

## Stay At home 41

### Chapter 41: Father, Give Me A Minute

“Shut up, Green Pea! You’ve ruined my reputation again! I have to teach you a lesson today!” the crow shouted at the parrot, exasperated.

“Stop calling me Green Pea.” The parrot was a little displeased. “And your clothes are falling down.” She pointed at his leaf under the cage.

The crow lowered his head. A leaf was falling slowly.

“Oh!” His eyes widened immediately, and he quickly covered his body with his featherless wings. “Excuse me, sir, could you please pick up my clothes for me?” he asked urgently.

Amy giggled merrily. She walked over to the leaf and picked it up. “Black Coal, your clothes are in my hand now. I’ll give them back if you behave; otherwise, I’ll take them with me,” she said, smiling.

“I... I...” Black Coal looked at Amy and didn’t know what to do. Just then, a puff of autumn wind came blowing in, and he shivered in spite of himself. He nodded immediately as he looked at the leaf in Amy’s hand. “I’ll behave!”

Amy nodded delightedly. “Okay. Remember your words.” She stood on tips of her toes to hand the leaf over to the crow, but the cage was too far out of her reach. She was a little anxious.

Mag stooped down and lifted her up. Now she was as high as the birdcage. “Now you can reach it.”

“You’re the best, Father.” Amy kissed Mag on the cheek and gave the leaf to the bird. “Here, stupid Black Coal.”

“I accept your favor.” Black Coal took the leaf from Amy’s hand and wrapped it around his body again.

Amy disentangled herself from Mag and waved at the two birds. “Bye, Black Coal and Green Pea.” Then she left with Mag.

“Bye. But please call me Sunny next time,” Green Pea said.

“Perhaps she is pretty adorable. I’ll grant her request for now,” Black Coal muttered reluctantly as he watched Amy leave.

After they left the magic potion shop, Mag and Amy walked towards the middle of the Aden Square. It was a huge round square. In the middle was a wide and round open space with several plots of land around it. Each piece was occupied by sculptures or gardens which had characteristics of each species.

It was said that the Aden Square was like a big map of the Norland Continent in the middle of which lay Chaos City surrounded by different species.

The square was more bustling as they went farther eastward. A lava demon child covered in flaming cracks ran past them, his hair made of flames, looking like a torch.

He was chased by a forest troll kid with a blade of grass on his head, followed by two dwarf boys with hammers.

In Chaos City, parents could never guess whom their children would play with.

When those children ran past Mag and Amy, they would each slow down and look at Amy for a while.

In times like these, Mag would scowl at them and give them an admonitory glare, and then he would turn sideways to block their view.

She was his little girl. He would never let them play with her.

Amy was very happy, though. For the first time, she was being looked at by many children with envy.

Mag rested on a stone chair with Amy for a while. As they rose to start walking back, a human girl around five who wore her hair casually in a bun stopped beside them. "Father, I want to wear my hair like her. Please!" she said as she swung her father's strong arm. He was around 30 and neatly dressed.

The man took a glance at Amy's beautiful braids and was left in a difficult position. "Well... Ya Ya is already very pretty now." How could a warrior like him weave braids that beautiful?! He had already outdone himself!

Then he cast Mag a jealous glance. *He has such great skills. Or, he has a good wife who will do their little girl's hair, unlike mine.* He was told to take his daughter out because his wife was gambling.

"But this hair bun is ugly. I want braids too." The little girl stroked her bun unhappily. "I want braids like hers!" she said as she pointed at Amy with envy. Then she started crying.

The man wiped her tears away. "Don't cry, baby girl. I'll buy a lot of good things for you." He gave Mag a sullen look.

Mag looked at him compassionately as the man was trying his best to comfort his daughter. *It was fortunate for me that Amy didn't go out with her hair bun yesterday.* That man's sullen look made him a little proud, though. *I'm amazing because I can braid my girl's hair!* Then he picked up Amy's hand, and said, "Let's go, Amy."

"Father, give me a minute." Amy walked to the little girl and wiped her tears with her little hand.

*She is pretty caring.* Mag was very happy.

The man breathed a sigh of relief too. *Hope she can comfort my girl.*

"Don't cry. Only my father can make these braids; your father couldn't make them for you even if you cried louder," Amy said solemnly as she took her hand back.

The little girl was about to stop crying before Amy spoke. Then, she was taken aback by Amy's words. She looked up at his father, and then at Mag. Suddenly, she felt so sad that she burst out crying.

*I... didn't expect that...* Mag was surprised by this sudden turn of events. His little girl was indeed not a normal girl. He glanced at the girl's father, who was just as shocked as him and took Amy's hand quickly. "Sorry about that." Then they walked off immediately.

On their way back, Mag stopped at a pancake stall by the roadside. It was owned by an old man who had a big oven shaped like a cylinder and a large basin full of dark yellow cornmeal paste. He snatched up some paste and slapped it on the side of the oven, and after a little while, it was done.

His business was very good. Many people were lining up in front of his stall, and most of them were little children. They were holding one or two copper coins in their hands, looking around, waiting. Other kids who had no money in their pockets were squatting on the ground, staring at them with a longing look.

His trade was easy. Maybe he could sell about a thousand pancakes in one day. It was cheap, but it was not very hard for him to make 30,000 copper coins in a month, like the old man who sold shaobing <sup>1</sup> in his previous life.

Suddenly, Mag remembered that when his predecessor once went out looking for Amy, his little girl was squatting on the ground like those sallow-skinned skinny kids, staring at the fresh-baked pancakes. He tightened his grip on Amy's hand. "Let's go home, Amy. Tomorrow morning, I'll make you roujiamo which would be a hundredfold better than pancakes," Mag said with a smile.

Amy nodded vigorously. "Thank you, Father. The food you make is the best." She obediently left with Mag.

#### **Chapter 42: The Sound From The Big Egg**

When Mag and Amy walked past that magic potion shop again, the lean old man in his black robe was bathing his two birds with a watering pot.

Hearing footsteps, Urien lifted his eyes and took a glance at Mag, and then at Amy. Suddenly, a little green flame appeared in his deep eyes.

Mag turned sideways to hide Amy and nodded at Urien with a smile. Then, he took Amy's hand and walked towards his restaurant.

"Father, why didn't we say hello to Black Coal, Green Pea, and that old magic caster?" Amy looked up at Mag and asked a question curiously after they walked off.

"We've burnt down his birdcage yesterday, so it would be a little awkward if he asked about it. Besides, I've already said hello," Mag answered with a smile. Although the bird had it coming last day, it was still a little embarrassing; after all, they were still neighbors.

The way Urien looked at Amy had made Mag a little vigilant; he had seen greed in his eyes.

If he were still that formidable knight, his sword might have already been at his throat, and he would have asked, "What are you looking at?"

However, he was not nearly as strong now. If he had done that, he might get a watering pot thrown at his head, and then probably a fireball.

Mag decided to keep a wary eye on him before finding out his true intentions. *I can't let Amy go out alone.*

“System, how much for the strength?” Mag asked in his mind suddenly.

“System will warn you seriously: strength is not for sale! Accomplish your missions and you may get chances to improve your strength!” the system stressed solemnly.

“1,000 gold coins.”

“It’s not for sale!”

“5,000.”

“You don’t have the right to buy strength.”

“10,000 gold coins.” Mag raised his offer again.

The system was silent for a while. Then a few fireworks cracked in his head suddenly and turned into a line of colorful words: “Permission granted! Strength+0.5, status: available; price: 10,000 gold coins.”

“Holy moley! That is one million copper coins! You’re so greedy! I have to sell 3,000 plates of Yangzhou fried rice to earn that money,” Mag said in his mind. Then he smiled. “I don’t have enough money right now; can I buy it on credit? Hahaha...”

“...”

An ellipsis went across Mag’s head. “Serious warning: every transaction will be made with cash. No credit allowed!” the system said grimly.

Mag felt rather good after teasing the system. He calculated that he needed about a month to sell 3,000 plates of Yangzhou fried rice. He couldn’t make 10,000 gold coins in a short time.

Yet the new dish was about to come out soon. La zhi roujiamo should be much easier to make than Yangzhou fried rice. He could stew the meat in advance and make a lot of bread at a time. Maybe he could make money more efficiently.

Mag wanted to improve his strength very badly. He wanted to have the strength to protect Amy and to lift her up.

His body could allow him to hold Amy in his arms, but he couldn’t lift her up, so first and foremost, he had to become a normal person.

Mag poured Amy a glass of water when they got back. It was already 11 am. He wanted to make their lunch.

“Father, come here! I think the ugly duckling is about to hatch out!” said Amy excitedly from behind the counter.

“Already?” Mag walked over to her, a little surprised.

Amy was squatting on the ground. She looked up at Mag, put a finger on her lips, and said in a low voice, “Shh, Father, keep it down and don’t scare it. I heard some sound just now. It will hatch out soon.”

“Really?” Mag was a little dubious. *Are eggs supposed to hatch at this time of the year?*

Amy nodded solemnly. “Yes. Listen.”

Mag came up to her softly and crouched down. He listened carefully, but he didn’t hear anything in a long while.

He wondered if Amy had misheard; after all, she was very expectant. When he was about to rise, suddenly he heard a rustle. He stopped moving immediately. The sound was like a cat clawing at the wall; when he listened close, it was like a hard beak rubbing against the shell. It sounded three times and then stopped.

“Did you hear that, Father? Is the ugly duckling about to hatch out?” Amy asked Mag, expectant and delighted.

Mag nodded. “Yes. Maybe in a day or two.” Mag was a little surprised at its short hatching time. He didn’t know what would come out of that shell. He stroke Amy’s head and rose to his feet. “I’ll make lunch for us now. You stay here and watch the egg.”

“Okay,” Amy answered. She covered the egg with the blanket again and watched it quietly.

Mag and Amy had their lunch, washed the dishes, and opened the restaurant. As always, Mobai came first, and then Habeng, Haga, and Conti arrived. There were other customers who had come several times too. They all smiled and addressed him as Mag.

When they wrapped up in the night, Amy told Mag they had sold 90 plates of Yangzhou fried rice. It was probably as many plates as he could make in one day.

On account of its good reputation, the restaurant had a few regular customers now. To be sure, only a few could afford to eat two plates three times a day as the likes of Mobai did, but many could afford to eat once every one or two days.

Before she went to wash up, Amy crouched down beside the blanket-covered egg, and said seriously, “Ugly duckling, sleep tight and come out tomorrow, or I’ll burn you with my fireball.” Then she went upstairs.

Mag smiled as he wiped the tables. *If that little creature in the egg could understand, it would shudder with fear right now.*

After he cleaned up the restaurant, Mag went upstairs and found that Amy was already asleep. He tucked her in. Then he took a bath, changed into his sleepwear, and lay in bed.

Mag closed his eyes and opened that experience bag for la zhi roujiamo with ease. In no time, he digested the knowledge of making la zhi roujiamo traditionally. Now he had learned everything by heart—from the processing of ingredients to the cooking steps. It was all etched into his mind. All that was left was practical experience.

Mag lay in his bed for a while, then opened his eyes suddenly and asked, “System, aren’t you supposed to give me a new mission now?”

## **Chapter 43: La Zhi Roujiamo**

“What mission?” the system asked, seemingly wondering.

“I’m going to enter the test field now; aren’t you supposed to give me a mission to, like, master the la zhi roujiamo in one night and then give me a reward?” Mag asked, wondering.

“System has no missions for you right now. You may do as you please,” the system answered calmly.

“I don’t want to learn without a reward,” Mag said indifferently.

“The test field will disappear in 24 hours after the experience bag is opened. Do what you like,” the system said in an indifferent voice too.

Mag raised an eyebrow. *Whoa, is this the same system I know? It talked back to me. This is its little revolt?*

Mag didn’t want to waste his breath talking to the system. He took a look at the 24-hour timer on the door of the test field and opened the door with his mind. His whole spirit was sucked into a little man like the last time. When he opened his eyes again, he found himself in that enclosed kitchen.

Mag took a look around. In the corner of the cooking bench stood a round oven, its outer casing made from silver stainless steel—an electric oven. It was somewhat like a traditional wood oven, only more convenient.

Mag walked over to the oven, took off the lid, and looked inside. Then he nodded contentedly. “This oven could allow me to make at least 15 bai ji bread loaves [1. Bai ji bread is a kind of bread.] at one time. I can indeed cook this much faster than Yangzhou fried rice.”

Beside the oven was a spice box. Inside the box, Mag found bay leaves, Chinese cinnamon, star anises... all the spices needed to stew the meat.

A few bags of flour were lying in the kitchen cupboard, and there was a half drawer of streaky pork and a small pile of pork ribs in the fridge.

“Well, now it’s time to show off my true cooking skills.” Mag washed his hands first and took a large piece of streaky pork from the fridge. After washing it, he cut it into chunks that were 15 centimeters long and 10 centimeters wide. Then he put them into a large jar and added different spices.

Normally, the meat should be stored for at least a day, but it was ready after only five minutes in this test field. Mag put the meat in the pot and added spices and seasonings. He heated the water to a boil quickly over high heat and skimmed the scum off the stew; then, he turned the burner down to low heat to cook it. After two hours, it was done.

As the stew was simmering, Mag started his journey with flour for the first time.

After practicing thousands of times when learning the Yangzhou fried rice, Mag’s cutting skills made him capable of dealing with almost all the work in the kitchen. However, kneading dough was another matter entirely; it called for strength, as well as skills.

Although the system would help him recover his strength every hour, kneading dough was quite an effort. He had to rest for a while every fifteen minutes or so. His weak body was really cramping his style; it took him more than an hour to get the dough thoroughly kneaded.

When the dough was ready, he let it rest for half an hour. Then, he tore it into small balls. He took a ball of dough, stretched it long and thin, rubbed some sesame oil on its top, and sprinkled some pepper salt on it. Then he rolled it up, pressed it flat with his hand, and made it round with a rolling pin. By now, the bread was ready to be baked.

Mag turned on the oven, preheated it, and put the bread on the hot cooking surface to harden it. Then, he moved it to the side of the oven and let it stand vertical till it was ready. He made 16 bai ji bread loaves on his first try.

When the bread loaves were ready, Mag took one from the oven. Since it was his first time, the bread was not very well-shaped, and it had some cracks. He hadn't been very successful.

The stewed meat was almost ready too. As he opened the lid, the pleasant aroma tickled his nose. The light brown meat looked good; some fell apart, though. There was still room for improvement.

He remembered when he had roujiamo in Xi'an<sup>1</sup> in his previous life—he had written down some comments and requirements in his microblog afterwards; now he had to act on his own requirements. His face became a little sour.

You reaped what you sowed.

He didn't know how long it would take him to make a roujiamo that good.

Then Mag started his tedious mission of making la zhi roujiamo again and again. He stayed very calm, though, since it was not the first time he was going through this. He didn't feel uneasy staying for a long time in this enclosed kitchen.

He didn't know how many batches he had made. On the 30th day, Mag skillfully took a bai ji bread from the oven and sliced it open gently with a thin knife. Then, he took a chunk of meat from the pot, chopped it finely on the cutting board, and stuffed it all in the bread. Finally, he added some gravy to it. A steaming la zhi roujiamo was now ready.

"System, what about this one?" Mag asked, full of anticipation.

"According to your comments and requirements before,

"1. The meat has to be tasteful; the lean part should be soft and chewy, while the fat shouldn't be too oily—achieved.

"2. The bread has to be white; the outside should be crispy, while the inside soft and spongy; near the edge, on the top and bottom, it should have a round strip which is golden brown, and the middle part should be golden brown too and shaped like a chrysanthemum—achieved.

"3. The meat should be delicious, while the bread crispy and soft; it should release juice as one chews on it—achieved.

"Congratulations! You have met all the three requirements and mastered the skills of making la zhi roujiamo. Now you have gained the right to buy the ingredients needed for la zhi roujiamo and to use the relevant kitchenware," the system said.

“Perfect!” Mag took a bite of the roujiamo in his hand. The crispy bai ji bread had become a little softer after the gravy seeped into it. As he bit into the agreeably fat meat, delicious juice came out. It tasted so good that he closed his eyes in spite of himself. It was most satisfying.

No sooner had he swallowed than he opened his eyes and found himself on his bed again. He moved his mouth and tasted nothing.

He didn’t want to sleep anymore as he thought about the delicious juicy meat that had tickled his taste buds. Gently, he turned on his bedside lamp and looked at the time. It was 12 am.

He had only spent 30 days in the test field, and most of the time was taken up by making bai ji bread. It was only two hours in real life.

Mag got out of his bed, changed into his chef’s suit, and put on his shoes. Then he turned off the light quietly and went to the kitchen downstairs. As he had expected, there was an oven in the corner of the cooking bench; beside the oven were different spices and seasonings. The fridge which had been stuffed with the ingredients for the Yangzhou fried rice now had a separate section for storing streaky pork, just like in the test field.

Mag put on the apron, took two pieces of streaky pork from the fridge, and cut them into chunks after rinsing them. Then he put them into a large jar and added various spices and seasonings.

He had to marinate his meat for a long while this time since he wasn’t in the test field anymore. One night might not be long enough, but it should still be flavorful in the morning. He could make Amy an authentic la zhi roujiamo for breakfast.

Mag’s face lit up as he pictured Amy eating roujiamo with her hands happily.

#### **Chapter 44: Or I’ll Roast You Right Now**

Mag heard the egg rustle again when going upstairs. He looked over at it and smiled, wondering if it had been scared by Amy’s words.

He went to sleep and was woken up by the clock under his pillow at 5 am. He quickly turned it off; then, he changed into his clothes quietly. He washed up and went into the kitchen to stew the meat.

The meat had to be cooked for two hours, which was why he had to wake up so early. Besides, Mag’s skills in kneading dough might have improved, but it would still take him quite some time to knead two large chunks of dough thoroughly.

He had practiced a lot of times in the test field and made a la zhi roujiamo so perfect that even he, who had been very picky in his previous life, found it very satisfying. Mag was very serious.

The streaky pork was not quite ready after a night, but he would only let his regulars like Mobai try it in the morning, as well as Amy and himself.

He wouldn’t add it to his menu until everything was perfectly ready.



Keeping the taste of dishes unchanged was one of Michelin restaurants' basic rules, and now it had become one of Mag's rules.

He had to charge them, of course. He let them try the new dish first because it was one of the terms they had agreed upon when crowdfunding.

Mag's face became serious when he put on his apron. He put the meat into the pot and strictly followed the best steps and time frame he had learned. After he added the spices and seasonings and turned down the burner, he started kneading dough.

Kneading dough was truly a grueling task. Luckily for Mag, in the test field, he had worked out a way to knead dough faster and easier. Still, it took him an hour to knead two chunks of dough thoroughly, during which time he had to rest two times.

Mag made the dough into bread, put it to the side, and didn't rush to bake. He took a look at the time—it was already five past seven.

The meat still needed another 15 minutes before it was ready, and Amy was not up as she normally would, so Mag washed his hands, took off his apron, and went upstairs.

Mag walked into the bedroom. Amy's eyes were closed, seemingly asleep.

Yet her slightly moving eyelashes and her barely suppressed smile said otherwise.

"Well, it seems there is a little fairy who is still sleeping. How to wake her up?" Mag said by the bedside, holding back a chuckle. He feigned being a little troubled.

Amy opened her eyes slightly, took a quick peek at Mag, and closed them fast. Then, she slowly turned her head to one side. "The little fairy said Father's kiss will wake her up."

Mag pretended to be enlightened suddenly. "I see. Then let's wake her up." He walked up to Amy, stooped down, and kissed her cheek.

Amy opened her eyes immediately. "The little fairy has woken up!" She threw her arms around Mag's neck and stood up, giggling. Then she looked at him, delighted and full of anticipation. "Father, is the bread which is one hundred times better than pancakes ready?"

Mag nodded, smiling. "Almost, but it tastes best fresh out of the oven. It will be ready after you change into your clothes and wash up." He felt really happy. Then, he took a look at Amy's black dress, and said in his head, "System, I want to buy a purple dress. Make it cute. I'll pay with cash."

The system didn't say a word this time, and hundreds of little dresses, whose prices ranged from one gold coin to 500 gold coins, appeared in Mag's head.

"I'll take the one that is priced at 10 gold coins." Mag took a glance at the dress inlaid with many amethysts, which was sold at 500 gold coins, and didn't quite appreciate its style, so he bought the one with a golden and red Chinese redbud embroidered on the front; and there was a layer of tulle over the purple dress.

Amy's face lit up, and she nodded quickly. "Okay. Amy will get dressed then."

After the system said the dress was ready, Mag walked to the wardrobe and then turned around with a smile. "I have a new dress for you. See if you like it," he said.

"Really?" Amy's little face was full of expectation.

Mag opened the wardrobe and took out the little dress inside. Then he walked back to the bedside and held the dress in front of himself. "Do you like it?"

Amy looked at the little dress, her eyes filled with pleasant surprise. "It's so beautiful, and it's purple. I love it!" She jumped on the bed delightedly. Then she stood on tips of her toes and kissed Mag on the cheek. "Father, Amy loves you."

"I love you too. Come on, let's try it on." Mag was very happy as well. He helped Amy put on the new dress.

The top had some beautiful patterns, the Chinese redbud was a real eye-popper, and there was a layer of purple tulle over the pleated skirt.

Amy spun on the bed and lowered her head to look at the tulle dancing with her, full of surprise. She played with it for a while.

Mag looked at his Amy, who now looked like an angel in the little dress, and smiled. "Put on your shoes and go wash up. Father will make bread for you," he said as he stroked Amy's head.

Amy nodded meekly. "Okay." She climbed down the little stairs, put on her white shoes, and went to wash up.

Mag took a peek at Amy, who was squeezing out toothpaste herself, and thought that she didn't need his help washing up anymore. Then he went downstairs.

By then, the meat was just ready. Mag turned off the burner and started to put the bread in the preheated oven. He thought about it and put 16 bread loaves inside at intervals. The oven was full.

After a while, Amy finished washing up and went downstairs. She stuck her head in through the kitchen door and looked inside. She had smelled the strong, appetizing aroma of the stewed meat. She took a deep sniff and asked, "It smells so good. Father, what is it? Its smell is very different from the smell of rainbow fried rice."

Mag turned around and smiled. "Take a seat and you'll see in a little while," he answered, keeping her in suspense.

Amy nodded. "I'll go check the ugly duckling." She walked to the counter and crouched down beside the egg. She leaned close and listened for a while. "Wake up now, ugly duckling. Come out today, or I'll roast you right now."

Suddenly, the once quiet egg rustled, seeming to be a little uneasy.

Amy nodded. "That's the spirit! Go and smash it!"

The rustle became faster as if it were trying its best to avoid being roasted alive.

Mag shook his head as he smiled in the kitchen. *My little girl is very cute, but I feel sorry for the little creature in the egg.*

He sliced open a loaf of bai ji bread, took a chunk of meat from the pot, chopped it into small pieces, and stuffed them all into the bread. Then he added some gravy into it. An authentic la zhi roujiamo was now ready.

Mag walked out of the kitchen with a roujiamo in one hand and a plate in the other. "Amy, the bread which is one hundred times better than pancakes is ready. Come here and try this la zhi roujiamo."

#### **Chapter 45: Amy Wants One More**

"Coming." Amy stood up immediately and walked up to Mag. She climbed onto a chair and stared at the steaming roujiamo in Mag's hand. She thought she saw something in the white bread. The pleasant aroma made her swallow some saliva in spite of herself. She couldn't tear her eyes away from the bread.

Mag put the plate in front of her first, and then he placed the roujiamo open side up and handed it to her. "Be careful. It's hot. Eat this side first; there is some gravy inside," Mag said as he smiled.

Amy nodded. "Okay." She grabbed two edges with both hands and her attention was totally captured by it. Her eyes brightened as she saw the beautiful little circles of burn marks on the white surface. "It's beautiful."

The bread was stuffed with stewed meat. The pleasant aroma that Amy had smelled was coming from the meat, and it made her hungrier. She brought the roujiamo to her mouth and took a bite.

"Crack ..."

The crispy surface made a soft sound. All of a sudden, Amy's eyes lit up as she bit into the crunchy bai ji bread and tasty meat.

*This white bread is so soft and easy to chew—unlike the pancakes, which always make my teeth hurt—and it's so sweet and tastes a lot better than the pancakes,*Amy thought.

*And the best part is the meat, which releases tasty juice as I chew on it. The sweet bread is made better by it. It's very delicious.*

"Do you like it?" Mag asked expectantly.

Amy nodded vigorously. "Yes, it's very good. It's a hundred times better than pancakes. No, a thousand times better; no, ten thousand times better than pancakes." She took another large bite and chewed merrily, her face full of happy smile.

Mag nodded. "That's great. There're more." He smiled and felt pride as he looked at Amy holding the roujiamo in her hands like a little squirrel, chewing happily and making soft little sounds all the while.

He had spent thirty days in the test field without any sleep or rest, he had had to marinate the pork in the middle of the night, and he had woken up at five to make roujiamo. Nonetheless, it was all worth it.

Because he wanted to protect that smile.

Mag watched Amy eat more than half, and then he went into the kitchen, took out a loaf of bread, and made a roujiamo for himself. He took a bite. The sweet, soft bai ji bread and the juicy meat mixed in his mouth. The meat was streaky pork, but it was not oily at all.

The delicious gravy and the taste of the sweet bai ji bread tickled Mag's taste buds incessantly. He felt so good to stuff his mouth with meat, and the aftertaste of the meat remained in his mouth after he swallowed.

Mag's eyes brightened. *Perfect! As expected of me! It is my requirements that have led to this authentic la zhi roujiamo!* He took another huge bite. This gourmet food was so different from Yangzhou fried rice, whose ingredients were chopped very finely. He really needed this for a change.

"Father, Amy wants one more," Amy said as she opened her hands after she finished her roujiamo, her face excited and anticipating.

Mag nodded with a smile. "All right. I'll make you another one." Then he put the half roujiamo in his hand to the side. As he made the second roujiamo for Amy, he asked in his mind, "System, what's the cost of ingredients for one roujiamo? And, can you make me some small kraft paper bags so that customers may take their roujiamos out when necessary? It would be very convenient. Add the name of the restaurant onto the bags and use Amy's picture as our trademark; her back will be fine. And don't worry. I'll pay."

"This meat is five-layered streaky pork with skin from under the ribs of the shadow boar, which only exist in forest trolls' land..." The system started to roll out the origins of those ingredients. It even tried to tell Mag where the salt came from.

Mag interrupted. "Stop. I don't want to hear it. I know these are all good stuff. You just want to sell them at a higher price. Just give me a number." He had to open his restaurant in a moment, and didn't have time to listen to the system's lengthy spiel.

"..." An ellipsis went across Mag's head. After a while, the system said, "The cost of one roujiamo is 80 copper coins. If you want a large quantity of customized bags, I'll charge you 10 copper coins for a high-quality bag."

Mag's mouth curled downwards. "10? You must be joking. I'll give you five." The ingredients were worth the money, or worth more, but he wouldn't pay 10 copper coins for a bag.

"What about eight?" the system asked tentatively.

"Four," Mag replied calmly.

"Okay, five! Deal!" the system said quickly this time. Then, it continued, "Bags are being made right now and will be ready in five minutes."

"Right." Mag raised an eyebrow. *I may not be a great haggler, but that doesn't mean I don't know how to haggle. The ingredients of one roujiamo cost 85 copper coins, so maybe I'll sell it at 300 each. It's more acceptable than the Yangzhou fried rice.*

Naturally, he made a round number not to inconvenience Amy.

One roujiamo could earn him 215 copper coins, and he could make 16 loaves of bread at a time, so that came to a total of 3,440 copper coins. He was able to make at least 64 bread loaves out of those two large chunks of dough he had just kneaded. Even if he could only sell 64 roujiamos in the morning, he would earn 13,760 copper coins. That was a much faster way to make money than the Yangzhou fried rice.

Mag handed the roujiamo he had just made to Amy who, was waiting longingly. Then he went back into the kitchen, switched around the bread in the oven, and regulated the temperature. It was almost half past seven, so these bread loaves would not go to waste, since his restaurant would open in a little while.

Now he only needed to wait for his bags and check their quality.

...

Outside, Luna was staring at the restaurant, wondering. She was wearing a light gray linen-cotton dress and a white silky scarf, on which a golden lily flower was embroidered, covering her shoulders. She had long straight black hair. All this made her look intelligent as well as beautiful.

*Maybe I've remembered wrong? Doesn't Amy live here?* Luna looked around and got a little confused. This was the last house on the Aden Square, and she still remembered the signboard hanging outside the forge.

However, as far as she could remember, here should stand a rickety two-storied wooden house like the one she had seen when she'd last walked Amy home six or seven days ago. Instead, before her eyes was a grand restaurant, with a wall of crystal glass, perfectly aligned tables and chairs, and crystal chandeliers. *When did such a fancy restaurant open in Chaos City?* she wondered.

"Mamy Restaurant... Could it be...?" Luna muttered. Then her eyes brightened, and she walked towards the restaurant immediately.

#### **Chapter 46: This Is My Father**

"The first batch of bags is ready. You will be charged automatically whenever you use them," the system said.

Then, an iron box appeared beside the oven. It was 15 centimeters long, 15 centimeters wide, and 20 centimeters deep. In it was a neat pile of brownish yellow kraft bags. Mag picked one up. It was coarse and had the words "La Zhi Roujiamo" in the middle of its front.

He turned it over and saw two golden words "Mamy Restaurant" in an arc, below which was the back of a little girl sketched in black.

The drawing was not very detailed, but one could tell at a glance that it was Amy, because the little girl was in a little dress with her short legs and cute pointy ears.

Mag nodded contentedly. "System, the little ears are really not bad." He turned his head and took a look at Amy who was eating happily at her table.

He wanted to tell her that her pointy ears would not bring shame on her, but envy and admiration.

The lovely back on the bag was just a start. He would fight the unreasonable prejudice with the power of the chowhounds in this world; he wanted to give half-elves hope because they had done nothing wrong.

He believed that sooner or later, this back would be remembered by many people.

Suddenly, Mag felt quite restless and hot. While the Yangzhou fried rice could soothe the muscles like a warm current, this roujiamo was like a super spicy chili in his blood. He felt as if his blood was boiling inside him.

“System, did you drug me out of spite?!” Mag asked as he felt that unknown restlessness, which made him picture something filthy in his mind.

“This is slander. All of the ingredients are of great quality. They are all organic products. Nothing filthy has been added into them!” the system applied solemnly.

Mag didn’t believe it. “What’s happening to me, then? Why is this roujiamo making me so excited?” This restlessness was not very uncomfortable; in fact, he felt rather comfortable after he got used to the faster blood flow, but he was still a little worried about this sudden change.

“You didn’t let me finish before, so it’s not my fault that you don’t know the inherent properties of the ingredients,” answered the system.

Mag lifted an eyebrow. He hadn’t expected that the system would retort like that. He thought for a minute, and said, “The pork is used in the Yangzhou fried rice as well, so it should be good. Don’t tell me the flour is not normal flour. Do you grow wheat in a weird place?”

“The wheat comes from the Frenzy Isle in the depths of the Ghost Islands, which are possessed by demons. In an area where no demons roam, system cultivates a piece of land. The frenzy fog dissipates during the day, so the sunlight there is present for as long as 12 hours every day. At night, the wheat absorbs the frenzy element. That’s the reason why the flour will excite the blood to a certain extent. Humans can use it to make their blood flow more smoothly. The more violent the species, the stronger the effect. There is no negative effect, though.”

Mag nodded. “I see.” Then he felt a little embarrassed when he thought about it. *If some girl asked me if I had drugged her after she ate the roujiamo, how would I reply?*

“Father, I... I feel a little hot again...” Amy’s voice came from outside.

Mag walked towards her daughter quickly. Since the system said that there was no negative effect, he wasn’t quite worried. He thought for a while as he looked at his Amy, whose cheeks flushed red after two roujiamos. “Amy, try to make a fireball.”

When she felt uncomfortable after eating the Yangzhou fried rice, the fireball had done the trick. He didn’t know the effect of the frenzy element, though.

Amy nodded obediently. “Yes, Father.” She raised her arm and opened her hand slowly. Suddenly, a bluish violet fire appeared above her hand. It was more than a meter tall, and was dancing violently, seemingly very unstable.

Mag fell back unconsciously. The flame was a little violent, bigger, darker, and purpler. After she released the flame, Amy's red face became normal slowly.

The air surrounding them got hot instantly; the fire was more terrifying than before.

"Come back, fire," Amy said solemnly as she looked at the seemingly uncontrollable fire. She coiled her hand slowly, and the restless flame was gradually squeezed up as if by an invisible hand, and turned into a dark bluish violet fireball in her little hand.

*She may be a genius,* Mag thought proudly as he looked at Amy play with the fireball. She closed her hand, and the fireball vanished. It seemed the frenzy element could improve the power of Amy's fireball, but it remained to be tested.

After he made sure that there was nothing wrong with Amy, Mag tied her hair into two pigtales. She loved this hairstyle, and maybe she wouldn't change it in a long while.

Mag put the comb back in the drawer and took a look at the time. It was just half past seven. He walked towards the door.

Mag opened the lock, pulled the door open, and froze for a moment when he saw a girl standing outside. She was around twenty, of medium height, a little slim, and in a light gray linen-cotton dress. Around her shoulders was a white silky scarf with a golden lily flower embroidered on it. Her black hair was long and straight, her face was pretty, and her dark eyes were extra bright. She looked artistic and intelligent.

It seemed like she was about to knock at the door when it suddenly opened. Her hand stopped halfway. She looked at Mag and took her hand back, a little embarrassed. "Good morning, does Amy live here?" she asked gently.

Luna was also taken aback when she saw Mag. *Who is he? He is clean and neatly dressed. What is he doing here? Did he squat in Amy's house and open this restaurant? Could it be ...?* Some troubling thoughts went across her mind.

Sure, Chaos City was run by the Gray Temple, but still many evil things were happening quietly in the dark, which even the Gray Temple could do nothing about.

"Teacher Luna, what brings you here?" Amy said before Mag could speak when she heard Luna's voice. She ran towards them, slid under his arm, and looked at Luna, her eyes full of pleasant surprise. Then she held Mag's apron and said proudly, "This is my father. He is really good at cooking."

#### **Chapter 47: Your Rainbow Fried Rice**

Luna was much relieved when she heard Amy's voice, but as she dropped her gaze to look at Amy, she was taken aback.

Amy was wearing a beautiful purple dress today, with an exquisite golden red embroidered flower on the front. She had two skillfully braided cute little braids, and her clean face was full of joy.

Amy used to wear old linen clothes and crouch in a corner all by herself with messy hair, which was a really sorrowful sight. However, now she had become a lovely princess; Luna was both surprised and relieved.

What surprised her even more was that the man was Amy's father, who had been badly ill as far as she could remember. Once, when she saw them from afar, he was wearing shabby old cotton clothes; he hobbled, hunched up, his face half-covered by his whiskers, looking like a very old man.

Luna didn't know what dramatic changes had fallen on him in such a short time, but still she nodded at him with courtesy. "Nice to meet you. I'm Luna Field who taught Amy math before. I haven't seen her at school for a few days, so I wanted to check on her before I go to work," she said with a smile.

Mag nodded, smiling. "Nice to meet you, Miss Field. I'm Mag, Amy's father. Thank you for all the things you've done for Amy." He could sense certain vigilance and distance the smiling girl maintained, and he liked it too.

She was the teacher Amy had often mentioned, and treated Amy well in this Chaos City; she'd taught her math, let her inside the classroom, brushed her hair, and often gave her something to eat, which would be taken home by her and shared with her father.

It could be said that she had warmed Amy and protected her last bit of innocence when he was at his lowest point in life. Doubtlessly, Mag would always remember that.

His predecessor might have not talked to Luna directly, but he had done his research on people who would come into contact with Amy; it was not very detailed, but still detailed enough to know whether they were dangerous or not.

Luna should be of noble birth in the Roth Empire; somehow, she ended up in Chaos City and became a math teacher in the Chaos School under the Gray Temple.

"You're welcome. I'm glad to see Amy is okay." Luna smiled and stroked Amy's hair. Her vigilance was totally gone when she looked at Amy, her smile sincere and gentle, like a mother's.

"Teacher Luna, don't worry. I'm all right. Father conjured up a big house and made Amy delicious rainbow fried rice and roujiamo," said Amy with a smile. Then she held out her little hand and grabbed one of Luna's fingers. "Father, will you make a plate of rainbow fried rice for Teacher Luna, please?" she begged as she looked back at her father.

Mag nodded, smiling. "Sure." Then he looked at Luna and said, "Miss Field, please come in if you haven't had your breakfast."

"Well..." Luna hesitated. It was true that she hadn't eaten her breakfast, but she only came here to see Amy, and it would take her more than 20 minutes to get to the Chaos School. She might be late for class if she ate here.

"Teacher Luna, please come in. Father's rainbow fried rice is really great," Amy begged as she swung Luna's finger.



Luna took a look at Amy's expectant face and saw that she really wanted her to try this fried rice very badly. Her heart softened, and she nodded with a smile. "Okay. Then I'll have a plate of this rainbow fried rice."

"Please come in." Mag held the door open for her and turned sideways to let her pass.

Luna nodded gently. "Thank you." She took Amy's hand and walked in the restaurant, feeling good and comfortable because Mag had held the door open for her, and because he had a kind smile and kept his distance. She hadn't seen a man so gentlemanly for a long time since she came here.

Mag took a look at Mobai's forge as he turned over his sign, feeling a little surprised that he hadn't come for his breakfast today. Then he went back inside.

Luna took a look around as she held Amy's hand. The restaurant was decorated with brown and gray, which made her very comfortable; the paintings on the wall were of surprisingly high taste; the brown log tables and chairs were evenly placed. It wasn't crowded at all. The beautiful chandeliers and bright restaurant were grand, but made her feel at ease.

She hadn't ever been to a restaurant like this before; such a comfortable restaurant couldn't be found even in the whole capital city. She took her seat by the window. "I'd like a plate of rainbow fried rice that Amy recommended. Thank you," she said as she looked up at Mag.

Mag nodded with a smile. "Okay. Please wait a second." He took a look at Amy who had already sat opposite Luna, and then walked towards the kitchen, smiling.

"Teacher Luna, it's really very good," she said as she looked at her teacher, her chin in her hands and her face very serious.

Luna nodded, smiling. "I believe you, Amy." She saw the menu at her elbow and picked it up out of curiosity. The bison-hide cover was soft to the touch. She opened it, and froze for an instant.

There was only one dish on such a big menu.

"Yangzhou fried rice?" Luna read in a low voice. *It should be the rainbow fried rice that Amy has talked about. But what is 'Yangzhou'? Is it some kind of ingredient? Or some place?*

Then she saw the price and frowned. *600 copper coins each?*

She didn't know what this Yangzhou fried rice or rainbow fried rice was, but it sure cost a lot of money—an amount that could last a normal family for days.

She only got 30 gold coins every month teaching in the Chaos School. She might receive hundreds more from home each month, but normally she didn't spend that money on herself—there were lots of children in this city who didn't even have enough to eat.

It was truly extravagant for her to spend 600 copper coins on a single meal. However, looking at Amy's expectant face and Mag's focused back, she closed the menu with a smile.

*Seeing that there is only one dish on the menu, and with such a high price, their restaurant should have opened very recently. Maybe I'm the first customer. They're trying to start a new life, so I'll have a plate and start them off, Luna thought.*

Of course, this was an extravagance that she could only afford once in a while.

After a little while, Mag walked out, holding a plate of Yangzhou fried rice. He placed it gently in front of Luna. “Your rainbow fried rice, also known as Yangzhou fried rice. Please enjoy.”

#### **Chapter 48: Do You Have A Girlfriend?**

Luna had only intended to be supportive, but on seeing the Yangzhou fried rice, her eyes lit up immediately.

The first thought that flew across Luna’s mind was: *It’s so beautiful!* Then, immediately, she became curious. *What cutting skills would it take to dice every ingredient into the size of the rice grain? And by the look of it, did he boil all the ingredients together? But how did eggs end up coating the rice?*

The agreeable aroma of eggs and different ingredients tickled her nose, and she swallowed in spite of herself.

“Teacher Luna, please try it,” Amy said softly as she looked at her, full of expectation.

Mag was watching her too as he stood there quietly, hoping she would enjoy it.

“Okay, I’ll try it,” Luna said with a smile. She gracefully picked up the spoon, took a half spoon of fried rice, and brought it to her mouth. Then she got lost in this special gourmet food right away.

It didn’t taste mushy like the dishes boiled in water. She didn’t know how he had cooked it. Every ingredient had maintained its own properties—crisp, soft, tender, and tasty. Each taste was so distinctive, and yet they blended together perfectly. She had never tried anything like this before and never thought that food could be this good; it was like she had entered a whole new world.

After she swallowed, the sweet fried rice became a warm current, soothing her every muscle. All the pores in her skin seemed to have opened up; it was comfortably intoxicating.

*It’s so good!*

That was all she could think of as she looked at the fried rice before her. She had never eaten anything as good as this even in the capital. She felt so satisfied with just one bite.

She couldn’t refrain from taking another bite, savoring the tree mushrooms and bamboo shoots from montane forests, the shrimps from the sea, the tender eggs, and the tasty rice. The food was really divine.

While her sense and deep-rooted manners were telling her to be graceful, her hands seemed to be out of control before such delicious food. One spoon after another, she brought the flavorful fried rice to her mouth. The spoon clattered again and again on the plate.

Her intentions of being supportive were completely gone, and they made her want to laugh at herself. *They needn’t worry that no one would come with such delicious rainbow fried rice.*

As for the price, it was still too high for her, but it was really worth it because of the fine environment and good food.

Besides, she was here in this city alone; it wouldn't hurt to treat herself to a decent meal occasionally. Perhaps good food like that was the best consolation anyone could get in a foreign land.

Mag gave a hearty smile as he watched Luna who was lost in her fried rice. Perhaps it was every cook's dream to see customers enjoy the food they made.

Amy was happy too as if she had done something amazing.

"Ting!"

The spoon clattered on the plate. Luna took a look at the empty plate before her and realized she had finished everything. The plate was so clean that she could even see her reflection in it. She was a little embarrassed, as well as surprised. She'd never thought that she would eat every last grain of rice on the plate.

What surprised her even more was that after a plate of fried rice, she felt like she had taken a comfortable, hot bath.

"Teacher Luna, do you like it?" Amy asked as Luna took out a handkerchief from her pocket and wiped the corners of her mouth.

Luna nodded. "Yes. It's delicious. Your father's rainbow fried rice is really good." Then she raised her head and looked at Mag with a smile. "The food you've made is very special and tasty."

Mag nodded, smiling. "Thank you." He could feel that she had let her guard down a lot.

"Teacher Luna, besides the rainbow fried rice, Father's roujiamo is very good too. Please try one," Amy recommended as she looked at her teacher.

Luna took a look at the time. It was already ten past eight. Although she felt a little like trying the food Amy had recommended, she smiled and shook her head. "Thank you, but I have to go to work now. I'll try it next time." Then she took out a beautiful purse from her pocket.

"Oh." Amy was a little disappointed. She had to wait till the next time her teacher came.

"Miss Field, this meal is my small gift to you. It's on the house," Mag said as he looked at Luna.

"I suggest you never do that," the system said sternly. "Never let anyone buy on credit. Have some style and principles!"

"Do you have a girlfriend?" Mag asked calmly.

The system didn't answer right away. After a while, it said, "I don't need a girlfriend."

"Yeah, right. You're so stingy. You don't even have a friend, let alone a girlfriend," Mag sneered. Then he glanced at Luna. "She is so good to Amy. If I treat her to a meal, what of it? You don't even have a girlfriend. Just mind your own vegetable business."

"..." An ellipsis went across Mag's head.

Luna shook her head. "Thank you. But I think I'll pay for my own food. It's only natural," she said solemnly. Then she pulled six gold coins from her purse and put them on the table. She gave Amy's head a stroke and was ready to leave.

Mag didn't insist. He knew that some people were like that. "Please wait for a second," Mag said as he strode towards the kitchen.

"Yes?" Luna looked at Mag's back, wondering. She paused there and didn't rush to leave.

A minute later, Mag came out with a kraft bag. He handed it to Luna with a smile. "This is our new dish. It's not on our menu officially, though. If you don't mind, please try it and tell me if there is anything different I should do."

Luna hesitated for a while. Then she took the bag after she took a look at Mag's smile and Amy's expectant face. "Thank you," she said. She could feel that they sincerely wanted her to take it, so she didn't want to turn down their kindness.

The strong aroma of meat went out of the bag, in which she found a white bread. It was sliced open and stuffed with meat. *This should be the roujiamo that Amy talked about.* She was almost full after a plate of fried rice, but now she felt hungry again all of a sudden.

She looked at Amy and smiled. "I'll take my leave then. You can come to school if you want to, Amy. You can come to all of my classes."

Amy nodded. "Thank you, Teacher Luna. But I'm learning the 9×9 table from my father recently."

*9×9 table?* Luna wondered. She didn't know what Mag had taught Amy, but she didn't have time to ask him today, so she nodded at Mag, turned around, and walked towards the door.

That was when Mobai opened the door. "Looks like I'm not the first customer here today, Mag." He turned sideways to let Luna pass, and dropped his gaze to the bag in her hand. As he smelled the strong meat aroma, his eyes lit up. "The new dish has come out today?"

#### **Chapter 49: Mag, Can I Ask You A Question?**

Mag nodded at Mobai and smiled. "Yes. You've bought the receipts, so you can try the new dish in advance today."

"Right. As much as I love the Yangzhou fried rice, I don't want to miss the new dish. I'll have a plate of Yangzhou fried rice and a new dish." Mobai took his usual seat and looked at Amy with a smile. "Good morning, little owner."

Mag nodded. "Okay, please wait a minute." Then he turned around and walked into the kitchen.

Amy nodded. "Good morning, dwarf grandpa Mobai," she answered without turning back as she watched Luna leave from the window.

"Little lady, I have a small request. Could you please skip the word 'dwarf'?" Mobai tried to sound soft and gentle.

As Luna was out of sight, Amy turned around and nodded at Mobai. "Sure, dwarf grandpa Mobai."

"..." Mobai was taken by surprise. However, as he looked at Amy's innocent face, he didn't think for one second that she had done it on purpose. What could he do? He had no choice but to let it go and give up.

Luna walked quickly towards the exit of the Aden Square with the roujiamo in her hand. The Chaos School was not far from the square, but since the square was so huge, it would still take her more than 10 minutes to get there even if she took the straight way right across the square rather than the crescent street.

The aroma of meat tickled her nose, and Luna didn't know how many times she had swallowed her saliva. Normally, she wasn't quite fond of meat, and mostly lived on vegetables, but now she wanted to take a bite of this roujiamo very badly.

*Take a bite to try it?* At last, Luna couldn't help but stop next to a big tree. She looked around and made sure that no one was around. Then, she held the bag in two hands, pushed her roujiamo a little upwards, and took a bite in the middle.

Outside was soft, sweet bai ji bread, while inside was soft stewed meat. As she bit into it, tasty juice was released; all her taste buds were cheering and dancing, making her close her eyes despite herself. After she swallowed, it became a little violent and ran quickly in her blood. She couldn't refrain from letting out a moan of comfort.

Luna opened her eyes instantly and covered her mouth, blushing. *Was that me? How could I have let out such an embarrassing sound?!*

She glanced about carefully, and felt much better when she had found no one around. Then, she dropped her gaze to the roujiamo in her hand, and didn't know what to do.

It was so delicious. She didn't know the ingredients, though. Her blood became restless after she swallowed. That was why she had made that strange sound.

Now she felt lucky that she didn't eat it in the restaurant. If she had let out that sound before Mag, that would have been so awkward.

*Should I eat it?* Luna couldn't make up her mind. The restlessness in her blood was slowly changing into a rhythmic tide. She didn't feel uncomfortable anymore. Between that and the relaxing feeling the Yangzhou fried rice had brought her, her energy was being woken up.

Her face was still red and burning. *If this feeling kept building after I ate it, my face might be red the whole morning.*

The smell was so appetizing, and all she could think about was that incredible feeling she had just experienced. In spite of herself, she brought it to her mouth slowly and took another bite.

*Well, I don't care anymore! It tastes so good! Let it flush red; it seems very hot today, anyway...* she thought. She was totally lost in its pleasant taste as she ate it.

"It's so good," Luna said sincerely as she looked at the empty bag in her hand and licked her oily lips.

She had tried two most delicious dishes today, and they were cooked by the same man. It was truly an interesting morning.

The restlessness was dying down slowly, and so was the red in her face. It was like she had exercised her whole body thoroughly. She was in her best shape and didn't feel sleepy at all, though she had eaten nothing more than her breakfast.

*It's so magical! Could he be a powerful magic caster? He must be a genius to make his food have this power,* Luna thought as she felt the change in her body. When she was about to throw the bag away, she caught sight of the little girl on the back of the bag. She stood there, frozen.

Of course, she had recognized that it was Amy's back. In Chaos City, it was not uncommon for merchandise to have a special trademark. Businessmen would go to great lengths to make customers remember their products.

Nonetheless, no one would have used the back of a half-elf girl as a trademark, because certain trouble might be brought about.

There were people in every species who would show prejudice towards the offspring of two different species. Somehow, they thought they were better than them.

Mag's using Amy's back as his trademark would probably present him with many problems. Hybrids were often bullied in Chaos City.

"He may be a good father, but I'll warn him next time. It's a good picture, though," Luna murmured to herself. She looked inside the bag and didn't find any grease; then, she folded it and put it in her pocket after she looked at Amy's picture.

Luna raised her arm and took a glance at her mechanical watch. "God, I'm definitely late today." Her face changed immediately. She pulled her dress up and trotted towards her school, not caring if she was not graceful.

"You're a little late today," Mag said as he put the fried rice in front of Mobai.

"I overslept because I was trying to figure something out last night. Your fried rice will wake me up." Mobai picked up the spoon and brought some fried rice to his mouth. After he chewed a few times, he looked at Mag, and asked, "Mag, can I ask you a question? If something could release a large amount of energy in an instant, how would you turn this energy into a long-range weapon?"

*Gun?* This word came into Mag's mind immediately. He was a little surprised as he looked at Mobai who was frowning.

## **Chapter 50: System, Do You Sell Air Defense Missiles?**

This world favored magic and bloodlines, and guns didn't come into existence yet. In Mag's memory, even fireworks were only seen in the royal palace in the capital during festivals, meaning best wishes to the people.

The alchemists treasured their methods and recipes so much that they were not going around among common people, so Mag had no idea what Mobai was referring to. “What kind of energy?” he asked curiously.

Mobai looked at Mag and hesitated for a moment. Then he put down his spoon and signed with his hands. “Like a fireball explodes after being contracted to a small one.”

Mag lifted an eyebrow. *Now it's more like explosive.*

He didn't know what that energy was exactly, but based on Mobai's description, guns were definitely the best option to turn this energy into a long-range weapon. The barrel could propel the bullet to a high speed as long as it was able to confine that sudden burst of energy. Thus, it would become a long-range weapon.

Now Mag had a general idea. After all, he had lived many years in a world which was far more advanced in technology; besides, he had practiced a lot on shooting ranges in America, so he was quite familiar with guns. He was so quick at disassembling guns that he could even match his father's bodyguards.

However, he had his worries. If guns came into being, their horrific power would definitely change this continent, which had been enjoying peace for more than a hundred years after a war that lasted a millennium, from a world of magic and cold steel into a world of guns and explosives.

Humans had the largest numbers; if they acquired the skills to make guns, their strength would absolutely peak, though they had managed to earn their little corner by magic casters and knights. The balance on the Norland Continent might be shattered again, and a new war among species would sweep the whole continent.

Now that he had Amy, Mag wanted nothing more than world peace.

The guns were like Pandora's box; once it was opened, there was no way to box the evils back in. Mag didn't want to see guns in this world.

Although he had no intention to help Mobai, Mag still asked out of curiosity, “What do you want to do with it?”

“Kill dragons,” Mobai answered seriously as he looked into his eyes.

“What have dragons done to you? Why do you have to kill them? Aren't dragon babies cute?” asked Amy, puzzled. *That young man who loves smiling wants to kill dragons, dwarf grandpa wants to kill dragons, so what are dragons anyway? Why does everybody want to kill them?*

Mag was a little surprised too. Conti had everything he needed to kill a dragon—his sword and armor, and not his black donkey, so it made sense when he said he wanted to kill dragons. However, it felt strange when the same words came out of Mobai's mouth. Mag would have laughed if it hadn't been for the other party's serious look.

“You must think I'm joking. It's all right; I agree with you, actually.” Mobai laughed. When Mag really believed that it was merely a joke, Mobai coiled his hand into a fist slowly. “But maybe that's the only reason why I'm still alive and waving that hammer.

“When I was 30, a red dragon ate my father, and it’s still wandering around the continent, killing people. I think I will not die in peace until I kill it with my own hands. But I don’t have the skills that Mag Alex has, so I have to find my own way. Now I have to deal with this major problem, or everything I’ve been doing will be in vain.”

Mag’s feelings became mixed as he watched Mobai’s clenched fist and throbbing vein on his forehead.

Conti Nicolas wanted to kill dragons to prove himself and to win the title of dragon slayer.

Mobai wanted to avenge his father. They both wanted the same thing, but their motivation was entirely different.

“Sorry for your loss,” Mag said apologetically after a while. He wouldn’t see this continent burn to help Mobai.

However, Mobai’s tragedy had given him a warning. This world was not nearly as safe and peaceful as it seemed. People here might be governed by the Gray Temple, but how would he and Amy protect themselves if dragons came?

“System, do you sell air defense missiles? Preferably with the automatic tracking system,” Mag asked in his mind.

“Let me be clear: I do not sell anything that will affect this world’s order, including air defense missiles!” It was the first time that the system had used such a solemn tone.

“Rest assured. I love world peace too. I just want some protection; I won’t use it unless I absolutely have to,” Mag said calmly. “What if some bad dragon went crazy and attacked this restaurant? I would be killed like Mobai’s father. I’m no good to you dead,” he coaxed.

The system was silent, seemingly deliberating. “You can’t afford it,” it said with contempt after a while.

Mag lifted an eyebrow. *That’s a good comeback. I’m despised by the system!*

Yet that meant it would sell for a good price.

*I’ll set up several missiles on the rooftop when I have a lot of money. If some dragon wants to do anything stupid, I’ll use the Patriots to teach him a lesson.*

*If that red dragon, which Mobai wants to kill, happens to come to Chaos City, maybe I’ll sell him one. Looks like he has been up to something big these years. He must have saved a lot of money. After all, one weapon can fetch him 1,000 gold coins. That’s one of the fast ways to make money.*

“It’s all right. I haven’t mentioned this to others for many years,” Mobai said as he shook his head. “I just wanted to get this off my chest because it’s so comfortable here.” Then his smile returned, and he picked up the spoon again and got back to eating his fried rice.

Mag took a look at Mobai and turned to walk towards the kitchen. He wouldn’t change his mind and decision for now.

In this world, guns were not a necessity for killing dragons. Mag Alex had killed several with his griffin and his heavy sword.



“Mag, is the new dish ready today?” Habeng said when Mag was just at the kitchen door. He had tried to keep his voice down, but it was still very loud.

“Loud Voice, be good, and don’t talk so loud,” Amy said solemnly as she looked up at Habeng.

Habeng nodded immediately. “Yes, sorry...” He was so excited that he almost forgot the rules. He looked at Amy, a little afraid.

Mag nodded, smiling. “Yes. Since you’ve bought the receipts, you can try it in advance today. It’s called la zhi roujiamo,” he said as he turned back and looked at Haga and Habeng.