

## Stay At home 1351

### Chapter 1351: Burning Legion, Prepare For Battle!

“Boss, from today onward, you are the King of Prawns on the Demon Islands,” Tony said as he stood up with an admiring expression after eating three crayfish and drinking two big mugs of beer. His eyes were glistening as if he was looking at a beautiful young lady.

“Mm?” Mag furrowed his brows as he was wary about Tony’s “gayish” gaze.

“I am Tony Moody, an unknown food connoisseur. After eating your crayfish today, I’ve decided to write a story about you and your crayfish. May I know, would you like to cooperate with me?” Tony explained with a smile.

Tony was rather confident with his name. On the Demon Islands, the restaurants and delicacies would be in vogue whenever he critiqued on them. It would bring the chef and restaurant fame and money.

“Just as I expected,” Mag said. He had guessed correctly. This demon was indeed a food critic. However, he had neither the time nor interest to accommodate his work. He nonchalantly said, “The story between me and crayfish? Could there be any special relationship between the executioner and the death row prisoners?”

“Errr...” Tony was stunned. This was the first time he had heard about such an innovative description. However, on second thought, the relationship between a chef who killed crayfish for a living and crayfish really resembled one between the executioner and death row prisoners.

“No... I just want to know why you use such an unusual method to cook crayfish? It totally subverted the usual methods of cooking seafood and made the seafood taste different. For example, the minced garlic, the thirteen-spice, and this spicy crayfish. How do you come up with such unique ideas?” Tony shook his head as he realized Mag had skewed the question.

Mag threw a glance at Tony, and calmly said, “Maybe you don’t know seafood very well. All these were just normal operations.”

“I...”

Tony choked. As a connoisseur who was known for knowing seafood the best, he was told off in public for not knowing seafood well. This was really an aggrieved feeling.

Mag didn’t continue to chitchat with Tony. He placed the crayfish in the wok, and wandered in between three woks with a giant ladle. Although he could manage them well, he didn’t have the extra room to talk to the customers.

“Sit down, sit down. We’ve to rein it in even when we’re unconvinced in front of the real master chef.” Steve pressed Tony down back onto his seat. He couldn’t control his laughter. As long-time friends with Tony, he knew how proud the latter was of his nickname. He felt so thrilled watching him suffer a defeat, and couldn’t wait to tell their common friends.

Tony sat down, and complained, “He could only say that I don’t know prawns well. How could he say I don’t know seafood. This isn’t a reasonable deduction.”

Before eating the crayfish, the number one prawn in his heart was Phi Phi Island's king mantis shrimp. But in actuality, the crayfish were the real overlord of the prawns.

But if they were talking about other seafood, he didn't believe others would know more or have tried more than him.

"Never mind. Geniuses all have their quirks. It will be my treat today. We've not seen each other for over a year, let's get drunk tonight." Steve slapped his back and chuckled before calling Jane over to order a few more crayfish and beer.

"That's right too." Tony threw a glance at Mag. This demon with a pair of pincers on his head was indeed a genius chef. The innovative cooking methods and tastes had torn a gap in his wall of understanding toward seafood. Never mind about his bad temper; he had lost all his temper after eating this crayfish, after all.

"Steve, I think you have saved my professional career again. If I really wrote about the porcupine battle boar's roast pork trotters, the readers would call me a scammer after they tasted it for themselves. But, writing about the crayfish would be the classic page on my professional career..." Tony said as he supported Steve, who was stumbling.

"W-we are buddies. How can I forget about you when I have eaten good food..."

The beer's alcoholic content wasn't high, but it was still much higher than that of most alcoholic drinks in this world. They would still get drunk after having too many mugs of it.

Hence, those demons who were drinking beer and eating crayfish had to help each other walk away in laughter after the meal was over. Sounds of laughter reverberated throughout the alleys.

Mag smiled as he watched that. As expected, everybody behaved in the same manner after they had their supper and alcohol regardless where they were.

\*\*\*

"Boss, we seemed to have a situation. Why is the island on fire?"

A simple wooden boat that was pieced together with big chunks of wood approached a small island slowly. Kiel was standing at the head of the ship, looking out at the island. Flames were lit up on the island as if something was burning. They could even hear shouts and sounds of fighting vaguely.

"It's those flaming demon bastards. They had found our hiding place. We'd already given in so much, and they still wouldn't let us off." Sargeris looked at the flames with fury on his face, and he raised his iron club that was as tall as a man above his head. The lava on his body began to redden and flow as he roared, "Burning Legion, prepare for battle!"

"Woah!"

The dozens of lava demons replied at the same time, and the cracks on their bodies had lava flowing in between them. They seemed to be wearing golden-red armor in the dark.

The fierce fights were taking place throughout the island. Although most of the lava demons who were stationed in their territories were the old and weak, they had displayed a scary determination and tough will against the flaming demons' sudden attack.

An 8th-tier flaming demon commander stood on an elevated rock. The burning flames on his body lit up his sneering face, and he shouted, "Kill them! How dare these lowly lava demons rank equally with us, flaming demons."

The flaming demons had been hunting and killing lava demons. Finally, they had located this secret base in the fog at the periphery of the Demon Islands.

The lava demons were already very weak now. Apparently, they didn't even have a 6th-tier lava demon. The powerful existence that was once ranked amongst the Top Ten Demon Tribes couldn't even compare to some weak tribes now, let alone to the flaming demons at their peak.

Therefore, they were going to exterminate the lava demons completely tonight, and forever erase this fire-type demon race that once ranked over the flaming demons from existence.

"Find the Holy Lava Order. If we found it, our tribe's status would rise to another level." That commander looked at those lava demons who were struggling very hard but had no power to resist the attack. The information was indeed correct. It was a weak tribe that didn't even have a 6th-tier member.

Right at this moment, a panicked voice said behind the commander, "My lord, our ships are burnt!"

"Huh?"

That commander was stunned. He turned his head, and saw their wooden ships docked at the harbor were engulfed in flames.

What made his face go even whiter was the meteor that was hurtling toward them from the sky, dragging a long red tail behind it.

### **Chapter 1352: Falling Stars!**

The flaming demons had 10 times the number of the lava demons, and had an absolute power advantage over them. The old and weak lava demons could only retreat to the central plains of the island.

If their superiors hadn't given them the orders, those resisting lava demons would have been long killed.

The lava demons who had lava flowing on their bodies stared at those flaming demons who were engulfed by flames without any fear in their eyes. They didn't even have any other unusual expressions, just like pieces of smelly and hard rock.

However, the flaming demons grew angrier because such a disdainful expression was even more oppressing than sarcasm in words when they were the winning party going to erase the existence of this weak tribe from Norland Continent completely.

Flames began to emerge from the bodies of these flaming demons. All they needed now was an order so they could burn all the lava demons to death. Nobody would be able to save them.

The lava demons obviously knew about the outcome, but their expressions didn't still change. They stood together, helping one another.

Right at that moment, a young lava demon suddenly pointed at the sky, and said, "Great Elder, look. It's a meteor!"

All the lava demons looked up at the meteor that was hurtling toward the island while dragging a red fiery glow across the sky, and their eyes widened.

"This... is Falling Stars!" the elderly lava demon who was clutching a walking stick and addressed as "great elder" said with a quivering voice and teary eyes.

"Falling Stars!" all the lava demons exclaimed, and their expressions began to get fanatic.

This was one of the lava demons' long-lost combat techniques. Apparently, only an 8th-tier lava demon was able to summon a meteor to be his weapon.

Which meant, someone among the lava demons had already advanced to an 8th-tier demon!

Ever since the decline of the lava demons, the 6th-tier had become a hurdle that was impossible for them to cross. For hundreds of years, only a rare few geniuses were able to break through 6th-tier.

However, a 6th-tier power could only be considered as a weak tribe on the Demon Islands, so they could only continue to hide themselves on a secret island. However, they were still found by the flaming demons.

But now, their reinforcements were here!

And it was an 8th-tier lava demon that they hadn't seen for a long time!

"It has to be Sargeras and his men!" some demon exclaimed, and all the lava demons began to look expectant.

The flaming demons who were surrounding the lava demons went white when they saw the hurtling meteor. They had never experienced such a terrifying combat technique that could summon a meteor as a weapon. They had no idea how to react at that moment.

The flaming demon commander at the top of the cliff yelled, "Kill them all—"

Bam!

Before he could even finish speaking, a metal pole that was almost as thick as his head crash-landed on the top of his head, and smashed him into a meat-pie. The flames on his body were extinguished instantly.

"Boss is dead!"

All the flaming demons stared at a strapping lava demon that appeared on the top of the cliff. The lava that was flowing energetically on his body made him look like an active volcano. He had actually smashed an 8th-tier flaming demon to his death with his pole.

Sargeris—standing where that commander had been standing previously—pointed his metal pole downward, and yelled, “Burning Legion, charge!”

“Charge!”

Dozens of lava demons with flowing lava on their bodies dashed out, and fearlessly leaped down into the flaming demons at the bottom of the mountain.

At the same time, the meteor with the giant red tail crash-landed on those flaming demons who were staring at it with a fearful gaze.

Boom!

Boom!!!

Meteors started to crash-land among the flaming demons, which was accompanied by sounds of explosions. The demon who was hit directly was smashed straight into the ground, and the other demons nearby were all blasted away by the intense explosion.

The flaming demons, who had been very aggressive initially, fell into a panic. Numerous demons had died in the descent of the meteors. Those who survived had lost the will to fight, and were trying to escape.

On the contrary, the Burning Legion’s charge was extremely disciplined and impactful. They were like wolves charging into a sheep herd, and were killing those offensive flaming demons mercilessly. They tore down their line of defense, and then went to chase down and kill those demons who were escaping in a panic.

The lava demons who had been surrounded at first stared at this scene with joyful tears in their eyes.

They had been oppressed for years, and even the tribes that they had once perceived as weak had dared to bully them.

And now, the Burning Legion had returned forcefully, and defeated those offensive flaming demons. They finally exulted.

Sargeris slammed the iron rod he was holding against the ground hard as he asked that elderly lava demon, “Are you guys alright, Great Elder?”

“We’re fine.” The great elder shook his head as he extended his trembling hands to touch the flowing lava on Sargeris’ chest. The intense temperature made his fingers turn red, but he didn’t care at all. His gaze became brighter and brighter as he said with a shocked expression, “Sargeris, you’ve really advanced to the 8th-tier!”

“Yes. And I should advance to the 9th-tier soon.” Sargeris nodded and smiled rather confidently. “It should only take about another 1000 roujiamos.”

“Huh?”

All the lava demons were befuddled. They didn’t really understand the meaning of Sargeris’ words. When did the disparity in power start to be measured with roujiamos?

Sargerass didn't explain further, and instead he asked the great elder, "I'll tell you more in the future, Great Elder; are there any problems at the lava pond?"

"No problem there. They had yet to search it through." The great elder nodded.

"Let's go over there. It's time for certain things to see the light of day again." Sargerass nodded, and strode toward the active volcano at the west side of the island.

\*\*\*

"Tell me, how should we kill her so that idiot Simmons will fight to the death with Alfred as soon as he sees him?" Mag asked in the small room on the restaurant's balcony as he looked at Charlene, who was coated by the sand into a ball, and had a ball of cloth stuffed into her mouth.

"This is very simple. Strip her and toss her onto the island. Create a scene that she had died after suffering through countless humiliation. Given that idiot Simmons's intelligence and his love for this woman, he will be fighting to the death as soon as he sees Alfred," Irina said smilingly.

"Mm... mm..." Charlene's eyes widened with fear, and her body began to shake violently.

Bam!

The room's door was closed, and the small room was returned to darkness and a dead silence.

"Are you going to set up the event location now?" Irina asked Mag.

"We are not the main characters. We have already set up the stage for them, but without some foreplay, it would be difficult for the clash to happen as soon as they meet," Mag replied smilingly. It was about time for this big show to start. He waved his hand, and Ah Zi landed silently.

### **Chapter 1353: I Don't Like Dead Fish**

The griffin's giant wings glided above the sky of Carapace Island. Mag, who was sitting on the griffin's back, was playing with the head in his hands. The seductive face was still delicate and charming with the tiny mouth slightly open. It didn't look like it had a peaceful death.

Of course, this wasn't Charlene's head. Otherwise, Mag wouldn't be holding it in his hands so calmly.

This was a head that was made by the system according to Charlene and then 3D printed following 1:1 ratio. Whether it was the size or the look, it was very convincing. Even the skin was 95% realistic, and it would turn red when pinched.

"System, I have a bold idea." Mag looked at the head in his hands with a weird expression, and said, "I think you could change your profession."

"This system is a God of Cookery Cultivation System deeply involved in the culinary world, so why should I change my profession?"

"Look at this skill of yours. It's such a waste that you don't go make blow— simulation companion dolls. If you could add in a little artificial intelligence that allows it to conduct simple interaction, that would be even better." Mag smiled.

“Does the Host have a need for it? If you do, this system could reproduce a simulation doll of a 1:1 ratio according to this imp mother and reproduce a system with a character. Apart from not being actually alive, there are no other differences at all. It could even move on its own and have great flexibility.”

“Ha. Do I look like I’m someone who needs such thing?” Mag smirked.

“Based on the Host’s behavior after coming to this world, you do.”

“I...” Mag raised his eyebrows. Although the nightlife here was a little boring, at least he had a wife. He didn’t expect he would be jeered by the system. He coldly replied, “Shut up, you single dog[1] system.”

The griffin flew toward West Point Island, and circled above it once. After confirming there was no one present, it dived down and landed on the beach in the northeastern area.

Mag leaped off the griffin’s back, and dug a hole with the shovel that he brought along at the best tidal flushing point determined by the system. He measured the depth with a measuring tape before burying Charlene’s head, and covered it up with sand.

The tide came up and washed away the excess sand, and the beach reverted to its usual look.

“System, are you sure that the tide would be able to wash the head out by this time tomorrow night?” Mag asked after returning to the griffin, feeling a little worried.

“Please rest assured, Host. After strict calculation done by this system, this head will slowly reveal itself from tomorrow 5pm onward. Furthermore, this system had added a catapult installation in this head. If there is a change in the situation, the host could also eject the head out from the sand remotely with a control.”

“That’s good.” Mag nodded before suddenly looking toward the northwest. He patted the griffin’s back, and softly said, “Ah Zi, we will fly close to the sea.”

Ah Zi spread its wings and glided to the northeast, flying close to the sea’s surface. It almost merged together with the dark sea, and swiftly disappeared from the vicinity of West Point Island.

Shortly after Mag left, an ugly flying steed landed in the center of West Point Island. Alfred jumped down and made two big craters in the ground. He held a giant axe in his hand while he surveyed his surroundings warily, but relaxed a little after seeing that he was alone. He made one round on foot around the island to make sure there was no difference from the day that he left.

“What was that fellow Simmons trying to do?” Alfred snarled, feeling a little frustrated.

He was already very furious when the ritual was interrupted halfway. He didn’t expect the stone statue to be stolen too. Moreover, this fellow Simmons still dared to issue a challenge to him so arrogantly, thinking that he would take all his power. He had overestimated himself.

At first, he was still worried that this fellow would come here to set up traps in advance, but looking at it now, it didn’t seem like it.

“This will be your burial ground tomorrow night, Simmons. And I will become the most powerful person on the Demon Islands, or even on the Norland Continent,” Alfred said coldly before he left on his steed.

He didn't need any evil plot to deal with Simmons after absorbing half of the Power of the Dead. He just needed to punch him to death blow by blow.

\*\*\*

"What? You're not receiving any customers today? I've never heard that succubi could refuse a customer. I will kill you if you reject me. Nobody will care about a hussy who doesn't even have a protective amulet, even if you are dead."

A drunk demon kicked open the wooden door, and then slapped the succubus who was trying to stop him from coming in at the door to the floor. He grabbed her hair and tossed her onto the bed before taking off his clothes and smirked. "Lowly succubi are born to be the playthings of men. What rights do you have to reject me? You should be thankful that I am willing to give you business. I may even give you two copper coins after you make me comfortable to let you continue living your lowly life."

The succubus who was slapped stared at that demon with a swollen cheek viciously. She pursed her lips together quietly, but there was a hint of unwillingness and desperation in her eyes.

"Not making any sounds? I don't like dead fish." The demon raised his hand to give her another slap.

Pfff.

A section of a shiny blade pierced through his heart, and his actions stopped immediately. He stared at the blade of a knife that was poking out of his body in disbelief.

"It's you opinionated animals who are the lowly ones." A cold voice appeared behind him.

Before he could turn his head, the dagger was already removed, and fresh blood squirted out from his nose, mouth, and wounds. That demon clutched his heart and collapsed to the ground. He stopped breathing after twitching a few times.

"Sovereign of Succubi!" The eyes of that succubus lit up.

"Take your things and follow me," Angela said to that succubus lying on the bed.

"A-a-alright!" that succubus replied, and swiftly got off the bed. She took the cloth bundle that she had packed up in advance, and even kicked that demon on her way out.

The succubi's strike had caused the dissatisfaction of many demons.

They needed a place to vent on a hot night like this, but the succubi who were usually welcoming their customers at the door had shut them out.

The demons were not patient with a tribe that was weak and unprotected. Hence, they started to kick on the doors, and even took out their weapons in an attempt to demolish the huts.

A figure with a dagger appeared in the alley. It was a succubus that was younger and more beautiful than the usual ones they saw. The demons who were full of pent-up frustrations turned around and showed their hungry expressions.

Angela smirked at these demons and blinked her eyes, activating the "Eyes of Enchantment" on them.



The blade flashed, slashing open the demons' throats and stabbing into their hearts. In the blink of an eye, all the demons in the alley were slaughtered.

"Sisters, follow me!" Angela said to all the succubi who came out of their rooms with their bundles, and strode toward the harbor.

### **Chapter 1354: She Left With Her Sisters**

On Carapace Island, it wasn't a big deal when one or two demons died. Such incidents happened almost daily. There were always people who died silently in the night, and then were dumped into the sea with huge waves. Life continued on as usual the next day, and no demon would care.

Such incidents usually happened at the periphery of Carapace Island, and nobody cared about the demons who didn't have the money to buy the protective amulets.

However, if such incidents happened in the center of the island, and involved dozens of demons with protective amulets, that would not be a small matter.

The Ten Kings Palace that was already very flustered by the theft rushed to the Succubus' Alley as soon as they received the news. They saw the alley strewn with demons' bodies.

All the demons were killed with a single strike to the heart and throat. It was a very professional method of killing.

"Their gazes were spaced out. They should've been killed by a succubus when they were in a mesmerized state. Moreover, they should have died in the hands of the same succubus," a vampire said after crouching down and observing for a while.

"The succubi in the Succubus' Alley have all disappeared," someone reported very soon.

A shivarra shouted, "What are these lowly fellows thinking? Catch them all and interrogate them. Let's see if they were involved in the theft!"

"I can smell the scent of blood. Follow me." A pair of black wings spread out behind that vampire's back, and a thin red line of light appeared in his vision. He spread his wings and lifted his body up into the air. He looked toward the harbor, and just as he was about to say something...

Bam!

A brick flew out from nowhere, and hit that vampire right on his head. That vampire's head tilted to one side, and he crash-landed instantaneously. He fell to the ground, unconscious.

"Who's there?!"

The demons from Ten Kings Palace were shocked. Someone actually dared to act in front of them.

That 8th-tier shivarra who was speaking earlier leaped onto the roof at the side and looked around, but he still couldn't see who did it.

"It had to be that bunch of sluts. Search for them!" that shivarra screamed in exasperation as he ordered the demons to go search for the succubi.

Boom!

Right at that moment, a giant mushroom cloud appeared in the center of Carapace Island again, and the island shook once more.

“Damn it. It’s the Ten Kings Palace!” The shivarra and the other Ten Kings Palace demons’ faces went dark with anger. The same explosion at the same location. Could that fellow be back again?

The demons no longer cared about chasing after the succubi as they quickly converged toward the Ten Kings Palace.

Angela, who had almost reached the harbor with the succubi, turned around to look at the mushroom cloud that rose up in the center of Carapace Island, and her face lit up. It seemed like they had rather good luck. The Ten Kings Palace was targeted by a mysterious expert again. She was still worried that someone would be after them at first, but now the Ten Kings Palace wouldn’t have the time to bother with them anymore.

“You all slow down. I’ll go get a boat first.” Angela raised her hand to indicate to the succubi to slow down while she went to the biggest ship docked at the harbor.

The sailors guarding the ship were controlled by her easily. All the succubi boarded the ship shrouded by the fog, and left Carapace Island slowly.

Angela stood at the stern of the ship as she watched Carapace Island that was getting further and further away, and murmured, “It’s a pity we left in such a hurry. I couldn’t even say goodbye to the lady boss. I guess I have to make a trip back to Carapace Island after I get them settled in.”

*She’s still too young. She made such a small evacuation so dramatic.* Irina stood on the top of a cliff and sighed as she watched the ship sail away in the fog. If it weren’t for her who blew up the five remaining halls of the Ten Kings Palace, they might not even have been able to get away.

A green light flashed and Irina disappeared from the cliff.

“What’s going on again?”

Mag, who was closing in on Carapace Island on the griffin’s back, looked at the mushroom cloud that was rising up in the center of the island and the 10 completely flattened halls in a shock. Only Irina was capable of such a feat. He wondered what the Ten Kings Palace’s people had done to antagonize his precious wife again.

After making Ah Zi avoid the Ten Kings Palace’s surveillance, they landed on a cliff at the periphery of Carapace Island. Mag patted Ah Zi’s head, and let it go off and play by itself before dashing toward the restaurant.

The second explosion had demolished all the halls in Ten Kings Palace, and completely provoked the Ten Kings Palace. Its people were interrogating and arresting suspects everywhere.

Mag returned to the restaurant, and saw Irina digging a hole again.

Mag walked up and took a look at the three half-buried demons before asking, “What’s going on here again?”

“They were trying to take me and Little Amy away,” Irina answered.

“Dear, you’ve had a hard day. Leave this to me.” Mag quickly took the shovel over from Irina, and buried the demons while they watched him with terrified eyes.

“How did the people from Ten Kings Palace piss you off again?” Mag asked after they leveled the yard and went back in.

“They didn’t.” Irina shook her head.

“Didn’t?” Mag was befuddled, and then asked her with a strange expression, “Then why did you demolish the Ten Kings Palace again?”

“Oh. Angela left, so I set off a firework to send her off,” Irina said with a relaxed expression.

“Oh, I see...” Mag really didn’t know what else he should say. This answer sounded quite alright.

“Why did she leave suddenly? I still haven’t paid her her salary.” Mag suddenly grasped the core of matter. Angela left after only working for half a day. She had set the record as the shortest-term employee that he had ever had after opening the restaurant.

“She left with her sisters, so I couldn’t really stop them from going.”

“Forget it then.” Mag nodded too. It seemed like Angela had already contacted all the succubi, and brought them away from Carapace Island. It was a good thing for her too.

“How was the setup?” Irina asked.

“The setup was done. Tomorrow when shepherds quarrel, let us be the wolf that has the winning game.” Mag nodded with a smile.

“It sounds rather interesting.” Irina’s eyes lit up, and she showed an enthusiastic expression. There were only small fries on Carapace Island, which was no fun at all. However, things would be different when the targets changed to Alfred and Simmons. They were the big fishes.

\*\*\*

“Crayfish, oh crayfish. The peak of my professional career is going to depend on you.” Tony, who was still half-drunk, couldn’t sleep after he came back from the toilet. Hence, he decided to light up an oil lamp, sit in front of the desk, take out his pen and paper, and start to write his article.

The delicious crayfish and beer that night had brought him boundless inspiration. That exquisite taste which he had never experienced before was even worth writing a long essay on.

After calming himself down slightly, he began to write:

The Making of a Legend—The King of Prawns!

### **Chapter 1355: Maybe... She Simply Doesn’t Like Us**

After five years, Ten Kings Palace had lost all its great halls again.

The representatives from the top 10 tribes gathered in front of the ruins. They stared at one another in an awkward silence as they watched the injured personnel being carried out of the ruins.

"I heard Irina should be in Chaos City now, right?" a pale vampire asked in a hoarse voice.

"I wouldn't be surprised wherever she chooses to appear. It was just like how she suddenly appeared on Carapace Island, demolished the Ten Kings Palace, and emptied the gold vault five years ago," an elderly spatial demon said in a low voice.

All the demons' expressions became aggrieved and angry upon hearing that.

"But she had already emptied the vault and demolished five great halls earlier. Why did she come back to demolish the remaining five again today? Why is she so unreasonable?" a fear demon commented aggrievedly like a little girl who was bullied.

The other demons were furious too. They didn't understand why the other five halls were demolished too. There was no other valuable stuff in the Ten Kings Palace anymore.

"Maybe... she simply doesn't like us," a demon standing at the periphery mumbled softly.

All the demons descended into a silence again. This excuse was so reasonable that they had no way to refute it.

"What should we do now? Irina is targeting our Ten Kings Palace again and again. She kills, burns, and robs without any regard for us, the top 10 tribes. Let's declare war on the elves, otherwise I won't be able to resolve my hatred!" a shivarra said angrily.

A few demon representatives agreed instantly. They couldn't stand the fact that Ten Kings Palace was demolished twice.

"Irina is no longer the princess of the elves now. Wouldn't we be helping her if we go and attack the elves?" A vampire smirked.

"Furthermore, even though we all think Irina is the culprit, has anyone seen her with their own eyes? Did she leave behind any obvious evidence? If not, how could we say she has done it?" that vampire continued.

All the demons quieted down gradually. Now, they really had no idea how to avenge themselves. They could only continue to feel aggrieved.

"Since the Ten Kings Palace has already been demolished, I need to go back to report the situation to my tribe. As for whether we are going to continue to set up an office on Carapace Island, this will be decided by my tribe." A pair of black wings appeared behind the vampire. He flapped his wings and quickly disappeared on the dark horizon.

"Cowards. We can't depend on them." The abyss demon spat toward the back of the vampire before speaking to the rest of the demons, "We, the abyss demons, are not going to let Irina off easily. We're going to make her pay for what she did!"

"That's right. We, the shivarras, are not going to take this lying down, either. We don't care who she is!"

\*\*\*

The destruction of Ten Kings Palace obviously became the most important matter on Carapace Island.

However, to the majority of the demons, such matters didn't concern them at all. As long as the Ten Kings Palace's protective amulets still worked and Carapace Island hadn't sunk into the sea, the most important matter to them every day after they woke up was to earn money so they could save enough money to buy one protective amulet before the next month and continue to live a little more safely.

Earning money had never been easy on Carapace Island, so survival had become a difficult task too.

However, a saying "Catch crayfish if you wanna get rich" began to spread on Carapace Island recently. 50 copper coins for one crayfish became the latest get-rich-quick shortcut for the demons on Carapace Island.

Apparently, there were already demons who had earned thousands or even tens of thousands of copper coins within the two, three days. This was something unfathomable to the majority of the demons.

Therefore, even though the Ten Kings Palace had begun to conduct a rigorous search on the island, it still didn't dampen the fishermen's enthusiasm. The beaches were crowded with demons, and everyone was looking under every rock that a crayfish could hide. Some even jumped into the sea to search for them.

And Mag, who'd created this craze, was writing an announcement in his study as soon as he woke up in the morning.

"Are you planning to share the recipes of the crayfish?" Irina, who appeared out of nowhere to stand behind Mag, asked with astonishment after she glanced at the announcement on the desk.

"Yes. Enjoying happiness alone is not as happy as sharing it. The demons and inhabitants on Carapace Island and the Demon Islands would not be able to enjoy the crayfish after we left. How pitiful is that." Mag nodded with a smile.

"You have never wanted to share any of your recipes when we were in Chaos City," Irina said suspiciously.

"We have to earn money in Chaos City. I'm taking that I am doing charity here." Mag smiled and put down the pen. He looked at the words that he had deliberately written with an ugly handwriting. The content was very simple. From today onward, he was going to recruit 10 apprentices and teach them how to cook crayfish. The teaching period was three days, and the charge was 500 copper coins.

The 500 copper coins were only collected for show and to eliminate those people who wanted to register for fun. Moreover, he was still going to do a selection for these 10 apprentices. He wasn't going to take in any Tom, Dick, and Harry.

According to his agreement with the system, he needed to raise the crayfish's prestige, and ensure the demons on the Demon Islands would maintain the habit of eating crayfish.

Now, the crayfish's fame was already slowly spreading on Carapace Island. However, in order to maintain the popularity or increase its influence, the crayfish had to form a certain level of industrial cluster effect. Having more crayfish restaurants on Carapace Island was the simplest way.

8 am, which was time to purchase the crayfish in bulk again, arrived. Mag went out with the announcement, and he, too, got a shock when he saw a line hundreds of meters long. There were at least 500 demons lining up at the door. Was everybody joining in the beachcombing craze?

Mag stuck the announcement on the door before purchasing the crayfish as usual.

Kitar had only caught 20 crayfish last night as there were simply too many demons catching crayfish throughout the night, and he felt as if there were more demons than crayfish. He only managed to catch a few after he ventured to further locations based on his previous beachcombing experience. After receiving Mag's money, he curiously asked, "What did you write on that, Boss? I'm illiterate, so could you please tell me about it?"

Many fishermen were also looking at Mag curiously. Literate demons on Carapace Island were rare.

"I intend to recruit 10 apprentices to assist me in the crayfish restaurant. Of course, I will be teaching them how to cook crayfish," Mag explained smilingly.

"Will we be paid for doing this?" a demon asked.

"If you are selected, you will have to pay me 500 copper coins as school fees." Mag nodded.

"We still have to pay?" All demons lost their interests upon hearing that. They could already buy a protective amulet with 500 copper coins. Being an apprentice here wouldn't bring money, and they still had to pay money instead. They might as well use this time to go catch crayfish, and they could easily earn 100-200 copper coins for a few of them.

### **Chapter 1356: I Want To Be A Chef Too!**

An apprehensive expression appeared on Kitar's face. He could only stand to the side after the demon behind him hurried him off, but he didn't go away, and instead he watched Mag pay for the crayfish.

There were so many people catching crayfish now, and he only managed to catch 20 for the whole night, and it was going to diminish. One day, he wouldn't be able to catch any, and he would have to go back to being a miserable fisherman who only managed to scrape by.

However, if he learned how to cook crayfish, that would be a different story. That boss who also paid 50 copper coins for each of the tens of thousands crayfish every day was in fact earning tens of thousands of copper coins per day.

Although the fisherman didn't know about business, he could still see who was earning more.

Kitar only approached Mag after he was done collecting the crayfish from all the fishermen. As he helped Mag pour the crayfish into the big pond, he asked, "Boss, do you think I can do it? I would like to learn how to cook crayfish from you."

"You?" Mag put down the crayfish's cages and sized up Kitar seriously. This young demon fisherman could be considered as one of the first crayfish catchers. He was full of zeal, and had caught way more crayfish than the normal fishermen. Mag nodded. "You can try it out if you are interested."

"Really?" Kitar's eyes lit up. He was only testing the waters, and he didn't expect Mag to agree.

"If you really want to learn, I hope you come here with a serious attitude. I don't want to waste time on a demon who isn't serious," Mag said to Kitar gravely.

"Yes. I will definitely learn seriously." Kitar quickly nodded. He took out his money bag, dug out five gold coins, and passed them to Mag solemnly.

"Go home and shower first, then come back at 10 am," Mag said after keeping the gold coins.

"Alrighty." Kitar nodded, but he wasn't in a hurry to leave. He helped Mag pour the rest of the prawns into the pond before leaving. His clothes were drenched by seawater, and they were full of dirt. He indeed should go home for a bath.

There were four, five demons who came to ask Mag after that. He rejected two of them, and accepted 500 copper coins from the other three. He told them to come back at 10 am later.

"Boss Hades, are you really going to teach people how to cook crayfish?" Ivan poked his head over from the adjacent yard. He was staring at Mag in shock. Why was Hades teaching others about such good business?

"Yes." Mag nodded with a smile. "Seems like everyone likes the taste of crayfish, so if I teach more demons to cook crayfish, even more demons will be able to have the delicious crayfish."

Ivan turned to look at the house before softly asking Mag, "Then can I learn too? Do you think I can do it?"

Mag surveyed Ivan. He had a good impression of the rock troll family of three from next door. However, although rock trolls were strong, they were known to be clumsy. It wasn't beneath Ivan to operate this huge wok, but whether he could reach the standards would be a problem.

"Although I'm not a fast learner, I am very patient. As long as you are willing to teach me, I can definitely master it," Ivan promised as he slapped his chest. Then, he turned to look at the house before saying in a hushed voice, "My son and I have fallen in love with the crayfish you make, and we have started to change our shells after eating your crayfish. If I learned how to make it, my family status would increase substantially, and I could hold my head up high in front of my wife."

Mag looked at Ivan, and out of pity for a poor man without any familial status, he smiled and nodded. "Alright. You can come over at 10 am too."

"Alrighty." An elated expression flashed across Ivan's face before he bent down and dug around under the stone at the first pillar of the fence. He quickly retrieved a rock and broke it in half. A few glittering gold coins rolled out from within.

"You know, right. It's not easy to hide some personal savings." Ivan counted five gold coins, and placed the rest into his pocket before passing them to Mag, who had a shocked expression.

"I know. I know." Mag took the money, still feeling a little amazed. This bro really was a genius. However... why was there a pathetic feeling?

Ivan sighed, and meaningfully said, "Sigh. You're still young, Boss. Remember to save more for yourself when you still have some familial status now."

Mag held in his laughter as he pondered about how to answer.

“Hey, come in and help me hang the clothes!” A frustrated voice came from the house next door.

Ivan’s expression fell. He waved at Mag before walking back to the house. He immediately broke into a smile as soon as he reached the door and his footsteps became lighter.

Looking at Ivan’s back, Mag secretly thought, why did it sometimes feel better to be single?

Mag’s notice attracted plenty of attention from the demons. The crayfish’s superb business in these few days had attracted plenty of envy. Some demons on Carapace Island had even counted that the crayfish restaurant could earn at least 50,000 copper coins per day. That was a huge sum, and no other restaurant had earned so much before.

Mag decided to put quality before quantity, so he had only accepted a total of six apprentices before 10 am.

“Dear, the boss next door is having a class, so I’m going over to have a look. Maybe the task of rescuing us rock trolls would befall onto me,” Ivan said while he massaged Gemina’s stocky leg, and observed her reaction carefully.

“You want to learn how to cook? Are you thinking that my turtle stew is horrible?” Gemina’s razor-sharp gaze landed on Ivan.

“Of course not. The turtle stew that Dear makes is the most scrumptious food in the whole world.” Ivan swiftly shook his head before gravely saying, “However, I have been thinking that we have to spend 100 copper coins for one crayfish if we go over to Boss Mag. But if I learned how to make it, regardless if we go catch the crayfish ourselves or buy them from beachcombers, it would save us a lot of money. If we could get our tribe’s people to catch the crayfish together and let me cook them, isn’t it going to be very easy for our tribe to embark on our journey to revival?”

“What you said makes sense too.” Gemina showed a pondering expression.

Justin, who was responsible for massaging Gemina’s shoulders, poked his head over and excitedly said, “Father, bring me along too. I want to be a chef too! I want to learn how to cook crayfish too!”

“You’re not allowed to go.” Gemina smacked Justin before saying to Ivan, “You go.”

“Alrighty.” Ivan’s eyes lit up, and he quickly walked out of the house. When he reached the door, he regrettably said, “If I had known Dear would’ve agreed so easily, I should never have used my own savings to pay the school fees. Now, not only I lost the money, I still have to think how to explain where the money came from later...”

### **Chapter 1357: Boss Hades, Can I Bother You With Something...**

Cooking a scrumptious dish with crayfish wasn’t an easy matter. Even for Mag who was a rare genius, he was still tortured to the brink of death in the test field for the God of Cookery. He had only mastered the dishes after many trials. Giving a group of demons a three-day-long accelerated class to teach them how to make crayfish wasn’t an easy task.



Hence, after Mag gathered 10 members of the accelerated class at the very last minute, he split them into three small groups of 3-3-4. Each group would learn one crayfish's flavor, and it wouldn't be the complete version. Instead, they would be learning about the simplified and accelerated version.

Of course, the simplified version was simplified very technically. The spices that were hard to find on the Demon Islands were removed and replaced by some locally produced spices. The cooking methods were then simplified to make the cooking easier while not affecting the crayfish's taste and texture.

"Thirteen-spice crayfish." Kitar was rather delighted to hear the team that he was assigned to. Although he could only learn one of crayfish's cooking methods, as long as he could master it, there would be customers who like it.

"I didn't expect I would get the spicy crayfish. My favorite is the spicy crayfish," Ivan murmured, similarly happy. The delicious spicy crayfish had already become his favorite dish. As long as he could master it, it could become the food craze of the rock troll tribe.

The other demons also had an expectant look on their faces. Many of them were the customers of the crayfish restaurant. They were mesmerized by the crayfish's scrumptiousness after trying it, and they decided to try it after reading the announcement. If they could indeed master it, regardless of whether it was on Carapace Island or on another island, it would be a very valuable life skill.

Mag gestured for them to quiet down before he walked to the pond. He scooped a crayfish out, and said, "Alright, the teams are formed. Now, let us go to the part on how the crayfish is cooked. The first step is to clean and process the crayfish. Firstly, we have to put the crayfish that we bought into clear water and leave them there a few hours..."

Washing, opening the back, deveining. Mag had spent quite some time on explaining how to process the crayfish alone. He even did a detailed demonstration.

Ingredient processing was the beginning of a dish and the most important cornerstone. Even though it was an accelerated class, Mag didn't want to just get it over with. After all, these apprentices would be bearing his name when they ventured out in the future. He didn't want to damage his reputation.

As if they could sense Mag's serious attitude, all the demon apprentices were paying serious attention too. Some even took out a notebook to take down notes.

"Set the processed crayfish to one side, and marinate it with some raw ginger before preparing the ingredients we need. First, let us see what ingredients the spicy crayfish need..."

Then, Mag began to teach them how to cook the crayfish. Chili could be obtained easily on the Demon Islands, but sichuan peppers were rare or even nonexistent. However, the spicy crayfish would lose half of its soul if sichuan pepper was not added. Hence, he had to negotiate with the system and buy some sichuan peppers from it before selling them to the other demons. He would then give them some sichuan pepper seeds to cultivate on their own.

As for garlic crayfish, it was much simpler. Even though the majority of the demons didn't like to eat garlic, it wasn't a rare ingredient, and was very easy to cultivate.

As for the thirteen-spice, it was indeed the greatest problem that Mag had encountered.

Obviously, he couldn't supply the thirteen-spice powder directly to the demons. He would be leaving after a few days, and the distance between them would make it impossible for them to form a relationship of a stable supplier and customers.

Therefore, Mag had to choose dozens of the commonly seen spices from the Demon Islands and mix them according to the system's recommended amounts and his own experience into the alternate-world version of thirteen-spice.

Frankly speaking, the thirteen-spice that was short of certain special spices was slightly lacking in fragrance and texture, but the aroma was still considered rich, and had achieved the distinguishing feature of numb, spicy, fresh, fragrant, and sweet. It was already very outstanding as a reformulated version of thirteen-spice.

Mag had only taught about the cooking methods of the spicy crayfish before the lunch service started.

"Did you all get it?" Mag asked Ivan and the other two demons.

"My eyes got it." Ivan nodded honestly.

The other two demons also scratched their heads embarrassedly. Although the boss taught in a very detailed and serious manner, they could only roughly remember the procedures. They were not confident to do it themselves.

"It's fine. We all have to learn cooking from watching first. You all still have three days. As long as you pay serious attention, you would be able to get it." Mag smiled. He looked at the time, and said, "If you have nothing else to do in the afternoon, you can watch me cook crayfish at the side. The version that I've taught you is a simplified one. As for the complete version, you can watch for yourself. How much you can learn will depend on yourself."

All the demons' eyes lit up upon hearing that. They all said they were free to stay on and continue learning.

The lunch service was as busy as usual. As the crayfish restaurant got more and more famous, more and more demons on Carapace Island began to hear that many customers were still coming even though the crayfish were selling at 100 copper coins each. Hence, they all came because they were curious.

Tony and Steve also came to the crayfish restaurant today. After pulling an all-nighter to write his manuscript, Tony slept till noon before he got up. He dragged Steve to the crayfish restaurant as soon as he woke up. He said he had to eat some more crayfish for inspiration so he could better edit his article.

"Steve, you may not believe me, but after writing that manuscript last night, I feel that my life has already reached its peak. I may never write another essay as good as that ever again," Tony said to Steve excitedly with a pair of dark eye circles.

"You should take me out for a trip when you receive your bonus for this month's manuscript." Steve chuckled.

Tony patted his chest, and promised, "Sure. If this article becomes popular, wherever you want to go or eat, just say it."

"You promised. Don't blame me for going all out then."

\*\*\*

Mag wandered in between the three big woks, and cooked the crayfish with three different flavors at the same time easily.

The 10 demon apprentices watched him diligently from a short distance. Their gazes began to fill with admiration, and their faces were full of awe.

Justin and Gemina went to the crayfish restaurant, and just as they were about to enter, Justin saw the notice at the door. He halted, and curiously asked, "Mother, look? It said you have to give 500 copper coins to register as an apprentice. Is Father hiding money behind your back again?"

"Ha. He's dead meat." Gemina smirked coldly, and her gaze locked onto Ivan in the yard.

Ivan, who was watching Mag cook the crayfish intently, suddenly shivered and looked out instinctively. He met Gemina's killer gaze head-on, and his expression instantly changed slightly. He suddenly realized something, shifted behind Mag in small steps, and whispered, "Boss Hades, can I bother you with something..."

### **Chapter 1358: Nuclear Button**

Mag deeply sympathized with a married man's strong instinct for survival, so he agreed to cover up Ivan's lies for him.

After the lunch service was over, Mag smiled at Gemina, who was clutching the fence and glaring at Ivan, and said, "Miss Gemina, Mr. Ivan said he wanted to learn how to cook crayfish from me. I took him in because I think that he has the aptitude for it. However, he needs to submit 500 copper coins for registration. He said the finances are all held in your hands, so I wonder if you could pay me."

"He didn't give the money to Mr. Hades?" Gemina glanced at Ivan suspiciously.

"What're you talking about, Dear? Do I look like someone who has a huge sum of 500 copper coins?" Ivan slapped his chest with an honest expression. Because he used too much force, a gold coin fell out accidentally.

The gold coin glared under the sunlight as it drew a perfect parabola. It landed in front of Gemina and spun on the ground.

Ivan's expression and body froze at that very instant. His fear gradually turned worse as he stared at that gold coin which was still spinning.

Mag was a little taken aback too. He gave Ivan a piteous look. It seemed like this bro could only pray for help now.

"N-no. Dear, listen to me." Ivan attempted to struggle.

Bam!

Gemina stamped that gold coin into the rock with her foot before she turned and walked toward the house. A cold voice could be heard next. "Don't come home before you master cooking crayfish."

"Do you think I still have half of my life?" Ivan tentatively asked Mag.

“That would depend on whether you could master it.” Mag tried his best not to laugh.

“Aye, such is life. She was such an innocent and adorable young maiden then. How did she become a shrew...” Ivan sighed. Life was indeed unpredictable.

The first day, Mag didn’t let the demons try their hands on cooking. After all, a crayfish cost 500 copper coins each. He would be losing money if they tried their hands on too many of them. Hence, he only let them do the most basic cleaning tasks as they couldn’t even reach Mag’s standards for deveining.

“Alright, that’s all for today’s lesson. If you want to try your hands on cooking tomorrow, you could buy your own crayfish or try out your luck at the beach tonight to look for tomorrow’s cooking ingredients.” Mag smiled at all of them in the evening.

Although all the demons were a little startled, they didn’t comment once they thought about the cost of a crayfish. 500 copper coins wouldn’t last them more than a few trials.

“Boss, could you please draw me a blueprint of this wok? I would like to get a blacksmith to make an identical one for me so I could practice at home,” Kitar asked Mag only after all the others had left.

“Of course.” Mag nodded. He got some pen and paper, and swiftly drew a wok’s blueprint for Kitar. This young fisherman indeed had a great zeal. He tried to do all the work and asked questions whenever he didn’t understand. He could be considered as an excellent apprentice.

“Thank you, Boss.” Kitar kept the blueprint gravely before bidding farewell to Mag, and left with great enthusiasm. He felt he had learned a lot today, and needed to go home to digest everything properly. He had to go and catch some crayfish tonight too.

Because the demons from Ten Kings Palace who came to investigate the crayfish restaurant were all buried, it was all peace and quiet in the restaurant while the storm raged on outside.

That night, Mag closed the doors in advance with the excuse that the crayfish were sold out.

“Amy, I need to go out with your mother for an errand tonight. Is it fine that Ugly Duckling and you stay home and watch *Tom and Jerry*?” Mag took out a tablet and tapped on the screen. It started to play the first episode of *Tom and Jerry*.

“Woah, there are a bluish-gray big cat and a little brown mouse hiding in here!” Amy stared at the screen curiously.

“Meow!” Ugly Duckling also came up enthusiastically and huddled in Amy’s arms as if it had seen its own kind.

“Let’s go. I think they could watch this for the whole night.” Mag tilted his head to look at Irina.

“Haha. That cat is so stupid. It’s even more stupid than Ugly Duckling...” Irina was already crouching next to Amy and laughing away.

“...” Mag.

It was indeed an existence that was popular with all ages. Mag sighed and dragged Irina away from the tablet after she was done watching the first episode.

“How did you stuff the cat and mouse into such a small thing?” Irina asked Mag curiously while they were on Ah Zi’s back.

“They’re just images, and not a real cat and mouse.” Mag shook his head with a smile. This was the new toy that he bought from the system for 10,000 copper coins—*Tom and Jerry* limited edition tablet.

Although it could only be used to watch *Tom and Jerry*, it was a cartoon that had over 100 episodes, and could be repeated in an endless loop from any episode. Furthermore, one wouldn’t be sick of it, so it was an excellent toy to entertain children.

“Is it alright to leave Amy alone in the restaurant?” Irina turned around to look at Carapace Island.

“It’s fine. I’ve done some arrangements in the restaurant.” Mag nodded. The restaurant’s automatic defense’s level had already reached 9th-tier, and Amy just had to stay home and watch cartoons. Moreover, there were no 10th-tier powerhouses on Carapace Island now.

Irina didn’t ask further after hearing that. She knew very well that Mag loved Amy more than she did, and wouldn’t place her in danger.

Moreover, the matter they had to do tonight was very dangerous, so it was really not convenient to bring Amy along.

The griffin burst through the clouds, and flew at a high altitude toward West Point Island.

Meanwhile, Alfred was on a ship making his way to West Point Island. There were only one crew member at the stern and a giant porcupine battle boar in the middle of the ship.

“Simmons, this fellow, had better bring the stone statue along. Otherwise, I will get back the statue even if I have to bathe the Flaming Tribe in blood!” Alfred said as he clenched his fists. Scary black lines began to appear on his face, and his eyes became blood-red.

The abyss demon who was steering the ship at the back was looking at Alfred fearfully. The chief looked a little different today. He made him scared and fearful.

On the other side, Simmons was sitting on a flamingo bird with a dark expression. The raging flames on both their bodies made half of the sky red.

“Even though Alfred is known to be lecherous and brutal, why does he want to lure me here? Both the abyss demons and flaming demons want to restart the racial war, so what is he planning to do?”

Simmons murmured. After some pondering, a frustrated expression appeared on Simmons’ face.

“Charlene had better be alright, or else I’m not letting him off today!”

The flamingo bird quickly approached the sky of West Point Island from the northeast. Its speed and altitude decreased rapidly at the same time.

“Oh. They’ve arrived earlier than expected. Seems like I’ve got to activate the ejection system,” Mag lamented before taking a controller out from his pocket. He looked at Alfred who was sitting on the porcupine battle boar in the center of the island and the flamingo bird near the beach before pressing on the nuclear button.

**Chapter 1359: Could This Be The Long-Lost Buddha’s Wrath...**

“Charlene’s head. Aim and fire!”

After the system’s reminder tone sounded, Charlene’s head, which was already half revealed from the sand, shot out toward the flaming bird.

The visibility on West Point Island wasn’t high in the foggy night.

Simmons only sensed something flying toward him, and he reached out to grab it instinctively. Just as he was about to jeer at Alfred’s awkward sneak attack, he suddenly realized he was holding onto a head.

Fresh red blood flowed down from the head, and he could see the head’s features clearly with the flame’s glow. The thin lips, seductive eyes, and the hopeless and desperate expression. Wasn’t this his favorite concubine, Charlene!

“Charlene!!”

Simmons roared furiously as he stared at that face with a hopeless expression from before her death. He could imagine what kind of torture and mistreatment she had endured before her death!

He initially thought Alfred wouldn’t mistreat Charlene because of him and the Flaming Demons. He didn’t expect he would go to this extreme end!

“Alfred, I’m going to tear you into pieces!” Flames rose up in Simmons’ hands, and turned that head into ashes instantly, while his figure suddenly became a few meters taller. He had transformed into a four meters tall flaming giant surrounded by burning red flames. His gaze locked onto Alfred and the porcupine battle boar in the center of the island. He dived downward on the flamingo bird like a meteor on fire.

Meanwhile, Alfred was staring at half of the stone statue that was shattered into pieces in front of him in a daze. The black stone statue had obviously lost all its power, and the remaining half of the Power of the Dead was missing.

“How dare you steal my Power of the Dead, Simmons!! I’m going to kill you today, and then eat you up to get that remaining half of the Power of the Dead back!” Alfred snapped his head up and locked his red gaze onto the flamingo bird that was diving down. He used the side of his ax to slap the porcupine battle boar’s butt, and that three-meter-tall and 10-odd-meter-long giant porcupine battle boar started to run. The whole West Point Island began to tremble as if it was going to sink into the sea anytime soon.

The flamingo that dived downward along with flames and the porcupine battle boar that was as heavy as the abyss clashed.

The flamingo opened its mouth and spat out a red flame, which burned out the trench on the ground. Even the rocks were turned into ashes.

The thick barbs on the porcupine battle boar’s neck were shot like crossbow arrows as it dashed forward, and they rained down on the flamingo.

The porcupine battle boar ran into the area covered by the flames. Its pace slowed down obviously as its feet were melted in the melting red lava. White steam and a burning stench also emerged from its body.

As the flamingo was diving downward, it couldn't maneuver itself away from the thick spikes after spitting out the flames. It was pierced by multiple spikes instantaneously, and fell down from the sky.

Simmons took the opportunity to jump from the flamingo's back. He had three fireballs of gold, red, and purple in his hands. He suddenly brought them together, and the three fireballs merged together mysteriously to form a tricolor lotus flower. He pointed it toward Alfred, who had similarly jumped off the porcupine battle boar.

The tricolor lotus flew out and instantly appeared right in front of Alfred!

Boom...

A loud explosion was accompanied by tricolored flames, and West Point Island obviously sank a little into the sea. Everything around it was returned to nothing.

"Could this be the long-lost Buddha's Wrath..." Mag, who brokered this battle, mumbled in disbelief as he watched from the sky with a telescope.

"Is he dead?" Irina was also holding a high-power telescope. Surprised, she then commented, "However, that fellow Simmons' power has indeed increased a little. I remembered he could only bring two fireballs together when I saw him previously. He could actually use three now."

"Charlene, I have killed this fellow and avenged you," Simmons said melancholically as he hovered in midair and looked downward with flames on his body.

"Ha. You tried to kill me with such a simple trick, Simmons? Although you have absorbed the other half of the Power of the Dead, it seems like you weren't recognized by the master." A chilling voice appeared from below.

The flames and smoke dissipated slowly, and Alfred, whose arm was raised across his chest, also appeared in their vision. Whiffs of black Ghost's Aura circulating around him like ribbons. They had removed most of the offensive power earlier. Although his clothes were in tatters, there were no obvious injuries on his body.

"He's still alive." Mag cocked an eyebrow. Even though he had already expected Alfred, who had made a deal with the devil, would be stronger, he actually didn't suffer any serious injuries under such an intense attack. His strength surprised Mag.

"H-how is this possible?!"

Simmons was equally shocked. This was already his most powerful attack. Although Alfred was strong, he couldn't have withstood his attack so easily.

"Now, it's my turn!"

A red gleam flashed in Alfred's red eyes. The huge black ax was lifted slowly, and the black Ghost's Aura immediately twirled around it. It formed a gigantic black skull on top of that huge ax.

"Alfred, did you sell yourself to the devil?!" Simmons exclaimed as he was suddenly reminded of something when he looked at that black skull.

"It's too late to act dumb now. I am going to kill you and then eat you up," Alfred said coldly before swinging his ax downward.

A black circular blade began to slash toward Simmons in midair. That gigantic black skull instantly dispersed into countless little black skulls, and rushed toward Simmons in a cluster following the circular blade.

"You will be the enemy of this entire world when you make a deal with the devil!" Simmons roared as he backed off rapidly. At the same time, he took off the fire beads bracelet on his wrist and scattered them. 10 fire beads formed a line, and then went straight toward that eerie blade of light before exploding one by one.

Golden flames began to explode into dazzling fireworks. After 10 loud explosions, the black circular blade that was only one-third of its original size went through the firewall in front of Simmons and landed on him. It chopped off his right arm instantly.

"No!"

Simmons cried out in pain, and retreated dozens of meters backward. He looked at his severed arm, and a cluster of black aura was already rapidly climbing up toward his shoulder from the wound.

"Damn!"

Simmons' face went white. He hesitated briefly before chopping off the remaining half of his arm himself, and burned the wound with flames. He charred the flesh to stop the bleeding.

And just when he had completed this series of moves, Alfred had appeared behind him out of nowhere. He lifted the giant ax above his head and smirked. "Go to hell!"

Simmons' face paled, but it soon became determined. He punched himself in his heart, and his blood began to rush throughout his body like erupting lava. He furiously said, "I'm going to take you along with me even if I die!"

"Self-detonation? Ha, you're not going to have that chance." Alfred smirked, and his ax swung down without any hesitation.

"Right now, Holy Light!" Mag, who had been watching a good show, suddenly shouted.

### **Chapter 1360: Justice May Come Late**

"Holy Light, do you see that damned fatty?"

A gentle chanting sounded. A beam of Holy Light tore through the dark night, and landed on Alfred accurately.

The black fog that was shrouding him and the giant ax was extinguished instantly. It retreated back into his body like a tide, and let out a few excruciating screams. Alfred's actions halted obviously for an instant, and there was a pained expression on his face.

And right at this time, the blood that had been accelerating throughout his body finally reached the self-detonation point. He lost control and exploded while staring at the Holy Light with a shocked gaze.



Boom!

This loud explosion was far bigger than any of his previous attacks. Even the power of that tricolored fire lotus wasn't its match.

Simmons' body was splintered into bits and pieces instantly by the explosion. The raging flames and shock waves shrouded Alfred who was in shock and right next to him.

The entire West Point Island had finally collapsed completely in this explosion after withstanding so many of them. It sank into the sea gradually, and the explosion's shock waves shattered the ship that was docked at the other end of the island. At the same time, it also shattered that terrified abyss demon.

"Ah Zi, it's our turn now!" Mag unsheathed his longsword and gently patted Ah Zi's back.

"Howl..."

Ah Zi let out a happy cry and transformed into a purple lightning. It dashed down toward the center of the explosion which was still covered in flames. A purple light shield came up and protected Mag and Irina on its back when it dived headlong into the flames and dust.

"Cough..."

A weak coughing sound could be heard, and Ah Zi flew in that direction alertly. It spread its wings, and the surrounding flames and dust were pushed to the sides. Alfred, who was struggling as he leaned on a giant rock that was exposed in the sea, was revealed.

Alfred, who had looked so high and mighty earlier, had lost a leg and was charred all over. He looked pathetic as there wasn't any intact skin on him.

He suddenly looked at the griffin and Mag and Irina who were sitting on its back. He threw out a mouthful of blood with a shocked and angry expression, and said, "Alex! Irina! Why are you two here?!"

The Holy Light that suddenly appeared had actually caused his Power of the Dead to lose its effect momentarily, and he had faltered at that instant when he could've stopped Simmons from self-detonating. He had taken the impact of Simmons' self-detonation without any preparation, and he barely survived relying on his thick hide and armor.

He should have thought that it was Irina as soon as he encountered the holy light. However, he simply couldn't fathom how Irina and Alex, who were supposed to be in Chaos City, suddenly appeared here.

"Well, we can't say it's a coincidence. After all, we set this up today. Since you guys have had enough interaction, we should come out to do an ending and finish this good show. Furthermore, you should have expected this when you did that to me then." Mag smiled. He sounded like a villain speaking like this.

"You two stole the stone statue!" Alfred's face tightened with anger as he suddenly realized his fight with Simmons was in fact Alex and Irina's plot.

"Only a fellow like you would make a deal with the devil. Do you think we will need that thing?" Irina said to Alfred coldly as she raised the magic caster's staff in her right hand. "Alfred, you abyss demons

had committed unforgivable crimes against us elves when the demons invaded Wind Forest then, and you guys have harmed and enslaved countless wandering elves in the last 100 years. Today, I shall judge you on behalf of God of Life and purify your dirty soul and body!”

“Irina, you have been chased out of the Wind Forest, and your name was erased by the elves. You’re no longer Princess of the Elves. What right do you have to judge me?! If you kill me, the abyss demons are not going to let the two of you off!” Alfred shouted furiously. His serious injuries rendered him completely unable to move and evade. Whiffs of the black Ghost’s Aura rushed out from his body and into those wounds, trying to repair his body as quickly as possible.

“Holy Light, that evil seems to be worth a fight. I order you in the name of the God of Light. Purify his soul and exile his body forever!” Irina raised the magic caster’s staff above her head and chanted with a holy and solemn expression.

The dazzling Holy Light converged at the tip of the magic caster’s staff, and then shone onto Alfred’s body.

“No...”

Accompanied by Alfred’s screams, the black Ghost’s Aura quickly dissipated under the Holy Light’s purification, and Alfred’s body began to disintegrate under the glare of the Holy Light.

The terrifying screams reverberated throughout the entire territory. The pain of purifying the body with Holy Light was worse than the so-called death by a thousand cuts[1].

Three short minutes later, the Holy Light was retrieved, and only a charred skin of Alfred was left on that giant rock.

“Justice may come late, but it will never be absent.” Irina kept her magic caster’s staff slowly as she looked at Alfred’s skin.

Two names were struck off from Irina’s must-kill list together at once. Mag softly said to Irina, “They’re both dead. Let’s go.”

“Mm-hm.” Irina nodded. She waved her hand, and a green-colored wind blew across the tattered skin that Alfred had left behind, erasing any traces that might hint at the Holy Light’s presence.

Ah Zi spread its wings and flew close to the sea’s surface for some distance before it suddenly took off and dashed into the clouds.

The intense fight that broke out on West Point Island swiftly attracted the attention from the nearby islands.

The abyss demons and flaming demons were rather close to West Point Island, so both groups reached West Point Island almost at the same time. All the demons were shocked to see the sunken West Point Island. Even though West Point Island wasn’t big, it was an island that had existed for tens of thousands of years. How could it have sunk so easily?

Very soon, an abyss demon discovered the charred skin that was hanging on the rock, and exclaimed in a shaky voice, “T-this is the chief’s aura!”

“The chief is dead!”

All the abyss demons’ faces went dark with anger. This was a huge matter for the abyss demons. How did their powerful chief die here? He didn’t even leave behind a complete body.

The flaming demons were shocked to hear that the abyss demons’ chief was dead. Who dared to kill the abyss demons’ chief in their territory?

“This was the internal fire that would only be produced when we flaming demons self-detonated. That loud explosion earlier...” a slightly older flaming demon said in a grave voice.

“Isn’t this the chief’s tablet?!” A flaming demon picked up a fiery red order tablet’s fragment on a rock that protruded out from the seawater. It even lit up with flame when it was picked up.

“Could it be our chief who has self-detonated?!” a flaming demon exclaimed.

The entire area suddenly descended into a silence!