece of paper from her bag and passed it to Mag.

Mag read through the experimental data carefully and his eyes got increasingly brighter.

The range of the magical cannon that was enhanced by the spell formations was raised from eight kilometers to 20 kilometers, and its explosive power was increased a few times. The crater it made was three times bigger.

"Good fellows!"

Mag couldn't help but to clap in amazement.

Spell formation enhancements was a very common method to enhance a weapon on the Norland Continent.

However, Mag didn't have the knowledge in this area, so he could only provide the cannon in its original form.

However, when this cannon ended up in the hands of the top engineers and craftsmen, they were able to come up with numerous improvement plans.

The spell formation to increase the range of arrows was engraved on the cannon and it still provided a strong enhancement effect.

Meanwhile, the simple explosive spell formation doubled the artillery shells' power after it was engraved on the shells.

"How's the stability?" Mag put down the drawing and asked Scheer.

Power was only one aspect when it comes to checking a weapon's advantages. Stability was another crucial factor.

"This is why I came to look for you tonight." Scheer shook her head. "The cannon's power has increased, but the explosive spell formation is very unstable and it causes the cannon chamber to blow very easily. However, if we used more advanced spell formations, the beneficial results will become very low. We cannot resolve that issue currently."

"I see..." Mag pondered with a frown. Suddenly, his eyes glinted and he said, "Can you get me an enhanced cannon, a batch of enhanced artillery shells and a batch of artillery shells that are not enhanced?"

"Did you have a solution, Mr. Mag?" Scheer's eyes lit up.

"No, but I thought of someone who can solve the problem." Mag smiled mysteriously.



“Alright. I can make the arrangements immediately. Where should I send them to?” Scheer didn’t probe either.

“Send them straight to the city lord’s castle. Let’s go there together.” Mag got up, put on his coat and walked out right away.

Scheer was always extremely efficient. The cannon and the artillery shells were soon sent to the city lord’s castle.

Mag asked the people in the city lord’s castle to get Babla to come out to see him.

“What are you doing here, Boss?” Babla came out of the city lord’s castle with two blue ice crystal rocks in her hands. Throwing a quick glance at the cannon and a few boxes of mysterious objects, she asked, “What are these?”

“Babla, isn’t your master a great spell formation master? I have something very important that needs his help.” Mag got straight to the point.

Scheer sized up Babla at the side. She knew Babla was the princess of the Moon Nation. Her identity was very noble.

She also knew that Babla was working in Mamy Restaurant.

However, that Moon Nation’s great spell formation master was someone who had fixed that seal spell formation at that mountain beyond Chaos City. They simply came without any notifications in advance, so would such a noble and formidable existence reject them?

“Alright, Boss. Come with me.” Babla simply nodded without any hesitation and walked into a yard at the side after informing Mag.

“Please wait here for a moment,” Mag said to Scheer and then followed Babla into the yard with a box of artillery shells.

“Mr. Mag is indeed not an ordinary man...” Scheer raised an eyebrow. She was getting increasingly curious about Mag.

“Master, my Boss needs your help,” Babla yelled as soon as she entered the yard.

Mag found her words rather soothing. Master and Boss were at least equal in status.

“It’s Mr. Mag. I wonder how I can help you?” Jonas came out with a smile. He didn’t treat Mag lightly because of his status.

The king of the Moon Nation had reminded him many times to treat Mr. Mag as the Moon Nation’s VIP. He was the man who saved the princess.

Looking at his attitude, Mag thought there was a good chance he’d help.

Mag already had a rough idea, so he said his purpose right away. He illustrated the importance of the cannons and asked Jonas to help improve them.

“That’s it?”

Jonas took out an artillery shell from the box. He used two fingers to knock on it and put it next to his ear to listen to the sound.

#### **Chapter 2154: You're Such a Talent**

Mag looked at the exploded bomb shell in Jonas's hand and raised his eyebrow. He felt that this fellow was quite something.

Jonas studied the bomb shell for a while before looking up at Mag and asking, "Who invented this?"

Mag pointed at himself.

"You're such a talent." Jonas gave Mag a thumbs up. He put the bomb shell back together again and studied the ignition spell formation on the outside. After that he looked at Mag and said, "Did you add that in as well?"

"No. I don't know magic. This was added in by others after enhancement. However, it is not very stable and is unable to satisfy the requirements needed for the launch." Mag shook his head.

"This is not just bad. It's simply murdering yourselves." Jonas waved his hand and erased the ignition spell formation on the outside of the shell and said with a shake of his head, "This spell formation is very unstable and although it might increase the power of the cannon, it would explode very easily upon slight friction, thereby causing an ignition.

"Be it storage, transportation, or launching, it would not be able to make the mark. The fellow who added this spell formation on the shell is an idiot."

"I agree."

Mag nodded upon hearing Jonas' analysis. After that, he asked seriously, "In that case, how should this be improved? How do we ensure its stability while increasing its power during the launch and achieving cost-efficiency at the same time?"

"This is simple. Make a protective shell over this," Jonas said with a smile.

"What do you mean?"

"The ignition spell formation is a very simple spell formation. Even a 1st-tier magic caster could easily carve it out and it is indeed a very cost effective choice.

"To ensure its stability is even simpler. Just isolate it from the friction between the bomb and the cannon. Make use of the bomb explosion to trigger the spell formation instead of using the spell formation to trigger the bomb.

"Therefore, we can add a layer of steel shell outside of the carved bomb and then fill the space between the layers with steel balls to increase its power," Jonas explained.

"Fantastic!" Mag's eyes lit up. A professional's solution is different indeed.

"Master, Didn't you say that our opponent is a pile of bones? What's the use of adding the steel balls?" Babla interrupted. "Can't we fill it with something that they're afraid of?"

Babla's words stunned Mag and Jonas.

That's true...

What exactly is the Army of the Dead afraid of?

Mag suddenly realized something very important. They seemed to know too little about their enemy.

The Roth Empire might be keeping updated on the movement of the Army of the Dead but the current information currently given to them lacked the Army of the Dead's weakness.

Mag had exchanged blows with the Army of the Dead before and those skeletons were nothing in front of his powers.

However, the vanguard of the allied forces was not all as strong as he was. They were even weaker than the Army of the Dead.

Other than being lifeless, feeling no pain, being unafraid of death, and other heavy information, the allied forces knew nothing about the strong enemy that they were about to face.

They were not even told what was the fastest way to deal with their opponent and how to ensure that their opponent was indeed settled.

As the supreme commander of the allied forces, Mag felt a chill down his spine.

He had worked hard to create the allied forces and attempted to give the allied forces a supply of even stronger ammunition and even more logistical support.

However, what he did to ensure the normal soldiers knew how to kill the Army of the Dead was way insufficient.

"Perhaps we should indeed raise an opinion." He knew what he had to do next.

Mag left Jonas' and handed the plan to Scheer. After that, he walked around Aden Square and bought some materials before going to the textile factory to look for Irina, who was arranging matters for deployment.

"What are you doing here?" Irina placed the material she had on hand down and looked at Mag, who was standing at the door.

"I'm here to deliver supper to you." Mag walked in with a lunch box in his hand and smiled at Irina.

"Go on, what's the matter?" Irina took out the fried rice in the lunchbox and asked as she ate.

Mag sat in front of her and said, "I intend to make a trip to the ice plains."

"You still want to kill Cthulhu on your own?" Irina paused and looked at Mag.

"No. I know I can't kill it alone." Mag shook his head. "I want to go over to understand the dead souls better, for example, how to kill them easily."

"It's easy for you to kill them."

“But there is only one Alex in the allied forces and tens of thousands of normal soldiers. In the Roth Empire, more than 70% of the knights are 3rd-tier and below.” Mag shook his head. “They are the ones who will be sent to the frontlines to face the Army of the Dead directly.”

Irina fell silent for a while. She looked at Mag and said, “So, what do you intend to do?”

“I brought some things and intend to test them on the dead souls. I need your help,” Mag said.

“Let’s go. I’ll eat on the way,” Irina said as she stood up and brought her fried rice along.

“Why don’t... you finish your food first?” Mag felt a little bad.

“There’s time on the way.” A golden glow appeared from beneath Irina’s feet and the both of them disappeared from the office.

“Right, what about the children?”

“I’ve brought them back to the restaurant. They can take care of themselves. Urien is just next door. There should be no problems.”

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A bolt of purple lightning sliced through the skies over the icy plains and landed in a narrow valley.

Mag looked at the tens of thousands of skeleton soldiers standing neatly at the bottom of the valley below him and frowned.

They have searched the icy plains for two hours and this is the first batch of soldiers from the Army of the Dead that they had found.

There was no trace of the Army of the Dead at the location the Roth Empire provided two days ago.

The skeletons were spaced meters apart and were standing neatly within the valley according to their size. There was frost hanging on them and they stood deadly still, like an ice sculpture.

“Why aren’t they moving?” Irina questioned.

Mag was also rather shocked. This group of skeletons were arranged neatly and it was obviously not natural. Judging from the traces around them, it seemed they were gathered here for a while but why do they appear so lifeless?

Just then, among the skeleton soldiers, a giant skeleton, standing tens of meters high, suddenly came to life as its eyes lit up like two red lasers, landing on the purple-striped griffin.

A black soundwave was released from its body and the eyes of the other skeleton soldiers all lit up red, as though they were all awakened. The frost all fell from their bodies, revealing their deathly white bones.

“Howl~”

That giant skeleton let out a furious roar and pointed at Mag with its icy spear.

Countless skeleton soldiers started crawling up the valley, towards Mag and Irina.

“What do we do now?” Irina turned to Mag and asked.

“Let’s first see if the silver sword is of any use.” Mag pulled out a longsword made of pure silver.

### **Chapter 2155: Uncle Nine Did Not Lie To Me Indeed!**

The longsword made of silver gleamed under the moonlight.

Mag stood with his sword as he looked down at the skeleton soldiers that were climbing up the cliff rapidly.

Irina looked at Mag, who had a serious expression, and rolled her eyes. “With your capability, you would cut down these fellows like vegetables even if you are using a wooden sword. The results won’t have any reference value.”

“That is indeed a problem.” Mag nodded. He put away the silver swords and took out two crossbows.

These two crossbows were the standard crossbows from the Roth Empire’s army. Basic spell formation enhancements were engraved on them.

Mag held a crossbow in each hand. One had a silver arrowhead while the other had an ordinary arrowhead.

Mag searched for his targets in the skeletal crowd and soon found two skeleton men of similar size. They were obviously of the same race and weren’t very powerful.

“Record the test image for me, please.” Mag told Irina before pressing on the triggers.

Swoosh, swoosh!

Two arrows shot out and made two lines in the air before hitting those two skeleton men at the same time.

The silver arrowhead was crushed as soon as it landed on the skeleton man’s head and the arrow shaft broke into pieces. That skeleton man simply swayed a little before continuing on his climb again as though nothing had happened.

Meanwhile, the other arrow with its custom-made arrowhead, embedded in the skeleton man’s head. Even though it didn’t go through, it still brought the skeleton man down the cliff and shattered him into pieces.

Irina waved the photostone in her hands and laughingly said, “That seems like an awful modification.”

“Seems like pure silver won’t do.” Mag nodded before picking up an arrow with a peach wood arrowhead.

“A wooden arrowhead?” Irina said with surprise.

Elves were natural born archers. Almost every elf was an outstanding archer. Her knowledge on bow and arrows was way above Mag’s.

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The silver arrowhead couldn't cause any damage to the skeleton man, so wouldn't it be a little reckless to use the peach wood arrowhead right now?

"This isn't a normal wood arrowhead. This is the peach wood arrowhead." Mag aimed the crossbow at one skeleton man and pressed on the trigger.

The peach wood arrow flew out and landed against that skeleton man's glabella accurately.

Surprisingly, that seemingly fragile wooden arrow gave out a golden glow when the tip of the arrowhead touched that skeleton man.

The red light in the skeleton man's eyes flickered once before a hole was created in the glabella and the wooden arrow stabbed into the skull.

As if the skeleton was being lit up, it quickly turned into golden flames and it fell down as it burned. It had already turned to ashes before it could touch the ground.

"This..." Irina watched this scene with shock.

The skull that the standard arrow couldn't pierce through, was penetrated by a wooden arrow. Moreover, a mysterious light appeared and turned the skeleton man into ashes.

"Uncle Nine<sup>1</sup> did not lie to me indeed!"

Mag's eyes also lit up. He didn't expect the wooden arrowhead to have such an amazing effect either.

"Let's see how the peach wood arrow deals with the more powerful ones." Mag took another peach wood arrow, aimed it at a higher level skeleton man with a 7th-tier power and pressed the trigger.

The peach wood arrow hit that skeleton man's glabella and the golden light appeared again. At the same time, a dark red scale also appeared on the skeleton man's glabella and canceled out that golden light.

The peach wood arrowhead was soon diminished and the arrow shaft exploded, leaving a black mark on the skeleton man's glabella.

"Maybe it doesn't work from 7th-tier upwards." Mag pondered. He quickly aimed the crossbow at a 6th-tier skeleton man.

The peach wood arrow pierced through the 6th-tier skeleton man, but it didn't turn into ashes like the low-level skeleton man. However, after three shots to the head, it could kill a 6th-tier skeleton man.

"Is the peach wood arrow enhanced with a spell formation?" Irina couldn't help but ask.

The arrows that could only penetrate a 3rd-tier skeleton man but couldn't kill it, could actually kill a 6th-tier skeleton man after the peach wood arrowheads were used. This was indeed quite incredible.

"No, it's just a normal peach wood arrowhead." Mag shook his head with a smile. He picked up another peach wood arrowhead, took out half a canister of cinnabar powder and poured in half a canister of water, dipped the arrowhead in the mixture, before aiming at that earlier 7th-tier skeleton man.

"Boom!"

The peach wood arrow dipped in the cinnabar hit that skeleton man and made a loud bang.

The previously unshakeable skeleton man had its skull removed by this arrow right away and his body was shattered into pieces of bones.

“This...”

Irina’s eyes widened and she was in shock.

*“Peach wood with cinnabar<sup>1</sup> is just so powerful!”* Mag couldn’t help cheering inwardly. This was a weapon of mass destruction that could take out the other party’s mid-level fighting force.

He had never expected that these things could have such amazing effects on the Norland Continent across time and space.

Mag did a few more tests. Peach wood with cinnabar would explode when they touched the skeletons. They damaged the skeleton men below 7th-tier devastatingly.

However, their damage to the 8th-tier and above skeleton men was limited.

The 8th-tier skeleton man was silvery white with mysterious dark red runes that moved around the bones. Peach wood and cinnabar was no longer enough to deal with them.

Meanwhile, the normal standard swords’ lethality also increased significantly after cinnabar was applied to the blade.

As for the peach wood swords, its lethality was even stronger than the peach wood arrows, but it was obviously impractical to produce the peach wood swords in bulk within a short period of time.

Then, Mag attempted to throw glutinous rice<sup>1</sup> at the skeleton soldiers.

The low-level skeleton soldiers were obviously afraid of the glutinous rice, but those skeleton soldiers above the 7th-tier could ignore it.

Mag put away the remaining half a bag of glutinous rice and said to Irina, “Alright, let’s take 100 of them with us and exterminate the rest before Cthulhu arrives.”

“Alright.” Irina nodded and took out her magic caster’s staff.

Mag also took out his Tian Du sword.

The Holy Light lit up the ravine and the flying sword cut off the skulls.

The two of them worked together with Ah Zi and went in and out of the ravine seven times. They soon killed a big batch of skeleton soldiers.

Mag looked at the last batch of skeleton soldiers that disintegrated in the Holy Light and lamented. If it wasn’t for the fact that there were simply too few light magic casters, he wouldn’t have to use Uncle Nine’s unique skills.

However, they soon detected a very powerful aura flying rapidly towards them.

“Let’s go!”

Mag hugged Irina around her waist and landed on Ah Zi's back. A golden teleportation portal appeared on the peak of a mountain at the side and Ah Zi dashed into it and disappeared.

A brief moment later, a gigantic figure appeared above the ravine and let out a shrill angry roar when it saw more than half of its skeleton soldiers slaughtered.

\*\*\*

Mag, Irina and Ah Zi appeared 80 km away. The griffin took off into the air rapidly and flew towards the south.

"Where did you learn all these weird methods from?" Irina looked at Mag curiously, as if this was the first day she had truly seen him.

In her memory, he had always believed in his sword and never depended on other objects.

However, Mag had used a series of weird items and they were surprisingly effective on the skeleton soldiers.

Mag replied with a smile, "I have read a book of tittle-tattle that recorded some methods to deal with the zombies and dead souls. I thought it was all nonsense in the past. However, I only knew that they were really effective after I tried them out today."

#### **Chapter 2156: This Holy Water Isn't That Holy Water.**

"There is such a book?" Irina was thoughtful. It was indeed right to read voraciously. She simply wondered if the books left behind by their forebears had recorded similar catastrophes before?

"Actually, I still want to try the Holy Water, but I can't find anything like it," Mag said casually.

Irina looked at Mag and seriously asked, "Holy Water? Spring of Life? Or is it that holy water that those Roth Empire's religion-related con artists used to scam people of their money?"

2

"Religious con artist." Mag remembered the Pope who was trying to get Amy to be their holy maiden. Because the church's presence was too low, he had forgotten all about them.

1

Speaking of it...

They were really quite authentic. He wondered if their holy water was useful to the Army of the Dead?

As for the Spring of Life.

He could test it out once they returned to Chaos City.

However, compared to cinnabar, which was a cheap mineral, the Spring of Life was something that could save casualties on the battlefield.

It was a little too extravagant to use it against the skeleton men.



“Let’s try out the Spring of Life when we get back. If it’s not very lethal against the high-level skeleton men, we’ll use it to save our people,” Mag said.

The purple-striped griffin flew into Chaos City and landed in the city lord’s castle.

Michael watched the images in the photostone. He was shocked when he saw how the peach wood arrowheads with cinnabar shattered the skulls right away.

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“Alex, you’re really a genius!”

Michael looked at Mag with amazement. He knew very well what that meant.

The low-level warriors that made up the majority of the allied forces, would have their lethality sharply increased.

“I want to gather all the representatives now and ask them to supply as much peach wood and cinnabar as possible. At the same time, we have to gather ample glutinous rice and send them to the frontline,” Mag said.

“Alright. I will send my people to get the liaisons from all the races to the meeting room.” Michael nodded. Given the allied forces’ size, this wasn’t a workload that Chaos City could undertake alone.

Soon, all the races’ liaisons arrived at the meeting room.

As the allied forces’ chief commander, after displaying peach wood and cinnabar’s lethality to the skeleton men, Mag asked all the races to locate and cut down peach wood to make arrowheads and weapons and dig and grind up more cinnabar to equip their soldiers.

As the demons’ liaison, Camilla also took part in this meeting. “I know that there is a peach blossom island in the Boundless Sea Realm. The island is full of peach trees.”

Mag lit up his eyes and asked, “How big is the island?”

Camilla pondered briefly and said, “It’s enough to equip the 100,000 strong demon legion.”

“Great. Then, you guys will handle the enhancement of the demon legion’s weapons yourself.” Mag nodded. It was a great thing that they had solved the weapons’ issue for 100,000 allied forces.

Jinx said, “If I remember correctly, there are also mountains full of peach trees under Dragon Island. It’s huge and it will be a good source for peach wood if we need it.”

“Can you ascertain the location? How big is it specifically?” Mag asked Jinx.

Jinx thought for a while before saying, “It’s at the east of the Golden Dragon Island. I’m not sure about the exact location, but it’s huge. The peach trees covered a few mountain ranges, so it wouldn’t be hard to find.”

Mag nodded and ordered, “Alright. You’ll set off to ascertain the location and scale right now. After reporting, I’ll send teams of loggers there immediately to cut them down.”

“Alright.”

Jinx left with his orders. He soon turned into a golden dragon and disappeared in the sky above the city lord's castle.

"It might not be easy to find peach trees on a big scale, but there are definitely many peach trees around. You guys have to try your best to collect more peach wood, make them into weapons and give them to our soldiers." Mag halted before saying to all the liaisons, "Sometimes, the people will become your greatest fortune. If they can give you the peach trees that they planted in their homes, I believe we'll have more than enough of them."

The Roth Empire's liaison lit up his eyes. It indeed wasn't easy to find a whole patch of peach trees, but many people planted peach trees in their yards in Rodu.

"We, the goblins, can accelerate the mining of the cinnabar, but the process of grinding it into powder and transporting it will have to be done by all the races themselves," the goblins' liaison said.

"That's fine." Mag nodded. The goblins' tasks were also very heavy right now.

However, the cinnabar wasn't an important mineral. Other than the goblins, it wasn't practical to ask all the races to mine it themselves within a short period of time.

"There's one more thing. We need a large amount of glutinous rice. Even though it's not effective against the high-level skeleton men, it could effectively disintegrate the charge of the Army of the Dead due to its oppression on the low-level skeleton men," Mag continued to say as his gaze landed on the Roth Empire's liaison.

On the Norland Continent, other than the farmers in Chaos City who would plant glutinous rice in a small amount, only the Roth Empire could provide the glutinous rice in bulk.

The liaison gravely said, "I will relay your orders back. The Roth Empire will do our best to gather all the materials needed."

Mag nodded before gravely saying, "The last point is this. All the races' allied forces have to assemble quickly and go to the North. The Army of the Dead's movement is unknown, but they should be close to the edge of the ice plain. Whichever race fails to arrive at the foremost position on time will be court-martialed."

"Yes, Sir!"

All the liaisons looked solemn.

The extraordinary meeting ended and all the liaisons passed their messages back to their respective races urgently.

Meanwhile, Mag and Irina came to the Gray Temple's martial arts field.

"These fellows don't look like they are easy to deal with," said Sean as he watched Irina release 100-odd bundled up skeleton men from her space magic ring. He sucked in a cold breath.

These skeletons were of various sizes and races. Some of their races couldn't even be determined.

They should belong to those races that had already gone extinct in the ancient times.

And, the power of these skeleton men varied too. There were weak low-level skeletons that were as small as monkeys and also giant high-level skeletons that were as big as giant dragons.

With the images he saw previously and the proof provided by these 100-odd skeletons, Sean felt his scalp tingle as soon as he thought about the 1,000,000 skeleton army at the north preparing to sweep through the Norland Continent.

If Alex and Irina didn't discover them beforehand and warn them in advance, allowing them to form the allied forces in time, the consequences would have been dire.

"There aren't many of them. We will leave them here to the Gray Temple to practise and run tests on them. The job to provide first-hand information to the allied forces is yours now," Mag said to Sean.

When it comes to intelligence gathering and experimental rigor, Mag knew he was far inferior to the Gray Temple.

Of course, he would have to leave these to the professionals.

"However, before that, I still need to do one more experiment." Mag took out a crossbow, put on a normal arrow, took out a bottle of Spring of Life and dripped two drops on the arrowhead before firing it at a 7th-tier skeleton.

The arrow hit the skull, but it only left a faint mark on the skull. The Spring of Life didn't provide any enhancements to it.

"Indeed, this holy water isn't that Holy Water." Mag shook his head and put away the Spring of Life.

### **Chapter 2157: Father Wants To Discuss Something With You**

After handing the 100 skeletons over to Sean, Mag and Irina returned to the restaurant.

Mag went up to take a look at the children. The light in their room was still on. Amy was lying in bed with Ugly Duckling in her arms, sound asleep while Annie was laying on the study table with a pencil in her hand, sleeping.

"This child..." Mag took out the pencil from Annie's hand carefully and carried her gently over to her bed before tucking her in.

If she was on Earth, Annie would definitely be a scholar, the typical child that all parents would compare their children to.

Mag stood by the beds, watching the children for quite a while. He tucked Amy in again after she kicked her blanket and switched the light off as he left the room softly.

"When do you intend to take action?" Irina stood outside the door as she asked Mag who was closing the door behind him gently.

"Tomorrow," Mag said with certainty.

"What about the children?"

"I intend to get Miya and Xixi to help me take care of them for a few days."

Irina nodded. She said with a smile, "A drink?"

"Sure. I'll take a shower and make a couple of dishes." Mag nodded.

With some simple side dishes and the best red wine, Mag worked hard for his second child that night.

2

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The information released from Chaos City reached the various races very quickly.

Rodu, the palace.

Andre and the courtiers who were gathered at the last minute, all watched the images projected from the photostone in shock.

"Your Majesty. According to the informant, our bow and arrows could only inflict damage to the 3rd-tier skeletons but it is still very difficult to kill them. To think that changing the arrow heads to mahogany and cinnabar would create double the impact," a general said agitatedly.

1

The informant they sent to the northern icy plains had some contact with the skeletons and based on the information he brought back, it seemed that with the Roth Empire's current weapons and ammunition, they would be at the losing end if they were to fight head on with the Army of the Dead.

The courtiers could not hide their joy. No one expected that Alex would provide such crucial information when everyone thought that all was hopeless.

Andre said in a solemn voice, "Mahogany and cinnabar are important war resources. Draft my decree immediately around the country to cut down all mahogany and ship them to the nearest military factory to be made into arrowheads in replacement of the original arrowheads.

"Collect all cinnabar in the market and underground stores. If there is anyone who dares to disobey or hide the resources, deal with them as traitors. Deliver all cinnabar similarly to the military factory and ship them all to the frontlines together with the mahogany swords!

"In addition, do a one-to-one trade with rice and collect all glutinous rice within the country. Those that hide resources should be dealt with as traitors!"

"Yes, Sir!"

A courtier bowed and drafted the decree immediately. After presenting it to Andre and getting his seal of approval, the courtier quickly sent the decree out to the various provinces.

That night, the guards of Rodu started cutting down all mahogany trees from the South of the country.

Be it a commoner or a noble, once the King's decree was passed out, whoever opposed would be arrested as a traitor immediately.

The moment news was released at the break of dawn, all those who had mahogany trees planted at home took the initiative to cut down their mahogany and placed it at the door, awaiting the troops to pull the trees away.

In the orchard outside of the city, guards barged in and the farmers had no choice but to help cut down all the mahogany trees.

Within a day, the mahogany collected at the military factory piled up into a mountain.

The mission for glutinous rice exchange was handed over to the lower-tier officials. The stores were all opened and the glutinous rice that was exchanged were all delivered to the north.

As there was a heavy punishment, no one dared to hide any of the resources.

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The Twilight Forest.

Connie and the other Orc chiefs had just finished watching the video from the photostone.

“Do we have mahogany trees in the Twilight Forest?” Connie asked the Orcs.

There were a substantial number of archers in the Orc tribes. If they could make mahogany arrowheads, they would definitely be able to increase their attack power.

The Chiefs all shook their heads to show that they do not have mahogany trees in their tribes.

Connie thought for a while and said, “Deploy 5000 woodcutters to the Dragon tribes’ border right now. Since we do not have any mahogany trees in the Twilight Forest, we will take charge of cutting trees to get out mahogany. Deploy another 1000 orcs to Vic Mountain. We would need to transport the cinnabar over.”

“Chieftain, we still don’t know how many mahogany trees there are in the Giant dragon tribes’ borders and they also did not invite us over to cut their trees. Isn’t it inappropriate for us to go over right now?” one of the chiefs said hesitantly.

The other chiefs nodded in agreement that this decision was rather hasty.

However, Connie shook her head and said, “Don’t forget. Jinx is a golden dragon. For a dragon to describe a forest of mahogany trees as a mountain of mahogany, that is definitely a large forest. As for the giant dragon’s invitation, I will liaise with the commander and the giant dragon tribe.”

Her expression turned serious as she said, “We must ensure that before we start the fight, the Orc soldiers can use the weapons that we make and not wait for the remaining weapons to be passed down to us.

“It’s a million-man army with such a short preparatory time. No one can take care of you. We do not rely on others. We must depend on ourselves.”

“Yes!” the other chiefs all answered seriously and started deploying their people.

That night, thousands of flying steeds took off from the Twilight Forest toward Dragon Island and Vic Mountain.

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Wind Forest, The Starry Cave.

“Our forest does not have enough mahogany. We’ve sent 2000 woodcutter elves and 3000 bow-and-arrow-making elves over to the mahogany forest in Dragon Island to cut and make the bow and arrows there before shipping them back.

“Deploy another 1000 elves to Vic Mountain down south and bring back the cinnabar we require,” Helena ordered.

“Yes!” an elf received the order and left.

Very quickly, a troop of elves departed from the Wind Forest towards two destinations.

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In the Boundless Sea Realm, on the usually deserted mahogany island isolated out in the sea, demons from the Top Ten Demon Tribes arrived for a visit.

Large ships docked near the coast. The different tribes all watched each other without taking action.

“This island is where we have the most mahogany trees in the Boundless Sea Realm. Camilla has already agreed to Alex that we, the demon tribes, would supply our own mahogany, so this forest of mahogany belongs to every demon going to war. All of you better not have any other thoughts. We’ll split the resources up based on the percentage of demons going to war,” Dracula said with a smile as he flapped his wings in mid-air.

The powerhouses of each tribe thought for a while and agreed to Dracula’s plan.

\*\*\*

Within the night, the various races on the Norland Continent responded to the calls and worked hard to increase their battle capabilities and self-protection ability before the war started.

The effectiveness of the mahogany and cinnabar had increased the allied forces morale by leaps and bounds.

At the same time, the various races would also have a rough judgment on the Army of the Dead’s abilities. With some expectations, they would not have so much fear in them.

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The next morning, Mag woke up energetically and made a sumptuous breakfast.

“Amy baby, Annie, Father wants to discuss something with you,” Mag said with a smile as he watched the two children eat.

**Chapter 2158: I Don’t Have Good Liquors To Send Off You Warriors. I Only Have Two Roujiamos**

“What’s up?” Amy asked as she sucked on the soup dumpling.

Annie also put down her chopsticks and looked at Mag.

Mag flicked a glance at Irina before saying with a smile, “Your mother and I will have to go on a trip. I will ask Big Sister Miya and Big Sister Xixi to take care of you two for the time being. Is that alright?”

“A-are you guys going to save the world too?” Amy looked up suddenly with anticipation and panic in her eyes.

“Yes. When the world needs us, it’s also the time for us to stand out to rescue it.” Mag nodded with a smile.

“What about me? Little Amy is very formidable now. Can I go save the world too?” Amy asked expectantly.

“Not now, Little Amy. You’re still too small. You have to wait until you have grown up.”

“How old do I have to be considered as a grown-up.” Amy pursued on.

“You have to wait until you are 18 years old. Little Amy can decide what you want to do for yourself by then because you’ll be a grown-up.” Mag reached out to pat the little one’s head with a smile, Her soft golden hair was smooth as a kitten.

“18 years old?” Amy was thoughtful.

“When will you guys return?” Annie asked with sign language. There was a hint of worry in her clear eyes.

“We’ll be back when you finish drawing “Miss Black Cat’.” Mag said to Annie. He had seen the first draft of “Miss Black Cat” that Annie drew last night and it looked quite good. Miss Vicki would love it if she saw it.

Annie nodded obediently. She revealed a comforting smile and used sign language to indicate that she would take care of Amy.

“Wear these two little stones on you at all times. Do not remove it no matter what. Do you understand?” Irina took out two pinky-sized blue crystal necklaces and put them around Annie and Amy’s necks.

“What’s this?” Amy touched that smooth and warm crystal.

“This is a protective amulet. It will protect you guys when we are not around.” Irina looked at Amy with indulgence. She couldn’t help feeling guilty.

From the time Amy was born till now, she had spent very little time with her. She had spent the majority of her time with the Night Elves even after they found each other. She simply didn’t spend enough time with Amy.

The little one was also so understanding and never asked for more.

And because of that, it made her heart ache even more.

After this incident was over, she would definitely spend more time with her and watch her grow up.

“Oh. It’s so pretty.” Amy retracted her gaze and looked at Mag and Irina as she said with a serious expression, “Then... you guys must come back early. Come back as soon as you finish beating up the bad guys. Little Amy and Big Sister Annie will wait for you two to come back for a meal.”

“Sure. Little Amy and Annie are the best.” Mag felt choked up as he nodded with a smile.

After breakfast, Mag went to the magic potion shop next door with two roujiamos and one steamer of soup dumplings.

The shop’s door was open and Xixi, who had just begun to look pregnant, was packing Lulu’s luggage for him.

Mag looked at Lulu’s bulky luggage and the big iron hammer at the side and asked with surprise, “Are you preparing for a trip?”

“I’m going to make weapons.” Lulu smiled bashfully.

“Boss Mag.” Xixi greeted Mag. She only continued talking after she finished packing the luggage, “We saw the city lord’s castle’s summoning order, so Lulu intends to join the Chaos City’s weapon factory with Master Mobai. He may even have to go to the north.”

“Let’s go, Lulu!” Mobai’s energetic voice sounded at the door. He poked his head in and saw Mag. He exclaimed, “Boss Mag? You’re back.”

“Yes. I just came back recently.” Mag nodded.

Looking at Mobai, who was carrying a simple luggage and a heavy hammer, and Lulu, who was leaving his pregnant wife behind to report to the weapon factory, Mag couldn’t help but feel touched.

“It’s a pity. Seems like I can only eat your rainbow fried rice after I complete this task.” Mobai laughed heartily.

“It’s fine. I can always wait for you guys to return. There will definitely be enough fried rice to go around.” Mag nodded with a smile.

Lulu looked at Xixi and patted her head lingeringly before crouching down to kiss her stomach gently.

Xixi tiptoed and reached out to caress his face before gently saying, “Be safe. The baby and I will wait for you to return.”

Lulu nodded bashfully and said, “Then... I’ll go now.”

“Hmm. Don’t worry, I’ll take care of myself.” Xixi nodded.

Lulu carried his heavy hammer on his shoulder, carried his luggage with one hand and said to Mag, “Goodbye, Boss Mag.”

“I don’t have good liquor to send off you warriors. I only have two roujiamos. Take care, both of you.” Mag gave one roujiamo each to Mobai and Lulu.



“Drinking botches up matters. Roujiamo is good enough!” Mobai laughed heartily. He took a bite of the roujiamo right away and nodded with satisfaction. “This tastes much better than liquor! Goodbye!”

“Thank you,” Lulu said. He flicked a glance at Xixi and quickly caught up with Mobai.

One tall man and one short man, carrying equally heavy hammers on their shoulders, walked away in the morning sun as they ate their roujiamos.

1

Xixi pursed her lips. Tears eventually fell as she watched Lulu’s back.

“This is your breakfast.” Mag gave her the soup dumplings and a hanky as well.

“Thank you.” Xixi turned around to wipe her tears away before taking the soup dumplings from Mag with a smile. She looked at Mag with surprise. “Why are you sending us breakfast all of a sudden, Boss Mag?”

Although they had a good neighborly relationship and Annie always brought breakfast for her, this was the first time that Mag brought breakfast for her personally.

“It’s cold out here. Let’s go in and talk as you eat,” Mag said smilingly as he looked at Xixi’s protruding stomach.

“Alright.” Xixi went into the potion shop with the dumplings.

“I would like to ask you and Miya to babysit the children for a few days. I need to go on a trip.” Mag sat across from Xixi and got straight to the point.

Hearing that, Xixi looked at Mag with shock. “Are you going on a long trip? It’s not safe recently. Where are you going, Boss Mag?”

“Even Lulu can leave his pregnant wife behind to work in the weapon factory at the frontline. Although I don’t have any outstanding skills, my culinary skills are not bad. Perhaps, I can go cook for the warriors at the frontline,” Mag said with a smile.

“This...” Xixi was stunned. She looked at Mag, who had a determined gaze, with a new found respect and nodded. “Sure. Just go and leave the children to us.”

“Thank you.” Mag nodded and smiled. He stood up and placed a bunch of keys on the table. “If there’s trouble, please go hide in the restaurant with the children. I asked Princess Irina to set up a few spell formations there, so the restaurant should be the safest place in Chaos City.”

### **Chapter 2159: Boss Sent Us Warmth So Early In the Morning**

Mag went to the ice cream shop after he left the magic potion shop.

As the manager, Miya had already gone to do preparation in the shop in advance early in the morning.

Because Mamy Restaurant was closed recently, the ice cream shop’s customers increased exponentially.

Many regulars who came to ask when the restaurant would open, would order an ice cream to console their stomachs.

Miya was already very used to her identity as the manager of the shop. However, because Gina wasn't in the shop recently, it wasn't easy to deal with those ill-behaving brats anymore.

Fortunately, she had prepared ample toys and solutions, so at least, the order in the shop wouldn't be disrupted by the children's crying.

Ding!

The bell that hung on the door rang when the door was open.

Miya looked at the person who came in and said in surprise, "We're not open for business yet... Boss?"

"You haven't had breakfast yet, right? I brought some for you guys." Mag put the takeaway box on the table at the side and closed the door.

"They aren't awake yet. I came down to do the preparation first." Miya put down the things in her hands and sat down at the table smilingly. She opened the takeaway box and her eyes lit up. "It's soup dumplings."

"Yes. Let's eat it while it's still hot. They can eat after they are awake," Mag said with a smile.

"Then, I'll tuck in." Miya took out a steamer of soup dumplings and covered the takeaway box again to prevent the other soup dumplings from getting cold.

Miya sat across from Miya and watched her sipping on the soup dumpling with a smile.

Compared to the times when she collapsed at the restaurant in hunger, the Miya now had a rosy complexion and soft and tender skin.

Although this lass didn't grow any taller, her development didn't seem to be stopping. Her tight-fitting French maid costume didn't seem to fit her anymore.

Looking at Miya who was eating the dumplings with a satisfied expression, Mag felt a sense of accomplishment.

Reminder to all: Don't throw away the little dragon that you picked up on the road. She will become a dragon maid after you've fed her for some time.

"Burp..."

Miya licked the soup from the plate before covering her mouth and burping with a satisfied expression.

"Thank you for your meal!"

Miya got up and bowed to Mag. Her two ponytails swung and she looked very energetic.

In this world, there is nothing more blissful than to eat breakfast that was made by Boss in the morning.

If there was, then it had to be a lunch and supper made by Boss.

"You're welcome." Mag nodded with a smile.

Miya sat down again and said to Mag, "Oh yes. Boss, I heard they said that the world out there is in chaos now. A devil is even trying to invade our land. If you are not going away, is the restaurant going to open again?"

"I came to ask you for a favor," Mag said.

"What is it? Please say it." Miya looked at Mag.

Boss had never asked her for a favor before. It had always been him who took care of them and satisfied all their needs.

"I need to go on a long trip for a few days, so I would like to ask you and Xixi to take care of Amy and Annie for a few days," Mag said.

Miya said with a nervous expression, "But it's so dangerous out there right now..."

Two days ago, Babla had instructed them gravely not to leave Chaos City. The customers who came to the shop in the past two days were also talking about the city lord's castle's summoning order frequently. Everyone else was jittery and yet Boss wanted to go on a long trip right now?

"Yes. I want to follow the Chaos City's troops up to the north to cook for them at the frontline." Mag smilingly said, "The front is very dangerous. Everyone who joins voluntarily knows that. I can't do much, but as a man, I should stand at the front to protect you guys."

"Boss..." Miya looked at Mag with reddened eyes. She pursed her lips and tried to ask him to stay, but she couldn't say the words out loud.

"Don't worry. I'm just going there to cook. I don't have to go to the frontline to fight with the devil. I will return after the war is over." Mag patted Miya's head with a smile. He knew this lass was worried.

"Moreover, you know that I'm not an ordinary chef. I have the ability to protect myself. I can definitely come back safely."

"Yes. You definitely can." Miya looked at Mag and nodded seriously. "I will take good care of Amy and Annie."

"Then, I won't say goodbye to everyone one by one. Tell them not to worry on my behalf." Mag got up and prepared to leave.

"Wait a sec!" Miya stopped Mag. She reached inside her clothes to remove the golden dragon scale pendant and gave it to Mag.

"My master gave this to me, but I have no use for it. Boss, take it with you."

Mag looked at the shiny golden dragon scale in Miya's hand. Louis had given it to Miya for protection. The giant dragon's scale could withstand one strike from a 10th-tier powerhouse. It was extremely precious.

However, this girl wanted to give it to him without any second thoughts.

"Don't worry, I won't be needing it." Mag shook his head with a smile. "Furthermore, if I bring it to the front, I'm afraid your master will smell it and come to slash me."

Miya burst out laughing as though she could already imagine that scene.

Mag stopped smiling and seriously instructed Miya, "Take good care of yourself, and if there is any danger, you guys have to go hide in the restaurant. That is the safest place in Chaos City."

"Alright," Miya answered.

Mag nodded and walked to the door.

"Boss, you must come back safely!" Miya took a step forward and looked at Mag's back. "We're all waiting for your return."

"Sure." Mag waved his hand and smiled before leaving without a backwards glance.

A while later, Angela pushed open the door and walked in as she rubbed her eyes sleepily. Looking at Miya, who was lost in her thoughts, she perplexedly asked, "I seemed to have seen Boss leave the shop when I came downstairs. What's he doing here?"

Then, her gaze was quickly attracted by the takeaway box on the table. She went up to remove the cover and saw the piping hot soup dumplings inside. Her eyes lit up instantly. "Wow! Boss sent us warmth so early in the morning. He's being too nice!"

"Smells so good! It's the aroma of meat buns!" Hannah walked in and her eyes lit up too. She quickly strode over.

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Mag returned to the restaurant and sent the two children to the magic potion shop.

Urien was no longer in the shop. According to Xixi, he had left with Krassu yesterday.

Mag crouched down and said to Amy who had reddened eyes, "Be good. Father will be back soon. Go play with your little companions if you are bored, but you must return home on time."

"Yes. Little Amy is brave. I won't cry." Amy nodded.

"Meow." Ugly Duckling leaped down from Amy's arms and rubbed its head against Mag's hand.

"Good girl." Mag hugged Amy with a smile before getting up to hug Annie.

Mag said to Xixi, "I'll have to bother you now."

Xixi hugged the two children and nodded with a smile. "Don't worry. I'll take good care of them."

### **Chapter 2160: Natural Chasm**

The weather got increasingly colder as they moved northwards from the Roth Empire. There were no signs of the snow melting and the mountains were still all white.

A mountain range stood horizontally across the north, blocking the coldness from the ice sheets in the extreme north. It also gave humans an environment in which they could survive.

This mountain range that stretches over hundreds of kilometers was called Gus Mountains. It stretched from the east to the west like a natural chasm, guarding the Roth Empire's north.

Behind the Gus Mountains, were the ice sheets that remained frozen throughout the year. The ice was over thousands of meters thick and apparently as they continued to go northwards, they would enter the land of eternal night. No one knew what was hidden in there.

The ice sheets used to be the restricted area of all living things. The bone-chilling cold would take away your body temperature very quickly. Your energy would be consumed rapidly even when you were not moving.

Even the commonly seen snow rabbits and snow foxes in the north were rarely seen on the ice sheets.

The Gus Mountains blocked the cold wind, but it also blocked the existence of life.

However, at the side of the Gus Mountains near to the ice sheets right now, a team of over 1000 sappers<sup>1</sup> were busy under a cliff.

There was a thick layer of ice on the cliff near the ice sheets. It was as smooth as a mirror after it had been polished by the freezing wind. The cliff was hundreds of meters tall. It was a natural city wall.

However, it was a mountain range after all, it definitely had big and small gaps all over.

The elites of all the Roth Empire's legions were assembling at the north, and the engineer corps of the north's legions was already sent to construct defenses under the Gus Mountains.

The Gus Mountains were their only choice to stop the Army of the Dead from coming southwards.

The ice sheet was extremely vast and its weather was extremely unpredictable. It was impractical to search for the Army of the Dead on the vast ice sheet.

And after the Gus Mountains, there weren't any natural barriers that could stop the Army of the Dead.

They were using the Gus Mountains as a natural chasm to construct defenses and transform the whole mountain range into a great wall that was thousands of kilometers long in an attempt to stop the Army of the Dead from moving southwards. They wanted to fight the battle beyond the empire's territory.

This was the guidelines set by the allied forces' commander, Lord Alex, and Marshal Dominic. No warriors in the Roth Empire would ever doubt the decisions made by these two lords.

"Hurry up! After we fill these holes up and scatter a layer of glutinous rice over this area, we will barbeque meat for you all tonight! Our brothers on the watch have just caught a few snow deer!" a tall and fat knight said loudly to the sappers who were working hard.

"Yes!"

All the sappers' eyes, who were carrying the ice, lit up immediately when they heard that there was meat for their dinner tonight. They began to work faster.

There was a gap that was ten or so meters long. Above this gap, was a slope that was covered by ice. To the normal people, this was still a natural chasm that they couldn't cross.

However, according to the scouts who went into the ice sheets, those skeletons could easily scale a slope with a steep gradient, let alone a gentle slope like this one.

Hence, they need to get ice from the ice sheets to seal this gap up and connect it to the vertical cliffs at its sides to complete a perfect city wall.

This was also what the hundreds of thousand of the busy sappers were doing at the foot of the Gus Mountains.

Of course, it would need more than two weeks to fill up a gap like this if they were depending on these sappers alone.

Fortunately, there were over 10 magic casters assigned to their teams. The wind magic casters were responsible for cutting the ice, while the water magic caster infused water into the gap and let it solidify naturally, forming a solid ice wall.

The ice magic casters were in their elements in such a freezing environment. They were extremely fast in creating ice and they undertook the majority of the task.

A sapper tossed another big chunk of ice in as he asked the tall and fat leader, "Sir, we have already filled a few big holes, how many more holes do we have to fill?"

"Yes. This is simply too cold. My hands are frozen after carrying ice daily."

The other sappers also looked over at them.

It was fine if it was simply tiring, but this side of the mountain was different from the other side of the mountain. Even they, who were used to the north, were freezing out here.

They could barely sleep by the fire by huddling together. A soldier went out of the tent to take a leak last night. He fell and was frozen solid when he was discovered in the morning.

"How many more?" The tall and fat leader laughed and then turned serious suddenly. He stared at all of the sappers. "All of them! We will be filling them up as long as we don't receive the orders to back up!

"You're afraid of this mild coldness? Our brothers who are going to charge at the Army of the Dead at the frontline later will be fighting with their lives on the line! You all must remember that even though we have never fought a single battle in the north, you all are still soldiers! If the Army of the Dead get through the Gus Mountains, your family members are going to die in the hands of those devils!"

All the sappers looked down with shame.

The sapper who asked the question earlier, picked up a big chunk quietly and walked towards the ice wall.

All the sappers worked quietly and they obviously worked faster than they did before.

On the mountain, Dominic, who was wearing his armor, nodded and retracted his gaze. He turned to look at his adjutant at the side. "Get all the sappers from all the legions to the frontline as soon as possible. Provide them with the supplies needed. We have to set up the battle lines as requested within three days."

"Yes, Marshal!" The adjutant nodded. After a moment of hesitation, he said, "Marshal, I have something to report to you."

“Speak.”

“A frost dragon appeared on the battle line yesterday. She helped the sappers repair over a dozen gaps. However, she was asking about the Army of the Dead,” the adjutant said.

“Could it be her?” Dominic frowned. “Where is she now?”

“I wondered if she already left. I’ll go ask about her,” the adjutant said quickly and hurriedly left.

Soon after, the adjutant returned and reported to Dominic. “Marshal, she has already left. Apparently, she flew towards the ice sheets.”

“Towards the ice sheets?” Dominic turned grave. The Roth Empire had lost many scouts in the ice sheets in this period of time. Be it the extremely dangerous environment, or the skeleton men that were hiding underneath the ice, they were all extremely dangerous.

“Make the preparations. I need to write to the dragons,” Dominic said.

“Yes, Sir!”

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“If the 1,000,000 Army of the Dead is a flood, then the hundreds of kilometers long mountain range would be the first flood dike.

“However, it simply isn’t enough to block the flood. They are so ferocious, so the flood dikes will definitely be overturned and we will lose control of the situation.

“Therefore, I have set up three flood-relief channels. These three flood-relief channels are three natural canyons. They are about ten to 15 kilometers long.

“Finally, at the end of the flood-relief channel, we’ll pull up the last gate. We must promise not to let a single drop of the flood escape.”

Mag sat on the back of the griffin and looked down at the vast white and icy world below. The Gus Mountains was like a huge flood dike that stopped the coldness that attempted to go to the south.

“What if we can’t stop them?” Irina asked.

“There’s no what if.” Mag shook his head. His gaze became grave. “We can only promise that there will be no accidents.”