

Stay At home 1681

Chapter 1681: This Is Fricking Against The Rules!

“Boss Mag, did you guys just come out after having hot pot?” Sargerass quickly stood up after he saw Mag and the ladies come out.

Kiel, Mond, and the rest quickly stood up too. Mond even swiftly swallowed the piping hot beef before they all looked at Mag reverently.

“Yes. We came to try it out on the opening day.” Mag nodded with a smile before waving his hands downwards. “Please continue eating and ignore us.”

He had to admit that the way the Burning Legion ate hot pot was far more eye-catching than he had imagined. People could see the rising flames 100 meters away. Those who had no idea would think that they were having a bonfire celebration here.

Furthermore, even those pedestrians that weren’t attracted by them having the hot pot were toasting themselves by their flames and chatting among themselves. It wasn’t easy to find such a big furnace with such a stable temperature.

The lava demons had at least brought 200 customers to Mana Hot Pot Restaurant by eating their meal out there.

He could see that the food items on the four trolleys were almost finished. If he was Rena, he would give them another trolley of food free of charge. Their effect was equivalent to a high-end demonstrating team.

Amy had invited her friends to come to the house to play in the afternoon, so Mag and she bid farewell to Miya and the ladies at the restaurant’s entrance. It was their rare off day, so the ladies decided to go shopping and spend their current month’s salary, which they had just received.

Daphne and Ignatsu came together shortly after they returned to the restaurant. Jessica was sent there by her mother.

After making an ice cream for each child and sending the children to play in the playroom on the second floor, Mag, who was finally free, went to the study, which was also on the second floor. He took out a book about the Cthulhu Mythos from a shelf and started reading.

The previous plan to investigate the Thunderstorm Mountains at night was canceled due to Krassu, but they should be making a trip there again soon.

Those Great Old Ones were too mysterious. He was almost trapped by a carving previously, so he didn’t dare to bring Irina there to break into the sealed place right away. They had to wait for Urien and Krassu to go with them together as the two great magic casters would give them more protection.

Cassia saw Isaac, who was assisted through the door, and frowned. “How did you end up like this?”

Isaac embarrassedly smiled. "We had a little conflict with their customers when I was promoting our hot pot restaurant. Don't worry, it's all minor wounds."

"Have you found out about Mana Hot Pot Restaurant's details? How is their business on their opening day?" Cassia asked straight away, without any concern for Isaac's injuries.

"Boss, those demons sat next to that hot pot restaurant after they beat up the manager, and we weren't allowed to get close." The bony man looked at Cassia, and carefully said, "I think those guys are bouncers employed by Mana Hot Pot Restaurant."

"Idiots! I asked you to find out what they are selling so that we can cut their supply chain. What are you doing by going over there to look for a fight? Are your brains fried?" roared Cassia.

The skinny man's trembled, and he almost knelt down right on the spot.

Isaac, too, was frightened, and said, "Don't be angry, Boss. I simply wanted to poach their customers for our restaurant initially to increase our customers' source. Secondly, I want them to have no business on their opening day. I didn't expect to bump into those thugs..."

"Get straight to the point. How's their business?" Cassia asked coldly.

"Those thugs have instead attracted some customers for them when they were eating by the restaurant's door. Currently... their business is still fine. However, that restaurant is indeed related to Mamy Restaurant," whispered Isaac softly.

"They are indeed related to Mamy Restaurant?" Cassia's expression became even more sullen.

"Yes." Isaac nodded his head carefully.

"Alright. All of you get out! I am going over there to see for myself." Cassia grabbed his mink coat, and walked to the door with his secretary. Two orcs in workout clothes followed closely after him.

Cassia looked out of his horse-drawn carriage shortly after it drove out. He saw that busy scene a short distance away. Hundreds of people were surrounding a bonfire. It was that newly opened Mana Hot Pot Restaurant.

"What are they doing? Why are they having a bonfire party in the middle of the day? Why are there so many people watching them?" Cassia murmured to himself with a frown.

"Stop. I am walking over," said Cassia when the carriage was about 100 meters away. The vehicle stopped, and he walked toward Mana Hot Pot Restaurant with his secretary, who had big wavy blonde hair.

Over 100 people had gathered at the hot pot restaurant's entrance, and there were still passers-by converging at the entrance nonstop.

There were also many customers going into the hot pot restaurant. Their business was already considered very good for a restaurant on its first day.

One had to know that Cassia Hot Pot didn't even have so many customers after opening for one month.

“I didn’t expect their business would be so good on their first day. Perhaps they also have some big promotions going on?” Cassia furrowed his brows tightly. This wasn’t good news to his hot pot restaurant.

A spicy aroma got more and more distinct as he got closer to the hot pot restaurant’s entrance. It was an aroma that was rather similar to Mamy Restaurant’s hot pot’s.

Cassia also got the idea of opening hot pot restaurants from Mamy Restaurant. He had the hot pot once when he was invited to a friend’s dinner party, and was amazed by that exquisite taste. He felt something big could be done right on the spot. However, Mamy Restaurant’s hot pot was priced so high that ordinary people couldn’t afford it, and he had the means to get all sorts of meat products at a low price.

Therefore, he bought a big shopfront instantly. He also found a few old chefs, and made them go eat hot pot at Mamy Restaurant every day so they could study that hot pot soup base. Finally, they came up with a soup base that 50% resembled Mamy Restaurant’s soup base, and they fixed the price at the average spending of 100 copper coins per person.

Just as he expected, after getting over the initial promotion period, his hot pot restaurant quickly welcomed the explosion period. Duck intestines and tripes were worthless at the markets, so they brought him an income of hundreds of thousands daily.

Right as he was starting to look for new shops to open another three new hot pot restaurants in Chaos City, he discovered a new hot pot restaurant had opened here quietly.

Mamy Restaurant wasn’t listed as his competitor, as they served two completely different clienteles. Furthermore, Mamy Restaurant wasn’t big, and could only accommodate a few hundred customers every day.

However, this gigantic hot pot restaurant was different. As long as their boss was of sound mind, they wouldn’t go and face off Mamy Restaurant. Hence, their direct competitor would be his Cassia Hot Pot Restaurant.

He had previously heard that Bowen and his son went to prison because of this shopfront, but he didn’t manage to find out whose hands this shopfront ended up in. He hadn’t expected that it would be related to Mamy Restaurant.

The hot pot aroma in the air was indeed 80% to 90% similar to Mamy Restaurant, and was much better than in Cassia Hot Pot Restaurant. Its aroma in the air was just like a live advertisement.

After pushing his way through the crowd, he finally saw what the crowd was looking at.

It wasn’t a bonfire.

It was a group of demons eating hot pot.

They had successfully demonstrated what a hot pot truly was. They made this cold winter feel like the hot summer.

“This is fricking against the rules!”

Chapter 1682: We Can Always Change If We Are Not Their Match

Cassia was stunned by the six demons eating furiously at the entrance. He was even more shocked that they could make eating hot pot look like an arts performance even though they looked so rugged.

A rousing fire in the winter was deadly seductive to the passers-by.

And after watching here for a while, most of them couldn't resist the temptation of the aroma, and wanted to go into the hot pot restaurant to try it out for themselves.

"Boss, are they actors?" the secretary whispered next to Cassia's ear.

"Regardless if they are actors or not, it proves that this boss is extraordinary," said Cassia gravely. He retracted his gaze from the demons, and walked toward the entrance.

"Welcome. May I know how many of you?" A tall and slim elf smilingly walked over to welcome them.

Cassia sized up that elven server before nodding with a smile. "Two of us."

"This way, please." The elf smilingly led Cassia in.

They are actually using elves as service staff? Elves who look like that have a monthly salary that is above 15,000 copper coins. Their cost is five times that of the normal human service staff. Cassia followed after that elf with a frown. There were indeed some restaurants that used elves or beautiful demons as hostesses to increase the number of customers entering the restaurants.

After walking through the door, Cassia's steps faltered as he looked at the majestic hall with shock.

Hundreds of hot pot tables were placed in the 1000-odd square meters hall. Its size was at least double of Cassia's hall, and approximately half of the seats were occupied now. The bubbling hot pots that gave out spicy aromas made the hall's ambiance very boisterous.

What shocked him even more was that all the service staff in this hot pot restaurant were elves!

Beautiful young elves were all over the hall, providing service to the customers with a smile.

There were about 30 elves scattered over the hall on the first floor. According to the market rate, they would need to pay at least 400,000 to 500,000 copper coins monthly to these elves as salary, and that was excluding the chefs' salary.

Meanwhile, the salary of all the chefs, service staff, and management staff in Cassia Hot Pot Restaurant was only 250,000 copper coins.

Perhaps the boss of Mamy Restaurant wanted to expand the scale of Mamy Restaurant's hot pot section? Is this restaurant using Mamy Restaurant as a benchmark? Cassia had a befuddled look. Only Mamy Restaurant on Aden Square could match up to such configurations.

"Sir?" The elf leading the way stopped, and turned around with a smile to ask him, "Which table would you like to have your meal at?"

"I like bustle, so find me a space in the center," replied Cassia smilingly.

"Sure, this way please." The elf nodded and led them to a table that was close to the center.

“Please wait for a moment. Someone will come to take your order very soon.” The elf server left with a smile.

The secretary looked around her with astonishment, and then said, “Boss, this hot pot restaurant is huge.”

“They still have a second floor.” Cassia threw a glance at the spiral staircase on his left. This hot pot restaurant had set up its main kitchen on the second floor, which was out of the norm. Furthermore, they even had private rooms set up on the second floor to accommodate the customers’ varying needs.

“Their business is so good. Will it affect our restaurant?” the secretary worriedly said while looking up at Cassia with her bright watery eyes.

“We’ll find out after we read the menu.” Cassia’s gaze was appraising the restaurant all over. The entire hall looked very open when he looked in from the entrance. Although it had some green plants as decoration, they didn’t affect the spaciousness of the area at all.

However, he only discovered after sitting down that even though the tables were placed rather closely, they all had some green plants or bamboo curtains as screens in between. This prevented the awkwardness of the customers from different tables looking at one other while they were eating.

Cassia pondered deeply. The dishes’ taste would dictate if the customers would come in and spend, while the dining experience would dictate if the customers would return again.

It’s indeed a restaurant opened by the boss of Mamy Restaurant. They’ve even considered all the details, Cassia murmured inwardly with a heavy heart.

An elf came over with a menu, smiling, and said, “Hello, excuse me. This is the menu. Please see what you want to order.”

Cassia received the menu. He took a deep breath before flipping open the menu.

Looking at the vivid pictures and prices on the menu, Cassia’s hands trembled slightly. Tiny beads of sweat began to appear on his forehead.

The secretary leaned forward slightly. She, too, covered her mouth in shock when she saw the prices on the menu.

The prices of all items on the menu were very close to the prices of Cassia Hot Pot Restaurant. The prices of the vegetarian items were even lower than those of Cassia Hot Pot Restaurant.

The elf was a little stunned by their reaction, but she didn’t show it. She simply stood at the side quietly.

“A set of the double-flavor hot pot, and then we would like to have the duck intestine, tripe, mala spicy beef, and these...” Cassia placed his order in a slightly hoarse voice.

“Sure, please give us a minute.” The elf took the menu back and left with a smile.

The secretary miserably asked Cassia, “Boss, what will we do now? Their prices are almost the same as ours.”

“Shut up,” said Cassia gravely. His right hand’s knuckles were knocking on the table gently, and he clenched his left hand subconsciously.

If he had to say which competitor he hated to face off with, it would be Mag for sure.

He had to admit that Mag was a genius chef who had created such delicious and unique food like hot pot.

Meanwhile, Cassia was simply a bad copycat. He had never wanted to surpass Mag, and had never even wanted to catch up with him.

He only wanted to earn some money at a different niche from Mamy Restaurant, one where they had no chance of ever interacting with each other.

However, he had never expected that Mag would go into the low-end hot pot market and make such an elaborate entrance.

Their similar pricing meant that they would be fighting over the same pool of customers. Mana Hot Pot Restaurant and Cassia Hot Pot Restaurant would have a very intense competition.

Cassia had indeed panicked.

After a while, the double-flavored pot and all the ingredients that Cassia had ordered were served.

The double-flavored pot was served in a “pot in a pot” style. The bone broth was milky white, while the red soup base was fiery red. The rich aroma had already washed over them together with the heat. Just a sniff of it had chased away the chill.

Cassia pursed his lips in silence as he stared at the soup in front of him. He had already lost with just the soup alone.

Then, his gaze moved onto the ingredients on the table. The duck intestine was sliced open in the center, thoroughly cleaned, and soaked in clear water. The tripe was neatly sliced into pieces of equal size, and there were also no sediments on its black membrane. All the ingredients were elegantly plated like in Mamy Restaurant.

After a moment of silence, Cassia picked up a piece of duck intestine with his chopsticks, and blanched it in the pot eight times before feeding it into his mouth.

The spicy broth exploded in his mouth, and the crunchy texture of the duck intestine was released perfectly. The spicy, aromatic red broth had removed the stench of the duck intestine, and gave it a beautiful taste. The crunchy sounds made it feel like the tongue could drop from too much chewing.

“Let’s eat,” Cassia said to the jittery secretary before continuing to add all kinds of ingredients into the hot pot.

“Mm-hm,” answered the secretary carefully. She chewed gingerly and sneakily peeped at Cassia every now and then.

The hot pot meal concluded in silence.

Cassia settled the bill and left with the secretary.

“Boss, I have already instructed the market’s side. Our people will be standing guard at the entrance tonight, and we will be soon certain who their suppliers are. We can cut off their ingredients—”

Cassia interrupted the secretary, “Alright. Let’s cancel all these plans.”

“But...”

“This technique might work if our opponent was someone else”—Cassia smiled self-deprecatingly—“but our opponent is the boss of Mamy Restaurant. He’s the city lord’s favorite right now. I don’t want to be the second Bennett by pulling such stances in front of him.”

The secretary went white. After a moment of hesitation, she then asked, “What will our hot pot restaurant do now?”

“Cancel all the promotions tomorrow and close the restaurant for one week. Let the people in charge of cutting and plating in the kitchen go and eat at Mana Hot Pot Restaurant for twice a day. I will pay for all the expenses. Make them find out how to clean, cut, and plate the hot pot’s ingredients within one week. Those who fail to make the grade one week later will be fired.”

Cassia paused, and then said to the secretary, “And, you will be in charge of setting the new hot pot’s prices. On the basis of the current prices, lower the prices by 30%. Cassia Hot Pot Restaurant is going to be a hot pot restaurant whose average spending is 60 copper coins per person.

“We can always change if we are not their match.”

Chapter 1683: Ingredient Research Sample

“Congratulations, Host. Mana Hot Pot Restaurant’s new customers had surpassed 1000 on its opening day!

“The mutton soup recipe is released! Could the host please learn it as soon as possible!”

After Mag tucked Amy into bed, the system’s voice appeared in his mind.

“A mission that is completed without having to do anything.” Mag curled his lips slightly, and sarcastically said, “System, please give me such missions in the future. I’m really bored if there are no mission for me to do.”

“Given that the Host has passed the earliest stages of culinary skills training, this system’s mission vault will be upgraded to intermediate difficulty automatically. Please look forward to it!” said the system.

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“Don’t! Bro, I’m just joking.” Mag panicked instantly. He had never expected that the missions had different levels of difficulties and those he had accomplished before were the easy ones. Then, what were the difficult ones?

“Is Little Amy asleep?” Irina appeared in the room. After taking a look at Amy, who was already sleeping soundly with Ugly Duckling in her arms, she turned to Mag. “Then, we should set off now.”

“Are we going to the Thunderstorm Mountains tonight?” Mag stared at Irina in bewilderment.

“Yes. Today, Krassu and I went to the east to eradicate a village that believed in the devil. According to their leader, many of their companions are converging in the Thunderstorm Mountains now. However, as his ranking is too low, he didn’t know why.” Irina nodded.

“You annihilated the whole village?” asked Mag.

Irina shook her head. “No. I informed Rolan, and the Gray Temple arrested all of them. They were locked up individually and interrogated.”

“Hold on for a minute. Let me go and change.” Mag nodded and didn’t ask any more questions. He went back to his room to change, and then put on that face-altering mask.

“Let’s go. They’re already waiting for us beyond the city.” Irina held onto Mag’s arm gently. A faint golden beam lit up underneath their feet, and they disappeared from the room.

On a mountaintop beyond the city, Krassu chuckled at Mag and Irina, who were sitting on the griffin’s back. “Woah, you two are so loving that we cannot make ourselves hop on.”

“Ah Zi is a giant magic beast, and moreover the fastest one.” Irina smiled. “Are you two sure that you don’t want to hop on?”

“Of course we are getting on. It’s not often that we get a chance like this.” Krassu hopped onto the griffin’s back without any hesitation.

Urien hopped into the griffin too.

“Ah Zi, let’s go to the Thunderstorm Mountains,” Mag instructed the mount before greeting Krassu and Urien.

He could see these two almost every day, but it still felt different when he was talking to them using another identity and a mask. He had to sound and act like another person.

“Hehe, Alex. The two of us haven’t sparred for three to four years. Should we have a sparring match?” Krassu chuckled at Mag.

“Three against one?” Irina and Ah Zi turned to look at Krassu at the same time.

Krassu froze before he resignedly said, “You guys win.”

He really had no hope of winning if it was three against one.

“Your body doesn’t seem to be fully recovered yet.” Urien looked at Mag with narrowed eyes.

Mag felt his heart drop. Urien was indeed a 10th-tier great magic caster. He could actually see that his power hadn’t fully recovered yet. One had to know that the pretense which Mag put on and the aura he emitted was way above the usual 9th-tier aura. After reining it in slightly, it shouldn’t be easily suspected by others.

“It’s just a tiny problem,” Mag calmly said without denying anything.

“You killed Benson, so it proves that the problem isn’t big.” Urien nodded without pushing further.

Mag raised his eyebrows slightly. Amy's master indeed had some character. However, it was also great that he didn't pursue the matter, as it saved him the explanation.

"Oh, yes. Alex never needs to explain to anyone." Mag's eyes brightened, and he instantly stopped making up reasons in his mind.

"We're going to enter the cave to investigate the situation underground today." Krassu stopped smiling, and put on a severe expression. "Many anomalies happened at the Thunderstorm Mountains recently. Many unidentified people began to gather there. I'm afraid that has something to do with the seal being broken. We have to cut off the source, or else it might bring on even bigger troubles."

"How to reseal that thing is a big problem. I've used ice to seal that gap previously. Currently, it doesn't seem like it's effective," said Urien in a hoarse voice.

"Why do we have to reseal it? Can't we kill it straight away?" Irina asked perplexedly.

"Judging from the evil power that it released, we might not have the power to do that." Krassu shook his head. "If killing it had been a simple thing to do, the people in the past wouldn't have had to try so hard to seal it."

Mag suggested, "Irina could try with her Holy Light Technique. Physical methods and usual magic might not be able to cause any actual harm to it."

"We'll decide what to do after we see it. It could really be a formidable fellow." Krassu smiled again. "I have not met such a proper opponent for a very long time."

The griffin soon reached the vicinity of the Thunderstorm Mountains. Mag made Ah Zi reduce its speed and altitude and fly close to the mountain range.

The Thunderstorm Mountains got their name from frequent thunderstorms. Winter was the thunderstorms' calm period, but they could still see lightning among the mountain range and caves. Some even struck rocks and trunks, setting off glaring lights and loud sounds.

However, they could see 10-odd campfires in this mountain range which should've been deserted.

"Apart from the dragon race, all the races are present. There are about 500 of them," Urien said as he looked down.

"There are indeed many of them. Seems like they have some ways to communicate with that fellow who is sealed," Krassu said with a frown.

"They are just a bunch of weaklings. We'll round them up and beat them up, and we will know everything," Irina said nonchalantly. The number of people was meaningless to them.

"That's true. Then, let's split up for action. Each of us will handle four." Krassu dropped down straight away with his magic caster's staff.

"Left those four to the west to me." A blue light flicked under Urien's feet, and he disappeared too.

“I’ll leave that one down there to you. Leave the other seven to me.” Irina pointed at that biggest bonfire down below before she transformed into a beam of golden light, and flew toward the other bonfire.

“Ah Zi, wait for me over here. I’ll go... steal some oranges for you.” Mag also jumped down directly with his sword.

After free-falling from hundreds of meters up in the sky, the longsword almost sliced a tree into half before Mag landed lightly on the ground.

Let me see what these fellows are gathering here for. Mag kept his sword and approached the bright bonfire 200 meters away. Weird chanting began to get clearer and clearer, sounding like the devil’s growling. The atmosphere was very eerie.

“Ding! New mission: some powerful unknown organism is detected close to the host. Could the host please obtain 500 grams of flesh from that organism within 24 hours for this system as an ingredient research sample.”

Right at this moment, the system’s voice appeared in Mag’s head.

Chapter 1684: Can I Cut A Little Bit Of That Fellow’s Flesh To Take It Back Later?

Mag halted his forward-dashing pace with shock, and said, “System, are you thinking about doing a biopsy on the Great Old Ones?”

“The knowledge left behind by our forebears has told us that any organism has the potential to become our food. After cutting through the complex fog on the surface, the essence is the same. Whether the Great Old Ones can be eaten isn’t the question. The question is whether they will taste better steamed or braised,” answered the system calmly.

Mag opened his mouth, but he couldn’t find words to rebut it.

The system continued, “Therefore, the host only needs to obtain 500 grams of flesh and submit it to this system as the object of study.”

“Wait a sec.” Mag frowned as he realized something wasn’t very right. He rolled his eyes. “That is a Great Old One, an immortal existence that was sealed ages ago and an existence that has terrifying power. You’re now asking me to go cut a piece of it so you can do a biopsy and study it? This mission is already beyond my scope, right? I’m just a chef! What’s wrong with complaining about those people whose dishes are poorly done on Weibo? Neither did they curse me to go catch a Great Old One for research, right?”

“Erm...” The system paused for a while before saying, “After the appearance of the Great Old Ones, the food chain in this world has indeed surpassed the upper limit of the penalty set at the beginning. Hence, it’s the so-called beyond your scope.”

“Then, I will reject this mission,” Mag replied without any hesitation.

If the Great Old One could be cut up so easily, the people then wouldn’t have to try so hard to seal it up here. Wouldn’t it be better to cut it up, split among all of them, and then bring it for braising otherwise?

He could deduce from the system's words that the one who threw him into this world in the beginning had never studied this world seriously before. This was already beyond the system's auxiliary range. He didn't believe that a cuisine system with no morals could handle the Great Old Ones.

Not everyone could excel at everything.

"Mission reward: the host will receive an all-around inspection report on the new species, including racial analysis, various endurance studies, vulnerability analysis..." The system's extremely mesmerizing voice sounded again.

Mag frowned and hesitated. "Inspection report?"

He had to admit that this mission reward was extremely enticing.

The fear of the Great Old Ones originated from the fear of the unknown. Otherwise, what was there to be afraid of a tentacle monster? There were plenty of perverts who loved it.

If the system could provide a complete inspection report and tear away the mysterious outer wear of the Great Old Ones, perhaps it could really provide them with a solution to handle the Great Old Ones.

He didn't want to pin his hopes on those gods who might not even exist. It felt best to grasp destiny in his own hands.

"What if the mission fails?"

"If the host fails the mission: I don't think the host needs to do any penalty then."

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Mag chose to undertake the mission.

Of course, it didn't matter if he chose to undertake it or not. The mission was already there, and the countdown had already started.

After being messed up by the system, that weird and scary atmosphere of the bonfire gathering was gone. The moment Mag thought that the subject of the crazy belief which these fellows held was going to be the system's next rearing object, all the scary became boring.

However, since Mag had agreed to undertake this celebration, he had to go take a look.

He went through the forest and knocked out a demon who seemed to be on the lookout with a punch before standing on a tree branch that was about 100 meters away from the bonfire.

There was a huge bonfire on the flat ground nearby. Over 100 demons, humans, and orcs were dancing a weird twisted dance around the bonfire.

The flickering fire shone on their crazy grinning faces, and reflected an eerie light from their pupils.

Right in front of the bonfire was a two-meter-tall thin man with loose-flowing hair. He was waving a black scepter, and the chanting that sounded like the devil's groaning came from his mouth.

They seemed to be conducting a certain ritual, and that lanky man should be the priest. Only he was still wearing a tattered black robe.

A rim of animal carcasses surrounded the bonfire, and their heads were facing the bonfire in unison.

Mag looked at this weird and promiscuous scene with a frown. Those who were not mentally strong would most likely faint on the spot if they saw this.

However, his gaze was soon attracted by three children who were tied up in front of that lanky priest. Those were three children under the age of 10, two girls and one boy. They were tied up with a rope, with their backs facing one another. They were screaming with terrified expressions, which sounded even scarier amidst the chanting and mumbling.

The chanting stopped suddenly. That priest walked to the three children, and raised his scepter high above his head as he prepared to smash it onto them.

All those present gathered toward those three children with a grin. Red light was flickering in their eyes as if they were looking at food on the table.

“We will be the blood sacrifice that helps release the god!” yelled the priest loudly.

“Kill!”

Those fellows suddenly took out daggers and sharp branches from nowhere, and stabbed them into their hearts.

Meanwhile, that priest was also smashing his scepter at those three children with a crazy look.

“This bunch of a**holes!” Mag went white slightly before he threw his longsword out. It flew toward that priest like a long rainbow.

About three minutes later, Irina appeared. She looked at the tragic scene, and doubtfully asked, “Why are they all dead?”

“To prevent them from committing suicide, I killed them.” Mag shrugged before pointing at the three children who were passed out on the ground, and said, “Can you erase their memories?”

“Sure.” Irina approached those three children and chanted silently. She waved her hand, and three flashes of golden light went in between their eyebrows.

After a while, Krassu and Urien returned too.

“Creatures who are bewitched by the devil are indeed equally nauseating.” Krassu lifted his hand, and burned all those bodies into ashes.

“They should’ve been conducting some sacrificial ritual. I heard they said they wanted to help free the god,” said Mag with a frown.

Urien also gravely said, “Yes. And this action has been going on for days. The evil aura in the core area is getting denser. That fellow might be preparing for its escape.”

“Let’s go and find out.” Irina waved her hand to set up a magical barrier around those three children before walking toward the sealed area first.

“There’s nothing that one fireball can’t solve. If there is, then just give it another 10.” Krassu smiled confidently.

“Frost might not be able to stop the evil aura from leaking, but it can seal all living things in ice.” Urien was also smiling calmly.

Mag was shocked by these two big bosses’ confidence. He, too, quickly caught up with them. After a moment of hesitation, he softly asked, “That thing... can I cut a little bit of that fellow’s flesh to take it back later?”

Chapter 1685: Great Landing Techniques, My Lady

The three people walking in front halted, and turned to look at Mag together.

“You’re indeed Alex. You’re already thinking about how to share the spoils while we are still thinking about how to solve the problem,” Krassu lamented at Mag. “I was also this outrageous when I was young.”

“No, you weren’t.” Urien shook his head. “You were the one who was getting beat up when you were young.”

“Th-that was because I let them win.” Krassu sounded weak instantly.

He had suffered quite a bit when he’d been creating close combat magic in his youth. He had been beaten by all the magic casters of his own age. The worst was that even the younger magic casters of the lower tiers could defeat him.

Let bygones... be bygones.

Mag raised his eyebrows slightly. He didn’t do this to flex. He simply wanted to complete his mission. However, since he had already said that, he could only put on a calm look.

“Should we fry it or bake it?” Irina asked seriously. “I’ve never tried the taste of the devil before.”

“This... We can only decide after we see the real thing,” Mag replied after some pondering.

Krassu and Urien looked at the two of them. One really dared to ask, while the other really dared to answer.

The dirty fellows who believed in the devil were all eradicated, so the Thunderstorm Mountains regained their peace again. Only the cold winds were howling through the mountains, and the occasional thunder was clapping.

In the deep part of the mountain range, there was a flat plain that was covered in snow, but there was an extra dark void now.

Krassu tossed a fireball toward the void. The two-meter-wide pitch dark void seemed to be able to consume light. The fireball’s light disappeared instantly when it went into it, as if it had never existed.

A mass of mysterious black fog was gathered above that void, and some kind of monsters seemed to be squirming and hiding within it.

“The sealed land is right there.” Urien stopped about five meters away, and looked at that black fog gravely. “This black fog is very difficult to tackle. Everything under the hole is covered by the black fog, and nothing can be seen. The spiritual power is also restricted, and the actual situation beneath it cannot be discerned.”

“Although the aura is slightly different, this black fog isn’t too different from the black fog that we’ve encountered before. Leave it to me.” Irina went forward with a casual expression, and raised her magic caster’s staff.

The black fog seemed to feel threatened, and after squirming around, it rushed toward Irina.

“Holy Light, heed my call. Purify these evils!” Irina chanted loudly as a beam of dazzling holy light shot out from the magic caster’s staff.

The evil black fog that was shone upon by the holy light disappeared like ice meeting fire.

Accompanied by a series of nauseating screams, the black fog above the void was completely eradicated quickly.

“The Holy Light does work in eradicating the black fog.” Urien nodded thoughtfully. The ice magic could only barely cover the void, but it was helpless in eradicating the black fog.

“The Goddess of Light has always been standing on the opposite side of evil, so it’s not surprising when it could cleanse evil. However, Irina should be the only light great magic caster in this world, right?” There was a hint of regret and worry in Krassu’s tone.

“Now it’s those things down there.” Irina’s gaze landed on that void as she raised her magic caster’s staff up high. A bigger and brighter beam than the previous one shone into the void.

Terrifying screams came from the void, and the originally pitch-dark void became bright under the holy light.

All of them looked down while the holy light was still present. It wasn’t a straight passage down. It resembled a giant cave more, and this void had chiseled an opening above this cave.

“This cave looks very deep,” said Krassu with a frown.

“We can all see that.” Urien rolled his eyes.

“Are we going to jump down right away?” Irina was ready to go. To her, the unknown wasn’t fearful, but rather interesting and challenging.

“I will take the lead.” Krassu was the first to jump down. Three fireballs hovered in front of him, and lit up the way down for him.

“See ya.” Urien leaped downward too, but an ice step appeared underneath his feet swiftly after. One step would appear for his every step downward. It was as if he was taking a stroll midair leisurely like an expert.

“How are we going to go down?” Mag asked Irina. Although he was sure that he wouldn’t fall to his death even if he leaped down, it wouldn’t look too good considering his image as the number one knight in the world.

“You jump, I jump,” Irina said to Mag lovingly.

“Let’s go then.” Mag held Irina’s hand and leaped into the void.

The cave was pitch-black. Only Krassu’s three fireballs were leading the way for them while lighting up and warming up the region.

Mag appraised his surroundings. He guessed nobody knew that there was such a huge cavern underneath the Thunderstorm Mountains.

Irina tossed out a few flares. After she saw the neatly chiseled walls in the distance, she felt amazed, and said, “This isn’t a natural cavern. It should have been dug out, but it was done ages ago. It’s even older than the history of elves.”

“Seems like these fellows are really left behind from the ancient times. They are still alive after countless years,” said Urien hoarsely.

“The good news is most of their power should have been worn out by the time and the seal.” Krassu chuckled carefreely.

“The bad news is we might not be able to defeat them despite their being in this state.” Irina shrugged.

“That would be really very bad,” Krassu exclaimed as he couldn’t deny this possibility.

“We’re going to reach the bottom,” Krassu reminded them. Two fireballs that had rebounded upward suddenly appeared beneath his feet, and his rapidly falling body was quickly reducing its speed.

Urien was still strolling downward casually.

Irina suddenly grabbed Mag’s waist and leaned backward. Their originally heads-down postures were instantly corrected into heads-up postures. Layers of nets consisting of golden threads appeared underneath their feet. Their free-falling speed would decrease every time a net broke beneath them, so they simply landed gently and stably when they touched the ground.

Great landing techniques, my lady, Mag praised inwardly while he grasped the longsword at his waist naturally.

This cavern was over 1000 meters deep. It was much colder than the surface, and its surroundings were very empty. Both Krassu’s fireballs and Irina’s magic caster’s staff couldn’t light up the cavern brightly.

Irina turned one round on the spot before pointing in one direction. “The evil aura came from there.”

“Let’s go and meet this ancient evil.” Krassu took the lead with his magic caster’s staff. The three fireballs split up into six and hovered around them, while one rushed forward in the lead.

Chapter 1686: I Want To Try Cutting It

There were multiple complex paths in that huge cave. The black fog in the cave had already dispersed, but the paths were still filled with the black fog. Therefore, Irina could only use the Holy Light to form a protective shield over everyone, and continue going deep into the cave based on her instinctual perception of the source of the black fog.

Everyone moved very quickly. Around 15 minutes later, Irina stopped. The Holy Light shield shattered and dispersed the black fog on the path, revealing the huge stone door at the end of the path.

The black stone door was a good 100 meters tall, and there seemed to be a huge mural carved on it.

Krassu made three fireballs and maneuvered them close to the stone door so that everyone could see the mural carved on the stone door clearly.

“What?!”

Everyone was shocked.

The huge mural immortalized a horrifying scene. The giant dragons were killing and tearing each other apart, the forest trolls were twisting their compatriots’ heads off while having half an elf in their mouths, and the goblins had red eyes and were riding on orcs as they chased a group of monkeys hysterically. The Boundless Sea Realm was stained red, with demon bodies floating around as clusters of horrifying big fishes tore them apart...

Right at the center of the mural was an unknown object the size of a small mountain. The giant dragons were as small as mosquitos in front of it, and there were several tentacles reaching out from a hexagonal seal on top that was suppressing it. Those tentacles were dotted with blood-red eyes that were gleaming with evil, as though they were about to break out from a seal.

“What monster is this?!” Krassu was taken aback.

“There actually exists such a disgusting thing in this world? The word ‘evil’ must be the only word to describe it.” Irina looked away as she felt herself about to throw up.

“This scene is familiar. It seems a little similar to what we saw when we went to Cannibal Island.” Urien squinted and raised his hoarse voice a little.

“This should be the Great Old One, or maybe the devil. It’s similar to the stone statue the Hairless Monk discovered at the Urba Tribe.” Mag stared at the huge mural. The image presented was very similar to what Rex had described.

If the stone statue could be the creation of those believers, then this mural that had stood the passage of time had to be a warning left behind by those who sealed the Devil.

“That is not dead which can eternal lie.”

Mag saw that classic phrase at the corner of the mural. He had seen this phrase in many books over this period. It might have been some sort of coincidence, or perhaps it had a form of purpose?

“In that case, it’s locked up in here right now?” Krassu tightened his grip on his magic caster’s staff, and his expression turned grave.

“Come on, let’s meet this giant!” Irina said excitedly.

“Aren’t you afraid? I remember that you fear things with long tentacles like this?” Urien asked as he turned back to look at Irina.

“What’s the point of being scared? If the four of us join hands and can’t even deal with a sealed thing, this world will probably be gone, right?” Irina asked with a smile.

“It won’t. We have even more precious things to protect.” Mag held his longsword and walked towards the large door. Knights naturally had to be the vanguard in a battle. It made no sense to hide behind a magic caster.

The towering large door appeared to be designed for a giant.

Urien walked towards the door and closed his eyes. Very quickly, ice and frost started engulfing it.

Around a minute later, Urien opened his eyes. He raised his hand, and multiple ice balls flew out, hitting the stone door at various spots.

The large door opened and started to move back slowly.

“Be careful!” Irina reminded them. At the same time, she added a ray of Holy Light on everyone.

As the large door opened, the thick black fog started surging out from the crack, and a low moaning sound could be heard, sounding like a demon from the abyss.

The black fog disintegrated as it hit the Holy Light covering everyone. Mag held his sword with both hands, and entered the world behind the door slowly.

The bright Holy Light dispelled the black fog, and pierced through the darkness.

Behind the large door, there was an enormous cavern that was a few hundred meters tall. There was an altar with countless ancient inscriptions covering it. On it, there was a gigantic matter the size of a small mountain, chained up by numerous black chains!

The four of them looked up at it in shock.

It was an enormous octopus with countless tentacles coming out from underneath its body. On each tentacle were numerous eyes, gleaming with an evil shade of red.

A hexagonal seal glowing with a faint golden light on top of its head was suppressing it, appearing as though it would disappear any moment.

“Chi, chi...”

That octopus monster seemed to have also heard the sound of the door opening, and it started making a creepy moan.

Mag felt as though countless eyes were staring at him. The eyes seemed to be focusing on them as the tentacles suddenly reached out towards the door.

For those with tryphobia, this would definitely be a nightmare.

Mag lifted his sword, ready for the battle.

Krassu and Urien also held their magic caster's staff and magic wand, respectively.

However, just when the tentacles were about to reach Mag, a faint golden wall suddenly rose around the altar.

The tentacles hit the golden wall. There was a sudden sizzling sound as though it had hit a wall of fire, and the tentacle actually started disintegrating quickly.

The enormous matter let out a shrill, and retracted its numerous tentacles.

"This seal is designed rather reasonably." Irina kept her magic caster's staff with a smile, and walked around the altar as she asked, "Could this be that thing's head?"

"I think so. Its head alone is so big. One could only imagine how massive its body would be." Mag also kept his longsword as he sized up the octopus monster with a frown.

The squirming tentacles were covered with a brownish-green sticky liquid, making one feel like throwing up.

"Should we burn it or freeze it?" Krassu asked as he stroked his chin.

Urien walked around the altar with a grave expression, and said, "Normal magic has no effect on the black fog, so I wouldn't expect it to have much of an effect on it. It doesn't look very active in this state, which means that the seal is still effective. I think the better option is to build another seal on top of the current one. This fellow has a horrifying power, and once it's released, we will not be able to do anything to it."

Krassu frowned and stared at the octopus monster for a while before saying with a nod, "Alright. I'll listen to you this time."

"What do you think?" Irina turned to look at Mag.

Mag agreed with Urien. This was merely the head of the Great Old One that had been severed off and sealed for an infinite period, but standing in front of it still made one feel very small.

He had to admit that even if the four of them join hands, he still wasn't confident to win the battle against this fellow should it break free of the seal.

However, he had a mission to complete!

Resealing it was just a plan to slow it down. If they could not find a way to finish off the Great Old Ones, the latter would still break free from the seal one day, and cause chaos to the world.

"I want to try cutting it," Mag said seriously.

Chapter 1687: Only By Getting Closer To Death

The other three looked at Mag, and fell deep in thought.

Mag looked at them, and also fell deep in thought.

He really wasn't trying to act cool. He... had no choice.

"Just one slash," Mag said.

"Sure. You're brave. I'll go with you," Krassu said with a pat on his chest.

"I can slow it down," Urien said with a nod.

"I can open up a path within the seal for you with the Holy Light. However, I won't be able to estimate the amount of black fog within, so you might only have a very short time. You must return immediately after the slash," Irina said with a smile.

"Alright." Mag nodded. He held his sword with both hands and stood before the altar. After a gentle sigh, his expression became very grave.

"Here comes!" Irina commanded. She shot out a dazzling ray of Holy Light from her magic caster's staff, which lit up the entire cave in an instant. The Holy Light opened up a pathway through the dense black fog, right towards the center of the octopus monster's head, leaving a deep burn mark on its head. However, it did not manage to cause any substantial harm to the octopus monster.

Almost at the same time, Urien planted his magic caster's staff on the ground, causing the temperature in the cave to lower by 10 degrees Celsius. Frost started forming and expanding quickly from his feet, moving towards the octopus monster. In no time at all, a layer of frost had already formed on the octopus monster's tentacles. The speed at which it squirmed was visibly slower, and it was very obvious that its movements were slowed down and restricted.

"Hey! Have a taste of my giant fireball!" Urien shouted. He jumped up tens of meters high, and waved his magic caster's staff towards the octopus monster. A few giant fireballs started flying towards the octopus monster like meteorites.

"Chi, chi..."

The octopus monster seemed to be enraged by their movements, and let out a low moan. It used its tentacles to sweep away multiple giant fireballs, but some of them still managed to land on its tentacles, exploding to leave traces of burn marks. However, the injuries inflicted on it healed quickly.

"Now!"

At the moment Irina shot the Holy Light out, Mag chased the light and dashed into the seal. He raised his longsword, and slashed down on the tentacle closest to him.

The Tian Du sword was not considered a very sharp sword, but it was a very hard sword. That, together with Mag's techniques and strength, made the sword as good as the sharpest sword.

However, when the sword landed on the tentacle, it was as though it had slashed into a swamp. The sticky and soft tentacle dampened the majority of the strength used in that slash, and at the same time the multiple suction pads on the tentacle held on tightly to the Tian Du sword, making it difficult for Mag to pull out the sword.

The multiple pairs of blood-red eyes were already staring at Mag, just like how a wild beast set its eyes on its prey.

Even more tentacles started swarming over, which showed that the octopus monster had already noticed his intrusion.

The slash did nothing at all, and the sword was stuck because of the suction pads. There was probably no situation worse than this.

Mag only had a single choice left, and that was to forsake the sword. Irina and the rest should be able to buy him enough time to return.

Mag looked at the Tian Du sword, which he held tightly. The handle of the sword was gleaming faintly, as though it was trying to say something.

In that moment of frenzy, Mag suddenly pulled out Fat Head Fish from his waist, and chopped right down on the tentacle.

Thud!

The tentacle, which was as thick as a person's waist, broke off cleanly.

"That's it!?" Mag's eyes lit up. He had no time to be shocked. He quickly put Fat Head Fish back at his waist, and lugged Tian Du sword, which still had part of a struggling tentacle stuck to it, over his shoulder as he made a mad dash.

The tunnel made by the Holy Light was getting smaller and smaller as the black fog surrounding it squeezed it tight. At the same time, there were countless tentacles swarming over behind Mag.

Bam!

Mag made it out after a tight squeeze as he threw his body at the seal. He reached a hand out to press on the stone wall, leaving a palm print that was half an inch deep.

Behind him, the multiple tentacles knocked into the golden glow. With a flash of light, the tentacles all disintegrated, causing the octopus monster to let out a low, enraged howl.

"Alex indeed. You can't find such guts and fight in anyone else among the younger generation." Krassu looked at Mag with admiration.

"Only by getting closer to death can you understand the true meaning of survival." Mag tried to sound as calm as possible as he wiped his cold sweat away.

"I didn't expect that you could really cut this monster's tentacle." Urien looked at the section of tentacle still stuck on Mag's sword in shock.

The tentacle, which was brought out of the seal, had shrunk significantly. However, it was still as thick as an adult's thigh. Just that section of the tentacle, which was a little longer than a meter, had eight eyeballs on it. After the tentacle was cut off, the redness in the eyes was gone, but they still looked very scary and creepy.

"This monster probably has very strong self-recovery abilities. Its broken tentacle only took three breaths to fully recover. Therefore, losing a section of its tentacle isn't a problem for it at all," Irina said

when she saw the octopus monster with its fully recovered tentacles. That also included the blow Krassu inflicted on it just now.

“The Holy Light deals it a much greater blow compared to normal magic indeed. It’s not so easy for it to recover from that,” Urien said thoughtfully as he noticed the wound that was still at the octopus monster’s glabella.

“I could feel the might of that fellow very clearly within the seal. It had an unimaginable strength and unparalleled spiritual power,” Mag remarked as the person who went into the seal.

“It seems like the only thing that we can do now is to reinforce the seal so that it cannot escape or attract its believers over for the time being. After that, we’ll have to think of a way again,” Urien said with a frown as he started walking around the ancient inscriptions on the altar.

“If you need any materials, I have some here. Take a look if you could use any of them.” Krassu threw a storage ring to Urien.

“I also have a batch of spell formation materials.” Irina waved her magic caster’s staff, and a pile of materials, glowing in different colored light, appeared in front of Mag.

Mag pulled the Tian Du sword out from the tentacle quietly while no one was taking notice. After that, he used Fat Head Fish to cut a section of the tentacle with the eyes, and thought to himself, *System, quickly keep this fresh tentacle of the Great Old One!*

“Ding! An ingredient from an organism of unknown strength received!

“Congratulations on completing a top-tier mission: obtaining an ingredient from a Great Old One!

“The test results will be sent to the host after 24 hours. Please remember to check!”

The section of the octopus tentacle in Mag’s hand disappeared as the system’s voice rang in his head.

Although he did not know what kind of results the system could test out, that was probably the only thing they could look forward to as of now. Perhaps they would be able to find a way to deal with this octopus monster through information on the test report.

The scary part about the Great Old Ones wasn’t their size, but rather their ability to influence and spiritually control organisms anywhere. Even sealed thousands of meters deep underground and enveloped by layers of spell formations, they were still influencing this world.

Chapter 1688: Just Don’t Like The Way It Looks

The repair of the spell formation did not go as smoothly as they thought it would. Urien was already considered a really experienced spell formation master, but this spell formation was really too ancient, and a long period of research was needed before he could confirm what to do. Otherwise, a wrong interpretation of the spell formation and rash addition might cause the entire formation to collapse.

“I need some time, and I also need to find a few formation masters to do this with me,” Urien said in a low voice as he looked at the other three.

“The best formation master in Chaos City would be Novan. I can ask him to come,” Krassu said.

“Ashley is also one of the elves’ best formation masters. She should have done a lot of research on the elves’ ancient spell formations. I can get her to assist you,” Irina suggested.

The first person Mag thought of was Babla. Although she was not really trustworthy, and was also too young to be considered a formation master, she did mention more than once that she’d teleported herself over from the Moon Nation to Norland Continent by repairing an ancient teleportation portal.

There was almost no record of the Moon Nation on the Norland Continent, but the languages of these two worlds were very similar. That was as suspicious as the broken documentation on the Great Old Ones. Perhaps the time the Moon Nation lost connection with the Norland Continent was similar to the period when the Great Old Ones existed?

If that was the case, the teleportation portal that Babla repaired might be from the same period as the spell formation at the altar. Maybe she might be able to understand the spell formation.

“In that case, we should leave first. I will use the Holy Light Technique to set up an isolation spell formation that can last around seven days so that the evil aura will not seep out anymore.” Irina picked six silverish-white stones from the materials taken out, and placed them at various parts around the altar. After that, she used her magic caster’s staff to carve some complicated lines and inscriptions between them.

Irina catalyzed the spell formation, and the six stones glowed with a faint golden light, forming six light screens and surrounding the entire altar.

The octopus monster, which was within the seal, stopped moving, only letting out an ambiguous low moan. The devilish low tone, which sounded like a strange mock, echoed around the cave.

“Lock your gaze and hold your breath. Don’t be bewitched by its sound. We have to leave this place right now!” Urien said in a very serious tone suddenly as he slapped a shot of frost magic at Krassu, who became dazed out.

Krassu came back to his senses, and his expression changed slightly. He quickly followed behind Urien and left the cave. After that, he somewhat fearfully said, “This monster’s bewitching skill is really scary. I don’t even know when I fell into its trap.”

Mag held his longsword in one hand while he bit the tip of his tongue gently to keep himself awake. He held Irina’s hand in his other hand, and dashed out of the cave.

Around five minutes later, they all escaped from the cave.

“Phew~”

Everyone heaved a sigh of relief.

Firstly, it was because the air underground was indeed a little dirty. Secondly, it was because they felt as though they’d made a narrow escape.

Mag was still fine, and did not feel any strong emotions.

However, it was not the same for Urien and Krassu. After all, they were the legends that stood at their peak for years. It was inevitable that they would be in a little disbelief when they suddenly realized that something way stronger than them actually existed.

"I think there is a need to keep this matter a secret. If someone with an ulterior motive breaks the seal and releases that fellow, it won't be easy for us to lock it up again," Mag told everyone.

"You can never satisfy greed. We cannot guarantee that others will be able to withstand his temptation. We can't even guarantee if we will be able to withstand it, so it's best if fewer people know about the existence of this place." Urien nodded.

"I agree too. Other than the spell formation masters we need to repair the spell formation, no one else must know about this at the moment." Irina nodded.

"I have no opinion. If you guys say no, I won't talk about it." Krassu nodded.

"Then what do we do with this tentacle?" Mag asked as he raised the sword with the tentacle still sticking on it.

The thick tentacle was covered with a layer of greenish-black sticky liquid. The dead eyes looked creepy and disgusting.

"Why don't we roast it for supper? I'm a little hungry," Krassu suggested.

"Should we dig the eyes out to roast? Then we won't have to waste more pig's eyes," Irina suggested thoughtfully.

Urien glanced at the tentacle as he raised his brow, and said, "You guys can go ahead. I'm not eating that."

"I think we should preserve it so that we can use this as evidence for the existence of the Great Old Ones," Mag said with a shake of his head. It was not that he was afraid to cut it up, but rather whether this octopus tentacle was edible depended on the system's test results. No one could guarantee what would happen after eating an old octopus that had been around for numerous years, and he did not intend to test it himself.

"That's fine too." Urien nodded. With a wave of his hand, a layer of frost appeared on the octopus tentacle, sealing it up solidly.

Mag whistled, and Ah Zi, who had been circling around in the sky for a long time, dashed down in the form of a flash of purple lightning, and landed gently in front of them.

"What about those fellows we knocked out?" Irina asked.

"Seal the entrance of the cave temporarily, and let the Gray Temple come to do a mass cleanup. They're more professional." Mag carried the three unconscious kids over, and placed them gently on Ah Zi's back.

"That's not a bad idea. It's too much of a hassle to bring so many people back." Irina's eyes lit up as she jumped onto the griffin's back with a smile.

Urien waved his hand and sealed the entrance of the cave with ice. At the same time, he used some snow and frost so that it would be difficult for an ordinary person to see anything special about the place.

The griffin flapped its wings and quickly disappeared on the horizon of the Thunderstorm Mountains.

Back at Chaos City, Mag handed the three children over to the city lord's castle. The city lord's castle might be able to help them find their families, and even if they weren't able to do so, the kids could stay in the orphanage.

Krassu and Urien went to look for Novan, while Mag and Irina told Michael what happened at the Thunderstorm Mountains so that the Gray Temple could go over to clear things up.

"Er..." Michael was shocked after hearing from Mag, and was speechless when he saw the section of the octopus tentacle.

However, as the city lord, he could calm down very quickly. He looked at Mag, and said, "Alright. I'll go over personally to look for Rolan and gather all the spell formation masters in Chaos City so Urien can choose whom needs."

"Alright." Mag nodded. Michael had always been a trustworthy partner. At the same time, he was also someone who could provide them with a lot of help.

"In that case, we'll leave first." Michael bade his farewell as he left with Irina.

After leaving the city lord's castle, Irina teleported her and Mag straight back to the first floor of the restaurant.

Mag removed his mask and went into the kitchen to wash his hands before pouring two glasses of red wine.

Whatever happened tonight was too thrilling. It was like dancing on knives. I have to drink a little to calm my nerves.

Irina received the glass of wine with a smile, and asked Mag, "Why did you insist on cutting it just now?"

Mag raised his glass, and took a sip before replying, "I just don't like the way it looks."

Chapter 1689: System, Where's My Goat?!

Rolan personally led a team of 300 elites from the Gray Temple on three eagles to the Thunderstorm Mountains. After seeing the scene, even the most experienced of them threw up immediately.

"Burn all the corpses and bury the ashes. Bring those alive back and lock them up in the secret dungeon. The interrogating will be done by the Information Department. Report straight to me, and no other persons have the right to know about this," Rolan said with a strict face after retracting his gaze from the devilish altar.

"Yes!" everyone replied in harmony, and immediately displayed their professionalism. They dug out a huge hole, and threw all the corpses inside before a few of the fire magic casters threw a few fireballs in

to reduce the corpses to ashes immediately. After that, they buried the ashes with soil, and the place quickly reverted to a patch of flat land.

“Let’s go back.” After personally making sure that they did not leave out any of the corpses, Rolan led the team back, and no one asked anything throughout the entire journey.

The Gray Temple had dealt with some strange incidents recently, and captured a few strange people. However, they would usually not have to do anything when they were activated, and only had to clean up the scene, just like a team of professional cleaners.

However, these events were considered classified information in Gray Temple. It was prohibited to discuss them even between members of the Gray Temple. Once anything leaked out, it would not be a simple disciplinary punishment.

“Sir, this is the statement by those we arrested in the day.” Bolton walked into Rolan’s office, closed the door, and placed a stack of statements sealed in kraft paper on the desk. He looked at Rolan, and hesitated for a while before saying, “The things they said...”

“A part of them is true.” Rolan opened the kraft paper and flipped through the statements.

Bolton’s expression changed slightly. Rolan did not say much, but that meant a lot.

Those fellows arrested in the day were all a little crazy. They honored a certain evil god, and prayed that the evil god could resurface on land one day, and turn the entire Norland Continent into burning hell, while they would become the slaves of the evil god, and obtain power and immortality.

One or two of such people might just be a coincidental mental instability, but when there was a group of such people who were not even wavering in their belief, to the extent of willingly giving up their life to release the evil god, things would become slightly scary.

If such an evil god really existed, it would definitely be a huge threat to the Norland Continent. Maybe it was even fair to say that once it appeared, it would be an apocalypse.

Bolton was not a timid person. As the manager of the Gray Temple’s Information Department, he was even more aware of what it meant for Rolan to put so much attention on a matter, to the point of listing it as classified information.

“Go and interrogate those fellows we brought back at night. Not just their actions and motive, don’t even leave the details of their dreams out. The important information might be in their dreams.” Rolan pulled out a piece of statement paper and pushed it to Bolton.

Bolton picked up that piece of statement paper. Its content was mainly about a ridiculous dream. There was a huge and unknown matter chained and trapped underground. There were a cave a few thousands meters tall and numerous black pathways. A voice was calling him...

He did not know how much value this paper of ridiculous dream descriptions had, but he knew Rolan’s intention clearly. His aim was the evil god behind these fellows’ crazy dreams.

“Go on. We still have a lot of work to do, and there’s not much time left,” Rolan said calmly as he lowered his head to continue reading the statements.

“Yes, Sir.” Bolton turned and exited the office. He did not know how to explain to his subordinates who had been mentally drained by those fellows. However, the interrogations that were to come might be even more torturous.

The swirling red wine in the glass and the intoxicating beauty did not manage to make Mag drunk.

He laid Irina, who was knocked out in his embrace, gently on the bed and helped her remove her robe. Mag returned to his room with a smile, locked the door, and closed his eyes as he opened the mutton soup experience bag.

“This fool! How infuriating!” In the room next door, Irina opened her eyes and clenched her fists angrily.

Mutton soup could be found almost anywhere, and had its own variations because of the uniqueness of the different geographical locations.

This mutton soup recipe that the system gave Mag was said to have incorporated the strengths of the different recipes.

Mag was actually quite fond of mutton soup, but the seemingly simple mutton soup actually required a lot of skill because mutton had a very strong smell. Once it was not done well, the soup would have that strong smell which made people steer clear of it.

“Those owners of mutton restaurants that I’ve dissed... they aren’t on the list, right?” Mag raised his brow a little. Things felt a little amiss all of a sudden.

He was not a harsh person, but his expectations were higher than normal people’s. He did not like those internet-famous shops where the owners did not put in effort into the food. He always thought that actions spoke louder than words.

Of course, that would not sound very pleasing to the ears.

It didn’t matter, since he didn’t care if his words were pleasing to others. Just like how he couldn’t control what others were going to say about him, he, too, could express his honest opinions.

“Host, please stop comforting yourself, and quickly enter the test field for the God of Cookery!” The system’s voice sounded.

“Er... System, can I just express my apologies here? I feel that I was indeed a little too much with my words in the past. Why don’t you go on live so that I can apologize to the chefs I’ve hurt in the past?” Mag said with a smile.

“Those chefs all said that they won’t forgive you,” the system replied.

“Hehe.” Mag rolled his eyes. It was to be expected. He secretly gave the middle finger, and said with disdain, “Isn’t it just a bowl of perfect mutton soup? All you fellows incapable of protecting the recipe your ancestors left behind should wait and see what is really called mutton soup!”

After that, Mag kicked open the door to the test field for the God of Cookery.

Inside... was very joyous as well.

“This spell formation...” Novan was standing by the altar, looking at the spell formation with a frown while at the same time dispelling the continuous murmuring by his ears.

“Can you solve it?” Krassu asked nervously.

Novan shook his head with a grave expression as he said, “It’s very difficult. I am not very good with ancient spell formations, since there are too few records preserved, and the rare few have also been severely damaged. I’m afraid no one in this world has ever seen a complete ancient spell formation, much less done any research on it.”

“If even you can’t do anything about it, I’m afraid no one can,” Krassu said with a frown.

“Nothing is absolute. Perhaps there is someone who has done some research on ancient spell formations. We can gather some spell formation masters to study the spell formation of this seal to see if we can find something.” Novan shook his head. He pulled out a photostone and snapped a shot of a corner of the spell formation.

“System, where’s my goat? Where did that huge goat go?!”

The next morning, Mag howled loudly with his eyes glaring at the open fridge.

Chapter 1690: Goats Are So Cute, They Must Be Delicious

Mag’s eyes were wide open when he saw that the spot in the fridge where the mutton was supposed to be was now empty.

A bad feeling started rising inside.

“Ding! The disappearance of the mutton triggered a new mission. Please reach the Blue Grassland at the extremely cold place in the northwestern area to search for and catch a black goat called Polar Black Goat within three days. Once you succeed in your mission, you will receive the right to use the Polar Black Goat as an ingredient and another mysterious gift.” The system’s voice sounded.

“F*ck, here you go again.” Mag rolled his eyes. He had just had a premonition that the system had something up its sleeve. Indeed, even if he wasn’t made to go to the extreme cold in the northwestern area to pick the goat’s feces, he still had to go, just that now he had to go there to catch the goat itself.

“The Blue Grassland, heh, do you think I’m a wolf from children’s stories?” Mag rolled his eyes. He said in a firm tone, “The break is already over. I cannot stand my customers up. What if they were to curse me to become a customer who keeps being stood up by chefs in my next life?”

“The three-day countdown has already started. If you fail the mission, the system will take back the rights to the mutton soup recipe,” the system replied calmly.

Mag frowned silently for a very long time before silently giving the middle finger.

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Who would have known how many black goats he had slaughtered, how many goat's bones he had chopped up, and how much mutton he had sliced last night just to make a bowl of rich, white, and fresh mutton soup that he was satisfied with?

He wanted to get up early today to make everyone a warm and delicious bowl of mutton soup, but the system foiled his plans.

"I can do the mission, but you'll have to at least give me a location. The extremely cold place in the northwestern area is acres wide. Where do you want me to find the Blue Grassland and catch the black goat?" Mag dissed.

"The Blue Grassland is very striking in the extreme cold place in the northwestern area. I believe you would be able to find it very easily. As for the black goat, you might be able to get more useful information from the local shepherds."

"That means no information at all." Mag pressed his lips together. He did not expect the system to give him any more hints. After thinking for a while, he wrote a notice of a one-day extension for the break and hung it at the door.

He would have to go sooner or later. To be safe, it was better to finish the mission earlier.

Firis was the first to arrive at the restaurant. The moment she entered, she immediately asked Mag with bewilderment, "Boss, why are we on a break again today?"

"I'll let everyone know once the rest have arrived," Mag said with a smile.

Everyone started arriving subsequently, including Shirley, who had recovered from her injuries, and officially returned to the team.

They just had a break yesterday, and Mag put out another notice for a break today again. That made everyone a little puzzled.

"Since everyone is here, I will announce the reason we are having a break today." Mag looked at everyone with a smile, and said, "I feel that everyone has been too busy during this period, and all of you didn't really have the time to sit down and chat with each other. We didn't even have enough opportunity for the new members to get to know each other. That is an extremely regretful thing for team bonding.

"Therefore, I've decided that we would go on a break today and organize a team bonding session with all the employees. We are going to the Blue Grassland in the northwestern area to play."

Amy's eyes lit up as she said with surprise, "Are we going to the grassland to catch goats?"

"We can do that too." Mag nodded with a smile.

"The northwestern area should be extremely cold right now," Elizabeth said hesitantly. The previous team-bonding session was set at the Demon Islands. Everyone had an enjoyable time basking in the sun and playing with water.

"Then it's perfect to ski and snowboard there," Mag said.

Catching goats wasn't something major, but it would take up a lot of time. Therefore, it was suitable to bring everyone along and let the team bond at the same time.

Angela and Jane weren't very familiar with everyone, so this could be an opportunity for everyone to strengthen their friendship.

"Skiing!"

Angela's and Jane's eyes lit up. The Demon Islands were hot all year round, and they'd never even seen frost before, not to mention going skiing.

The others also appeared very interested.

"I have something on today, so I won't be having fun with you all." After finishing her porridge, Irina waved to everyone and disappeared amidst a golden glow.

Mag knew that she had to be worried about the issue at the Thunderstorm Mountains, so he did not ask her to stay. He picked up his empty bowl, and said, "Alright, everyone, have your breakfast, and then we'll get ready to set off."

"Father, what about me? Can I skip classes and go to catch goats?" Amy asked expectantly.

"Does Little Amy like catching goats?" Mag asked with a smile.

"Mm-hm. Goats are so cute, they must be delicious," Amy said with a nod.

Mag smiled. He stroked Amy's head, and said, "I doubt Master Urien has time for class today. There's no need to take leave. Little Amy can join us."

"Yippee!" Amy jumped happily. It was great to be able to play for two days.

After breakfast, Mag brought some snacks and seasoning along before leading the group out.

Mag rented a 5th-tier eagle flying steed. It was a flying magic beast that used its head as a weapon, so it almost banged its way to extinction. It was nothing special, except that it could carry a huge load, and its speed was almost that of a 7th-tier flying magic beast. The downside was that it could not block out the wind.

However, that was no problem to Mag and the rest, as Babla's windshield could easily do the job.

"Actually, I can bring everyone over," Yabemiya said as she sat on the eagle's back.

"We're going out to play today, how can we tire you out?" Mag said with a shake of his head. He was not a stingy boss. He looked at everyone with a smile, and said, "The journey would take around three hours. Why don't we play a game of Werewolf?"

"Werewolf?" Everyone looked at Mag with bewilderment.

"Mm-hmm. Werewolf is a rather interesting strategy game. The game splits the players up into two camps: the werewolf camp and the good people camp. The good people win when all the werewolves are eliminated, and the werewolves win when all the villagers are eliminated. Here are the rules..."

As Mag was someone who didn't enjoy playing seated games, Werewolf was one of the rare seated games that he knew, and it was also suitable for a setting with a large number of people like now.

Work in the restaurant was usually rather hectic. Therefore, even though everyone had been working together, and many stayed in the same dormitory, they actually didn't have much time to really communicate and interact with each other.

This completely new game was quite a challenge to the ladies. Despite making a lot of mistakes, there was still a lot of laughter and joy. This was supposed to be a nerve-racking strategy detective game, but it became a self-exposing game, and amidst all the truths and lies, Mag, the initiator of the game, became the biggest loser.

Amy suddenly stood up and pointed at the horizon as she exclaimed, "Wow, why is that grassland blue?"

"Looks like we've arrived." Mag stood up and looked out toward the horizon that slowly became blue. His eyes lit up as he didn't expect there to really be a piece of blue grassland at the extremely cold place in the northwestern area.