

Stay At home 1971

Chapter 1971: Charge And That's All!

Mag was not sure if Josh would be at Rodu, but he knew that Andre had to be having a big headache.

The Roth Empire's troops had committed several war crimes in the Twilight Forest, and that would definitely cause an uproar among the other races. That would force the Peace Alliance, which was initially made up of races of wavering stance, into becoming a closed-knitted group.

The orcs and elves, despite rather strong capabilities, had more than half of their land taken from them within a short span of a day. On top of that, more than 10 tribes were slaughtered. If the Roth Empire had targeted the dwarves or the goblins, the entire race would have been wiped out.

The Peace Alliance members had to work closely together and see the Roth Empire as their number one enemy due to its threat.

The Roth Empire might be strong, but Andre's original plan was to form an alliance with the forest trolls and elves, and then maintain a certain level of harmony with the giant dragons before thinking of expanding.

If Josh was in Rodu, the first person to teach him a lesson would be Andre.

Rodu, in the royal study.

"Scoundrel!" Andre threw the emergency military report on the floor, and shouted, "Cordon off the army! Arrest all those involved in this for interrogation! Get Dominic to come back to see me now!"

"Yes!" The official left quickly after receiving the order.

All the courtiers in the royal study had their heads lowered in silence.

The Roth Empire's army was deployed without the king's orders, and even waged a war on the orcs and elves. This was a huge matter.

Control over the military was lost, and this was intolerable to the king. This meant that an uprising might start any time, and the empire might be moving towards its demise.

The courtiers present were all bewildered. Who would make so many people run the risk of losing their heads just to wage a war on the orcs and elves?

"Have you found Josh?" Andre asked his aide softly after walking out of the royal study.

"Your Majesty, we've yet to find the second prince. Everything in the second prince's mansion seems normal, but no one knew where he went," Andre's aide replied quickly.

"What about the Magus Tower?" Andre asked with a frown.

“We’ve heard from the Magus Tower that the second prince did go there in the morning, but it was said that he only went to the library, and left soon after. However, after our investigation, we found out that the second prince did go to the army this morning, and those who were in contact with him are currently undergoing investigation.”

“Find him. There are some things I need him to explain to me face to face,” Andre said coldly.

The Twilight Forest. In front of a massacred tribe, the Peace Alliance representative team stood in silence.

“I think it’s time we get ready for a new racial war,” Louis said solemnly.

“Andre is challenging our lower limit. If we allowed him to do whatever he wanted, that would mean that the Peace Alliance was nothing but a joke,” the dwarf representative said angrily.

“Yes. We need to make the Roth Empire pay the price for what he did. Even the elves, who were their allies, were almost wiped out. They have already gone crazy.” The goblin representative nodded.

The various representatives were furious. They were shocked at what the Roth Empire had done, and all condemned its actions.

The word massacre had not appeared for a very long time because of the century of peace.

And right now, on the first day of the peace meeting, the Roth Empire had caused such a tragedy in the Twilight Forest, and had almost wiped out the east of the forest inhumanely.

“Right now, there is still a devil roaming around. According to the scene on the mural, the devil would become stronger in a massacre. That would be way scarier than war.” Rolan stood out as the representative of Chaos City, and interrupted the discussion.

Everyone fell silent, and their expressions changed.

“What we want to do is to stop war, and not engage in a fiercer war using a different method. This is not what the Norland Continent needs right now. Instead, it might cause even bigger trouble,” Rolan said.

“Yes. What’s the most important now is to find the hiding devil, and to prevent the Roth Empire from waging another war.” Louis nodded. He looked at everyone, and said, “The giant dragons will officially release a statement to the Roth Empire to warn them against waging another war with the Peace Alliance members. At the same time, we will request them to punish the persons who were involved in the massacre. I hope that all members can align with us in our actions and show the Roth Empire our stance.”

After coaxing the two little fellows to sleep, Mag went over to the city lord’s castle to pass Michael the photostone and tell him his conjecture.

“If that’s the case, I’m afraid things will get very complicated. I think Andre would never admit it, and it is not convincing with just the image of the corpses.” Michael’s brows were tightly-knitted together. “After all, Irina did not find anything wrong with Josh when she used the Holy Light on him.”

“It doesn’t matter whether Andre admits to it. As long as we can ascertain that Josh had something to do with the devil, we might be able to find the escaped devil on him, and that would be sufficient.” Mag’s expression was rather cold.

Michael nodded thoughtfully. “I will get all our spies to track Josh down.”

Mag nodded. He chatted with Michael for a while more before leaving.

The peace meeting was forced to stop halfway, and war had started again. This caused the Norland Continent to be embroiled in a terrible ordeal. This night, it was destined that many would not be able to sleep peacefully.

However, Chaos City was still bustling with life. The people had yet to realize what would happen, and they were still living as usual.

Mag returned to the restaurant, washed up, and slept.

The next morning, the alarm clock rang. Mag opened his eyes, shut the alarm clock, and got up.

After standing his customers up for two days, Mamy Restaurant should resume operations today.

“A new product launched this afternoon: roast goose!”

Mag wrote the notice on a small blackboard, and hung it on the door to quench the raging fury of the customers.

“Our luck’s not bad. It seems like we’re in for a treat today. Boss Mag has finally opened his doors,” Harrison told the sleepy Georgina after seeing the long line from afar.

“Huh?” Georgina blinked.

“Soybean milk and youtiao is the best breakfast combination. Add a bowl of tofu pudding, and you will have the perfect breakfast,” Harrison said with a smile.

“I like tofu pudding.” Georgina’s eyes lit up. Her sleepiness was dispelled all of a sudden. She pulled Harrison and sprinted towards Mamy Restaurant. The tofu pudding was a hot favorite, and she would not have any if she was late.

“Roast goose? It’s rare for Boss Mag to give the dish such a simple name. Now, how would he have roasted it?”

“Needless to say, he would definitely roast it to the ultimate goodness.”

“Boss Mag stopped work for two days to create the new product. There’s no need to doubt it. Charge and that’s all!”

The customers lining up at the door were already in a fervent discussion.

Chapter 1972: Have You Seen My Goose?

Mag stood behind the floor-to-ceiling windows, and smiled as he looked at those customers engaged in a heated discussion regarding the roast goose.

The best way to appease a foodie was to give them a new dish. Even an advance notice could make them expectant for the whole morning.

Amy came downstairs in a pretty dress, and expectantly asked, "Father, when will Jessica come?"

"Her mother will bring her over when she goes to work. Little Amy, you only need to wait for her at home," Mag replied with a smile.

"Alright." Amy nodded. She picked up Ugly Duckling, who was at her feet, and also asked, "Then, when can we eat roast goose again?"

Ugly Duckling, which had sleepy eyes, instantly opened them wide, and looked at Mag and Amy warily, as if it was worried that it would become the ingredient.

"If Little Amy likes it, we can have roast goose again for lunch." Mag said with a smile. He turned his gaze, and looked at Ugly Duckling smilingly. "However, we still don't have a goose for today."

"Meow, meow, meow?" Ugly Duckling perked its head up, and called out to Mag in a panic, as if it was trying to declare its identity.

"Yes. The story said that the ugly duckling grew wings when spring came, and flew into the sky, becoming a white swan." Amy nodded, and seriously said to Ugly Duckling, "Ugly Duckling, spring is almost here, and you already know how to fly too. It's time to cook you. Face your fate."

"Meow, meow??" Ugly Duckling glared at the father and daughter. I might not be a real duck, but you guys are real animals!

Mag stopped teasing Ugly Duckling, and asked Amy, "Alright, what do you want to have for breakfast? Father will make it for you."

"I want to eat youtiao. I want to dip it in the spicy sauce. That spicy sauce tastes great," Amy replied without any hesitation.

"You can eat it that way too?" Mag cocked his eyebrows. He had never doubted the natural foodie talents of Amy, the little chowhound, but eating youtiao with the spicy sauce still shocked him a little. He wondered how the spicy sauce compared to the Lao Gan Ma.

"Yes, yes. You can use it as a dip for anything. It's delicious." Amy nodded, fully expressing her love for this spicy sauce.

After the breakfast service ended, Rebecca brought Jessica to the restaurant.

After giving her child a few instructions, Rebecca rushed to Mana Hot Pot Restaurant to start her work. Mag knew she deliberately sent her child after the restaurant ended its breakfast service so they would not bother him.

The children went upstairs to play, and Mag made a pot of black tea for himself. He sat next to the floor-to-ceiling window.

He didn't want to think about the matters of the Great Old Ones and the war. He could only depend on Chaos City and the races in the Peace Alliance for intel.

He checked on his religious score. It had already risen to around 25,000 points.

This was already a rather exaggerated number. One had to know that these were only the fans attracted by the video playing on a loop at the Delicacy Extravaganza.

He was only 25,000 religious points away from the next level. If there wasn't any unexpected incident, he wouldn't be able to complete that with the current Delicacy Extravaganza.

However, the Perfect Food's report wasn't released, and his column wasn't up yet. Mag was still rather expectant about the spread and influence of the written media.

Since he had nothing to do in the morning, Mag specially wrote his first column: the first disclosure of the eggplant with garlic sauce's recipe!

The eggplant with garlic sauce was Mamy Restaurant's most famous dish now. Although his top objective was to promote the octopus tentacle, from the perspective of increasing his influence, the eggplant with garlic sauce was obviously the best choice.

Writing a column was mentally exhausting. It took him almost the whole morning to just write a short column, and he even threw away a few versions.

"Mother, did you find Gaga over there?"

"No. I have searched all over, and I can't find Gaga. Don't panic, Sicarra. We definitely will find it when we search slowly." A middle-aged wealthy lady with a self-reproaching expression was consoling a young maiden with reddened eyes.

"We can't find it. We can't find it anywhere. Gaga must have been kidnapped and eaten. It's so pitiful. It's just a child... Gaga is such a poor thing..." Sicarra burst out into tears right on the spot, attracting all the passers-by's attention.

"Don't cry, don't cry. It's all my fault. I shouldn't have let it loiter at the door. I never thought that someone would catch it..." Genevieve wiped the tears away for her with self-reproach as she said, "Let's continue to look for it. Perhaps it only flew away. We just have to ask around, and someone might have seen it. Perhaps it could come back by itself."

Sicarra slowly stopped crying, and sobbingly asked, "Really?"

"Of course. I know Gaga is very important to you. I will look for it together with you." Genevieve nodded, sighing inwardly.

Gaga was Sicarra's pet goose. She had hatched it from an egg, and personally raised it like a precious treasure.

Sicarra had to go out, and she couldn't bring Gaga along, so she asked Genevieve to look after Gaga for her.

Genevieve was operating a big breakfast shop at Aden Square. She forgot about Gaga when she got busy. She only asked a staff member to let Gaga roam around at the shop's front. Gaga was already missing after she was done with her work. It seemed to have been taken away by a woman.

Sicarra instantly broke down when she returned and heard this news. She dragged Genevieve everywhere in search of Gaga.

Sicarra stopped a passer-by, and asked, "Hello, have you seen a goose? It's fat and white with a yellow mouth. It makes 'gaga' sounds when it calls. It's about this big, and can fly a little."

That passer-by pondered for a while before pointing to the market not far away, and saying, "Based on your descriptions, there are plenty of them in the market over there."

"Thank you. My Gaga isn't a normal goose. It's a unique goose," Sicarra said disappointedly but politely.

"Excuse me, have you seen..." Genevieve also began to ask the passers-by.

However, the more they asked, the more disappointed they were. Nobody would notice a goose, let alone provide any useful information.

"Goose? Perhaps you can check out Mamy Restaurant," a passer-by who was in a hurry casually said after being stopped.

"Mamy Restaurant?" Their eyes lit up. This was the first time they had gotten distinct information that pointed them to a certain place. They wanted to ask more, but that passer-by was already gone.

"Mother, do you think that Gaga is really at Mamy Restaurant? Could it be already eaten since it's at a restaurant?" Sicarra asked Genevieve with anticipation and worry.

Genevieve held Sicarra's hand, and consoled, "Don't worry. We have at least gotten useful information. Let's go and check out this Mamy Restaurant first. If Gaga is really there, we can use 10 roast geese to exchange for it. We won't allow it to be harmed."

"Mm-hmm." Sicarra nodded. She followed Genevieve to the address they had gotten from a passer-by, and walked towards the Mamy Restaurant in the east of Aden Square.

When they arrived, they saw three children playing at the door.

Lao Gan Ma or Old Godmother is a brand of chili sauces made in China. The sauce is produced by Laoganma Special Flavour Foodstuffs Company, which was established in 1997. Tao Huabi from Guizhou province began the development of the sauce in August 1996, employing 40 people at that time in a workshop environment. 1.3 million bottles of the sauce are produced daily. The product is sold in China and over 30 other countries. Tao Huabi is the owner of the company, and her son Li Guishan became the first president of the company. Women of China magazine reported in January 2011 that the company's assets were 1.3 billion yuan (US\$ million) and that the company had 2,000 employees at that time. Lao Gan Ma is credited with popularizing Chinese chili oil and chili crisp condiments in the western world, and has inspired many Chinese-American chili-based condiments and sauces..

Chapter 1973: When The Buying Stops, The Killing Can Too

Three little maidens. One of them was about 12 years old, while the other two were around four years old. They were all very adorable.

Sicarra tried to calm herself down before she stepped forward to ask, "Excuse me, lovely ladies. Did you see my Gaga?"

"Gaga?" Amy stopped skipping, and turned to look at Sicarra. "What's that?"

"Gaga is a goose, but it's not a normal goose. It's my precious. It's rotund and fat with a yellow mouth. It's about this big and this round. It's super cute, and can fly a little bit." Sicarra tried her best to describe it.

"Oh, I know it!" Amy was thoughtful.

"Really?!" Sicarra's eyes immediately lit up, and she looked at Amy with joy. "Where is it?!"

The eyes of Genevieve, who didn't have high hopes, also lit up, and she looked at Amy nervously. She knew how important Gaga was to Sicarra. If Gaga was indeed lost because of her, Sicarra would be sad for a very long time.

"Here." Amy turned around, and lifted up Ugly Duckling, which was napping on the steps. "See, is it this one?"

"ค•๕•ค???" Ugly Duckling had a befuddled expression.

"What???"

Sicarra and Genevieve both had question marks all over their faces.

Although this orange cat was also round and fat, had a yellow mouth, and was super cute, it was still a cat! She was obviously looking for a goose.

"Don't be fooled by its appearance. It's actually an ugly duckling, and it can fly a little too. When spring comes, it will become a white swan, and soar freely in the sky. Of course, it may not be able to fly, because it's too fat, but that's fine. It can still be made into a roast goose," Amy explained.

"Meow, meow?" Ugly Duckling's eyes widened. *Listen to her, is she talking sense?*

"Hmm???" Sicarra's and Genevieve's eyes also widened. Although they didn't understand what Amy was saying, they heard that she wanted to make a goose into a roast goose!

"Heavens! Gaga is so adorable. How could you guys eat it?" Tears welled up in Sicarra's eyes.

"Today's new product is the roast goose! I love to eat roast goose the most. It's even more delicious than the duck."

"Yes. I wonder how Boss Mag roasts it. The roast goose at the square's exit is quite nice too."

"He has to skin the goose first. Otherwise, he can't get rid of the feathers on it."

The customers began to arrive one by one. They saw the little black board on the restaurant's door, and many customers who saw it for the first time started to discuss it.

"Gaga, you have died horribly..." Sicarra couldn't stand that, and burst out in tears on the spot.

This wretched howl scared the customers, and they all looked at her in shock.

Genevieve smiled at the customers apologetically before she pulled Sicarra's hand, and said, "They are not talking about Gaga. Don't cry."

"But they are eating geese. This restaurant roasts geese. Gaga is so pitiful..." Sicarra still wanted to cry.

Genevieve only wanted to kick the guy who guided them here without listening to them properly. He sent them to a restaurant that wasn't friendly to geese at all, and gave Sicarra bad associations.

"Then, we will go to some other places to look for it. Perhaps Gaga has gone to other places. It shouldn't have come so far." Genevieve wanted to bring Sicarra away from this miserable place. She was afraid Sicarra would feel more terrible when she saw the roast goose and thought of Gaga.

Sicarra wiped off her tears, looked at Mamy Restaurant with a convinced gaze, and said with conviction, "No. I believe Gaga is here. I'm going to save it!"

"But..." Genevieve looked at the exquisite restaurant. As a lady boss operating a breakfast shop at Aden Square, she was familiar with this Mamy Restaurant.

It was deemed the number one restaurant of Chaos City and the miracle of the industry. Even she herself wasn't going to believe that Mamy Restaurant's boss had stolen their goose.

"When the buying stops, the killing can too. I want to meet this restaurant's boss, and make him release Gaga and stop killing geese," Sicarra said with conviction.

Genevieve pulled Sicarra aside, and said in a low voice, "Sicarra, as a goose-lover, although Mother understands your feelings, we have to discuss this first. Although Gaga is very cute and important to you, we cannot stop others from eating geese because of this."

"But, Gaga..."

Amy, who was listening at the side, looked at Sicarra, and interrupted, "If a rice-lover appears one day, are you going to starve yourself to death, Big Sister?"

"I..." Sicarra was rendered speechless at that moment.

"Furthermore, roast goose is really delicious! You can try it too, Big Sister. You will forget about the Gaga that flies away after eating our roast goose." Amy didn't forget to promote the restaurant's new product.

"I'm not eating..." Sicarra quickly shook her head.

"Let's go." Genevieve held Sicarra's hand.

“No! I want to make sure that Gaga isn’t there!” Sicarra shook her head with conviction again. Looking at Mamy Restaurant’s signboard, she took a deep breath, and seriously said, “I want to line up and wait for him to open!”

“Alright. It’s time for lunch too. Let’s have our lunch here, and try the skills of the chef of Chaos City’s number one restaurant.” Genevieve stopped persuading her. At least this was better than running around like a headless chicken.

Amy stroked Ugly Duckling’s head, and gently lamented, “Ugly Duckling, you are so ugly that nobody wants you.”

“Meow, meow?”

“I want it. Ugly Duckling is so adorable. I like it so much.” Jessica opened her arms wide, and scooped Ugly Duckling up. She rubbed her face against its furry head.

“Meow~” Ugly Duckling rubbed against Jessica’s chin smugly, proving that it was very much wanted.

“Oh, well, Jessica is just too kind.” Amy sighed.

Sicarra stood in the front, and listened to the foodies talk about the 1000 methods to cook geese. Tears slid down her face.

“They are so cruel...” Sicarra restrained her sadness while wiping away her tears. Her tummy started growling too.

“Yes. How can they subject us, two women who haven’t had breakfast, to such seduction at this time now.” Genevieve nodded in agreement.

“Hmm?” Sicarra turned to look at Genevieve.

“Erm...” Genevieve realized she seemed to have said something she shouldn’t have. She looked awkward before she pointed to the door in front. “The door’s opened.”

Sicarra turned back, and saw that the restaurant’s door indeed slowly opened outwards.

A young and handsome man dressed in a clean and neat chef’s suit walked out with a mesmerizing smile, and said, “Welcome to Mamy Restaurant..”

Chapter 1974: Why Don’t We Order One To Try?

Sicarra stared at Mag. She was surprised that the boss of this restaurant was actually a handsome young man around the age of 30. Be it his temperament, figure, or skin, he looked more like a successful elite. If he hadn’t been wearing a chef’s suit, she wouldn’t have associated him with the greasy chefs.

Genevieve was also sizing Mag up. As an experienced chef who had worked in the breakfast industry for over 30 years, she had been hearing a lot about the customers praising Mamy Restaurant’s breakfast lately. She was already rather interested in this boss whose restaurant was already famous after only six months in operation.

At first, she had considered if she was suitable when she heard that this boss was single with a child. After all, she was also a widow with a child now.

However, after seeing Mag, she began to consider if Sicarra was more suitable instead.

She threw a side glance at Sicarra, and saw that she had an infatuated expression. She couldn't help laughing. Gaga indeed wasn't that important.

Amy went up, pointing to Sicarra, and said, "Father, that big sister said she was looking for her goose."

Mag smilingly said to Sicarra, "Please come in. The roast goose is today's new product. I think you will like it if you like to eat goose."

This maiden was around 20 years old. She wore a long cotton dress, and had her long black hair tied up behind her. She looked very refreshed, but her eyes were red as if she had just cried.

I'm looking for a goose, not a roast goose! Moreover, I like goose. I don't like to eat goose! Sicarra roared inwardly. However, after seeing the adorable Amy and Mag with a gentle smile, she swallowed her words, and weakly said a "thank you" before jogging into the restaurant with a blush.

"I'm not here to eat roast goose. I'm here to look for Gaga! Yes, that's it!" Sicarra told herself that inwardly. She found a seat near the kitchen, and called her mother over.

Genevieve sat down, and praised, "This restaurant is really good. The boss has spent a lot of effort on decorations. No wonder so many people like it. Just with this environment alone, other restaurants cannot compare with it."

As an experienced F&B person, she had her pride too.

However, her pride had disintegrated after she entered Mamy Restaurant.

Her breakfast shop focused on clean and cheap, letting her customers have a good and cost-effective meal.

Meanwhile, this restaurant exuded an exquisite and comfortable feeling as soon as one entered. All the decorations and furniture complemented one another. It was definitely unique among the restaurants on Aden Square.

Because they were on completely different levels, Genevieve accepted the psychological suggestion that there was no need for comparison easily. She changed her mindset to a customer's, and started praising this restaurant.

"Mother, you've changed." Sicarra looked at Genevieve judgmentally. "You weren't the type who would praise another restaurant."

She had heard Genevieve diss all the restaurants that they had tried before. Her nitpicking skills were still unmatched today.

"I'm just an ordinary customer today," Genevieve said calmly.

Sicarra pursed her lips to show that she didn't believe her, but she didn't pursue it, either.

"We're not here to eat. We're here to look for and save Gaga." Sicarra lowered her voice, and looked at Genevieve with a serious expression. She pointed to the kitchen with one finger. "Gaga could be in there right now, waiting for us to save it. If we don't act, it will really become a roast goose."

Genevieve stared at Sicarra's face, and hesitated before saying, "Why don't we look at the menu, and find out about our situation first?"

"Alright." Sicarra nodded unwillingly.

"This red braised pork looks quite good!"

"This steamed fish head with diced hot red peppers looks spicy. It's not suitable for you, Mother."

"I have heard of this tofu pudding before. A friend said that her skin looked 10 years younger after eating it."

"I also have a friend who kept recommending me to try this. I have had a few pimples on my face lately. I wonder if it really works?"

"..."

Amy sat behind the counter with Ugly Duckling in her arms, and began lecturing it. "See, it's so forgettable being a goose. It can't even compare to a bowl of tofu pudding."

Jessica worriedly said, "But they seem to be really looking for a goose."

"I will be panicking if I lose my goose too," Amy said.

Ugly Duckling turned around, and looked at Amy with a gleam in its eyes. Its owner indeed still loved it.

"What a precious thing. It will turn into a delicious roast goose after Father roasts it. Anyone will panic if they lose it," Amy said seriously.

"(ΩДΩ)???" Ugly Duckling eyes instantly widened. Listen to that. Is she for real?

Sicarra and Genevieve studied the menu excitedly. It was such an exquisite menu, and every dish's picture was in it, so the customers wouldn't be confused by the strange names. Furthermore, every dish looked so delicious that it was hard for them to decide what to order.

"The roast goose looks not bad, either." Genevieve found the roast goose under the roast duck category. She was a little shocked after seeing the 2000 copper coins price. "However, it's just a little pricey."

Sicarra looked at that bright red enticing roast goose, and gulped while being angry at herself for forgetting about Gaga after reading the menu. "My poor Gaga..."

Genevieve attempted to ask Sicarra, "Why don't we order one to try?"

"No. That is too much!" Sicarra shook her head.

Genevieve continued, "Know yourself and know your enemy, and you will never be defeated. We have to find out how he cooks it so that we can study how to save Gaga."

"Is it necessary?" Sicarra frowned with uncertainty.

"Of course. We will just watch him make it. If it's Gaga, we will buy it back with money. This is also our chance too."

“But...” Sicarra was still a little hesitant.

Miya came to their table, and smilingly asked, “Dear customers, what would you like to order?”

“One helping of red braised pork, one helping of sweet tofu pudding, and one helping of eggplant with garlic sauce.” Genevieve ordered what she wanted, and then stole a peek at Genevieve before ordering another dish. “Additionally, one roast goose.”

Sicarra’s expression changed, but she restrained herself in the end. Then, she ordered one helping of savory tofu pudding and one helping of stir-fried octopus tentacles.

This is to save Gaga, Sicarra told herself inwardly.

“Alright, please give us a moment.” Miya nodded with a smile.

Sicarra stared at the kitchen. That young boss seemed to be doing some preparation work. He was boiling soup or cooking stuff that needed to be cooked in advance.

After a while, the big sister in charge of ordering went in, and passed the orders to him.

Sicarra clenched her fists nervously. She hoped it wasn’t Gaga, yet she hoped it was Gaga at the same time.

Then, she saw the boss take out a goose that was already defeathered from the fridge at the side..

Chapter 1975: Your Roast Goose

Sicarra was immediately stunned. “Why is it a goose that is already processed?”

“They have only one chef in this restaurant, but the number of customers is comparable to a big restaurant’s. He won’t be able to make dishes in time if the ingredients are not processed in advance,” Genevieve explained.

“But... how will I know if that is Gaga then?” Sicarra was starting to panic.

Genevieve pondered, and then said, “We have to taste it then.”

“Huh?” Sicarra glared at her.

“No... I was saying, look at that goose in the boss’s hands. It doesn’t look like Gaga at all,” Genevieve quickly explained.

“It indeed doesn’t look like Gaga. Gaga isn’t that big.” Sicarra stared at it before nodding. Then, she said with pursed lips, “However, where could Gaga go? Why couldn’t we find it anywhere?”

Genevieve patted the back of her hand, and consoled, “Don’t fret. I will ask my friends to help you look for it after we have our meal. They know a lot of people, and perhaps they can find it.”

“Erm.” Sicarra nodded. She finally was a little appeased.

Soon after, the dishes that they ordered were served.

The bright-colored red braised pork had a fantastic meaty aroma, while the stir-fried octopus' tentacles had an umami aroma. However, the white and tender tofu pudding was what attracted their attention the most.

Women always had no resistance to things that could make them prettier.

Of course, they were rather doubtful about the rumors about the tofu pudding's beautifying effects before they came to Mamy Restaurant. After all, it was mostly scammers' lies when they said that one could rapidly improve their looks with food.

However, whether the tofu pudding had a beautifying effect or not, the tofu pudding in front of them still looked extremely enticing. The refreshing aroma of the soybeans greeted their noses.

"The sweet one looks great." Genevieve turned the bowl around as she looked at the syrup that covered the tofu pudding. Be it the viscosity or color, it looked perfect.

"The savory one looks better. It won't be too overwhelming." On the other hand, Sicarra promoted her savory tofu pudding. "Besides, you can't take too much sugar, either."

"It's fine to eat a little sometimes." Genevieve couldn't wait to scoop up the tofu pudding with her spoon. It was like steamed egg custard, only more elastic. The spoon left a white hole in the tofu pudding, and then the red syrup flew into it. The tofu pudding covered by syrup shook slightly in her spoon, delicate like a piece of art.

The delectable tofu pudding almost melted as soon as she put it in her mouth. The syrup was so thick and delightful, and it came together perfectly with the tofu pudding.

Genevieve opened her eyes, and praised the tofu pudding in front of her. "This taste. I can say that it's one of the best desserts."

As a person who had worked with breakfast pastry for decades, she still couldn't imagine how the boss turned the soybeans into such an intricate and delicious food.

Hearing that, Sicarra, too, couldn't wait to scoop up a spoonful of tofu pudding.

The soft white tofu pudding was covered in a layer of orange sauce and diced pickled vegetables. It wobbled in the spoon, looking very bouncy. After placing it in her mouth, it completely melted without even the need to chew. The sweet and fragrant tofu pudding combined perfectly with the pickled vegetables and sauce, making her eyes brighten instantly.

"It's so delicious!" Sicarra suddenly felt as if she was enveloped by warmth. She felt much better after losing Gaga. She only wanted to enjoy this scrumptious food for the time being now, and enjoy this blissful and beautiful sensation.

Very soon, the tofu pudding ended in the mother-and-daughter pair's bellies.

Putting down the spoon, Sicarra said, "Although I didn't sense any change, I really want to have another bowl."

"Then let's have another bowl." Genevieve nodded in agreement, and asked Miya, who happened to walk by, for another helping.

Miya smilingly replied, "I'm sorry, dear customers. The tofu pudding is limited to one per customer."

"Oh, I see... Alright, thanks." Genevieve nodded. As someone in the F&B business, she naturally wouldn't make things difficult for the service staff for such a matter.

"Too bad, then we will come next time for it." Sicarra was a little disappointed.

"Come, let's try the other dishes now that we had the snacks before the meal." Genevieve picked up the chopsticks, and fed herself a piece of red braised pork.

"Hmm... This red braised pork is fantastic too. Try it." Genevieve put a piece of red braised pork in Sicarra's bowl as she chewed on the fat but not greasy red braised pork.

"This meat is so fat." Sicarra was slightly turned off by the fat and lean red braised pork, but looking at Genevieve, who had an amazed expression, she picked up and bit into the lean part after a brief moment of hesitation.

She bit softly into the meat, and the sweet and fragrant sauce seeped out from the meat. Even the lean meat was very tender and not dry. It melted in her mouth after being chewed gently.

"This meat... how can it be so delicious!" Sicarra's mouth was slightly agape with disbelief. Even the usually dry lean meat became so delicious.

Genevieve had already picked up her second piece. She didn't forget to remind Sicarra, "The way you eat it is soulless. You have to eat it together with the skin to experience its extreme scrumptiousness."

"I can't eat too much fatty meat..." Although Sicarra said that, she still popped a whole piece of red braised pork into her mouth.

The tender pork melted almost immediately in her mouth. The lean meat was chewy but not dry. The pork skin was soft and sticky. She could chew without any pressure.

She bit softly into the meat, and the sweet and fragrant sauce seeped out from the meat. At this moment, the beauty of the pork was brought out to the fullest.

As a child who grew up in a restaurant, Sicarra had inherited Genevieve's taste completely. She was very picky about food.

However, right at that moment, she couldn't find any faults with this red braised pork. Even someone who disliked fatty meat like her was immersed in the exquisite experience brought about by the fatty meat and pig's skin.

Sicarra looked up at Mag in the kitchen, and marveled, "This boss... is so formidable."

"Yes. If I can find a son-in-law like this, it'll really pay to have a daughter." Genevieve nodded.

"Mother!" Sicarra whined with a blush.

"Haha. I'm just saying it casually. This young man is really not bad." Genevieve looked at Mag with a motherly smile, as if she had already prebooked a son-in-law.

"I can't bother with you." Sicarra lowered her head, and ate two mouthfuls of rice and another piece of red braised pork.

"Your roast goose. Please enjoy." Right then, a voice suddenly appeared, and a huge plate floated out of the kitchen, and landed between the two of them. One cut-apart-and-reassembled-together roast goose lay on the plate quietly with two dipping sauces..

Chapter 1976: See, She's Crying So Deliciously

The rich roast goose's aroma assaulted their noses. It actually suppressed all the other dishes' aroma at the table.

The customers around them all turned to look at them. They were the first to be served with the roast goose. The customers wanted to know their reviews and reactions.

"Gaga..." Sicarra, who was eating rather happily, was triggered when she saw the roast goose in front of her. Tears welled up in her eyes again.

"This color, this aroma, this plating, and this cutting skill. This boss is really a promising young man." Genevieve continued to praise with an impressed expression. She picked up a piece of breast meat with her chopsticks, and dipped it in the dipping sauce before popping it into her mouth.

Genevieve's eyes lit up while she exclaimed, "Oh my God! My heavens! This roast goose is awesome! Eat it! Eat it!" She then placed a little goose's drumstick in the dipping sauce in front of Sicarra.

"Gaga is such a poor thing. Why is it so sad to be a goose..." Sicarra cried as she picked up the drumstick, and bit into it irresistibly.

The roast goose's skin was crispy and fragrant, yet the meat under the skin was tender and fat. The rich marinate seemed to have seeped into every part of the goose. The meat's juice exploded in the mouth after she bit into it. That amazed the taste buds.

The dipping sauce was sweet and sour, which stimulated the taste buds. With a gentle chew, the meat and skin were separated. It became increasingly fragrant as she chewed. There was also a faint fragrance of the fruit tree charcoal.

Sicarra was shocked right on the spot. This taste had inverted all her imagination of roast goose.

It's so delicious, Sicarra thought as she ate. However, she couldn't help thinking of Gaga, and tears fell from her eyes uncontrollably.

"See, she's crying so deliciously," Amy whispered as she looked at Sicarra.

"Didn't she lose her goose? Why is she still eating a goose?" Jessica was rather befuddled.

Amy put her head on Ugly Duckling's head. Without much thinking, she said, "It is obvious that she's sad because she didn't get to eat the goose that she has painstakingly raised."

"Oh, I see." Jessica and Annie nodded thoughtfully.

Sicarra felt she had let Gaga down inwardly, but her body was too honest. She swallowed the entire roast goose's drumstick in the blink of an eye. Even the bones were chewed clean.

“See, I say it’s definitely delicious. It’s so scrumptious that the maiden cries. She demonstrated what extreme scrumptiousness is,” a mister from the next table remarked to his wife sitting across from him, and then carefully said, “My lady, why don’t we order one to try? We might regret it if we don’t eat it.”

“Why are you staring at a young maiden?” That lady threw him a side glance with a killing intent.

“N-no, I am just looking at the roast goose!” The man shivered and quickly shook his head. His family status was clearly demonstrated.

The lady gave the man a meaningful look before nodding slightly. “Alright. Let’s order one then.”

“My lady is so wise!” The man was overjoyed. He quickly summoned a server, and ordered a roast goose.

Sicarra, who cried after eating, indeed gave the roast goose a great advertising effect.

The customers who used to let others try it out first all began to order the new product, roast goose.

Looking at those roast geese that floated out of the kitchen one by one, Sicarra continued to chew on the roast goose with hot tears in her eyes, and facing life with a smile.

Burp...

Sicarra and Genevieve both had a long burp at the same time.

The two of them looked at each other and the empty plate in front of them in a shock. Then, they revealed a polite and awkward smile.

“Are you full? Let’s go find Gaga now,” Genevieve said.

“Alright.” Sicarra nodded. She felt guilty whenever Gaga was mentioned, but she couldn’t help reminiscing about that delicious roast goose...

“Let’s go then.” Genevieve got up to settle the bill. She still flicked a glance at the kitchen before she left, and softly praised, “This young man is really not bad.”

“Let’s go.” Sicarra quickly pulled Genevieve, who was looking at Mag as if he was her potential son-in-law, away.

Genevieve still couldn’t help looking back after coming out of the restaurant as she smilingly said, “That was such a great meal. We can always come back here again in the future. I never expected that there would be a restaurant with such delicious food in Chaos City one day.”

“Oh,” Sicarra answered lethargically. She was much calmer after coming out of the restaurant, even though she was still missing Gaga.

“Let’s go. I’ll bring to meet those aunties. They might be able to help you find Gaga.” Genevieve held Sicarra’s hand and prepared to leave.

Pfft, pfft!

Right at that moment, two wings flapping could be heard. A big white goose, wearing a silver collar, landed in front of them with flapping wings.

The two of them halted their footsteps, stunned.

Sicarra looked at the collar on the big white goose's neck, and exclaimed happily in surprise, "Gaga!"

"Don't run, big fat goose! I am going to kill you and cook you today!" A short-haired middle-aged woman dashed over with a cleaver in her hand. She looked fearsome and murderous.

That big fat goose turned back to look at her before it attempted to fly away in a panic.

"Don't be afraid. I'm here." Sicarra swiftly crouched down to hold it, and stared at that middle-aged woman angrily. A passer-by had said that it was a short-haired middle-aged woman who carried her Gaga away. It had to be this woman.

That woman dashed over, and fiercely spoke to Sicarra, who was holding the goose. "Y-you release it. This is my goose."

"Nonsense. This is my goose!" Sicarra replied furiously. She stroked the big white goose's head, and consoled, "Don't be afraid, Gaga. I am here."

"You're the one who is talking nonsense. My goose has just escaped, and you said that it was yours. Let's ask the crowd for judgment. How can that be? I am going to hit you if you don't let go." That fat woman was about to go up to pull Sicarra after saying that.

There were already many people watching their farce now.

"I say, Sister, isn't it too much to talk to a child like that?" Genevieve went forward and stood in front of Sicarra.

The fat woman halted her footsteps, and looked at the well-dressed Genevieve. She immediately sounded weaker. "Who the hell are you?"

"I am her mother." Genevieve replied.

"So what if you are her mother? This goose is mine. Don't even think of stealing it." That fat woman became unreasonable again.

"Ha. You are really shameless." Genevieve sneered. "This goose was raised personally by my daughter from an egg. It was brought up like a precious treasure. You stole it when I let it out for a walk in front of my shop today. We couldn't find it for the whole morning, and we bumped into you here. You said this was your goose, but I think you are the thief who stole it!"

The fat woman went white after hearing that. With an unnatural expression, she argued, "Y-you are slinging mud at me! How can you prove that this goose is yours?"

Sicarra got up with Gaga, and said to that fat woman, "Gaga's collar was specially custom-made for it when it was one year old at that Stallone's Silverware Shop over there. Why don't I bring you over to verify with the boss?"

"Lunatics! Take it that I have given you this goose. I don't want it anymore," that fat lady mumbled before walking away quickly.

"Hmph!" Sicarra snorted at her back, and hugged Gaga in her arms tightly..

Chapter 1977: I Just Want To Give Every Little Sister A Home

Perhaps Gaga still hadn't realized that its status in its owners' hearts had already changed. It cuddled in Sicarra's arms, and smugly called out at the departed fat woman twice.

Genevieve went forward to stroke Gaga. She wanted to say some comforting words, but she ended up saying, "Gaga is indeed rather fat."

Sicarra and Genevieve looked at each other and smiled. There was a hint of mystery in their smile.

"Gagagaga." Gaga quacked as it rubbed its head against Sicarra's hand.

"Alright, I know you are hungry. We are bringing you home to eat something now." Sicarra carried Gaga, and walked towards their home as she lectured, "You cannot run away as you wish in the future, and you cannot loiter alone. You must know how to run home when you meet bad people..."

"You are a nice girl, but we cannot be together."

"Why?"

"I don't deserve you."

Slap.

The girl was crying piteously. The hand that she retracted was even trembling. "That wasn't what you said when you pursued me yesterday..."

"You know. People change, and I am someone who changes very easily." A young man with a red punk hairstyle looked up at the sky at a 45-degree angle, and gently sighed. "Actually, I have known from the start that we wouldn't last long."

"Y-you bastard..."

"I don't want to hold you up. You deserve someone better." The young man looked at the maiden, and calmly said, "Go home early. I won't be sending you home."

"Waaah..."

The maiden burst into tears and left.

"Sigh... A passionate person always has more trouble," the young man gently lamented as he watched the young lady go away.

An old man with white hair, leaning against a pillar with a narrow bamboo rod in his hand, smilingly said, "Aren't you the jerk that the young maidens always talk about?"

"I am not a jerk. I just want to give every little sister a home," the young man replied melancholically.

“Oh, please. I came to Chaos City for proper business. How many girls have you ruined in the past few days since we arrived?” The old man rolled his eyes. However, if one looked closely at his eyes, they would realize they were completely white.

“Grandpa, you are being too much. I only exchanged my emotions with the pretty ladies. I didn’t even touch their hands, so how could I have ruined them? I have professional conduct,” Noah said with a serious expression. “Since I cannot stay for them, I shouldn’t leave too many marks on their hearts and bodies. That would be immoral.”

“You are a clear-headed jerk.” Merante chuckled before suddenly coughing hard. He only managed to slowly calm down after a while.

“Hehe.” Noah patted Merante’s back. He seemed to be quite used to Merante’s coughing. He smilingly asked, “However, Grandpa, we are already here for three days, but we still haven’t seen that thing you mentioned? Could you have calculated wrongly? Perhaps that thing hasn’t escaped yet.”

Merante shook his head gently, and said, “That half at the Thunderstorm Mountains is sealed properly, but the other half had escaped. We have been to many places in the past two years, but we were always a step behind. The septaria oracle deduced that this thing might appear at Chaos City, so it’s always good to come and take a look here.”

“Alright, let’s walk around to take a look.” Noah nodded. He picked up the backpack at the side, and slowly followed next to Merante.

Merante held a thin bamboo rod, but he didn’t tap it on the ground like the usual blind people. Instead, he walked like a normal person. He even knew to evade when he encountered obstacles and people. He didn’t look like a blind person at all.

But if you looked at him closely, you would discover that his ears were moving slightly.

Noah followed next to Merante, but his gaze was still sweeping around. His gaze would stop for a while whenever he saw young and pretty maidens, but he simply looked at them. He didn’t make any other outrageous contact.

The grandfather and grandson entered Aden Square. Merante suddenly halted his footsteps with a grave expression.

“Grandpa, what’s the matter?” Noah’s expression became nervous instantly.

“There’s a ghostly presence.” A red light suddenly flashed in Merante’s white eyes. He flipped his hand, and a stone that resembled a tortoise shell appeared on his palm. Crisscrossing red light began to appear on the tortoise shell. Eventually, only two light beams were left. A red dot appeared at their intersection.

“It’s that direction.” Merante’s gaze moved away from the septaria oracle. He looked at the other end of Aden Square. That pair of white eyes seemed to be able to cut through space.

“Is it really the devil?” Noah looked a little tense and expectant.

“It could also be someone who had contact with the devil.” Merante kept the septaria oracle, and continued to walk ahead.

“Then, do we need to do any preparation, such as setting up a spell formation?” Noah quickly caught up with him.

“No.”

“But that thing is so scary. Are we simply going over to fight with it head-on? I feel a little unconfident.” Noah sounded unconfident too.

“We are just taking a look. We are not in a hurry to act.”

“Grandpa, then what’s the difference between a jerk and us if we simply loiter around and don’t enter?” Noah rolled his eyes. “When did you not get excited when you came in contact with things related to the ghost?”

“I will naturally be calm when I encounter what I cannot defeat,” Merante answered mildly.

“Erm...” Noah was actually lost for words.

However, he had seen with his own eyes how ferocious his grandpa was. Although he was a little nervous, he wasn’t scared away because of this. He continued to follow Merante, but he obviously slowed down a little. He walked about half a step behind Merante so that he could hide behind him if there were any unusual circumstances.

Merante followed the septaria oracle’s guidance, and they came to Mamy Restaurant’s door.

“Grandpa, is it the prison next door or here?” Noah looked at the opulent restaurant, and then looked at the high walls of Bastie Prison not far away.

This restaurant looked rather sophisticated. However, its door was closed as its operation hours seemed to be over.

Meanwhile, they had checked on the other exit of the Bastie Prison next door yesterday, and it seemed to be fine.

“It’s right here.” Merante’s bamboo rod tapped on the ground gently, right in front of the restaurant’s door.

“In this case, let me set up a formation first...” Noah skipped a big step backwards, and took out a string of tortoise shells of different sizes. He flipped his hands, and the tortoise shells landed on the ground, and formed a circle that surrounded him.

“You go and knock on the door.” Merante tilted his head a little.

“I have just set up my formation... Grandpa, why don’t you go and knock on the door?” Noah turned into a coward instantly.

“Any redundant actions will prevent me from releasing my full power. I can only leave a small action like knocking on the door to you.” Merante placed the thin bamboo rod vertically, and the septaria oracle in his hands already hovered in midair. His white hair drifted in the wind, and he looked solemn.

Noah gulped. This was the first time that he had seen his grandpa look so nervous. After a brief hesitation, he still stepped out of the tortoise shells formation, and sneakily knocked twice on the door before skipping back into the tortoise shells circle, and putting on a defensive stance.

After a while, under the duo's nervous and guarded gaze, the restaurant's door slowly opened outwards, and a little half-elf girl walked out.

Chapter 1978: Hey, Kid. Go And Get The Adult In The House

Noah almost jumped up, and shouted, "In the name of the lord, I command you!"

Oh no, he should do a tortoise-shell technique bondage!

However, looking at the half-elf little girl who poked out her head and half of her body, his hands that had already held the tortoise shells up high halted in midair.

This little one was really too small. She looked about three or four years old, and she was so adorable!

Her silvery hair was let loose, her adorable face still had some baby fat, her blue eyes were as bright as sapphires, and she had a pair of small semi-transparent pointed ears. She looked just like an angel. She looked at them perplexedly with her head tilted.

"Excuse me, what's the matter?" the little girl asked in a soft voice.

Noah quickly improvised. He lowered the tortoise shells down, and squeezed out a smile. "D-do you want to look at tortoises?"

"But yours are tortoise shells." Amy saw through him immediately.

Noah tilted his head up a little, and lovingly said, "Although it's just a tortoise shell now, it was once a high-spirited and vigorous tortoise. It was young, and didn't know how to treasure itself. It fell in love with a fish, and risked it all for it, to the point where it lost its body. Only then did it regret it. However, only its shell was left..."

"So, all your tortoise shells on the ground have a story?" Amy took out a stool out of the blue, and sat on it at the door, looking at Noah with anticipation and her chin propped up on her hands.

Two little heads popped out behind her, and they were also looking at Noah curiously.

"My tortoises..." Noah looked at the three expectant little ones in a panic.

It wasn't difficult for him to spin one story, but there were a total of 36 tortoise shells on the ground. It would be inhumane if he had to spin stories for all of them.

Noah wanted to get away. He tilted his head, and softly asked, "Grandpa, I don't think these three little girls have anything to do with that thing. Did you calculate incorrectly?"

"Hey, kid. Go and get the adult in the house." Merante talked to a pillar at the side.

"Hey, Grandpa Blind Man, I'm over here," Amy said to Merante. "Why are you looking for my father? He has just finished working, and needs a break. Talk to me if you have to."

Annie tilted her body, and stood in front of Jessica as she looked at Merante warily.

“Hmm?” Merante’s white eyes suddenly turned towards Annie with shock and disbelief. The septaria oracle hovering in front of him suddenly spun crazily.

“Are there customers?” Right then, a gentle voice came from the restaurant. Mag walked out and stood in front of Annie. His gaze landed on the two people at the door at the same time.

The attire and looks of these two people were both rather strange.

The old man had white hair and beard, and he was wearing a patchwork top. His complexion was dark, and he didn’t look well. His eyes were completely white with no pupils. He had a thin bamboo rod in front of him, and a septaria oracle was spinning on top of it.

The young man next to him was dressed in slightly more normal clothes. He was wearing a green top and cotton pants, and carrying a big backpack on his back. However, his puffy red punk hairstyle was very eye-catching, which made people focus on his hair first. That had an overwhelming effect.

However, under that cool and eye-catching hairstyle was a youthful and down-to-earth face. He looked to be about 20 years old, with fair complexion and distinct features. He had a pair of bright and clear brown eyes. If he cut his hair, his looks should be what the rich middle-aged ladies and young maidens preferred.

“The restaurant’s lunch service is already over. If you want to have your meal, please come again in the evening,” Mag said with a smile.

Noah looked at Mag nervously, and picked up the tortoise shells again. He glanced at Merante sideways, preparing to act according to his reactions.

“We’re not here to eat,” Merante spoke up, his white eyes staring at Mag.

Mag smilingly said to the three little ones, “Alright, you three go and play in the playroom on the second floor. I got a new toy for you.”

“Really?”

“What new toy?”

“Let’s go!”

The three little ones immediately ran into the restaurant happily.

Mag was still smiling after the children left, but his voice became slightly colder. “If you are not here to eat, turn right and walk straight. You will find all kinds of fun things to do. If you turn around and walk back, you will find nice scenery too.”

“You are not simple.” Merante didn’t have the intention to leave. He was still staring at Mag.

“Yes. I should be the best chef in Chaos City now. Everyone who has eaten my dishes thinks that I am not simple.” Mag nodded matter-of-factly.

“You have seen something you shouldn’t have,” Merante said.

What's the background of this old man? Mag's heart skipped a beat. At first, he thought that this was a scammer who came to cheat him. He didn't expect that he really had some skills.

Merante continued, "The little maiden isn't an ordinary person, either. She is the purest that shouldn't exist in this world."

Mag opened the door, and said to the two of them, "Would you like to come in for tea?"

"L-let's talk outside. We don't drink tea..." Noah replied nervously. He couldn't see through Mag's level at all. Either Mag was a completely helpless noob, or he was a powerhouse who was several times more powerful than Noah.

"Alright." Merante kept the septaria oracle, and walked into the restaurant with his bamboo rod.

Noah quickly grabbed his sleeve, and whispered, "Grandpa, I don't think it's alright?"

Merante patted his hand gently, and gestured to him to stop fretting before he stepped into the restaurant.

No risk, no gain. I'm going all out! Noah kept his tortoise shell formation, and followed Merante in.

The restaurant's door gradually closed behind them.

Noah turned around to take a look and gulped. He grabbed his tortoise shells tightly as he was ready to tie Mag up in a tortoise shell bondage and render him defenseless anytime.

"You can sit anywhere you like," Mag said casually, and went into the kitchen.

Noah sat down next to Merante near the window, and softly asked, "Grandpa, is it him?"

"He is the one that the septaria oracle is looking for." Merante nodded.

"Then if we don't act now, when will we act!?" Noah jumped up from his chair instantly. The tortoise shells were already spread out, and formed a formation under his feet.

"You are already so big, behave more maturely." Merante frowned. "Don't set up a defensive spell formation as soon as you react. You look weak like that."

"Didn't you teach me that? The one who lives to the end is the winner." Noah wasn't embarrassed at all.

Mag came over with the black tea, and poured a cup for each of them.. As soon as he put the cups down, he said to Merante, "Who are you guys?"

Chapter 1979: The Ghost Clan

An expert would know as soon as the other party spoke up.

Mag already had a rough understanding after hearing Merante's opening words. This blind old man really had something.

Although the old man didn't make things clear, Mag knew very well. That thing had something to do with the Great Old Ones.

Moreover, the information that the omniscient door gave him when they stepped in aroused his interest.

The old man was called Merante. He was over 700 years old. He was a 10th-tier powerhouse of the Ghost Clan, and he had severe cataracts.

The young man was called Noah. He was 20 years old, and originated from the Ghost Clan too. He had a 7th-tier power, which was considered a genius among the younger generation.

Mag had read through all kinds of history books of the Norland Continent during this time. He had read some information about the Ghost Clan in an unofficial history book. The Ghost Clan belonged to the demon race, but it had already been exterminated 500 years ago in the racial war. Judging from the extremely limited information, this was a very mysterious tribe.

Furthermore, certain weird behaviors of the Ghost Clan were recorded in that unofficial history book. Apparently, a powerful Ghost Clan could drive the corpses to fight for them. There were even rumors that they were the devil's spokesperson in this world.

Perhaps, because of these reasons, the Ghost Clan had always been extremely mysterious. Nonetheless, they still disappeared from history.

However, looking at the grandfather and grandson in front of him, Mag roughly had a judgment. The Ghost Clan most probably hadn't been exterminated. They simply kept a very low profile.

As for why they came looking for him, and could discover Annie's extraordinariness, Mag was really curious about that.

"Who are you, then?" Merante asked Mag instead.

"The boss of this restaurant, the person who received you." Mag leaned against the back of his chair.

"You have seen the devil before." Merante said calmly.

Noah clenched the tortoise shells nervously as he stared at Mag.

"Seems like you have too." Mag leaned forward slightly, and stared into Merante's white eyes.

Merante was silent for a moment before he laughed. "Seems like he wasn't able to convince you, either."

"I am a steadfast person who can resist temptations. His methods don't work on me." Mag laughed too. "However, how did you get rid of him?"

"Perhaps he didn't expect that I was blind, so his methods were useless on me too," Merante replied.

Noah listened to their conversation in a daze. He couldn't quite understand what they were saying, but he could see that his grandpa wasn't hostile to the guy, so he relaxed a bit.

"Why are you looking for me?" Mag picked up the cup, and gently blew on it.

“You might not know it, but these things were actually all sealed. However, half of it escaped recently. I want to find it and reseal it. The septaria oracle pointed me to you.” Merante looked at Mag, and said, “I think you know where to find it.”

“Since your so-called septaria oracle could bring you here to me, you should be able to find it too. I don’t know where it is.” Mag shook his head. He was rather surprised that Merante’s septaria oracle could point them to Mamy Restaurant.

Mag didn’t want to expose his identity now, so he was already considering if it was necessary for him to silence the grandfather and grandson duo now.

“The septaria oracle’s detection range is limited, but the Norland Continent is too vast, and that chap is too sneaky. Looking for it is no different from looking for a needle in a haystack.” Merante shook his head.

“What is the detection range?”

“Within 800 km,” Merante replied.

“If that is the case, I am sorry that I can’t help you.” Mag shook his head. The Norland Continent was over billions of square kilometers in size. Using a detection device that only had an 800-km detection range to search for the Great Old One was, without a doubt, looking for a needle in a haystack.

“I need the help of that purest little maiden,” Merante said to Mag.

“She is not whatever purest. She’s my daughter. You’d better not have any ideas about her.” Mag’s voice turned cold.

“The septaria oracle didn’t find you. It found her,” Merante said.

“In this case, it’s your stupid stone that has a problem.” Mag took a sip of tea before putting down the cup. “If there is nothing else, I will have to send you on your way.”

“Since you have met it, you should know its terror. It has escaped from the seal, and it’s going to bring destruction to this world. What you are doing now is no different from being its accomplice.” Merante frowned.

“Since you have met it too, you should know that with your power, you’re not its match even if you find it. Let’s not mention resealing it,” Mag said to Merante. “Your Ghost Clan has always kept a low profile, why do you care so much about it?”

Noah was still grasping his tortoise shells tightly under the table. His palms were full of sweat, but he didn’t dare to relax at all.

Judging from his grandpa’s behavior, this fellow should be a powerhouse. Otherwise, he would be lying on the floor right now.

This human who looked very young could actually make his grandpa wary. This indeed shocked him quite a bit.

However, Noah was also rather curious about Mag's question. He had asked his grandfather about it more than once, but he had never received an answer.

Merante was silent for a long time before he sighed, and said, "Because... I want to undo the Ghost Clan's curse. If its power recovers completely, the aristocracy will become its slaves completely, and be used by it. This was the price I paid for getting out of its illusion."

"How do I know if what you said is the truth?" Mag frowned slightly.

Merante pulled Noah's left hand up from under the table. He pulled his sleeve up to reveal his wrist. There was a black-and-red skull mark on his wrist.

Then, Merante pulled up his own sleeve. There was also an identical black-and-red skull mark at the same position.

"This is the Blood Curse. Almost everyone in the Ghost Clan is cursed. If we cannot seal it again, this curse will be his gangway to control the Ghost Clan." Merante let down his sleeve, and said to Mag, "I know that you are very powerful. I don't have the confidence to defeat you, but since you have met it, you must have paid a certain price to get rid of it. I hope we can work together, and reseal or kill it when we find it."

"I will not harm that little maiden, but I need a bit of her blood essence to expand the septaria oracle's detection range. I hope you can agree."

"Mission triggered accidentally: Merante's request! He is one of the few existences who has the ability to locate the Great Old Ones. Could the Host please establish a partnership with Merante, set out to look for the escaped Great Old One, and seal it again! Mission reward: the chance to spin the lucky wheel x3!" The system's voice immediately popped up in Mag's mind..

Chapter 1980: This Is Pure Talent

Mag looked at Merante, and calmly said, "We can work together, but I have three conditions."

"Name them." A gleam seemed to flash through Merante's white eyes.

"Firstly, after we cooperate, I will lead all our actions. You must work with me, and cannot work on your own.

"Secondly, our cooperation has to be completely secret. No third party can know about this. I think this is what you guys want too.

"Thirdly, Annie can provide one drop of blood essence, but other than that, you guys cannot make any other requests. Otherwise, I will use my methods to end this cooperation," Mag said calmly.

Merante pondered for a moment before he nodded seriously. "I agree to your conditions."

Noah's mouth was slightly agape. He didn't expect Merante would agree to such harsh conditions.

"To happy cooperation." Mag raised his teacup.

"To happy cooperation." Merante and Noah raised their cups too, and then finished the tea in one gulp.

After ascertaining their cooperation, the ambiance became much more cordial.

Noah kept the tortoise shells, and smilingly asked, "When can we set off to catch the devil? Is that fellow really in Chaos City?"

"Chaos City is only so big, and you guys only found me here, so it means that fellow isn't here at all." Mag shook his head. Although the system's detection ability couldn't compare even to a rock, it wouldn't have no reaction completely if the Great Old Ones appeared in Chaos City.

"Do you know where it is?" Merante asked Mag.

"I can only deduce. Yesterday, the Roth Empire started a war on the orcs and the elves. I saw a corpse in the Twilight Forest that was completely deprived of its blood essence, and I discovered a very thick and eerie devil's presence. I think it definitely had something to do with the devil." Mag took out the photostone, and showed Merante and Noah the horrible footage recorded in the Twilight Forest yesterday.

"This was a massacre after the battle." Merante frowned slightly.

"However, this might be a battle that was caused by the devil. The second prince of the Roth Empire, Josh, might have already sold his soul to the devil. He then took the opportunity to start the war while the king and the first prince were taking part in the peace meeting in Chaos City, and he ordered the massacre of all the conquered tribes." The footage stopped at the corpse that was drained of its blood essence.

"This is!" Merante suddenly stood up, and stared at that body with shock.

"Have you seen this before?" Mag asked.

"This is a corpse that was drained of its resentment and blood essence and left behind by someone who is controlled by the devil. I have met a demon who was controlled by the devil 500 years ago. He had massacred many small villages back then, and the corpses he left behind all looked like that." Merante nodded his head gravely. "I didn't expect it to reappear again now."

Mag was thoughtful. This basically matched his deduction. He said, "I don't know where to look for that escaped half of the devil now, either, but Josh might be our breakthrough point. We have to find him first. We have to catch or kill him to prevent him from getting stronger, and becoming the next devil."

"He's the devil's spokesperson. The devil will look for him personally, and take his body when he is powerful enough. We indeed have to find him as soon as possible." Merante nodded.

"Let's set off tonight. I'll bring you guys to the Twilight Forest. It was where he last appeared." Mag set the time.

"That little maiden's blood essence..."

"I will pass it to you tonight."

"Alright, then we won't hold you up any longer." Merante nodded and left with Noah.

Mag didn't get up to send them off. Instead, he poured a cup of tea for himself.

Unifying all the power to deal with the Great Old Ones was his primary policy now.

The Anti-Great-Old-Ones alliance on the Norland Continent was basically formed, but the enemy was in the dark, while they were in the open. They were all searching blindly. It didn't matter how many people they had if they couldn't ascertain the devil's location.

Merante's septaria oracle was mysterious and interesting. It could detect the devil's presence. Even Annie who had already been successfully purified could be found by him. It was obvious that he indeed had some skills, and he had the style of an otherworldly expert.

Mag had to find Josh and kill him before the latter did something worse.

Amy poked her head out at the staircase's turn, looking at Mag, who was drinking tea alone, and asked, "Father, are those two people bad eggs?"

"They are not really bad eggs." Mag shook his head smilingly, and waved to the little one.

Amy approached Mag, looked into his eyes, and whispered, "Blink if you are being threatened."

"No one is threatening me." Mag stroked the little one's head with a chuckle. It seemed like she had been worried about him upstairs. He couldn't help feeling touched.

"I'm very formidable now. Father must tell me if there are bad eggs trying to hurt you. I will crush them for you." Amy clenched her fists. "I am super fierce."

"Mm-hmm. My little tiger is super fierce." Mag nodded with a smile. However, the little one looked so adorable when she was trying to look fierce. She didn't look threatening at all, and it made him want to pinch her little face.

"Hehe." Amy pounced into Mag's arms, and rubbed her face against his chest. "Then, can we have roast goose tonight?"

Noah followed Merante out of Mamy Restaurant, and softly asked, "Grandpa, is that chap trustworthy? Do we really have to listen to his instructions?"

"I heard that there was a very formidable youngster in the human race lately. He has defeated many people. Benson, Westin, and Bruno all died under his sword." There was a hint of lament in Merante's voice. They were all powerhouses of his era.

Noah's eyes instantly widened as he said with shock, "You are saying that he is Alex!"

"A 30-year-old human who can give me such an oppressive feeling. There should be no one other than him." Merante nodded slightly.

"But he is the number one knight on the Norland Continent, a dragon slayer who can fly up to the sky, a terrifying existence who can slaughter the king of the forest trolls... How did he become the boss of a restaurant and a stay-home-dad?" Noah still had a look of disbelief. They had been traveling around the Norland Continent for the past few years, and he had heard plenty of rumors and tales. Alex's stories were his favorite.

Alex had already become a legend that crossed all the races. He had already become the legend of the entire Norland Continent.

A human with a longsword and a purple-striped griffin had made all the powerhouses terrified of him. Furthermore, he had won the heart of a beautiful elven princess. He was always deemed as an idol by Noah.

However, such a super powerhouse like him actually became the boss of the restaurant and a stay-at-home dad with three kids.

"Everyone has their own life and secrets. If you want to live longer, don't attempt to probe others' secrets," Merante faintly said.

Noah had a bunch of questions, but he didn't decide to voice them out. He turned to flick a glance at Mamy Restaurant, and inwardly said, I don't care about the secrets, but I can build a good relationship with my idol. This is a rare opportunity.

"A crisis is imminent. I wonder if she can undertake the heavy burden of saving the world..." Outside the Chaos City's city gate, a bishop in a long white robe put down his hat, and stared at the Chaos City's towers in a daze.

The people lining up behind him urged him, "Sir, you should move now."

"I'm sorry." The bishop retracted his gaze. He nodded and entered Chaos City with the crowd.

"Put the entire city under the state of alert, and tighten the checks on those who enter the city. All the outposts will contact 24 hours surveillance to prevent enemies who could attack from anywhere.

"Assemble a rapid reaction force that can march out to assist the Peace Alliance at any time.

"The war can break out any time. You all must be on full alert," Michael said gravely to the city lord's castle's officials in the meeting hall.

All of them left, and began to carry out their tasks.

The peace meeting halted suddenly as the Roth Empire started a war. The city lord's castle also swiftly descended into busyness.

Dicus went up, and reported, "My lord, Louis has arrived in the hall."

"I'll go over right now." Michael picked up his teacup, and gulped down all the water in it before he walked out, and said, "Is our document ready?"

"Yes. It's ready. We have rewritten it according to your corrections yesterday. We were about to show you." Dicus nodded.

"Put that aside. I will meet Louis first." Michael nodded and hastened his steps.

Michael barely got any rest after the war started.

He thought the Roth Empire only wanted to add some bargaining chips for the negotiation, but judging from the outcome, this war had already gone way beyond all of their expectations. The Roth Empire's methods were way crueler than the racial war back then. They had massacred dozens of orc tribes. Even the Aug Tribe was almost defeated. Over 50,000 innocent orcs were killed.

This had a huge impact on the orc race, and caused an indelible hatred.

The elves' death toll was slightly better. The defensive battle of the City of Life was very successful as Irina managed to get there in time and stop the situation from deteriorating.

However, after being attacked by their trusted neighbors suddenly, and having their core city almost conquered and the Tree of Life almost destroyed, the elves would most probably never trust the Roth Empire as an ally again.

All the races heightened their war readiness. All their powerhouses remained in their settlements to prevent any unforeseen circumstances from occurring.

There were no more hopes for resigning the peace treaty. The new racial war could break out any time, so now everyone was fretting for themselves.

Louis saw Michael come in, and got straight to the point. "Michael, the giant dragons have reached a consensus. If the Roth Empire doesn't give an explanation that all the races can accept, we will send an expeditionary force to the Roth Empire."

Michael sat down across from Louis. After a brief moment of hesitation, he nodded, and said, "Chaos City will send an elite force to attack the Roth Empire as a response to the giant dragons' decision."

"Alright, I will pass your message on." Louis nodded, and said, "However, does Alex have any information regarding the devil?"

"I don't receive much information from him now, either, but I trust that he is also investigating this matter." Michael shook his head.

Louis got up, and said, "Alright, then. I need to go make a trip to the goblins and the dwarves. If there is any news regarding the devil, I hope you can let us know as soon as possible."

"Sure." Michael, too, got up to send him off.

The roast goose was a huge success. It became the foodies' new favorite because its unique texture and exquisite taste were irresistible. Mag wasn't surprised about that, as even he himself couldn't resist the roast goose's temptation.

After the dinner service, Mag bought a blood collection and preservation device from the system, and took a drop of fresh blood from Annie's finger.

The two children were tired after playing for the whole day. They fell asleep before Mag could finish his story.

Mag walked out of the room. There, Irina was leaning against the doorframe. He told her, "I got to know two people from the Ghost Clan. They might be able to locate Josh and the Great Old One that has escaped from the seal. I will be making a trip to the Twilight Forest with them tonight."

"That old man looks weird. Are you sure there are no problems?" Irina looked out of the window. Merante and Noah were already waiting under a tree in the park not too far away.

"They found me with a septaria oracle. They said they could sense the presence that I have seen on the Great Old Ones on me. I think he really has some skills." Mag nodded. Such a live detector was hard to come by. Compared to searching around blindly like a headless chicken, using a radar scan with an 800-kilometer coverage was obviously more efficient.

"Be careful," Irina reminded him gently.

"I will." Mag nodded slightly, and went downstairs.

"The thing that you want." Mag tossed the little crystal bottle to Merante.

Merante reached out to catch it. He raised the little crystal bottle, and looked at it in the moonlight. A drop of champagne-gold blood sparkled like a gemstone.

"She's the purest one. Even her blood is so pure." Merante was a little out of sorts.

"H-hello." After knowing Mag's identity, Noah had an obviously much humbler attitude. He was also looking at Mag with a different gaze. There was an additional hint of admiration.

"Hmm. Hello." Mag nodded his head slightly. He had quite a good impression of this boy with the punk hairstyle. He then said, "It's time to set off."

"Alright, let's set off now." Merante kept that little crystal bottle carefully.

Soon after, a purple-striped griffin left Chaos City quietly, and flew towards the Twilight Forest.

Noah sat next to Mag, and nervously asked him, "Should I address you as Mr. Alex or Boss Mag?"

"Whatever you like," Mag answered casually. Noah even went to have a meal at the restaurant that evening specially.

"Then I'll call you Boss Mag. It feels friendlier." Noah smiled and moved closer to Mag, as if changing the form of address had indeed made them closer. "I'm Noah."

"The ark?"

"Huh?"

"Nothing."

"Ark... This nickname will do too. You can call me anything you like." Noah chuckled, displaying his bootlicker characteristics.

"Hmm," Mag answered. He was about to close his eyes to rest for a while.

“I didn’t expect that you would be such an excellent chef while being such a powerful knight. You must have worked very hard?” Noah asked him expectantly.

“No. This is pure talent. It has nothing to do with hard work. Just like you can never beat me no matter how hard you work,” Mag replied calmly.

“Errr...”