

Stay At home 241

Chapter 241: Come At Me Already!

"I don't know what you're even waiting for," said the system.

Then there came another loud bang.

Amy turned to look. "Someone came looking for trouble, Father?"

Mag stayed calm. "Who is it?" he asked the system.

"Goodenia."

Mag's face darkened. "Can you make a new door?"

"Of course. 20 gold coins."

"Good." Mag put his chopsticks on the table gently. "Deactivate the defense system."

The system didn't understand. "Are you sure? The restaurant will be damaged."

Mag smiled. "Yes. And it is them who will take the consequences."

"It will be much easier if you just upgrade the restaurant," the system suggested.

"I don't have the money." He turned to face Amy and smiled. "Yes. You can burn them with your fireball when they get in."

Amy nodded. "Yes, Father. I'll make them regret coming here." Then she dropped her gaze to her food and pulled a long face. "They couldn't have come here at a worse time."

Sally put down her chopsticks as well. She was too well bred to show her annoyance. "Do you want me to stop them?" she asked Mag softly.

"No," Amy said before Mag could answer. "Don't worry, Sister Aisha. I'll teach them a hard lesson."

Sally nodded after pausing a moment. *Mag may not be very strong considering the fact that he got hurt by a bronze boar. I'll help out if things get out of control.*

They can't break through the gate, so they are at best 3rd-tier, Mag thought. If Amy can kill that boar, she can surely take care of them.

The impact sent Gabriel staggering back again. It was all he could do not to fall, his hands numb from the shock. Yet still not a single scratch was on the door. He was extremely furious.

Goodenia was taken aback, and also looked a little disappointed. *This muscleman Devoe is always bragging about isn't so strong after all.*

Devoe got angry because his man had turned out to be an embarrassment. "Gabriel, you—"

"Shut up!" Gabriel said, giving his boss a cold, murderous look.

Devoe's words caught in his throat. He dared not speak again. He was well aware of Gabriel's cruelty; he knew better than to provoke him.

Gabriel was glaring at the door. "We strike it together, Johnnie. There's something wrong with this f*cking door." Without waiting for his answer, he slashed at it again.

Johnnie hesitated but for a second before he raised his magic wand and recited a spell. A red light appeared and turned into a fireball, flying towards the door.

Their attacks reached the door at almost the same time, and tore it into pieces immediately.

Goodenia and Devoe smiled.

Yet Johnnie and Gabriel looked confused; the latter walked in first, followed by the magic caster.

Gabriel brushed a piece of wooden door off his shoulder and narrowed his eyes to look through the wood dust still settling.

He saw a half-elf girl with two ponytails standing beside a table even taller than she was. She was looking at them with her hands on her hips angrily.

When he peered further insider, he saw one man and two women sitting at a table.

Johnnie saw them too. *Such a beautiful elf! I should ask her out someday*, he thought, his eyes glistening with desire.

Gabriel tapped his sword on the floor, smiling a horrible smile, giving Yabemiya and Sally indecent looks. "I thought no one was in. Why didn't you open the door, you cow—"

Amy cut him off. "I don't have much time for you two. My braised chicken is getting cold. Come at me already!" She raised both hands.

Chapter 242: I'm Mag Alex

Childish as Amy's voice might be, it was solemn.

Two bluish violet flames appeared in her hands, and turned into two fireballs suddenly.

"Someone's inside?" Goodenia asked, surprised.

"Yeah," Devoe said, suddenly excited. "Gabriel will make them get on their knees and apologize to you." Every time his muscleman made people do that, he felt a malicious satisfaction.

Gabriel glanced at Amy's little fireballs with disinterest. "I was a knight before, but that title didn't stop me from beating kids, so behave yourself or I'll make you behave." Then he looked at Mag, who was still sitting at the table. "You must be the owner. You messed with the wrong person. Now kneel and move your sorry a*s over here!"

Johnnie took a step back automatically as he stared at the fireballs.

Mag was still very calm as he met Gabriel's bloodthirsty eyes; he found himself holding a chopstick.

"It is you who messed with the wrong person," Amy said. "Now burn!" She threw the fireballs out.

They were right in front of their targets in a short while.

Gabriel sniffed. "Child's play." He raised his sword. "You asked for it."

The look on Johnnie's face changed dramatically. "No, don't touch it!" He created a magic shield around himself as he ran towards the door, waving his magic wand as if trying to perform some magic.

Yet it was too late.

The fireballs exploded.

Gabriel's sword shattered. The strong blast sent him flying out of the restaurant. Then he landed heavily on the ground, lying facedown, his body severely burnt. Bleeding from the mouth, he looked toward the door with fear and anger.

Johnnie's magic shield didn't last long enough for him to cast any magic. His wand got shattered into pieces, and the explosion sent him rolling on the ground. He struggled to stand up, but failed.

Some tables and chairs had got knocked over as well, but they were undamaged.

Yabemiya was flabbergasted.

**She's so little, but she's already almost as powerful as a 4th-tier magic caster! *Sally thought, astonished. Now I understand why those two old men wanted to take her on as their disciple. Her talent is unparalleled.*

Devoe went white. He didn't know what had just happened in the restaurant, but he was aware that he was in trouble.

Goodenia recovered from his shock, and patted his friend on the shoulder. "We should leave, now!" He ran towards a carriage.

By then, Amy had come out. "How dare you come here again?!" she said to Goodenia as he was trying to scramble into the carriage. She threw a fireball at it.

"Get away from that carriage!" Johnnie called out urgently. The coachman jumped off and ran away as fast as he could, but Devoe and Goodenia seemed to be frozen with fear. They just watched it approach the carriage.

The fireball exploded when it reached the carriage. Goodenia and Devoe went flying and then hit the ground, badly injured. They looked at Amy with horror and went unconscious.

"You made me angry! Do not ever come back again!" Amy said loudly.

Gabriel looked up at Amy, and then reached out his hand to grab his broken sword. "You little sh*t," he muttered, bloodlust flashing in his eyes.

Mag stepped on his sword.

"Go back inside and finish your meal, Amy," Mag said with a smile.

Amy nodded. "Yes, Father." She walked back into the restaurant.

Gabriel raised his head. "Hiding behind... a child. You're no man at all."

Mag smiled ironically. "And you're not a knight. You have no honor. If you want to kill her, you'll have to get through me first. And you should be afraid of me... I'm Mag Alex."

Gabriel's eyes went wide. He opened his mouth, but a chopstick went through his throat. He watched with despair as Mag started for the restaurant.

Chapter 243: A Level 3 Incident

"Oh my God! He's dead!" a woman yelled in a shrill voice. The explosion had sure attracted a lot of attention.

Many people came out. Fire was still dancing on the carriage, crackling and hissing. The four men were lying on the ground, bleeding.

"Is that Mamy Restaurant? What happened there? Someone's dead?"

"A fight, obviously. The owner looks all right."

"Thank God. I'd kill those sons of bitches myself if anything happened to Mag."

"I think those two are Goodenia and Devoe. The two bastards. They totally deserved it!"

"Yeah. They had it coming!"

Even in Chaos City people got killed every day. It couldn't be helped.

The Gray Temple might not be able to stop people from killing each other, but they could bring criminals to justice.

Also, they never took incidents involving dead bodies lightly. Someone blew his whistle, and several men in uniforms ran towards Mamy Restaurant with grave faces.

Mag walked back in calmly, his hand a little white from gripping the chopstick too tightly.

When he drove the chopstick into Gabriel's throat, he had felt strangely calm, perhaps because Mag Alex' memory had prepared him for such things.

Mag hadn't intended to kill him—he didn't want to draw too much unwanted attention—until he saw bloodlust in his eyes when he looked at Amy.

*The good part is nobody will dare to look for trouble here now that I've made an example of them,
*Mag thought to himself. *I don't want to kill the other three, but I would if they tried to lay a finger on Amy, even if I would end up in jail. Anyone who wants to hurt my girl will have to kill me first.*

"Are you all right, Boss?" Yabemiya asked softly, her face pale.

Sally didn't say anything, but she had seen the chopstick in Gabriel's throat.

Mag nodded and returned to his seat. “Yeah. Eat.” He smiled as he watched Amy enjoy her food.

Mag’s smile made Yabemiya feel much relieved; she paused for a moment and sat back down.

Sally took another look at the mess outside, and started eating again.

“This braised chicken is so good, Father! Can we eat it for dinner tonight?” Amy asked.

Mag nodded. “Sure.” He moved several pieces of chicken from his bowl into Amy’s with his chopsticks and touched her head.

“Thank you, Father,” she said, rubbing her head against his hand.

Amy didn’t know what he had done, and Mag didn’t intend for her to know.

“It’s that restaurant again, Boss!” a skinny young man said to Barzel as they ran.

“Go check to see if they’re dead and inform the police department.” Then Barzel saw Urien at his door, teasing his two birds. “Inform Lord Brandli too, Monkey.”

“Yes, Boss!” Monkey answered. He went to Goodenia and Devoe, and was relieved when he found they were still alive. It was a level 1 incident as long as there were no dead bodies.

“Monkey, level 3 incident. Report it to the top brass!” Barzel called out, frowning as he looked at the chopstick and Gabriel’s unclosed eyes.

“Yes, Boss!” Monkey’s face changed, and he ran to do his bidding.

By then, five patrol guys had arrived.

“Tend to the injured, Bob, and don’t let any of them leave,” Barzel said to his men, staring at Mag who was eating. “The rest come with me!” He walked towards the restaurant.

Krassu saw the smoke when he was about to step into a roasted meat restaurant. *Something happened at Mamy Restaurant?* He changed his destination.

Chapter 244: Serious My A*s!

“Amy, take Ugly Duckling upstairs. You’ll find its food there,” Mag said with a smile.

“You made something special for it, Father?”

“Yes.”

“Okay,” Amy said happily. She licked her empty bowl, slid down the chair, and picked the kitten up. “No braised chicken for you, Ugly Duckling. Let’s see what Father has made for you.”

Mag watched Amy leave and stood up as Barzel walked in.

“You know why we’re here,” Barzel said, staring at Mag, his eyes as sharp as a hawk’s. *He’s strangely calm after killing a man—he must have got used to it.*

Barzel had spent 20 years in the Gray Temple, and had arrested many murderers himself, but no one had been as emotionless as Mag. *Murderers always look scared, but not him.*

Mag saw the letter "P" embroidered on his front, and realized he was one of the patrol guys. He met his eyes without blinking. "Yes."

The Gray Temple had three departments: the patrol department, which patrolled the city every day; the garrison department, which guarded the city; the police department, which was responsible for making sure that people obeyed the law.

They wore black pants, black leather boots, and gray robes with four rings on the back, which was also the Gray Temple's emblem. Knights were equipped with swords, while magic casters wore gray magician robes.

"A knight got killed, so it's a level 3 incident. Tell me what happened," Barzel said solemnly.

"You see, we're closed today. My daughter, two waitresses, and I were eating, and suddenly a swordsman and a magic caster broke in and swore to kill us.

"They attacked us first, and my daughter Amy acted in self-defense. She threw two fireballs at them and knocked them out. Then, when the other two tried to drive that carriage into our restaurant, Amy threw a fireball at them too in fright."

Barzel narrowed his eyes. *I don't know how powerful his daughter is, but that man was no doubt killed by the chopstick. *"Murder is a serious crime."

"Serious my a*s!" said a hoarse voice.

"My a*s! My a*s!" echoed his crow.

A patrol man was enraged. "Who do you—" Then, he saw Urien, and his face changed. His boss had warned him not to mess with this hunchbacked old man.

"You were saying?" Black Coal said, staring at the patrol man with its beady eyes.

He looked at the crow, and gripped his sword in anger, but then he thought better of it, and at last said, "Nothing."

"I thought so," said the crow.

"Murder is a serious crime," Barzel repeated, looking at Urien defiantly.

"I wonder if Roland will say the same if I kill you," Urien said, smiling a cold smile.

Barzel grasped his sword. He was ready to die to defend his honor.

"Lord Roland said to give you his regards, Lord Urien. He said he'd like to have a drink with you someday," Brandli said with a smile, panting from the effort of running, signaling Barzel to back down.

"Someday? I don't have many days left."

Brandli managed a smile, a bead of sweat rolling down his face. "He's really very busy these days. By the way, what're you doing here, Lord Urien?"

"I was told there were people who wanted to kill my disciple. I'd like to see them try," Urien said coldly.

*If the old man had come earlier, none of the four would have survived, *Barzel thought to himself.

"They must have lost their minds!" Brandli said.

"Who wants to kill my disciple?" a voice called out outside the restaurant.

Chapter 245: He Is Innocent

Brandli frowned as he recognized Krassu's voice. *One is a headache enough, and now they are both here. Having taken in the same disciple, it's hard to tell what would happen how their conflict would pan out for now, but if someone had hurt their disciple, I don't think anyone could stop the two old men from killing him.*

"We don't know if someone wanted to kill Amy yet. But a man is dead, and we're trying to find out what happened," Brandli said to Krassu, not unkindly. He decided to stand his ground, and not to let the two legends affect his investigation.

Krassu walked in and glanced at Urien. "Then do what you have to do, but I'll only believe Amy."

"Me too," said Urien in his hoarse voice. For once, he didn't contradict Krassu.

Mag was grateful to Amy's two masters—they were very influential—but even if they hadn't shown up, he was confident he could get away clean.

Brandli had to smile, blaming Gabriel for having put him in such a difficult position.

"Barzel, tell me what happened," Brandli said.

Barzel told him exactly what Mag had told him.

When he was done, an expression of confusion appeared on Brandli's face. *If Mag was telling the truth, then why did they do it? What's their motive?* He turned to face Mag. "Do you have anything to add?"

"No," Mag said. "But according to the law of the city, one can use force to protect oneself against unlawful use of force. We are closed today, so technically they were trespassing; according to the law, I can do anything to eject them." He paused a moment. "A swordsman and a magic caster forced their way into my house. What would you have done if you had been in my shoes?"

The patrol men had thought he would use Krassu and Urien to pressure them into letting this go; instead, he was using the law to protect himself.

If what he just said is true, it won't matter who killed Gabriel, Brandli thought.

"By the look of the remains of the door, it was broken by sword and fire. I think he was telling the truth," Barzel whispered to Brandli.

Brandli nodded. He looked very happy—he didn't have to worry about the two old men defending Mag now that the latter had been proven innocent.

“Help us! They... they killed him!” Goodenia cried suddenly.

“The girl tried to kill us!” Devoe screamed.

Chapter 246: Black Iron Cross

The restaurant fell silent; they listened and became angry.

Are they taking us for fools? Brandli thought, and started for the door.

Barzel and his men followed him out. *How dare they attack a restaurant in broad daylight?!*

“Amy did this?” Krassu asked Mag, incredulous.

“Yes. Thank you for teaching her how to explode her fireball.”

“Frankly, I wanted to teach her that today. I only taught her the theory of pyroblast,” Krassu said with pleasant surprise.

“Your pyroblast is never hard to master. Save your surprise for when she summons a frost dragon,” Urien said. He couldn’t hide the delight in his eyes. *Will Amy have a talent for ice magic too?*

“She’ll master your stupid ice magic in a much shorter time ’cause it’s much easier,” Krassu returned gruffly.

“I want to buy a new door, system. I’ll tell you when to install it,” Mag said to the system, and walked out. *This episode may end sooner than I thought.*

“That’s 20 gold coins. Thank you!” replied the system.

Yabemiya was amazed at how Mag had got himself out of this tricky situation with ease.

Sally was also gazing at Mag’s back in admiration. *He must have thought through all the consequences before he did it.*

She never liked killing, but when push came to shove, she wouldn’t flinch from doing what needed to be done. On her way to Chaos City, she had shot a band of bandits dead—they had slaughtered an elven village—with her bow.

Mag must have killed him because of the way he was looking at Amy, Sally thought. *I sensed evil in that man.*

Bob had healed Goodenia and Devoe. They had stopped bleeding, and their wounds had scabbed. That was all a 3rd-tier magic caster could have done.

“We came here to eat, but that girl wanted to kill us! Please arrest her!” Goodenia said with a frightened look on his face. It was the first time he had come perilously close to death.

“Arrest the man too! It was him who ordered the girl to kill us. Gabriel is dead! Arrest them all!” Devoe screamed, terrified. He loved to terrorize other people, and now karma had come for him. He decided he’d never come here again.

“And why should we do that? I’ll allow you to give me a reason not to arrest you,” Brandli said coldly.

The two thugs’ faces changed immediately.

Devoe smiled unctuously. “Lord Brandli, I’m the owner of Devoe Tavern, and a board member of the Chamber of Commerce. We’ve met before on a banquet...”

“I don’t care if you’re the president of the Chamber of Commerce,” Brandli said firmly. “And I don’t know you.”

“We didn’t do anything. We just asked them to knock on the door...” Goodenia said in despair.

“Lord Brandli, you may want to see this,” said Barzel.

“What’s this?” Brandli asked, looking at a black iron cross.

Barzel picked it up. “There is a serial killer at large in Chaos City. The killer always mutilated his victims, and even two children under 10 were killed. He always left a black iron cross on the crime scene, exactly like this one. This is a level 4 incident!”

Devoe slumped down on the ground, astounded.

Chapter 247: You’re Welcome

“Are you saying that this man could be the serial killer?” Brandli asked. “But why is it a level 4 incident?”

“One night three years ago, this serial killer killed a 4th-tier knight who had just got promoted from an assistant knight test examiner to a lead examiner. Then he murdered his wife and two kids,” Barzel said through gritted teeth.

Devoe stared at Gabriel’s body in horror. *This man may prove to be my undoing. If the Gray Temple investigated me, what they may find out could earn me a lifetime in prison.*

Goodenia staggered back with terror. He was aware that nobody involved in a level 4 incident could walk away easily.

“Take the body back,” Brandli said grimly. “And lock these three in Bastie Prison. Interrogate them.”

“Yes, my lord,” said the patrol men. They quickly tied them up with ropes.

By then, six riders from the police department had arrived. They dismounted, and their leader walked up to Brandli hurriedly. “Lord Brandli, we heard there is a level 3 incident—”

“You guys are right on time,” Brandli interrupted. “Take this body back and have the coroner examine him. He’s the suspect involved in a level 4 incident.”

The man froze for an instant, but understood right away when he saw the black iron cross. “Yes, my lord!” He had his men bring a stretcher from the back of a horse, cover the body with a white sheet, and lift it up onto the stretcher.

"We're innocent, my lords! The iron cross belongs to the owner of the restaurant. He set us up!" Devoe screamed as he got dragged up.

Barzel walked over to him with a darkened face and kicked him in the belly. Devoe held his stomach and crouched down in pain.

"Shut them up, Bob," Barzel said coldly.

"Yes, Boss," Bob answered. It was the first time he had seen his boss so angry. He waved his wand and uttered some spells; then, the two thugs' mouths got covered by some green mud.

Goodenia struggled and glanced back at Mag, who was standing at his door; he suddenly found himself regretting having messed with him.

"Move it!" Monkey roared, jabbing Goodenia in the face with his elbow.

"Why is the boss so angry today, Monkey?" Bob asked.

"That examiner was his best friend; they drank together that night," Monkey said in a low voice. "Do not ever bring this up before the boss," he warned.

Bob nodded, and said not another word.

"Thank you for apprehending these thugs. If he is really the serial killer, we'll give you the reward," Brandli said to Mag.

Mag was very surprised by this turn of events. "Thank you. It's my pleasure."

Mag had thought he had gone too far, but after hearing what Barzel said, the self-reproach he felt after he'd killed Gabriel was totally gone.

"Thanks to you, my friend and his family can rest in peace now," Barzel said to Mag, holding out his hand. "I'm Barzel. We should have a drink someday."

Mag shook his hand. "I don't drink anymore. But, you're always welcome here."

"I told you Amy's always right. She knows which person deserves to die," Krassu said to Brandli, smiling a proud smile.

"She should have killed them all," said Urien.

"You're both right, my lords. If you'll excuse me, I must go back to the Gray Temple," Brandli said with a smile. "Tell the little owner I said thank you, Mag."

"I don't know why you're thanking me, but you're welcome," Amy called out from the restaurant.

Mag turned around and saw Amy eating dried fish with the kitten in one arm. When she raised her head and met Mag's eyes, she froze for an instant, and then gave the fish to the aggrieved kitten.

Mag smiled. "He's thanking you for catching a bad guy." *I shouldn't have let her feed the cat.*

Amy's eyes brightened. "Really?"

Brandli nodded with a smile. "Yes. You're a little hero." He nodded at Mag and left with Barzel.

“What’s smelling so good, Mag? I haven’t had any lunch yet. Can you make some new dish for me?” Krassu asked.

Chapter 248: Let’s Talk About Why This Stupid Cat Got Fatter

“Sure,” Mag said, smiling. “Would you like to try the new dish too, Master Urien?”

Urien nodded. “Yes, thank you.”

“Good afternoon, Master Half-beard, Master Turtle,” Amy said. Then she saw Urien’s birdcage. “You’ve changed, Black Coal!”

“I know. I’m getting handsomer by the day. Guilty as charged,” the crow said, holding his head up with pride.

Amy shook her head. “No! Your feathers are growing back; you look even blacker than before.”

Black Coal looked down at his body, and then jumped up in delight. “I knew it! God sent you here to test me, and I passed His test!”

“Can you put the fire out, Aisha? Please clean the blood too if it’s not too much trouble,” Mag said.

Sally nodded. “Yes, Boss.” She used her water magic to extinguish the flames and clean the blood up.

“Do you want me to rearrange the tables and chairs?” Yabemiya asked Mag.

“Yes, please.”

Then he wrote another notice, and stuck it on the doorframe. It read: “Thugs came and caused havoc. The restaurant is being repaired, and will open tomorrow with a new dish!”

Some people had gathered around the restaurant, talking.

“One of them is dead, the other three got arrested, and the owner walked away free?”

“They deserved it; it’s the law.”

“The law shouldn’t have let the owner off the hook so easily. He must have some influential connections.”

Krassu and Urien glanced back at Sally, exchanged a look, and took their usual seats.

Urien had left his birdcage on the floor, and now Amy and Ugly Duckling were staring at it.

“Meow, meow!” Ugly Duckling cried, reaching out its paw to try to touch the crow, but it was too far out of its reach.

“Look at your short legs,” Black Coal said with disdain. “Thinking about touching me? Think again!”

“Meow!” the kitten screamed, shaking the cage, trying to get in.

“Bring it on,” Black Coal sneered.

“Is this a door?” Amy asked, pointing.

“No!” the crow said hurriedly. “It’s not a door. Why don’t we talk about something more fun? Like singing.”

Amy shook her head. “You sing so terribly. I want to watch you fight with Ugly Duckling,” Amy replied, trying to open the door.

“Then we can talk about dancing. I’m a dancing master! Let me show you some dance moves.”

Amy shook her head again. “No, I don’t want to watch a nude bird dance.” She found a button and pushed it, and then the bolt clicked open.

The crow hastily gripped the door with its beak, pulling to keep it shut. “I’m a bird! I don’t want to fight a stupid cat! It’s not fair!”

“Meow!” the kitten cried, straining to pull it open.

“Let’s talk about why this stupid cat got fatter!” Black Coal screamed.

Amy gave the door a push and the bolt clicked shut again. “You think it’s got fatter as well?”

Black Coal breathed a sigh of relief. “Yes. Actually, it’s much, much fatter than before. At this rate, you won’t be able to hold it anymore.”

“See? I’m not the only one who thinks you have got too fat. Run 10 laps before bed, and no dinner for you tonight.” Amy put a dried fish into her mouth and ate it.

“Meow, meow,” Ugly Duckling cried in dismay, looking up at Amy, its eyes glistening with tears.

By then, Mag had walked out of the kitchen with two bowls of braised chicken and two bowls of rice. He put them down in front of Krassu and Urien. “Our new dish—braised chicken and rice. Please enjoy.”

The aromatic smell made the two old men’s mouths water right away.

Chapter 249: Can You Make A Magic Wand For Me?

The smell was tickling their noses, whetting their appetite.

Urien frowned when he saw the meat. He had never tried chicken here before. Hesitantly, he picked up a piece and brought it into his mouth.

The soup was delicious; the meat was cooked just right, tender and juicy. He chewed slowly, savoring the flavor.

After he swallowed, a warm feeling went through his whole body.

Urien’s eyes went wide. *This food works even better than roujiamo when it comes to driving away the cold in my body! Also, it tastes really good.* He ate another piece. He couldn’t remember the taste of chicken, but if the chicken he had eaten had been this tasty, he would have remembered.

Then he took a bite of rice. *This is very good too! Chicken and rice—it’s a perfect combination!*

Krassu glanced at Urien. *He doesn't like meat, but he obviously likes this dish, so it must be good.* He picked up a piece of shiitake and ate it.

The soup came out and spread over his tongue.

"This mushroom is just fantastic, and so is the soup!" Krassu exclaimed in delight. Then he took a bite of chicken, narrowing his eyes with a blissful look.

"Master Half-beard, Master Turtle," Amy said softly, "add some soup into the rice. It's tastier that way. I don't usually tell people that. It's my little secret."

The two old men looked unconvinced, but they did it anyway. They mixed the soup and rice together, and tried it again.

For an instant, they froze; they couldn't believe how divine the rice tasted with the soup.

"Can I have another bowl of rice, Mag?" Krassu and Urien asked, putting down their empty bowls at almost the same time.

"Sure." Mag picked up their bowls and walked to the kitchen.

"You shouldn't allow them to have another serving of rice," said the system.

"Why not?" Mag asked as he moved some rice into two bowls.

"If they want more rice, ask them to buy more braised chicken. It's more profitable this way."

"Talk about greedy. Have you no heart?" Mag said with a twist of his mouth.

"No, I have no heart."

"You heartless system! Tell me the cost of a braised chicken and rice."

"Two shiitakes: 100 copper coins.

"A quarter of a potato: 10 copper coins.

"An eighth of a celtuce: 10 copper coins.

...

"An eighth of a fire chicken drumstick: 100 copper coins.

"A bowl of moonlight rice: 25 copper coins.

"The total cost is 400 copper coins."

Mag knew the prices were reasonable enough, considering their high quality, but still he asked tentatively, "Can you make it cheaper?"

"Believe it or not, I have already given you a 50 percent discount."

Mag's brow rose in surprise. "Fine." *I'll sell it at 800 copper coins each. They can buy as much rice as they want for 50 copper coins a bowl.*

Urien took the rice, thought a moment, and emptied it all into the braised chicken. He mixed them up and started eating with his spoon.

Krassu stole a glance at him, and emptied his rice into his braised chicken as well.

After a while, they put down their spoons and belched, satisfied.

Krassu gave Mag a thumbs-up. "This dish is superb. I'm sure it'll become popular soon enough." Then he took a look at Amy. "But please do not let Amy skip school again; it will affect her progress."

"It is your boring magic room that has made her skip school," said Urien.

Krassu scowled at him, and Urien scowled back.

Amy trotted to the bike, took the tusk, and stepped between them with the tusk in her arms and the eyeball in one hand. "Can you make a magic wand for me?"

Chapter 250: That's All I Ask

"You need a strong magic staff, Amy. You can use it to smash a dragon's head as well as to perform magic," Krassu suggested.

"Bullshit. What you need is a small and convenient magic wand, Amy. She doesn't need a staff to help her walk like you do, old man."

"You couldn't even beat a goblin with that magic wand of yours if it got close enough to you," Krassu said with contempt.

"You're the one who would let a goblin get close to you. You always jump around like a monkey when fighting. You're a disgrace to magic casters!" sneered Urien.

They snorted at the same time, and then glared at each other.

The atmosphere had suddenly become tense between them. Even Sally was a little petrified.

Mag was also quite worried—they could easily tear his restaurant apart.

"Please do not fight here, Master Half-beard, Master Turtle, or I'll never speak to you again," Amy said solemnly.

Krassu turned to face Amy with a smile. "Do you like my staff, Amy? I can make you one just like mine. It will be purple, with a purple magical core from a 9th-tier magical beast."

"It will be purple? It's my favorite color!"

"Check out my little magic wand, Amy," Urien said, sliding a 10-centimeter-long black magic wand out of his sleeve. "It's light and retractable. You can even put it in your pocket. It's very convenient."

"I like this one too!" Amy said, eyes glistening with excitement. "I don't want to have to carry a heavy staff all the time."

Urien smiled. "Smart girl."

Krassu became a little anxious; even he had to admit a small magic wand was more appealing to girls than a heavy staff.

Then Amy frowned. "But I won't be able to smash a dragon's head with such a small magic wand."

"Then what exactly do you want?" the two old men asked.

"I want it to be as long as my palm and be able to become as tall as me and change into a sword and a broomstick." Amy paused a moment. "That's all I ask."

The two old magic casters pulled a wry face.

"It's easy, right?" Amy asked, excited.

The two old men hesitated a moment, exchanged a look, and then nodded together.

"Then please make one for me. I want it to be purple."

"Okay," Krassu said. "But why do you want it to change into a sword and a broomstick?"

Mag was well aware why she wanted a sword; he just hoped she wouldn't say anything about him teaching her swordplay.

"I can pose as a knight if I have a sword, and witches need broomsticks to fly on."

Krassu and Urien fell silent.

"Do you really need a sword and a broomstick?"

Amy thought a moment. "I don't really need a broomstick, I think, but I need a sword."

Her two masters frowned, thinking about how to make it.

Amy stood there, silent. "You can't do it?" she asked after a while, disappointed. "Then just make me a regular one."

Krassu rose to his feet. "Don't worry. I'll find a way."

Urien stood up as well. "Leave it to me."

Amy's eyes lit up again. "Thank you, Master Half-beard, Master Turtle. Do you need the tusk and eyeball?"

Krassu shook his head with a smile. "No. They're not good enough. I'll take my leave then."

"Me too," said Urien.

"Bye, Master Half-beard, Master Turtle," Amy said.

Krassu stopped once they were outside. "We have to work together this time, old friend."