

Stay At home 2431

Chapter 2431: Justice Might Be Late

Mag looked at the name list and frowned.

What a stinky circle.

Those with beautiful resumes might look kind and pure but they actually engaged in several filthy and disgusting acts.

Rape, murder, imprisonment...

These people were still active in the circle and people have been calling them 'teachers' respectfully.

Mag had just arrived at the Underground City and therefore, did not have the sense of righteousness to save these people from the depths of hell.

He chose a few names seriously and searched them on the web before sending out the WeTwit.

Mag's first target was a director called Horace. He was a director who had won numerous awards. In his 300 years of cinema history, he had filmed more than 200 movies.

According to the introduction on WeTwit, he was a very well-respected director and was a shining star in the world of cinema.

A well-respected director like him had sexually assaulted more than 300 young actors in his 300 years of directing. Several victims committed suicide from the shame and the rest had nowhere to seek justice.

However, these incidents were barely mentioned on the internet.

Meanwhile, Horace was still active in the film industry. He had recently received an investment of 1 billion to shoot a large-scale war film and the news was even trending.

Mag did not pity those actors who used their bodies in exchange for an opportunity. However, among the victims, half of them were temporary actors and interns. They became a victim of Horace before they even officially stepped into the industry.

Those victims who committed suicide were basically people from this group.

They were disadvantaged and had nowhere to seek justice and even their voice on the internet was wiped out cleanly.

Behind Horace was the Dixon Family.

Yes. It was the family of that wealthy woman who owned the Twin Towers.

Mag shared the suicidal note of a victim. After sending out her final words on WeTwit, she chose to end her life by jumping off a building

In this WeTwit, she recounted the process of how she, as an extra, was sexually assaulted by Horace and two of the main actors during the shoot.

But no one saw this post. There were only three views.

This was a WeTwit that Xi helped him find.

He tagged Horace: Justice might be late, but never absent.

After sending out the WeTwit, he turned to look at Xi. "I need to ensure that this WeTwit will not be deleted and will not be restricted."

Xi thought for a while and nodded, saying, "It's doable."

After Mag posted his WeTwit, he received many comments immediately.

"F*ck! Is this true? I watched Horace's movies growing up."

"My grandfather watched Horace's movie growing up. He won almost all the awards in the film industry. How can he do such a thing?"

"I feel like I'm in for a rollercoaster ride."

"This newbie is trying too hard to get attention! With director Horace's reputation, he can be blacklisted everywhere."

"Charlie is my childhood idol. I don't think it's true?"

"Waiting for comments by involved parties."

Jasper's incident had caused Mag's account to be at the center of attention. Therefore, after the likes incident, Mag's tagging of Horace together with that post, caused another uproar on WeTwit, bringing the post up to the trending list.

'Hades Called Out Horace For Sexually Assaulting Underaged Girls!'

"Charlie, Bart, and Horace Accused of Sexual Assault!'

Many articles about that incident followed.

Reactive actions on WeTwit were swift. To decrease the attention on the topic, the comment sections were closed and keywords were hidden.

Mag watched as the topic dropped on the trending list until only one relevant topic was left. That proved how capable the other party was.

He turned back and glanced at Xi, who was chatting with someone else. He did not rush her.

At the same time, in the operations department on the 13th floor of WeTwit's headquarters.

The Director of Operations, Amos, had a grave expression when he received the news. One of the Board of Directors requested that he remove all relevant trending topics on Horace's case and at the same time, have Hades' account deleted.

Meanwhile, Amos also received a report from his subordinate on the new event application submitted by the Top Chef Competition. They had received fees requesting WeTwit to redirect attention to Hades.

Amos knew straightaway what the Top Chef Competition had in mind. Jasper's incident had brought some negative impacts on the program. Before the incident really explodes, if Horace's incident explodes first, together with two top-notch celebrities, Charlie and Bart, everyone would be drawn to that incident and this would beat any public relations tactics.

Most importantly, behind the Top Chef Competition was the McCarthy Family and Miss Nancy was the person in charge of the program. She's also one of the Board of Directors and therefore, he also could not offend her.

As the Director of Operations, he was definitely happy to see something like this happen. He was even willing to give them more views and attention. With a little more push, he can even hit his KPI for the year.

However, right now, this matter concerns two plutocrats and he was just a small Director of Operations. It was so difficult for him to be stuck in the middle.

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"This old lecher. He should have gone to hell earlier." Amos spat. While requesting his subordinates to push the topic down, he thought of how to communicate with the Top Chef Competition side.

This was not the first time for the Operations department to clean up Horace's mess. They were the ones behind those posts accusing him of indecent acts disappearing.

Amos was also very uneasy. However, if he did not do it, someone would replace him and do it.

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This incident suddenly exploded out of nowhere and came together with the morning incident. This caught the Operations department off-guard.

However, based on their standard procedures, this matter would just die off without a conclusion.

A commoner who just announced that she was going to join the entertainment industry, fighting against a well-respected director who had the backing of a plutocrat was like hitting a stone with an egg.

However, Amos felt that those words in the post were very striking.

"Justice might be late, but never absent!"

Guilt? Or fear?

Aren't they accomplices as well? They silenced those girls and allowed them to die in despair.

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Amos shook his head and threw those messy thoughts out of his head. He called the director of the Top Chef Competition.

Outside Tucker City, in a film and video base.

The war scene was a grand sight. This was the setting for the new movie 'Blood and War' that had just started filming. It was directed by the famous director Horace, with A-star actors Charlie and Bart starring in it.

These three were named the iron triangle of action and war films. They have worked together on several movies and have clinched many awards.

However, this time, the iron triangle was gathered in the director's office with solemn expressions.

Chapter 2432: Gain a Fangirl

Bart, who was famous for his steady acting, asked Horace, who had a full beard and long hair, in a shaking voice, "Bro, what shall we do now? Is it over for us?"

Charlie, who was still wearing armor, also had a panicked expression and pale lips.

They had already seen the trending list on WeTwit. That incident happened five years ago. It had been so long that they had even forgotten how the girl looked, because such incidents had happened many times in the past five years.

The importance of an actor's reputation was self-evident.

This matter was exposed and even received so much attention. Their acting careers might be over now.

"What are you afraid of? He's just a nobody. I have the Dixon Family behind me. This matter will end quietly like all those matters before." Horace was rather calm. He took a sip of tea and revealed a mouthful of yellow teeth with a smile. "I saw a few pretty girls among the extras earlier. Shall we choose one to have fun with tonight?"

Charlie and Bart looked much more relieved when they saw that Horace was so calm.

"Which one do you like? I'll bring her over tonight."

"The girl who acted with me today is not bad. Do you want to try her?"

The two of them immediately began to butter him up. As long as they held onto Horace tightly, they would get to act in movies and get awards.

In the expensive city center of Tucker City, there was a huge manor with a large patch of grass with trees, and a spacious swimming pool. It looked so out of place with the surrounding skyscrapers and hovering castles.

This was the Dixon Manor. It was owned by the Dixon Family, one of the oldest and most powerful families in Underground City.

In one of the villas now, an old man was talking to a young man.

"I heard you are having some trouble?" The old man was the head of the Dixon Family, Merlin.

"It's Horace who has gotten into some trouble. I have already informed WeTwit and they will handle it," Fergus said with a smile. He didn't take the matter to heart.

"I have already told you that Horace isn't clean. Stop hanging out with him, in case you get yourself into trouble." Merlin was a little unhappy.

Fergus stopped smiling and looked more solemn as he lowered his head and said, "You're right, Sir. However, Horace is indeed very talented. We have earned plenty of money through him and there are no other directors on the market who can undertake the big investments like him."

Merlin cast a glance at him before saying gravely, "You have to remember your identity. You are fundamentally different from him."

Fergus lowered his head even more as he respectfully said, "Your grandson knows that."

"Do a clean job. Don't let the McCarthys grab a foothold on you." Merlin waved his hand.

"Yes." Fergus got up and left.

After leaving the villa, a sinister expression appeared on Fergus' face. He turned on his bangle, dialed a number and said in a cold voice, "Find out Hades' address and maim his hands."

"Miss Nancy, the WeTwit operation has just called me. They are asking if we can delay opening the PK[1.Abbreviation for the gaming term "Player Kill", which roughly means a challenge on the Chinese Internet.] channel and referral traffic? And, can we ban Hades' account for the moment?"

In the Top Chef Competition's filming studio, the rotund director walked into the office and spoke to the young lady sitting on the sofa.

"No." The young lady on the sofa was wearing a black haute couture gown and her chestnut hair was hanging loosely around her shoulders. She looked up and revealed an innocent and cool face. In a crisp voice, she said, "Asking us to hide the truth for a rapist and a murderer? Ridiculous."

The director felt the temperature of the air in the office drop a few degrees. He gulped before nodding and saying, "I'll relay that to him right now."

"Tell him that we have already transferred the sum and Hades is our formal contestant. If they dare to do anything, get his superior here to see me." Nancy added on coldly.

"Yes." The director turned and left the office.

"This newcomer is rather interesting." Nancy clicked on Hades' main page on WeTwit and curved her lips into a smile.

She had no interest in stirring up the dirty entertainment industry, but since someone had lit up a dirty corner, she didn't mind making the fire bigger.

Perhaps, it was because those words were rooted in blood and tears.

Or, because his sentences had moved her?

Tucker City's CBD, that famous Twin Towers.

A beautiful woman in a bathrobe was lying on the lounge chair next to the infinity pool and going through WeTwit with great interest.

"He already has 3,000,000 fans. This little brother is going to get famous." The woman clicked open Hades' main page and saw the WeTwit he had sent. It was a shared post.

About five minutes later, the woman clicked on the comments and tried to comment with reddened eyes.

In the end.

She realized she actually couldn't comment!

Accurately speaking, the comment section of this WeTwit post had been shut down!

As a fangirl who had been surfing in the fandom for ages and had many idols, she naturally could see that this was done by WeTwit.

She had heard about Horace's matter before, but she wasn't interested in that at all, so she didn't find out more about it.

Reading that girl's accusation filled with blood and tears today made her very furious.

A weak girl was humiliated and toyed around with by men in power and she didn't even have a place to appeal. She died in desperation.

And now, even after the matter was exposed, these people were still trying to conceal the perpetrators and get rid of those people who asked the questions.

"Bast*ard. They have no respect for me!"

The woman left WeTwit, dialed a number and started scolding the person on the end of the phone.

Three minutes later, there was one comment in Hades' shut-down comment section, "Brother Hades is so righteous! I support you!"

Mag looked at that lonely comment and turned to ask Xi, "Did you send this?"

Xi poked her head over to take a look. The ID was rather familiar. "Isn't that your rich lady?"

Mag looked closely and that ID that was sparkling did indeed look very familiar: Cute3yearsold.

"Erm..." Mag couldn't understand it.

In the situation that WeTwit was trying its best to obscure, by turning off the comments and disallowing sharing, this account could actually comment. This meant that this was a privileged account.

Therefore...

It was most probably real when she said that she owned the Twin Towers.

That meant she was from the Dixon Family.

And, the backer behind Horace was the Dixon Family.

This woman who should have a high status in the Dixon Family, made such a comment in the comment section like a fangirl.

Mag felt confused.

Chapter 2433: Beauty, Who Are You?

Meanwhile, the CEO of WeTwit, Lucien, felt that he was going crazy right now.

As the most glamorous employee in Underground City, he had been through countless storms in his 20 years as WeTwit's CEO. Today was, without a doubt, his worst experience.

It was fine that the fight between two plutocrats had him caught in the middle, but what was the matter with the crazy request within the plutocrats themselves?

Young Master Fergus from the Dixon Family had called to get him to suppress the post and disallow further discussion and spreading, but as soon as he hung up the phone, Miss Akali called to scold him because the comment section was closed. She even threatened him with a trial by the Board of Directors.

Because WeTwit was too big, it had long been broken down a few thousands years ago. Apart from the Dixon Family and the McCarthy Family, there were also directors from the other three plutocrats in the Board of Directors.

Moreover, the government was the actual biggest stockholder behind WeTwit, while the various plutocrats had varying influence in the government. This meant that every plutocrat had means to influence WeTwit. This was also a tacit understanding and balance that the plutocrats had for this gigantic company.

Hence, WeTwit's CEO was always deemed to be the most glamorous, yet the most problematic position.

His predecessors rarely retired in glamor. Some quitted in shame, some hanged themselves and some were even jailed.

Being able to stay in the position for 20 years was already the longest record in the post-WeTwit era.

A message's alert tone made Lucien recollect his thoughts. He clicked open the personal information of 'Hades' that his secretary had sent him. He was the person that started this storm.

"Hades Saipan. Both parents are deceased."

The first sentence made Lucien excited.

These fellows who came from the orphanages were either insane, or insanely crazy.

For example, Marshal Ferdinand was the latter.

Lucien quickly skimmed through Hades' resume. He was a little disappointed after reading it.

It was a common resume with nothing special. He was useless in cultivation. He had some talent in cooking. Because he was good-looking, the programming division chose him to be the special guest to save the show.

In his personal characteristics, a teacher commented: Full of righteousness.

"Righteousness? What a rare characteristic." Lucien sighed.

He had already solved the crime. Obviously, this was an accident.

A righteous young man happened to see that accusation filled with blood and tears after getting in touch with WeTwit for the first time, and shared it in anger. He fired a shot at the famous director Horace and then it turned into a storm with all the traffic enhancement.

What an interesting combination. This chap still had no idea what was happening. He might still be feeling very proud over his stupid comment.

Now, he had to clean up the mess after this stupid youngster's unintentional act.

If he couldn't please all the parties, it might be time for him to pack up and leave.

Xi turned off her bangle and said to Mag, "Looking at it now, the McCarthy Family wants to preserve your account. Due to the feud between the two families and the recent Top Chef Competition's scandal, your post won't be deleted."

"So, what were you doing earlier?" Mag asked with a serious expression.

"Submitting the Observer's Diary," Xi answered seriously too.

"..." Mag.

He thought that this WeTwit had survived because Xi's military power had interfered. In reality... she didn't do anything?

Xi had seen through Mag's thought, so she explained, "Since we are sure that this message won't be deleted, then let it brew for a while longer before the military interferes, so it won't look so obviously connected."

Mag nodded thoughtfully. Although the military's interference could make the issue bigger, it would cause all the plutocrats to increase their alertness and suspicion.

He wanted to get into the McCarthy Family, so his background had to be clean.

Mag couldn't get involved in the fight, so he wasn't in a hurry to send the second WeTwit.

The Top Chef Competition had opened his PK channel and his PK value had already reached 1,300,000 within a mere half an hour.

However, the top contestant on the ranking right now had a 130,000,000 PK value. Even the lowest ranked contestant had 80,000,000.

Mag clicked on the video and started to understand the flow and rules of the Top Chef Competition in preparation for the quarterfinal.

Approximately 30 minutes later, the battleship stopped beyond a huge city.

Mag stood in the control room and looked at that gigantic city that was surrounded by walls, which were dozens of meters high, with awe on his face.

This was a giant city that he had never seen before. It was at least 10 times bigger than Chaos City.

The skyscrapers and all the hovering castles in the air made this city look three dimensional.

Countless flying cars were flying around in the sky as though invisible roads were keeping them in line. They were all in order.

“So, this is Tucker City?” Mag asked.

“Yes. Tucker City. The capital of Underground City and the number one fortress.” Xi nodded. She was also looking at the giant city in front of her with unconcealed awe in her eyes.

“Why do you put up walls for such a high tech city?” Mag raised his doubt.

It might still be useful to place walls that were dozens of meters high in the Norland Continent, but in this world where everyone owned a flying car and sniper rifles that could shoot through walls, could the walls serve any purpose?

“The Underground World is also full of dangers. These are the city walls that were put up when the city was first built. For the past tens of thousands of years, the successors continued to add onto them. What you see are just dozens of meters of the walls above the ground,” Xi said calmly.

Mag understood it immediately. He could vaguely imagine the degree of defense that this city which harbored tens of millions people needed.

“What am I going to do now? Am I going straight to the recording studio?” Mag asked.

“The battleship cannot enter Tucker City without permission. I will take you to the studio in the flying car.” Xi walked to the aft¹ cabin.

“You are not returning to the Norland Continent?” Mag was surprised. He thought Xi’s mission was just to send him to Underground City.

“This is your first trip to Underground City and your first mission. I will be your assistant for this whole time and help you complete your mission.” Xi went into the changing room and closed the door. Three minutes later, a young professional woman in a black business suit walked out.

“Beauty, who are you?” Mag asked the lady with a pretty face who was wearing a pair of black rimmed glasses.

“From now on. I am your manager, Laura, a newbie in the industry.” Xi’s voice was changed too. Her originally cold voice became gentler.

“Sure.” Mag nodded.

As a new agent, he didn’t mind someone giving him a hand and helping him make plans. Furthermore, it was a beauty like Xi, who was fierce and didn’t say much.

Chapter 2434: This Assassin Isn’t Good Enough

Xi didn’t drive her attention-seeking supercar when they entered the city. Instead, she drove a low-profile black flying car.

There were no roads in the sky initially, but roads were created when the number of cars increased.

Mag looked at the road condition through the windscreen. He finally knew how so many flying cars flew so orderly.

The sky was three-dimensional, so there were no crossroads, red lights or green lights. The flying cars flew in layers at extremely fast speed.

There were rows upon rows of tall buildings on the ground. They were all buildings that were over hundreds of storeys tall. Meanwhile, hundreds of meters in the sky, there were sky castles that were also hundreds of meters tall, as though the city was grafted.

Virtual screen ads were everywhere. Even in the bright daylight, it didn’t affect them trying to catch the people’s attention.

“Are most of the men in Underground City unable to get it up?” Mag asked curiously.

“What?”

“Oh, nothing. I just saw that there are many ads about the men’s health recovery hospital.” Mag shrugged.

“If you need it, I can bring you to the nearest men’s health hospital,” Xi said.

“Why would I need it? I will only frighten the doctor if I go.” Mag shook his head.

They were chit chatting the whole way. Mag was curious about many things in Tucker City.

He had once imagined how humans lived after the world entered into the super high tech age. However, the real advanced civilization was even more advanced than his imagination.

The Top Chef Competition would be filmed at the Mocha Building. As one of the most popular programs in recent years, the Mocha Group gave it a lot of support.

Xi showed her proof of access and drove the flying car into the Mocha Building’s parking garage.

Before alighting the car, Xi seriously reminded Mag. "Mind your language after you enter the building. Don't trust anyone."

"I can do that better than you." Mag opened the door and alighted.

"Mr. Hades, right? I am the Top Chef Competition's staff member. The program recording is going to start soon. Please follow me." A young man came over with a smile as soon as Mag got out of the car.

Mag flicked a glance at the staff pass on his chest. It was the programming division's staff pass.

Xi came around the car and asked the staff member, "Hello, I am Hades' manager, Laura. May I ask, are we going to the make-up room now?"

The staff member was slightly taken aback before he hurried them. "Yes. Please follow me now. The director is furious because of today's incident. We'd better stay out of his way."

"Please lead the way," Xi said and met Mag's eyes. They saw a hint of doubt in each others' eyes.

"This way, please." The staff member led the way in front and brought Mag and Xi to the walkway at the side.

Mag looked at the label at the top of the walkway: freight channel.

"There's something wrong with this guy," Mag said to Xi telepathically.

"Perhaps, he is sent by the Dixon Family to kill us," Xi also replied telepathically.

"What shall we do if he wants to harm us? Both of us can't expose ourselves, right?"

"The internal security in such a building with this level is very complete. We only need to trigger the security system and delay some time, and then the security officers will take care of him."

Mag nodded slightly. It was easy to delay for time.

"Isn't this the freight channel? Why are we not using the staff passage?" Mag raised his doubt.

That staff member's footsteps faltered before he smilingly explained, "It's faster to use the freight channel. Only the experienced staff know about this."

"Oh I see." Mag nodded with a faint smile and continued to follow him.

After passing two turns, they turned into a smaller walkway. The staff member suddenly turned around with a black dagger. He immediately accelerated and dashed towards Mag.

"What are you doing?" Mag backed away with a panicked look. He barely evaded that sharp blade, but the clothes on his arm were slashed open.

"*I missed?!*" That young man was stunned too. He thought that strike would at least maim his arm, but he didn't even see blood.

Without saying anything, he dashed towards Mag's chest with the sharp blade.

The mission he received was to maim this guy, but they didn't say he couldn't kill him.

“Murder!”

Xi’s shrill voice echoed throughout the empty corridor. The lights in the corridor three meters away exploded right away.

Mag stumbled away as he wondered if Xi had ever practiced in the opera. He barely evaded that blade again as the clothes on his chest were slashed open.

The main walkway had live surveillance cameras and Xi’s screams earlier and the exploded lights had successfully triggered the building’s security system.

“Darn it!” An annoyed expression flashed through the young man’s face. According to his plan, he would have succeeded at the first strike and escaped through the routes he planned before the Mocha Building’s security officers reacted.

However, this seemingly weak fellow in front of him had evaded his attacks repeatedly and even triggered the security system in advance.

Lowering his right hand, he lifted his left hand. A black gun’s muzzle was aimed at Mag.

“Die!” The man smiled sinisterly.

The gun wasn’t fired because his hand was separated from him before his finger could pull the trigger. Half of the black gun was also cut away.

A red card was pinned onto the wall and fresh blood was splashed across the surface.

Mag turned around and saw a woman in a black gown standing at the start of the walkway. She was also looking at him.

The woman was very young, around 20 years old. She was tall and lean with exquisite collar bones. She looked exceptionally cold and aloof and it made people feel a strong sense of alienation just by standing there.

Mag knew this woman. Nancy McCarthy, the real person-in-charge of the Top Chef Competition.

Their eyes met briefly before Nancy retracted her gaze and walked away.

Then, a group of strapping men dashed out from the two ends of the walkway and pinned the assassin, who tried to escape, to the ground.

Mag looked at the assassin, who was pinned down by so many men, piteously, before being brought away by the security officers with a pale and frightened expression.

Mag, who was brought to the security room, received an urgent counseling session before making a simple testimony. Then, he was brought to the make-up room by the real programming division’s staff members.

A fat and honest-looking middle-aged man quickly walked out and asked Mag as soon as he sat down in the make-up room, “Mr. Hades, are you still okay?”

Mag knew this person too. He was the Top Chef Competition’s director, Johnny.

“I’m fine. I’m just a little shaken up. I didn’t expect this to happen in the Mocha Building.” Mag shook his head with fear and showed him his slashed clothes. “And, I think I need to change my clothes.”

Chapter 2435: The Rules That Were Altered

Johnny was obviously relieved that Mag wasn’t injured.

The incident that happened in the morning was annoying enough. Jasper was sent to the hospital due to the fan f*cking incident and Hades, who was invited to save the show at the last minute, was almost assassinated in the Mocha Building.

If Miss Nancy hadn’t arrived in time, they could forget about recording today’s show.

“Director, we might need an explanation from you about this incident. We were almost killed today,” Xi said with a solemn expression.

As the manager, this was one of her duties.

Johnny smiled awkwardly. As the Top Chef Competition’s director, he was usually being bootlicked by those managers. He had never been interrogated like this before.

However, today’s situation was different. The incident happened on their territory. The staff member that was impersonated, had been found in the storeroom. No matter what, the responsibility was on them for this incident.

Miss Nancy had already lectured him and wanted him to calm Hades down and ensure that he could continue to take part in the competition. At the same time, he would keep this matter a secret.

“Yes. We are at fault for this. To express our sincerity, we will increase Mr. Hades’ fees to 1,000,000.” Johnny said sincerely, “I apologize to you on behalf of the programming division. At the same time, I hope you guys can keep this matter a secret. It’s to prevent it from affecting the show even more negatively.”

Hades’ WeTwit in the morning was still brewing a storm right now. If he was to make another WeTwit: ‘Encountered an assassination in the Mocha Building. I’m terrified’, the trending list would most probably explode again.

Mag clicked open WeTwit in front of Johnny. He cast a glance at his number of fans, which had increased to over 5,000,000, and clicked on the Top Chef Competition’s PK link under Johnny’s stare.

Looking at the PK value that was creeping towards 2,000,000, he sighed and said, “It’s indeed very difficult to catch up with them from zero.”

It was only an hour away from the show’s live telecast, and Mag’s PK value wasn’t even 1% of the contestant with the lowest value. His online score would be zero straight away.

Four contestants would advance from the quarterfinal to the semifinal. The top four contestants’ PK values were all more than 100,000,000.

This wasn’t a fair competition at all.

Mag left the PK page and returned to his own WeTwit main page. He clicked on his publish page silently.

A drop of cold sweat fell down along Johnny's cheek. After the Top Chef Competition got popular, this was the first time he was threatened by a newcomer.

"Actually, I also feel that the competition's rules are unfair to you, who has had to join the competition so suddenly. Hence, I have discussed with the programming division. For this quarterfinal match, we will reduce the proportion of the online PK value from 20% to 10% and increase the judges' score to 90%," Johnny said.

Actually, he had decided upon this at the last minute. The top four's name list was already out and Hades was only invited to fill the gap. He would be eliminated today.

Mag turned off WeTwit and said to the director with admiration, "That's great, Director. You are really a fair person."

"..." Johnny.

"Do your make-up. I will get the staff members to get the clothes for you." Johnny nodded and left the make-up room.

The rules had changed, but Hades would still be eliminated today.

He was very sure of this because he had written the script.

Mag and Xi looked at each other and smiled together.

Mag had studied the live scoring criterion for the past four seasons of Top Chef. After getting into the top 16, the on-site judges' scores would be very close. The difference between the highest score and the lowest score was rarely more than 10 points, and the difference was even closer between the first to the fourth.

Hence, under such a situation, the online popularity became a very important piece of reference data.

Obviously, this was a treacherous game that was planned by the capitalists and the programming division. In order to help their brothers to advance and debut, the fans would pour in their support, bringing tons of traffic to the show. At the same time, it would also bring a great deal of economic benefits.

Based on past experiences, it was impossible for Mag to get into the top four and complete his mission by gaining a 20 points difference with the judges' score.

Now, Johnny had made a promise to lower the online PK value. It was equivalent to giving Mag a leg up and some benefits.

Of course, in such a competition, the difference of 10 points had basically struck him out of the top four's name list.

However, it gave Mag a huge confidence boost.

Even though the Top Chef Competition was a variety show whose entertainment value was higher than its professional value, the ten-member judging panel was extremely professional from the round of 16 onwards. They had invited all the big shots from the industry like top chefs and epicureans.

Therefore, even though there was influence from the programming division, the professional judging panel rarely gave 95 points and above. Any score above 90 was considered high.

This was Mag's chance to overtake in the score.

Mag's makeup artist was a petite maiden. Perhaps she was mesmerized by his good looks, but she did Mag's makeup with a blush the whole time.

After doing the makeup, the maiden finally gathered her courage to talk to him. "Mr. Hades, can I please take a picture with you?"

"Of course, your makeup technique is really memorable." Mag nodded with a smile and got Xi to take a picture for them.

"You're so nice. I hope you do well in the competition." The maiden accepted the photograph happily and gave him her blessing.

"Thank you." Mag got up and left the dressing room. He followed the staff member to the changing room.

He knew that this maiden would share their photo on WeTwit very soon. She would flatter him and help him gain more fans.

Xi followed after Mag and telepathically said with a weird expression, "You seem to enjoy being a star very much?"

Initially, she was worried that Mag couldn't get used to the life in Underground City and all the things that were different from the Norland Continent.

But looking at it now, Mag had more than gotten used to it. He was having the time of his life. He even knew how to create a persona for himself and attract fans.

"This is called loving what I do for a living," Mag said seriously, "I'm also a professional in being an idol."

"What's an idol?"

"Erm... It's a term from my hometown, which means celebrity."

The programming division had prepared a set of uniforms for all the contestants. Mag had just joined at the last minute, so the programming division altered a chef's suit for him, which just fitted him.

The black-and-white color scheme was simple and bright.

Mag came out after changing into the chef's suit. He immediately felt the staff members' gazes on him.

Being handsome had this problem.

"It's 15 minutes away from the start of the show. Can all the contestants please head to the recording studio now? All staff members, please check if the equipment on set is working properly. Please make

sure the contestants' audio equipment's output is normal..." Johnny's voice sounded over the broadcast and everyone started to get busy.

Chapter 2436: A Female Dominant CEO

The Top Chef Competition was broadcast live. It was a big test on the contestants' acting skills.

Of course, such a model brought along a great deal of possibility.

The audience could choose to watch the official cutaway shot, or the individual contestants' shots.

Even though Mag had never taken part in TV shows' recording in his previous life, he had watched the shows before. Thus, he wasn't very nervous about being in a show.

Xi had given him a stable persona. He wasn't outstanding, but he wasn't too bad either. He only had to maintain his cooking standards.

At the same time, Mag's bangle had received a contestant's rulebook.

The contract was done by Xi. Mag wasn't interested in that area. Since the staff members were checking the equipment, he took the opportunity to click on the contestant's rulebook and scan it through.

There weren't any weird rules. Other than the basic non-disclosure agreement, there were some restrictions on the contestants' personal behavior in public. One of them should be newly added: "During the show's recording, no forms of contact with fans is allowed."

It seemed like the programming division was also spooked by Jasper's incident. To prevent more trouble, they decided to set a rule that forbade the contestants from contacting their fans.

Xi had said that this show had a script, but Mag didn't receive the script yet.

Obviously, as a last-minute contestant who was filling the gap, he was just a filler in the director's eyes. He didn't need lines at all.

"Your position is over here. You should know about the actual procedures now, right?" The staff member led Mag to a cooking bench and did a final confirmation with him.

"Yes." Mag nodded smilingly.

Mag had already studied the competition's procedures on his way over. Even though it was a variety show, the Top Chef Competition had done a good job on the professional part too.

The judging panel would make a final comprehensive score on the contestants based on their cutting skills, techniques, plating and taste, etc.

Even if the contestants had received a script, there would be judges who could make excuses for them and extend their life spans on this variety show.

Everyone knew that you had a script, but your effort could make people feel your sincerity.

The recording studio was very spacious. The Mocha Group placed a lot of importance on this show. It had specifically given the entire first floor to the programming division.

The top eight contestants began to take their place. Many of them had managers helping them to do the final adjustments and reminding them softly.

Mag took a quick look at the contestants. He had already memorized their info. His gaze landed on the beautiful lady sitting at the edge of the judges' table.

Her black evening gown was sexual and not intellectual. Meanwhile, the aloof expression on that beautiful face made people keep their distance away from her.

Nancy McCarthy. This noble young mistress had just saved his life.

Of course, it seemed so.

As a direct descendent of the McCarthy Family, Nancy had a certain amount of power within the family. As the Mocha Group's CEO, she was also the person-in-charge of the Top Chef Competition.

A female Dominant CEO. She indeed looked like it.

Perhaps she had sensed Mag's gaze, Nancy suddenly looked up at Mag.

Their gaze met momentarily and Mag gave her an appreciative smile.

Nancy retracted her gaze coldly, as though she felt nothing about his warm smile.

Mag cocked his eyebrow. Of course, he wasn't dejected.

A top rich, beautiful young lady like her couldn't be wooed by just good looks. He still had that understanding.

Then, Mag sized up the judges at the table roughly. Most of them were elders in the culinary world and master chefs of certain top restaurants.

Given the generally long life spans of the Underground City's residents, many of them had been in the industry for thousands of years.

An excellent chef needed to be groomed over time.

Real great cutting skills needed to be practiced over a span of eight to 10 years before they dared to show them off to people.

Thus, Mag had no doubts about these old chefs' culinary skills.

Xi came to pass a glass of water to Mag. At the same time, she telepathically said, "The Top Chef Competition's programming division has already turned on your voting channel on WeTwit and given you good support in traffic. Your PK value should exceed 10,000,000 when the show is over."

Mag took a sip and telepathically said with a calm expression, "10,000,000 isn't enough. We need to prepare for the upcoming competition. The director's not going to change the rules for us for tomorrow's semi final."

“It will depend on your performance today. If what you do is exciting enough, the Top Chef Competition’s promotion department is never stingy with traffic redirection. This is more practical than anything else.” Xi took the glass back.

“If that is the case, there will be no problem.” Mag revealed a confident smile.

Subversion. He was best at that.

The Norland Continents’ rough food lacked the delicate scrumptiousness.

As for the intricate Underground City’s gourmet, it lacked the sense of life.

Then, let him now add the sense of life.

“However, are you really not doing anything?” Mag asked Xi, who was about to leave.

“I have done whatever I should do,” Xi said before walking off the stage.

Mag retracted his gaze. His bangle was already shut off, otherwise he would really like to go to WeTwit to see what Xi had done.

The stage’s design was rather interesting. Eight individual work benches were placed on the semi-circular stage. All kinds of kitchenware were displayed on the silver metallic surface. They were all brought by the chefs themselves.

Mag’s work bench was very clean, yet a little special.

The others brought a set that had dozens of different kinds of knives, but he only had a thick and wide cleaver.

However, he had brought a stove. It was already very hard to find a stove with fire on the market now.

Mag had already learnt how to use Underground City’s kitchenware from Xi earlier.

Precision and automation were its greatest specialty. Even a noob could cook acceptable dishes as long as he followed the procedures set by the system.

But... it was just acceptable.

While setting a high base, such premise tools had also restricted the chefs with its many restrictions. It locked the upper limit too.

Hence, Mag chose to bring his own stove to show the Underground City’s people the real charm of stir-frying.

“This newbie doesn’t look like a chef?”

“I heard that the programming division found an intern from an agency after Jasper’s incident. I guess he’s here to show his face in preparation for his debut.”

“I heard he’s very good at cooking. He is a great homecook.”

“Jasper is out and there’s one slot in the final four left. I wonder who is going to take over it.”

Before the competition began, a few contestants who were friendly with each other, were chatting. Their attention was focused on Mag. Their tone was relaxed, so obviously they didn't take Mag to be their opponent.

Mag pretended not to have heard anything. He would be the one to lose out if he took these petty comments to heart.

At the same time, hundreds of millions of Underground City's residents were waiting for the Top Chef Competition to start online.

As a variety show that always ended with a high number of viewerships, the Top Chef Competition had accumulated many fans.

The cruel and efficient competition format, exciting culinary duels and all kinds of scandals beyond the show made the audience love this variety show.

Meanwhile, on WeTwit today, the Top Chef Competition kept appearing on the trending list, especially that newly-joined contestant, Hades Saipan. His accusation of Director Horace was a huge scandal to the netizens.

However, that news seemed to be locked down. Apart from Hades' WeTwit, it was hard to find related discussion about it online, even those commercial accounts who loved scandals were quiet.

And because of that, many people followed Hades' account for a follow-up.

10 minutes before the Top Chef Competition began, an account with a red "V" stamp¹ called "Underground City's Military Secretariat" liked Hades' shared post and commented: The people deserve to know the truth.

Very soon:

"Military Secretariat" liked Hades' WeTwit!

The people deserve to know the truth.

They appeared on the trending list and began to climb up the list quickly.

After the incident happened for a few hours, this was the first official account that voiced out.

Moreover, this official account was very special. This was the only account that was verified by the military on WeTwit. It represented the military's attitude.

The military's attitude was always important in Underground City.

Ever since Marshal Ferdinand revolutionized the military and politics, the plutocrats began to retract their tentacles in the military. Their attitude towards the military became restrained and cautious too.

Amos ran to Lucien's office and nervously asked, "Chief, the topic is climbing up the trending list very fast. Do we need to cool it down?"

He thought that he was going crazy. The topic's popularity was just suppressed and they had already come up with a plan with the Top Chef Competition to use traffic redirection to suppress the incident. They didn't expect the military to interfere.

"How do you intend to suppress it? Delete the secretariat's comment, or close the account?" Lucien asked him with a cold smile.

Amos went white. As the director of operations, he knew the Military Secretariat's account's permission level. It was on the same level with the president's account.

The level was the symbol of identity and power.

Even Lucien didn't have the power to close this account, let alone him.

"Then... what shall we do now?" Amos asked gingerly.

"We don't know which big boss in the military ordered that, but since the comment came from the secretariat's account, it represents the military's attitude." Lucien solemnly said, "According to WeTwit's work rules, we have no rights to interfere with the military's actions, including their speech. Open all the permissions of this topic and no longer restrict it."

"But, what do we tell the Dixon Family in this case?" Amos was put in a tight spot.

Given this topic's popularity, once the restrictions were removed, commenting and sharing were allowed, and all related words were allowed to be searched in the search engines, Horace, Bart and Charlie's dirt would be all dug up instantly.

"What they should be concerned about now is how to draw a line between Horace and them." Lucien flicked a glance at him calmly.

Amos was slightly taken aback before showing an enlightened expression. His gaze towards Lucien became even more respectful. "I'll go to arrange the work at the Technical Department now."

The office's door closed gradually. Lucien looked at the scenery outside of the window with a hint of a smile.

He didn't know which military's big boss' idea it was, but it had solved a difficult problem for him.

The position of WeTwit's CEO wasn't easy. It was impossible to satisfy everyone's requirement in the entanglement of so many powers.

Hence, it wasn't enough to have professional proficiency in this position. The technique of balancing was the number one factor that decided if you could stay in the position for long.

Lucien had always been fair. He always stood with the stronger parties.

He was having a headache when the Dixon Family pitted against the McCarthy Family because both families were strong and he couldn't afford to offend either of them.

However, now that the military secretariat had intervened, the situation had changed immediately.

The Dixon Family and the McCarthy Family were not as powerful as the military and he had a lot of WeTwit's work rules that he could base his decision on, so he took the military's side without any hesitation.

Soon, the netizens realized Hades' comment section was open and the sharing label that was gray, was lit up now.

"He's indeed the man who is endorsed by the military!"

"So? What's the truth?"

"Horace, this scumbag! I have a friend who fell into depression because of him!"

"I suddenly found a lot of women accusing Horace on WeTwit. Are they all real?!"

That particular Hades' WeTwit's comments began to increase quickly. The comment that was pinned at the top was the military secretariat's. It was followed by the "Cute3yearsold": "Brother Hades is so righteous! I support you!"

Then, more victims and people who knew the victims commented in the comment section and their comments were pinned and sent to the top.

At the same time, the netizens found many WeTwits that were unknown after searching for words like "Horace" and "Horace's sexual assault".

Those WeTwits that were buried, finally saw the light again after the restrictions were opened.

The accusations filled with blood and tears were completely hidden on the internet. Countless ordinary folks could feel the victims' desperation when their pleas were completely ignored.

"Horace is worse than an animal!"

"Bart and Charlie are rapists!"

All these articles were pinned to the top of the trending list. They swept through the Underground City's internet world like a storm.

The commercial accounts who had kept quiet, seemed to sense the change and they began to join in on this traffic storm.

And Hades' WeTwit that was in the center of this storm, was liked and shared over tens of millions of times.

"It's over. It's really all over now..."

In the film and video base, Horace looked at WeTwit with a pale face. Cold sweat was dripping off his forehead.

Bart and Charlie were even shaking with white faces.

The like and comment from the Military Secretariat had pierced into their hearts like a sword and declared their death sentences.

Looking at those comments and heated words of hatred, the famous director and stars, who were used to praises and flattery, still couldn't wake up from their fall from grace.

"I-I want to communicate with Young Master Fergus." Horace clicked on his bangle with shaking hands.

Chapter 2437: Let's Kill the Goat To Get the Mood Up

Horace wasn't able to get through to Fergus.

After staring at the bangle silently for a while, Horace got up to leave with a pale face.

Charlie and Bart quickly followed him. They evaded the staff members' weird gazes along the way and they asked in panic, "Big Brother, w-what shall we do now?"

"I'm already deserted by the Dixon Family. If you two don't want to spend the rest of your life in prison, go before the law enforcers come," Horace said and hastened his footsteps. He took out his flying car immediately when he was outdoors and left.

Charlie and Bart watched the flying car leave in a daze. After a moment of hesitation, they also left in their flying cars.

"Did Director Horace, Charlie and Bart run away?"

Some staff members present took a video of the scene and put it online anonymously. It started another round of discussion.

Within Tucker City, the Dixon Manor.

On a sofa in the manor, Merlin said to Fergus calmly, "Seems like you didn't handle the morning's matter well."

"The matter was suppressed initially. I didn't expect the military to interfere." Fergus lowered his head nervously.

"I heard that the chap who sent the WeTwit, was almost assassinated in the Mocha Building this morning." Merlin looked at Fergus. "You did that, right?"

Fergus went white. After a moment of hesitation, he nodded. "I have been reckless."

"Getting rid of the people who caused the problems, is what we plutocrats are good at, and it seems to have been a common practice in the past tens of thousands of years." Merlin laughed, but his gaze became fierce. "The times have changed. We no longer call the shots in Underground City now. Other than leaving a trace behind, your small trick is just a joke in the eyes of those people."

Cold sweat dripped down Fergus' back. He didn't expect the assassin which he sent to deal with a chef with a 3rd-tier water magic caster power to fail.

Now that the military had made its stance clear, WeTwit had taken the military's side completely. Horace's dirt was everywhere on the internet. They had lost control completely.

"How do you intend to handle Horace?" Merlin looked at Fergus judgmentally.

After pondering, Horace said, "A dead man is the best scapegoat. Spending the rest of his life in jail is what is waiting for him after all his dirt is dug up. Committing suicide to escape punishment seems like a reasonable behavior."

Merlin lifted his hands and said, "Go ahead. You have to clean up the mess you made. Don't leave any loose ends behind for the McCarthy Family."

"Yes." Fergus bowed before striding out of the villa.

"Interesting. I didn't expect him to interfere in such a matter too. Is he preparing to do something big again?" Merlin stood next to the window with a chilling smile.

On the top floor of the Twin Towers.

Akali's bangle was in the two screens mode. One was on the interface that was counting down to the start of the Top Chef Competition, while the other was on WeTwit.

"Horace, that old scumbag has done so many evil deeds. To think that I had dinner with him previously is so nauseating.

"But this old basta*d seems to be on good terms with Fergus. Ha! Birds of a feather flock together. They are both scumbags!

"Looking at it now, Brother Hades is indeed handsome and righteous! I have to give him money!"

Akali mumbled and clicked open the fan group that had over tens of thousands of people and started to send money.

"Miss Nancy, please look at WeTwit now."

Nancy, who was about to turn off the bangle, received a message from the director.

Nancy cast a glance at the director and Johnny looked anxious. Did something happen just before the streaming?

She clicked open the trending list and those topics stunned her.

Initially, news about Horace was suppressed from the trending list, but now six out of 10 topics on the trending list were related to Horace. The top three were all about him.

Nancy soon found the reason. This made her look even more surprised.

"The military got involved too?" Nancy bit her lips gently. This was beyond her expectation.

If this was the case, then the Dixon Family had obviously given up on Horace. They should be busy cutting ties with Horace right now.

Seeing the Dixon Family suffering a defeat and Horace the perpetrator falling from grace, Nancy should be feeling happy.

However, it happened just before the Top Chef Competition was telecast and it was just seven minutes away. The focus on the internet was completely on another matter, which wasn't a good thing for the show.

After thinking about it for a moment, her gaze fixed on the seventh spot on the trending list as she sent a message to Johnny: Get the publicity department to send the number seven on the trending list to the very top.

Johnny's eyes lit up when he received the message. He immediately got up to do it.

Soon, the seventh topic on the trending list: "The Top Chef Competition's contestant, Hades, is Brother Righteous!" began to climb up the list rapidly until it reached the top spot.

The second spot on the trending list was "Military Secretariat liked Hades' WeTwit".

The fuse of Horace's incident was the post that Hades reposted and commented on. It caused a series of repercussions.

The grievance of a maiden who committed suicide after she was humiliated, was finally redressed. Horace's heinous crimes were exposed because of Hades' brave and righteous shout out.

Therefore, people didn't hate this trending post. Instead, they added onto it and made it even more popular.

Right then, the programming division's Internet water army[1.Internet water army is a group of users who are paid to post online comments with vested interest on Chinese language websites. Internet water armies started in the early 2010s.] began to redirect traffic for the show crazily.

"Brother Righteous is taking part in the Top Chef Competition now. Let's go support him!"

"Justice won't be absent, so we won't be either! We're going to make Brother Righteous the top chef!"

"I want to see what this righteous brother looks like in real life!"

"Brother Hades' PK value is so low! I want to help him go up the charts!"

With the Internet water army's comments and the support of fans, people who were surfing the Internet, began to click on the live-stream interface and gave Hades some PK value as well.

The ratings of the Top Chef Competition's live-stream began to climb steadily. Just the viewers on WeTwit alone had exceeded 500,000,000, which had even exceeded the ratings of the previous season's final. It was also the highest ratings of this season.

"Let's prepare to record the show." Nancy sent a message to Johnny and turned off the bangle.

Her gaze couldn't help but land on Hades on the stage. He was found by the programming division last minute. She had seen his information. He was an intern under a small agency. Other than having good looks, he had great culinary skills too. This was what the other interns couldn't compare against him in, so the agency chose him eventually.

1

Looking at it now, this choice was very successful.

Not only did it minimize the negative influence of the Jasper incident, it even triggered the Horace's incident and made the Dixon Family suffered a setback, and brought a huge amount of traffic to the show. It had killed many birds with one stone.

"If his culinary skill is passable, it's a good choice to let him enter the semi final. He should be able to keep the popularity up for a while more." Nancy pondered. However, whether they decided to let him advance, it still depended on his actual culinary skill.

"Counting to the show's recording. 10, nine, eight..."

Johnny began the countdown and the judges and contestants straightened up as they got into filming mode.

Mag looked ahead with a natural expression. Xi had already given him training before he faced the camera. He knew how to express himself naturally in front of the camera while keeping a graceful and handsome posture.

After the countdown ended, the camera panned to the center of the stage and one male and one female emcee appeared. They declared the start of the Top Chef Competition's quarterfinal with a smile before introducing the top eight contestants and 10 professional judges.

They gave Mag more screen time and praises when they were introducing him.

Mag was satisfied with that. It meant that the programming division did try to be fair to him.

"Is he Brother Righteous? I love him, love him!"

"This chap has thick brows and big eyes. He's a handsome chap."

"Darn it. That smile. Mama, I'm in love..."

The comments were all over the screen. It was obvious how much the netizens cared about Mag.

After the introduction and two ads, the emcees declared the start of the quarterfinal.

"There is a huge change in the rules in this quarterfinal match. The programming division only provides the ingredients' pantry but will no longer dictate the dishes. All the contestants can choose any of the ingredients from the pantry and must finish cooking within two hours. Those who finish first, will be judged first.

"The professional judges will do a comprehensive judging according to the contestants' performance.

“In fairness, for this quarterfinal, we will set the proportion of the online score and the judges’ score from 2:8 to 1:9.” The emcee declared the new rule.

The contestants had been informed in advance, so they didn’t have any objections to it.

Even after they changed the rules, Hades’ PK value was still close to zero now, which meant he was competing with them with a 10 points handicap. The effect wasn’t great.

However, the audience who had been following the show, were in an uproar.

“Why did they change the rules last minute? It’s not fair to our Brothers!”

“Did they change the rules last minute because Brother Righteous joined the show? He’s indeed the man that the secretariat clicked ‘Like’ for. His backer is so powerful!”

“It’s still hellishly difficult for Brother Righteous to advance to the top four.”

“If you and I don’t vote for Brother Righteous, how is he going to advance to the top four? Let’s vote for his PK value!”

Mag’s PK value increased from 1,000,000 plus to over 5,000,000 quickly with the help of his fans, and it climbed towards 10,000,000 steadily.

Mag knew nothing about it. There was only one thought in his mind now. He had to gain 10 points on the contestant in the fourth place in order to advance to the top four.

The pantry was open and hundreds of ingredients, ranging from seafood to animal products from the mountain, appeared on the giant screen. They had everything.

“I want a yellow dragon fish.”

“I want a black jade turtle, one...”

The contestants began to choose the ingredients that they needed.

This pantry had all the ingredients for all the dishes that the contestants knew how to cook. It was to prevent the awkwardness whereby the contestants had no dishes to cook.

Mag was placed at the eighth position. He listened to the contestants choose the extremely precious ingredients calmly.

“Now, can Contestant Hades choose the ingredients you need please?” the emcee said to Mag.

“I need a Haley Goat, three lemons...” Mag said a list of ingredients.

On the judges’ table, an old chef with white hair called Hunter said with surprise, “A Haley Goat? Is he going to make a mutton dish on the Top Chef Competition?”

“It’s indeed rather weird. All the other contestants are using the best ingredients and he simply chose a normal Haley Goat.” The judges around him agreed too.

“Perhaps, he can make mutton into a delicacy?” Nancy said with a smile.

“That makes me look forward to it.” Old Hunter agreed with her.

Mag's choice in ingredients had caused a discussion among the netizens as well.

The yellow dragon fish was an 8th-tier magic beast that only appeared in the extremely cold waters of the northwestern territory. It was rare and powerful and was an extremely precious being that most people had never seen before, let alone tasted.

The black jade turtle was even more precious. Apparently, its shell was a natural gemstone. Any shell with a diameter bigger than 10 cm would be auction worthy. It was obvious how precious this black jade turtle was.

The ingredients chosen by the other contestants were equally precious.

Why was the Top Chef Competition so popular?

Other than the fact that the market didn't have other gourmet shows that were equally professional and entertaining, the wealth of the programming division was also a big selling point.

You could see many precious ingredients that had never been seen before being turned into gourmet dishes right here, and there was also a big group of masters tasting and introducing them right on the spot.

An extremely precious ingredient had already appeared in the quarterfinal. This show was so ridiculously rich, alright?!

1

And because of that, in the situation where there were still many other precious ingredients, it was shocking that Mag actually chose a Haley Goat as his main ingredient.

"Perhaps, this hill-billy doesn't know about high-end ingredients at all?"

The other contestants couldn't help looking at Mag as the same thought arose in their minds.

The best ingredients only needed to be simply cooked and that way they could present the best taste. Their culinary skills could even be amplified with the ingredients, and they would be able to receive a good score from the judges.

This was common knowledge on the Top Chef Competition and everyone followed it.

"I want to see if you have given up, or if you are absolutely confident." Nancy looked at Mag with great interest and there was an increased anticipation in her eyes.

1

The contestants' ingredients were all delivered and every high-end ingredient received a close-up shot and the emcee's simple introduction to satisfy the audience's curiosity.

When that Haley Goat was delivered, the audience's enthusiasm had greatly decreased.

The Haley Goat was a specialty from the Haley Grassland. Although it cost three times the price of a normal sheep, it was still a commonly-seen ingredient in wet markets everywhere.

Mag reached out to pat the head of that black goat and nodded with satisfaction. This goat was just the right size. It was muscular and matched his requirements.

He knew what the others were thinking, but it didn't affect his mood at all.

No matter how good an ingredient was, without cooking techniques that could match it, it would only be wasted.

Yellow dragon fish, black jade turtle... Mag had never seen these precious ingredients before. It would be impossible for him to make a scrumptious dish out of any of them.

However, a goat was different. He was familiar with it and he knew how to cook it.

"The two hours' countdown starts now. Contestants, please start cooking!" The emcee's voice rang out.

A two hour countdown clock appeared on the top right hand corner of the contestants' workbench.

The contestants began to process the ingredients in preparation for the cooking.

Meanwhile, Mag took his cleaver from the knife rack and led the goat to the slaughter area.

The others' first step was to kill the fish and the turtle, his first step was to kill the goat.

Chapter 2438: Mag Dissecting a Goat

Thousands of years after the rearing and slaughtering of animals became fully automated, the majority of the Underground City's residents had never seen real-life slaughtering of cattle before.

In the last four seasons of the Top Chef Competition, no one had slaughtered such a big animal. The programming division would usually provide the contestant with the body parts needed.

However, Hades had led a Haley Goat onto the stage. He seemed to want to do the slaughtering live in front of the camera.

It was imaginable what a bloody scene this would be.

However, on such a high-end show like the Top Chef Competition, watching the slaughtering of a goat live seemed to be rather attractive. It made the audience even more expectant instead.

Together with Hades' increasing fans and the great attention on him, almost half of the comments on the screen were related to him.

"Director, are we going to show the slaughtering live too? Will it be too bloody?" the camera supervisor asked Johnny worriedly.

"The contestants' cameras will record as usual. The programming division's camera will switch accordingly," Johnny replied. He wasn't very sure as well. Hades only joined them at the last minute and rushed to the studio before the shooting started. They didn't have the time to communicate and rehearse.

The contestants began to process the ingredients and get busy.

The judges' gazes were also mainly focused on Mag. Given their statuses, those so-called precious ingredients were not new to them.

"The last time I watched the slaughtering of a goat live was at the Wild Wolf Tribe at the north of the Haley Grassland. That tribe still preserves the tradition of slaughtering their cattle during festivals. The way the elders of the tribe slaughtered the cattle was astonishing." Old Hunter lamented.

The young food critic, David, smilingly asked, "So? Will a personally slaughtered goat have more soul?"

"It is a form of ritual. Of course, using the words you youngsters like to use, it's not wrong to say that a soul is being infused." Old Hunter nodded with a smile.

The head chef of Tucker Restaurant, Julian, sneered. "I think he is slaughtering the goat live as a gimmick!"

"This is his first competition. I think he's here to show off his skills." Some judges refuted him.

"We will find out soon if it is a gimmick or if he has real skills." Nancy curled her lips and looked at Hades. She didn't know why, but she had an unknown confidence in him.

The judges' conversation was cut into the live-stream.

The judges' arguments were also one of the show's highlights.

Slaughtering a goat was definitely bloody. Slaughtering any big mammals would be bloody, for example, a group of men slaughtering a pig on the new year's day.

Although the Haley Goat wasn't a precious ingredient, it was a bulky, middle-sized fellow that weighed over 50kg with a 1st-tier magic beast's wildness. It wasn't something that a normal chef could handle alone easily.

Mag didn't want to leave a blood butcher's impression on the viewers for his debut show, so the slaughtering scene had to be graceful.

He led the Haley Goat onto the slaughtering platform effortlessly like a chick. His first step was to let out the blood. The knife slit the goat's throat and a tube that was prepared in advance, was stuck into the wound. It was to prevent the blood from splattering everywhere.

Then, it was to remove the skin and fur.

Mag made a few cuts on the goat with his knife and pulled a few times. As though he was removing the clothes for the Haley Goat, the wool and skin was removed easily. There were no wounds on the smooth goat's flesh. There was no wool leftover either.

"It's such a relief to watch this technique."

The goat: "What's happening? Where's my wool coat?"

"I have a ranch and frankly speaking, the machine didn't do it as well as he did."

The bullet chat¹ was obviously shocked by Mag's technique. Praises appeared all over the screen.

After removing the skin, Mag cut open the goat's stomach. He removed the organs and used water to clean the goat's interior. Then, he began to cut open the goat's ribs.

The cleaver stabbed in close to the ribs. He avoided all the hard bones with precision and cut open the tendons, flesh and skin. He removed two big ribs from the goat's body.

The 50kg big goat had 12 rib bones on each side. There were two big ribs.

Mag looked at the high-quality goat ribs in his hands and nodded with satisfaction. The programming division had indeed provided good quality ingredients.

Mag didn't stop after removing the ribs. Instead, he cut up the whole goat.

The broad cleaver weaved in and out of the flesh, along the muscular structure of the goat. It cut open the space between the tendons and the bones. Mag applied strength along the bones' joints. Not a single cut landed on the bones.

The whole process was smooth as though it was an artistic performance.

In a few short minutes, the whole Haley Goat was dismembered into a pile of ingredients.

The ribs that were suitable for barbequing, the rumpsteak and shoulder blades that were suitable for making kebabs, the parts suitable for stewing...

According to the different cooking methods, Mag had already cut up the meat neatly.

"His technique is awesome!" Hunter looked at Mag with amazement.

"One can't have that kind of skill without slaughtering over ten thousand goats, right?" David was equally amazed and he made a joke. "Did you guys find the contestants from the abattoirs?"

Julian looked awkward. He turned his gaze to somewhere else and pretended not to see it.

The chefs were great at cooking while the food critics were great at writing, but such dismembering techniques were beyond their professionalism. Hence, they were all amazed by it.

"He's really a hidden gem." Nancy's smile became wider.

The director had shown the whole process of Mag dissecting the whole goat live.

The audience were also shocked by Mag's techniques.

"My eyes: I got it! My hands: You wish."

"This is the first time I realized that slaughtering can be so beautiful!"

"This is really a great chef. I am his fan now!"

Mag only took the two racks of ribs back to his cooking bench. He asked the staff members to take the other parts away.

Slaughtering a goat seemed to be a very tedious process, but Mag had only spent 15 minutes. The contestant next to him was still struggling with the yellow dragon fish. It was an 8th-tier magic beast, so it was hard for the chef even when it was out of the water.

Mag made a few cuts on the goat's meat and began to marinate it.

He put the charcoal stove on the cooking bench. The charcoal was already burning gradually. The charcoal would be ready when the goat's ribs were marinated.

Mag stood at his position and watched his competitors leisurely while waiting for the goat's ribs to marinate and the charcoal to burn.

The contestant next to him was a hunky man who had big eyes, thick eyebrows, fair skin, a high nose and muscles. The name on his name tag was Iman.

Mag had read his info. Iman came from Tucker Restaurant. He was the disciple of that judge called Julian.

However, he didn't come to the quarterfinals because of his relationship with the judge. His culinary skill was among the top three of the contestants.

The ingredient he chose was the yellow dragon fish. The fish was gold all over with smooth and delicate scales. Its flesh did resemble a dragon's head, so its name was apt.

The fish was already cut open. The organs that were removed were clear. There was no fishy smell in the air. Instead, there was a faint fragrance. That surprised Mag.

Chapter 2439: I Give This World a Little Raw Fire

"System, can this fish be reared?" Mag asked internally. This fish looked pretty good. It shouldn't be a problem to make it into sashimi.

"This fish is to be sold. Aren't you afraid that the giant dragons will slaughter you?" the System said slowly.

"What's there to be frightened of? The Frost Dragon tribe and Golden Dragon tribe's princesses are in our hands. Are they going to turn the world upside down?" Mag replied calmly.

"Let me borrow some," the System said.

Mag chatted with the System while he looked at the contestants on the stage.

The seven contestants all took out top ingredients. The worst one was the man who chose the black jade turtle.

The black jade turtle was indeed very beautiful. Its shell was smooth and it glowed a lush green under the light. It was indeed a very good quality jade.

On top of that, this black jade turtle was not small. It measured more than 20 centimeters in diameter. This shell would easily fetch an eight-digit figure in an auction, making it the most expensive thing there.

But...

This turtle shell would have to be taken away.

Under the watch of two professionals, that contestant removed the turtle from its shell carefully. After that, he watched as they brought the black jade shell away, leaving only a shell-less turtle looking around.

Mag guessed that this black jade turtle was probably borrowed by the programming division and an agreement had been made with the owner that the shell belonged to him while the turtle belonged to the programming division.

This black jade turtle made the show look good and could also fetch an even better price at an auction.

The appearance of this black jade turtle at the Top Chef Competition also brought some hype to the program. It was a win-win situation.

Everyone was busy cooking while Mag was just watching from the side. That made the audience anxious.

“Say, did Hades buy the ticket as an audience member? Is he here to watch the performance?”

“I feel more anxious than him, seeing the clock tick.”

“Don’t tell me he’s just a sacrificial lamb? This is such a nerve-racking competition. How is he in the mood to watch?”

The judges did not seem to have many comments. They saw Mag marinating the ingredients just now. He was obviously waiting for the marinating to be done.

However, contestants would usually make themselves look more professional by finding some things to do while waiting. Even if it was just a useless display of skills, they would not make themselves appear unprofessional in such a situation.

After looking around, Mag started to mix the sauce required for the roasted mutton ribs.

Mag was not a professional at making the roasted mutton ribs.

He had never gotten any recipes from the System, and neither had he been through the hell training in the test field for the God of Cookery.

However, in his travels, he tried some roasted mutton ribs and lamb shank. He even tried his hands on a whole roasted goat. Therefore, he did have some takeaways in making the sauce, seasoning, and control over fire.

He adapted the sauce from the mutton kebab and made some minor adjustments so that it would fit the texture of roast mutton better.

The marination of the mutton was very crucial as well. The Haley Goat had a very light rank odor but Mag still completed the full set of processes to remove the smell. He brought the cooking wine and also a few other special spices from the Underground City. After some meticulous massaging, the rank odor would be removed completely.

Mag deliberately slowed down his pace for these steps. Even when measuring the seasoning, he used a spoon to ensure he got the accurate proportion.

What he was thinking was simply the best way to allow a recipe to be spread widely. As long as the steps were clear and simple, and the seasonings used were accurate, the recipe would be easy to follow.

He had analyzed the various dishes that had appeared on the Top Chef Competition before. The ingredients were all expensive and the cooking methods were complicated. The chefs were all trying to show off so the audience would never be able to learn the recipes.

Therefore, after five seasons, despite every season being very popular and highly talked about, no one could actually recreate any of the dishes from the program.

Mag was here to change this tradition.

It was so difficult to get fans in Norland Continent, why not give it a shot at the Underground City?

Even if the System said there was no foundation for the path of becoming a chef to become a god, Mag still wanted to give it a try.

Mag took out the mutton ribs in the expedited marination box and brushed a layer of oil on them before putting them on the metal grill.

The other contestants had top-grade ingredients and smart kitchenware. Mag was the only one with a simple charcoal grill with two pieces of Haley Goat mutton ribs.

The charcoal fire was not big. The meat was grilled over the fire slowly. After a very long time, the oil on the surface started to bubble. The mutton that had a perfect combination of fatty and lean meat contracted on the grill. As the oil glistened, the fragrance of the mutton started wafting out.

“His way of cooking is rather primeval. Besides, the mutton ribs look quite oily. There actually isn’t any segregation between the charcoal fire and the food. The rising ashes and smoke is going to contaminate the mutton, isn’t it? Those messy seasonings added together is an even bigger disaster. I can’t imagine how horrible it would taste,” David said with a frown. As a gourmet with mysophobia, he had very strict requirements for food hygiene.

“Yes, such a dish cannot be brought to the customer’s table in Tucker Restaurant. Food safety and hygiene is the most important thing in the food and beverages industry.” Julian nodded in agreement.

“In that case, you guys haven’t seen a whole roasted goat on top of a charcoal fire. I think Hades’s cooking method is a very good display of one of our traditional cooking methods. The charcoal fire and the mutton ribs are only separated by a metal grill. The grease dripping from the mutton onto the charcoal fire will bring the flames up a little. This is the first time we see such use of raw fire on the Top Chef Competition.” Old Hunter did not conceal his admiration for Mag. He praised him instead. “Since so many chefs from various places have gathered here, we should be more embracing towards each contestant’s performance.”

“I agree with Old Hunter. ‘Raw fire’ was a phrase that I only saw in books in the past few years and this isn’t a good thing,” Nancy said with a smile.

The judges were seated not far away from the work benches so all the contestants could clearly hear the judges’ comments.

Some contestants looked at Mag with sympathy. A contestant who received such an outright negative comment from the judges would not usually go through to the next round.

Mag was relatively calm. He was here to overturn the mainstream culinary rules of the Underground City. The charcoal-roasted mutton ribs were just a side dish. There was no need to overreact.

The smart kitchenware would definitely be accurate. However, the smell of cooking would be lost.

Food that was prepared over-meticulously might be healthy but Mag felt that it would lose its soul.

As half the time passed, the contestants on stage started reaching the end of their food preparation, be it braising, boiling, or stir-frying. Fragrances of all types started wafting out from pots. There was a unique battle of smells dancing in the air.

This was something the programming division planned. The smells would not be segregated to allow the judges to clearly smell the fragrance made by each contestant while they cook. Whether or not one's dish could get a winning start would depend on each individual's capabilities.

Chapter 2440: Go, Haley Goat!

"The high-end ingredients indeed only need to be cooked simply."

Mag smelled the aroma in the air and lamented as he flipped his goat ribs over.

The aroma in the air was rather enticing, but to Mag, these aromas were a little bland.

That was the main ingredient's umami, like the yellow dragon fish from Iman. After steaming, the umami of the fish was magnified and became even more enticing.

But... that was all.

Even though he also agreed with the idea that high-end ingredients should be handled simply, if a high-end ingredient had a matching high-end cooking technique, it would win over the former many times.

The mainstream cooking concepts of Underground City now were health first and original taste second.

The concepts were not wrong, but over emphasizing on these two concepts would lose many other tastes.

Like a person who only ate fresh fish soup, he could never experience the sourish spiciness of the spicy and sour sliced fish and the fragrant spiciness of the spicy grilled fish.

The seven other contestants obviously followed that concept as well.

Be it the boiled black jade turtle in clear soup, or the steamed yellow dragon fish, they all followed that rule.

This was also why half of the judges didn't favor Mag as this was against their cooking concept.

The goat ribs were flipped to the other side and the aroma that had just spread was pressed down again.

The speed of the charcoal-grilled goat's ribs couldn't compare to the speed of their high-end kitchenware. It had to be grilled over a mild fire slowly, otherwise the inside would be rare and the competition would be all over.

Mag wasn't in a hurry. He still had an hour more, so he didn't have to be the first to serve his dishes.

"It's indeed the black jade turtle. Simply boiling it could release such an enticing aroma."

"I think Iman's yellow dragon fish smells even better. Even though it was steamed, that secret sauce makes the umami even better. He's indeed Julian's disciple."

"The yellow dragon fish's aroma is indeed not bad. It has suppressed the other aromas."

The judges didn't idle around. They began to smell and comment on the dishes. The contestants had received mainly positive comments from the judges.

"This is weird. Why didn't we smell any mutton aroma?" Julian looked at Mag and smilingly said, "Could it be that the charcoal's fire has died down?"

"It's normal that we can't smell it. The other contestants are all using top tier ingredients. The Haley Goat's aroma will naturally be suppressed. The contestant should have considered that when he chose his main ingredient," David said. It was also a reminder to the other contestants that they should be more careful when they choose their ingredients in the competition later.

Nancy looked at Mag. His expression was still calm and collected. He was brushing oil onto the goat's ribs with a brush. He didn't seem to be affected by the judges' comments.

His focus and calmness made Nancy stare at him in a daze.

"Is a focused man indeed very charming?" Nancy regained her wits and smiled from the bottom of her heart. She didn't expect herself to stare at a contestant in a daze. This situation had never happened before.

"Go, Haley Goat! Go, Brother Hades!"

"Could it be that only high-end ingredients can create scrumptious food? Could it be that these judges eat yellow dragon fish every day?"

"I don't care! I just want to support Brother Righteous! Go against the flow! Prove them wrong!"

"This is the first time I've seen a dish that I can afford on the Top Chef Competition. I hope he gets a good result!"

Compared to the judges' pessimistic comments on Mag, the comments on the bullet chat were completely the opposite. They were all supporting Mag.

"Judges, I am done!" The contestant, Alfonso, who chose the black jade turtle, spoke up. He was the first to finish.

The camera panned over to Alfonso's cooking bench and zoomed in on the dish.

The black jade turtle's shell was already taken away and the black jade turtle that was cut into a few pieces, was pieced back into a complete turtle again. He also carved out a shell with some kind of melon to hold the turtle together. It looked rather beautiful.

Mag took the time to look at the big screen. That fellow's carving skills were not bad. The turtle shell looked life-like and he made use of the fact that the melon would turn transparent after it was cooked to make the dish look even more exquisite.

The boiling method was very simple but the carved turtle shell helped it gain more points.

This was the restaurant's so-called: Although it's useless, it can make the dish cost twice as much.

"Judges, I am done too." Shortly after, Iman next to Mag also raised up his hand.

The camera immediately panned over to Iman's cooking bench. On the long fish-shaped plate, a golden yellow dragon fish was standing in the midst of the mist, as though it was going to fly away. The rocks and seaweeds that were carved out from carrots and melons, made this dish look picturesque.

Mag nodded. This Iman's culinary skills were indeed not bad. Be it his cutting skills, his control of heat, or his imagination for plating, they were all better than the contestant who chose the black jade turtle. Given this dish's presentation, he would definitely make it to the final four.

"Wow! This yellow dragon fish is so beautiful! It looks delicious!"

"My turtle indeed loses out to the dragon."

"He's indeed the top disciple of Tucker Restaurant. Click 'Like' for Chef Iman!"

As the contestants began to show their dishes, the audience began to get excited.

According to the rules of the Top Chef Competition, the finished dish would be presented to the judges immediately for grading to ensure that it would be in the best state of consumption.

The contestants' grades would naturally affect the mental state of those contestants who hadn't finished yet. The programming division wanted them to panic.

Alfonso's boiled black jade turtle in clear soup and Iman's steamed yellow dragon fish were brought to the judges' table.

There was a conveyor belt on the judges' table and the two dishes moved in front of the judges slowly. It was to ensure that every judge could see the dishes' details closely and smelled the dishes' aroma.

The dishes were placed side by side and the difference in their appearances could be seen immediately. The steaming method had preserved the yellow dragon fish's shape very well and the intricate plating made it look even prettier.

Meanwhile, although the black jade turtle was held in a crystal bowl, there was still an obvious difference when it was compared to the yellow dragon fish.

"The steaming method has preserved the yellow dragon fish's shape and intricate exterior. The concealed way of cutting made sure that the fish was marinated and also preserved the fish's exterior at the same time. Contestant Iman's method is very intricate." David praised him.

All the judges also nodded to show their recognition for Iman.

Old Hunter commented on Alfonso's dish, "Contestant Alfonso's idea is also very exquisite. He carved out a crystal melon and used it to replace the shell that was taken away. His carving is so intricate that it looks life-like. The presentation's effect is not bad."

After appreciating the plating and presentation, here comes the important part... tasting.

The staff members scooped a helping of the fish and a helping of the turtle soup for each of the judges to taste and comment on.