

Stay At home 1571

Chapter 1571: Lights, Get ready

It was deadly still.

The orcs from the Falk Tribe looked at the tattered shirt that was left on the execution stage, and could not hide the shock and horror on their faces.

The Holy Light had proved Irina's words to be right. Ferdinand had sold his soul to the devil, and was now exterminated by the Holy Light. There was no more point in fighting.

Perhaps they should even thank Irina. If it weren't for her, they might have had to face the rule of a devil, and no one would know if the Falk Tribe would end up becoming the next Urba Tribe.

Now that the Falk Tribe was without a leader, how should they move on from here?

The chiefs and representatives from the other tribes all had different expressions when they saw this scene.

The devil had controlled Ferdinand, proving its existence to be true, and it might very possibly be the cause of the Urba Tribe to kill among themselves. Would something similar happen in the Twilight Forest again?

The Falk Tribe, which had lost another 10th-tier powerhouse and the heir to the chief, suffered great losses in this turmoil, and its might had decreased drastically. There were only three not-very-strong 10th-tier orcs left, and that would not be enough for them to have a strong foothold as one of the top 10 orc tribes.

The Twilight Forest would be greatly affected by what happened tonight.

"Ding! The black fog has been cleared. The source of the black fog has been completely removed!"

"Congratulations on completing your mission. Mission reward: one face-altering mask set!"

The system's joyous voice rang in Mag's head. He raised his brow a little and walked out of the crowd, back to Amy's side. He smilingly said, "Looks like we don't have to retreat anymore."

"Brother..." Connie looked at the remnants of the torn shirt, and bit on her lips hard, trying to suppress her emotions as her tears fell.

That small figure appeared even more lonely and frail amongst the crowd.

Everyone watched her with empathy. She was probably the most unlucky one to survive in this rebellion.

"Gary The Kingslayer is dead. Ferdinand, the devil who planned all this, was also exterminated. Now, the only one who has the right to inherit the position of chief in the Falk Tribe is this little princess." Irina's gaze landed on Connie. At the same time, a gentle ray of light landed on the latter.

The orcs in the Falk Tribe all looked at Connie, who was standing under that ray of light, and their eyes slowly lit up.

“Princess Connie is the chief’s beloved princess! And she is also his only heir now. It’s only right for her to inherit his place as chief!” Durward shouted loudly with his magic caster’s staff held high in the air as he walked out from the crowd.

An old man walked out as well, and proclaimed, “I concur! Princess Connie is kind and brave. She exposed the devil’s lies and trap. She would definitely be able to bring the Falk Tribe out of this difficult situation!”

The other orcs nodded in agreement. Connie’s actions today changed their perception they had of her. She was no longer an innocent princess. This experience was an ordeal to her, no doubt, and being able to survive this meant that she might really be able to lead the Falk Tribe to become even stronger.

“Princess Connie, please go on stage to be conferred as chief!”

“Princess Connie, please go up on stage!”

Everyone started paving a way for Connie as they shouted loudly.

“I...” When Connie heard the shouts, she was bewildered and lost. She instinctively looked around the crowd, and her gaze finally stopped on Mag.

“Go, go and protect what your father had been protecting all his life,” Mag told her loudly.

“Protect...” Connie looked as though she was trying to grab hold of something. As she looked around and saw those trusting eyes, she felt as though she could see that dignified man and that amiable old lady. She took a deep breath, and walked towards the elevated platform.

Connie walked up the elevated platform and looked at everyone. She said in a low voice, “I am Connie. Perhaps I don’t have the right to stand here. Maybe I am not good enough to be the chief of the Falk Tribe. But all I want to say is... I hope that I can continue protecting this piece of land and this tribe for Father.”

The orcs looked at Connie, and wiped away their tears silently.

Their tribe should have been a peaceful and strong tribe if all these things had not happened.

“It’s your turn, Ugly Duckling.” Mag pulled off the black cloth which was on Ugly Duckling, and patted its bottom gently. “A grilled fish just for you.”

“Meow!” Ugly Duckling’s eyes lit up. It jumped down from Amy’s embrace to the ground, and dashed through the crowd like a bolt of orange lightning, racing towards the elevated platform.

“Lights, get ready!”

“Levitation, get ready!” Mag said softly.

“Meow!”

Just when everyone was still deeply entrenched in their sorrow, they heard a loud and sharp sound. An orange figure suddenly dashed upstage, and stopped in front of Connie.

It was an orange cat. However, it had a pair of translucent white wings on its back, allowing it to levitate in mid-air in front of Connie.

It gave off a holy light, and looked as though it descended from heaven.

“Lord Flerken!”

“It really is Lord Flerken!!!”

The orcs from the Falk Tribe were all stunned when they saw the flying orange cat. After that, their faces suddenly lit up with a bright smile. They all dropped to their knees on the ground, and many even started kowtowing.

“This... is really Flerken?” The orcs from the other tribes all looked at that levitating orange cat, and all the Falk Tribe orcs who had kneeled on the ground. They hesitated for a while before lowering their heads with respect.

Every tribe had their own magical beast which they would pray to, but there were very few instances where these magical beasts would actually appear.

No one would think that Flerken would appear after the Falk Tribe had gone through such an ordeal.

“Ugly—” Connie blurted out as she stared blankly at the levitating orange cat.

“Meow!”

But before she could even speak, Ugly Duckling reached its paw out to cover her mouth. At the same time, it put another paw on the top of her head. The glow on it grew even brighter, as though there was some sort of passing down of legacy going on.

When everyone saw that, their eyes widened. They might be witnessing a very important scene.

About 10 seconds later, Ugly Duckling retracted the paw on Connie’s head, and a golden crown appeared in its place.

“Meow.”

Ugly Duckling meowed once again before disappearing.

When the glow was completely gone, there was only Connie left, with a glittering golden crown on her head.

“Lord Flerken has chosen Princess Connie!”

“Lord Flerken has acknowledged Princess Connie as the one to lead the Falk Tribe!”

“Chief Connie! Chief Connie!!”

The orcs all rose and started to cheer for Connie!

Chapter 1572: The First Queen Of The Moon Nation

“Mm-hmm. Ugly Duckling. Well done. I’ll add a prawn for you tonight.” Mag reached out to stroke the head of Ugly Duckling, which was teleported back by Irina. In case they were exposed, Mag put the black cloth over Ugly Duckling again.

Now that Flerken had made its stand, Connie’s succession became rightful. At the same time, she was idolized by everyone in the Falk Tribe, and had gained a lot of popularity—way more than Ferdinand did.

“Boss. Your plan was really impressive,” Yabemiya exclaimed as she looked at Mag.

Elizabeth also took a second glance at Mag. After this, all of the problems that Connie might have faced after her succession were all solved.

No one would dare to defy Flerken’s will, and no one would dare to question if a female could become the chief again.

The chiefs and representatives of the other tribes hesitated for a while before going back to their seats. This conferring ceremony that had received the acknowledgment of Flerken might be able to pull the Falk Tribe back from falling off the edge of glory. No one knew what Flerken bestowed upon this young female chief of the Falk Tribe, and the Falk Tribe might grow to be even bigger in the future.

“From today onwards, I, Rex the Hairless Monk, shall stay in the Falk Tribe as a protector until Connie grows up to become a chief that is powerful enough.” Rex appeared behind Connie and gave Auster a warning glance.

“Hmph, I hope the Falk Tribe can walk out of its misery as soon as possible.” Auster snorted coldly before leaving gloomily with the people of the Aug Tribe.

Some of the chiefs and representatives who were the Aug Tribe’s loyal followers stood up, and followed him quickly.

“Master.” Connie turned around to look at Rex as tears rolled down her cheeks uncontrollably.

“You don’t have to worry. I am here.” Rex looked at Connie and squeezed out a smile on his stiff face.

“Does that mean that the Hairless Monk is joining the Falk Tribe? He is someone on par with Auster!”

“After losing Isaiah and Gary, we gained the Hairless Monk. Though our might has decreased by a lot, we are still the second-strongest tribe in the Twilight Forest.”

When the other chiefs and representatives saw this scene, they all had different thoughts and expressions.

The Hairless Monk’s crime of wiping out the Urba Tribe was finally cleared today, and the existence of the devil was just like a sword hanging above everyone’s head.

After a few centuries, the same thing happened. Was this a coincidence?

No one knew where it would appear next.

Basil was imprisoned, and before anyone could be certain that he already regained his consciousness, his movements would be restricted.

Darryl and Kurt could tell very clearly that the situation had changed, so they had all chosen to pledge their loyalty to Connie.

Connie's conferring ceremony was not too elaborate. She canceled all the celebratory events that Gary had planned after the ceremony, and ended it by thanking the guests and tribesmen.

After going through so much tonight, everyone needed rest, including her.

The guests from the various tribes started to take their leave, and so did Irina.

No one would have thought that Gary did not become chief, likewise for Ferdinand. In the end, it was Connie who was conferred as the new chief of the Falk Tribe.

This would definitely have a big impact on the Twilight Forest, and even the Norland Continent.

"Get Mr. Mag and his people from the main kitchen to see me," Connie ordered an official near her before entering the palace.

"Let's go. We can see the new chief in a new place now." Mag held Amy's little hand, and walked against the crowd towards the palace.

Irina changed and appeared by the group's side. She nodded slightly at Mag.

Mag lifted a brow in acknowledgment with a smile, and said, "The lights were done very perfectly."

"Don't you think it's a waste of talent to make a 10th-tier light-type magic caster to do something like this?" Irina smiled seemingly at Mag.

"That ray of light created an effect that even 10 10th-tier magic casters would never be able to achieve. Only the most professional light-type magic caster could do it," Mag said matter-of-factly.

"That didn't sound bad." Irina nodded.

Mag heaved a sigh of relief. It was indeed difficult to look for a light technician this professional.

"There's also Babla's spatial magic. It's very impressive. She made Ugly Duckling levitate in the air," Yabemiya praised.

"Ahem." Babla appeared rather proud. She cleared her throat, and said, "It was just a wave of my hands."

"It was the standard that even a 4th-tier spatial magic caster could achieve. It indeed was just a wave of your hands," Mag said with a nod.

Babla froze. She lifted a brow and snorted angrily.

Mag and the rest were brought into the palace quickly following the orders of the new chief.

Compared to last night when they snuck in, they walked in openly through the main door today, and were even greeted well.

"The chief is inside. She has invited all of you in." A guard opened the door to a hall for Mag and the rest with a smile.

The door closed behind them slowly after they walked in.

“Boss, everyone...” Connie turned around. She looked at everyone with reddened eyes. Although tears had started welling up in her eyes, she still bit her lips to control her tears.

“It’s alright. It will all pass.” Mag went up, and gave her a consoling pat on the shoulder.

“That’s right. Connie, you’re now the new chief of the Falk Tribe. If your father and grandmother saw that you’ve continued protecting the tribe, and even lead it to even greater heights, they will surely be very happy,” Yabemiya said softly as she went up to hold Connie’s hand.

“I’m afraid I won’t be able to do it well...” Connie said worriedly with no confidence.

“Since you have the courage to go up there, you should trust that you can do it,” Mag said with a smile as he shook his head.

“The first female chief of the Falk Tribe and the strongest female chief of the Twilight Forest in the future.” Babla looked at Connie and stroked her chin ponderingly. “The first queen of the Moon Nation... should I give it a try?”

“Don’t you still have an older brother?” Camilla reminded.

Babla thought for a while, and said, “He... will then be in my way...”

After everyone took turns to console and encourage her, Connie started to relax. However, Ferdinand’s matter was still a huge blow to her. It would probably take her a very long time to put it behind her.

“You should get some rest.” Irina walked over and tapped at Connie’s glabella gently.

A green light glowed, and Connie fell unconscious in Irina’s embrace.

“I reckon she hadn’t slept since last night,” Irina explained to everyone as she placed Connie gently on a bench.

“Is this the diary of Big Sister Connie’s grandmother?” Amy asked as she pointed to a thick sheepskin notebook at the side.

Chapter 1573: Alex, Right?

On the back of a flaming bird were a worried-looking orc and a gloomy-faced Auster.

“Chief, Ferdinand is dead, and now Connie has become the chief of the Falk Tribe. There’s also a Hairless Monk now. Our plans are completely ruined. What should we do now?” the orc asked.

“Rex only has brawns, no brains. He’s not a threat at all. As for that lass, she’s even less of a worry. However, if word of Flerken appearing spread, she would gain some prominence, and that would affect our plan to subdue the other tribes.” Auster frowned. He thought for a while, and said, “Let’s still go according to our original plan. Just spread the word that this lass is brash, and cannot take up the responsibility of the chief of the Falk Tribe. After that, get close to Darryl and Kurt, give them a little something, and tell them to start another rebellion.”

“Yes,” the golden-armored orc answered.

Gary's death and Connie's succession were major events to the Falk Tribe, but Flerken's appearance minimized the negative impact they had.

Everyone believed that Lord Flerken had made the wisest and noblest choice for the Falk Tribe. As Isaiah's daughter, Connie would become the new chief of the Falk Tribe, and continue to protect Tatari.

Of course, there were still voices of objection.

However, most of them chose to keep their mouths shut in front of the Hairless Monk.

Those oppressed and maligned orcs who were locked up were set free, and Gary's accomplices were put in jail.

Many things happened in the night, and everyone knew that when day broke, Connie's era would officially begin.

"So... the mission that the organization gave me is completed just like that?" Hannah walked back to her small courtyard slowly. She was still in disbelief. Everything was set into place before her wine had the chance to be put into use, and before she could use the other things that she had prepared.

"But... What exactly was the mission that the organization gave him this time? To rescue Ferdinand? Then if Ferdinand is dead... is his mission considered complete?" Hannah stopped in her tracks. She was a little confused. "Then can I leave this time? Grandpa said that I can leave as long as I complete the organization's mission. After waiting for so long, it isn't all a lie, right?"

In the run-down room, Rex stood quietly amidst the floor of shattered ceramics. He could even spot a few familiar pieces.

Now that the person was gone, he could only use these things as a form of remembrance.

"I thought that as long as I left, you would be able to forget the events of that night slowly..." Rex sighed. He fell silent for a very long time.

"Don't worry, I will watch over Connie for you. This time, I'm not leaving." The low voice echoed around the room. It sounded like a mumble, and also like some sort of promise.

Footsteps approached, and two figures appeared at the door.

Rex slowly turned around and saw Irina and Mag, who had a mask on, at the door. He did not seem very surprised by their arrival.

"I want to understand more about the devil and evil gods from you," Mag said in a different tone. He reached his hand out to remove his black and white mask at the same time.

Under the mask was a chiseled face filled with righteousness. There were a pair of thick eyebrows and big eyes, with a scar at the corner of his eyebrow.

"Alex, right?" Rex looked at Mag. There was finally a slight change on his face.

"I am." Mag nodded slightly.

"It's obvious that you've already understood some things, and could see where the problem of Ferdinand's issue lies."

"Yes. A few months ago, the same thing happened first to Borg, an elf. It was way more serious than what happened to Ferdinand. We realized that the Holy Light had a restrictive effect on the black fog. After that, it happened to Alfred, an abyss demon. The black fog appeared on a small island in the Boundless Sea Realm. All the animals there were hysterical because of the black fog. We saw them eating and tearing each other apart, so we knew the possible effect of the black fog on normal living things," Mag said calmly. "After that, it was Ferdinand and Gary. Their condition was very mild."

"There have already been three cases of the black fog within just a few months?" Rex raised his voice a little when he heard that.

"Yes." Mag nodded. "We're worried that this might be a negative signal. If the black fog starts to appear in different parts of the Norland Continent, and we aren't able to get timely information to remove it, once it reaches an uncontrollable scale, it might mean destruction to the Norland Continent."

"A tribe covered in black fog meant that the entire tribe was wiped out. If the black fog covers the entire Norland Continent, that would mean that the entire continent would be on a frantic killing spree... That would be way scarier than a war between races," Rex said softly as his expression turned grave.

"Have you seen what's within the black fog?" Irina asked Rex.

Rex's eyes darted a little, and he appeared hesitant.

"If we want to stop all this from happening, we need to understand it more." Mag looked at Rex, and said, "When I was at the Boundless Sea Realm, I was once entranced to enter a stone statue. Inside, I saw a huge stone temple, a throne made up of skeletons, and a man whom I could not see clearly..."

"Back then, when we've just arrived at the Urba Tribe, we happened to see them in the midst of a scary ceremony..."

Rex told them everything that happened back then. It was an unforgettable night. Even though he had not mentioned the events of the day to anyone for a century, he could still recount the details of the scene.

"...they started frantically killing and biting each other, pulling children's hearts out to eat. And within the black fog, we... we saw a horrifying thing that we could not name. It was just like a huge mountain. Even a giant dragon would be as small as a mosquito before it..." Rex's voice was shaking as fear showed through his eyes.

"We lay low on the top of the mountain, afraid to move, all the way until day broke and the black fog dispersed, together with the unnamed thing, before we went down the mountain." Rex looked at Mag. He paused for a while, pulled out a black stone box from his pocket, and passed it to Mag.

"This is?" Mag reached out for the stone box that was the size of his palm. It was unexpectedly heavy, and he almost dropped it.

"We found this at their altar. For all these years, I've never opened it," Rex said.

Chapter 1574: I'll Have You Stay Inside Until The Prison Collapses

"Aren't you going to open it up?" Irina asked as she walked to Mag's side and looked at that black stone box.

"I think we should find a safer place to open it up since we still can't be sure if the thing inside will cause an uncontrollable situation." Mag shook his head with a smile. He turned around a corner, and pulled off the mask that was stuck tightly to his face.

The effect of the face-altering mask that the system rewarded was not bad.

"Don't you like this face?" Irina asked as she looked at the mask Mag was holding in his hand.

Mag kept the mask with a smile, and said, "I prefer this current face and this current identity even more."

Irina looked into Mag's eyes, thought for a while, and smiled. "It's great."

"Is everything settled for Ferdinand's things?" Mag asked as he continued walking forward.

"I've already sealed him up into a deep slumber, and we can bring him for the trial anytime." Irina nodded slightly, and continued, "Should we let Connie know about this?"

"Let's not tell her first. That fellow is evil through and through. If Connie finds out, it'll only add on to her troubles." Mag shook his head.

The two carried on their discussion as they left the palace. This was the first time Mag removed his mask to reveal Alex's face in order to gain Rex's trust.

Rex's identity was rather special. Although he was currently the deputy warden of Bastie Prison in Chaos City, he did not simply belong to Chaos City.

As for the Falk Tribe, he only chose to stay because of Connie and her grandmother.

They had the same stance when it came to the black fog and the devil. Therefore, Mag wanted to use his sincerity to make Rex stand on their side so that at least they would be fighting together when it came to dealing with matters related to the devil.

Mag could not predict what kind of battle this would become, so he would need even stronger alliances.

In a cave outside of a city, Irina waved her hand to undo the seal on the cave. After that, Mag and Irina went in.

Ferdinand, who was wrapped up in a burlap cloth, was curled up in a corner, deeply asleep. His face was as white as a sheet.

There was a tiny cloud of black fog formed at his glabella which had yet to disperse.

"Based on his situation, will he be gone soon?" Mag asked as he went up to check on Ferdinand.

"It seems like that on the surface, but his willpower is stronger than it seems," Irina said without a hint of worry.

After hearing that, Mag did not bother about Ferdinand anymore. He pulled out that stone box.

The stone box was a few kilograms heavy even though it was just the size of a palm, as though it contained some sort of highly compact metal.

Irina waved her hand, and created several seals in the cave before looking at the stone box in Mag's hand.

"Let's take a look at what the Urba Tribe was praying to back then." Mag placed the stone box on a rock in the cave. He took in a deep breath, and opened the cover of the box.

A gush of chill air rushed out from the stone box, decreasing the temperature in the cave by a lot.

However, Mag's and Irina's gaze was already glued to that statue within the stone box.

It was a monster statue that would make one feel disgust and horror at first sight.

It had the head of an octopus, the body of a human, and the wings of a bat...

It was black throughout, but its eyes were blood-red, and one could even faintly see light reflecting in it.

"Cthulhu?" Mag raised his brow. This statue felt oddly familiar.

"What a disgusting creature. Isn't this the unknown thing that Rex was describing just now?" Irina said with a frown as she suppressed the urge to use the Holy Light to destroy the stone statue.

"It probably is." Mag nodded. Back then, the Urba Tribe prayed to and believed in this evil god, resulting in the annihilation of the entire tribe.

Mag already felt the change in temperature in the cave. He looked at the stone statue with a frown. It was indeed creepy, even more so than the stone statue on the island at the Boundless Sea Realm.

"He's awake." Irina suddenly turned her head back to look at Ferdinand, who was lying in the corner of the cave.

Ferdinand had sat up silently. The black fog at his glabella started spinning around furiously like a whirlwind, and his pure black eyes had already turned blood-red. His mouth was opened up into a broad smile, revealing his white teeth as he watched Mag and Irina creepily and silently.

"He is absorbing the energy of the stone statue." Mag glanced at the eyes of the stone statue, which was slowly getting brighter. It seemed as though it had formed some sort of connection with Ferdinand.

"Holy Light." Irina lifted her magic caster's staff. The Holy Light lit up the entire cave, cutting the connection between Ferdinand and the stone statue like a sharp knife.

The whirlwind at Ferdinand's glabella dispersed. His body swayed, and he fell back into unconsciousness once again.

Meanwhile, Mag closed the stone box to stop the cold, evil aura from seeping out.

"It has been a few hundred years, but these things are still around. Looks like it's more troublesome than I expected," Mag said with a frown as he kept the stone box.

Irina put her magic caster's staff down with a frown, and worriedly said, "If these fellows want to control the world, and expanding their territory is what some of those dumb ones in the different races are thinking about, once a war breaks out again, the black fog will erupt together, and we might not have the ability to get the situation under control.

"We must let them know about this thing in the coming negotiation..."

The happenings in the Falk Tribe spread quickly to the various parts of the continent in various forms, causing quite an uproar.

"Devil... I didn't think it would be such an ending." In the city lord's castle, Rolan passed the top-secret letter to Michael. He was unable to hide the shock on his face.

"This..." Michael was also unable to calm his heart for a very long time after reading the letter.

After staying silent for quite a while, Michael put the letter down. He looked at Rolan, and said, "Looks like we have to change our strategy. If what Mag said is true, and everyone was unable to escape, we have to gather all the powers from every race, and get ready to face whatever may come."

"I'm afraid it wouldn't be an easy feat to persuade those fellows." Rolan frowned.

"But it's something we have to do..."

A horse-drawn carriage pulled over outside Mamy Restaurant. Vivian lifted the curtain and propped her chin on her hand as she looked at the sign hanging by the door. She mumbled with melancholy, "When is Boss Mag coming back? My grilled fish is right here waiting for me."

"Didn't Mr. Mag get invited to the Falk Tribe to cook for the chief's conferring ceremony? The ceremony ended yesterday. They will definitely be back today," Luna, who was sitting beside her, said with a smile.

"Forget about the grilled fish. Why is even the hot pot gone? The last time they went out, there was still hot pot..." Vivian said begrudgingly. She had not had any good food for three days.

"Maybe they all left together this time," Luna guessed with a shrug.

Chapter 1575: What Does It Make Of Our Background As One Of The Four Major Families?

Rena took a look at her palm, which was cut open by a small sharp stone. She got up, pulled out a few certificates from her cloth bag, and seriously said, "This is the property deed with the city lord's castle stamp of approval. I am now the owner of this shop. Let me warn you. If you continue to occupy my shop and attack me, I will invite the city lord's castle to intervene."

"You... You think that just by claiming that it's yours, it's really yours? I think that your certificate is fake." The orc's expression changed a little when he saw the property deed in Rena's hand. However, he quickly raised his volume, and said, "This is Bennett's shop, which is also the Marquis Family's shop. Our master said that if someone comes to make trouble, then we will all go to the city lord's castle. Let's see how the Marquis Family's property ended up as someone else's!"

After saying his piece, the orc turned around to go back into the shop, and slammed the door shut.

“These fellows...” Rena clenched her fists angrily. When her finger touched the wound on her palm, she groaned in pain.

“Rena, are you alright?” Firis, who happened to be on the way back to the dormitory, went up quickly to help Rena pat off the dust on her. She looked at the wound on Rena’s palm, and angrily and worriedly said, “Did those fellows hit you?”

“Firis, I’m alright. I just wanted to go into the shop, but they refused to let me in and pushed me. It’s just a small wound,” Rena said with a smile and a shake of her head as she watched Firis blow the sand off her palm and bandage her palm up carefully.

Firis furiously said, “These fellows are rogues! This shop is already yours, but they kept claiming it to be theirs, and even refused to leave! When Boss and the others come back, they’ll definitely uphold justice for you!”

“It’s alright. I have the property deed. They can’t get away with it.” Rena shook her head. However, she still a little worriedly said, “The problem is that the renovation work for the shop is almost done, and we should already start hiring these two days, but we’ve already wasted two days here, and I have no time to make the soup base and go to the market. Now, all these tasks have to be put on hold.”

“It’s alright. I think that the hot pot soup base you made yesterday was superb. Business is sure to be great if you can reach that standard with just substitute ingredients,” Firis said with an encouraging smile.

“It’s still not good enough.” Rena shook her head. She rather seriously said, “I think that there’s some problem with the tripe yesterday, and we need to look for a better supplier. There’s still also a lot to improve when it comes to the hot pot soup base. There are still a lot of problems unsolved.”

“Then I’ll accompany you to the market. Anyway, I don’t have anything on in the afternoon. I’m worried that those fellows will find trouble with you again. At least I can protect you when I’m around,” Firis said with a smile as she wrapped her arms around Rena’s arm.

“Mm-hmm. Thank you, Firis.” Rena smiled, and both of them left hand in hand.

The orc who pushed Rena just now went up to the second floor, and hesitated a little as he watched the young man standing by the window. “Young Master, she’s gone, but...”

“But you didn’t expect that she’d already gotten her hands on the property deed, right?” Jonah frowned as he watched the two young ladies walk into the distance. There was some anger in his voice.

The orc went up a little, and softly said, “Do you think there’s a need for us to...”

“Snatch the property deed?” Jonah smiled. He turned around and looked at that orc gloomily. “You fool! Do you know how Bennett went down? Now the entire Chaos City is in jitters, and you’re still dumb enough to say something like that?”

“Besides, Bennett just went down a few days ago, and this shop already belongs to this woman. Do you think there is really no relation between her and the Gray Temple?”

"I've investigated her. This woman comes from the slums. She has no father, and grew up with her mother. She used to be an accountant in a small shop before this. Just a while ago, she became a service staff member at Mamy Restaurant. I doubt she has any backers," the orc said hesitantly.

"Idiot! Do you think the city lord's castle just chose a random person to elevate from poverty?!" Jonah was shaking mad. He waved his hand, and said, "Send out a warning. Without mine or my father's orders, do not lay a hand on this woman or Mamy Restaurant. No one will have a good ending if they get involved in this restaurant."

"But Master said that we have to get this shop. If this woman continues coming..."

"I will settle things on Father's side. Bennett has fallen, and it is both a good thing and a bad thing to the Marquis Family. Watch your words in the future. In the future, people will not spare us on account of Bennett anymore," Jonah warned sternly.

"Yes!" the orc answered quickly.

Jonah turned to walk downstairs. As he walked, he ordered, "Prepare the carriage. I want to go over to the teahouse."

The horse-drawn carriage quickly pulled over at the tea house named "Ben". This was the most lavish teahouse in Chaos City. Because Bennett was arrested, this place had been closed for days. However, the seals pasted by the people from the city lord's castle and the Gray Temple were already taken down. There were even a few big demons and orcs guarding by the door.

"Young Master," all of them greeted respectfully when they saw Jonah alight from the horse-drawn carriage.

Jonah glanced at the seals that were thrown aside with a frown, and asked, "Is Father inside?"

"Yes, Master is inside," answered one demon as he opened the door for Jonah.

In the opulent tea room, Bowen was leaning by the fireplace relaxedly with a boiling pot of tea in front of him. He had a mink blanket covering his legs as he watched the steam rise slowly from the pot. When he saw Jonah enter, he smilingly said, "Take a seat."

"Father, isn't it a little inappropriate to remove the seal without the Gray Temple's permission?" Jonah asked straight away after taking a seat in front of Bowen.

Bowen picked up the teapot, filled a cup with tea, and placed the cup in front of Jonah. Smiling, he said, "Try this tea from Vic Mountain."

"Father..." Jonah called out worriedly. He didn't pick up the teacup.

"Jonah, do you think Bennett's incident is a good thing to us or a bad thing?" Bennett asked.

Jonah thought carefully, and said, "Bennett had done many illegal things, so there is a chance that he might implicate the entire family one day. Now that he's caught, it means that the Marquis Family has gotten rid of a ticking time bomb. It's not considered a bad thing."

“Whatever Bennett had, was all part of the family. But, it all belonged to him, and not us. Now that he was arrested, and he left us with all this mess, we definitely are not going to take it. However, some of the things, if thrown away, are a great loss to us and to the family.” Bowen took a sip of tea and smiled eerily. “It’s okay for us to forgo those assets that aren’t clean, but for those that we should take, we can’t let a single one of them go.

“Don’t worry about the city lord’s castle and the Gray Temple. The Marquis Family has been in Chaos City for so long. If we can’t even hold on to our family’s assets, what does it make of our background as one of the four major families?”

“But...”

“Just watch. These assets are ours.” Bowen broke into a smile, and motioned for Jonah to drink the tea.

Chapter 1576: Grandpa Ian Is Fishing

“My lord, according to Chaos City’s laws, Bennett is steeped in crime, and deserved to be severely punished, but his properties don’t belong to him personally. The teahouse, shops, and restaurants, etc., are all properties of the Marquis Family. They shouldn’t be confiscated too.”

“Yes, my lord. There is no evidence that these properties are involved in illegal business. Such a cookie-cutter method is simply too hasty and unfair to the Marquis Family.”

“My lord...”

Michael listened to his officials’ advice with a frown. With a dark expression, he said, “Bennett’s case is undergoing investigation. You all don’t get to decide if those properties are legal or not.”

An elderly official stood up with alert eyes, and said to Michael, “My lord, our Chaos City has always been ruled by laws. Judicial fairness is our foundation. If we can’t even guarantee this, I’m afraid we will disappoint our residents.”

“I have never doubted using laws to rule the city, and will never touch its bottom line,” Michael said to that official with a solemn expression before he swept his gaze across all the officials present. Using a harsher tone, he continued, “However, if anyone is trying to attribute the properties to the wrong person and confuse the situation, I will never condone it. Bennett’s affair is only the beginning of our Chaos City’s efforts in overhauling the underworld. Don’t expect that there will be any flukes.”

A few of the officials avoided Michael’s gaze in a panic.

“We should have done this a long time ago.” The elderly official who stood up earlier nodded his head with consolation.

“The meeting is dismissed.” Michael got up and walked to the door.

“My lord, the Marquises had already torn off the seal on the teahouse, and got their people to settle in there,” Dicus said as he followed after Michael.

“Who gave them the approval?” Michael frowned.

“The Department of Property Rights gave them the approval note. According to the regulations, they have the permission to decide on such properties whose rights are not confirmed yet. The Marquis Family submitted their request, so the process complied with regulations,” Dicus answered.

“Ha. They even dared to give the approval note at this time. The four major families have really stretched their arms out too far.” Michael smirked with a dark expression.

“Do we need to inform the Department of Property Rights first?”

“There’s no need to. I want to see how far they can go.” Michael shook his head, and continued in a low voice, “It’s time to cleanse the interior of the city lord’s castle too. Otherwise, they might forget whom they are serving. If the interest of the four major families looms over the laws, then Chaos City will have no place to stand.”

“Yes.” Dicus’s expression became serious. After a moment of silence, he continued, “Apart from that, the commercial property that the Gray Temple gave to Mamy Restaurant’s Miss Rena was also snatched by the Marquis Family.”

“Something like that actually happened?” Michael halted, frowning, and asked, “Who gave the permission this time round?”

“The Department of Property Rights seemed to have given them a note.”

“Seems like there is indeed no one capable after old Marquis has died.” Michael chuckled and continued walking.

“Do we need to send people there to mediate?”

Michael shook his head. “Don’t bother with it. Someone will be teaching them a lesson, and it will be neater than us doing it. However, the Department of Property Rights is rotten to the core. Make a trip to the Gray Temple on my behalf later.”

“Yes.” Dicus nodded as he pondered if the Gray Temple was going to interfere with this matter. They gave the property away, so it seemed right for them to interfere.

“Did anything fun happen in the city recently?” Ian smilingly asked as he sat next to a fishpond with a fishing rod, his sight fixed on the buoy.

“There are quite a lot of interesting things recently. Bennett from the Marquis Family has gone under. All his dirty deeds were dug out, and he most likely is never going to get out.” Scheer, who was sitting next to him, grabbed a handful of biscuits and tossed them into the pond. A big school of fish crowded over.

Ian sighed, and lamented, “That little fellow was already on the wrong path since he was young. His father was also an a**hole. It’s a pity that he ended up like this.”

“He deserved it, so what’s there to pity?” Scheer pursed her lips.

“This matter has gotten too far. The city lord’s castle will most probably start to rectify the issues soon. You are the head of the family now, so you’ve got to make sure that our family members do not extend their hands where they are not supposed to. You mustn’t be careless.”

“Whoever dares to extend their hands, I will break them,” Scheer solemnly said. “There are so many legal ways to earn money, so don’t blame me for being ruthless if they want to be involved in illegal dealings.”

“Haha. You lass, you have my style.” Ian looked at Scheer with satisfaction as he chuckled. “If it was your father or your uncles, they would never say or do something like that.”

“This matter concerns the survival of our family. I have a steelyard in my heart. Those methods are not for the long term, and could never make a family prosper,” Scheer answered seriously.

“Alright, alright. You go get yourself busy. All the fish are so well-fed by you, so what am I going to fish now?” Ian said with disdain.

“Hmm. Then, you will fish all by yourself here.” Scheer tossed all the remaining little biscuits into the pond, and left with a smile.

“This lass...” Ian watched Scheer’s retreating back with resignation before tossing his straight hook into the school of fish leisurely as he muttered to himself, “Jeffree, that old fellow, is indeed not as carefree as me.”

In an opulent private room, smoke was whiffing around. Cyril was lying in the bosom of a blonde beauty as he was intoxicated by a magic potion.

A young master in a long golden robe lying across from him smilingly asked, “Young Master Cyril, what have you been doing recently? Are there any new ways to make money?”

“Sigh. Don’t talk about it. I am so pissed off by a stupid girl recently,” Cyril spat out with a dark expression.

He had heard that Blue Suede Fashion’s business was booming, and was already the most profitable and reputable female fashion store in Chaos City. One could even say it was making loads of money every single day.

And the doubtful voices in the family had begun to lean toward Gloria as she went against the flow to turn Blue Suede around, and even created a new industry.

Meanwhile, his blacksmith shops’ performance was simply lukewarm, and the advancement of their production capacity had begun to weaken. Given his capability, there was no way he could make them in a short time.

“Then, let me tell you about a good business. Have you heard about what happened to Bennett from the Marquis Family recently?”

“Everyone knows about that.” Cyril pursed his lips. He didn’t care too much about the business of this unsavory friend of his.

“Everyone indeed knows about that, but not many people know that many gamblers and johns had nowhere to go after Bennett was arrested, and all his gambling dens and brothels were sealed. They are all very restless lately.” That person snickered. “If we go and open a few gambling dens and brothels now, and get some of those drugs to sell to those people, then wouldn’t earning money be as easy as a piece of cake.”

Cyril immediately sat up with glowing eyes, and said, “There’s something like that! Are you for real?”

Chapter 1577: You Came To Learn How To Brew Rum From The Master Again?

On the next day after Connie ascended to the throne, on behalf of the Falk Tribe, she and Irina released a joint announcement. They declared that the Falk Tribe would form a mutual aid alliance with the Night Elves, and work together to defend the world’s peace.

This joint announcement soon reached all corners of the Norland Continent, and caused quite a stir.

Nobody knew how that previously unknown little princess gained the favor of the Hairless Monk and Princess Irina at the same time and became one of the few people at the very top of the Norland Continent’s pinnacle of power.

The Wind Forest naturally had the biggest reaction, and immediately released a warning to remind the Falk Tribe to be aware of their relationship with the Night Elves. Otherwise, they would be deemed the elves’ enemies.

Shortly after, the Aug Tribe also released an announcement, expressing their objection toward the alliance of the Falk Tribe and the Night Elves. They even instigated the other orc tribes to isolate the Falk Tribe.

The several followers of the Aug Tribe followed their lead, and released a similar announcement. They even tried their best to hint that Connie would be a weak leader after she inherited the Falk Tribe.

A storm of taking sides soon swept through the Twilight Forest.

But what was unexpected was that the tribes didn’t all take the Aug Tribe’s side.

On the contrary, many tribes who were sitting on the fence because Isaiah was killed in the rebellion took the Falk Tribe’s side. Their number was almost equal to Isaiah’s era.

A banquet on the long table in the palace was going on.

There was a plate of steak in front of everyone. The red wine in the glass was giving out a seductive glow in the candlelight.

Irina lifted her wine glass as she smiled at Connie. “In the light of the present situation, the pro-war factions and the pro-peace factions in the Twilight Forest are almost equal in power now. Auster’s plot has failed because of your ascension. He wouldn’t have the power to gather the orc species together in a short time now.”

“However, what if he still wants to start a war?” Connie worriedly asked as she held a glass of juice.

“Although the Aug Tribe and the tribes that follow his lead are rather powerful, it is impossible for him to fight for territory in the continent after losing the support of half of the orc tribes. Even the goblins could give him a hard time.” Mag pursed his lips. He was no longer worried about that.

Although the process had completely exceeded his expectations and plans, the current situation in the Twilight Forest had already reached his initial anticipation. Connie had become the Falk Tribe’s new chief, and with Rex’s protection, he didn’t have to worry about political instability at all.

Furthermore, with all the tribes in two different camps, it had already been decided that the Twilight Forest couldn’t be unified. Even if Auster had the plan, he also would need to have the power to implement it.

As long as no huge incidents happened, the orcs could no longer do anything much at the peace negotiation one month later.

Connie swirled the juice, and perplexedly asked Mag, “However, why am I still drinking fruit juice after I become the chief?”

“Juvenile chiefs are not allowed to drink. That’s the rule,” Mag replied to her seriously.

Connie nodded after thinking about it seriously. “Alright. This fruit juice is actually quite nice.”

“Big Sister Connie, is being chief fun?” Amy asked Connie with curiosity.

Everyone turned to look at Connie too as they prepared to listen to her feelings after being chief for two days.

“Hmm...” Connie gave it some serious thoughts before she shrugged. “I still think delivery is more fun. I simply need to send the items where they are supposed to go. It’s simple and easy, and I don’t need to think about too many problems, but being chief is different. They report so many things to me daily. For example, how many lambs the sheep have given birth to, whose traps are being destroyed by the neighboring tribe... Why do I have to know all this?”

Everyone was looking at her with pity. Listening to her, being chief didn’t seem like a fun thing to do at all.

Mag seriously pondered as he watched Connie. He, too, couldn’t understand what was so attractive about that position that those fellows tried all their means to crawl their way up to.

At least to him, power was indeed unattractive. The joy that it could bring couldn’t even match up to his customers’ praises or Amy’s cute behavior.

“Boss, are you all going back tomorrow’s morning?” Connie asked Mag.

“Yes. We have already ditched the customers for three days. I am afraid they will tear down the restaurant if we don’t return soon.” Mag nodded.

Actually, they were supposed to leave today, but they decided to stay one more day for Connie. Besides helping her manage the situation, they could also have a proper farewell.

Connie was the Falk Tribe's chief now. The Falk Tribe had a thousand things to do after going through this catastrophe, and the Aug Tribe was watching them with evil intentions, so there was no way Connie could return, and continue to be the courier with no sense of direction.

"I'm sorry. Because I am tasked with the burden to revive the tribe, I cannot undertake the important task of being the restaurant's courier now. I know this is a great loss to the restaurant, and could very likely paralyze the delivery business. About this, I am full of self-reproach..."

"Don't worry. The only customer who orders delivery from the restaurant is now in your tribe, so I can still withstand this loss." Mag rolled his eyes. Their delivery service would indeed end after Connie left. However, it was fine... After all, he didn't depend on the delivery for business, and could bury it on the spot now.

"Boohoo... I will miss all of you..."

Connie's eyes suddenly became red, and tears began to fall from them. She cried like an aggrieved child.

Miya, who was sitting next to her, went closer and hugged her. She wiped her tears off, and smilingly said, "It's alright, Connie. You can always visit us when you are not so busy in the future. We can always come, and visit you during our off days in the future too. Anyway, I know how to fly now, and it would be very fast."

"Yes, yes. Big Sister Connie, you must come back to visit us frequently." Amy nodded. After a moment of thought, she passed Ugly Duckling in her arms to her. "I can let you squeeze Ugly Duckling."

"When I am more powerful, I can set up a super-long-distance teleportation portal between your palace and the restaurant. It will be very easy for us to visit each other then." Babla crossed her arms.

"Really?" Connie's eyes glowed, and she asked, "Babla, when could that happen?"

"Ahem... P-perhaps after I reached the 9th-tier." Babla cleared her throat with embarrassment.

"Fantastic. There are only two tiers left. You've got to work hard now," Connie encouraged her.

Babla lifted her chin up again as she proudly said, "Strictly speaking, it should be just one tier and a little more. I feel I am about to break through now."

The farewell dinner ended in a happy ambiance. After putting Amy to bed, Mag snuck out and went to the Stone Alley alone.

"Ha. You came to learn how to brew rum from the master again?" Irina was sitting on the threshold and swinging her legs as she smilingly asked Mag, who was about to knock on the door.

Chapter 1578: This Is Definitely A Freaking Mechanical Genius!

"Woah..."

Mag was so scared that he jumped one big step backward. He looked up at Irina, who suddenly appeared on the threshold, and paled as if he was a little man who was caught by his wife red-handed as soon as he entered the red-light district. He forced out a smile. "Frankly speaking... I really came to learn how to brew rum today."

“Ha, men.” Irina took a wine gourd out of nowhere. She twisted open the cap, and took a big gulp.

A beauty drinking under the moonlight. What a beautiful scene.

It was a pity... that Mag really didn't know how to appreciate that now.

He did indeed come to learn how to brew rum. After all, the mission that was set by the system on learning to brew rum wasn't complete yet, so he had to rush to learn how to do it by tonight.

“You are indeed trying to learn a new skill everywhere you go. Why did I never realize you love learning so much in the past?” Irina put away the wine gourd and met Mag's eyes.

“Learning is a matter that we will have to persevere for our entire life so we can keep pace with the times,” Mag solemnly replied.

“Who said that?”

“Zhou Shuren.”

“Who's that?”

“Lu Xun.”

“Who is Lu Xun?”

“A man who said learning medicine couldn't save China.”

“The medics are indeed rather useless. After all, not every one of them can smack people with chairs like me.”

Mag cocked an eyebrow as he felt these words sounded quite right too. He began to sincerely say, “Therefore, that is my purpose for coming here today. The maiden here is the Falk Tribe's best brewer and the best rum brewer on the Norland Continent. We will be going back tomorrow, so I have to learn how to brew rum from her tonight.”

“Alright. I'm not going to stop you even if you really want to try something else. That's if you have the guts.” Irina leaped off the threshold, and landed in front of Mag. “What do you intend to do with that fellow?”

“Put him in a burlap sack and bring him back with us first. We could just say it's a special product when we enter the city. It should be fine,” Mag said after some pondering.

“That will do too. I need to go out tonight, and I will be bringing some special product back.” Irina nodded, and then turned to leave.

“What are you bringing back?” Mag tried to verify with Irina's back.

“I've heard some fellows in the Twilight Forest loved to collect elven maids,” Irina answered, and then disappeared on the spot.

A giant purplish-golden beast quickly flew over at the periphery of the Falk Tribe, and soon disappeared again.

“They could have so many other hobbies. Why did they have to collect maids? And elven maids some more.” Mag sighed. It seemed like the Twilight Forest wouldn’t be too peaceful tonight.

Knock, knock...

Mag went up to knock.

The door opened shortly, and a fragrant breeze greeted his nose. A figure dashed out, and was about to throw herself into Mag’s arms.

“Miss, please maintain your decorum.” Mag took two steps back, put out his hand, and pressed on the forehead of Hannah, who was dashing over.

Although Irina had left, nobody knew if she had really left?

“I just want to express my happiness for the mission’s success.” Hannah rubbed her forehead, which was red from being stabbed by Mag’s finger.

“Let’s go in and talk.” Mag walked into the yard resignedly. Perhaps this maiden had been living on her own for too long, but her train of thoughts was a little problematic.

“Alrighty.” Hannah immediately closed the door and caught up with Mag. She asked with anticipation, “The mission is a success. Does the organization have any new arrangement for me? Are you here to give me a new mission and instructions?”

“The organization wants you to remain here, and wait for further instructions,” Mag replied with a stern face.

“Huh...” Hannah looked deflated immediately after hearing that. She seemed to have all her energy sapped out from her body at that moment.

“I lied.” Mag couldn’t help chuckling. This maiden was really into it.

“That’s so bad~!” Hannah clenched her fists, but soon again expectantly asked Mag, “Then, what plans does the organization have for me? I already can’t wait to offer my body for the organization!”

“Offer your body?” Mag frowned as he felt something was rather wrong with this term.

“Yes. Offering my body.” Hannah pulled her clothes to her sides to reveal her sexy collarbones with no hesitation.

“Wait a minute... Put on your clothes properly. That isn’t the meaning of ‘offering your body’...” Mag quickly pulled her clothes back together, and looked around him with guilt. It was fortunate that Irina had left, or else he would never be able to clear his name.

“It wasn’t that? I remembered there was a phrase in the declaration when I joined the organization: I am willing to offer my body for the organization’s cause!” Hannah looked at Mag with doubt.

Mag couldn’t bother to explain to her further, and simply seriously said, “Comrade Old Sim, the organization orders you to teach Comrade Mag how to brew rum right now.”

“Yes! Old Sim obeys the organization’s instructions!” Hannah, too, replied solemnly. As she brought Mag to the brewing room, she turned around when she reached the door to carefully ask Mag, “What does the organization intend to do with me after this mission is complete? Can I... I’m saying is it possible... maybe there’s any hope... that I can leave here?”

Mag was taken aback by Hannah, who had glistening eyes, and he asked, “Are you thinking of leaving the Falk Tribe?”

“I...” A gleam flashed through Hannah’s eyes, but she soon lowered her head, and softly said, “I will obey the organization’s instructions. If the organization needs me to stay here, then I will continue to stay here.”

Looking at Hannah, Mag suddenly felt sorry for her. Old Sim had been guarding this tribe for his whole life, and Hannah took over his code name, and continued to guard here after he died.

They persevered for years as if it were only days, waiting for the secret code name that they might never ever hear in their entire lives.

Such a life was indeed extremely boring.

However, there were indeed such a group of people who persevered silently.

Without the need for any more words, Mag could also guess Hannah’s thoughts. After a moment of silence, he said, “I haven’t received any instructions from the organization yet. I will tell you the concrete outcome tomorrow.”

“Alright.” A smile appeared on Hannah’s face again. She pushed open the door of the brewing room, and a comforting alcohol fragrance greeted them. After the oil lamps on the wall were lit, the distillation apparatuses with pipes crisscrossing everywhere appeared in front of Mag.

Although they were not glass pipes, as a dabbler designer, he knew very well what these machines were for.

He simply didn’t expect a brewery in an orc tribe could have such advanced mechanical equipment. The brewing technology was even closer to the level of industrialization.

“I retrofitted these machines whenever I was feeling bored in the past. The furnace’s heat isn’t strong enough, and the Falk Tribe doesn’t have a lot of metal, so it didn’t reach the level I expected. Otherwise, it could have been done even better. Even though the rum brewed isn’t as good as those that are brewed by hand, it’s good enough to brew normal rum.” Hannah knocked on the machine next to her, and turned to smile at Mag. “The most important thing is, it saves me time and effort. I don’t stay here all day to brew rum.”

This is definitely a freaking mechanical genius! Mag was staring at Hannah with glowing eyes.

Chapter 1579: Ding! Congratulations, Host

“What do you want to do?” Hannah grasped her skirt as she looked at Mag, who was staring at her with glowing eyes. She bit her lower lip, and hesitantly said, “Even though you are my superior, and the organization said we had to obey all orders... If the request is overboard, I will have to consider it...”

“What are you thinking about?” Mag rolled his eyes, and retrieved his gaze from her. He walked one round in the brewing room with an oil lamp, and carefully appraised the distillation machines. It was hard to imagine that a young maiden like her could come up with these by herself in her simple and crude cellar. Although her skills were not as good as those of professional dwarven blacksmiths, her genius ideas and ability to make them still proved Mag’s idea.

This maiden rum brewer was also a genius mechanic at the same time.

“Do you make these by yourself?” Mag turned to confirm with Hannah again.

“Yes.” Hannah nodded, and regretfully said, “This is the first version. I have already come up with the blueprint of the third version, but I can’t make certain things, so I had to put it aside.”

“Where is the blueprint?” Mag asked her with great interest.

“Didn’t you come here to learn how to brew rum? Why are you so interested in the machines?” Hannah looked at Mag with befuddlement, but her gaze was a little excited. This was the first time someone was interested in her machines, so she asked, “Do you really want to see them?”

“Yes. I am very interested in such stuff.” Mag nodded. Learning how to brew rum wouldn’t take much time. He was much more interested in Hannah’s drawings. If this wasn’t the best she could do, then he could have found an excellent partner for certain plans in his future.

“Please wait a sec.” Hannah quickly strode into the innermost area of the brewing room. After searching through the table for a while, she dug out a stack of blueprints. She came over to pass them to Mag.

“Have a look. This is my third version’s blueprint. I have simplified the entire structure, but the brewing efficiency has increased. I wanted to change some of these metal pipes into transparent crystal pipes so I don’t have to worry about the corrosion of the metal to change the taste of the rum...” Hannah pointed at the blueprint as she introduced it to Mag.

The layout of the blueprint was a little messy, but the lines and labels were very standardized and easy to read.

As a person who graduated from the mechanical design major, Mag had no problem understanding these drawings.

He had visited an alcohol distillation plant during his university days, and seen his professor dissecting the structure of a distillation apparatus in class before.

Therefore, he could say that Hannah’s third version of the distilling machine had reached a professional factory’s level.

As the design objective of a master brewer, Mag even believed the rum that was made by this distillation machine would be even better than the factory made ones.

“Is it too messy? Can you understand it?” Hannah asked Mag embarrassedly, lowering her voice. She couldn’t help it after she saw that Mag was quiet while she was explaining excitedly.

“No. This is one of the most perfect blueprints that I have ever seen.” Mag smilingly shook his head, and kept the blueprints solemnly. Turning to Hannah, who was already a very famous master brewer at such a young age, he asked, “What is your dream?”

“Dream?” Hannah was stunned. After pondering the question seriously, she replied, “I want to turn my drawings into real machines so I can let more people taste the rum that I made.”

Mag looked into Hannah’s glowing eyes and smiled. “Come with me. I will bring you to Chaos City and fulfill your dream.”

“Really!?” Hannah widened her eyes, and then hesitantly asked, “Didn’t you say the organization hadn’t decided what to do about me yet?”

“As long as you are willing, I will make all the arrangements. You don’t have to worry.” Mag shook his head with a smile. Although Hannah was the Gray Temple’s informant, the Falk Tribe’s affairs had concluded, and there wasn’t a need to activate her within a short time.

It would be a waste to leave such a talent back here in the mountains.

Simply building these machines and opening a brewery in Chaos City could earn him, the angel investor, tons of money as long as Hannah could ensure the quality of the rum.

Of course, Mag had even higher expectations for Hannah. One didn’t get to meet such talent easily.

“I am willing. Of course, I am willing!” Hannah nodded her head vigorously, and spun around on the spot happily. She had wanted to leave the Falk Tribe for years. The people of the organization had come, and she could finally leave.

“When are we leaving? Are we leaving overnight?” Hannah already couldn’t wait.

Mag smiled with exasperation. “What’s the hurry? We are not eloping. Keep the blueprints and teach me how to brew rum first. After that, you will pack up your belongings, and we will leave in the morning.”

“Alright.” Hannah kept the drawings nimbly. She then brought Mag to a machine, and began to explain to him how to brew an exceptional bottle of rum.

Rum used cane sugar as one of its raw ingredients. There was a patch of land beyond the Falk Tribe that was very suitable for cultivating sugar cane, and it supplied excellent sugar cane as a raw ingredient for rum.

Brewing a bottle of excellent rum wasn’t any easier than the vinification of wine.

After Mag learned about the brewing techniques of rum systematically under Hannah’s instructions, he began to try to brew rum on his own.

The brewing room looked rather dim under the oil lamps’ light, and steam gushed out from the machine’s opening at the top. Mag stood in front of the machine seriously as he followed Hannah’s instructions stringently and operated it.

Meanwhile, Mag had already chased Hannah out to pack her belongings, and prepare for their trip tomorrow.

“Finally...” When it was almost dawn, Mag finally smiled as he lifted up a small cup of clear rum, and the soothing aroma of it greeted him.

This was rum that hadn’t even fermented in the oak barrel yet, but it was already giving out a mesmerizing aroma.

“Ding! Congratulations, Host. You have already roughly mastered the brewing techniques of rum! You have completed the mission!

“Ding! Congratulations for receiving: mastery of the brewing techniques! You have also received three new alcoholic beverages’ brewing techniques!

“The Host can learn to brew any three types of alcohol from the alcohol depository!”

Right then, the system sounded in Mag’s head.

“Dukang, Red Star Erguotou, Daughter’s Red[1], Jian Nanchun, Gujing Gongjiu, whiskey, brandy, vodka, tequila...” Mag looked at the alcohol list that popped up in his mind. It had almost covered all the alcohol types available, and it dazzled him. He had no idea which three he should choose.

Hannah returned to the brewing room, and anxiously asked Mag, “I have packed all my stuff, but... what should I do with these machines and the alcohol in my cellar?”

Chapter 1580: The Devil, Or Perhaps... A Great Old One

Early the next morning, Mag and the ladies boarded a 7th-tier magic beast, the Golden Armored Condor that the Falk Tribe used to ferry their VIPs, and set off on their return journey.

Irina sent Mag a message last night, saying that she would be returning with the ladies that she had rescued first.

Furthermore, while they were saying goodbye to Connie in the morning, she told them which tribes in the Twilight Forest were targeted last night. Some of them even sent their remaining elven maids over to the Falk Tribe in a rush, and begged them to hand them over on their behalf.

They estimated that the Twilight Forest would not have any orcs who would keep elven maids for a very long time.

After all... those fellows who used to show off everywhere were all crying over their lost weiners at home now.

This punishment’s shock and awe effect was indeed far greater than killing them all.

This... is indeed very like Irina. Mag raised his eyebrows, and clamped his legs together instinctively.

As for Hannah’s distillation machines and exquisite brews stored in the cellar, Mag could only help her get rid of them on the spot. The machines were dismantled and sold for scraps, and the rum stored in the cellars was sold to the aristocrats in the city.

This made Hannah's heart ache badly. However, since she was sure that she would never return, she wasn't too resistant to this solution.

"Father is bringing back another beautiful big sister after returning from a trip again," Amy muttered softly as she peeped at Hannah sitting at a side.

Mag happened to hear that, and his mouth twitched. He smiled, and explained, "Big Sister Hannah is a very formidable brewer. She will most probably work with all of us in the restaurant for some time."

Hannah stood up, and shyly greeted everyone, "I am Hannah. I hope all of you can guide me along."

"Nice to meet you, Hannah. I am Miya..."

They were considered acquainted after everyone introduced themselves.

All the ladies are so beautiful and nice. This is fantastic... Hannah, who was initially worried that she wouldn't be able to blend in, was feeling ecstatic now. She was also full of anticipation for her new life.

"Have a rest first, everyone. Although the Golden Armored Condor is fast, we will only be arriving at Chaos City at noon, just in time for lunch." Mag smiled at all of them. He was already lying in a reclining chair comfortably, and closing his eyes for a short rest.

The Falk Tribe's trip had concluded, and the result was satisfying.

However, the existence of the black fog and the Great Old Ones made him feel rather uneasy.

Since the other party didn't intend to remain silent in ruin, then they would definitely have a battle with this world.

A singular power had no way to handle such a catastrophe and opponents. They needed to have more allies, even all the powers in this world to resist those Great Old Ones.

As for how to persuade those fellows who were only thinking about fighting for territory and conquering the world, make them understand the dire situation that the Norland Continent was in now, and get them to agree to make concessions and form alliances, it was a problem that caused him an extremely bad headache.

Comparatively, cooking is indeed an easy and relaxing affair. Mag sighed in his heart. He thought he had gotten the God of Cookery's script, but he had just discovered that things weren't as simple as he had thought now.

"Big Sister Hannah, what is in your little gourd?"

"It's the most precious aged rum base. My grandpa stored it after he brewed it 50 years ago. There are 15 barrels..."

When it was about noon, Chaos City appeared in their sight.

Hannah was getting familiar with all the ladies after spending a whole morning with them.

With Miya's enthusiastic guidance, Hannah's integration process was very smooth. She was no longer as awkward and restrained as in the morning.

"Is that Chaos City? What a huge city!" Hannah stared at that huge square city in front with gradually widening eyes in disbelief.

She had gained some knowledge on this trip. She had seen the mountains and rivers beyond the Falk Tribe and many big cities and small towns.

However, all those cities and towns could only be considered as a tiny village when compared to the big city in front of them.

Even if one put the entire Falk Tribe in there, it would only have taken up a small corner.

"Yes. That is Chaos City, and it's where we are going to live." Miya smiled. She wasn't any better than Hannah when she first saw this scene the very first time that she flew up into the air.

"How many people are living there?" Hannah asked curiously.

"Apparently, it has over 1,000,000 people, but it should exceed that number," Miya replied after thinking for a while.

"Over 1,000,000..." Hannah covered her mouth. There were only about 50,000 people in the entire Falk Tribe, and it was already considered as a big tribe in the Twilight Forest, but this city actually had over 1,000,000 people living in it. What a scary number!

The Golden Armored Condor landed outside the city. Mag left right away after he got to the ground, and told the ladies, "You all go back first. I have to settle something first. I will return to cook lunch for you all very soon."

"Let's go, Hannah. We will return to the restaurant first." Miya looped her arm around Hannah's, and everyone followed them into the city.

In a secret chamber, Rolan shook Mag's hands, and solemnly said, "We have already received the intel about the specific situation. Mr. Mag, you have completed your mission perfectly, and made a huge contribution to the world's peace."

Regarding the orcs, after Isaiah was killed in the rebellion, they already lost their control, and were no longer able to stop Auster from unifying the Twilight Forest, and leading the orcs to start a war.

However, Mag's trip had shattered Auster's plots and plans, and returned the Falk Tribe under the pro-peace factions' control. This made the Twilight Forest controllable, and pulled the orcs back from the edge of war successfully.

"My lord, you're too kind with your praises. This is the result of the efforts of everyone in the restaurant," Mag humbly said with a smile. However, he soon stopped smiling, and said to Rolan with a lowered voice, "However, we have gained far more than that, but that gain is not something that can make people smile."

“This is?” Rolan looked at the stone box that Mag took out.

“This is a statue that Rex found on the location that the Urba Tribe cannibalized one another after they were controlled by the devil 300[1] years ago.” Mag passed the stone box to Rex, and reminded, “Do not stare into its eyes, as it can be dangerous.”

Rolan’s expression turned grave after hearing that. Descriptions of the devil appeared repeatedly in the secret missive. Moreover, Mag was saying that this thing was related to the devil, and related to the Urba Tribe’s tragic massacre in the past; hence, it had to be an extremely ominous object.

Rolan received the stone box with both hands, and put it on a table. He took a deep breath, and then opened the stone box in a swift move.

The statue was only palm-sized, but it gave out an immensely terrifying sensation. He felt his soul tremble simply after he looked into the blood-red eyes for a brief moment, as if he was targeted by some terrifying existence.

Rolan quickly retrieved his gaze, shocked, and asked Mag, “Th-this is?”

“The devil, or perhaps... a Great Old One,” Mag replied calmly. He felt that his throat was a little dry too.