

Stay At home 531

Chapter 531 Are You Seeing This, Grandpa?

The flames on the bodies of the lava demons lit up the pitch-black underground cellar. There were unconscious demons and orcs strewn all over the ground, as well as elves with tattered clothing celebrating their newfound freedom. Aside from them, there were also Mag, Amy, and Anna.

Blour was very surprised to see this. It appeared that they were already late to the scene, and that all of the elves had clearly already been successfully rescued by Mag and the others. Furthermore, from the grateful and reverent expressions that they appraised Amy with, it could be presumed that she had played an instrumental role in the rescue mission.

In contrast, the sight of the wounded and disheveled elves who had been locked in cramped cages dealt a heavy blow to his heart. He had heard rumors about them back in the Wind Forest, but seeing them for himself still made his soul tremor in shock and fury. The rage surging through his veins made him want to kill all of the unconscious demons and orcs on the ground!

“Boss, Amy!” Sally was also quite surprised to see them. She didn’t think that she would encounter them here, and was even more shocked to see that they had already successfully rescued all of the captured elves. At the same time, she finally knew why she had been struck by a familiar feeling earlier – it was due to the fact that she had sensed the auras of the lava demons.

Her gaze then fell on the elves who had been stuffed into cages like animals, and her brain went completely blank. There was only an incessant ringing sound in her mind as she took in the scenes around her. What was most difficult for her to swallow was that the ones who had inflicted this torment upon her brethren were the so-called noble elves in the Wind Forest. They had done so just to satisfy their own greed and desires.

Furthermore, she was one of them. She had enjoyed all of the benefits that they had during the past two decades, and she had once made it her target to convince all of these wandering brethren to return to the Wind Forest.

She had never detested her identity so much before. She hated the elven laws that she had once regarded as a sound and appropriate set of regulations.

Beneath the grandeur and lavish lifestyles enjoyed by those from the major families, there was a dark underbelly that made her want to throw up. How demented would someone have to be in order to ally themselves with their enemies so they could reduce their own brethren to slaves?

“Boss Mag?” Brandli had also arrived on the scene with the Gray Temple investigators. He caught a glimpse of the scenes in the underground cellar, and a furious expression also appeared on his face.

All of the elves backed away with wary expressions at the sight of the newcomers, particularly when they saw Blour and Sally. “Big Sister Aisha, Big Sister Xixi, you’re late.” Amy giggled joyfully as she turned to look back at Sally and Xixi. She then turned back to the elves, and said, “Don’t be scared; they’re not bad people. Big Sister Aisha and the others are also here to rescue you.”

“Looks like Boss Mag and Little Amy have beaten us to it. You are today’s heroes.” Blour’s emotions were quite conflicted. He was relieved that the elves had been rescued, but also quite ashamed that

someone had to do his job in his stead. However, he was still happy overall that the elves had been saved. He had been concerned that they would be transported elsewhere or put through even more torture, but the situation was clearly much better than what he had anticipated.

“Anna asked us to come here. She recalled the way to the base, and as the situation was quite urgent, I could only ask Sargeris and his companions for help. All of the demons and orcs have been taken care of, but the elves are all carrying injuries. Perhaps you can help us treat them.” Mag explained the situation to everyone, and intentionally downplayed his own contribution to the rescue mission.

“Hehe, Amy did all of the work. We just tagged along for moral support.” Sargeris chuckled bashfully.

“I am Brandli from Chaos City’s Gray Temple. The Gray Temple is taking this matter very seriously, and will provide all of you with the assistance that you need. If you would like to go to Chaos City, I can provide protection on the trip there.” Brandli stepped forward, and instructed, “Get the elves out of the cages first. Everyone skilled in healing magic, come forward and administer treatment to the elves.”

Amy’s explanation and Brandli’s words soothed the frightened elves. The Gray Temple personnel smashed open the locks on the cages and rescued the imprisoned elves. The magic casters who were skilled in healing magic immediately began to administer treatment, but progress was very slow as most of them weren’t very powerful, and there were over 100 elves in the cellar awaiting treatment.

“Madam Aisha, are you alright?” Xixi made her way over to Sally with a concerned expression at the sight of her pale features.

“I... I’m fine.” Sally returned to her senses, and shook her head with a blank expression.

“Looks like they’ll need our help. Some of these elves are very severely injured, and there are a lot of them too. I won’t be able to handle the situation on my own.” Xixi turned to the elves with a sympathetic look.

“I...” Sally turned to the injured elves with a painful and conflicted expression as she thought to herself, They became like this because of me. What right do I have to help them and accept their gratitude?

“I’ll leave you to it, then.” Xixi looked at Sally with a meaningful expression before making her way over to the injured elves. She and Lulu had traveled the Norland Continent for several centuries, so she had some knowledge of these events.

Blour looked into Sally’s eyes with an earnest expression, and said, “During the years that the princess was away from the Wind Forest, she destroyed many hunting parties that targeted our elven brethren, and rescued countless captured elves. Under her watch, there were virtually no demons or orcs that dared to touch the wandering elves on the Norland Continent.”

A flash of light seemed to have appeared in Sally’s eyes, clearing away the conflict and confusion within. She turned to Blour with renewed focus, and nodded firmly as she said, “I agree to your proposal from last night.”

After saying that, she quickly strode over to an elderly elf who was lying on the ground. After a brief conversation, green light hovered out from her wand and fell on the wound on his chest. The wound quickly healed, and color gradually returned to his face.

Things went smoother than I expected. She really is a good girl, although still not as good as me, of course, Blour thought to himself as he looked at Sally darting around from one elf to the next busily.

With the inclusion of Sally and Xixi, the rate at which the elves were being healed sped up significantly. The elves with more severe injuries were prioritized, while those with only light injuries were led by the Mag and the others out of the underground cellar.

“Phew.”

After returning to the surface, the night was still pitch-black, with only the stars and the moon providing any light. However, the freed elves still heaved long sighs of relief as they breathed in the fresh air outside. Many of them began to sob uncontrollably.

“Are you seeing this, Grandpa? They’ve been freed...” Anna murmured to herself as she looked up at that bright star in the sky.

Chapter 532 Stealing Popularity

The elves’ injuries were treated very well, and Xixi used grass and leaves to stitch together simple items of clothing for them. The clothes were quite crude, but still much better than the tattered and putrid clothes that they were wearing.

I also want to learn healing magic. That way, I’ll be able to help heal them as well. Amy looked on with a serious expression.

“Thank you, thank you all so much.”

The elves were full of gratitude toward their saviors. They had recovered their freedom, and their injuries had been treated. They were dead on the inside, but had been granted a new life. Thinking back to their torturous days spent in the underground cellar, they couldn’t believe they had managed to survive that harrowing experience.

Many of them had their attention fixed on Amy. She was a half-elf, but she had won them over with her display of power. Furthermore, her declaration of freedom had tugged on everyone’s heartstrings. They began to miss Princess Irina as well as the days when they didn’t have to worry about being hunted down.

She was only a small little girl, but perhaps one day, she would become the new elven savior of the Norland Continent.

“You’re all welcome,” Amy replied happily as she put away her staff.

“Boss Mag, is there anything else you need our help with?” Sargeris asked as he chomped on a roujiamo.

Mag patted Amy’s head with a smile as he responded, “Everything is already done. I thank you and everyone from the Burning Legion for your efforts.” He was very pleased with these allies that he had gained through the use of roujiamo.

“You’re far too kind, Boss Mag. We’ll be going back now; we still have to do missions tomorrow.” Sargeris rubbed his bald head with a bashful smile, and waved at Amy as he said, “We’re going now, Amy.”

“Bye bye, Bald Heads!” Amy also waved farewell to them.

“By the way, the roujiamo was really delicious.” Sargeris left a parting remark with a bashful smile before leading the lava demons away. The Burning Legion was like a group of walking red flames as they made their way through the night.

Amy yawned before looking up at Mag, and asked, “Father, when are we going home to sleep?”

“About that…” Mag turned to look at Anna, who was still looking up at the sky in silence, and gently asked, “Anna, will you come back with us tonight or go with him?”

“Anna, Joshua asked me to look after you as his final wish. I’ll be sure to treat you well.” Blour made his way over to Anna, and looked into her eyes with an earnest expression.

“Big Sister Anna, if you come with us, you’ll have a soft little bed to sleep on, and a lot of toys to play with. Most importantly, you’ll be able to eat super delicious ice cream and other dishes every day.” Amy was trying to tempt Anna into coming with her and Mag.

“Um…” Anna looked at the genuine Blour, then at Amy’s expectant gaze and Mag’s gentle expression, and was very hesitant.

Mag was feeling quite sympathetic toward Anna as she was quite a pitiable child. However, he cared more about what Amy thought. If she didn’t like Anna, then he definitely wouldn’t take her in, as that would only prove detrimental to both little girls. However, it appeared that Amy seemed to really like Anna.

“Little Anna, if you’d like to, you can also come with us. I’m Xixi, and this is Lulu. We really like kids too.” Xixi made her way over to Anna with an amicable smile on her face.

Anna grappled with internal conflict for a long while before mustering up her courage as she turned to Mag. “Can you please teach me how to cook?”

“Huh?” Mag was slightly taken aback by that request. He didn’t think that she would be interested in becoming a little chef.

Anna was two or three years older than Amy, so she was also about half a head taller. Even so, it would still be very difficult for her to reach the kitchen bench even if she were to stand on a small stool. As such, it would be difficult to teach her to cook.

Blour and the others also wore expressions of surprise upon hearing that. They looked at Anna, then at Mag, wondering how he was going to reply.

“Of course you can learn if that’s what you really want,” Mag replied with a smile. Amy was clearly more interested in magic and eating than cooking. At the moment, he had the right to have two cooking students. One was Yabemiya, but the other spot was still vacant for Anna to take.

“Thank you.” Anna’s eyes lit up with elation. She turned to Blour, and asked, “If I go with you, can I still go to Amy’s restaurant to learn cooking?”

Blour hesitated momentarily at the sight of Anna’s expectant gaze before nodding as he replied, “I’ll be staying in Chaos City for the upcoming period of time. If you want to learn cooking, I can take you to the restaurant every day.”

“Alright, then I’ll go with you. I believe in Grandpa’s choice.” Anna nodded as she looked at Blour.

“What a pity.” Anna was slightly disappointed. She then looked at Anna, and asked, “Big Sister Anna, can you cook for me once you learn how?”

“Of course I can.” Anna nodded in response.

“Yes! That way, we’ll be able to see each other regularly.” A joyful smile resurfaced on Amy’s face. She latched onto Mag’s hand and swung his arm from side to side as she said, “Let’s go home, Father.”

“Sure.” Mag picked up Amy in his arms with a smile on his face. He respected Anna’s decision. After all, Joshua had entrusted her to Blour prior to his death, so this was what he would have wanted as well. Even after making that decision, Mag didn’t leave immediately. Instead, he turned his attention to Brandli.

The Gray Temple personnel made a rough tally of the elves at the scene. Due to the fact that the incident had transpired quite close to Chaos City, there were even elven inhabitants of the city among the victims. As such, the Gray Temple was willing to offer basic living needs to these elves in Chaos City. At the same time, the Gray Temple guaranteed their safety.

If they wanted to permanently settle in Chaos City, they could submit an application, which would grant them residency upon being granted.

None of the elves made a decision on whether they wanted to do that on the spot. However, none of them refused the offer to head to Chaos City, either. After being held captive in that nightmarish cellar for so long, they needed a safe place to rest, even if it was just to have a good sleep.

After everything was said and done, Mag carried Amy in his arms and departed with Xixi, Lulu, and Sally. He rode his bicycle back to the restaurant, and Amy had already fallen asleep by the time they reached their destination.

What a kind and adorable little girl. Mag smiled as he gently carried Amy upstairs and tucked her into her little bed. After brushing his teeth and washing up, he lay down on his bed and closed his eyes. His consciousness entered the test field for the God of Cookery as he said internally, “System, I want to learn how to make beef kebabs!”

“Boss, our restaurant has closed down for three days and been listed as an untrustworthy restaurant by the Catering Association. All of our customers have turned on us; what do we do?” A restaurant employee looked at Ricky, and then at the empty rotisserie with a concerned expression on his face.

“It’s all that accursed Mamy Restaurant owner’s fault. If it weren’t for him, our rotisserie wouldn’t be reduced to this state. We’ll reopen for business starting from tomorrow. However, we’ll need to think of

some other ways to recover our reputation.” Ricky was in a very foul mood as he reclined in a large chair.

“Boss, do you already have a plan in mind?” The employee’s eyes lit up with anticipation.

“We won’t be able to get onto the Aden Square food competition rankings board anymore, but didn’t you say that his restaurant has been very popular recently? We’ll just have to steal his popularity!” Ricky chuckled coldly in response.

“Steal his popularity? How are we going to do that, Boss?” The employee was perplexed.

“Of course we’ll be doing so using our forte. Didn’t you say that his restaurant doesn’t have any roast meat?” A sinister smile appeared on Ricky’s face.

Chapter 533 A Raging Bull

“Do you need something?” Blour got down from his horse-drawn carriage in front of the elven embassy, and was surprised to find that Sally was waiting for him nearby.

“Yes,” Sally replied with a cold expression.

Blour helped Anna down from the carriage with a smile as he said, “Anna, go in with Grandpa Yngwie. Someone will help you wash up and change you into some new clothes.”

Yngwie took a glance at Sally before walking into the embassy.

“Alright.” Anna nodded before curtsying at Sally. She looked up at the grand embassy building before making her way inside behind Yngwie.

Blour turned to Sally, and asked, “What do you want to say?”

Sally looked at the smiling Blour, and discovered that her former image of him had completely crumbled. In the past, she had thought that he was the epitome of a vain and lazy rich boy. However, the courage he showed in the face of Olef and his urgency when searching for the base couldn’t have been feigned.

He truly did want to help the elves that were suffering on the Norland Continent.

Sally was silent for a moment before asking, “Did you know that this was going to happen beforehand?”

“Would you believe me if I told that I knew about all this when I was just 10 years old?” Blour wore a guilt-ridden expression as he said, “When I was a young boy learning how to ride a horse, I had a lame elven servant who looked after my horse. He was a middle-aged elf of few words with a slave brand emblazoned on his face. At the time, I took joy in ridiculing and pranking him. I would whip him over the most trivial mistakes or force him to race me on foot while I was horseback... I didn’t think that I was doing anything wrong or inappropriate at the time. Everyone from the major families was doing the same thing.”

“What happened after that?” Sally asked.

“After that, he had his good leg broken over a small mistake, and was thrown out of the estate. It was pouring down with rain that day, and I was coming back home after playing with some friends. I caught sight of him sobbing in despair in the heavy rain, and I was frightened. I was suddenly struck with a sense of guilt, and asked him why he was crying.

“He looked at me for a long time, and his tears suddenly subsided as he told me his story. He told me that he had survived the war among species, and that even though he was only an ordinary elven warrior, he had slain demons and orcs that had invaded the Wind Forest. Following the conclusion of the war, he chose to leave the Wind Forest to wander the continent. However, he was captured by demons and orcs 20 years ago, and one of his legs was broken in the process. He then became a slave to the Baibilly Family, suffering horrendous abuse at the hands of my family members. He told me that the same tragedy had befallen most other elven slaves. After finishing his story, he picked up a long sharp rock and thrust it into his own heart.” Blour’s voice was very calm, but his tightly clenched fists betrayed the true extent of his emotional turmoil. He looked at Sally, and said, “Do you know what his final words to me were?”

Sally pursed her lips in silence.

“He told me that freedom is the soul of an elf. Without freedom, an elf will die and the elven race will fall.” A wry smile appeared on Blour’s face.

The two of them looked at each other in silence, basking in the cold moonlight.

After an extended silence, Sally asked, “What’s your plan?”

“I want to return freedom to our elven brethren. Not only do I want to protect the elves wandering the Norland Continent, I also want to save the elves being oppressed in the Wind Forest and the elves who have lost their souls under the rule of the major families. Only then will the elves truly be saved.” Blour’s expression became quite animated as he took a step forward. At the same time, he lowered his voice slightly, and continued, “Also, if I’m not mistaken, the princess has also been trying to do the same thing in the past few years. Back when she was roaming the continent, she had slaughtered the hunting parties until they almost ceased to exist. She holds an extremely revered position in the hearts of all of the elves outside the Wind Forest. However, the first thing she did after her three-year-long self-inflicted seclusion was to kill Schubert and convince the queen to abolish slavery. If she wants to completely abolish a system that has existed in the elven race for the past few decades, she’s inevitably going to face strong backlash from the major families. It would be difficult to weather that storm on her own.

“Hence, the plan I propose is to gather the wandering elves to create a powerful force. At the same time, I want to gain as much power as possible among the major families as well as the entire elven race. When the princess truly lays the cards on the table, we can act as her main supportive force in opposing anyone who dares to stand in her way. We can save the entire elven race!” Blour’s breathing was accelerating, and a hint of fanaticism appeared in his eyes.

Sally’s eyes also lit up upon hearing that. As someone who had been selected as a princess candidate by Helena, she had her own judgment and insight on Blour’s plan. The events that she had just witnessed had completely turned her world upside down, thereby making her approve of Blour’s vision.

“I can fake an interest in you so you can receive more attention and power in the Baibilly Family, but your two brothers are already preparing to inherit the family. If you want to overtake them in that race, it’ll be a very difficult endeavor, especially when you’re planning on remaining in Chaos City for a long time.” Sally contemplated the situation momentarily before continuing, “Also, the princess was able to draw reverence from the wandering elves as she’s very powerful, and doesn’t have to worry about any doubts or criticism directed at her from those in the Wind Forest, but if we want to obtain more power within those families and the elven race, then we have to at least pretend to side with them.

“My two half-brothers are both idiots. If I wanted to compete with them, they would have no chance at all. You only have to give the nod, and I assure you that I’ll be able to win them over in half a year.” Blour shook his head nonchalantly, but a concerned expression then appeared on his face as he continued, “But you’re right. We can only set things into motion from behind the scenes; we can’t lead from the front. We need to find someone who is powerful enough and can receive the same level of adoration from our elven brethren as the princess once did...”

The two of them both fell silent for a moment before their eyes lit up, and they yelled the answer in unison.

“Little Amy!”

“Amy!”

A white light flashed, and Mag entered the familiar kitchen. At this moment, there was a long metal bench positioned in the very center of the kitchen, upon which was strapped a black cow that was close to five meters in length. It caught sight of Mag with its large eyes, and suddenly began to struggle violently. The metal bench began to tremor as a result, and it appeared that the cow would be able to break free at any moment. “Holy f*ck! Did you really need to bring in an Ironhide Bull just for some kebabs?!” Mag immediately stepped back with a fearful expression.

Chapter 534 What Lavish Kebab

Ironhide Bulls were 4th-tier magic beasts due to their iron-like hide and violent nature. They were very aggressive creatures, and would often attack unprovoked, making them one of the most troublesome magic beasts for hunters and mercenaries to deal with.

The Ironhide Bull had powerful defensive properties, so killing one would take a very long time. However, compared to other 4th-tier magic beasts, it had no valuable body parts aside from its flesh and hide, so it had a very low benefit-to-cost ratio.

And yet, there was an Ironhide Bull strapped to the metal bench, causing the bench to shake violently along with its vehement struggles. Mag’s eyelids twitched upon seeing that, and he was worried whether the bull would be able to struggle free from its bindings. It would be very difficult to evade such a huge creature in such a small space.

“Selecting and obtaining premium ingredients is a standard duty of a good chef. It is the prerequisite to cooking a perfect dish, and as a candidate to become the God of Cookery, you should learn about all of the ingredients that you’re going to use and choose the best parts from them.” The system’s voice sounded.

“You’re not asking me to kill this cow, are you? What kind of chef does that nowadays? That’s the butcher’s job!” Mag raised an eyebrow.

“Now, you must learn to kill this Ironhide Bull, then procure the beef required for making kebabs. The cow-slaughtering experience bag has already been released; you may begin learning now.” The system remained unfazed by Mag’s opposition.

Mag took a deep breath to calm himself down. He then looked at the “Pao Ding(1) cow-slaughter method” experience bag in his mind, and a peculiar look appeared on his face.

“I have to admit, you sure can get your hands on a lot of things.” Mag opened the experience bag, and a surge of information flowed into his mind, forcing him to close his eyes so he could absorb the influx of data.

It was said that Pao Ding’s cow-butchered prowess was so extraordinary that he didn’t even need to look at the cow before him to perfectly kill and dissect it.

Mag had thought that Zhuangzi was merely exaggerating in his description of Pao Ding’s skills, but now... he felt as if Zhuangzi had been too modest in his assessment.

This Pao Ding truly was an extraordinary man!

He was able to dissect a cow with his consciousness alone, so there was no need to look at his subject. That wasn’t because Pao Ding was a psychic or had supernatural powers. Instead, it was because he had such a thorough understanding of the structure of a cow’s body that his blade could glide with unerring accuracy between the bones and the flesh, separating the two without even coming into contact with the bones. This kind of technique was truly extraordinary.

The experience bag Mag had just received contained a thorough description of this process. It detailed the entire procedure from draining the cow of blood to dissecting it; everything was presented to him in minute detail. After absorbing everything into his memories, Mag felt as if he had become a vastly experienced butcher.

As he lauded Pao Ding internally, he couldn’t help but recall Mag Alex’s dissection of giant dragons. In his memories, there were certain points overlapping between Pao Ding’s cow-slaughtering method and Alex’s dragon-slaying method. In the eyes of Mag Alex, giant dragons were no longer giant dragons. Instead, they were merely prey with countless openings and weaknesses for him to exploit.

Pao Ding had slaughtered cows incessantly for three years to hone his skills, while Alex had devised his method after slaying countless dragons. Even Mag was rather curious just how many dragons he had slain.

If I have some spare time, I should sift through the cultivation methods and special things in my memories. It would be foolish of me to ignore such a massive treasure trove. I can’t just rely on the system to help me get stronger, Mag thought to himself. He picked up a cleaver from the nearby knife holder before making his way toward the Ironhide Bull.

Slaughtering the Ironhide Bull had been a daunting prospect to him a short while ago, but now, the creature was merely a pile of blood, flesh, and bones in his eyes. All he had to do was to separate the bones and flesh before dissecting them into different ingredients.

The violent Ironhide Bull glowered at Mag, and its eyes had already become crimson. Perhaps its fury was being fueled by its fear. In any case, it was becoming even more violent, and the metal bench began to tremor with even greater ferocity.

However, Mag's expression remained calm and collected. He raised his cleaver and brought it down upon the Ironhide Bull's neck in one fast and decisive motion. The Ironhide Bull's hard skin was easily sliced open by his sharp cleaver, and Mag quickly grabbed the bull's horns, pressing its head back onto the metal bench. Blood began to gush into the blood basin on the bench, and the frantically struggling bull soon was completely motionless.

After that, Mag was able to easily peel off the bull's entire hide. Perhaps it was due to his extensive sword training in recent times, but Mag's control over his cleaver was exemplary as he dissected the bull. Using the experience and memories in his mind, he was able to completely dissect the bull in less than half an hour with his cleaver only coming into contact with bones on a few occasions. The bones that were extracted were placed off to the side and assembled to create a skeletal bull.

I've got another skill that could earn me a living now. If the restaurant doesn't work out for some reason, I can become a butcher. Mag put down his cleaver and nodded with satisfaction at the sight of the portions of beef on the metal bench. He was still quite far away from being able to dissect a cow without even looking, but he was quite pleased with the result considering it was his first attempt.

Contrary to its hard hide, the Ironhide Bull's flesh was very soft and juicy with superb marbling. Mag's eyes immediately lit up upon seeing that.

As an avid lover of steak in his past life, Mag was very familiar with all of the renowned types of beef all over the world. The expensive Japanese Kobe beef was widely accepted as the most exceptional in quality, the Australian grain-fed Angus beef was extremely fine, the

Charolais beef produced in Burgundy, France, was more chewy... However, none of those types of beef could hold a candle to the flesh of the Ironhide Bull.

Its color, marbling, and meat quality were clearly superior to anything that he had ever seen. Mag was really looking forward to seeing what it would taste like after being cooked.

Roast beef kebabs used the cow's rib-eye found on the back of the cow's neck, over the spine and in front of the ribs.

The rib eye beef had a perfect distribution between lean and fatty parts, and the marbling on the beef was like an artistic masterpiece.

"Using beef of such premium standard to make kebabs... What a lavish kebab." Mag couldn't help but cluck his tongue in wonder.

Chapter 535 System, What Am I to you?

"If premium beef makes up the body of the perfect kebab, then its soul is the sauce. Sauce of the highest standard can captivate the diner's taste buds and enhance the flavor of the beef to the maximal extent. The sauce created by each and every chef is unique, and it's what sets them apart from other kebab chefs." After Mag had mastered the cow-slaughtering technique, the system's voice sounded once again.

Mag was in full agreement with that statement. On Earth, one could purchase beef of the most premium quality as long as they had money. However, the same portion of beef yielded a completely different flavor when cooked by different chefs. It was as if the chef had injected their soul into the cut of meat, and the most important factor contributing to that disparity was the sauce.

Making the sauce is quite a technical skill as well. Mag opened the condiments box nearby to discover that almost all of the 28 slots in the box had been filled.

He did have an experience bag for making the sauce, and there were three types of flavors for him to choose from, consisting of barbeque, spicy, and garlic. However, the system didn't give him the specific ratios of condiments that were meant to be used. Instead, terms like minute amount, small amount, moderate amount, and large amount were used.

"System, you're not being very professional here. What's a minute amount? And what's a large amount? Are you trying to screw over your daddy like this?" Mag grumbled.

"Please watch your mouth! The system is not a biological being, so no 'daddy' exists!" The system's stern voice sounded.

"Don't say things in such definite terms, system. You studied Earth's history for so long, do you know who the father of Apple is?"

"Steve Jobs."

"Who's the father of the hybrid rice crop?"

"Yuan Longping!"

"The Chinese father of atoms?"

"Qian Sanqiang!"

"Then do you know why they've been given these titles?"

"Jobs founded and developed Apple, Yuan Longping led the development of hybrid rice crop plantation, and Qian Sanqiang made significant contributions to Chinese nuclear technology."

"System, you were created by me when I transmigrated to this world. Going by the aforementioned logic, tell me who your daddy is!"

"Dad... No! Don't try to distort concepts like this! It's not the same thing!" The system's voice was trembling with rage.

"You said everything yourself." Mag shrugged with a hint of a smile on his face. "As a candidate to become the God of Cookery, it's imperative that you master the creation of all types of condiments. In order to develop this skill, the system has intentionally neglected to include specific ratios for condiment recipes. If you want to make the perfect sauce, you'll have to develop a greater understanding of all the condiments, then find a balance between them. That is a skill that a professional chef should possess." The system calmed itself down before getting back on track.

Looks like I'll have to use up all of my time in here before I can get out. Mag glanced up at the wall, only to find that more than 10 days had passed. Just killing the cow had taken him such a long time, and creating condiments was undoubtedly going to take even longer.

However, Mag didn't argue with the system, as he knew that this was indeed a very good opportunity to hone his skills.

He was still very much a learner when it came to the world of cooking, and the experience bags bestowed upon him by the system had allowed him to take many shortcuts. However, if he were asked to create a new dish of the same standard from scratch, that would be something far beyond him.

His grasp of ingredients and condiments was likely to be inferior even to that of a stay-at-home wife who cooked every day.

Now, the system was forcing him to learn about these areas, thereby essentially throwing him into the deep end.

In the face of this challenging task, fighting spirit was already burning in Mag's heart. Only through constant learning and refinement would he be able to create delicious cuisine that he could truly call his own, and only then would he be worthy of the title of God of Cookery.

The barbeque, spicy, and garlic flavors required completely different combinations of condiments. Mag began to focus on understanding the properties of each condiment, and then began experimenting with what certain condiments tasted like in conjunction with others.

The experience bag had pointed out a direction for him, so all Mag had to do was to figure out the ratios to create the perfect sauce.

The first batches of sauce that Mag created were absolutely horrendous. Thus, he began a process of constant trial and error.

Even though he was greeted by repetitive failure, he was not discouraged as a result. Instead, he carefully thought about what he had done wrong before moving on to the next attempt.

The first sauce that obtained the system's approval was the barbeque flavor sauce. With that experience, Mag was able to quickly create spicy and garlic sauces of the same standard. The three sauces all presented different flavors, and Mag was really looking forward to seeing how they would taste on kebabs.

Following the completion of the sauces, another month had passed, leaving Mag with not a lot of time left.

He pulled out a knife from the holder, and sliced the rib-eye beef into two-centimeter cubes. He then began to rub the sauce into the beef.

After marinating the beef, it was put onto bamboo skewers that were around 20 centimeters in length, with five cubes of beef per skewer. These skewers were then placed aside to be cooked.

There was a rectangular oven waiting for him in the left corner of the kitchen, with red-hot coals burning within. Mag tested the temperature with his hand before shaking his head. He waited a while longer before placing five kebabs into the oven at once.

“Sizzle-“

The beef kebabs immediately produced a delightful sizzling sound as they were placed into the oven. Oil began to bubble and flow from the marbled beef, and the delicious scent of beef began to waft throughout the kitchen.

The beef slowly darkened, and its scent began to mature.

When the beef was cooked to around medium well, Mag picked up a brush, and applied the sauce to the kebabs.

The beef began to sizzle again after being placed back into the oven, and the scent wafting through the air became even more alluring.

Amy would really like this, right? Mag’s eyes lit up as that thought occurred to him.

Chapter 536 Irregular Weapons Are Strictly Prohibited

The next morning, Mag opened his eyes almost at the same time as the alarm clock began to ring. He faltered momentarily before silencing the alarm.

Just a second ago, he had obtained approval from the system for his kebabs, and he was back to the real world in the blink of an eye. He had stayed a full 100 days in the test field for the God of Cookery before he mastered the beef kebab. Every step of the procedure had presented its own challenges, and it could be seen that a simple-looking beef kebab was a very complex food item to make.

However, during that time, Mag had also gained many skills. These included superior ingredient-processing, a greater understanding of condiments, better control over flames and heat... In fact, it could be said that he had reached the pinnacle in all of those areas, thereby achieving many small targets that he had had.

I should cook a delicious beef kebab to surprise Amy this morning. Mag got up from his bed. Even though he had technically been resting the entire time that he was in the test field for the God of Cookery, cooking kebabs for 100 consecutive days without a pause was still quite draining mentally. If he were to close his eyes, he’d feel as if beef kebabs had been imprinted onto the back of his eyelids.

“Ding! New mission: hunt down a mature Ironhide Bull within 24 hours and obtain its rib-eye beef as ingredients for the first-ever batch of kebabs to be cooked on the Norland Continent. Punishment for mission failure: deduction of one strength point. Reward for mission completion: access to all of the required ingredients and cooking utensils for making kebabs.”

“Holy f*ck! Don’t you get sick of doing this all the time? Don’t you have any original missions? Should a high-quality system like you be recycling missions like this? Also, as a God of Cookery Cultivation System, why are you encouraging me to go hunt every day rather than stay home and cook? Can’t you just let me focus on cooking?” Mag rolled his eyes.

After a brief silence, the system added, “If you can complete the mission within 12 hours, you get the aforementioned reward as well as an additional 0.5 of a strength point and a mooncake recipe.”

“That’s a good system. Only an exemplary system like you can invent such a refreshing and brilliant mission.” Mag immediately had a change of tack.

What were strength points?

They were the light! They presented hope for human evolution! Half a strength point was the equivalent of 25,000 gold coins!

Of course, most importantly, completing the mission within 12 hours would earn him half a strength point. Mag was desperate for progression, so this was a perfect opportunity for him.

The system hadn't yet released the price for the next strength point. However, judging from its foul personality, since the last strength point had cost him 50,000 gold coins, there was no way the next strength point would cost any less than 100,000 gold coins.

Furthermore, aside from that half of a strength point, the system was even promising a mooncake recipe as a bonus reward. Mag had promised Amy to make mooncakes for her, and with a mooncake recipe, he would be able to hold a moon festival celebration and fulfill his promise to Amy.

Mag was instantly invigorated by the reward for this mission. He turned his attention to Amy, who was still sound asleep in her little bed.

"This is a warning from the system: you must complete the mission on your own, and irregular weapons, including your daughter, are strictly prohibited." The system's stern voice sounded.

"System, I must refute your statement. Amy is my prized treasure; she's the most important thing in my life. How can you describe her as an irregular weapon? That is a twisted interpretation of my paternal love and a brutal insult to my pride. As such, I'm going to protest by taking her on a hike with me," Mag replied in a serious manner.

A line of ellipsis silently hovered through his mind, reflecting the system's complex feelings.

Mag whistled as he made his way downstairs. He cooked two portions of Yangzhou fried rice before rousing Amy and announcing to her that they were ditching classes to go on a hike.

"Father, do we really not have to go to classes today?" Amy rubbed her bleary eyes with a joyful expression.

"That's right. We're going to go on a hike to procure some ingredients. We're going to capture a big cow, and I'm going to make some delicious roast meat kebabs for you." Mag nodded with a smile as he fitted Amy into a simple pink and blue floral dress before taking her downstairs.

"Roast meat kebabs? So I'll get to have a lot of roast meat?" Amy's eyes were shimmering with anticipation.

"That's right. You get to have as much roast meat as you like." Mag nodded with a warm smile.

"You're the best, Father!" Amy threw her arms around Mag's leg with an elated expression. She then picked up the sleeping Ugly Duckling and shook it awake before saying, "Ugly Duckling, if you don't get up now, we're going to leave you at home on your own."

Ugly Duckling was pretending to be asleep, but it immediately opened its eyes in horror and shook its head vehemently upon hearing that.

“Let’s go together, then.” When they had gone to rescue the elves the night before, Ugly Duckling had already fallen asleep, so they left it at home. When they came back, the little kitten was waiting for them at the restaurant entrance with an extremely pitiable and traumatized look on its little face.

“Meow!” Ugly Duckling immediately sprang up with elation.

“Alright, then we’ll take you with us, but you’ll have to walk on your own; you’re no longer a baby.” Amy’s expression remained firm even at the sight of Ugly Duckling’s pitiable display. She then spread open her arms to Mag, and said, “Father, carry me.”

“Alright, Princess Amy.” Mag smiled as he turned around, revealing his wide back for Amy to clamber onto.

“Thank you.” Amy put down Ugly Duckling before climbing onto Mag’s back. She circled her arms around Mag’s neck and giggled as she said, “Let’s go!”

“Meow~” Ugly Duckling put on an urgent expression as it stood on the bed. Mag picked it up in one hand before going downstairs with Amy on his back.

After breakfast, Mag pulled out that business hiatus slip that he had written last time and amended it slightly before plastering it onto the door. After that, he got onto his bike and rode it toward the mercenary union. He had to find out if there were Ironhide Bulls around Chaos City first.

“Are you serious? Boss Mag has gone to procure ingredients again! I won’t be able to taste the delicious savory tofu pudding today!” Outside Mamy Restaurant, all of the customers sighed in dejection at the sight of the slip on the door.

Who revealed the news to him? That shameless bastard ran away! Ricky squeezed his way to the entrance and glowered at the slip.

Chapter 537 Hey, Where Are You Going?

Ricky finally managed to squeeze his way to the front of the crowd, and his flabby face trembled at the sight of the slip on the door.

He had woken up earlier to come to Mamy Restaurant so he could issue an official challenge, but his plan had been thwarted by this hiatus slip. As such, the first thought that occurred to him was that Mag didn’t dare to accept the challenge and had fled under the guise of sourcing ingredients.

He had absolute confidence in his roast meat. His rotisserie had been passed down through three generations, and was a well-established brand in Chaos City. Even without manipulating the rankings, they were still worthy of a place in the top 50 on the Aden Square food competition rankings board.

Furthermore, he was very confident as he had also prepared a trump card to use against Mag. However, all his preparations had gone to waste as his opponent had disappeared. That was very infuriating to him.

“Isn’t that the owner of Ricky’s Rotisserie? I recall he was constantly targeting Mamy Restaurant during last month’s Aden Square food competition, and tried to slander Boss Mag. After that, the Catering Association handed down a punishment to him for manipulating the rankings. What’s he doing here today?” Harrison had identified Ricky, and was rather perplexed.

Many customers turned to look at Ricky upon hearing that. They were wondering what gave him the courage to appear at Mamy Restaurant again. Was he here to stir up more trouble?

“I’m here to challenge the owner of this restaurant to a fair and square cooking contest. The contest will decide who is the king of roast meats in the Aden Square!” Ricky’s face became flushed with excitement under such widespread scrutiny, and he made a loud announcement with his right arm raised aloft.

“Ricky’s Rotisserie! Ricky’s Rotisserie!” The rotisserie employee was also chanting loudly with his arms raised in the air, but he was clearly lacking confidence.

“Mamy Restaurant doesn’t even sell roast meat, so that’s most likely not Boss Mag’s forte. Besides, Boss Mag never proclaimed himself the king of roast meats. Is this guy retarded?”

“He must be! He’s trying to use his forte to challenge Boss Mag with a food item that he doesn’t even sell; what a shameless bastard!”

“That’s not necessarily the case. Boss Mag is a genius; I feel like there’s no dish in this world that he can’t cook. Even if it’s roast meat, I believe Boss Mag’s will be the most delicious!”

The customers all began to discuss spiritedly among themselves. Some were expressing their disdain for Ricky, while others were announcing their confidence in Mag.

“Hmph! I’m going to come here again at noon. Let me see if this coward dares to accept my challenge!” Ricky harrumphed coldly and glared at all of the restaurant customers with a haughty expression before slowly walking away.

At this moment, Mag had just emerged from the union with Amy and Ugly Duckling. He was holding a map in his hands, and after some careful inspection, he dragged his bicycle out from a nearby alley and rode it toward the southern city gates.

He had secured a map of the area in which Ironhide Bulls were commonly found, but they were clearly going to be more difficult to find than bronze wild boars. He would have to go deeper into the forest for a chance to find them.

Even though it was going to be a little troublesome, the temptation of the strength point and the mooncake recipe still prompted Mag to give it a try.

Prior to exiting the city, Mag stowed his bicycle away in a safe place. The path outside the city was very bumpy, and not suitable for cycling. Mag had considered purchasing an off-road vehicle from the system, but decided against it after hearing the expensive quote and taking into consideration the fuel prices.

The mercenaries emerged from city gates. Among them were massive forest trolls over five meters tall with tree trunks for legs, abyss demons riding atop their porcupine battle boar steeds, goblins lined up in orderly units, and giant dragons gliding through the air overhead. All of them were heading into the wilderness.

“Father, are we mercenaries as well?” Amy sat on Mag’s shoulders with excitement on her face.

“We are. We accepted a mission from the mercenary union, so of course we’re mercenaries.” Mag nodded with a smile. These scenes were also making his heart rate accelerate, and a savage facet of himself seemed to be manifesting in his heart.

“Mercenaries aren’t caretakers for little girls, buddy,” a knight yelled as he brushed past Mag on horseback.

His words instantly drew raucous laughter from the mercenaries around them. Many of them turned to look at Mag with curiosity, wondering why he was taking a little half-elf girl into the wilderness without even a horse for a steed.

Furthermore, aside from the strange-looking backpack on his back, he was only carrying a longish blade that didn’t even look like a proper weapon. As opposed to a professional mercenary, he looked more like a father taking her daughter out on a hike.

Mag didn’t pay any heed to the ridicule directed toward him by the mercenaries. All mercenaries enjoyed a bit of banter, and they bore no actual ill will toward him. Besides, how were they supposed to know that he was carrying the most delicious condiments in his backpack, and that the blade he was carrying was the ideal weapon for killing Ironhide Bulls, the bull-slaying blade?

“My father is the best mercenary and the best best best knight!” Mag didn’t pay them any heed, but Amy was not very happy.

All of the mercenaries began to laugh even more boisterously at the sight of the serious expression on Amy’s little face.

Right at that moment, a carriage being drawn by three unicorns stopped beside Mag and Amy. A woman was standing on the carriage, and she asked, “Hey, where are you going?”

Mag turned to discover a beautiful woman with long flowing red hair. The light of the rising sun lent her tanned skin a pink hue, and her red and black leather armor was unable to fully conceal her voluptuous chest. Her miniature leather shorts revealed most of her long and athletic legs, drawing even more attention from the nearby bystanders. There was a boomerang over a meter in length strapped to her back, and she was surveying Mag and Amy with curiosity in her beautiful hazel eyes. She gave off the air of a feral leopard hunting for prey.

There were seven other mercenaries sitting in her carriage, among which were orcs, demons, humans, and even an elf. It was clearly a small mercenary party.

A huntress! That was the first thought that occurred to Mag. However, he couldn’t see any of the disdain and ridicule in her eyes that could be seen on the faces of the other mercenaries. He hesitated momentarily before replying, “We’re going to the Illusionary Mist Valley.”

“Illusionary Mist Valley?” Sivir faltered momentarily before asking, “Are you hunting for Ironhide Bulls as well?”

Chapter 538 Are You Talking About Yourself?

“You’re also going to the Illusionary Mist Valley?” Mag was also quite surprised to hear this. The huntress’ explosive figure and healthy tanned skin gave him an impression of explosive power. From her words, it could be deduced that they were most likely also targeting Ironhide Bulls.

The mercenaries in the carriage were also sizing up Mag and Amy, wondering why their leader had suddenly stopped. This father and daughter duo didn't look like they were prepared to hunt at all, and they were even traveling to the Illusionary Mist Valley on foot. What a joke!

"Hello, beautiful Big Sister Huntress." Amy extended a polite greeting toward Sivr. Her eyes were glowing at the sight of such a beautiful big sister.

"That's right. We took on a mission to capture Ironhide Bulls." Sivr nodded before turning to Amy, and said, "Hello, little girl."

Sivr's eyes were also glowing as she looked at Amy. What an adorable little girl! The reason why she had stopped the carriage was actually because the little girl sitting on Mag's shoulders had triggered the recollection of a series of warm images in her heart.

"What a coincidence; we're also going after Ironhide Bulls." Mag was a little surprised by the huntress' straightforward honesty.

"Ironhide Bulls?" The expressions on the faces of the mercenaries on the carriage immediately became quite peculiar. This human didn't have a longsword, nor was he wearing any magician robes, so he didn't appear to be a knight or a magic caster.

A guy like him was going to hunt for Ironhide Bulls with a little half-elf girl?

One had to realize that someone had paid a very high price for them to hunt down an Ironhide Bull. Otherwise, they wouldn't even be taking the risk.

"Ignorant fool." The young elf in white magician robes sitting alone in the corner of the carriage took a disdainful glance at Mag before turning to Sivr with a lovestruck expression.

Sivr's gaze fell on Mag, and her eyes narrowed slightly

Mag also looked back at Sivr with a calm expression.

"It'll take you at least half a day to get to the Illusionary Mist Valley on foot. If you don't mind, you can come with us on our carriage, and we can take you to the Illusionary Mist Valley," Sivr offered. It had been a long time since she had seen someone with a pair of such pure and clear eyes. Her father had once told her that people with eyes like his couldn't be bad people, as one's eyes were a window that allowed others to peer into their hearts.

The Illusionary Mist Valley was a dangerous place, but it was their choice to go there, and he seemed quite determined. As such, she decided to respect his decision.

"Are we talking them with us?" The other mercenaries all turned to Sivr with surprised expressions upon hearing that. Their mercenary team never worked with any other mercenaries, particularly when they had the same target.

"Sivr, I don't think that's a good idea. Ironhide Bulls are very dangerous targets, and this is quite a risky mission even for our Rose Mercenary Squad. If we have to protect these two during the battle, it'll make our chances for success dwindle even further." The elf stood up and offered his objection. He then turned to Mag, and said coldly, "Furthermore, some people need to develop some self-awareness. They need to know what they can do and what they can't."

The other members of the mercenary squad also nodded upon hearing that. Even though Evan's words were rather scathing, they weren't entirely unreasonable. Mercenary missions always carried an element of risk, and the chances of failure would inevitably increase if they had to protect these two. Furthermore, in the worst-case scenario, these two could drag down their whole squad, resulting in widespread casualties.

"We can protect ourselves! My father is super strong!" Amy looked at Evan with a grumpy expression. He was an elf as well, but for some reason, she felt a lot more comfortable in the company of Big Sister Aisha and Big Brother Blour.

"Evan, don't judge people whom you know nothing about." A hint of displeasure flashed through Sivir's eyes.

As the only offensive magic caster in their squad as well as an ice-type magic caster who was close to becoming an intermediate magic caster, Evan's combat prowess was second only to her own in their mercenary squad. Ever since his inclusion into their squad three months ago, he had played a major role in many of their missions, and allowed their squad to pick missions with greater rewards.

However, Sivir knew why Evan chose their Rose Mercenary Squad as opposed to joining a more powerful mercenary squad. He had expressed his love for her on many occasions, but she rejected him every time. He wasn't a good man with a kind heart. In Sivir's eyes, it wasn't important whether her future spouse was powerful or not, but he had to be a kind-hearted person.

"Sivir, they..." Evan's brows furrowed upon hearing that. He didn't think that Sivir would speak to him in that manner just for the sake of a couple of strangers.

"It would be great if you could take us there." Mag looked at Sivir with a smile and cut off Evan's objections.

Ignoring the distance to the Illusionary Mist Valley had indeed been an oversight on his part. Not only would it be very tiring for them to walk half a day to reach the valley, it would also be very difficult for them to transport the Ironhide Bull back after slaying it. Even if they were to return empty-handed, they would still only make it back into Chaos City late into the night, and the wilderness at night time was a drastically more dangerous place than it was during the day.

As such, the alternative offered to them by Sivir was clearly the best option. This mercenary squad clearly wasn't very powerful. For them to regard the Ironhide Bull as a risky target indicated that they were predominantly below the 4th-tier in power. However, they were still powerful enough to take care of themselves as long as they didn't venture too deep into the wilderness. As for the elf who seemed to be displaying enmity toward him for no reason, Mag paid him no heed. In his past life, he had seen countless men whose IQ had been reduced to zero in the face of the woman they pursued. He had countless different ways to take care of a lovestruck fool like him.

"Come on, then. Seeing as we have the same target, we'll split up once we get to the Illusionary Mist Valley." Sivir had developed a positive first impression of Mag, but she had to consider the feelings of her squad members. As the squad leader, she knew what she should and shouldn't do.

"Thank you." Mag smiled as he helped Amy onto the carriage before climbing onto it himself. He sat in a corner with Amy in his arms, while she held Ugly Duckling in her arms.

“Let’s keep going.” Sivir turned and issued an instruction to the thin mercenary driving the carriage. Thus, they continued onward.

“I didn’t think there could be such a shameless person in this world,” Evan grumbled as he glowered at Mag.

“Are you talking about yourself?” Amy asked curiously.

538 Are You Talking About Yourself?

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Chapter 539 This Blade is Very Sharp

The disdainful look on Evan's face immediately stiffened, and his brows trembled as he struggled to suppress his rage.

The mercenaries immediately burst into laughter upon hearing that. Evan had a horrible personality, and always regarded himself as better than everyone else, thereby giving everyone a very bad first impression of him. Sivr had already invited Mag and his daughter onto the carriage, and they were going to part right after arriving in the Illusionary Mist Valley, so they wouldn't affect their mission, and there was no need to direct animosity toward the two. Furthermore, this little girl really was very adorable. It wasn't often that Evan was shut down in such a brutal manner.

Right at that moment, the young woman sitting nearest to Evan abruptly rose to her feet with an enraged expression, and said, "Little brat, how could you say that to Master Evan! He's a powerful 3rd-tier ice-type magic caster and a spatial magic caster as well! You have to apologize to Master Evan immediately!"

Mag looked up to discover that the young woman was about 17 or 18 years old, wearing a simple blue and white dress. Her looks were quite ordinary, and as she had a white wand hanging from her waist, she was most likely a magic caster. However, she wasn't even wearing any magician robes, so she was probably only a 1st-tier magic caster.

From her furious expression, it was as if the most important person in her life had just been insulted. Her reaction reminded Mag of the countless retarded fans fawning over their idols that Mag had seen in his past life.

“Look, this big sister’s chest is so small!” Amy looked at Eva with a stunned expression. She even went as far as to point at her chest to demonstrate her point, and exclaimed, “It’s like there’s nothing there at all.”

Everyone turned to look in the direction that Amy was pointing in in unison. Sure enough, it was flat as a board, and they all nodded in agreement.

“You, you, you...” Eva’s expression abruptly changed as she sat back down. She hugged her knees around her chest, trying her best to hide her shortcomings as she blushed as red as a tomato. She glared intently at Amy and Mag as she did so, just as if she wanted to eat both of them.

“Are you a mercenary as well, buddy? Are you a knight or a magic caster?” The minotaur demon, Dennis, who was sitting beside Mag, turned to him with a smile. Everyone else also turned their attention to Mag with curious looks upon hearing that. Mag’s equipment was very bizarre, and no one could deduce just what he was supposed to be.

Even Sivr turned to look back at Mag, wondering what gave him the confidence to take his little daughter into the wilderness on a hunting trip. If he were powerful enough to look after her, then this would be good parenting, but if not, he would just be an irresponsible father.

Mag looked at everyone’s curious expressions, and replied calmly, “I’m actually a chef.”

“Hmm?”

Everyone was taken aback by that response. They all stared at Mag, wondering if they had misheard.

“Father’s cooking is super delicious,” Amy chimed in with a proud look on her little face.

“A... chef? Then why are you looking for an Ironhide Bull?” Dennis stared at Mag with wide eyes. He had thought that he had misheard, but the little girl’s declaration confirmed that he had indeed heard Mag right. Thus, he turned to Mag with a stunned expression.

His expression was also roughly mirrored on everyone else’s faces. They were all struck by the absurdity of the situation. They were a group of seasoned mercenaries, but they were sitting on the same carriage and aiming for the same target as a chef.

A chef? Sivr’s brows furrowed slightly upon hearing that that. She could see from Mag’s eyes that he was quite a reasonable and wise person. However, if he really was just a chef, but was taking his daughter into the wilderness, then he really couldn’t be referred to as a good father. The other alternative would be that he had no idea what a 4th-tier magic beast entailed.

“My restaurant is preparing to launch a new dish that requires beef from the Ironhide Bull. I’m sourcing some ingredients for that purpose,” Mag gave an honest reply.

In all honesty, with the dragon-slaying experience that he had gleaned from Mag Alex’s memories, he was actually a far superior hunter compared to everyone present in the carriage.

“You sure dare to dream... Don’t you know that an Ironhide Bull is a 4th-tier magic beast? Even we wouldn’t dare to face it head on. At full speed, it can easily ram large trees into the ground; its powerful body is no joke. Even the most powerful strike from a 3th-tier knight would only be able to inflict a light wound on its body. You don’t even have a sword; what are you going to do? Fight it with your bare hands?” Scott laid a hand on the longsword hanging from his waist as he looked at Mag. He felt as if this guy had no idea what he was doing by heading into the Illusionary Mist Valley.

“I actually did bring a weapon. This is a bull-slaying blade.” Mag pointed at the blade hanging from his waist.

Peculiar expressions appeared on the faces of the mercenaries upon hearing that. They had worked as mercenaries for half their lives, and had never heard of any bull-slaying blade.

Sivir was also beginning to develop a headache. She was considering whether she should try and convince this guy to go back to Chaos City with his daughter. Was he trying to get himself and his daughter killed?

“Even a chef dares to venture into the wilderness? Let me see your bull-slaying blade.” Evan looked at Mag with a mocking expression before extending his right hand toward Mag.

An icy blue light appeared on Evan’s hand, upon which the bull-slaying blade hanging from Mag’s waist began to tremor gently. It then struggled free from its scabbard and flew through the air.

All of the mercenaries were quite tense upon seeing that. Taking someone’s weapon was a taboo among mercenaries. For mercenaries, their weapons were their most loyal companions. In a situation like this, it was very likely that a brawl would erupt.

Sivir was also looking on with displeasure. As expected, Evan was still as annoying as ever. However, she also wanted Mag to realize the dangers of venturing out into the wilderness so he could give up on his suicidal journey. As such, she didn’t intervene.

“You can have a look at it, but make sure you don’t drop it. This blade is very sharp.” Mag smiled as he gently flicked the hilt of his bull-slaying blade.

“Ding!”

The blade was originally flying steadily toward Evan’s hand, but it suddenly changed directions and accelerated from Mag’s flick. Thus, it began flying toward Evan’s crotch at an incredible speed.

“No!”

Evan’s expression changed dramatically, but it was too late for him to try and alter the blade’s trajectory. He felt a cold sensation whistle past his crotch and let loose a howl of anguish.

Chapter 540 Stop and Prepare for Battle

“Ding!”

The bull-slaying blade struck the wooden board right in front of Evan’s crotch, pinning part of his trousers and magician robes to the seat. The hilt of the blade was quivering gently, and the cold lightly glimmering from its sharp edge made all of the men present unconsciously close their legs.

Evan's face was deathly pale, and it was as if an arctic breeze were blowing past his crotch. In that instant, he felt as if he were going to have to bid farewell to his manhood. The sharp edge of the blade was less than an inch away from his crown jewels, making his heart skip a beat.

It was only an ordinary-looking blade, but it somehow seemed to be indescribably sharp. Evan looked at the quivering hilt and felt as if his heart were quivering along with it. He immediately sprang back to try and get away from that terrifying blade.

"Rip!"

A loud tearing sound erupted, and the bull-slaying blade easily tore his pants down the middle, leaving a huge gash right in front of his crotch.

Evan's expression changed abruptly as he clamped his legs together with a blush on his face. He was like an embarrassed monkey, and all of his haughtiness had disappeared.

The mercenaries all wore peculiar expressions upon seeing that. They wanted to laugh, but had to suppress the urge to do so, and some of them were already having to pinch their own legs.

Looks like he's not just some simple chef, after all. Sivr looked at Mag with a surprised expression before turning away as a smile appeared on her face. Mag's flick had completely changed the trajectory of the bull-slaying blade mid-flight, and even though she didn't know whether it'd gone exactly as he intended, it still taught Evan a lesson.

Eva looked at Evan, and a blush also appeared on her face. She hurriedly stood up and rummaged through her bags as she said, "Don't worry, Master Evan, I brought a dress along with me. I'll give it to you right now."

"Stabbed by the blade he was trying to steal, he ended up with a hole in his pants, and now he has to wear a flower dress. How embarrassing." Amy sang an impromptu tune to herself with a joyful smile on her face.

"Hahaha!"

The mercenaries who were trying to suppress their laughter were finally unable to hold on any longer. This little girl was very adorable, but her tongue was very sharp.

"I'm not wearing that!" Evan's blush deepened as he threw aside the floral dress that Eva was offering to him.

"But..." Eva looked on as her floral dress was swept away with the wind before snagging onto the tree branch. Tears were already beginning to swim in her eyes. That was her favorite dress.

"Shut up!" Evan cried in a blind fury. He had never been humiliated like this before, much less in front of the woman he desired. He wanted to dig a hole and bury himself there forever.

Eva looked at Evan before silently making her way back to her seat. Tears flowed down her face and fell onto the ground. She looked at Mag and Amy through the corners of her eyes with a resentful expression. It was all their fault that Master Evan would treat her like this.

“Make sure to hold the blade properly next time. Otherwise, you might not always get so lucky.” Mag pulled the bull-slaying blade from the wooden board as he looked at Evan with a calm expression.

He wasn’t some divine deity willing to forgive everyone and everything. If someone insisted on trying his patience, then he didn’t mind teaching them a lesson. The blade had landed just in front of his crotch on this occasion. Next time, he might not be so accurate.

“You won’t even have a dress to wear next time,” Amy chimed in with a serious expression.

“Hmph!” Evan was trembling with rage, but he could only sit down in silence. He was the one who had tried to grab Mag’s blade, so even if the blade had actually struck him, it would still have been his own fault. He had already thoroughly embarrassed himself, and if he carried on any further, Sivir’s impression of him would only continue to worsen. He looked at the deep blade indentation on the wooden board, and unconsciously scooted off to the side a little.

Furthermore, he was feeling a lot more wary after that flick of Mag. Even though his spatial magic was only at the 1st-tier caliber, he could still alter the trajectory of projectiles during flight. However, he was completely unable to do anything to that oncoming blade.

The mercenaries were also looking at Mag with new eyes. They had initially thought that Mag was just a strange chef, but they discovered now that his straightforward and decisive personality was like that of a true knight. This observation struck them with the urge to befriend him.

“Hello, my name is Dennis. I’m responsible for leading the charge and acting as the meat shield in the Rose Mercenary Squad,” the minotaur demon introduced himself with a smile.

“I’m Skol; I’m responsible for charging upfront,” the burly orc sitting beside Dennis said with a bashful smile.

“I’m Scott; I’m usually responsible for cover during retreat and evacuation,” the human knight said with a smile.

“I’m Sam. I lay all of our traps,” a middle-aged man introduced himself as well.

“I’m Sydney; you can also call me Monkey. I drive the carriage and do the scouting for the squad.” The thin young man driving the carriage turned to Mag with a smile, revealing two rows of pristine white teeth.

“I’m Sivir, the leader of the Rose Mercenary Squad,” Sivir said.

Evan turned his face away as the veins on his forehead bulged with fury. Meanwhile, Eva had her head buried between her legs, clearly not intending to introduce herself.

“I’m Mag, the owner of Mamy Restaurant. This is my daughter, Amy.” Mag responded in kind. The fact that these mercenaries were introducing themselves to him indicated that they were accepting him as one of their own. Even though he wasn’t particularly fond of that elf, he had a good impression of all these other mercenaries.

“So you’re a restaurant owner as well as a chef? That means your food must be really good, right? Can we expect you to cook a delicious lunch for us later today?” Sydney turned to Mag with an expectant gaze.

The other mercenaries' eyes all lit up upon hearing that.

"Sure. If you want, you can leave lunch to me, but I'm going to need your help to source some ingredients." Mag nodded in response. He would cook them lunch in exchange for their transportation services. It was a good and fair deal.

"Don't you worry about that; we're all veteran hunters here!" Monkey smiled, and all of the other mercenaries chuckled as well.

The carriage quickly sped onward. Unicorns were 12nd-tier magic beasts with gentle character, and had stamina and speed far superior to those of normal horses. Even on such a steep and bumpy path, they were able to maintain a decent speed.

Mag chatted with the mercenaries along the way. Amy interjected from time to time, drawing laughter from everyone aside from the Evan and Eva, who were still sulking in a corner.

"Stop and prepare for battle."

Sivir suddenly issued a command as the carriage came to an abrupt halt.