

## Stay At home 221

### Chapter 221: Do You Sell RPGs?

Many customers had gathered around the restaurant, complaining.

“Why is it still not open yet?” a man said.

“There’s a notice on the door saying they have gone out for ingredients,” said a second voice.

“What? No tofu pudding or Yangzhou fried rice for me today?” said the first man.

“He is not taking us seriously,” a third man said.

“He should have told us earlier. He wasted my time, and I have to try and explain to my wife!” said a fourth voice.

“But today isn’t supposed to be his off day,” Harrison said, confused.

“And here I’ve promised Parmer to get breakfast for him.” Gjergj sighed.

“The good part is tomorrow there will be a new dish,” said Mobai. He was the first to see the notice. He felt tired without his Yangzhou fried rice today.

“Yeah. I look forward to the new dish tomorrow,” a man said. “Every dish here is just fantastic. We should be more understanding towards him. He went off to get ingredients for us.”

“I understand him, but I can’t forgive him,” a young knight said, tossing a dagger at the door. “This will send the right message.”

Some people copied him and threw their knife or dagger at the door.

“It’s not open today?” Gloria whispered as she stared at the crowd through the window of a fancy carriage, disappointed. She was still wearing a cloak today, only it was a silver one. Her dress and veil were both light blue.

This new outfit of hers was much brighter. Between her beautiful curly hair and slim body, she would surely become the center of attention if she stepped out of the carriage.

“I’m sure the new dish will be delicious,” she muttered, and left.

Sargeris and his two men stepped to the door and saw the pile of knives and the notice.

Monde scratched his bald head. “What now, Boss? I need my roujiamo.”

Kil looked depressed. “Me too.”

Sargeris hit them on the head. “Just one day without roujiamo won’t kill you. Even a genius like Mag is working so hard. Come on, we’re expecting more brothers soon. We need to make enough money to put on a roujiamo spread for them!”

“For roujiamo!” said Kil and Monde, suddenly excited.

“He told me my precious disciple was sick, but it seems she just skipped school to play with her father,” Krassu said angrily. “On her second day of school!” The air around him became so hot that many people stepped away from him.

Urien took the opportunity to gloat. “Amy will be studying under me the day after tomorrow.”

“You will only get to teach her for two days. The third day is their off day,” Krassu snapped back.

“I can teach her more things in a day than you can do in three days,” Urien said in his hoarse voice.

Krassu’s eyes narrowed and glinted dangerously. “Oh, yeah? Why don’t we let our magic do the talking?”

Urien pulled his black magic wand out of his sleeve. “Gladly.”

Brandli hurriedly stepped between them with a magic shield around him. “Please, my lords, there’re so many people here...”

He might hold a high position in the Gray Temple, but he was a small fry before these two legends. He had been assigned the job of watching them.

It was a hazardous job.

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Suddenly, Mag sensed danger in the dragon’s stare. He stepped in front of Amy and eyed the dragon warily. After all, he couldn’t slay a dragon anymore.

“System, do you sell RPGs?” Mag asked anxiously.

“You can’t afford one,” answered the system.

“If you let me die, your plan of making me the God of Cookery will be aborted.”

“Don’t worry. I can always find someone else.”

Mag lifted an eyebrow. “You...”

Mag’s act of protecting Amy had won many adventurers’ admiration.

They hoped the dragon would be generous and let them go.

While Mag was trying to procure some weapon from the system, the dragon vanished, and a girl in a white dress appeared at the gate.

## **Chapter 222: Go On A Trip**

Many adventurers kept their distance from her. Obviously, she was that frosty dragon.

Mag watched her, alert for any signs of incoming attacks. He was in a dangerous situation right now, but because of Mag Alex’s memory, he didn’t feel frightened.

Amy was peeping at her from behind Mag, eyes wide open and shining with excitement.

A big hound crouched down on the ground in fear, while Ugly Duckling was growling in Amy's arms.

The girl was around 20, with skin as white as snow and beauty that was otherworldly. She was looking at Mag with an indifferent air.

Then she saw the kitten. *It's not afraid of me? Stupid cat.*

When she noticed Amy, her eyes softened. Mag couldn't feel the coldness in the air anymore. She turned around and walked into the city. With every step she took, frost appeared under her feet. Then, she suddenly disappeared.

All the people felt deeply relieved.

A 7th-tier magic caster or a 7th-tier knight could never have been that frightening.

They took a look at Mag, and felt happy that the dragon had spared them.

Amy stepped out from behind Mag's back happily. "That big sister dragon is so beautiful, Father! But how did she disappear all of a sudden?"

"By magic, I think," he answered. *We were so close to being taken out on our first quest! She's truly gorgeous, though.*

"I want to learn that magic too, Father!" Amy looked up at her father, excited.

"Okay. I'll ask your master to teach you tomorrow."

Amy nodded delightedly. "Thank you, Father. Master Half-beard must know how to use that magic."

Mag smiled and touched Amy's head. Then he poked the kitten in the head with a finger. "You ought to behave. Never provoke other people!"

"Meow, meow," it cried, reaching out a paw defiantly.

Amy patted the paw. "Pull it back!"

"Meow." It withdrew it immediately.

Mag took out the map and studied it.

Mag might not be able to read the map, but the same thing couldn't be said for an officer like Mag Alex.

"We'll go there—outside the Valley of Thorns. It's a less dangerous place," he said, putting the map away.

It was still very dangerous, though. It was a place with a few 5th-tier magical beasts, some 3rd-tier and 4th-tier ones, and many 1st-tier and 2nd-tier ones.

The Valley of Thorns was actually made up of several valleys and mountains. It was known for its thorn bushes, amidst which precious ingredients and herbs could be found. They could be worth much more than a high-tier magical beast, so the valley was constantly attracting low-level adventurers.

The adventurers were free of the worry of being killed or robbed of their kills or findings. The Chaos Guild would conduct a full investigation and bring the robber or killer to justice.

Several years ago, justice had been served by killing several high-level adventurers, including a descendent of a 9th-tier demon. After that, people started taking that rule seriously.

Mag was headed for the mountain slope west of the Valley of Thorns. The temperature was higher there because of a hot spring. Fire chickens liked it there.

The black stone road ended half a mile from the gate, and then split into several dirt paths made by those walking there.

A band of knights rode past them, raising a cloud of dust. Some people muttered complaints.

An old adventurer was driving a donkey cart unhurriedly, with four young boys sitting in the cart looking around curiously. They had to be rookie adventurers, going on a quest for the first time.

The cart was followed by several fully equipped men on horses. By the look of them, they were veteran adventurers, and were there to watch over the boys.

Mag and Amy were the most conspicuous—an unarmed man with a little girl and a cat. They looked like tourists going on a trip, only the place they were headed for was the last place one should choose for a trip.

“Why are they looking at us funny, Father?” Amy asked.

“Because...” Mag paused a moment, stroking his chin. “Because they are amazed by my good looks, I think.”

### **Chapter 223: Father, You’re So Strong!**

Amy nodded. “I agree. Father is so handsome!”

Mag smiled. “Your honeyed words will go right to my head.” He stroked her head, and recommenced walking.

“What are honeyed words? Are they some goodies?”

Mag shook his head with a smile. “No, sweetheart.”

After a while, they were alone on the road.

Amy had put Ugly Duckling on the ground. She was now running after a butterfly with the kitten, giggling.

That put a smile on Mag’s face. *I should take them out more. Maybe next time we can go north.*

“Give me the sword, system,” he said, holding out his hand. *That’s a cool stance to catch a sword.*

The sword descended from the sky, the sharp end first, flew inches away from Mag’s nose, and clanked, stabbing into a stone in the ground and trembling. The gleam of the blade had almost blinded him when it flew past his eyes.

Mag was struck dumb with shock. Finally, he swallowed and looked down at the sword, which had almost chopped off his nose and the part between his legs.

Mag tried to suppress his anger. "Did you intend to kill me?!"

"My apologies," the system said. "Signal is really bad out here, but I have managed to land the sword right in front of you."

"Right in front of me? You almost killed me!" Mag took a few steps back in fright. *It needs to be taught a lesson!*

"But I didn't, right? I had it under control, so stop complaining!" said the system.

"All right. But I won't buy anything from you anymore," Mag said coldly.

"Oh, my favorite customer, calm down," said the system. It spoke in a much softer voice now. "I have a way to settle this delivery problem once and for all, and you'll get a holographic map within a 30-mile radius of the city. You will no longer need to buy any other maps."

Mag didn't look convinced. "I'm listening."

"You can buy a satellite."

"You want me to buy a satellite so that I can get a holographic map?" Mag said derisively. He pulled out the sword and strode to catch up with Amy.

"The satellite made by me has a high-resolution imaging system, and it's a synchronous satellite. It can provide continuous surveillance of Chaos City," the system insisted.

"How high?"

"As high as you want."

"Can you deploy a satellite over the elven territory?"

"Not now. You need one over Chaos City first, and then you need about 35 more satellites if you want to cover the whole continent."

"Interesting. But how much for a satellite like that?" Mag asked.

"Three million gold coins. I'll launch it for you!"

"Oh, that's so nice of you!" Mag said with a sarcastic smile. "Now beat it!"

The system fell silent.

Mag studied the sword in his hand as he walked quickly.

It looked pretty much like the one he had seen in Mobai's forge the other day. It was about a meter tall and as wide as two fingers. The hilt was black, with simple carvings.

He liked the colors and the feel. The weight was just right, thanks to the system.

A thought occurred to his mind. *Maybe I should buy this sword.* Then he shook his head. *No. That's exactly what the system wants. I won't fall for its little trick.*

He reflected on the Thirteen Swordplay Forms and swung the sword at a small tree as thick as an arm.

Mag had thought his movement would be awkward, but quick as that, the poor tree was cut in two and fell towards him. Even he hadn't seen the movement of the sword. Apparently, his body had remembered all the proper movements.

Mag dodged and gaped at the sword and the tree.

*I'm much stronger than I thought. A slash like that might kill a 1st-tier knight.*

Amy was staring at Mag with Ugly Duckling, openmouthed. "Father, you're so strong!"

### **Chapter 224: A Loud Crow**

Hearing Amy's voice made Mag recover from his amazement quickly. He put the sword away and smiled.

"Is that a sword?" asked Amy.

"Yes." He had thought he might have to work at using the sword every night, but Mag Alex's extremely hard training had saved him the trouble of practicing—his body remembered how to swing a sword.

All he needed to do was get used to this new sword quickly, and then he could make the most of the Thirteen Swordplay Forms.

Now that he had got all the skills and experience down, the only thing standing between him and being a high-tier knight was his weak body.

*I just need to make more money to buy strength from the system, Mag thought. It's the easiest way to get stronger.*

"Where did you get it?" Amy asked, staring at the glimmering sword.

"Up there," Mag said, pointing up.

"That was a cool slash! Can you teach me, Father?" Amy asked, expectant.

"You want to learn how to use a sword?"

*I'm more than qualified to teach her that, but studying magic is already taking up much of her time. It would be cruel to have such a little kid learn many things at one time.*

Amy nodded solemnly. "Yes, Father!" She stared at the sword with longing. "I want to be able to cut a tree in half too. Then I can protect you, Father."

Looking at Amy's expectant face, Mag smiled. "All right. I'll teach you a little every day. But you have to promise me you won't tell anyone about this."

"Not even my two masters?"

“No. And you can’t tell Miya, either. It’s our little secret. You can tell them when the time is right, and I’m sure they will be amazed.” *It won’t hurt her to become stronger. No one will dare to bully her again. She won’t bully other children, I hope. If they were hurt by her, they would have it coming.*

Amy nodded. “Okay. I promise.”

“That’s my good girl,” Mag said, stroking her hair. Ugly Duckling was resting its head on Amy’s feet. Mag poured some water for the two little things, hung the bottle at his waist, and put the cat in the bag.

“Meow, meow.” Ugly Duckling looked around curiously, and found a comfortable position to lie in.

Amy extended her arms. “I’m also very tired, Father. Could you carry me on your back?”

Mag smiled. “Sure. I guess chasing butterflies is tiring.” He crouched down. “Hop on.”

Amy hopped on Mag’s back and threw her arms around his neck. “Let’s go!” she cried in delight.

“Let’s go!” Mag echoed, standing up, sword in hand, and strode towards their destination. The girl on his back wasn’t heavy at all—she was only about 9 kilograms<sup>1</sup>. Mag walked as she talked beside his ear.

The Valley of Thorns was around three miles away from the gate. The road Mag was walking along was two meters wide, full of cracks, grooves, and footprints, some of which were bigger than those of elephants—trolls’, probably.

Now and then, an adventurer on a horse rode past them. Everyone couldn’t refrain from looking at such a strange adventurer and his girl.

Half an hour later, Mag found himself looking at the immense valley between two mountains. The two sides were almost vertical at the mouth, which was only about three meters wide, and they were blanketed by thorns—black and thick.

The mouth was like the toothless mouth of a beast, constantly devouring adventurers.

Mag went towards the west slope with Amy. Most people would have chosen the valley or the east slope because a large part of the thorn bushes on the west slope had been destroyed by a big fire years before. Not many magical beasts wandered around that part nowadays.

That was why Mag had picked this place—better safe than sorry. He had plenty of time to find a fire chicken.

“Let me down, Father. I’m too heavy,” Amy said with a loving voice.

Mag smiled. “Don’t worry, sweetheart. You’re not heavy at all. I can carry you forever.” The land here was very fertile, so new thorn bushes had already grown quite big. He would never let the thorns get his daughter.

Thanks to the sharp sword, Mag cut his way onto the mountain easily with Amy on his back

He had been very wary, but he hadn’t spotted a single beast, let alone a fire chicken—not even when he reached the hot spring.

The spring lay in a small clearing, about two meters in diameter and half a meter deep, ringed by stones—maybe the spring had been formed that way from the beginning, or maybe someone had put the stones there to make it look like a tub.

Beside the hot spring stood a huge boulder about as tall as a human, burned black—courtesy of that big fire.

The temperature here was a dozen degrees Celsius higher. The ground felt hotter as if a volcano were nearby.

The spring was steaming, tempting Mag to jump in.

“Wow, a steaming spring!” Amy exclaimed with excitement. “Father, can I play with the water?”

Mag smiled. “Let me see if it’s not too hot.” He put Amy down. *Maybe I can wash my tired feet here.*

Mag reached out his hand to touch the water.

Suddenly, a loud crow sounded and a fire chicken flapped onto the boulder.

### **Chapter 225: He Swung His Sword Upwards**

It was huge—as tall as a meter and a half, with flaming red feathers and a scarlet comb. It flapped its wings, and flames arose on them. The black beady eyes were staring at Mag, glinting with hostility.

Mag thought it was some kind of ridiculously giant rooster when he first caught sight of it. *This must be a fire chicken. I thought I had to look for it elsewhere. Lucky me!*

He could feel the heat of its flames. He rose swiftly to his feet, stepped in front of Amy, and took several steps back.

Amy’s eyes were glittering with excitement, swallowing saliva. “Such a big rooster! I like roast chicken; a steamed one is good too!”

The chicken smelt danger. It cast a terrified glance at the little girl.

*Such a little foodie!* Mag smiled. “I like braised chicken.”

Mag handed the kitten to Amy. “Stay behind me, and let me take care of it.”

“Yes, Father. Go get it, Father! I want to eat braised chicken!” Amy said, excited.

Ugly Duckling took a lazy look at the chicken, and went back to sleep in Amy’s arms.

The fire chicken crowed again, staring at Mag with contempt. It flapped its wings, and the flames were starting to turn into fireballs.

Many adventurers were checking their game at the mouth of the valley. “Someone found a fire chicken on the west slope?” a man asked, surprised.

“I saw a man and a little girl go there earlier,” said a second voice.



“A little girl? The flames of the fire chicken will burn them alive!” a third voice said.

“Did he take her there to swim in that hot spring? A stupid father!” said a fourth man.

A fire chicken was barely a threat to a veteran adventurer, but it could be deadly to a rookie.

But these adventurers had seen too many deaths to care much about two strangers’ safety.

Guy was just riding past them. His level allowed him to do more than one quest at a time, and he could finish all of them in one day if he got lucky. “A man and a girl in a cape went that way?” he asked them, pointing.

One of the adventurers nodded. “Yes, and we heard a fire chicken just now. I think they are in danger.”

“A fire chicken?!” Guy frowned, and hurriedly swung off his horse. He tied it to a tree quickly and ran up the slope with a black spear and a bow.

He liked the half-elf girl. He had a granddaughter who was of the same age and constantly badgered him to play with her.

His son was an adventurer too, but they would never dream of taking his granddaughter here. He could still hear the rooster’s crow, and hoped he wouldn’t be too late. He quickened his pace.

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Mag watched the fire chicken and moved forward with his sword. He had never faced such a deadly beast before, but he felt more excited than fear.

His heart was thumping; he felt pumped up.

He craved a fight, a long overdue fight.

Mag took a look at his hands. *You have been neglected for three years, but now it’s your time to shine again!*

He gripped harder.

He felt a strange yet somehow familiar bloodlust.

The fire chicken gave a shrill cry, and with a flap of its wings, six fireballs as big as basketballs flew towards Mag.

They were hot enough to burn through armor plate, which was why fire chickens were pretty powerful among the 1st-tier magical beasts.

Mag smiled with disdain, jumped, and landed three meters away. “Is that all you got?”

The six fireballs landed where Mag had previously stood and blew a hole in the ground, melting dirt and rock.

Amy clapped her hands merrily. “You can do it, Father!”

The fire chicken became very irritated, and dived towards Mag like a hawk—its fireballs were limited.

Mag narrowed his eyes. Its wingspan was over two meters, its legs strong and claws sharp.

Mag knew well enough how hard its bones were.

He stood his ground and swung his sword upwards.

### **Chapter 226: Wow, Such A Big Pig!**

His movement was nothing fancy.

Yet, it was quick as hell and lethal.

The sword slit open the bird's throat.

The poor fire chicken uttered a cry of despair, and flopped down to the ground, twitching, blood welling from the cut. Its flames flickered and died, while its eyes were staring at Mag with hate.

"You're amazing, Father!" Amy exclaimed in delight, clapping. Ugly Duckling looked up at Amy with sullen eyes, for she was making it uncomfortable.

Mag smiled and put his sword away. *Speed is everything when it comes to martial arts.* He felt a sudden loneliness.

Amy crouched down beside the chicken, and said, "You can rest in peace now. I'll be sure to enjoy your meat."

The fire chicken stared at Amy, and died with its eyes open.

Mag smiled, and his loneliness of being invincible was gone without a trace.

That was the first form of his Thirteen Swordplay Forms. It was simple yet deadly, and not easy to master.

These forms were intended for killing enemies.

Mag pretty liked them. *It's always better to end a fight in seconds than minutes.*

"I have finished the mission, system," Mag said with a smug smile. "And in such a short time. Impressive, right? You said my chance of survival was 50%, but I think I could have handled it just fine by myself."

"Word of advice: a moment of carelessness may cost you your life out here. And by the way, your mission is not finished until you get this chicken back home."

"Hold on. You didn't say anything about carrying it back!" Mag said angrily.

"This mission was meant for you to learn to show respect to the ingredients and their provider. If you didn't carry it back, how would you understand how hard it is for me to run all the errands for you?"

"So you want to sell the ingredients at a high price."

The system was taken by surprise. "How do you know that?"

Mag laughed. "Isn't that obvious? It's low, even for you."

“I don’t know what you’re talking about. Just finish your mission.”

Mag looked down at the fire chicken—it was at least 20 kilograms. He was strong enough to carry it, of course, but he had to carry Amy as well.

*I need a mount. Not all the roads in this world are great for bikes.*

*I miss that purple-striped griffin. It was such a cool flying mount, as strong as a dragon.*

It had been badly injured in *that incident* too. Mag Alex had ordered it to run, but two griffin riders had gone after it.

There was nothing to be done for it; Mag had to carry the chicken back.

Guy stopped when he heard the chicken’s last shrill cry of pain. No sound came after that. *Seems like he killed it*, he thought, surprised and relieved. *I guess I underestimated him. Not bad.*

When Guy was about to leave, there suddenly came an unexpected deafening roar, accompanied by sonorous footsteps like drum beat.

Guy looked back, shocked. *A bronze wild boar?! He ran towards the sound.*

A bronze wild boar was a 3rd-tier magical beast, notorious for being rather grumpy and suddenly charging. Even a 5th-tier knight didn’t dare to meet its charge head on. Additionally, it was rushing downhill right now, which was far more dangerous.

*They won’t stand a chance against that grumpy beast! I have to hurry*, Guy thought to himself.

The adventurers beneath the mountain heard the boar too.

“Holy sh\*t! A bronze wild boar!” a voice called.

“It’s running downhill!” said a second voice.

“Time to run, folks!” a third voice said.

...

The roar shocked Mag. His eyes went wide when he looked up.

A boar as big as an elephant, with half-a-meter-long tusks, sharp fangs, and bristles, was running towards them.

Mag felt the ground shaking. It was basically a truck running out of control.

“Sh\*t! System, you’d better have nothing to do with this!” Mag called angrily.

Amy stood up with the kitten in her arms, not looking afraid at all. “Wow, such a big pig! Can we have some pork tonight, Father?”

**Chapter 227: I’m Going To Burn You Alive!**

“What? Of course I have nothing to do with this boar!” the system said. “I’m gonna help you in case you get killed. Now its speed is 300 km/h, and counting. You can’t stop it.”

“Tell me something I don’t know!” Mag had no time to answer Amy right now. He lifted her up onto the boulder.

She should be safer there, but he wouldn’t take any chances.

Mag took off Amy’s cape hurriedly and stroked her head. “Stay here, Amy. I’ll lure it away.”

Amy nodded. “Yes, Father,” she said. “But that way we won’t be able to eat its meat tonight.”

Despite the situation they were in, Mag smiled. “Don’t worry. We can always buy.” *Amy’s fireball is not enough to kill it. It would get irritated and charge at Amy.*

Mag took the cape in his hand and ran with his sword, shouting to the system, “System, kill it!”

“The red cape will make it much angrier. Are you sure you want to do this? It’s charging at you at a speed of 335 km/h! 345! 350!”

“I don’t need to know its f\*cking speed!” *I guess I have to take it on.*

*But it’s likely to kill me.*

“You said I would be absolutely safe if I took Amy with me!” Mag said, running towards the cliff.

“If you wouldn’t let her help you, you’d surely be killed,” the system said calmly.

Mag looked back at Amy standing on the large rock. “You can do it, Father!” she called.

Ugly Duckling was lying lazily beside Amy. Not once had it so much as glanced at the boar.

Mag looked dubious. The boar was only 50 meters away from him; he could never make it to the cliff.

He stopped. “I’ll take your word for it, but first let me see what it can do.” The boar trampled through the bushes as if they were nothing, sending small rocks rolling down the slope.

He held the sword steady, his heart pounding but his face calm. He squinted his eyes.

Amy stood on the boulder, waving her hands as she watched. “Go get it, Father!”

Thanks to the system, he had become so strong that he could jump meters high.

Right before the boar could hit him, Mag jumped three meters high, turned 180 degrees in the air, and stuck the sword into its skin.

It had barely pierced its hard skin. He managed to pull the sword out and land on the ground with some help of his sword. He found his hand bleeding.

The truth hurt more than his injury—he was not strong enough to kill that boar.

“System, lend me 1 strength for five seconds, and I will kill it!” Mag said.

“Do you really want to be shocked by electricity right now? It might take longer than the last time, you know.”

“F\*ck!” Mag said. The boar stopped, turned around, and pawed the ground with rage. Mag was already panting.

“I never intended to lend it to you anyway.”

The boar charged at Mag again. It was running uphill this time, but its speed had reached 100 km/h in seconds, although it was still looking fat and clumsy.

“Sh\*t!” Mag ran towards a small tree, jumped up onto it, and jumped again just before the boar snapped it in two. He landed on the ground gracefully, but he knew he didn’t have much strength left.

“Go, Fath—”

Amy saw his bleeding hand and became furious. A bluish violet flame appeared on her hand and quickly turned into a fireball. “Father wanted to lead you away, but I’m going to burn you alive!”

Then she threw it at the boar.

### **Chapter 228: A 3rd-tier Magic Caster**

Guy’s brows furrowed deeper. He could tell from the boar’s bellow that it had got very angry. Even he wasn’t sure if he could stop it in such rough terrain.

He was a 3rd-tier knight in his late 40s, strong and cautious. Rarely in his 20 years of doing quests had he put himself in a dangerous situation.

Guy couldn’t decide whether he wanted to help because the girl had looked so cute when she stared up at the magic screens, or because his granddaughter had a good half-elf friend.

He wanted to help them even if that meant putting himself in danger.

He ran faster, blaming Amy’s father for taking her out here. He listened carefully. He was at a distinct disadvantage here. He only had one chance. He had to kill the boar with a well-aimed throw, or he might pay the price of failure with death.

When he decided he was close enough, he jumped onto a rock, took one step forward, held the spear up to his ear, and bent his knees slightly. All of it was done in a split second.

He was super focused; he was ready to deliver a powerful throw.

Then, he saw a sight that he would remember for the rest of his life.

He watched as the half-elf girl threw a fireball at the boar.

It was as small as the fist of a child, and seemed even smaller before such a huge boar.

Mag stood still with his sword, not preparing to jump again.

The fireball exploded when it reached the boar’s head. The impact of the explosion was so strong that it shook the ground. Then, bluish violet flames engulfed the poor beast.

The blast stopped it immediately and mutilated its head.

Its bristles were burning, its bronze skin turning red.

The boar gave out a shrill cry in pain, turned around, and ran uphill like hell, only to drop to the ground after a couple of dozen meters. It twitched, and then went still. A delicious aroma of meat started floating in the air.

Guy was astounded. *She is already a 3rd-tier magic caster at such a young age?!*

He had seen many 3rd-tier magic casters before, but never one as little as her. *She would cause a sensation throughout the whole continent!* thought Guy.

Irina was also a natural with magic. She had become a 1st-tier magic caster at the age of three; when she was five, she had been able to use 3rd-tier magic; at only 26 years old, she had become a 10th-tier magic caster. She was really talented—even the elven queen hadn't become a 10th-tier magic caster until she was in her 40s.

No one knew how powerful Irina would become, considering her life expectancy.

*Maybe she's more talented than Irina, judging from the power of her magic,* Guy thought. *She will surely go far.*

Guy put his spear away. *Looks like they didn't need my help after all. But, I never thought she's so powerful.*

If the system hadn't told him to step back, Mag would have been knocked over by the blast. Still, he stood there, dumbfounded.

He thought he had known how powerful Amy's fireball was—he had seen her use it many times—but he apparently hadn't had a clue. The one that had just exploded was basically a bomb.

"How wise of me to have brought Amy along! Your armor and magic shield might not have saved me from this boar," Mag said to the system.

"If you had bought them, you would have got life insurance for free. I'd see to it that a large amount of money would go to Amy if you died."

"Oh, that's so thoughtful of you!" Mag said sarcastically. He thrust the point of the sword into the earth and walked over to Amy with a smile. "Well done, Amy. You killed that boar."

"But..." Amy said, looking at Mag's bleeding hand. "But you're hurt, Father. That stupid pig!"

Looking at her worried face, Mag felt very warm inside. "Don't worry. It doesn't hurt," he said. He pulled a handkerchief out of his pocket, wrapped it around the bleeding hand, and lifted Amy and the kitten down.

"Let me blow on it to make the pain go away," she said, blowing.

Mag smiled and put on a surprised face. "It worked! Thank you, sweetheart," he said, stroking her head. Then he looked to Guy standing not far away.

"Hi, Mr. Tiger," Amy said to Guy, surprised.

## Chapter 229: But It Smells So Good

Mag's customers left with disappointment when they saw the notice on the door.

"I don't see anyone inside, Aisha," Yabemiya said after she looked inside through the window for a while. "It won't open today, I think."

Sally nodded, disappointed.

"Anyway, you look beautiful! I like your dress!" Yabemiya said.

Sally smiled. "Thank you."

She had never worn anything like this before. It was a tight-fitting dress with a side slit, making her legs seem even longer and slenderer. The white and blue were going great with her light skin tone.

She couldn't quite tell what was the material it was made of—it felt like silk to her, but even the silk produced by silkworms in the Wind Forest wasn't as smooth. It was close-fitting, but stretchy enough not to restrict movement.

What amazed her most was that it fitted her like a glove as if it had been made according to her measurements.

*But he didn't have the time, and never asked about my measurements, Sally thought to herself.*

*He figured out my measurements just by looking at me? But my dress yesterday was pretty loose. There was no way he could have guessed them right. Maybe he could somehow see through clothes or something?* Sally could feel herself turning red.

Yabemiya didn't notice the change of emotions on Sally's face. "Our boss is a great cook, and he also has very good taste in clothes," she said. "Did you have any breakfast this morning?"

Sally shook her head. "No."

She had planned to have a plate of Yangzhou fried rice here.

The owner of the Geya Hotel still let her stay there, and had said she could still work there when she was not working at the restaurant.

"You must be hungry," Yabemiya said, smiling. "I know a place where we can have some breakfast. It's not as good as the food in our restaurant, but it's cheap, and that place is pretty clean."

Sally brightened up at her spirited smile. "Sounds good."

*Mag seemed like a decent man; I don't think he would do anything repulsive, thought Sally. What if he offers me two bowls of tofu pudding every meal? Should I stay here forever?*

Sally shook her head. *No! Absolutely not! I would never forgive myself if I stayed here forever.*

"All right. Let's go. Maybe we can come back at noon," Yabemiya said, and walked away.

Sally took another look at the notice—the writing was lean and strong, but not aggressive, just like Mag. She left with Yabemiya.

...

Mag had noticed Guy when the latter jumped on that rock. He was tall and strong, 50-odd years old, in a tiger-skin vest over a black shirt. He looked great despite his age, his skin reddish black from the sun.

Mag had seen that he had wanted to help until Amy killed the boar.

He was the same man who had warned Mag not to take Amy on a mission here. Mag was grateful to him, and even admired him—he had been willing to save two strangers from a rampaging boar.

“I thought I heard a bronze wild boar, so I came running to check,” Guy said, putting down his spear. “Oh, I have a quest of capturing a bronze wild boar.” He said nothing about him coming to help since they clearly hadn’t needed it.

“Oh, I see,” said Amy. Then she looked up at Mag. “Father, I don’t think we can eat all of it. Can we share it with Mr. Tiger?”

Mag smiled and stroked her hair. “Mr. Tiger didn’t come here to eat the pig. Besides, it’s still undercooked, I think. It’s inedible.” Then he turned to Guy. “Hi, I’m Mag. Do you still want this?”

“Hi, I’m Guy. I’m afraid its meat is burned, so they won’t accept it. This boar hasn’t been sighted on the west slope for years. It’s old, but its tusks look good. I think they can fetch some money.”

Amy walked up to the boar on her short legs. “It’s inedible? But it smells so good...” Then she saw the white tusks and brightened up. “Can you turn a tusk into a magic wand for me, Father?”

### **Chapter 230: Eyeball Of A Hawk**

“Can you do it, system?” Mag asked, looking at Amy’s expectant face.

The system thought a moment. “I’m afraid I can’t,” it said apologetically.

Mag was surprised. “That’s a first. Don’t worry. I’ll pay you.”

“Magic is not science. Magic wands serve as a conduit for channeling the power outwards. I don’t possess enough knowledge about magic to make a magic wand.”

“I’ll pay you a lot,” said Mag.

“I can make one for you, but it’s unusable without a touch of magic from a magic caster—preferably one who can use the same kind of magic as your daughter.”

A smile touched Mag’s lips. “I almost forgot her two masters. I’ll ask them to make one for her then. They’ll be happy to help, I think.”

Mag nodded with a smile. “We can ask Master Krassu to make one for you.” Then he turned to face Guy. “How much can one of them fetch, Guy?”



“20 gold coins, but they could at least fetch 60 gold coins if you sold them together.”

Its bronze skin was also worth a lot—it could be made into boiled leather; its meat was at least 20 copper coins a pound.

Only, its skin and meat had been ruined.

Most restaurants didn’t accept game killed by magic—they didn’t trust it to be edible.

Mag nodded. “I see.” *It’s really not easy to make money out here. These tusks from such a dangerous beast are only worth as much as 30 roujiamos.* He walked over to the boar and twisted the tusks off—the meat had been cooked, so it was easy.

They were still a little hot, smooth and white; each one weighed about 4.5 kilograms.

“Give them to me, Father!” Amy held out her hands, excitement shining in her eyes.

Mag put one on the ground, and had Amy hold it. “One is enough to make a magic wand.”

“But we have two,” she said.

“Please take this, Guy,” Mag said. “It’s too heavy for us.” He wanted to thank him for coming to their rescue, and he was telling the truth—he couldn’t carry a fire chicken and two tusks as well as Amy.

If Amy hadn’t killed that boar, Guy might have saved their lives. It was rare to meet such an altruistic stranger.

Guy was surprised. He waved his hand with a smile. “Thank you, but I didn’t do anything to help.”

“I insist. Please take it,” said Mag. “I own a restaurant in the west corner of the Aden Square; please come when you have time.”

“All right, then. Thank you. My granddaughter also wants a magic wand.” Guy took the tusk and fumbled out a thumb-sized purple ball from his bag. “This is one of the eyeballs of a purple-striped hawk,” he said, handing it to Amy. “It’s a 2nd-tier magical beast; it’s said it can spot a prey from 30 miles away. One for my granddaughter as her birthday present, and the other for you.”

Amy held it up before her eyes. “It’s beautiful. Thank you, Mr. Tiger,” she said happily.

Guy laughed and tucked the tusk into his belt. “It’s not safe here,” he said to Mag. “Many beasts have been agitated by adventurers. They may run here for safety.”

Mag nodded. “Yes. We’ll leave soon enough.”

“Bye, little girl,” Guy said, waving at Amy.

Amy waved back. “Bye, Mr. Tiger.” Then Guy left; his hunt had just begun.

Amy was still looking at that eyeball. “Father, a bird far away is preening itself on a tree!” she exclaimed delightedly.

Mag marveled at her words.

Amy handed the eyeball to Mag. “Look through this.”

Mag held it before his eye. Through the purple eyeball, he saw a seven-spot ladybird rolling on a leaf. He could even see the spots clearly. Then, he put it down and asked the system, "How far can I see with this?"

"10 miles. But its focus is not adjustable, so you can only see things at 10 miles away."

"Seems it's not that useful."

"Maybe magic could make it into a proper monocular."

"Can you put this eyeball on my magic wand, Father?" Amy asked Mag, expectant.