

Stay At home 2451

Chapter 2451: The System That Was Great At Learning

“Isn’t Fergus the CEO of the Cass Corporation? He was chosen as the Top Ten men of the year by the fashion magazine and he is the Dixon Family’s direct descendent. Apparently, he is the strong contender for the head of the family.”

“Scumbag! Why are the so-called Dominant CEOs always like this?!”

“Damn it! I feel that all my values are completely shattered today! What’s wrong with this world?!”

“Is this the real world? Lock our windows and doors. I’m a little terrified now.”

The bullet chat was suddenly greatly reduced, but anger was accumulating.

No one thought that those plutocrats high up in the air were so dirty and scary.

Right then, the live-studio was cut off and the live-studio was banned by WeTwit officially.

The hundreds of millions of audience members watching the live-stream now, were instantly lost.

“Are they crazy?!”

Almost at the same time, the sounds of slamming bangles could be heard all over Underground City.

The audience who couldn’t return to the live-studio, flooded into all the trending lists. They began to release their anger on WeTwit crazily.

“Stupid WeTwit. Did you ban the live-studio because your master’s interests were harmed?!”

“A great CEO in front of people, but a murderer behind the scene!”

“I’ll offload WeTwit today!”

Mag noticed that the live-studio was banned. He wasn’t surprised. He was even shocked that this live-studio could have existed for so long. After all, Horace’s earlier comments had dragged the Dixon Family into hot waters with him.

The banning of the live-studio didn’t affect his execution’s tempo, but he had changed his mind and decided to keep Horace alive.

Hence, he began to dig out the Dixon Family’s dirt from Horace, including how they laundered their money, the murder case that Fergus was involved in and their other criminal activities.

The live-stream was cut, but the video’s recording continued on.

363 strikes, not one strike more, not one strike less.

However, Mag kept Horace alive. Other than his life, his limbs and the root of his crimes had left him.

The five minutes countdown was up and Mag fed Horace enough healing pills to make sure he would last till the Justice Investigation Bureau arrived. Then, he turned into a shadow and disappeared from the valley.

On the cliff across from them, the three investigators blinked as they watched the man in black disappear from the valley in a daze.

“Why did he suddenly disappear?!” One of the junior investigators jumped out and used the telescope to scan around the valley. The life detector showed that there was only a weak sign of life left in the valley.

“He has left. It was exactly 363 strikes, but that fellow isn’t dead yet. Let’s go over there right now!” Quark leaped up immediately, jumped into the flying car parked at the side and dashed down to the valley.

He didn’t know why the other party suddenly changed his mind and didn’t kill Horace directly, but he was sure that the chief was going to have a headache later. It would be much more troublesome than receiving a dead body.

After entering into the Almost-Extraordinaire state, Mag’s speed had increased greatly. Together with the flying sword technique which he had recently mastered, his instantaneous explosive speed was comparable to Xi’s battleship.

About three minutes later, Mag appeared in a dense forest 500 km away.

Mag put away his sword and was about to take out his flying car for his journey back.

A black battleship suddenly appeared in the sky above the dense forest.

“Mmm?” Mag grasped his sword.

“Hop on.” The door underneath the battleship opened and Xi’s voice rang in his ear.

“What are you doing here?” Mag was slightly taken aback, but he still hopped onto the battleship right away.

The door closed and the battleship started up silently. It turned on the invisible mode and disappeared at the horizon.

Mag entered the control room and smilingly asked Xi, who was sitting in the pilot’s seat, “A new battleship?”

“This mission is highly secretive. It’s not convenient to use my battleship.” Xi activated the auto pilot and got up from her seat as she looked at Mag with a complicated gaze.

Mag removed his mask and smilingly said, “I know I am handsome, but you don’t have to stare at me like that. I have a wife and children after all.”

“The plutocrats aren’t easy to mess with. You can’t fight with them,” Xi said in a low voice.

“I always do as I please. As for how difficult they are to deal with, I don’t have to think about that. I just need to stir up the matter.” Mag clicked on the bangle and asked at the same time, “How do I release

the video all over the Internet? WeTwit's not righteous, but I don't think all the platforms are going to shut it down, right?"

"Did you kill him?"

"No, I kept him alive, but he's not going to last for long. However, it will be interesting to see who is going to kill him." There was a hint of cunningness in Mag's smile.

Xi was quiet. She soon understood Mag's meaning as she said, "Regarding this matter, I have to ask my superiors."

"Then hurry up, otherwise he will be dead."

Three minutes later, Mag released the entire judging process on the Internet.

As he expected, the original clip was banned on the whole Internet within three minutes.

Xi looked at all the clips that became gray and said to Mag, "You have underestimated the plutocrats' influence."

"It's you who have underestimated the people's power in spreading the resources." Mag left the control room with a smile and headed for the lounge.

The shutting down of the live-stream of the judging had triggered the people's fury.

Meanwhile, 10-odd minutes later, a complete video clip of Horace's judgment was released all over the Internet and appeared on all the mainstream video-sharing websites.

All the platforms and websites reacted rapidly and removed the clip.

However, the sealing of the public channels could only stop the spreading of this video clip. Online storage, personal links and even individual storing devices... The netizens did whatever they could to spread this clip rapidly like a virus. Even the scalpers were thinking about selling it.

Mag knew very well from the beginning that it would be the video clip that would be able to spread widely. People watching the clip live, would be the minority.

The later half of the clip even made the audience feel a chill up their back and their limbs turn cold.

The plutocrats were lording over the ordinary folks. Their behavior of doing whatever they pleased above the law was dissected for all to see.

And at the end of the clip, "The Adjudicator" didn't kill Horace. He let him live after cutting away his limbs.

The witness was still alive, then the rest would be the Justice Investigation Bureau's issue.

Fergus' rape and murder case, the Dixon Family's money-laundering case and some dirty matters within the circle were all cases that the bureau should investigate.

Mag closed the lounge door and laid on the bed. Looking at the little words “System in the process of learning” drifting across his mind, Mag loudly asked, “System, are you done learning yet?”

The system kept quiet and the little words kept drifting across.

“You’re really useless. I have already linked you up with the Internet and yet you failed to finish learning after so long.” Mag pursed his lips and was about to exit.

To better understand this world, the first thing that Mag did after he entered Underground City was to link the system up with the Underground City’s Internet, so that it could learn the Underground City’s technology by stealing.

The technology level that the system had was lower than Underground City’s, because it was meant for the Norland Continent and it was more than adequate for it.

However, the system itself had limitless potential. After all, it was made by God.

Using the system’s explanation, it was just like an online storage space that had the capacity of 1000T, and only contained 1G of stuff. It could accommodate more things to elevate its power.

The system’s voice suddenly rang out. “This Underground City has so many methods to make films that it’s astonishing.”

Chapter 2452: Sorry, Not Free

“This film you’re watching... is it proper?” Mag could not help but ask with a frown.

“Of... of course it is proper!” the System said with certainty.

“Have you mastered it?”

“It’s... not very easy to learn.”

“On a serious note, are there any leads for the information I got you to find about the origins of the sacred stele?” Mag asked seriously.

Mag’s main goal of coming to the Underground City this time was the sacred stele that carried the records for the secret of gods.

Although he could empathize with the oppressed citizens of the Underground City, he was not a saint so he would not play the hero figure immediately after entering Underground City.

“With the System handling it, there’s nothing to fear. I’ve already read through many top-secret documents. I can say for sure that the stele indeed fell from the skies. And its timeline also matches with the information you saw previously.”

“In that case, Ferdinand is rather sincere.” Mag nodded. Then, he asked, “Where is the sacred stele? How’s the security around it?”

“The stele is located at the city center of Tucker City. It is covered by a spell formation that has been concealed. There is also an Extraordinaire guarding the stele all year around. There are also four Almost-

Extraordinaires taking turns to guard it. It is the place with the highest security in Underground City. Of course, this does not include the highest-tier battleships always on standby.”

“Ahh.” Mag frowned. That dispelled his intentions to sneak over alone to take a peek at the sacred stele.

An Extraordinaire and four Almost-Extraordinaires guarding showed how important the stele was to the Underground City.

However, that was not difficult to understand. The sacred stele hid the secret of gods which even opened the Underground City’s technology. It would be strange if they did not place importance on it.

“If I can’t see it for myself, do you have any images or videos of the sacred stele?” Mag asked. He also tried to find images of the sacred stele online but could not find any relevant information.

“The sacred stele is something that cannot be recorded so it does not exist in any image or recording. Moreover, according to those who had seen the sacred stele, everyone saw it differently and everyone learned different things from it as well,” the System replied.

“It is very miraculous and divine. It seems like I have to complete Ferdinand’s mission properly,” Mag said. What the System said was rather similar to a rumor he had seen before.

Pashat boarded the battleship. His eyelids were twitching madly when he watched the video his subordinate sent him.

When they rushed to the event location, that mysterious “The Adjudicator” was already gone and only Horace, cut up like pork, was left behind.

Even Pashat, who had worked in the Justice Investigation Bureau for five hundred years, had almost never seen a corpse in such a bad condition.

Oh, no. Horace did not die!

That fellow stabbed Horace 363 times but did not kill him. Instead, before leaving, he stuffed a healing pill into Horace’s mouth and that successfully kept him alive until they arrived at the scene.

Horace’s injuries might be terrifying but none of the stabs were fatal. The healing magic casters managed to save him on the way back and his life was no longer in danger.

It seemed they had arrived in time.

However, right now, Pashat only wanted to give himself a tight slap.

Horace did not die and that meant that there was more for him to worry about.

Should he investigate the Fergus murder case? The witness was still alive and there were already local officials investigating the evidence.

Should he investigate the Dixon Family’s money laundering case? Horace made a last-minute accusation but it was very clear and detailed, down to the point of how much was laundered for each movie.

If Horace was dead, there would be no evidence and things would be simpler.

But Horace was alive and that mysterious person had uploaded the entire trial online, so the whole world knows that Horace wasn't dead.

If Horace was to die now, so would he.

"Watch Horace well. Make sure we bring him back alive." Pashat instructed as he closed the video off.

The matter might be a headache but this was the Dixon Family's trouble. He did not have to take it up. He just had to do what he needed to.

"Wow, this time, it's interesting. That darn b*tch see if I don't kill you this time." Akali was lying on the couch. She closed the notification on her bangle. After that, she looked up at her secretary standing at the side and gave an order. "Release all the dirty secrets that we got our hands on previously. I want to see this b*tch be unable to ever make a comeback."

"Young Mistress, if the chief knows that we released it now, will he..." The secretary stuttered.

"Fool, don't let the chief know." Akali rolled her eyes. She sat up and her gaze turned colder. "This fellow is just a s*x demon through and through. You were almost raped by him too back then. If you let him off now, who knows how many other young ladies will have to fall victim to him?"

The secretary seemed to have recalled the past and she furrowed her eyebrows together angrily. She nodded and said, "Mm. I will do so right now!"

"With Fergus gone, there's only two left. Brother Hades is really my lucky star." Akali smiled. She opened her WeTwit chatting page and saw that the message she sent to Hades was still unread. She knitted her charismatic eyebrows together slightly. "This is the first man who did not even read my message."

Mag completed his conversation with the System and the System continued learning while he opened WeTwit.

On the trending list were "Charcoal-roasted goat ribs tutorial", "Hades advance", and "Top Chef Competition top four".

Meanwhile content about Horace's trial and Fergus' murder case was empty.

That showed what money could do.

Of course, one cannot block the citizens' emotions. Although the topics had been removed from WeTwit's trending list and keywords had been blocked, if one went into any of the trending list topics, one would find the comment section filled with discussion on those topics.

Of course, the line that was seen most often was "Justice might be late, but never absent."

The post Mag uploaded in the morning had already more than 100 million likes and more than 10 million comments.

Based on the statistics, Mag almost thought he had hired an internet water army.

Mag thought for a while but did not post anything. He should just leave things as they were.

After that, Mag opened the chat that was drowned by all the other red dots. There were probably millions of people who messaged him. Most of the messages were positive.

“Reversal?” Mag stroked his chin. He could not get used to such high compliments.

After that, he discovered a message that was pinned. The dazzling account was unusual and it was reeking with the aura of a wealthy woman.

Mag clicked open the message.

“Brother Hades, let’s have a meal tonight. I’ll be waiting for you at the Twin Towers.”

Mag thought for a while and replied, “Sorry, not free.”

Chapter 2453: Hades Who Was Not Afraid of Death

“Not free?”

Akali looked at the reply that she had just received with widened eyes.

It was always her who rejected others. She didn’t expect to be rejected today!

“It’s just simply eating a meal. I have waited the entire day for your reply.” Akali sent another message.

“Looking at the record, it has only been an hour and eight minutes.”

Akali was furious. There were actually such straightforward men in this world. It was his fault that he didn’t reply to her messages, and yet he dared to look for trouble with her!

“Hmph, if it wasn’t for the fact that you are good-looking, I wouldn’t be so tolerant!” Akali turned off her bangle and took a few deep breaths. She clicked on WeTwit and sent a message.

“Babe, rest well! You have worked hard at the competition. Muah!”

Turning off the bangle, Akali buried her face into the sofa. “Ahhhh... What have I sent? It’s so gross...”

Mag looked at his bangle with a puzzled expression. “Do all the rich women chit chat like that? It’s so gross.”

After turning off the bangle, Mag didn’t continue to reply to the messages.

His top priority now was to get into the McCarthy Family through Nancy. At this time, he naturally couldn’t get too close with the rich lady from the Dixon Family.

They were all rich ladies, so he had to pick between them.

But neglecting that Twin Towers would be a pity.

“Is it really spreading everywhere?!”

Xi looked at the comments all over WeTwit and the statistical results that she had received. That video clip that was banned everywhere, was spreading all over the Internet with a terrifying speed. Almost everyone had seen it.

“How did he know that this clip would spread so widely?” Xi’s gaze couldn’t help looking over to the lounge. As a native of Underground City, she was taught a hard lesson by Mag.

Mag’s current actions weren’t in the plans and to a great extent, they were against the Underground City’s laws.

However, Xi envied that Mag could do as he wished inwardly.

When she received those intels in the morning, she was also furious. However, she knew the Underground City which was under the influence of the plutocrats, and knew that what they had on hand was just the tip of the iceberg.

Mag the foreigner, had violently ripped apart the relationships that people from the different social statuses maintained and brought the conflict up to the surface.

The crowd’s fury had been ignited. This time, the Dixon Family had to give them an answer to appease the people.

The plutocrats obviously didn’t like to see that happen, but Xi knew someone definitely liked to see that. That was why she went to the valley to pick up Mag.

This stratified world seemed to have loosened a little with Mag’s arrival.

Xi was even a little expectant about the kind of storm that this legendary being from the Norland Continent would cause in Underground City.

Ding!

Xi’s bangle made a beep. She looked down with a weird expression before sending a message to Mag.

“Nancy wants to see me? Are all the beautiful rich young ladies in Underground City so impatient?” Mag mumbled as he walked out of the lounge and said to Xi, *“Do you have detailed information about Nancy’s likes and dislikes?”*

Mag sneaked back to the contestants’ dormitory in the Mocha Building. This was completely unchallenging for him.

Then, he changed into casual wear and went to the restaurant at the top of the Mocha Building to have lunch with Nancy under the staff member’s lead.

Nancy had invited Mag to lunch through Xi.

“I didn’t expect that I would be facing the casting couch as soon as I got into the entertainment industry.” Mag couldn’t help dissing inwardly, but he wasn’t resistant to it.

He took part in the Top Chef Competition to get into the McCarthy Family. The result would be the same if he could get into the McCarthy Family through Nancy.

The restaurant at the top was opulent. The staff member led Mag to a private room and stood there. He opened the door and smilingly said to Mag, "This way please, Mr. Hades."

"Thank you." Mag nodded slightly and stepped into the private room.

The door was gradually closed behind him.

The decor in the private room was simple yet luxurious. Crystals and gems were used in the decorations. A beautiful maiden was sitting quietly in front of the floor-to-ceiling windows.

"Miss Nancy." Mag stopped to greet Nancy.

"Mr. Hades, please have a seat." Nancy gestured with her hand with a gentle smile.

Mag sat across from Nancy and said to her directly, "I wonder why Miss Nancy called me here?"

The information provided by Xi had indicated that Nancy preferred to interact with straightforward people.

"I invited Mr. Hades here to celebrate your advancement into the top four, and I'm curious about you, so I want to find out more about you personally." Nancy was equally straightforward, but she also added on and said, "I am the person-in-charge of this Top Chef Competition. Knowing about every contestant in the top four is part of my job."

Stop arguing. Mag smilingly said, "Thank you. Feel free to ask me whatever you want to know."

"You don't have to be so restrained. I just want to know more about you." Xi's hands swept across the table gently and the menu appeared on the table. "I don't think you have had lunch yet. Place your order first."

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The food at this restaurant must be better than the food provided for the contestants. Mag naturally wouldn't be courteous with her. He flipped through the menu and ordered enough food for two. He went out for work and he indeed hadn't had lunch yet.

After ordering their food and while waiting for their food to be served, Nancy smilingly said to Mag, "You are the first contestant who has gotten famous all over the Internet on the day of your debut."

"I didn't expect a WeTwit that I accidentally shared, would turn out like this." There was a hint of helplessness in Mag's smile.

"I admire your righteousness." Nancy looked at Mag with unconcealed admiration. "It's rare to see such a characteristic now."

"I think everyone has a seed of righteousness in their hearts. Only the way they express it is different." Mag said honestly, "I am not any different from them."

"Humility is also an equally outstanding characteristic."

“Whatever you say is right.” Mag simply smiled. He couldn’t help but blush.

Nancy suddenly stopped smiling and seriously said, “Horace isn’t dead, but the matters that he exposed have humiliated the Dixon Family. They might take revenge on you, just like the assassination from this morning.”

“Everyone dies someday. Our deaths can be important or frivolous. If I can choose, I hope mine could be the former,” Mag said calmly.

Nancy looked into Mag’s bright eyes. They looked like a spring at the top of a snowy mountain. They were clean and clear. She couldn’t help but be dazed and touched by them.

“*What a statement!*” Nancy marveled inwardly. She only felt that this man’s image had become even greater in her heart.

There were extremely few people who could be as calm as him in front of the plutocrats.

“Mr. Hades, I would like to invite you, on behalf of the McCarthy Family, to be the special chef of the McCarthy Manor. The McCarthy Family will ensure your safety.” Nancy stood up and solemnly extended her hand to Mag.

Chapter 2454: I’m Indeed a Professional At Charming Girls

Mag looked at that fair and slender hand, which was so fair that it gleamed. He instantly felt a little weird.

He didn’t expect to achieve his goal of getting into the McCarthy Family just after competing for his first match. It was so fast that it felt surreal.

Nancy looked at Mag, who had a grave expression. Indeed, he wasn’t someone who would accept a handout.

Just as she was about to retract her hand and explain her actions, a warm big hand grasped hers.

Mag stood up to hold Nancy’s hand as he smilingly said, “Miss Nancy, thank you for your gracious help. I would like to be the McCarthy Manor’s special chef. This is my honor.”

The chance to be a freeloader would disappear in the blink of an eye. He naturally had to grab on it hard.

In order to complete his mission, Mag didn’t mind that behavior at all.

What did Hades, being a freeloader, have to do with Shen Mag?”

Mag’s smile was warm and clean. Nancy was slightly dazed. After regaining her wits, she felt her hand that was being held by Hades, getting a little warm. She blushed and quickly retracted her hand.

Hades accepted her suggestion. This was very normal. All the Underground City’s chefs found it hard to reject this invitation.

According to the rules, she would choose the champion of the Top Chef Competition and invite him or her to join the McCarthy Manor as a special chef.

The McCarthy Family would provide a generous salary and a strong protection.

Meanwhile, Mag only took part in one competition and she had already extended the olive branch to him. The important reason was those grilled goat ribs that she couldn't get enough of, and another reason was Akali had just called her and specifically asked for Hades.

She would never give Akali the person she wanted.

Hence, in the times of chaos now, it was without any doubt that she was giving Hades a lifeline by extending the olive branch to him.

"It's also our honor to hire an excellent chef like Mr. Hades." Nancy sat down again and took a small sip of the lemon water, trying to calm her erratic heartbeat down.

Mag also sat down and asked Nancy, "Miss Nancy, should I still take part in the upcoming competitions then?"

"Yes. You have to take part in the upcoming competitions, and I hope that you can do your best to showcase your culinary skills." Nancy nodded slightly as she looked at Mag with anticipation. "I think the audience and I would very much like to see what kind of surprises you are going to bring us."

"I'll do my very best." Mag nodded with a smile.

Yes, he was now a bona fide attraction. His continuation in the competition would ensure the Top Chef Competition maintained its popularity. After all, this was still a business.

Then, Mag chit chatted with Nancy for a while. Because he read the history of Underground City, watched over 10,000 different kinds of movies and targeted Nancy's likes, Mag easily made her laugh.

An hour later, the happy lunch ended and Mag took the initiative to say goodbye.

"Mr. Hades is indeed a very interesting person." Nancy looked at the gradually closing door with a lingering smile.

She had never had such a happy chat with a man before. His knowledge was as vast as the ocean and his understanding was deep. Moreover, his stance on certain subjects were exactly the same as hers.

At first, she only thought that she had recruited a righteous chef.

But now, she felt that she had gained a good friend.

Compared to those rich kids who only knew how to get themselves drunk in bars and race their flying cars, Hades gave her a completely different feeling.

"I'm indeed a professional at charming girls." Mag looked at the favorability that the system gave to him. It was 62 when he entered and it became 82 when he left.

62 was slight favorability for normal people. Given Nancy's status, that favorability level was normal.

However, 82 was different. It had reached the level of friends who had an enjoyable conversation.

Mag didn't intend to pursue Nancy's favorability of him when he charmed her. He was only preparing for his entrance into the McCarthy Family later. He didn't know the mission's level of difficulty, so it was definitely better to make advanced preparations.

He rarely came to Underground City, so he naturally couldn't stay cooped up in the contestants' dormitory.

Mag got an access card from Xi and left the Mocha Building for a joyride in his flying car.

Mag, who was sitting in the flying car's driver's seat, turned to ask Xi with a smile, who was sitting in the passenger seat, "This mission is so simple. Are you guys sure that you are letting me go look at the sacred stele?"

"Do you think you can become a god just after you look at the stele?" Xi asked instead.

"Huh?" Mag was stunned.

He seemed to believe in that. Look at the stele, understand the rules and breakthrough to become a god. It all seemed so reasonable.

"Over 10,000 people receive the rights to read the sacred stele annually. The plutocrats' core members have a chance to read the sacred stele annually since they are 10 years old. Those soldiers, who are outstanding in martial arts, or have made a contribution, will get one chance to read the sacred stele. All the powerhouses who reached the 10th-tier will get a chance to read the stele," Xi said calmly.

Mag: "?"

"How many times have you read the sacred stele?" Mag asked with a grave feeling.

"Three times," Xi calmly replied.

"..." Mag.

"So, this reward is very common?" Mag felt cheated.

"Everyone reads the sacred stele differently. Some people entered the Extraordinaire's level just looking at it once, while others failed to see anything even after going there for hundreds or thousands of times. You can think that this is a pointless reward, but you can also take it as a precious chance to become a god."

Mag nodded, showing his agreement to Xi's words.

Looking at it, this sacred stele was more like a blind box. No one knew what they were going to get before they opened it.

However, becoming a god was a small probability event after all. Even in Underground City, there hadn't been any new Extraordinaires in the last 500 years, despite having the sacred stele.

"Where are you going?" Xi asked.

"The Twin Towers." Mag entered a destination into the auto-pilot.

“Are you going to meet Akali?” Xi had a weird expression. “But you have just seduced Nancy.”

“No. I just want to see what I have just rejected.” Mag shook his head and seriously said, “I didn’t seduce Miss Nancy. It was just a very proper and friendly interaction.”

Light beams formed routes in the air as the flying car zoomed across smoothly.

Tucker City was a megacity that had 1,500,000,000 people living in it. Buildings that were thousands of meters tall could be seen everywhere and there were rows upon rows of castles in the sky. And there was also a world that no one could see, thousands of meters under the ground.

This was a three-dimensional city. Different people lived in different zones.

And in the center of the city, was a patch of office buildings that looked very technological. The most dazzling buildings among them were the Twin Towers that were built next to each other like two golden pillars.

Chapter 2455: Psyche-Controlling Chant

“It was said that the cost of these two buildings could buy the entire Chaos City.” Mag suspended and parked his flying car at the roadside. He looked at the towers twinkling under the golden sun and lamented.

“The currencies of both worlds cannot flow.” Xi pointed out just in case he had silly ideas.

“I was just lamenting.” Mag looked at the top of one of the towers. It was said that the woman who owned the most expensive house in the Underground City was living at that tip of the pyramid.

“From our information, Akali seems to be an idol-chaser. There are hundreds of celebrities that she has been a fan of but none of them lasted for more than three days.” Xi dispelled any possible thoughts Mag might have.

“What a player!” Mag was stunned.

Xi brought Mag around Tucker City and Mag was able to learn many things.

After passing through a busy commercial street, Mag, with an exquisite little cake in his hand, said while eating, “I think I want to open a restaurant here. I might become a wealthy man in about a year.”

Xi nodded. She did not think Mag was boasting.

“Say, will the Underground City and Norland Continent go to war one day?” Mag turned to her suddenly and asked.

Xi thought seriously for a while before nodding. “That is absolutely possible. During one of our regular exercises in the army, we have an exercise just for that.”

“You’re really frank,” Mag commented but his mood went down a little too.

“It was a retained project. It was not suggested by the Marshal. Moreover, even you are unable to guarantee that the Norland Continent would not start having second thoughts about the Underground City,” Xi said.

“Yes, it is human nature to be greedy.” Mag nodded. It was just like how he could not help but want the sacred stele when he heard about it.

On the way back, Mag started surfing WeTwit.

Horace’s incident caused many codes to emerge to prevent being censored. The incident was still a hot discussion topic on WeTwit.

WeTwit’s disgusting handling of this method had also infuriated many netizens.

Therefore, there was a petition in Underground City to “Cancel WeTwit” and “Harsh punishments for unacceptable behavior” which was signed by millions of people.

According to the standard procedure, these two petitions had entered the investigative phase and that was starting to mean trouble for WeTwit.

Other than that, there were people who did a tutorial summary of the techniques Mag used for making the charcoal-grilled mutton ribs during the competition. The video tutorial had garnered more than 30 million views.

Some tried making the charcoal-grilled mutton ribs on their own at home and this even became a trend. After a few influential food bloggers and celebrities jumped on the bandwagon, this also became an activity everyone was doing.

Because of that, the sales of grills in Underground City started rising.

However, in a well-developed place like the Underground City, it was not easy to find a grill that could burn charcoal and it was even more difficult to find good fruit tree charcoal.

Mag smiled after watching some of the fails and the awkward smiles on the posters’ faces.

These people might not have cooked before but failure might be a good start because they had at least tried.

Back in the dormitory, Mag was about to ask the System for a detailed report of Congressman Tamm when his believers increased to 1210354 people and the number was increasing rapidly.

“Ding! Congratulations, 1 million believers achieved!”

The System’s voice sounded and mini fireworks played in Mag’s mind.

“Can you not be so tacky?” Mag rolled his eyes. He could not stand those bright and tacky fireworks that were going off in his mind.

“Aren’t I celebrating according to the traditions on Earth?” the System said.

“Where’s the reward? The special reward you mentioned?” Mag could not be bothered to engage in the nonsense conversation anymore.

“Ding! Congratulations on achieving the reward: Psyche-controlling chant. Please check your reward!”

Mag looked at the golden scroll in his mind and frowned. “Why is this so fantastical all of a sudden? What is a Psyche-controlling chant? Is it celestial magic or a martial art of some sort?”

“Please do not diss the chant. The Psyche-controlling chant is a training method to control your mental powers. You do not become a god and there are no tiers for this. You can think of it to a certain degree as a type of magic,” the System explained.

“Magic? I’m a warrior,” Mag muttered to himself. However, he still opened the golden scroll.

A flood of information suddenly surged over and filled his brain. This was a very familiar feeling to him. Therefore, Mag quickly got used to it and started studying this very important chant.

The Psyche-controlling chant, as the name implies, is a technique that can control one’s psyche.

Although the System explained it as magic, it was actually more of a way that controlled the psyche’s effect on the outside world. It was different from how there are elements in magic.

Of course, he was not very sure how it would differ from a spiritual magic caster.

After his surpassing 1 million believers, Mag could feel his spiritual power become stronger and better. This way surpassed the spiritual power he should have in this world.

The Psyche-controlling chant then gave him a way to control this spiritual power.

“Psychokinesis” was one of the techniques in the Psyche-controlling chant. It was also a very useful technique.

Mag turned to look at the teacup on the coffee table at the side.

Bam!

The teacup shattered.

Mag: “?”

Mag sat up and breathed calmly. He exercised his spiritual powers according to the chant and looked at another teacup.

The teacup started levitating shakily off the coffee table and after that smashed against the wall at the side uncontrollably, shattering into pieces.

“What! That’s so difficult.” Mag watched as the robot vacuum cleaner emerged from underneath his bed to clear up the shattered pieces of the teacups. He took a piece of paper from the side and folded it into the shape of a sword. After that, he stared at the sword and started practicing his sword skills.

Mag had tried controlling his spiritual powers before and flying on his sword was one of his best tricks.

However, those were just small tricks and spiritual power was only a small part of it. He still had to use his physical capabilities to fly with the sword.

The Psyche-controlling chant was a method to use spiritual power. Spiritual power might be obscure but once you master how to use it, you would realize that the energy gathered from this obscure power is actually a very large force.

The paper sword flew around the room unsteadily. It would sometimes knock onto the walls and sometimes crash onto the floor. However, it quickly caught hold of a flight path and direction.

The next morning, Mag who had been sitting cross-legged on his bed, opened his eyes. A paper sword was suspended right in front of him.

Chapter 2456: Favorability From Angelina

Mag simply thought and the paper flying sword flew out of the window through a three centimeters gap. It shot straight into the sky.

Mag saw a message when he went out for breakfast. A base station on the Twin Towers was damaged this morning and the Justice Investigation Bureau had already sealed the scene. Apparently, it was damaged by some sharp weapons.

Mag turned off his bangle, feeling very satisfied with this result.

However, Mag wasn't very comfortable with the restaurant's staff members' attention on him. Moreover, this attention had far exceeded the one given to the top four contestants. Some maidens were even looking at him with glowing eyes.

"May I share a table with you?" A gentle voice interrupted Mag's train of thoughts.

Mag looked up and saw that it was Angelina who was carrying a tray.

He looked around the restaurant. The contestants' restaurant was separated from the Mocha Group's employees' cafeteria. As the competition progressed, there were only four of them in the restaurant now.

Other than Iman, who was having his meal next to the window alone, and Padas, who was in the fourth position, there were still dozens of tables which she could eat on.

"I'm not used to eating alone." Angelina seemed to have sensed Mag's befuddlement and showed a gentle smile.

What the heck about not being used to eating alone? What about sleeping alone? Mag nodded slightly and said, "Up to you."

1

"I'm Angelina." Angelina put down her tray and sat across from Mag and smilingly said, "Pleasure to make your acquaintance."

Mag only nodded coldly before he continued to eat his breakfast.

His impression of Angelina was limited. He had read about her in the contestants' info before. Her persona in the show was an aloof goddess.

An aloof goddess would have many fans. That was understandable.

However, he was the pretty boy who was kept by a rich woman right now. He couldn't flirt as he wished, especially in public. He still had that kept pretty boy's understanding.

2

Furthermore, he had no idea what he had to do for his mission later on. He could leave any time, but any interactions with others could push them into the abyss.

Mag's cold response didn't affect Angelina's enthusiasm at all. She wasn't in a hurry to eat. She leaned forward and stared at Mag with the same gleam in her eyes as the other two lady servers. She said excitedly in a low voice, "Did you see the video clip yesterday? Justice has indeed prevailed!"

Mag stopped moving his hands and looked at Angelina, who was excited and full of admiration. He thought, what kind of aloof goddess was she? Even the middle-aged lady canteen server, who gave him an extra chicken drumstick, was more demure than her.

"I don't know what you are talking about." Mag's answer was still cold. At the same time, he was about to pick up his tray and leave. This breakfast was horrible.

Angelina didn't seem to mind Mag's deliberate aloofness as she suddenly said in realization, "Seems like you didn't see yesterday's clip? That monster Horace whom you posted on WeTwit, was judged by someone called "The Adjudicator" live yesterday. He was stabbed 363 times, one strike for each victim.

"It's you who brought everyone's attention to this matter. You played a great part in this justice that was served late. You're indeed a righteous person."

Mag looked at the maiden who was agitated and had a gleam in her eyes. Had he met a fan in real life? When did he become an idol?

"Favorability from Angelina: 92!"

Mag was simply looking at Angelina's favorability out of curiosity, yet he was shocked.

This was a favorability that had far exceeded that between a couple or a spouse. The favorability's peak between a couple was usually during the love bubble. Even farting would be deemed as an adorable action. However, the favorability would rarely exceed 95.

And after the love bubble was over, life would return to normal and they would discover some faults with each other. They would realize that the other party was different from the perfect partner in their imagination. The favorability would decrease then. After marriage, even breathing was wrong.

They only competed on the same stage yesterday. They were strangers who didn't have any interaction before that, so her sudden intense favorability had caught him unawares.

"I simply did what I should do." Mag stood up with the tray. "I'm done eating. Please take your time."

Such favorability made Mag a little scared. Was this the legendary groupie?

When he was returning the tray, Mag flicked a glance at the lady servers, who had been peeking at him. Their respective favorability ratings were 84 and 86. They were far less scary than Angelina's favorability.

"Weird?" Mag left the restaurant with befuddlement. It seemed that Angelina was indeed a little fanatical. He'd better be careful around her.

Angelina stared at Mag's back with a blush as she bit her lower lip and said, "Mr. Hades is indeed a gentle and polite person."

Mag's extraordinary hearing caught that sentence clearly as he walked out of the restaurant.

Mag: "?"

An exceedingly high favorability did indeed beautify every single behavior.

"Why did these two suddenly get so close? Perhaps, it's the programming division's new script? Didn't she refuse to form a couple with me previously? She even said she didn't want to date in the show, even when it was fake." Iman bit into his pancake with a perplexed expression.

Mag had already realized that yesterday's event had greatly increased his favorability from the ordinary folks, including the males.

People couldn't find "The Adjudicator", so as the trigger, he naturally took over the popularity.

I took over my own popularity. There's no problem with that at all.

After breakfast, Mag went to the contestants' lounge to wait for the make up to be done and to do some prep before the competition.

Although Mag was a straight guy and was annoyed when things were applied to his face, this was a program after all. Hence, he should do his part and not make things difficult for the staff members.

"Your skin is so good. You just need a little touch-up for the cameras." The maiden who did Mag's makeup, was blushing the whole time. She even praised him for his great skin.

"Thank you," Mag smilingly replied and watched her favorability increase from 80 to 88, which was very ridiculous.

After doing the makeup, the makeup artist put away her tools and gingerly asked, "May I take a picture with you?"

"Sure." Mag nodded.

The makeup artist immediately lifted up her bangle and set it to the selfie mode. She got closer to Mag carefully and quickly finished taking the selfie before saying to Mag with a blush, "Thank you, Sir."

"I appreciate your help." Mag nodded slightly. His bangle vibrated and Mag glanced at it. It was a message from the programming division. It was about today's competition's rules.

"Please go ahead, Sir." The makeup artist left with her stuff happily.

Mag clicked on the message and he revealed a shocked expression.

Chapter 2457: I Am Not Into This Couple!

In this semifinal, the programming division decided to do something new.

Initially, the programming division would provide the ingredients and let the contestants choose, but now the rules had become that the programming division provided the funds for the contestants to go and purchase the ingredients at the market at basement one.

Then they would use the ingredients that they bought to cook.

Meanwhile, the programming division would be following their every move and live-streaming them.

The time used to buy the ingredients would be taken into the total time frame, but it would still be two hours.

This was a very interesting improvement. Mag guessed that this was to test the contestants' ability to choose the ingredients.

Of course, if the ingredients prepared by the programming division were all the best, then he could forget about that statement.

Moreover, this might be the Mocha Group trying to promote its own mall. After all, it was such an influential program. The publicity of live-streaming the top four contestants buying their ingredients would be hard to imagine for the usual advertisers.

"Why did they change the rules suddenly? I have to go buy my own ingredients?" In the next dressing room, Iman was shocked after he saw the message. He began to look nervous.

Even though he had learned to cook for years, he had always stayed in the Tucker Restaurant's kitchen. They had professional suppliers and the situation where the chefs had to go buy their own ingredients had never occurred.

Now that the programming division had suddenly added this rule at the last minute, it was, undoubtedly, adding onto his stress.

His manager consoled him. "Don't be nervous. I have already found out that this is a tactic for the Mocha Group to attract traffic to its own mall. The mall is definitely stocked with the best ingredients. You just have to find the ingredients you need with the fastest speed. You can choose anything you like."

"I got it." Iman nodded. That was right. The mall couldn't be damaging its own reputation.

Angelina, who had just finished her makeup, clicked on the message too. She looked expectant.

"Interesting. They actually set this new rule. That is the mall that only the rich shop in. We don't often get this kind of shopping experience."

At the same time, the Top Chef Competition began its live-streaming. The scene started from the contestants finishing their makeup and receiving the message from the programming division.

The scene then switched to the stage.

David smilingly said, "I didn't expect them to change the rules. I was wondering why the contestants were not here yet. I didn't expect the programming division to keep it a secret from us too."

"This rule is a new breakthrough. Getting the contestants out of the restaurant to choose their ingredients personally. This will test the contestants' ability to choose the ingredients. To a chef, this is a very important ability." Old Hunter nodded.

"This is the Mocha Mall. It supplies the very best ingredients and it's also the special supplier for all the big F&B groups. It's harder than striking the lottery to find an unqualified ingredient in the mall." Another judge chimed in with a laugh, making an opening advertisement for the mall.

The show's opening with the judges' chit chatting made the show's ambiance become lively.

However, there was an interesting phenomenon in the Top Chef Competition's live-streaming channels.

The Top Chef Competition's popularity went to an even greater level due to the Horace incident. The number of audience members in the official live-studio was actually below the number of audience members in Hades' personal live-studio!

The respective number of audience members were 500,000,000 and 550,000,000.

"I have turned on the dual-screen mode. One to watch Brother Hades and the other to listen to the judges' comments. It's the best of both worlds."

"I have already switched off the main live-stream. Listening to a group of gross middle-aged men chit chatting affects my watching of a handsome man."

"He cooks so well and is so righteous. Moreover, he's also so good-looking. I'm in love."

"The others look shocked. Only my big brother is calm and collected."

The bullet chat refreshed crazily and the number of audience members in both the live-studios were still increasing rapidly.

A staff member entered the dressing room and informed Mag that the live-stream had already begun. He gestured to Mag to turn off his bangle and follow the staff member to the mall at basement one.

Mag turned off his bangle cooperatively. He threw a glance at the camera in the dressing room's corner. He wondered if any contestants' unglamorous behaviors were being streamed live.

The four contestants gathered outside the lift. Mag nodded politely before standing there quietly.

Whereas, Iman and Padas greeted him with a laugh, as though they were friends who had known each other for a long time.

Meanwhile, their expressions were still "I don't know you" during breakfast in the restaurant.

Mag lowered his eyes to hide the amusement in them. He didn't intend to perform too much in front of the camera.

However, the maiden next to him didn't think so.

She deliberately walked over to Mag quickly and stood in front of him. She said with a slight blush, "Mr. Hades, you must be completely at ease with the new rule, right?"

Mag didn't expect Angelina to approach him in the competition, moreover, doing so in front of the camera. However, he couldn't ignore her, so he simply replied with a polite smile, "Choosing the ingredients is a chef's basic skill. There's indeed no pressure."

"My mother told me the same thing before." Angelina's eyes lit up as she looked at Mag with an increasingly adoring gaze and said with embarrassment, "But I have trouble making decisions. I guess I will be overwhelmed."

"I don't agree with this marriage!"

"What's the matter with this girl? Is she adding in a relationship plot? It's so awkward!"

"Where's my aloof goddess, Angelina? Why did she suddenly become a fan girl? And a little confused too?"

"Hahaha. This is my first time watching this show. Am I the only one who thinks that these two are rather compatible?"

"No, no! I am not into this couple. Brother Hades is mine!"

The bullet chat went into a frenzy.

On the scene, Nancy was also giving Johnny an enquiring look.

Johnny shrugged in befuddlement, showing that he had no idea about what was going on.

At the start of the show, he had once thought about making the good-looking and capable Angelina a couple with another contestant to increase the contestants' popularity. However, this suggestion was rejected by Angelina because she didn't want to be a couple with anybody.

The rejected man, Iman, was still on the stage right now.

And now, Angelina suddenly took the initiative to approach Hades and did something that didn't match her persona.

Hades' performance yesterday had indeed brought a lot of traffic to the show.

However, the entire Internet took him to be the reincarnation of justice now. Even the ridiculous thing of his personal live-studio's number of audience members being greater than the main live-studio's had happened.

At this time, Angelina's actions wouldn't bring in fans who liked them to be a couple. Instead, it would cause more doubts and hatred.

However, with a heated discussion meant more traffic. Looking at the bullet chat curve that was being sent as feedback by the technical staff, Johnny quickly decided against reminding Angelina.

“Wow. Is this woman trying to get close to my man?” At the penthouse on top of the Twin Towers, Akali sat up straight and looked at Angelina judgmentally before making a comment. “Her butt isn’t as perky as mine, her bosoms aren’t as big as mine. She isn’t as rich as me. She’s not a threat.”

Chapter 2458: What Is He Doing?

Mag deliberately kept a distance with Angelina. He couldn’t quite get what this woman was thinking.

The show had advanced to the semifinal now, and she was currently in first place with her strong and steady potential, and online popularity.

This phase didn’t need the contestants to use all kinds of means to fight for popularity. She didn’t have to approach him at this time and endanger her persona.

Mag even suspected if this woman had any ulterior motives towards him. Otherwise, her behavior was simply too weird, it didn’t match the ability that she had shown before.

The elevator was here and Mag was the first one to walk in. He stood in the innermost corner.

Mag thought Angelina would back off. He didn’t expect her to step into the elevator before Iman and Padas and stand next to him.

Mag suddenly understood why those idols hate the so-called “sasaeng fan¹”. Even though she was a pretty maiden, it was annoying when she obstructed him in completing his mission.

As though she had seen the coldness in Mag’s eyes, Angelina took a step back and lowered her eyes. She looked at Mag with worry and befuddlement. She moved her lips, but she didn’t try to interact with Mag again.

Mag heaved a breath of relief. Fortunately, that woman could still sense his displeasure.

The elevator traveled steadily from level 300 plus to basement one. Iman took the initiative to chat with Angelina in a gentlemanly manner, but the latter wasn’t interested. Her gaze was lingering on Mag.

“That guy looks like a dog.”

“Feeling sorry for Iman for three seconds. However, this sudden relationship plot... is really quite confusing.”

“We always lust after what we can’t get. Those who are loved, have no fears.”

Iman’s involvement added more effects to the show. The bullet chat also became increasingly boisterous.

Padas looked at the three of them meaningfully. In the end, he chose to keep quiet smilingly.

Their relationships were too complicated. He didn’t know how to join them.

It took only 30 seconds for the elevator to reach the basement one level. The group of them exited the elevator and received the sum of money from the staff members.

100,000 copper coins. This was the sum of money that the contestants received for this competition.

100,000 to buy the ingredients for one dish was extremely extravagant.

However, to the contestants of the Top Chef Competition, this cut in the funds was hard to accept.

Perplexed expressions appeared on Iman and Padas' faces simultaneously.

One had to know that since the 16th round, the ingredients provided by the programming division had easily cost hundreds of thousands of copper coins each. Together with the side ingredients, it was normal for the cost for all the ingredients to exceed 1,000,000.

However, in the semifinal, the funding didn't increase. Instead, it dropped to 100,000.

"Are they so generous?" Mag was surprised. After all, it was making one dish. He felt that 100,000 copper coins was more than enough.

Take the charcoal-grilled mutton ribs he made yesterday for example. One Haley Goat only cost 20,000 copper coins. He only took 12 ribs, so its total cost wouldn't have been more than 5,000.

As for the dish he wanted to make today, he had already decided in the elevator. He just had to go find the ingredients straight away later.

After accepting the shopping card, Mag swiped on a shopping cart that followed him into the supermarket automatically.

Angelina looked calm as well. After accepting the shopping cart, she cast a glance at Mag's back before striding into the supermarket quickly.

Mag quickly located the fresh food section with the index on the shopping cart. He then found the beef section.

Mocha Supermarket was a high-end mega supermarket that targeted the petty bourgeoisie. There were all kinds of high-end ingredients and just for beef alone, there were hundreds of different types based on the different parts and places that they came from.

The beef here was displayed after the cattle was slaughtered and dismembered. The cutting was perfect and it could be cooked right away after the customer bought it.

However, after walking one round and feeling the temperature of a few types of beef, Mag shook his head disappointedly. He turned around and clicked on the consulting key on the shopping cart as he asked, "Where can I get fresh warm beef?"

"The cart doesn't understand what you mean. Can you please repeat it?" the shopping cart replied with a gentle female voice.

"Is this artificial unintelligence?" Mag pursed his lips.

The artificial intelligence was switched off and a real person's voice answered, "Hello, how may I help you?"

Mag straightforwardly asked, "I want to buy beef that was slaughtered within the last hour and is unchilled. Can you provide it here?"

"Please hold on. I need to check first," the voice replied.

On the other side, in the Mocha Supermarket's control center, the customer service supervisor looked at the supermarket's general manager inquiringly.

The supervisor in charge of the abattoirs stood up and said, "We have our own abattoir at basement 38. We have just received a batch of superior silver horn bison yesterday. If he wants, we can send it to him within 10 minutes."

"Alright, then promise him that we can get him whatever he wants as long as it is within the main city area." The general manager ordered.

The customer service supervisor nodded. He reconnected the call and said, "Dear customer, according to your request, we will provide a custom-made service for you. May I confirm that you need a piece of beef that was slaughtered within the hour and is still warm? Do you have any other requests for the parts, weight and species of the cattle?"

"I need a 1.5kg rump steak from a 1,500kg silver horn bison," Mag said. He had just got the system to check the supermarket's purchase list. This was a ready ingredient with the right price. It matched his requirements perfectly.

"Alright, please give us some time. The ingredients you need will be delivered to you within 10 minutes!"

"May I ask if you need anything else?"

"There's nothing else. Thank you." Mag switched off the voice enquiry and went to the seafood section based on the index.

Within 10 minutes, Mag bought 1kg of ordinary white water prawns, two pieces of pork rind that were in the discount area and some common spices and side ingredients. Together with that warm fresh beef that was sent punctually, his total spending was less than 3,000 copper coins.

"This is the so-called warm fresh beef. The color is bright red and the texture is bouncy. The body temperature of the beef is still maintained. Of course, you guys can use any other beef parts to replace it. However, the best choice is the bouncy rump steak." Mag showed the beef that he had just received to the camera and smilingly said, "Now that I have finished buying the ingredients, I am going back to cook them."

"Wow, isn't he saving too much money for the programming division? He only spent 2,800 out of the 100,000 coins."

"I feel that Hades shops just like us. He buys whatever is cheap. The ingredient's 2,800 price tag seems rather acceptable."

"Do you rich people shop like that? That's the cost of my monthly grocery bills, including fuel!"

"The others are still bothered about their lack of funds while Hades has already finished shopping. I think that he clearly knew what he wanted to buy from the moment he stepped into the supermarket."

The bullet chat refreshed rapidly. It was mostly praises for Mag.

Meanwhile, at the same time, Iman was looking at the two fishes in the fish tank with a troubled expression at the seafood section on the other side.

“Which one should I choose?” Iman scratched his head with a hesitant expression.

Padas, in the meat section, had a similar expression. There were a lot of ingredients in his shopping cart right now, but he had a problem choosing the main ingredient. He couldn’t make up his mind for a long time.

Meanwhile, Angelina’s efficiency at choosing the ingredients was high, but she seemed to need to buy a lot of ingredients. Her shopping cart was already half full, but she was still looking for something.

David looked at Mag, who was the first to enter the elevator and return, with surprise and commented, “I didn’t expect the contestant that is the most efficient at buying the ingredients today to be Hades, the slowest contestant yesterday.”

Julian shook his head and said, “The lack of a horizon and a vision’s restriction on a chef was obvious. Even receiving 100,000 coins, he didn’t choose the best ingredients under that price.”

“However, I think that he knew what ingredients he needed from the moment he stepped into the supermarket. Being expensive doesn’t mean that it’s the best, and neither does it mean that it is the best ingredient for the dish.” Old Hunter immediately refuted him. “The price of the white water prawns isn’t especially outstanding because they are easy to catch in great numbers. It’s not because they taste worse than other prawns. I think it can be ranked in the top three positions among seafood. Moreover, it’s a fairly-priced seafood that ordinary people can often eat.

“On the contrary, there are some contestants that are completely blindsided by the new rules. They couldn’t even decide what ingredients they needed. They also wavered on the selection of the main ingredient. It’s really worrying.”

Julian blushed. He naturally understood that Old Hunter was referring to Iman. As his master, he was naturally unhappy about that. He coldly said, “Prawns and beef are two contradicting ingredients. I want to see what he can do with them.”

Sensing their increased hostility, Nancy chuckled and said, “This is the first time we see a Top Chef Competition’s semifinalist using ingredients that cost less than 3,000 coins. I am looking forward to seeing what kind of dish he can make.”

Julian flicked a glance at Nancy and kept quiet. His expression became graver.

Judging from Miss Nancy’s attitude towards Hades in these two days, she seemed to be very interested in this newbie. This wasn’t great conditions for Iman to enter the final under.

This was the first time he let his disciple take part in the Top Chef Competition. One of the reasons was he had got a name list of the contestants in advance. He had made sure that there were no experts or very strong contenders in this year’s competition. That was why he got Iman into the competition.

The Top Chef Competition was the top competition in the F&B industry. Moreover, the champion would have a chance to become the McCarthy Manor's special chef.

Just as he expected, Iman, who had gained all his knowledge, got into the quarterfinal successfully.

According to their original plan, his only opponent was Angelina. As long as he could defeat her in terms of plating, he had a chance to be the champion.

However, Hades suddenly appeared out of nowhere and managed to take the third place despite the fact that his online score was far below theirs. He was only one point away from Iman.

Julian didn't know what dish Mag would make today either. However, judging from the current situation, Mag's competitiveness seemed to have decreased greatly after he chose a normal piece of beef and 1kg of the common white water prawns.

Mag returned to the stage. There were only four workbenches left now. The top four contestants' numbers and names were written on them.

Mag greeted the judges first before returning to the work bench.

"Contestant Hades, we see that you have quickly returned after choosing the ingredients. We are all very curious about one thing. What dish are you going to cook today? You are using the silver horn bison's beef and white water prawns, two ingredients that don't seem to match each other. Furthermore, why are you choosing these two ingredients?" David asked Mag curiously.

This was perhaps one question that both the judges and the audience were curious about.

"The silver horn bison comes from the Great Xihua Grassland. Its meat texture is great, but its price is relatively lower than the other premium beef. It's a cost effective beef that has a great quality. Meanwhile, the rump steak that I have chosen has relatively fewer tendons and fat, and it's fresh warm beef that was slaughtered around 30 minutes ago.

"The white water prawns taste great with a smooth texture. It's the best prawn. That fact won't change because of its friendly price. Meanwhile, the white water prawns that I have chosen came from the southern region of the White Water. The water quality there is even better, and so the quality of the white water prawns is even better too.

"As for the dish I'm going to make today, I'm going to keep it a secret first. You guys will naturally find out after it's done," Mag replied with a smile as he took out his tools one by one and placed them on the workbench.

A solid block of wood, two big iron rods that resembled weapons and two transparent glass pots.

The judges nodded after listening to Mag. From Mag's answers, they knew that he had a great understanding about the ingredients that he had chosen. He didn't choose them because they were cheap, but because they were cost effective.

After experiencing the extreme example of him making the common Haley Goat's ribs into an extremely scrumptious dish, the judges became more careful in their comments.

Although, as judges, they had to take it in stride when they were proven wrong, being proven wrong publicly wasn't something very enjoyable.

Mag looked at the teaching video that someone summarized yesterday. He felt sorry for the great editor while he praised his efforts.

Hence, he still decided against explaining on the spot.

As an idol, being suave was very important.

The pork rind that was simply processed, was boiled in the waters. He needed to cook a pot of pork skin aspic¹.

He wasn't in a hurry to process the live white water prawns. He washed the beef that was still warm and removed the tendons and fat before hitting it on the block of wood with the two metal rods.

Bam, bam, bam!

The metal rods made a soothing sound when it landed on the beef, as though Mag was hitting on an excellent drum.

The extremely fresh beef trembled slightly on the block of wood, as though it was undergoing a massage that it couldn't resist.

It looked a little like a murder scene.

However, when one looked closely, there was no blood and flesh flying about, despite the beef being hit by the two iron rods that were tens of kilograms heavy. The fresh beef became mushy in the hitting as it stuck together. It began to change its shape visibly.

"What is he doing?"

The judges and the audience all looked befuddled.

Chapter 2459: Interesting Chap

Angelina and Iman returned to the arena after some hesitation in their purchases. They saw Mag hitting a piece of beef crazily when they entered the arena and both out them had shocked expressions on their faces.

A scene that was supposed to be ridiculous and violent was made meaningful and beautiful by Mag.

The iron rods that were tens of kilograms heavy, looked like two light wooden rods in Mag's hands. He swung them at a shocking speed. The sounds that resembled drum beats were as frequent as raindrops. Only the faint shadows of the iron rods could be seen. They were so fast that the audience's eyes couldn't catch up.

Mag's expression remained as calm as ever, as though he was doing a very simple and ordinary matter.

Iman's work bench was still next to Mag's. He mumbled inwardly as he placed the ingredients he bought onto his work bench, *"What's he doing? Smashing the beef?"*

He eventually chose a 50 centimeter-long baby rainbow fish. He spent 90,000 coins, almost spending all his funds on it.

If it was an adult rainbow fish, 100,000 coins wouldn't be enough.

Tucker Restaurant was the most famous for its all-fish banquet. As Julian's best disciple, he also had great culinary skills in cooking fish.

He deliberately held himself back in the previous rounds. The quarterfinal yesterday was just a trial when he made the steamed yellow dragon fish. He would show them his real skills today.

He deliberately checked on Hades' PK value when he woke up in the morning. It had already reached 7 points after conversion, which was just 2 points away from him.

He had to show all he had today, otherwise he would have to leave this competition if Mag got another 95 points again.

Padas had also spent all 100,000 copper coins. He chose the golden goat shank. This 6 tier magic beast was uncommon. Its texture was delicate, so it was rather popular.

Angelina only spent half of her budget. She spent over 40,000 coins, but she got a whole cartful of ingredients. She had almost three times the amount of the other three contestants combined.

The judges commented on the three contestants' ingredient choices.

30 minutes had already passed by now, so the contestants immediately entered the cooking stage.

Mag hit the meat repeatedly and boringly, as though he was a meat-hitting machine with no emotions.

"How many times has he hit the beef by now?"

"10,932 times. He should have hit another 12 more times by the time I sent this bullet chat message."

"What is he trying to do? Smash the beef into minced beef? He could have done that with a meat grinder within three seconds?"

"Perhaps Hades' cooking idea is to turn the simple cooking processes into difficult ones."

The audience slowly became numb. They even began to count the number of times Mag had hit the beef.

Mag was paying attention to the pork rind's condition in the pot during the hitting process. He immediately turned off the fire when the soup became white and thick.

After Mag poured the thick pork rind soup into a shallow mold, he scooped out the white water prawns from the water tank at the side. As he waved his knife, white water prawn after white water prawn that were de shelled and deveined, began to appear on the chopping block. After Mag chopped the prawns into a smooth prawn paste, he stirred them into the thick soup and chucked them into the freezer to cool down rapidly.

Yes. Mag was going to make the famous "Explosive Pissing Beef Balls¹"!

This famous snack was also one of Mag's favorite dishes in his previous life. As for why he chose it to be his semifinal's dish, it was because of its gimmicky and showy cooking process.

Mag got the recipe from the system but he hadn't gone into the test field for the God of Cookery to practise it yet.

However, going through all the recent training and grasping all the masters' experience and recipes, Mag was still rather sure about doing it successfully on his first try.

The terms "explosive" and "beef balls" were crucial to "Explosive Pissing Beef Balls". The white water prawns' quality was better than the mantis shrimps', and hitting the beef manually had instilled a soul into it when compared to mincing it with a blender. He was using his experience as a chef to make sure that the beef was hit to the perfect condition.

Mag's iron rods were specially made. Each of them weighed about 40kg.

A 3.5kg iron rod was simply too light to him and it would affect his performance.

The beef turned into minced beef gradually under the rods, but Mag didn't seem like he was going to stop soon.

The beef bone broth was boiling in the big pot at the side. A big bovine bone was ordinary, so the aroma that was slowly wafting out was not extraordinary.

And then looking at Iman who was processing the rainbow fish at the side. The colorful rainbow fish was already processed and the various side ingredients were cut with all kinds of fancy cutting skills. They looked extremely pretty and attracted many audience members' attention.

Of course, everyone was looking forward to Angelina, this maiden who was called the "The Kitchen's Magician". She was processing the ingredients that were spread all over her work bench.

Surprisingly, there was no meat in her ingredients. They were vegetables.

"They are all vegetables? What kind of surprise would Angelina bring us today? I'm so curious," David said with surprise. Obviously, the judges only discovered this after she displayed all her ingredients on the cooking bench.

Cooking a meat dish wasn't a must on the Top Chef Competition, but compared to a vegetarian dish, which was lighter in taste and more restrictive, the meat dish had a higher upper limit.

Some contestants had made vegetarian dishes in the show before, and their scores were less than satisfactory.

Today was the crucial semifinal, which would decide the final's name list. Yet, Angelina had decided to make a vegetarian dish, which was indeed unexpected.

Iman and Padas also looked towards Angelina when they heard the comments. A hint of joy flashed across their eyes.

Angelina was, with any doubts, the most competitive contestant in the competition now. Be it her full marks PK value, or her blue-sky thinking, all the other contestants could hardly match up to her. They

didn't expect her to do such a silly thing like cooking a vegetarian dish today. Did she forget to get her main ingredient?

"Cooking a vegetarian dish? Interesting." Mag raised his eyebrows slightly. He didn't think there were any issues with Angelina choosing to make a vegetarian dish.

If the "Steamed Chinese Cabbage in Supreme Soup"¹ could make it into the state dinner's menu, why couldn't a vegetarian dish do the same as well?

Only the chef that did the cooking mattered.

The National Defense's building, the Marshal's office.

Ferdinand was watching the live-stream on the screen with a smile on his face.

Judging from Xi's feedback in the past two days, this chap was adapting to life in the Underground City very well. He could even think of a solution to increase his account's traffic within a short time period. He soon gained Nancy's approval and received the McCarthy Family's access card.

"Interesting chap. I want to see what kind of changes you can bring to Underground City." Ferdinand closed his live-stream interface and connected to his secretary's phone.

"Marshal, the president sent us a letter asking about your opinion on the Dixon Family's money laundering issue."

Chapter 2460: Momma Mia. It's Shocking!

"Our Mr. President actually came to ask my opinion. How unusual." Ferdinand laughed and said, "Then, tell them that I support all Mr. President's decisions and actions in upholding the law."

After the conversation ended, Ferdinand got up and walked to the windows. He looked at the huge military base below and thought hard.

At the west of Tucker City, in an oval office of the checkered building that represented the Underground City's administrative center, a thin middle-aged man in a smart black suit was sitting behind a desk. He was listening intently to a strapping man, who was sitting across from him, reporting to him about his work.

"Mr. President." The secretary strode into the office and interrupted their conversation. He walked to that middle-aged man quickly and said in a low voice, "Marshal Ferdinand has given his reply."

The president got up and shook the strapping man's hand. "Welcome back to Tucker City, Kamen. Please go back to your wife and children first. I will be needing you soon."

Kamen bowed slightly and said, "I'll await your summons." Then, he left the office.

"What did Ferdinand say?" the president asked his secretary.

“The marshal said that he will support all your decisions and actions in upholding the law,” the secretary quickly answered and took out the reply letter.

“He indeed can’t stand these fellows any longer,” the president said in a low voice, “Make the preparations. I want to address the cabinet.”

“The beautiful drum beats are luring me to sleep. Please give me a kick when the dish is done.”

“Although I still have no idea what he is doing, I can say for certain that this fellow’s upper arm strength is truly shocking.”

“We can be sure that he’s not going to grill the beef today.”

“All you guys know is to praise him for his looks. Only I care if his arms hurt or not.”

1

The number of audience members in Mag’s personal live-studio had already exceeded 800,000,000. Because the beef-hitting process was too boring and wasn’t as interesting as the judges’ comments, the main live-studio’s audience had already risen to 1,200,000,000.

Nancy looked at Mag judgingly. She was also equally curious about the dish that Mag was going to make.

Like the others, she thought Mag was going to grill some kind of meat today. She thought he was going to grill beef when he hovered around the beef section in the morning.

However, even though he bought the beef, he didn’t take out the grill rack. Instead, he cooked a helping of pork rind, chopped up 1kg of white water prawns and hit the beef crazily with two iron rods.

Even though the 10 judges on the stage were very knowledgeable, no one could guess what he was going to do.

Looking at Iman on the other side, he had already put the fish into the pot. Judging from his cooking method, he should be making braised rainbow fish in soy sauce. That was one of the Tucker Restaurant’s signature dishes.

Padas had also placed the golden shank into the oven after he marinated it. Looking at it, he should be making a roasted shank. One wondered if that had to do with Mag getting a high score with the grilled mutton ribs.

Angelina’s situation was similar to Mag’s. The ingredients she chose were rather messy, so up till now the judges still had no idea what dish she was going to make.

Of course, this was her specialty. Before she completed the dish, nobody knew if she really could create magic out of ordinary stuff.

The minutes ticked past and the braised fish’s aroma sneaked out of the pot, attracting hungry gazes.

Tucker Restaurant, which had thousands of years of history and foundation, was deemed to be one of the top restaurants in Underground City, and Julian, as his head chef, had an extremely high status among the chefs too.

It was obvious how talented Iman was, being able to join Tucker Restaurant and become Julian's best disciple.

The so-called braised rainbow fish in soy sauce was just its common description. This dish was called the "Rainbow Fish" in Tucker Restaurant and was priced at 500,000 copper coins per helping. It couldn't just be ordered in the restaurant whenever one wanted. It had to be booked in advance.

It was one of Tucker Restaurant's signature dishes, so some of the scenes that showed the cooking process in the live-stream were censored. This was also why Julian allowed this dish to appear in the competition.

"He's even showing Tucker Restaurant's signature dish. Master Julian, your disciple really wants to get into the final," David said to Julian smilingly.

"If he has learned it well, there will be a spot in the final for him. If he didn't learn it well, he can't complain when he can't get into the final," Julian answered calmly.

"You made things sound so good." Old Hunter chimed in rather sarcastically.

The judges wanted to laugh, but they held it back for Julian's sake.

Julian had indeed said it well. If Iman got into the final, it meant he had learned it well, which meant that he, as his teacher, had taught him well.

If Iman didn't get into the final, it meant he didn't learn it well. What did it have to do with him?

Julian snorted. He didn't want to argue with Old Hunter.

Meanwhile, Padas' golden shank was also slowly turning golden and shiny in the transparent oven now. The aroma of the roast mutton gradually wafted over, competing with the fish's aroma.

Nancy's nose twitched before shaking her head. Although the roast mutton aroma was rich, it simply couldn't compare with Hades' grilled goat ribs yesterday. He simply couldn't compare to the layered sensation created by Hades' seasoning.

Meanwhile, the topic of "recreating the charcoal-grilled goat ribs" had taken over WeTrit's trending list. Everybody, from ordinary folks to food bloggers had all taken part in it. It created an astonishing "check in" craze. This had never happened in the history of the Top Chef Competition.

This gave Nancy some new ideas. Delicious food created with ordinary ingredients was closer to the ordinary folks' life. It could create a resonance with the people and make them want to do it themselves.

The golden shank was an ingredient that the ordinary folks couldn't afford, but the Haley Goat was an ingredient that the ordinary folks could have every once in a while.

Padas might think that he was inspired and found the secret of wealth, but he had no idea that with a great previous example, he might become a joke if he came out with a similar food item.

And the most conspicuous among them was still Angelina.

Angelina, who bought a cart full of vegetables, was setting up a mountain of meat on the huge plate.

Thick steak, cut roast chicken, Sliced mutton ribs... They were all stacked up in a pile, looking rather impressive.

“Momma Mia. It’s shocking!”

“I-is she the legendary magician among the chefs? Where did she come up with all these meats from?!”

“My gosh. She created a plate full of meat dishes with just vegetables. It’s simply too phenomenal!”

“She’s an artist. Being a chef is simply wasting her talent.”

“These are mock meats, but they are too realistic. We can’t even see the difference!”

The audience was shocked and they surged into Angelina’s personal live-studio in great numbers.