

Stay At home 1311

Chapter 1311: We Will Have This Big Shrimpy

"This world will fall under my rule eventually. The Army of the Dead has already embarked on their journey..."

That was the last sentence that Mag heard before he got himself out of that vortex. He opened his eyes and stumbled two steps back instinctively before looking into Irina's blue eyes.

"Are you okay?" Irina grabbed Mag's hand to prevent him from losing his balance. She looked at him worriedly. "You were mesmerized by that skull."

"I'm fine." Mag shook his head. Only then did he realize that his back was totally soaked by his sweat.

That skeleton man flew into a rage after he asked that question. Boundless black fog flooded the hall, and legions and legions of skeleton cavalry charged at him, leaving him nowhere to hide.

If it weren't for that beam of light that pierced through the hall's dome roof at the very last second and blasted him out, he might not have made it back.

Mag glanced at the shattered stone statue lying on the floor without the black fog. Such a violent strike must have been the handiwork of Irina, who was holding onto his hand.

"I'm fine. I have been careless." Mag shook his head apologetically. He had underestimated this stone statue. He thought it should be fine since it was smashed to bits, but he had still fallen into its trap.

"Bad stone statue, stupid stone statue. How dare you bully my father? I'm going to burn you down to ashes!" Amy, who was standing at a side, threw a fireball onto it, and the flame quickly turned the statue into a pile of white ashes. Its existence was completely erased.

"What did you see?" Irina asked Mag.

"Let's talk after we get up there. We should leave now," Mag said. He pondered as he looked at the pile of white ashes. He took out a dustpan, swept up all the ashes, and brought them along with him.

After they got up into the mobile restaurant, Mag let Amy burn that three-headed demon hound with flame magic before driving the mobile restaurant into the sea.

"Father, that stupid dog is already dead. Why are we burning it again?" Amy asked, a little puzzled. Irina was also looking at Mag curiously.

"If we could create a crack in the alliance between the Abyss Demons and the Flaming Demons, or even break it apart, this would be a good thing for this world's peace," Mag said with a smile. Since Alfred was already unhappy with the Flaming Demons, he wouldn't mind giving them a push to make them turn against each other.

"Given Alfred's brain, he would definitely believe this was done by the Flaming Demons." Irina smiled and looked at Mag with approval. This was indeed a good strategy.

“Earlier on, I was pulled into a mysterious black hall...” Mag told Irina what he had experienced earlier. The elves were a very ancient species. Their extremely long lives allowed them to possess more coherent history and heritage than humans. As the elf princess, she might know something.

“The Army of the Dead has already embark on their journey...” Irina repeated Mag’s last sentence as she furrowed her beautiful brows. She shook her head after thinking for a while. “The legend about making a deal with the devil was narrated to me by my mother when I was young. But I couldn’t remember if she had mentioned the Army of the Dead. I haven’t read many ancient elven books.”

“Guess we will need to spend more time to find out what this sentence means.” Mag was a little disappointed. There wasn’t a shortcut for him to take.

“If there is a need, I can make a trip back to Wind Forest. Although the queen is still in seclusion, I know where the ancient books are kept,” Irina said. She could sense that the black fog was unusual.

If the Army of the Dead mentioned by the skeleton man was real, and had already embarked on its journey to conquer the Norland Continent, then they would have to understand what kind of existence they were.

“That is too risky.” Mag shook his head. He didn’t want Irina to be caught in danger again. “We can understand them through other means. I have established some connections with Chaos City now, maybe they could help.”

“Alright.” Irina glanced at Amy and then nodded. “So, where do we go now?”

“The black fog was eradicated and the stone statue was destroyed. However, the fog of war that looms over the Demon Islands is thickening as we speak. The agenda of this trip is to destroy the alliance of the demon tribes so that they will be too busy dealing with one another and can’t make a unanimous statement at the peace negotiation next month.” Mag pulled out the map of the Demon Islands. Every island represented a demon tribe. The more powerful demon tribe was, the bigger their island and closer to the center.

“Assassinate all the powerhouses in each individual tribe, and then frame the other demons?” Irina said after a moment of pondering.

“This is a simple and effective method.” Mag nodded. This method was indeed very efficient. As long as they did it correctly, it could stir things up between the two tribes very easily, especially when it came to the generally impulsive demons.

“Apart from that, we still need an identity.” Mag’s finger pointed to an island near the center. “Carapace Island. We will live there incognito for a period of time and open a restaurant.”

“A new restaurant?” Amy asked with sparkling eyes.

“Yes.” Mag nodded. The most efficient way to eliminate 300,000 crayfish was to feed them all to the chowhounds.

Irina pondered, and asked, “Incognito? Are we going to pretend to be demons?”

“Yes, so that we wouldn’t attract any unwanted attention.” Mag nodded. Otherwise, with Irina’s fame, the whole world would know that Irina opened a crayfish restaurant on Carapace Island as soon as the restaurant was opened.

“It sounds rather interesting.” Anticipation flashed across Irina’s face. She loved to hide her identity and then go do some interesting stuff the most. Otherwise, most people would give her a wide berth, and it was very boring.

“Before that, let’s go catch some ingredients.” Mag maneuvered the mobile restaurant and dived toward the deep sea.

“What are you planning to do, Host?” The system’s nervous voice sounded.

“Inspecting the base of the ingredient. Since we are already here, we can’t be leaving empty-handed right?” Mag said as a matter of course.

“Host, please mind your language. This is this system’s crayfish rearing base! And it’s not open to the public.”

“System, that’s very wrong of you. As a crayfish rearer, you might be supplying the restaurant with crayfish in the future. As I have to be responsible to my customers, shouldn’t I see how you rear the crayfish with my own eyes? As a chef with principles, shouldn’t I test if it is poisonous first? If this is your attitude, then I don’t want your crayfish in the future,” Mag said with pursed lips.

The system remained silent for a long time before there was a beep for opening access permissions.

After they went through the transparent netting, a pod of crustaceans that were about a hand wide and an arm long swam by the mobile restaurant slowly.

*Holy f*ck! They are huge!*

Mag stared at those crustaceans that were the size of the Australian lobsters and yet resembled the crayfish, and marvelled.

“There are so many big shrimpies!” Amy, too, pressed against the glass wall and swallowed her saliva. “Father, let’s not eat grilled fish for lunch today. We will have this big shrimpy.”

Chapter 1312: Steamed Crayfish

The restaurant was equipped with a catcher, and with so many crayfish present, catching them was a piece of cake. It only took Mag a while to catch dozens of them.

Before Mag had enough fun, the mobile restaurant was forcefully evicted out of the crayfish rearing base.

Mag pursed his lips and complained, “System, you’re really too stingy. I have only caught a few of your crustaceans. I’ve just helped you recoup tens of millions of losses.”

“The average weight of the crayfish in the farm is above 1 kg and the Host has already caught 35 of them. They are enough to feed the three of you for two, three days. Host, please don’t be so greedy,” the system solemnly protested.

Mag looked at the tank that was tightly packed with the big crayfish. Yup, there would be no more space to keep them even if he continued catching them.

“Alright. However, do I really have to catch every single one of the crayfish for the mission of catching 300,000 crayfish? If that is the case, I guess I would have to spend the rest of my life here catching crayfish?” Mag asked.

“To prevent the random hybridization from causing genetic mutations, the majority of these crayfish are already sterilized. However, about 100 of the crayfish that I kept for reproduction purposes escaped when the netting broke previously. To prevent these crayfish from becoming invasive species, the main objective of the Host will be to catch these 100-odd crayfish.”

Mag looked at the big crayfish that were banging loudly on the tempered glass. Normal fish and prawns indeed would not be their opponent.

“System, this is the alternate world. There shouldn’t be a lack of magic beasts in the sea, right? Although this crayfish has become big, it’s still rather exaggerating to say that it’s invincible, right?” Mag furrowed his brows. Even though 100 crayfish didn’t seem like many, there wasn’t a big difference between searching for 100 crayfish and 300,000 crayfish.

“At first, in order to let these crayfish have better environmental adaptability and increase their survival rate, I added a layer of paralytic toxins on their shells when I was mixing their genes. Touching them will cause paralysis or even coma, so normally the magic beasts and fishes wouldn’t deem them as food.”

“You really are a fu*king genius...”

“However, after heating them to 100°C, the toxins will disappear,” the system added.

Mag looked at those huge crayfish that were waving their huge pincers as he wondered how he should eat them.

Ugly Duckling extended a fat paw into the water and swiped crazily, trying to catch a crayfish.

Right at that moment, a big crayfish suddenly raised its pincers and grabbed its paw.

“Meow!”

Ugly Duckling jumped two meters into the air and dragged that crayfish out of the tank. The crayfish fell to the floor with a bam.

“Ugly Duckling, you’re so stupid.” Amy looked at Ugly Duckling with disdain in her eyes.

Ugly Duckling stood up after rolling on the floor. It pounced onto that crayfish and pinned the back of the crayfish under its paw. Just as it wanted to call out proudly, it fainted next to the crayfish as if it was drunk, with its tongue lolling out.

“Hmm?”

Amy and Irina were staring at Ugly Duckling on the floor in befuddlement. Amy quickly bounced over, and was about to press it down with her hands when she saw that crayfish trying to escape.

“Amy, you can’t touch that shrimpy with your bare hands.” Mag rushed over before she did, and stepped onto the crayfish’s back.

“Ugly Duckling has fainted. This crayfish seems to be poisonous,” Irina said as she reached out to touch Ugly Duckling.

As soon as she said that, Ugly Duckling, which was out for three seconds, opened its eyes and woke up on its own. It got up from the floor and glared at that crayfish that was beneath Mag’s foot. It seemed to be still rather confused.

Mag, who was about to ask the system for first-aid methods, stared at Ugly Duckling with surprise. It seemed like this little fellow was rather resistant to toxins.

“There’s a kind of paralytic toxin on this crayfish’s shell that will cause you to faint after touching it, so we cannot grab it with our bare hands.” Mag explained. At the same time, he took a pair of gloves from the side, and put them on before picking up the crayfish that he was stepping on.

Actually, calling it a crayfish was rather insulting. After all, its size was comparable to the Australian lobster’s, and it was very strong. It felt like a struggling piglet when he grabbed it in his hands.

Its two pincers that were even stronger and bigger than a blue crab’s were snapping around. Mag had no doubts that they could snap a finger or even rebar in two easily.

“Then, can we still eat them?” Amy asked worriedly. She had never had a big shrimpy like that before.

“As long as we cook them thoroughly, the toxins will disappear and we can eat them.” Mag smiled and nodded. He was rather looking forward to tasting this crayfish too.

“That’s great. Then, when can we eat it?” Elation flashed across Amy’s face as she looked at Mag expectantly.

“It will take some time before we arrive at Carapace Island, so I will steam three crayfish first to see how they taste.” Mag used a net to scoop three crayfish out of the tank and went into the kitchen.

The system had already awarded him with the full set of crayfish recipes, but he didn’t have the time to look through it earlier. He clicked open the shining recipes in his mind, and an enormous amount of information flooded his head instantaneously. All the best recipes that came from all the master chefs of cooking crayfish and lobster and had undergone the critiques of numerous foodies rushed into Mag’s mind.

Although the system had given him a chance to go into the test field for the God of Cookery, it was daytime, and he had already promised to cook the crayfish for Amy. Hence, he chose the steamed crayfish, which looked the simplest.

The crayfish reared by the system was rather special. The clear seawater and the natural way of stocking made this crayfish very clean. It would even be alright to cut it up and make it into a crayfish sashimi straight away.

Therefore, Mag only cleaned them simply before stuffing Erguotou¹ with 56% alcohol content into their mouths. After they were drunk, he removed their veins and placed them into the steamer, in which he had placed the sliced ginger in advance. The three big crayfish filled up the whole steamer. He put on the cover and steamed them with high heat.

The Erguotou was an ingredient supplied by the system. Mag didn't like to drink liquor with a high alcohol content. However, it was a very good choice for removing the fishy smell.

Although steaming the crayfish was rather easy, their taste would be decided by the dipping sauces.

Since the crayfish were still steaming in the pot, Mag began to mix the dipping sauces.

Irina's taste was on the lighter side, and she didn't like spicy food very much, so he made her a light yet flavorful dipping sauce.

However, Amy's taste was on the heavy side as she preferred spicy and sour taste, so he added an extra spoonful of chili powder, and poured the mala hot oil over it. Her steamed crayfish would taste like spicy crayfish.

And his taste was more complicated as he was the kind who could enjoy all sorts of flavors. To taste the original flavor of this crayfish, his dipping sauce only had some vinegar.

Ding!

The alarm clock at the side rang, and Mag turned off the fire immediately. He removed the cover, and the aroma of the alcohol washed all over him. The three big crayfish that had turned bright red were presented in front of him.

Chapter 1313: What Should He Do When Both His Wife And Daughter Want His Favor?

The rich aroma of the alcohol greeted Mag together with the fresh aroma of the crayfish. A delicious dish of steamed crayfish was done when the simplest method met the best ingredient.

The crayfish was so big that one could cover his entire face with it.

Amy came to the kitchen's entrance and took a deep sniff of the aroma floating in the air as she expectantly asked Mag, "They smell so good, Father. Are the shrimpies ready?"

"They indeed smell very good." Irina also came to the entrance and nodded as she swallowed her saliva instinctively.

"Yes, they are. Go wash your hands and get ready to eat the crayfish," Mag said with a smile. He removed the crayfish from the steamer, and placed them on three plates individually. Together with the dipping sauces, Mag brought all of them to the dining area.

The crayfish that weighed about 1.2 kg each took up the entire plate. The bright red shell was still majestic, but the two pincers could no longer wave about.

Amy quickly washed her hands and climbed onto her chair. With her mouth wide open, she said, "Woah. What a huge shrimpy. It's so much bigger than those shrimpies in the restaurant."

The prawns that were used to cook the Yangzhou fried rice were indeed not comparable to this crayfish.

Irina sat down next to Mag as she looked at the bright red crayfish, and asked, "Is it fine to touch it now?"

"Yes. We just need to pry the shell open now, and eat it with the dipping sauce." Mag nodded as he gripped his crayfish, and broke the shell on the head open. The yellow crayfish butter was almost seeping out of the head. It made him happy just by looking at it.

Mag scooped up a spoonful of the crayfish butter and fed it to Amy first.

Amy opened her mouth to accept it and her eyes lit up after chewing. She swiftly swallowed it, and exclaimed, "Hmm. This yellow stuff is delicious. It's soft and aromatic. Father is awesome."

"I want it too." Irina opened her mouth a little and waited for Mag to feed her.

Mag glanced at the remaining crayfish butter before looking at the expectant Irina. He could only scoop up that remaining crayfish butter with resignation and feed it to Irina, who already had her mouth open.

What should he do when both his wife and daughter wanted his favor? Both his wife and daughter wanted the crayfish butter; there was no way he could choose between them, right?

The fresh crayfish butter had a very creamy texture that melted in the mouth. The fresh taste blossomed in the mouth with a faint hint of alcohol's aroma, which elevated the taste and brought a very enjoyable dining experience. A smile appeared on Irina's lips and she looked at Mag with approval. "It's indeed very delicious."

"Then eat more of it." Mag's heart was as sweet as honey after he received the praises from the two people he loved the most. So what if he had to eat less crayfish butter? He helped them pry open the head, and revealed the crayfish butter inside.

"You've worked so hard. You should have some too." Irina scooped a big spoonful of crayfish butter and fed it to Mag.

Mag hesitated for a brief moment. Then, he accepted the crayfish butter with a smile as he looked at Irina's smiley face.

The crayfish butter tasted very rich and more refreshing than that of the Australian lobsters. The texture was smooth and creamy as it glided along the tongue and slid down into the stomach.

The crayfish butter was the brain of the crayfish[1]. Eating the crayfish without sucking the butter was almost like missing out on the soul of this dish.

However, it was impossible to eat the normal crayfish butter with a spoon. Mag already couldn't imagine how satisfying it would be to suck out all these crayfish butter after cooking them in the mala spicy crayfish style!

"Father, let me feed you one spoonful too." Amy also scooped up a spoonful and fed it to Mag.

"Little Amy, you should have it yourself. Father has already had it." Mag turned the spoon around to Amy with a smile. After watching her finish it, he picked up her crayfish and removed the shell to reveal the meat that was as thick as an adult's wrist.

The white and glistening meat lay in the shell quietly, and it was so full that it almost burst out. The fresh crayfish aroma was so tempting.

Mag picked up a dining knife, and cut up the crayfish according to its sections. From the resistance felt against the knife, he could sense the crayfish's supple and bouncy meat.

"Use this dipping sauce like when eating hot pot." Mag passed the fork to Amy and pushed her dipping sauce toward her a little.

"Alrighty." Amy picked up a piece of crayfish meat, and dipped it in the sauce before putting it into her mouth. The tender meat got even more scrumptious as she continued to chew. Her body couldn't help but sway gently along with her chewing.

Before Mag could help her, Irina already followed his example and pried open the shell. She picked up the fork and knife gracefully, and cut up the crayfish before dipping it in the dipping sauce, and putting it into her mouth.

The tip of the tongue could sense the tendons in crayfish meat clearly as soon as she put it into her mouth. The smooth and tender texture was simply amazing.

As she chewed gently, the bouncy texture made the teeth happier and happier. The rich freshness of the crayfish exploded instantaneously and woke all taste buds up.

The dipping sauce's taste wasn't abrupt, but it set off the unique freshness of the crayfish perfectly as if that crayfish was alive and brandishing its pincers again instead.

At that instant, she seemed to have transformed into a crayfish, and was waving her pincers and swimming in the sea happily.

"This taste! It's simply too scrumptious!" Irina couldn't help but praise it.

There was a smile on Mag's lips. He naturally was happy to see them enjoy their food.

After removing the shell, he picked up the whole piece of crayfish meat with a fork, and dipped it in the simple vinegar before biting a mouthful of it.

The supple and bouncy crayfish brought a mind-tingling texture, and the big mouthful of meat made the sensation of bliss go through the roof immediately.

The slightly tart taste of the vinegar activated the taste buds before they welcomed the real king.

The sweet and fresh juice of the meat burst out in the mouth, and the supple meat was so tender. The crayfish's fresh taste was slowly released during the chewing.

"This feeling is simply too enjoyable." After swallowing the mouthful of crayfish, Mag gawked at the remaining crayfish meat on the fork with bright eyes.

Even the Boston lobster couldn't match the taste of this crayfish.

One mouthful followed by another mouthful of this crayfish made one immersed in the continuous sensation of blissfulness.

The three of them still felt unsated after eating up all the 1.2 kg crayfish, including the pincers.

“Burr~” Amy burped. As she held onto a pincer, she sang, “Big crayfish, so delicious...”

“Meow~” Ugly Duckling let out a cry as it looked at the three of them aggrievedly.

“Oh, I forgot to prepare the food for Ugly Duckling.” Mag suddenly remembered. Because its priority was so low, he forgot about it completely.

“It’s alright. There won’t be any dinner for you too.” Amy reached out to touch Ugly Duckling’s head as she consoled it.

“Meow~”

Ugly Duckling lay on the floor weakly as if it was about to starve to death.

“Alright. I’ll steam you a crayfish.” Mag grabbed a crayfish, and proceeded to the kitchen.

After lunch, Mag drove the mobile restaurant westward, and they reached the uninhabited western area of Carapace Island in less than 30 minutes.

“Let’s go and have a look at this island.” Mag, who had finished his camouflaging, carried Amy, who was pretending to be a little demon, and went ashore.

Chapter 1314: Your Name Is Ay

Carapace Island was full of grayish-white rocks, and the whole island was shaped like a giant seashell. The buildings on the island were also mostly built with shells. Hence, the island was named Carapace Island.

This island was located in the center of the Demon Islands. Because the resources were scarce, the lands were infertile, and demonic hurricanes would sweep through the island every year from May to June, it was abandoned by all the demon tribes. However, it slowly became a prosperous island that was inhabited by all kinds of demons.

It was rather similar to Chaos City, and one could find all kinds of demons here.

However, compared to Chaos City which had the jurisdiction of the Gray Temple and city lord’s castle and a complete legal system, Carapace Island was simply a lawless place. Murders and robberies were very common here as the law of the jungle where the fittest survived spread over the entire island.

In recent years, the top 10 demon tribes had collaborated to set up the Ten Kings’ Palace. Whoever wanted to do business on the island had to pay a fee to the Ten Kings Palace to obtain their protection so as to ensure their safety on the island to a certain extent.

However, apart from that, chaos was still the main melody of this island.

All this information was retrieved by Mag from his memory. Now, he had already stuck on his beard, put on a pair of demon horns, and stuck two pincer tattoos on his body, pretending to be a baltan demon. Yes, all these contributed by those nice and friendly crayfish...

Amy was wearing two black pincers on her head—they were DIY with the crayfish they had in the morning. She drew a little pair of feelers above her lips and wore an orange-red jacket. She looked like a little crayfish than a little baltan demon.

Irina changed her white skirt into a black one. Her silver long hair that reached her calves was tucked into her clothes, and she put on a wig of light blond hair that reached her shoulders. Her facial features were also altered by magic. Her blue eyes became red like pomegranate seeds, and although she was still beautiful as ever, her looks had completely changed. She was pretending to be a nightmare.

Baltan demons used to rank in the upper-middle range among the demon tribes. However, the baltan demons were almost all annihilated during the racial war 100 years ago, and they weren't even given an island after the war. They seldom appeared in recent years, and basically could be considered extinct.

On the other hand, nightmares were a very unique existence among the demons. They couldn't be considered as a tribe, because nightmares could arise from any demon tribes. There were always less than 10 nightmares alive in the world at the same time, so this was also considered as a mysterious heritage. A new nightmare would only appear when one died.

Apparently, nightmares were able to see the future or bring disasters, but it was never verified. It only made the nightmares even more mysterious.

These identities would allow Mag and his family to stay on Carapace Island without attracting any unnecessary attention and open a crayfish restaurant.

Amy waved her pincers as she worriedly said, "Father, would any demon want to roast and eat me since I look like this now?"

"They sure would be thinking that such a fresh and tender crayfish must have a very good texture," Irina chimed in with a smile.

"Wah. That's so scary!" Amy hugged Mag's arm as she looked at Irina aggrievedly.

Mag patted Amy's head with a smile as he said, "Your mother is just joking with you. If anyone wants to eat Little Amy, they have to go through my cleaver."

"Hmm. Father is the best." Amy nodded and then snorted at Irina. "Mother is bad."

"I am bad? If your father can't defeat the demon that wants to eat you, who do you think is going to save Little Amy?" Irina asked with a smile.

"Mother is the best. Both of you are the best." Amy quickly grabbed Irina's hand with her other hand.

Mag halted his steps, and seriously told Amy, "Alright. That's the harbor. Little Amy, from now on, we're going to experience life with our demon identities. You must remember that you are a little baltan demon called Ay, got it?"

"Mm-hm, I got it. I am a little demon called Ay." Amy nodded as she looked toward the harbor excitedly. She already couldn't wait to introduce her new name to a demon friend.

"Alright, let's go." Mag knew how smart Amy was, and he didn't need to warn her more. He held her hand and continued onward.

“Ghost-face Fish! 50 copper coins for 500 g of freshly caught ghost-face fish! Quick, come over to have a look!

“The last Abyssal Snake Eel. It’s gone if you miss it. Quick, come and snatch it!”

“Fresh sea fishes. All freshly caught. Selling at a bargain price.”

Once they got close to the harbor, the vendors’ noisy cries greeted them immediately. It gave Mag the illusion that he was in a wet market.

The demon fishermen were hawking their freshly caught marine products. There were so many kinds of sea fishes available that the onlookers’ eyes were dazzled. For example, the ghost-face fish that had a black ghost face was still bubbling when it was lifted out of the water. The abyssal snake eel that was over two meters long bit off one part of the wooden bucket’s edge, and it looked ferocious.

The trio attracted plenty of attention as soon as they appeared at the harbor. It was mostly due to Irina being too beautiful, even after she altered her looks, and Amy being overly cute. Of course, the most important thing was Mag appeared to be too ordinary and not powerful.

Mag and Irina didn’t care much about those gazes. It was only natural for people to envy, and they were already used to it. If they had to kill simply because they were being looked at, they would never finish.

Mag was leisurely appraising those marine products that those fishermen were selling. He would ask them about their prices occasionally as an ingredient survey.

After the rectifications done by the Ten Kings Palace these few years, Carapace Island had fewer conflicts in the day. Although the demons were naturally impulsive, the majority of them treasured their lives. There were many different types of demons, so nobody knew what kind of hidden power that other party could possess. Hence, nobody came to make trouble for them.

“It’s a little boring.” Irina pursed her lips. Nobody came to seek trouble. This Carapace Island was different from the one it was a few years ago. It really made her hands itch when nobody put their face up to be punched by her.

Amy, who was walking next to Mag, suddenly pointed at a basin at a short distance away and exclaimed, “Father, look. It’s that big shrimpy!”

Mag looked at where Amy was pointing, and then his eyes lit up. Weren’t those two crayfish in the basin the ones that the system reared?

The old fisherman, Tuck, was staring at the two buckets in front of him miserably. As an aged bada demon, he relied on fishing to support his wife and his livelihood. He had rather good luck at fishing today, and he even caught two big weird-looking prawns.

However, it was exactly these two big prawns—which caused his arms to be numb till now—that destroyed all his gains today. He only placed one of them into the bucket for a brief moment, and all the fish he caught today were dead.

Chapter 1315: Chowhounds Of The Demon Islands, It’s Time To Welcome Your King

Carapace Island was never short of fishermen. Nobody would buy dead fish. Even if someone bought them, the price would be very low.

Two customers fainted right in front of his stall when they touched those two weird-looking prawns earlier. They almost tore down his stall after they woke up, so these two prawns most likely wouldn't be sold.

If they only needed to eat for survival, these fish would at least last them for two days, but their Ten Kings Palace's protective amulet was going to expire that day. Their protective amulet would be taken back, and they would lose the Ten Kings' Palace's protection if they couldn't submit 500 copper coins. Those vagrants who had been eyeing their hut would chase out of their home that very night, and even throw them into the sea.

"Give it up, old man. Nobody is going to buy that. You can't even touch it, so who's going to eat it? I've seen dozens of them on the beach today, and I didn't even bother with them. How could you even think of selling them? They were found everywhere these few days, and quite a few of our fishermen had been tricked by them. You're really not well-informed. How could you have brought them back as if they're precious goods?" a young fisherman remarked sarcastically. His fish were almost all sold, and it was yet another bountiful day for him.

Tuck sighed deeply. Although the young demon's words were hurtful, they were right. It seemed like he was not going to sell them today. He could only go to the beach to try his luck to see if he could catch some more fishes while the day was still early.

"How much is this prawn?" a voice asked just as Tuck was about to get up.

Tuck quickly lifted his head up to look at the demon who was standing in front of the bucket. He had a beard and a pair of weird asymmetrical horns on his head. There was a pincer-shaped black marking on either side of his face. He couldn't make out what kind of demon he was, but he wouldn't be weaker than he was, as he was the lowliest bada demon.

And this demon was holding a little demon who had a pair of pincers on her head and looked utterly cute.

Tuck didn't dare to look at that beautiful female demon behind Mag as he quickly looked at Mag, and answered, "If you want them, my lord, you can have them both for 500 copper coins, and I'll give you all these fish."

Mag looked at the dead fish that had all turned over, and he could already guess their cause of death. The toxins on these crayfish's shells were simply too aggressive.

"Although these fish are dead, they've only just died, and they were just caught at noon," Tuck swiftly explained as he gazed at Mag nervously. This might be his only chance to sell all these fish and prawns today.

"I don't want the dead fish. But 500 copper coins is too much for these two prawns, am I right?" Mag frowned a little. He had overheard the conversation between these two fishermen earlier.

Currently, only he would be buying the crayfish on Carapace Island. For subsequent large-scale promotion, the current price of these crayfish wasn't a wise choice.

“Can’t we agree on 500...?” Sweat began to appear on Tuck’s forehead, and he looked very anxious. He only had 10-odd copper coins now; he couldn’t accept a cheaper price.

There’s really an idiot who wants this prawn? The young fisherman at the side stared at Mag in surprise. However, his gaze swiftly landed on Irina, and he was shocked by her beauty, but he quickly retrieved his gaze. Being a low-caste demon, he knew very well that staring could sometimes get one killed.

“I want this prawn, but it’s too expensive. If they are 50 copper coins each, then I’ll take both,” Mag said calmly. If this prawn was on Earth, it would have cost at least 1000-2000. The king crab and the rest simply couldn’t compare to it.

“50 copper coins!” The young demon standing at the side glared at them. The ghost-face fish which was very difficult to capture only cost 50 copper coins for 500 g. He had seen dozens of these huge prawns when he was rushing out to the sea earlier. If he had caught and sold them to this guy, wouldn’t he have earned thousands of copper coins today?

Tuck was also tempted by the price. If he didn’t need to earn 500 copper coins today, he would have sold these two prawns and gone back to the beach to look for them again.

Thud!

Tuck knelt down in front of Mag straight away, and begged, “My lord, if you want this big prawn, could you please give me 500 copper coins in advance? I will catch another 10 more of these big prawns for you in the next few days. I beg you, please give me 500 copper coins today as I need to extend the protective amulet. If I couldn’t extend it today, my wife and I are not going to survive.”

That had given Mag quite a shock, and he quickly pulled Tuck up to his feet. After a moment of pondering, he nodded. “That is fine with me too. I will take these two big prawns first, and I will come to the harbor every evening from today on. I will buy every big prawn you caught for 50 each. No matter how many of them you catch, I will buy all of them.”

“Thank you! Thank you very much!” Tuck was going to kneel down again, but Mag quickly grabbed him to stop his action. Then, he swiftly reached out to catch those two prawns.

“You should catch it with a cloth wrapped around your hand. This prawn is called crayfish. There’re toxins on its shell, and they sting,” Mag reminded him.

“So this thing is called crayfish. You’re really an expert. My hand still feels numb now after I was stung.” Tuck stared at Mag with amazement. He didn’t expect that he knew that this prawn stung. He used his clothes to grab one, and he indeed didn’t feel numb. He used a string to tie up their pincers before handing them to Mag.

Mag took out five gold coins, and gave them to Tuck before taking the big prawns.

Tuck and Mag’s deal had attracted many fishermen’s attention. They had seen plenty of these big prawns on the beach in the past few days, but nobody wanted them, and they couldn’t eat them, either. They didn’t expect someone would buy them for 50 copper coins each. That was really a big sucker.

The young fisherman who was squatting at the side couldn’t help asking Mag, “My lord, I knew where to catch this kind of prawn too. Do you need them?”

All the fishermen started to eavesdrop on them. That would be much quicker than catching fish.

“If you can catch this prawn, I will take all that you caught. The price will still be fixed at 50 each.” Mag smiled and nodded.

“That’s marvelous.” The young fisherman’s eyes lit up. He grabbed the fish basket in front of him and stood up, ready to go and catch the crayfish now. He had seen plenty of them today, and if he went now, he would be able to catch many of them before the sun set. However, his steps faltered shortly, and he turned around to ask Mag, “Then, how am I going to pass these crayfish to you?”

“I will come to the harbor once in the morning and once in the evening. You can sell the crayfish to me if you catch them,” Mag replied.

“Alright. I will catch many crayfish for you by tomorrow morning.” The young fisherman turned and jogged toward the beach.

Many other fishermen also got up and walked rapidly toward the beach. They, too, had seen many crayfish today. They could make a killing simply by catching a few of them at 50 copper coins each, and they didn’t have to worry about selling it. They had really met a big sucker today.

“Let’s go now.” Mag glanced at the fishermen rushing to the beach before picking the crayfish up and walked toward the town. A crayfish supply chain had been set up, and he didn’t have to worry about ingredients temporarily.

300,000 crayfish was a 15,000,000-copper-coin industry. He believed these fishermen would do their very best to catch the crayfish for him, and he only needed to make eating crayfish into a new industry.

“Chowhounds of the Demon Islands, it’s time to welcome your king.” Mag held onto the crayfish as he walked with the aura of a “king”.

Chapter 1316: Handsome Boy, Do You Wanna Come In For A Meal?

“Handsome boy, do you wanna come in for a meal?”

“Handsome boy, do you wanna have a haircut?”

“Handsome boy, do you wanna have a massage? I’m very good at it.”

Mag gradually lost himself in the calls of “handsome boy” as he walked through the streets of Carapace Island. Looking at the succubi who were standing in front of those small huts and calling out to him with warm smiles and sweet voices, he really respected them for their enthusiastic and unrestrained work attitude.

“These big sisters are so welcoming. They’re all asking us to go and play in their houses.” Amy peered around curiously as she waved to those friendly succubi big sisters.

“That’s right. We don’t often meet such friendly big sisters. Should we go in and play?” Irina asked Mag smilingly.

“Yes, we could, but it’s not necessary,” Mag replied with a serious expression. Trying to trap him? He wasn’t that stupid.

However, this Carapace Island was really special. It made him feel like he was walking in the streets of Guangzhou. Maybe because the calls of “handsome boy” were too mesmerizing, he began to “float” after hearing them continuously.

“Then, where are we going now?” Amy asked curiously.

“We’re going to buy a piece of land, and then build a restaurant,” Mag answered softly as his gaze swept around. Most of the places on Carapace Island were occupied by seashell houses, and hundreds of thousands of demons lived on it, so it could be considered as a big island. The gap between the rich and poor was huge. The lower-class demons depended on fishing for their livelihood, while the upper and middle class exploited the lower-class demons or did some business for a living.

The lower-class demons lived on the uneven rocks in the outer perimeter of the island. Many of their houses would be blown away whenever the demonic winds blew.

As it got closer to the center, the terrain gradually became flatter, and a sizable town rose up from the ground. Although the houses there were also built with shells and rocks, their scale and size were completely different from those huts that could only accommodate one or two demons. Tall buildings and shops could be seen everywhere, and all kinds of demons were running all types of shops. It was a very bustling town.

Moreover, Mag even noticed that all the shops had a wooden plaque that had the three big words “Ten Kings Palace” carved upon it hanging on their doors. They were similar to the wooden tag that the old fisherman was wearing, albeit they were bigger and more intricate.

“We’re going to have a seashell restaurant too?” Amy’s eyes lit up, and anticipation was written all over her face.

“If Amy likes it, then we will have a seashell restaurant.” Mag smiled and nodded. It was naturally the best if their style could blend in with Carapace Island.

Mag didn’t see any shops with a “for sale” sign even after walking for some distance. He had to start all over again here, so the first thing he had to do was to obtain a piece of land so he could summon the mobile restaurant over to build a new restaurant.

“That shop seems to be selling land.” Irina pointed at a shop with its doors closed at the street corner in the far end.

“Selling land.”

Mag stared at the two big obvious words in the shop, and was rather amazed with this demon’s directness when it came to doing business. But since there was a proper channel that sold land, it would save him a lot of trouble going around looking for a shop.

Mag approached that shop and reached out to tap on the door. He waited quite some time before a tall and strapping minotaur demon opened the door, and impatiently shouted, “What do you want?”

“We want to buy a piece of land,” Mag replied calmly. This minotaur demon was only a 5th-tier. He could hit 10 of them with one single punch.

“Come in.” The minotaur demon began to size up Mag. He couldn’t identify his tribe nor estimate his strength, but he could vaguely sense that he wasn’t any weaker than him. Hence, he started to tune down his attitude as he turned around and walked in.

The trio walked into the shop. This shop wasn’t big, and it only had a table and three chairs—one of them was even missing a leg. The lighting was very dim, and there was a bovine stench in the air. Dozens of wooden plaques were hanging on the wall, and each of them had a bunch of keys hanging on it.

“It’s so smelly.” Amy walked through the door and then pinched her nose and walked out. She refused to go in again.

Irina also halted at the doorway before closing the door.

The minotaur demon walked to the wooden plaques, flipped through a few of them casually before he turned around, and asked Mag, “What kind of land do you want to buy? In the center of the island or at the periphery? Are you going to use it for your own stay or for business?”

“I intend to open a restaurant. It doesn’t have to be in the center of the island, but it has to be spacious,” Mag replied after a moment of pondering.

“What a troublesome request.” The minotaur demon turned back again to flip through those wooden plaques. He plucked a wooden plaque off a corner of the wall and tossed it to Mag. “This piece of land. 150,000 copper coins. All cash.”

“You’re not showing us the place first?” Mag said as he took a glance at the address and space area written on the wooden plaque.

“Showing? Ha, no such service. Buy it if you want to, or don’t,” the minotaur demon said impatiently. “Leave if you’re not buying. I’m going back to sleep.”

Mag flipped the wooden plaque around in his hands. General information on the house was written on it. It had six rooms and a garden, so the size should be quite generous.

“Deal.” Mag took out a money bag and poured its contents onto the table. The golden dragon coins landed onto the table and made a clear and crisp sound. “You may count them.”

The minotaur demon’s eyes lit up as he squatted in front of the table and counted the money. He finished counting the 150 dragon coins very soon.

The minotaur demon kept his dragon coins and pulled out a thick booklet from underneath the table as he said to Mag, “Tell me your name. I need to register your name, and that piece of land will belong to you.”

“Hades,” Mag replied.

The minotaur demon wrote down the name with a crooked handwriting, and then wrote a serial number before taking out a seal from the drawer and pressing hard on that name. He nodded at Mag. “Mr. Hades, that wooden plaque will be the proof that you own the house. The deal is done. You can go and see your new house now.”

“Alright.” Mag gave a small nod. The procedure was much easier than he’d expected. He kept the wooden plaque and prepared to leave.

The minotaur demon kept his booklet and then looked at Mag’s back while reminding, “Oh, yes. If you have just arrived at Carapace Island, I’ll suggest that you go and buy a protective amulet from the Ten Kings Palace. Your life will be very difficult if you don’t have a protective amulet.”

“Thank you.” Mag nodded slightly before pushing the door open and walking out. He took a deep breath of the fresh air outside, and shook the plaque at Irina and Amy as he smilingly said, “Let’s go. We will make a trip to the Ten King’s Palace to buy a protective amulet first, and then we can go to our new home.”

“Ten Kings Palace? Shouldn’t those fellows be protecting themselves first?” Irina asked Mag with a frown.

Chapter 1317: You Need To Be More Respectful To Women, Especially My Woman

“Errrr...”

It was indeed awkward for the demons of the Ten Kings Palace to protect Irina and Alex. After all, when the two of them were wreaking havoc on this island, those demons from the Ten King’s Palace didn’t even dare to step out of their houses.

“After all, we’re experiencing life now, so it’s better to keep a low profile.” Mag smiled. The top 10 demon tribes didn’t send their 10th-tier powerhouses to station them at this island. There were at most two, three 9th-tier demons doing a rotation. Irina alone could annihilate the whole group of them 100 times.

“Alright.” Irina nodded. Pretending to be weak was such a boring thing to do.

The Ten Kings Palace was located at the very center of Carapace Island, and it took up a huge area on its own. 10 great halls of different architectural styles were built to highlight the top 10 demon tribes’ strength and prestige.

There were many demons applying for the protective amulets, and six long lines formed in front of the administrative hall. Mag made a quick scrutiny, and then joined the line that moved the fastest.

Beautiful Irina and adorable Amy quickly attracted the attention of many demons. It was rare to see such a ravishing female demon on Carapace Island. Those coquettish succubi couldn’t even match up to 1% of her, and that little demon was also very adorable.

As for Mag, who had a full beard, he was considered to be of small stature among the demons. He also didn’t look like he came from some powerful demon tribe, so he was ignored completely.

“Hey, beautiful, come and drink with your big brother here.” A two-meter-tall armored demon who had bulging muscles and was covered with a layer of steel-like carapace leered at Irina. He even reached with his arm toward Irina in an attempt to pull her into his arms.

All the demons were watching this scene with excitement. Many of them were tempted to try it themselves. Wasn’t such matter the most exciting and interesting on Carapace Island? A useless male demon had no means to protect a beautiful female demon.

A cold gleam flashed through Irina's eyes.

Smack!

Right at this moment, a pair of hands grasped that armored demon's wrist.

"Hmm?" The armored demon looked at Mag, who was grabbing his wrist, with a surprised expression. How dared this weak and small demon defy him? Furthermore, he had quite a big strength as he could actually grab his hand.

"Why are you so promiscuous?" Mag looked at this 6th-tier armor demon with a frown.

"I don't know what you are talking about. But since you don't have the protective amulet, there will be no problem even if I kill you. From today on, your wife and daughter will belong to me." The armored demon grinned. His other hand had already formed a fist as he prepared to burst this fellow's head with a punch.

All the surrounding demons' eyes widened. If that was the case, maybe they could take their share of the loot too.

"So, in this case, it will be alright for me to kill you too," Mag said thoughtfully. This was quite a good rule.

"Haha. Kill me? You will never have that chance!" The armored demon smashed his fist toward Mag as he laughed maniacally.

Smack!

The iron fist that was as big as a sandbag was grasped by much smaller crayfish pincers.

The armor demon was stunned, and he stared at that crayfish pincer and Mag with disbelief. He had stopped his punch!

All the other demons were slightly taken aback too. A 6th-tier armored demon could already be considered as a powerhouse on Carapace Island. They didn't expect this ordinary-looking demon could stop his punch.

"You need to be more respectful to women, especially my woman," Mag said to the armored demon with a serious expression.

"I—"

Bam!

A pincer was already stuffed into the armored demon's mouth as soon as he opened his mouth, and a punch sent him flying 100 meters away before he landed on the ground. His armor was shattered into pieces all over the ground. He didn't get a chance to twitch.

"Sshhh!"

All the demons sucked in a breath of cold air, and they looked at Mag with a completely different gaze now. Killing a 6th-tier demon with a single punch, this was a tough demon!

“Why did you have to do that?” Mag took back the retrievable pincers that he custom-made with the system and sighed lightly. He only wanted to be protected by demons while maintaining a low profile, but his power wouldn’t allow him to do that.

Mag’s gaze swept across all the surrounding demons, and they quickly moved their gazes away or lowered their heads. They also swiftly hid what they were thinking earlier on.

Only cautiousness could ensure their long-term survival. This was the demons’ rule of survival.

“Humph.” Irina snorted. If Mag hadn’t made a move first, she would have used the Holy Light to eradicate all these scumbags and tear down the Ten Kings Palace. She had done it once before.

A demon getting killed in front of the Ten Kings Palace hadn’t caused a furor. The Ten Kings Palace only sent two demons who were wearing the Ten Kings Palace badges out to check on that armored demon’s corpse. After making sure he didn’t have a protective amulet, they simply called two demons randomly to get rid of the shattered corpse.

The steel body armor was a rather good material. They could sell it for money after cleaning it simply. Hence, many demons were happy to take on this job.

Watching that, Mag gained an even clearer understanding of Carapace Island’s cruelty.

No demons dared to find trouble with Mag again after that happened. Meanwhile, because the protective amulet was for a shop, it was 10 times more expensive than a normal personal protective amulet. It would cost Mag 5000 copper coins per month.

“This is really a good business.” Mag weighed the protective amulet in his hands. Just providing protection alone, the Ten Kings Palace could earn a lot of money from Carapace Island every year.

“We could do this business too if we chased them away,” Irina said with anticipation. Compared to running a restaurant, she was far more interested in earning money in this method.

“Low profile, low profile.” Resigned, Mag swiftly pulled Irina away from the vicinity of the Ten Kings Palace. Mag felt rather helpless about her love of seeking big trouble.

After asking for a demon for directions, Mag quickly located the house that he’d bought that day.

The house was located in the northwestern part of Carapace Island. If the center of the island was the First Ring Road, and the outer perimeter of the island was the Fifth Ring Road, then his property was located around the Third Ring Road. It was next to a not-too-bustling street with only a few shops and not many pedestrians[1].

However, just like that minotaur demon had said, the property was big enough, and looked to be around 300 square meters. It was a two-story seashell house with a small garden in front. It matched his requirements, but the house was very poorly maintained and dilapidated, and the garden was overgrown. It seemed like it had been deserted for a long time.

“Although it is a seashell house, are we really going to stay here tonight? I see so many bugs,” Amy said worriedly as she looked around the house on her tiptoes.

“It’s alright. Father will transform it into a new house,” Mag said smilingly. He looked around to make sure there was nobody in the neighbors’ house before he clicked and summoned the mobile restaurant.

Chapter 1318: I Want You To Carry Me, Father

If some stuff was difficult to explain, choosing to keep it a secret was a very wise method.

So, Mag covered Irina’s eyes and asked Amy to close her eyes and count down for 10 seconds.

“10, nine, eight...”

Accompanied by Amy’s child-like voice, the mobile restaurant descended from the sky slowly. With some soft noises and vibration on the ground, the original house was pressed into the ground and became a stable foundation.

Mag removed his hand from Irina’s eyes, and smilingly said, “Alright, let’s look at our new house.”

Irina and Amy opened their eyes at the same time. When they saw this big house that was completely covered by silvery-white seashells in front of them, their eyes widened.

“Woah, what a beautiful house. They’re really all seashells!” Amy said, surprised. The original dilapidated house was gone, and a brand-new house was in its place.

Although Irina was already immune to all the bizarre talents that Mag had displayed, she was still rather impressed by this beautiful seashell house.

The first floor of the two-story house still seemed to be the restaurant. The neatly arranged tables and chairs could be seen through the opened front door.

There was an empty space in front of the house that was enclosed with a wooden fence. The ground was laid with seashells and smooth round pebbles. 20-odd tables were set all over it, and an empty space was reserved in the center. They wondered what it was for.

“Let’s go in and see our new home.” Mag held Amy’s hand, pushed open the low gates, and walked in.

Trying his very best to keep a low profile, Mag chose the most ordinary Carapace Island style for the renovation—the common white seashells mixed with some champagne gold and light silver seashells. The system used a very delicate manner in arranging them, which made the overall style look very comfortable.

The interior of the restaurant was also more spacious without any barriers. The black stone tables and chairs were arranged in the street vendor’s style.

The kitchen was also designed in a very simple style. The big iron pot in the center of the restaurant was the most obvious feature. It took up the majority of the space in the kitchen. However, there was also a set of normal kitchenware and a stove.

Because the crayfish was unusually big, in order to complete the mission of catching 300,000 crayfish, Mag had to increase the volume of his daily cooking. A pot of regular size couldn’t satisfy his needs anymore.

However, Mag had no idea how he was going to handle this two meters big pot. He had a premonition that it would be a tough fight when he entered the test field for the God of Cookery tonight.

There was a huge fish tank in the corner with a few dozen crayfish which were caught by Mag in the system's farm that morning. He casually tossed the two crayfish that he bought into the tank.

Ugly Duckling crouched in front of the fish tank, and stared at the crayfish with a wary expression. It used its paw to knock on the fish tank testingly before retrieving it swiftly. It was a little traumatized by the sting which rendered it unconscious that morning.

"Woah. This new home is so good-looking," Amy commented happily as she ran around the restaurant and brushed her hand over the seashell chimes hanging at the door.

"Should we have a nap upstairs after having a busy morning?" Mag said to Irina who looked tired and Amy who had started to doze off after playing with the wind chimes for some time when he came out of the kitchen.

"Mm-hm." Irina nodded slightly.

Amy, who was sitting at the door, raised up her two arms with pouting lips and narrowed eyes, and said, "I want you to carry me, Father."

"Alright. Father will carry you upstairs to sleep." Mag walked over with a smile, and bent over to pick up Amy gently.

"Teehee. Father is the best." Amy opened her eyes and gave Mag a peck on his cheek.

"I want that too." Irina poked her face over.

"Okay." Amy pouted her lips and kissed Irina's face too.

A smile appeared on Irina's face.

"Let's go," Mag said smilingly as he walked up the stairs along the side of the kitchen with Amy in his arms.

The stairs were also laid with seashells, but it was the more extravagant Empress' seashells. Their sheen was gentler, and the overall style was pinkish white. It looked refreshing in a princess' style.

The floor on the second story was done in the colors of the sea. No one knew what technique the system used, but underneath the floorboards was actual flowing seawater. They could even see seaweeds and aquatic plants. It made them like they were in the underwater world.

"It's the sea!" Amy leaped off Mag's arms on her own accord and stepped on the floor with bare feet. She ran a few steps before diving onto the floor, and slid across the floor like a fish.

Ugly Duckling, which followed them upstairs, dashed onto Mag's leg immediately. Its four fat paws grabbed Mag's thigh tightly as it stared at the floor and trembled.

"When did you prepare all these things?" Irina asked Mag smilingly.

“While you two were sleeping,” Mag said smilingly. Judging by her expression, she should be rather satisfied with this house.

“Oh. Your mouth is getting sweeter and sweeter. Have you ever told any other women the same words before?” A hint of judgement appeared in Irina’s gaze.

“Apart from you, who would dare to accept them?” Mag asked her with a smile instead.

“That’s true. Any sluts who dare to accept them are already dead.” Irina glanced at her hand. Her slender fingers began to clench into a dainty fist slowly as she smiled at Mag. “Am I right?”

“Yes...” Mag nodded in agreement. Anyone would die under that fist, including him.

There were three rooms on the second floor. Amy and Irina would be sharing one room, while Mag had a room to himself. The last room was a small study.

Irina brought Amy to sleep. Ugly Duckling, whose status in the family hierarchy had dropped so dramatically, had lost its right to sleep on the bed. It could only lie on the cushion at the end of the bed. It called out to Mag at the door aggrievedly.

Mag glanced at it with sympathy. What else could he do? He didn’t even have the right to sleep in that room now.

“Isn’t Boss Mag too much this time round? He didn’t even write down his return date for his current ingredients shopping trip.” Harrison sighed as he read the announcement on the restaurant’s door this time.

“Sniff, sniff. Boss Mag, you’re a heartless man. What else could I use to maintain my youth and beauty and hold those men’s hearts without the tofu pudding?” A succubus who was dressed up to the nines used a silk handkerchief to dab at her eyes with an aggrieved expression.

“My hair has only grown halfway, and Boss Mag simply ran away. What’s going on?” The boss of “Find All Job-Finding Service”, Crease, touched his hair which had grown into a roundabout shape with a sad look.

“Let’s be content. At least we can still have the congee with pork and century egg, beef kebabs, and hot pot.”

At Mamy Restaurant’s entrance, the customers who came to line up at noon but couldn’t even get in were complaining of Mag’s absence.

“Boss, Boss Mag has gone out, so what should we do now?” Kiel asked Sargerass.

The members of the Burning Legion, which had expanded to over 60 demons, were all looking at Sargerass. Boss Mag’s absence meant they wouldn’t get to eat their holy roujiamos.

“A holy man like Boss Mag has to leave and seek inspiration every now and then. We have to be considerate to him,” Sargerass said gravely, but there was still a hint of disappointment in his eyes. After a moment of thought, he said, “Let’s make a trip back to the Demon Islands during this period. I received

news from our tribe yesterday. Some ignorant idiots are making trouble for our tribe. It's time to let them know that the lava demons are not to be trifled with."

Chapter 1319: I Wanna Eat meat. Grilled Meat!

"Hmm? When did that house become so new? And they even put so many dining tables out?" Ivan the rock troll, who just came home after quarrying, said in astonishment as he stared at the brand-new house next door and the tables and chairs in the garden with wide eyes.

"Maybe we have a new neighbor. That house has been abandoned for so long, and who knows what kind of people have moved in." Ivan's wife Gemina, who was holding a huge sea turtle, also looked at that new house.

"Forget it. Our island doesn't have the tradition of greeting our neighbors, after all. If this neighbor has a bad character, it may even cause us trouble." Ivan shook his head and continued walking to his house.

"I agree." Gemina nodded and followed Ivan in.

A little rock troll stumbled out of the house when he heard the door open. Even before he could lift his stubby leg over the threshold, he fell onto the floor with a bam, and made a crater in the ground. He stood up with a single scratch. Looking at the giant sea turtle in Gemina's hands, he instantly said in disappointment, "It's a giant sea turtle again. We're eating giant sea turtles every day, and soon we are going to turn into ones ourselves."

Ivan rubbed that little demon's head, and said, "Justin, Father will buy other nice food tomorrow. Let's have the sea turtle today. The sea turtle that your mother makes is delicious, and one giant sea turtle is enough to last us a whole day."

Justin snorted, and complained, "You said that yesterday and the day before yesterday, but we're still eating turtles every day, and it's always stewed turtles. We even have to eat it for the entire day. I'd rather eat rocks."

Ivan's expression froze on his face, and a hint of guilt flashed across his eyes. He hemmed and hawed as he didn't know how to reply.

Gemina only knew how to stew turtles, so what could he do? He, too, felt hopeless.

"What's this, Justin? Do you think that the turtle stew that I cook is not nice?" Gemina had a cold expression, and her brownish-green eyes were staring at Justin.

Justin, who was initially very fierce, turned into a coward instantly.

"N-no, Mother. I just feel that... we could eat something else or go out for a meal..." he said weakly with a shifty gaze.

"Eat something else? Go out for a meal? Is there any other food that is more tasty than the turtle stew? Is there anyone better than me in cooking?" Gemina said with a ridiculous expression before turning her head to ask Ivan, "You tell me, is there?"

Ivan sensed the deadly glare, and even when his conscience was hurting, he shook his head with conviction. "No."

“Father, you traitor!” Justin gave Ivan a disdainful glance. It was him who told him to do this yesterday, and he actually backed out at the very last minute now.

“Did you see that? Even your knowledgeable father said no.” A smug smile appeared on Gemina’s face. She placed the giant turtle on the floor, and commanded, “Go. Bring me the big pot. I’m going to show you all my real culinary skills. I’m going to make a pot of delicious turtle stew for you.”

Ivan and Justin, who failed in their resistance efforts, had to walk into the house and carry a big pot out with resignation. In the center of the yard was a simple cooking bench stacked up by three big rocks.

Right then, they could hear a voice talking in the yard next to theirs.

“Today, we will be having grilled fish and grilled prawns,” Mag said to Amy and Irina, who were carrying the ingredients, as he came out with a grill, and placed it in the empty field in the middle of the courtyard.

“I wanna eat meat. Grilled meat!” Amy said, raising her hand up in the air.

“Meow~” Ugly Duckling who was sitting next to Amy’s feet, raised its paw up in agreement.

“Alright. Then I will prepare some beef kebabs later.” Mag nodded with a smile. The theme for tonight’s dinner was outdoor barbecue, and that made him regret a little that he hadn’t chosen a house next to the sea. After all, it would definitely be more pleasant to barbecue facing the sea.

“Is that our new neighbor?” Upon hearing the voices in the neighbor’s courtyard, the rock troll family who were in the midst of lighting up a fire stood up and looked toward the adjacent courtyard.

Both Ivan and Gemina were over three meters tall, and even the little guy Justin was one and half a meter tall. Therefore, the one-meter-tall fence couldn’t block their sight at all.

A young weird-looking demon, a beautiful female demon, and an adorable little demon. This family of three should be their new neighbors who had just moved in today.

However, Ivan’s and Justin’s gaze was already totally attracted by the big prawns and big fish on the table. The seafood that was marinated with condiments was already giving out an aroma of the spices. To this family whose only daily condiment was salt, it was akin to a fatal temptation.

Mag also noticed the three rock trolls were standing in the courtyard next door, smiled, and called out, “Nice to meet you. We’ve just moved in today.”

“Nice to meet you. I’m Gemina, and this is Ivan. This is our child, Justin,” Gemina replied, introducing her family. Their new neighbors seemed to be rather easy to get along with.

“I’m Hades. This is my wife, Ina, and this is our child, Ay.” Mag, too, did a self-introduction smilingly. This was their first step of blending into Carapace Island. Establishing a good neighborly relationship could be considered as the first step.

“How do you do.” Amy waved to them.

“So adorable!” Both Ivan’s and Gemina’s eyes lit up. They looked at Justin and then at each other as they seemed to have reached some consensus. It seemed like it was time for them to try to have a daughter again.

After greeting each other, the rock troll family continued to cook their dinner, and didn’t try to interact with Mag and his family. On Carapace Island, the demons wouldn’t trust any other demons apart from their family members.

“Mother, I see that they have big prawns and big fish on their plates, and they look delicious.” Justin gulped.

Ivan was observing them sneakily from the side.

Gemina smirked. “Humph. What’s nice about those things? They smell fishy after they are stewed. Only the giant turtle stew is the perfect delicacy. They will be so envious after the stew is done later.”

Justin and Ivan looked at each other. *We don’t know if the neighbors’ fish and prawns would be better than the turtle stew. We dare not comment or ask.*

The giant turtle that was cleaned and processed was tossed into a pot of clear water. Natural sea salt was scattered into the pot, and the cover was placed on it. Gemina clapped her hands with a relaxed expression.

Alright, they only needed to wait for the delicacy to be ready now. Among the rock trolls, only a beautiful and competent female demon like her could grasp such a perfect and complicated method of stewing the turtle. Many of their people were still eating stones.

Meanwhile, Mag had already lit up the fruit charcoal with Amy’s help. He rubbed a layer of oil into the grill, and then placed the marinated fish on it.

Pfft~

A beautiful sound appeared, and the fish’s skin began to sizzle. The aroma of the fish and the fragrance of the spices began to drift over to the neighboring courtyard.

Chapter 1320: The Child Next Door Cried Because He Was Greedy

Gulp.

Three sounds of gulping could be heard almost in unison.

“T-this smells too good to be true?” Ivan, who was sitting in front of the stove, couldn’t help looking over to their neighbors’ yard. He had never smelled such an aroma before. This was the first time that he knew food could give out such a beautiful smell which was several times more scrumptious than the scent of the soil and rocks in their backyard.

“That smells so good. Really good.” Justin stood up and grabbed the fence as he looked over to their neighbors’ yard. That male demon was flipping the big fish on the grill and rubbing something into the fish with a brush in his hand. After a while, he took out a container and shook it to sprinkle some sort of powder onto the fish. The aroma of the fish was activated immediately as if a soul was injected into it.

“Wah!”

Justin burst into tears right on the spot with greediness. Grabbing the fence, he turned and cried to Gemina, “Mother, I want to eat that too...”

Putting down the cumin powder shaker, Mag turned his head around, a little shocked by the fact that the child next door cried because he was greedy.

“Wow, the big brother cries because he wants our food. But this grilled fish is ours.” Amy, who was sitting on a chair, declared her ownership with a serious expression.

“Meow~”

Ugly Duckling chimed in to show its agreement.

“How can you want that? That’s so embarrassing.” Gemina gave Justin an angry punch on his head, and sent half of his head into the ground.

“That’s brutal.” Amy flinched, and then looked at Mag and Irina. Seemed like her father and mother were really nice to her.

“Excuse me. My child gets hungry very quickly, and eats anything when he’s hungry, even soil. His favorite food is the turtle stew that I made.” Gemina smiled at Mag and his family before giving a look to Ivan who was salivating while he stared at the grilled fish.

“Yes, yes, yes. Our whole family loves to eat turtle stew the most.” Ivan shivered and swiftly nodded.

“It’s okay. Children are all the same.” Mag nodded. He was rather amazed by his neighbor’s brutal disciplinary style. However, he wasn’t really sure whether the child really loved to eat turtle stew.

“That’s not true. I hate to eat turtle stew the most,” Justin grumbled as he crouched at the corner of the wall, clutching his head. His head was fine, but his spirit was devastated. His eyes couldn’t help sizing up the other yard through the gaps in the fence even as he was tearing up.

In this world, there was indeed more scrumptious food than turtle stew.

Could that male demon be a culinary expert from the legends? How did he make such aromatic food?

Mag took a plate and placed a grilled fish on it. He sprinkled some spring onions on it, and instantly the pleasant aroma spread out.

“Come, let’s eat the grilled fish first.” Mag placed the grilled fish in front of Irina and Amy before changing to a new grilling pan and brushing it with a layer of grease. He placed the crayfish, which were cut open in their backs, in the grilling pan. The pincers were moving a little, but the marinate had already seeped through completely. Both the meat’s texture and taste were taken care of at the same time.

The greenish-black crayfish shell began to slowly turn red as it was grilled by the hot charcoal fire. The crayfish butter in the head started to sizzle, and the crayfish’s unique aroma was slowly released too.

Mag was using the minimum oil method to grill the crayfish. There was plenty of water content in the supple crayfish’s flesh, and as the water content evaporated, gaps began to appear between the meat

and the shell. The sauce that was previously marinated on the crayfish had already seeped into the meat perfectly, and the aroma spread everywhere.

“That’s simply too tempting. I want to eat it so much...” Justin suddenly stood up and sobbed as he grabbed a pillar at the corner of the wall with yearning in his eyes.

“Mm. It’s so delicious.” Amy picked up a piece of fish, and cooled it by blowing at it. She then put it into her mouth, and shook her head happily.

Irina also picked a piece of fish and ate it. It was slightly different from the spicy grilled fish they had in the restaurant. This grilled fish was simpler without any accompaniments.

The tender fish meat was engulfed by the crispy fish skin. The crispiness and aroma burst out in the mouth as soon as she bit into it, and yet the tender fish meat brought on an amazing surprise attack.

The fruity charcoal’s unique fragrance bestowed upon it a special character. Compared to the spicy grilled fish, this grilled fish’s cumin fragrance was more prominent, but it didn’t overshadow the fresh aroma of the fish meat, and still managed to achieve a perfect balance.

“It’s different from the grilled fish we used to have, but it’s still delicious.” Irina picked up a piece of grilled fish again. A freshly done grilled fish was without a doubt the most scrumptious.

“They’re too much... even the way they eat is so enticing...” Justin’s tears started to fall uncontrollably again. That should be the life worth looking forward to.

“Don’t cry. Isn’t the turtle stew going to be ready soon? I know you want to eat the turtle stew too. It just needs a little while more, do you need to cry so sadly?” Gemina tugged Justin back to the cooking bench and pressed him down next to it as she consoled him.

“I-I’m not even allowed to speak the truth...” Justin’s lips turned downwards with aggrievement. When did he ever say he liked to eat turtle stew?

“Hold it in.” Gemina glared at him. This matter had to do with a housewife’s pride and status. She would never let anyone threaten her status in this family.

Furthermore, she still staunchly believed that her turtle stew was the most delicious dish in this world.

What kind of scrumptious food could a clumsy male demon cook up?

“Father.” Justin looked toward Ivan.

Ivan picked up a big bowl with a silly smile, and said, “Can you see how big and round this bowl is?”

Justin sighed. Forget it. He could never depend on his father.

“Let’s see what the grilled crayfish taste like for the first time today.” Mag placed three freshly grilled crayfish on the table. The aroma of the grilled crayfish had already greeted them with the heat. It made Irina and Amy, who were engrossed in the scrumptiousness of the grilled fish, lift their heads up.

“It smells so good.” Amy’s eyes lit up as she watched Mag place the grilled crayfish in front of her. She reached out in an attempt to grab that big red pincer.

“The pincers are still very hot now. Let’s eat the body first.” Mag quickly stopped her before using the table knife to slice open both sides of the shell lightly. Mag picked up a big chunk of the shrunken crayfish meat with a fork easily. Even though it had lost a lot of its water content, it was still as thick as Amy’s wrist.

“Wow! What a big piece of meat!” Amy’s eyes lit up as she took the fork with both her hands. She blew at it gently before taking a big bite.

“D-d-delicious.” Amy huffed and puffed as she mumbled with a blissful expression.

Meanwhile, Gemina’s turtle stew was done too. She stood up and used her hand to sweep the aroma toward her for a sniff before removing the cover.

A whole giant turtle was floating upside down in a milky-white soup. The hot steam washed over them with a tinge of fishy stench.

Right at that moment, Mag walked to the fence with one grilled crayfish, smiling, and said, “This is the grilled crayfish that I made. I didn’t prepare too many ingredients in advance, so this is just for the child to have a taste.”