

Stay At home 891

Chapter 891 Do You Understand Now?

bart panicked, but soon regained his composure and smiled. "duke abraham, miss christy and i were also talking business before, but we had a slight disagreement. now i know even you do business with miss christy, so she must be really good at her job. therefore i have decided to deposit 50,000,000 at buffett banks." christy looked at bart with disgust in his eyes. she hated men like him. he wanted to deposit 50,000,000 copper coins not because he recognized her abilities, but because he wanted to please duke abraham. as a branch manager, however, she couldn't turn down such an important customer, nor could she withstand the consequences of rejecting celtic transportation's intentions to work together. bart looked at christy from the corner of his eye and smiled. he was familiar with the rules of business and took advantage of other people's weaknesses.

he had been only a coachman before, but now he controlled half of the cargo transport in chaos city. he knew how to deal with people in general better than anyone present.

no one could refuse the olive branch offered by the celtic transportation, because everyone knew that their social status was getting higher and higher.

abraham frowned at bart. he did not like dealing with businessmen, because they were much better at pretending than ordinary people. it was difficult to see what face was hidden under their mask.

besides, they were boring. they were always busy making money, and never spent a lot of time looking for delicious food. they weren't nearly as interesting as carla, whom he had just met at mamy restaurant.

he would never have come for this dinner if it had not been for bowen's invitation and the fact that he was a distant relative.

he could see that it was not as bart had said, but christy didn't say anything. his 50,000,000 had to be very important to her, otherwise she would not have come to the party. abraham said nothing more.

just then, a voice sounded from behind the crowd. "buffett banks reject your 50,000,000 copper coins, and from today on, we will terminate all cooperation with celtic transportation."

when the crowd turned around, they were surprised and happy to find scheer walking slowly in a bright red dress.

the dress looked familiar. it looked like the dress that gloria had worn at the chamber of commerce midyear party, but the bright red color on scheer had a completely different feel to it. she was as authoritative and charming as a queen. the crowd could not take their eyes off her.

of course, it was even more surprising that scheer, the head of the buffett family, refused to do business with bart. it was impossible that she did not know that celtic transportation had a great influence in the city. they controlled half of the goods transport.

"miss scheer!" christy's eyes lit up. she watched as scheer walked over to them slowly, feeling overwhelmed with excitement.

if anyone at buffett banks had the right to reject buffet, it was miss scheer. mr. buffett could do that too, but he had retired.

christy hadn't expected scheer to reject bart, either. she had even cut off all business with celtic transportation, which was a partnership that every branch manager was trying to reach.

bart was taken aback. "what did you just say, miss scheer?" he asked, frowning.

scheer stood in front of bart and looked at him calmly. "mr. bart, from today on, buffett banks will refuse all business dealings with celtic transportation and with you. now, do you understand?"

bart's face darkened. "do you know how big celtic transportation is now? by the time i finish my acquisition of blair transportation, more than 50% of the goods shipments in the city will be controlled by me. are you sure buffett banks wants to break the partnership with celtic transportation?"

the banquet hall was quiet, and the crowd looked at scheer and bart. one of them controlled cash flow, and the other controlled goods transportation. it was not common for them to quarrel with each other.

scheer smiled scornfully, and said, "buffett banks control 70% of the currency flow across the continent. every year it handles 10,000 times more cash than the total assets of celtic transportation. our carriages are much safer and faster than yours, so how big do you think your celtic transportation is?"

bart looked at scheer with his mouth open, but he could not make a sound. the veins on his forehead bulged.

10,000 times. he couldn't argue with the truth.

his business was big, but compared to buffett banks, it was nothing.

the looks on the crowd faces were various. they knew buffett banks were big, but they had never expected to find it this big.

10,000 times. such a shocking number. buffett banks were the biggest not only in chaos city, but on the whole norland continent.

celtic transportation was doing well, but it couldn't hold a candle to buffett banks.

a girl who was not more than 18 years old, a girl who was born into a rich family and had never suffered a bit, dared to look down on and talk to him like this. a fury rose in bart's heart. "your business is bigger than mine. that's true, but if you just turn your partner away for no reason, i wonder how long you'll be able to maintain that success."

"buffett banks have always been known for their high quality service." scheer's face grew colder. "we never turn anyone away for no reason. you want to hear the reasons? you want me to tell everybody here what you have done?!"

bart felt anger coiling inside him, and crushed it with his willpower.

scheer's eyes swept across the faces of everyone present. "buffett banks welcome any cooperation, but refuse any dirty hands reaching out to its staff. if anyone touches the girls at buffett banks again, whoever it is, they will be blacklisted and all cooperation will be broken."

Chapter 892 It's Not Just Luck

In long-distance trade before, the most troublesome thing for businessmen had been the huge amount of money they needed to carry with them. They had often encountered fierce robbers and ended up losing both their lives and money.

Then Buffett Banks appeared, with branches all over the continent. Their ingenious system turned conspicuous coins into a deposit slip. One didn't even need a deposit slip if one was a regular customer. Deposit information was updated in a timely manner and deposits could be drawn directly from any of the branches.

This had completely solved the security issue of huge amounts of money. Although depositors had to pay a service fee, this fee was negligible compared to the high cost of escorting magicians and knights. Merchants loved Buffett Banks because their money was very safe there.

In just a few decades, a banking empire that covered the entire continent and even had several branches on dragon islands emerged.

Because there was no cash to rob and looted goods were difficult to sell, the robbers on the roads disappeared gradually. This was another contribution from the Buffett Banks.

It could be said that Buffett Banks could be found everywhere on the continent, and was closely connected with the general public after launching their individual deposit and loan system.

Being rejected by such a large company would be an immeasurable loss for anyone.

Scheer's rejection of Bart shocked everyone present.

No one wanted to get on the bad side of Buffet Banks, since even such a big company as Celtic Transportation had been rejected.

The girls at Buffett Banks all had outstanding looks, but from today on, no one dared to act inappropriately towards them.

Christy felt tears well in her eyes, gazing at Scheer gratefully.

Scheer had turned down a huge deposit of 50,000,000 copper coins and a partnership with a giant in the freight industry just to tell everyone to leave the girls at Buffett's Bank alone.

Abraham regarded Scheer with approval. The new star in the business world impressed him. He had met her several times at the Palace Banquet in Rodu. When he last saw her four or five years ago, she was only a 14-year-old girl. Now she had become the leader of the Buffett family, smart as before, and more authoritative.

Abraham frowned at Bart. He had always despised people like him. Christy was his partner, and he didn't like to see her being taken advantage of by Bart.

Bart's mood grew worse when he saw Abraham's darkened face. It seemed that his wish today couldn't be fulfilled. He looked at Christy again, his eyes full of venom. The woman made him lose face. He didn't want to stay here to be a joke, so he immediately said to Abraham, "Duke Abraham, I'm sorry, but I don't feel very well. I need to go see a doctor. Nice meeting you."

Abraham nodded slightly and said nothing. After all, this was Chaos City, not Rodu.

Bart turned around and left quickly, like a dog that had lost a fight.

Scheer never gave another glance in Bart's direction. She turned to face Abraham and smiled. "I haven't seen you in a long while, Duke Abraham. I heard you've been eating at Mamy Restaurant lately. Mag's cooking is amazing, right?"

"Have you been there too?" Abraham asked, surprised. "Yes, Mag is an amazing chef. It was for him that I came here. I've never left Rodu before."

Scheer nodded with a smile. "Yes. I only go there when I am free because I have to queue early to eat there. Mag won't reserve a seat for me."

"Even I have to wait in the line, but the food there is well worth the wait, and I have a lot of time, so I don't really mind waiting." There was nothing better to lighten Abraham's mood than food.

The rich businessmen of Chao City stood awkwardly aside, marveling at Scheer's ability to change the topic, and making a mental note to visit Mamy Restaurant.

Duke Abraham had always been a mysterious man. He had come all the way from Rodu to Chaos City because of a restaurant. It seemed he didn't like picking up girls, so the merchants here decided to find out more about Mamy Restaurant so that they had something to talk about with him.

"Mamy Restaurant is such a fascinating place. I'm glad I went there and met Duke Abraham tonight." Christy smiled as she watched Scheer and Abraham talking happily. Her business deal with Bart had taken an interesting turn. If not for Abraham, she might have been in deep trouble.

Christy found herself thinking about the man who had put his big hand on his daughter's head, his gentle smile and words. What had he done to make everyone love his food so much? She decided to try that stinky tofu someday.

"Christy, right?"

So deep in thought was Christy that she never saw Scheer until she was right in front of her.

"Y-yes," Christy said, giving her a bow hastily. She looked at Scheer with respect and gratitude. "Yes, Miss Christy. I'm Christy."

With a smile on her face, Scheer reached out her hand to Christy, and said, "Congratulations, you have done what many of Buffett Banks' employees have failed to do for decades. You have gotten the first deposit from Duke Abraham."

Christy blushed and hurriedly extended both her hands and shook Scheer's hand. "I was just lucky. My meeting with Duke Abraham was accidental. I guess I should thank Mamy Restaurant."

"It was not just luck. You earned it. Duke Abraham has told me so. Mamy Restaurant is really a good place. I remember you just got promoted to manager less than three months ago, right?"

Christy nodded. "Yes."

“Then stay for a full year. It’s a very good position. You will learn a lot. I was in that position for 10 years. Oh, by the way, I want to add a new rule. If any employee is violated by any customer, the management of the branch will be dismissed. What do you think?”

Christy was taken by surprise. A happy smile showed on her face immediately. “I like this new rule.”

Scheer nodded. “Good. It’s settled then.”

Chapter 893 Ugly Duckling Is Still Small

after the dinner party, they left one after another.

scheer got into the carriage. a soft glow from a golden luminous pearl illuminated the whole carriage. she looked at the middle-aged man sitting across from her holding a folder, and said, “raise the blair transportation’s offer by 30%.”

the man looked at scheer, and said, “young mistress, the negotiation between blair and celtic is almost over. i’m afraid celtic won’t accept such a sharp increase now.”

“any change is allowed as long as the contract is not signed. i don’t care if they don’t accept it.” scheer’s lips curved in a faint smile. “and i believe he’ll accept the offer.”

“but young mistress, the blair transportation has brought great rewards to buffett banks over the years and is a great asset. some people at buffett banks think it unwise to sell it.”

“those old men who don’t even have the right to vote. if they like to question my decision, let them. i don’t have time to explain it to them.” scheer raised a corner of the curtain to look at the street view. “they think it’s a booming business, but it’s going to become a sunset industry very soon. if you don’t get rid of it now, you’ll never get rid of it.”

the man looked at scheer’s face and swallowed his questions. he opened the folder and wrote something down.

scheer had the final say in every decision made in buffett banks. no decision she made needed to be explained to anyone, and no one could interfere with her decisions, including ian buffett.

no one could understand why ian buffett had given such a power to scheer, but all doubts had disappeared as buffett bank had been maintaining a rapid growth in scheer’s hands in the past three years.

she was smart and talented, and had an unparalleled understanding of market demand.

“i don’t accept 50,000,000 in deposits, but i’ll charge you 50,000,000 more and dig a hole to bury you.” a faint sneer of satisfaction crossed her face. she reached out and picked up a financial report from the bookshelf beside her. the carriage was fast and steady.

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in a magnificent house, bart knocked down a cabinet full of beautiful collections. “damned b*tch! one day i’ll buy buffett banks. i’d like to see you talk down to me again after i fully control the transportation industry!”

porcelains and jadeware fell to the ground and broke into pieces.

the servants stood shivering in the corner, afraid to speak.

bart smashed a few more objects before his anger abated a little.

that was when a man dressed like an accountant rushed into the door. he was taken aback by the mess, but still he walked over to bart hurriedly. "master, i have some bad news."

bart frowned. "what?" he had a bad premonition and raised his hand to signal the servants to leave.

"the blair transportation has raised their offer by 30%, and they don't accept any counteroffer. they give us one day to consider it. they want the money to be paid in full in cash," the accountant answered hurriedly.

"what?!" bart's face darkened, and his eyes went round with anger. "we had a deal! how could they have changed their mind like that?!"

wearing a long face, the man shook his head. "i... i don't know. what do we do now, master? do you still want to sign the contract?"

bart thought a moment. "yes. do it!" he said through gritted teeth.

"but i'm afraid we don't have enough cash right now," the accountant said hesitantly. "we can barely come up with 150,000,000. another 50,000,000... we'll have to take out a loan from buffet banks."

bart's veins bulged out of his head. he was well aware of his financial problem. celtic's expansion had been too rapid recently. it might seem unstoppable, but it had been running on financial fumes. in addition to trying to take advantage of christy, he had also wanted to talk about future cooperation with buffett banks, but scheer had turned her back on him before he could.

"don't worry about money. i'll find 50,000,000 for you by tomorrow night. we have to take over blair. it's the most important part of my expansion plan. get them to sign the contract now. when it's done, celtic will have little competition in chaos city."

"yes, master." the man hurried away.

"those bastards!" bart kicked over a big vase and stormed out.

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"can you play with jessica tomorrow, amy?" mag said to his daughter, who was lying in her bed. "i have to go out to source new ingredients. it's a long way and may be dangerous, so i can't take you with me."

amy sat up quickly and shook her head. "if it's dangerous, you should take me with you, father," she said solemnly. "i learned a powerful spell from master urien the other day. i can protect you.

"i only have one rest day a week. i want to spend it with you, father. please." amy pouted, looking at mag with a pitiable expression in her watery blue eyes.

mag felt as if his heart was about to melt. he could not utter a word of the speech he had prepared.

“fine, i’ll take you with me. i’ll cook a roast duck for you when we come back.” mag smiled as he stroked amy’s head.

amy turned to look at ugly duckling, who was sleeping with its legs wrapped around her own leg. she hesitated, and said, “but father, ugly duckling is still small. we... why don’t we eat it when it’s bigger?”

mag looked at ugly duckling with a hint of sympathy in his eyes. “right. i’ll find a bigger duck for you.”

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it was a dark and chilly night in late autumn.

a figure jumped quietly from the second floor of the restaurant, ran all the way west, climbed over the city wall, and headed towards the mountain in the distance.

Chapter 894 Could You Let Us Tag Along

The News of Mercenary Groups Being Hunted Was Spreading Like Wildfire in the Adventurer’s Guild. In Just a Few Days, Over 10 Mercenary Groups Had Been Wiped Out. No One Had Survived to Tell What Had Happened.

The Killers Didn’t Just Target Weak Ones. A Mercenary Group With a 7th-tier Magic Caster Had Also Been Wiped Out.

The Guild Had Yet to Find Out Who Was Responsible. They Had Issued a Notice This Morning, Telling Everyone to Be Careful Out There and That Mercenary Groups With Elves in Them Should Put Their Missions on Hold Until the Gray Temple and the City Lord’s Castle Caught the Killers.

The Notice Confirmed Many People’s Suspicion That the Killers Were Hunting Elves.

First Alex’s Warning, and Now This Notice. Fear Had Been Aroused in Mercenaries.

Elves Were Talented Archers and Born Healers. An Elf Could Greatly Reduce the Risk of a Mission, So Many Mercenary Groups Had One or More Elves. They Were an Important Part of a Group.

For Safety’s Sake, Some Mercenary Groups Had Stopped Doing Missions, and Some Chose to Leave Their Elven Partners in the City and Take on Easier Jobs.

Of Course, There Were Those Who Believed the Killers Had Tucked Their Tails and Run Away in Fear of the Authorities. They Went on Missions in Spite of the Notice.

“It’s Not Safe Out There. Maybe We Should Wait This Thing Out,” Sivr Said Solemnly to Her Group Outside the Guild.

It Was Getting Cold, but She Was Still Wearing Short Leather Pants, Showing Her Thighs. A Boomerang Was Strapped to Her Back.

As a Small Mercenary Group Whose Strength Was Not Strong, Rose Mercenary Squad Had No Way to Deal With Emergencies. On Top of That, Evan, One of Their Strong Fighters, Was an Elf.

“Boss, We’ve Been Out of Job for Three Days Now. I Need Money, or My Family Will Go Hungry,” Minotaur Demon Dennis Said Reluctantly as He Scratched His Head.

Powerful Mercenary Groups Could Hunt Dangerous Magical Creatures and Get High Payment. The Strongest of the Rose Mercenary Squad Was Just a 4th-tier Magic Caster. They Didn't Get Paid Well for Every Task. After Deducting Expenses, There Was Not Much Money Left That Could Be Distributed to Each Member.

It Seemed That Other Members Wanted to Take on a Task as Well. Mercenary Missions Always Came With Risks. Many People Were Killed by Magical Creatures Every Day.

Evan Nodded. "There Are So Many Mercenary Groups Out There. As Long as We Don't Venture Out Too Far, I Don't Think We'll Be Unlucky Enough to Run Into Those Killers. If They Dare Show Themselves, We'll Sell Their Whereabouts to the Guild. The Reward is Very Handsome: 1,000,000 Copper Coins."

"Yes. Master Evan Will Protect Us! We Don't Need to Worry About a Thing!" Eva Gazed at Evan Adoringly.

Sivir Shook Her Head. "21 Groups Have Been Wiped Out, Including One With a 7th-tier Magic Caster. We Stand No Chance Against Such Strong Enemies." Her Eyes Swept Over the Crowd. "Let's Take a Vote. Who Wants to Take on a Mission?"

Everyone Raised Their Hands Except Scott and Sivir.

Sivir Nodded. "Well, Let's Find a Mission Then. An Easy One. And We Go Where There Are Many Other Groups. It's Safer This Way."

As They Were Talking, Two Figures—one Big and One Small—came Out of the Guild Hall and Passed by Them.

"is That Mag?" Dennis Asked, Surprised.

Scott's Face Lit Up. "It is." He Smiled at the Father and Daughter. "Hi, Mag. Hi, Amy."

Mag Turned Around to Find Sivir and Her Subordinates Standing Outside the Hall Armed to the Teeth. He Had Fought by Their Side Before, So He Recognized Them Right Away.

"Hi, Guys," He Said, Smiling. "Are You Going on a Mission Today?"

"Big Sister Leather Shorts, Uncle Bull Head, Uncle Grilled Hare, and..." Amy Glanced at Evan and Eva and Ignored Them. She Gave a Big Smile. "Hello."

Evan and Eva Looked Angry, but They Said Nothing Since the Father and Daughter Had Saved Them Once.

They Didn't Like Their New Nicknames, but They Smiled Back at Amy All the Same.

"Yes," Replied Sivir. "Are You Going Out of the City as Well? It's Not Safe. I'd Stay in the City if I Were You. Have You Read the Notice Over There?"

Although They Were Stronger Than They Looked, Mag Was a Cook and Not an Adventurer, and Amy Was Only a Four-year-old. There Were Too Many Dangers Out There for Them to Handle.

"Oh, I Have. But We Won't Go Far. We Just Want to Look for Some Ingredients, So It Should Be Safe Enough." Mag Looked at Evan, Who Had a Dismissive Expression on His Face, and Then at Sivir Again.

“Where Do You Plan to Go? If It’s Not Too Much to Ask, Could You Let Us Tag Along? It Will Save Us the Trouble of Renting a Horse.”

“Sure. With You Coming With Us, We’ll Get Something Really Nice to Eat Today,” Dennis Said With an Excited Smile. “I’d Go Eat in Your Restaurant Often, but the Prices Are Too High for Me.”

Scott Nodded His Agreement. “Amy is a Powerful Magic Caster. We, Will, Be Safer With Her on the Team.”

Chapter 895 Mag, Come With Us

evan cast a glance at mag before turning to sivr. “captain, i don’t think now is a good time to add new members to our team. we know each other well, which is why we fight well together, but we don’t know their abilities. that might be a problem when it comes to fighting.” eva nodded in agreement. “they’re targeting elves. one more elf will do more harm than good to us. it’s too high a risk to take.”

sivr stood silent, thoughtful. evan and eva had a point. no mercenary group was safe in such a time as this, not when a 7th-tier magic caster had been killed. a mercenary group with a 7th-tier fighter was as strong as a group could get. stronger creatures or humans seldom came looking for jobs in the guild.

great teamwork would allow a group to take down a magical beast stronger than it.

as a 4th-tier magic caster, amy was powerful. as for mag, he was able to kill an ironhide bull with a single stroke of his kitchen knife. sivr didn’t believe he was just a cook.

however, they were acquaintances at best. they didn’t know them well enough to risk their lives for them.

“the situation might be worse than you think, mag,” said sivr. “you’re an owner of a restaurant. you don’t need to make money by doing missions. risking your own and your daughter’s life to go out is totally unnecessary.”

mag was thankful that she was worrying about their safety, but he shook his head and smiled. “i know, but i’m a lucky guy. bad sh*t never happens to me. it’s fine if you don’t want us to tag along. totally understandable. we’ll find ourselves a horse. come to mamy restaurant if you have time.”

mag nodded to dennis and scott, took amy by her hand, and turned to leave.

mag realized his request had been a little too excessive now that he thought about it. given how bad the situation was now, nobody in their right mind would have two elves in their group, even though one was a half-elf; they would easily become the killers’ target.

mag had only made such a request because he considered them friends. since they didn’t want them, he and amy would go there alone.

“boss, they saved us when they had no cause to. if they go out there alone...” scott said with a worried look.

evan curled his lip disapprovingly. “yes, they saved us, but i don’t want to die because of their stupidity. do you?”

sivir's brow furrowed as she watched the father and daughter leave. she hesitated a moment. then, she quickly strode after them, calling out, "mag, wait! come with us."

surprised, mag stopped and gave her a smile.

half an hour later, a carriage rolled out of the city towards the wild, surrounded by four riders on horses.

there were eight members in the rose mercenary squad. sivr was the leader, a 3rd-tier archer whose weapons of choice were a bow and a boomerang.

scott was a 3rd-tier swordsman.

dennis, a minotaur demon with a giant shield. he was able to use earth elements to build defensive walls for the team.

evan, an elven magic caster. although he hadn't been a 4th-tier magician long, he was the most powerful one in the rose mercenary squad and thus heavily protected.

eva was a not very powerful 1st-tier healer.

sydney was responsible for driving the carriage and scouting. skol was also a 3rd-tier swordsman. sam was in charge of setting traps.

they had more scars than when mag saw them last, but to his delight, they were all alive and well.

mercenaries died every day.

the place they were going to was near giant canyon, which was named after dozens of huge footprints several meters long and wide in the canyon. even forest trolls couldn't leave footprints that big, so their origin had become an unsolved mystery.

low-level magical beasts liked to roam in the canyon. precious herbs abounded here, but they were not easy to find, because they grew on the steep cliffs or were hidden in the cracks. it was a place very popular with weak mercenary groups and herb collectors.

"mag, you said there is a golden scale deer in the basin beside the giant canyon. is your intel reliable?" dennis asked in a low voice.

they all looked to mag. they had planned to take on an easy mission, but after mag shared this intel and agreed to catch the golden scale deer with them, they headed directly in the direction of the giant canyon.

golden scale deer were an extremely rare and precious creatures. they had gotten their name for their golden scale fur. both their antlers and their fur were highly valued. one golden scale deer was worth at least 200,000 copper coins, which was a pretty high return for the rose mercenary squad.

"i bought the intel from the guild. they have found traces of a golden scale deer's activities there, and they have seen it from afar. we have a good chance to find it there, but i can't say for sure." mag pulled out a parchment scroll from his bag and handed it to dennis.

mag didn't understand why they had to use such a high-quality writing material. it was the intel that he had paid 100 gold coins for, not the sheep skin.

their eyes brightened when they saw the scroll. the parchment scroll meant the intel was worth at least 10,000 copper coins, and that there were less than 10 copies.

dennis hesitated a moment before taking it in his own hand. he opened it and read carefully. then he nodded and handed it back to mag. "the intel is good. a golden scale deer did appear there three days ago, and if it had been caught, we would have heard about it."

"great! we'll be rich if we capture it!" sydney exclaimed excitedly.

Chapter 896 One Is A Male, The Other A Little Girl

Sivir looked at Mag, and seriously said, "You are willing to share such valuable information with us, Mag. If we do capture the golden scale deer, you decide how to distribute the catch." She had thought Mag had heard the intel from a mercenary; she hadn't expected it to be from the guild.

Mag smiled. "I heard golden scale deer are not very aggressive, but they're really fast, and they can also use illusion magic to confuse predators and help them escape. It would be very difficult for Amy and me to catch it alone. If we catch it, I want the pair of antlers and half the money fetched by its pelt."

Evan was displeased. "You're asking for too much considering we'll do all the work. The antlers alone are worth at least 50,000 copper coins. Talk about being greedy."

"Are you sure you don't need our help?" Mag asked, smiling.

Evan felt uneasy under Mag's intense stare. He remembered their last meeting, his face flushing red in embarrassment. He snorted and looked away, clenching his fists.

The atmosphere became a little awkward. Evan could be arrogant sometimes, admittedly, but he was not very difficult to get along with; however, he and Mag never saw eye to eye with each other.

"Two antlers and half the money from the pelt. Deal," said Sivir.

Mag nodded with a smile. "I'm sure we'll have a good time working together." There was no way Mag would go back with nothing. He was not a man to do bad deals.

Everyone treated Mag with respect, except for arrogant Evan and brainless Eva. Two hours later, a huge canyon appeared in the distance. It looked as if the massive mountain had been split in the middle by a big axe. The upper part of the mountain was hidden in the clouds. Spectacular was the word for the Giant Canyon.

From time to time, a mercenary group would pass by. They could not help but turn to look at Amy.

They had never seen anyone so little in the wild. With magical beasts lurking around, it was no place for children. They believed the girl's parents were doing a lousy job.

Amy leaned on Mag's shoulder and looked around curiously. Although this was not her first time out of the city, she still found everything interesting. Fortunately, Mag's travel companions were veteran mercenaries who had been wandering through the wilderness for years. They could help Mag answer Amy's seemingly endless questions.

After passing by the Giant Canyon, they drove on for another five or six kilometers until they reached a basin. Without magical beasts or herbs, few mercenaries would come here, and no one had ever thought to give a name to such an unpopular place.

The basin was the final destination of their trip.

It was a place chosen by Mag: a place near the Giant Canyon where many mercenaries liked, a place safe enough for any mercenary group to be willing to come with him.

Mag had planned to look for a weak group with an elf to partner up with, but the Rose Mercenary Squad had saved him the trouble.

He wouldn't look on while elves were being hunted. It was not his style.

He had warned them to leave the elves alone. Clearly they were taking his warning lightly. He was here to make sure they would never the same mistake again.

The basin was as good a place as any for the killers to ambush them. Two elves with only several weak-looking people around. The killers surely couldn't resist such an easy target, so they would definitely come to him.

He was using himself as bait. It was risky, to be sure, but it was the easiest way.

After another 10 minutes or so, the basin appeared before them. The carriage pulled over by the edge, and Mag lifted Amy off.

The basin was about 700 meters deep and surrounded by rocky cliffs which were almost vertical. There were dark caves in the cliffs. The bottom of the basin was about 1,000 meters in diameter and barely invisible. In the center was a forest of black stones in all forms and sizes. Near the cliffs stood many small patches of coniferous trees. Now and then, Mag could hear the sounds of birds chirping and animals howling echoing off the cliffs, but no one was in sight as far as he could see.

"Wow, such a huge bowl!" Amy exclaimed happily as she looked over the edge. She then extended her arms and was about to jump down.

Thanks to Mag's quick eyes and hands, he caught her just in time. The pope had given her wings to fly, but Mag wanted her to keep this a secret. Only Krassu and Urien and a handful of other people knew about this ability of hers.

Mag didn't want his new companions to find out what they were capable of yet.

A gust of wind came up from the basin, carrying chilly moisture.

Despite himself, Evan shivered. "Why would golden scale deer want to come to this sh*thole? Don't they like places warm and dry and full of sunshine?"

"I've come here twice and never found anything valuable," said Sam. "But the basin does have sunlight every day, albeit for no more than half an hour around noon."

Mag thought a moment. "Maybe that's when the golden scale deer will appear."

They nodded. It was worth a shot.

“Only one way to find out,” Sivir said. “Come on, guys, let’s search the basin first.” She tied the horses and started to descend carefully along a narrow road.

Mag looked around. His eyes stopped on a stone mountain. He smiled thinly and followed Sivir down with Amy in his arms.

...

In a dense forest, there was a house hidden well by trees. A demon rushed into the door excitedly. “Boss, good news! A small mercenary group has just entered the basin near the Giant Canyon. Our watchman saw two elves; one was a male, the other a little girl. The girl is top grade. She might be worth more than all the elves we have caught these days combined.”

The ghost lights demon who was molesting a naked female elf stood up right away. He tossed his plaything aside while excitedly asking, “No kidding?”

Chapter 897 You Must Be The God Of Cookery!

The process of searching in the basin was boring. There were few animals, let alone magical beasts. Occasionally they could hear the sounds of pheasants and rabbits scurrying about. Even so, they trod quietly and cautiously. Because in this wilderness, magical beasts were not the only creatures that were deadly. A venomous bug could cause death as well.

The damp and dark basin abounded with snakes and spiders and scorpions.

It was quite uneventful, all things considered. A python over 10 meters long pounced out of its lair towards them, but Amy had been waiting for something like that to happen. She burned it into a crisp the moment it appeared.

Sivir walked in front, holding a torch, with Scott and Skol to her left and right. Mag, Amy, Evan, and Eva came next. Dennis brought up the rear with his huge shield.

Monkey jumped from tree to tree to keep watch, using different whistles to convey different messages.

They searched the whole place. Finally, after an hour, they found a soft golden scale shining golden in the torchlight near a huge rock.

Sam looked over the scale closely. “It’s from a golden scale deer, I’m sure. I saw one once when I was young, but it got away when I tried to catch it. Its scales were just like this one.”

“Great! Looks like the intel is correct. This place is probably the haunt of that golden scale deer,” Dennis said excitedly, rubbing his hands together. They all wore excited faces.

Mag took a closer look at the rock. Its surface was more than 100 square meters. There were golden lines in the white rock, shining in the torchlight. It couldn’t be valuable, though, or else it would have been carried out of this basin, even though the cliffs were over 600 meters high.

In the middle of the boulder surface, there was a pit filled with crystal clear water, shining like a pearl.

“Is this where it drinks?” Amy asked curiously.

“Probably. Maybe it likes the water here,” Mag answered.

“Then let’s stay here and wait for it to come.” Sivir smiled. It might be easier than she had expected.

Sam put his huge pack on the ground. “I’ll set up the snares. I let one escape, but never again.”

Mag took a look at his watch. “It’s an hour and a half till noon. We need something to eat. I’ll see to it.” He then walked towards a cave with a few pheasants he had caught. From this vantage point, he could see everything.

Amy quickly followed after him on her short legs.

With the help of everyone, the traps were set up one by one in no time. They were so artful and ingenious that even Mag couldn’t help but marvel at them.

Sam obscured their tracks and obliterated their scent. When he was done, everything was as it had been before they came here. Each and every trap was well hidden.

“Looks like we still have time to fill our bellies,” Mag said as they climbed into the cave.

Dennis took a deep breath. “Smells so good! If we were rich, we would definitely hire you as our cook, Mag!”

Their mouths started watering as they looked at the brown pheasants hanging over the fire and the white pheasant soup in the pot. They wondered where he had gotten the pot, but they were too hungry to ask.

Evan’s mouth craved the food, but he said, “I brought my own meal.”

Eva tore her eyes away from the pheasants. “Yeah. We don’t need your pheasants.”

Mag ignored them completely. “I cooked eight. We each can have one. There is soup in the pot if you want some.” Mag handed them each—except for Evan and Eva—a bowl, and gave a pheasant to Amy.

Mag had never taken the two jerks into consideration when he was cooking.

Evan’s face twitched in anger. It was all he could do not to fly into a fury.

“Have some fruits, Master Evan.” Eva pulled out a mandarin from her bag, peeled it, and handed it to Evan.

“I’m not hungry,” Evan said with a long face, knocking the mandarin out of her hand, which then rolled onto the ground with dirt all over it.

Eva pulled back her hand, embarrassed. There was not even a hint of anger on her face, though. She looked at Evan obediently.

The rest of the Rose Mercenary Squad gathered around the fire, sitting on stones. The smell alone was enough to whet their appetite. They always packed some cold and dry food when hunting. Roast pheasants were something they didn’t dare hope for. On top of that, Mag was now the most famous cook in the whole city.

Sivir looked from Evan and Eva to Mag. She hesitated a moment before sitting down. Then she took a pheasant, smelled it, tore off a leg, and took a bite with a smile.

The skin was crispy, and the meat was succulent. It had been cooked to perfection. Her taste buds danced wildly as she bit into the meat.

Sivir's eyes brightened. "It's so good!" It was as good as the roast beef Mag had cooked last time.

Pheasants were common in the wild, but even the pheasants cooked by Sam, their best cook, couldn't hold a candle to this.

To think Mag had made the pheasants so delicious in such a short time and with such simple equipment.

"My goodness. Mag, you must be the God of Cookery! No one in this world can cook as well as you!"

"If we catch the golden scale deer, I'll be sure to eat in your restaurant."

"Count me in."

They complimented Mag as they ate, smiling blissfully.

Mag was glad that they liked his cooking. He was in a good mood; nobody hated praise.

They finished the soup; not even bones were left. They belched in satisfaction.

A ray of sunlight fell on the edge of the basin and began to move towards the center.

At the mouth of a cave, a deer appeared, shining golden.

Chapter 898 Let's Go!

"look! over there! a lone deer!" amy whispered, pointing at the cave in the opposite cliff with her small finger.

sam's eyes lit up. "that is a golden scale deer!" he was very excited, but he managed to keep his voice down. "hide! the golden scale deer is very wary and timid. if it sees us, it will probably not come here again. this is an adult golden scale deer, and its fur looks very beautiful."

they quickly hid behind rocks, peeking at the deer, wonderstruck.

mag was also surprised. the deer was about the same size as an ordinary sika deer, but its body was covered with a layer of golden scales. resembling fish scales, they were shining with dazzling light. the curved horns were glittering as if made of pure gold. it attracted all eyes as soon as it appeared.

sunlight patches slowly moved forward on the ground. the dark basin was illuminated, the humidity was suppressed by the sun, and small animals came out of the safety of their caves, looking up and enjoying the short sunshine.

the boulder caught the sunlight as well, shining as if sprinkled by gold powder. the water in the pit glinted brightly.

the big black eyes of the golden scale deer scanned around with vigilance. it waited for more than 10 minutes, until the sun covered the whole basin, and then it carefully jumped down from the steep cliff.

there were only a few protruding rocks on the nearly vertical cliff, but its hooves managed to find them with every step it took. its steps were light and graceful, like those of a fairy.

after the golden scale deer landed on the ground, it stopped, its erect ears moving. it looked around for a while, and then walked to the boulder warily, stopping every few steps.

“sam has set up many traps, but we can’t take any chances,” sivr said in a hushed voice. “get ready. try not to damage its horns and pelt. they are the most valuable.” she put a hand on the boomerang.

they held their weapons in hands, never letting the deer out of their sight.

their cave was about a dozen meters above the boulder. it was the perfect spot to ambush their target.

“let’s do it!” amy said excitedly, two fireballs dancing in her hands.

mag touched her head. “no, sweetheart. your fireballs are too hot; you’ll toast it.”

amy thought a moment. “what about this?” two blue balls of icy flames emerged from her palms. they could feel the air temperature quickly.

they gasped with admiration when they saw the icy flames. she could cast such powerful magic at so young an age. her potential was simply unimaginable. they couldn’t imagine how strong she would become when she grew up.

loath as he might be to admit it, evan sensed energy in the flames so powerful that he felt terrified. he might be a mid-level magic caster, but he wasn’t capable of working such a powerful spell.

a four-year-old was doing something he couldn’t. rage and frustration overwhelmed him.

all bad enough, but she was a fire-type magic caster as well as an ice-type one, and that made it worse.

mag said nothing as he looked at amy’s icy flames. no other skills were more suitable to take the golden scale deer down than this. after all, ice wouldn’t hurt its fur or horns.

mag had levelled up to a 6th-tier knight last night with the help of a flash of lightning.

however, it was not wise to reveal his strength right here and now.

of course, he couldn’t wait to test his power on some scum now that he had become much stronger.

the deer was getting closer to the rock, and thus closer to the traps.

they tensed their muscles. scott and skol were ready to jump out. sivr raised her boomerang; she looked as if she would throw it any minute now.

there was nothing strange about the dirt around the boulder. it was as damp as ever, with several dry fallen leaves on it.

the deer sniffed at the dirt and raised its head to look at the water. it hesitated a moment and took a cautious step.

suddenly, the ground caved in, revealing a deep pit underneath.

“we got it!” dennis exclaimed happily.

“not yet,” said amy. “it’s hanging on the edge.”

amy was right. the golden scale deer didn’t fall straight into the pit as expected. its forehooves caught the edge and stopped its fall.

“let’s go!” sivor ordered. she grabbed hold of a vine and rappelled down right away, throwing the boomerang at the poor animal’s forelegs.

skol and scott followed right after her.

evan stood up and started reciting an incantation. his staff glowed blue at the top. then he pointed it at the trap, and an ice cover began to form over the pit.

however, before skol and scott reached the ground, the golden scale deer jumped out with a beastly growl.

crack.

the ice cover broke before it was completely formed. the boomerang whistled inches past the deer’s behind and sank into the dirt.

the instant the deer landed, the ground caved in again. a net from nowhere came straight at it, and inside the pit, a big iron cage was waiting.

Chapter 899 A Small One! Me Likey

only when one could think of every possible eventuality could one be called a trap master.

sam was born into a hunter family. the tricks of setting up traps that had been passed down from his ancestors were not enough to take down powerful magical beasts, but they would be adequate to capture normal animals and small magical creatures.

of course, this golden scale deer was not willing to give its life to them without a fight. anger rose in its eyes as it looked at the boomerang flying towards it, two humans rushing over with swords, and ice walls rising in all directions.

the golden scale deer made a shrill cry, and all of a sudden all of its scales stood up. with the help of the sun, the scales radiated dazzling golden light in all directions.

the big net made of rope turned black instantly as if it had been burned by a fire. the ice walls were cut into pieces.

they avoided those golden lights reflexively, but their movements were very slow. it seemed that they were seeing something strange. some people stood there, motionless.

mag was surprised. he took a look at evan, who was standing still holding up his staff, and eva with a glazed look in her eyes. “this is illusion magic?” it seemed his spiritual power was too strong to be affected by it.

“they are not moving!” amy exclaimed. “it’s amazing, but the deer is getting away.” the magical beast barely managed to climb out of the trap, lame in the right front leg.

although he was surprised that amy was not affected by the illusion magic, mag took a look at the golden scale deer that had already run dozens of meters in the blink of an eye, and quickly said, "can you catch it, amy?"

amy nodded. "sure." she then stretched out her finger and pointed it at the deer ready to climb the cliff. "stop right there, little deer!" she called out.

the galloping beast stopped moving right away as if frozen in time, its forelegs hanging in the air.

mag's eyes went wide. he had thought amy would use an ice spell, but this spell was clearly much more powerful.

this skill of hers had made all the preparations, traps, and the rose mercenary squad's attack look like a joke.

"master urien taught me this. it's called cold domain. nothing can move in the domain," amy said with a look that was saying "praise me!".

"well done!" mag said with a smile, stroking her head. amy was a natural with magic. it seemed she could master any spell, no matter how difficult.

normally only magic casters above level seven could do domain magic. without enough understanding of magic and certain talent, magic casters couldn't even understand what the domain was.

amy was only a 4th-tier magic caster, but she was already able to work such a difficult spell. if this news got out, it would definitely cause another sensation.

the illusion magic was broken as the golden scale deer was captured. for a moment, the rose mercenary squad looked confused as if not understanding what had just happened.

sivir was the first to grasp the situation. "crap! the deer!" she called out when she saw the traps were a mess and empty.

the other members of the rose mercenary squad looked depressed when they realized that they had been under the influence of the deer's illusion magic; they thought their target had long since gotten away.

"don't worry. i have caught it. the deer is right over there," amy said, pointing.

they were shocked when they saw the beast standing there like a statue, its forelegs raised up and hindlegs bended.

"h... how is that possible?!"

evan was as stunned as he was ashamed. he was beaten by a four-year-old.

there was no sign of ice, no sign of the deer having struggled, no sign of anything. it had to be a powerful spell to immobilize the deer so easily.

and the spell's caster was none other than amy.

“i seem to recall you saying you’d do all the work, old man,” amy said with a smile, looking at evan who was still sulking.

embarrassed, evan snorted and looked away.

eva opened her mouth and closed it, glaring at amy silently.

mag’s mouth curved in a gloating smile. there was nothing more satisfying than watching his daughter show off her power. “it can’t move, but it’s not dead. tie it up,” mag said to sivr.

“right.” sivr removed from her waist a roll of rope with some kind of sigil on it, walked quickly to the golden scale deer, and tied it up securely. she then placed it on its side on the ground.

the rope had been enchanted. it was called spirit binding rope—a very common piece of equipment for mercenaries. the beast bound by the spirit binding rope would lose the ability to struggle. therefore, it was very handy when the creature had to be caught alive.

the deer groaned desperately. it struggled, but to no avail.

sivr smiled and stood up. “it’s so cold!” she said, rubbing her hands together.

the temperature around this area had dropped significantly because of amy’s magic.

“we did it! thanks to mag and amy, we have finally caught this 3rd-tier magical beast, which is the most difficult to catch!” dennis said, excited.

“i underestimated its illusion magic,” said sam, “and my traps didn’t work.”

they looked down in wonder at the golden scale deer from the cave. it was worth as much as a normal 6th-tier magical beast.

that was when they heard a shrill laugh. “a male elf, hmm, not bad. oh, and a small one! me likey!” mag looked up and saw a bunch of people at the edge of the cliff.

Chapter 900 Do You Mind Covering Your Face?

the laughter was like that of a demon, echoing off the cliffs. the rose mercenary squad clenched their weapons as they looked up, shocked.

there were seven figures on top of the cliff. although sivr couldn’t see their faces clearly, she could still make out that they were a team of demons, orcs, and forest trolls.

the one in the middle, who was tall and covered by green flames, was giving off a terrifying aura.

“prepare to fight!” said sivr gravely. she held the boomerang tightly in her hand, her eyes never leaving her foes.

among the mercenaries, there was an old saying: “magical beasts are not nearly as fearful as mercenaries”.

a weak mercenary group’s days were numbered once it got targeted by a strong one.

fortunately, under the management of the city lord's castle and the gray temple, mercenaries rarely fought with each other. if two mercenary groups had a conflict over a magical beast, it was often settled by a fair duel.

clearly these guys were not after their newly caught golden scale deer, though.

"who are they? what do they want?" eva asked, her face pale and voice shaky with fear.

evan couldn't hide the terror in his eyes. "they want to kill us."

fear enveloped the rose mercenary squad as they remembered the horrible bodies carried back to the city.

mag looked up. his vision was much better than that of normal people. he looked at the demon that was aflame. "he is an 8th-tier demon, i think." then his eyes swept the rest of the group. most of them were at level six or seven.

a group as this was unstoppable, unless they ran into someone at level 9 or above.

judging from what the demon had just said and how powerful they were, they were undoubtedly the ones responsible for the slaughter of mercenary groups. they were an evil group hunting elves.

"could you not laugh? it hurts my ears!" amy called up, covering her pointy ears with her hands.

the laughter stopped abruptly. the ghost light demon glared down at amy with blood-red eyes, the flames enveloping his head dancing violently.

"and do you mind covering your face? i've never seen anything uglier," amy continued, her voice full of distaste.

the ghost light demon was furious. "i like you, kid, but i'll make you wish you were dead if you make me angry."

with that, the demon took a step forward and jumped down. shrouded by flames, he looked like a ball of fire.

the rest of his group charged down as well.

sivir didn't panic. "monkey, signal flare!" she ordered calmly, her hand clenching tighter around the boomerang.

monkey fumbled in his clothes with his shaky hand and drew out a small device made of a length of bamboo. it had the gray temple's crest on it. he pulled the string underneath and fired the flare.

a fireball shot up into the sky and exploded with a loud bang, producing a bright red flame.

"are you out of your goddamn mind provoking him like that?" evan yelled at amy, his face twisting in anger. "now we're all dead!"

mag stepped in front of his daughter. "don't you talk to her like that! she's not a coward, unlike you!" he shouted, contempt in his eyes. this elf was worse than he had thought.

"f*ck you!" evan raised his magic staff, shining blue on the top.

sivir looked over her shoulder at evan angrily. "shut up, evan! prepare to battle!" picking a fight with a teammate when facing dangerous enemies... he was not only a coward, he was as stupid as stupid could be.

"would you like a taste of my fireball, old man? or maybe my icy flames?" amy asked, smiling.

evan put his staff down reluctantly. he looked at the ghost light demon coming down from the sky. the fear was so overwhelming that his will to fight was completely gone.

"boom!"

the demon landed dozens of meters away from the rose mercenary squad, shaking the ground, sending rocks flying off the cliffs, and raising a cloud of dust. sivir swayed a little before steadying herself. the golden scale deer had literally been scared to death.

dennis was standing before everyone else, holding his shield. the shock wave smashed into the shield, sending him falling back two steps. he coughed up a mouthful of blood. it was all he could do not to fall down.

stones cracked under his feet as the demon made his way to them slowly. they couldn't see him because of the dust cloud, but their fear was growing more intense with every step he took. given the fact that he had jumped directly from the cliff hundreds of meters high, he was at least at level seven and his body was strong.

the rose mercenary squad never thought today would be the day they died.

at last, the footsteps stopped, and there, in front of the rose mercenary squad, stood a demon covered by green ghost flames, his body dry and dark as a mummy. the blood-red eyes in the skull covered by a layer of skin were staring at them. "you're fools to think that the gray temple will save you. they'll find nothing but bodies when they come here."

the situation couldn't have been worse.

"you're weaker than the old man we captured the other day. apparently chaos city has nothing but weaklings, but you guys have balls, i'll give you that."

"that male elf may not be worth a lot, but that small one will definitely fetch a fortune. let's get her to an auction and make a killing!"

"and we've got ourselves two broads! i like the well-endowed one, and by the look of her, she'll be more durable than the ones we found the other day. but that one won't last a day, i think."

the orcs and trolls smiled lasciviously at sivir and eva after arriving at the scene.

the rose mercenary squad were angry and scared, but they stood their ground. scott and skol stared at their enemies, swords in their hands. dennis stood in front, holding his giant shield.

eva edged closer to evan and clutched at his clothes, her face pale as paper.

however, evan, who was surrounded by his team members, shoved eva to one side, ran to the ghost light demon, and knelt. "please! don't kill me!" he called out in a scared voice. "i surrender! they are all yours, but please don't kill me."