

Stay At home 1361

Chapter 1361: Your Father Said He's Going To Wash Our Feet For Us Today

Alfred from whom only charred skin was left, the lingering explosive smell in the air, and the broken chief's order tablet all pointed to one conclusion.

The abyss demons and flaming demons were staring at each other, and the atmosphere began to get tense gradually. However, there was still befuddlement in their eyes.

Even though both the abyss demons and the flaming demons were pro-war tribes, and had some small conflicts due to their proximity, their overall relationship wasn't too bad, as they were both powerful tribes.

So why did Alfred and Simmons decide to have a duel here, and why did both of them end up dead?

Their chiefs' death was an earth-shattering matter for both tribes.

"The flaming demons killed our chief. Let's kill them to avenge our chief!" someone among the abyss demons shouted.

The two groups who were in a stand-off were ignited instantly. They shouted and ran toward one another. Flames began to burn on the sea's surface amidst the deafening shouts and roars.

The battle ended 30 minutes later, and bodies of the demons were strewn all over the sea's surface. Only a few of them escaped with injuries.

That night, nobody slept on Abyss Island and Flaming Island.

On the other hand, Mag and Irina, who'd caused all this, returned to the crayfish restaurant.

He was still betting with Irina on their way back that Amy and Ugly Duckling were still watching *Tom and Jerry*. The one who lost would wash the other person's feet that night. In the end, they found Amy and Ugly Duckling searching for something amid all the spare parts.

"Did you find them, Ugly Duckling? Where have they gone? We saw them in the little box earlier," Amy said anxiously as she crouched on the floor and knocked on the tablet's screen

"Meow, meow~" Ugly Duckling shook its head as it searched through the spare parts that were taken apart violently with its paws.

"Seems like I've won." Irina smiled and locked her mirthful gaze on Mag. He had never washed her feet for her before.

"Little Amy, what are you..." Mag looked at those spare parts helplessly. Judging from their conversation, Amy and Ugly Duckling had taken apart the tablet in order to release Tom and Jerry.

What a loving idea; he couldn't really reprimand them.

"Father, Mother. You two are back." Amy got up from the floor as soon as she heard their voices, and threw herself at them.

“What’s going on here, Little Amy? Why did you two take the tablet apart?” Mag asked with a severe expression as he picked Amy up.

“I think it’s sad that they could only play inside such a small box. I want to release them out of there so we all play together,” Amy said with a naive expression. But she soon disappointedly said, “However, they disappeared after I took the box apart. They seem to be hiding somewhere. Maybe they didn’t want to play with Amy?”

Mag’s heart softened when he saw Amy’s aggrieved expression, so he shook his head and smiled. “Of course not. Because they aren’t really hiding in this box. Those were only their images. Hence, you cannot find them even if you take the box apart.”

“Images?” Amy was a little perplexed.

“That means someone recorded what they’ve seen with video. In that way, that image could be preserved forever. We could see the images that others recorded through this box, so that cat and mouse weren’t in the box. In fact, they were in a very far away place,” Mag explained with a smile. He didn’t want to tell Amy this was a cartoon that didn’t exist in real life.

“Oh, I see.” Amy nodded as if she understood. Even though she couldn’t completely understand her father’s words, she understood that the cat and mouse weren’t in the box. She turned and looked at the tablet that was split into pieces by her, and her expression became self-reproachful and uneasy. She grasped her clothes with her hand and stole a look at Mag as she softly said, “But... Ugly Duckling and I destroyed it.”

“It’s fine. Father knows Little Amy didn’t do it on purpose. Just don’t take things apart again in the future.” Mag couldn’t bear to lecture Amy after seeing her self-reproachful expression. He shook his head with a smile before putting Amy down, and walking toward those spare parts.

The tablet that was taken apart by force was already beyond repair.

He gathered the bigger parts together, and dumped them into the trash can before clicking on the robot vacuum. The circular robot vacuum quickly moved over, scanned the rubbish, and then cleared it all away.

“Then, can we ever see that cat and mouse again?” Amy asked Mag.

“There you go.” Mag took out another tablet that the system just delivered from a shelf, and passed it to Amy with a smile.

“Woah. There’s another one!” Amy’s eyes lit up, and she accepted it with both her hands.

“Don’t take it apart again this time,” Mag said smilingly. He only let go after Amy nodded gravely.

“Let’s go, Little Amy. Your father said he’s going to wash our feet tonight. Let’s watch *Tom and Jerry* while we get our feet washed.” Irina went up to pick up Amy, and then threw a glance at Mag. “It’s time to go boil water.”

“Alright...” Mag nodded sheepishly. What else could he do except accept his defeat? He’d never expected Amy to take the tablet apart.

Mag filled up two wooden basins with hot water before dripping a few drops of rose essential oil into them. After some thought, he took a rose from a vase at the side, and scattered petals into the water before bringing the basins into the room.

Irina and Amy were sitting on a big and small chair, respectively. Ugly Duckling was huddled in Amy's arms with only its head poking out. They were watching *Tom and Jerry* intently, and laughing out loud every now and then.

Mag's gaze landed on Irina's feet. She'd already removed her shoes, and a pair of fair and long legs was revealed. No excess impurities were found on the fair and round toes, the slender and slightly curved arch, and the round and adorable heels. They looked like white lotus flowers that had just blossomed, clean and beautiful.

These were a pair of feet that resembled a work of art.

Mag's eyes lit up. Even though he didn't have a foot fetish, he could appreciate a pair of beautiful feet.

"Here comes the water." Mag came in with one big and one small basin, and placed them next to Irina's and Amy's feet.

"Didn't you say you're going to wash my feet for me?" Irina smilingly asked as she lifted a foot up, and shifted her gaze from the screen to Mag's face.

"I want to wash my feet too." Amy also lifted her smooth and round feet up, and looked at Mag smilingly.

"Alright. I will be a hardworking feet-washer today." Mag looked at the two pairs of feet in front of him and smiled helplessly. He shifted the wooden basins under their feet before placing them into the basins gently. Then, he took a small stool from the side and sat down in front of them.

Chapter 1362: So, I Will Become A Queen Through The Deaths Of My Husbands

Feet washing wasn't a miserable or difficult task, especially when one was holding a pair of smooth and delicate feet in his hands. Instead, it was an enjoyment. Mag recalled how those girls back on Earth had massaged him, and tried to make himself look more professional.

Maybe it was due to the warm water temperature, or maybe the pair of hands that were massaging her was a little naughty, but a blush appeared on Irina's face, and beads of sweat also appeared on her nose.

I didn't expect he's also quite good at washing feet apart from cooking. Seems like I have to let him massage my feet more in the future. Irina gazed at Mag as some tender feelings rippled through her heart. The hands that were holding her feet were so gentle and strong, and almost hotter than water temperature. They felt numb and electrifying when they caressed her skin. It made her want to escape and yet immersed in it.

"Alright. Let's add in some more hot water and soak for a while longer." After massaging her feet for some time, Mag released them and lifted them out of the water gently before adding in some more hot water to maintain the water temperature at a comfortable and soothing temperature.

"Is it over?" Irina regained her wits from the relaxation. Her whole body felt relaxed after she placed her feet in the warm water. It felt even more comfortable than being caressed by the life magic.

“Little Amy, it’s time to wash your feet now.” Mag held Amy’s little feet which were about twice or thrice as long as his thumbs. They were soft and fair and not suitable for massaging. Hence, after cleaning them, he let her feet soak in the water again comfortably.

The scent of roses filled the room while the family of three and a cat huddled together, watching *Tom and Jerry* and laughing away.

“If the Bartoli Family doesn’t want to lose another son, they’d better stop trying to make me marry again. Otherwise, I will use my own methods to stop this matrimonial alliance!” Camilla said in a cold and determined voice to a tall and thin vampire sitting on a platform while standing in the middle of a dark castle’s hall.

The wall lamps were flickering with red light, and wind was blowing in through the small windows. They were as eerie as the blood in the crystal wine glass that the vampire sitting on the platform was swirling in his hand.

The vampire stopped swirling his wine glass, and fixed his blue eyes on Camilla. Apologetic, he said, “Camilla, you know the Bartoli is the most powerful family in the vampire tribe. They even have an ancestor in their clan. If you refused to marry Noak, the Bartoli Family would join the pro-war fraction, and the vampire tribe would fall apart. We wouldn’t be able to keep our status as part of the Top Ten Clans.”

“So, you want to make me marry again so you could maintain your laughable face and status? Ha, Father, have you forgotten about the promise that you made when you forced me to marry Noxis then? Apart from being a tool for making matrimonial alliances, what am I to you?” Camilla said with a sarcastic expression to her father, the chief of the vampire tribe, Maynard.

An unnatural expression flashed across the face of Maynard. After a moment of silence, he continued, “You know both Noxis and Noak fancied you then. Noxis had died accidentally, and Noak is already the sole heir of the Bartoli Family. You will receive the support of both the Bartolis and our family if you marry him. Perhaps you will even become the first queen regnant of the vampire clan.”

“So, I will become a queen through the deaths of my husbands?” Camilla’s expression became more and more sarcastic.

“You know, sometimes we have to sacrifice something before we can achieve what we want.”

“I don’t want to be sacrificed twice.” A pair of wings appeared behind Camilla’s back. She spread them and flew toward the doors of the hall.

Maynard raised his hand, and a dark light screen appeared at the entrance of the hall.

Camilla crashed into it, but was rebounded backward.

“I’m sorry, Camilla. I have to do this for the family.” Maynard’s voice suddenly appeared behind Camilla as he slapped her neck.

Camilla collapsed to the floor slowly with her eyes wide open.

“Inform the Bartoli Family, Camilla’s back. Tell them to show their sincerity to marry her,” Maynard said to the exterior of the hall as he carried Camilla in his arms.

“We found it!”

In the midst of fiery red lava, Sarger’s eyes lit up as he looked at the long amulet floating in the deeper part of the lava. An area of vacuum surrounded the tablet like a bubble, and insulated the amulet from the lava.

Sarger dived in, and swam toward that amulet quickly.

The temperature of the lava in the deep part of the volcano was enough to melt steel. Sarger’s clothes long turned into ashes, and the lava on the surface of his body flowed about crazily. His body had also turned red.

Sarger—whose power was close to the 9th-tier—also felt his body being pushed to its limit.

However, that Holy Lava Order was within reach, and he should be the lava demon that got the closest to it in centuries. A gleam flashed across his eyes, and the lava on his body’s surface quickened its flow again while he reached into the bubble without any hesitation to grab that amulet.

That was a golden tablet which was about 50 cm long, narrow and triangular in shape. It was engraved with complicated runes, and there was the symbol of the lava demons at the top.

Shhh...

Sarger grasped the tablet. It looked cold, but he felt a horribly high temperature that shook his soul instantly.

The tablet in his hand caused smoke to emit from his palm, whereas the lava didn’t even hurt him at all. He hadn’t felt the pain of being burned for a long time. The pain that came from his palm and fingers felt as if they were melting.

But Sarger didn’t let go, and instead he grabbed that amulet even tighter.

The Holy Lava Order was one of the lava demons’ three holy objects.

The other two holy objects were already lost, and the Holy Lava Order was the lava demons’ only hope for resurgence.

Sarger clearly knew that even though he was already close to 9th-tier, the lava demons were still a very weak tribe on the Demon Islands.

He had to let the Holy Lava Order reappear in this world so it could remove the seals and restrictions on them.

The burning pain continued for an unknown period of time, and even a tough guy like Sarger felt as if a hole was being burned through his soul.

And right at that instant, a cold sensation was transmitted out from that Holy Lava Order, and spread throughout Sarger's body from his arms. All the burning hot sensation disappeared immediately, and Sarger who was in the lava felt a comfortable sensation as if he was soaking in warm water.

"This is?" Sarger stared at the Holy Lava Order that was glowing in his hands in shock. Suddenly, a golden light flew out from that Holy Lava Order, and went in between his eyes. His gaze became vacant instantly as if his soul was sucked into a mysterious place. A mysterious bubble enveloped him.

At the same time, the bottom of the volcano which was relatively calm before suddenly trembled violently. Red lava spewed out from the ground continuously and rushed toward the crater!

Chapter 1363: That Is Not Dead Which Can Eternal Lie

Fiery red lava erupted out from the volcano's crater. It went all the way up into the sky like a giant red dragon, and lit up half of the sky.

"The fire dragon flies into the sky and the Holy Order reappears. Our tribe is going to rise again!" the great elder said in a quivering voice.

"Hail the King of Lava!"

All the lava demons were also staring at the rising lava with glistening eyes. They knelt down on one knee, and exclaimed as they watched Sarger walk over on the lava with the Holy Lava Order in his hand.

"From today onward, the Lava Demon Tribe will be renamed Burning Legion!"

Sarger held the Holy Lava Order above his head, and a red fire rose up. Droplets of golden-red lava dripped from the flames, and drifted toward the lava demons that were kneeling on the ground. The lava went in between their eyes, and turned into a flame symbol that looked like a "W". As if their shackles were removed, burning hot lava began to flow all over their bodies, and they felt a sense of exhilaration that they had never felt before.

"Burning Legion!"

"Burning Legion!"

"Burning Legion!!!"

All the lava demons stood up, and their cries reverberated throughout the whole island.

The news of Alfred and Simmons perishing together had spread like wildfire and shook up the Demon Islands.

The chiefs of two of the Top Ten Tribes had actually perished at the same time. Regardless of whether they were murdered or they had really killed each other, such an event had never happened in the past 100 years. The shock that it had brought upon was even greater than that of the murder of the Spatial Demon Patriarch.

Meanwhile, the abyss demons and the flaming demons had already entered into a battle-ready state. Both parties began to amass their people after the small-scale battle on West Point Island. They were prepared to escalate their conflict.

A horrifying storm was brewing right now.

If the abyss demons and the flaming demons started a battle among themselves just before the peace negotiation was about to start, the demons' stance in the negotiation could possibly change.

Both the abyss demons and the flaming demons were fanatic warmongers. They were trying to start a racial war as they hoped to gain a leadership position in the midst of the war.

Many demons on the Demon Islands couldn't sleep tonight.

After washing up, Mag lay back on his bed and closed his eyes. He began to check for the reward he received after killing Alfred.

First of all was the title of "Guardian of the Base". Mag had no idea what was that for. It probably was similar to the "Good Person Card".

What Mag was the most interested in was "the chance to ask one classified question".

"System, how do I use this chance? Can I ask about anything? For example, are you my biological child?" Mag asked with raised eyebrows.

"Although the Host is my father, I am definitely not the Host's biological child," the system said gravely.

"Oh, I see. That's okay, as long as you call me Daddy." Mag nodded.

"No, no. The Host is not this system's father, and this system is not the child of the Host. This System simply exists because of the Host's appearance!" the system corrected with exasperation.

"You see, isn't the conclusion that the chicken comes before the egg? From the angle of cause and effect, I'm still your father." Mag smiled.

"The debate of whether the chicken or the egg comes first is still inconclusive today. If you're using this as the judgement, from a certain theoretical angle, this system could be the Host's father."

"Ha, there will be no you without me. But without you, I am still me. So, System, do you think you are the father or the son?" Mag smirked.

"Father," the system blurted out.

"Good boy." Mag nodded with satisfaction. "Alright, let's talk about this classified question. What kind of questions are considered as a classified question?" Mag asked.

"Secrets that are hidden from the world's cognition and not known by the majority of the people are considered as classified. Once these secrets are exposed, they could have some unpredictable influence on this world. Hence, they were not revealed to the Host, and this System is open to certain limits," the system answered.

Mag sunk in thought. Humans had their secrets, so it wasn't unusual that this world had secrets that nobody knew about. Many secrets were even hidden and locked away by all the species.

"The Host has killed the destroyer of the base, Alfred, and received the title of 'Guardian of the Base' and a chance to ask a question about 'classified matters'. The Host will have the one rare chance to obtain the answer from the secret vault, so please treasure this chance."

"So, this means that it could be a secret that even you have no access to?"

"Yes."

Mag was deep in thought after he got the affirmation from the system. Although he had tried to obtain as much knowledge as he could about this world from numerous classics and history books for the past six months, he still had many doubts about this world.

For example, what was the Norland Continent like before the racial war broke out?

Why did Lantide sink into the sea? Why were there no records of it in the history books?

What was the agreement that Alfred had entered into with the devil?

Questions were flashing across his mind. Questions that he wanted to know but had nowhere to find the answers to.

"I want to know this: what kind of existence is the skeleton man that had pulled me into the stone statue's space?" Mag finally chose this question after he struggled for a while.

That weird stone statue, the black fog that kept appearing in the Wind Forest and Demon Islands, and the skeleton man that appeared in the stone statue's space all made Mag feel uneasy.

The fear of the unknown made him a little uncomfortable.

"That is not dead which can eternal lie.

"And with strange eons even death may die."

Accompanied by the sounds of an old typewriter, a line of black words appeared in Mag's mind.

Mag murmured softly with tightly furrowed brows. These two phrases sounded a little familiar.

The sounds of the typewriter faltered, and the line of words began to disappear.

"I remembered it. These two phrases came from Abdul Alhazred's *Necronomicon*." Mag's eyes lit up as he suddenly recalled where the two phrases came from. However, staring at the words that had completely disappeared, he said with a frown again, "But, what did they have to do with the question?"

The secret vault didn't give him any other answers.

"That's all? System, are you lying to your father?" Mag was stunned. He felt as if he was fooled. He had to rack his brains and design a series of operations before he could kill Alfred successfully. In the end, all he got was two bizarre phrases that had even come from a book on Earth.

“The secret vault is locked once more, and the Host doesn’t have the permission to ask again,” the system replied.

Chapter 1364: Great Old Ones

“What do the phrases mean?” Mag didn’t bother to argue after hearing that, and began to ponder deeply.

Mag had read *Necronomicon* in H.P Lovecraft’s novel. Someone introduced the Cthulhu Mythos to him, so he borrowed an H.P Lovecraft collection from the library. However, he didn’t really like the Western horror genre, so he simply flipped through a few short stories and the illustrations before returning the book.

Although, given his memory, he could only remember certain snippets, he remembered those two phrases very well.

Because Mag didn’t study the Cthulhu Mythos in depth, he didn’t understand the system of Cthulhu Mythos very well. However, he knew that the Great Old Ones had a very important status in the whole system. He could roughly remember they were gods that had survived from the ancient times.

“Could that skeleton man be a Great Old One, a god that had survived from the ancient times?” Mag murmured. Given his understanding of the Cthulhu’s system, that was all he could pass judgement on now.

The unknown mysterious existence and the eerie black fog could bestow a massive power to others and use the Power of the Dead to control everything. All this didn’t seem to be matters that could be achieved by 10th-tier powerhouses. The mysterious skeleton man in the stone statue should be above 10th-tier.

That existence that was known as an extraordinary realm of power had never been proven to exist in this world.

“Seems like I will have to read up more on it. H.P Lovecraft who wrote *I am Providence* might really know something special.” Mag pondered before saying to the system, “System, give me a set of all the books which related to the Cthulhu Mythos system.”

“Host, this System—”

“Based on the publishers’ pricing, I’ll pay 1 copper coin extra for every single book,” Mag said calmly.

“This System will pack all of them for you right now.” The system’s voice began to sound very enthusiastic.

“Ding! 1000 novels with Cthulhu’s elements were successfully packed. The total price is 89,233 copper coins!

“Ding! The cost has been successfully deducted!

“Ding! They’re delivered!”

Mag opened his eyes and saw thick novels covering a whole wall in front of him. There were even some internet novels among them. He couldn't help feeling a little headache. This stupid system indeed would not pass up any chance to make money.

"Never mind. I will read them tomorrow." Mag hesitated for a while after looking at that wall of books, and then lay back in bed.

Although the Cthulhu Mythos might have given him some inspiration, he didn't believe the answer lay within these novels. The secret vault might have simply borrowed these two phrases from the *Necronomicon* as an answer. As for whether they were closely related, he needed to find out more.

After one hard day, Mag had a good sleep amidst the scent of the books. Mag rubbed in between his eyes with a headache when he opened his eyes next morning. He had no idea where to start from when there were so many books.

"Let's make breakfast first." Mag glanced at the alarm clock before he went downstairs. He saw Jane rubbing holy light in between her hands when he was about to enter the kitchen. A faint holy light was slowly converging at the tip of her fingers gradually like a weak candlelight.

Jane's expression was especially solemn and sincere. Her gaze was fixed on that holy light as if she was staring at her idol.

She's learned so fast. Her natural talent is quite good. Mag looked at Jane's gently glowing single horn. It, too, had a little holy light converging there.

Mag had closely experienced all the advantages of Holy Light for the past few days. Light was always the fastest, and had a very strong restrictive power on the Ghost's Aura. He was glad to see the appearance of a light-type demon. It could be very helpful for the unknown future.

If the Great Old Ones really exist, then does the god believed in by the magic casters exist too? God of Light, God of Life, Lord of Fire... What are their relationships with the Great Old Ones? A question suddenly flashed through Mag's mind. Even though he had always believed they were fixed spells that the magic casters used, the answer that he had gotten from the secret vault had overthrown much of his paradigm.

If the Great Old Ones indeed existed, then the existence of gods was acceptable too.

What a headache. I hope that is only a legend. Mag shook his head. He, too, had a little resistance against the unknown.

Is the Great Old One a new species? How's the texture of its flesh? What's their fat content? Is it suitable to be made into a new dish? Could we cultivate it on a grand scale? We may have to put the research of new recipes on the agenda. Make it into a sashimi? Barbecue it over charcoal fire? Coat it with breadcrumbs and deep-fry it? Stir-fry...?

Just as Mag was having a headache over the Great Old Ones that might exist, he didn't notice the section of weird words that were caught in between the data flow that was flowing through his mind like a waterfall.

The holy light on Jane's hands extinguished suddenly, and she sighed with disappointment. She looked up and saw Mag standing at the door. Blushing, she stammered, "B-Boss."

Mag regained his wits after hearing the voice. Smiling, he replied, "Oh, Jane is very hardworking. You woke up so early for your practice."

"I'm too stupid, so I have to wake up earlier to learn." Jane lowered her head embarrassedly. She was really very stupid compared to the lady boss. She could only light up a little bit of the holy light now, and it couldn't even light up a room.

"No. You've already done very well." Mag shook his head with a smile. Irina had praised Jane's talent during their journey yesterday. "Carry on. I need to go make breakfast for you all."

"Mm-hm." Jane nodded and watched Mag go into the kitchen before she continued to light up the holy light.

Mag went up to read the novels for a while after breakfast. He chose to read H.P Lovecraft's collection of short stories. After all, he was the creator of the Cthulhu Mythos, so his books should have a greater reference value.

At 8am, Mag went down to purchase crayfish as usual. Kitar was the first in the line with a net in his hands. There were dozens of crayfish in it.

"Boss Mag, I've caught 13 crayfish today. Could I use them to practice?" Kitar said to Mag enthusiastically, raising the crayfish in his hands.

"Of course." Mag nodded. It was the best that the apprentices brought along their own ingredients.

"Alrighty." Kitar put the crayfish aside, and began to take the initiative to help Mag pour the crayfish he purchased into the pond. He was a great help.

Ivan, who had caught four crayfish, swiftly joined in to help them.

After Mag had finished collecting the crayfish, all the 10 apprentices had arrived with their own crayfish. Mag, who had wanted to go back to his reading, had no choice but to stay to teach them the actual operation.

The control of heat was very important when it came to cooking crayfish.

Therefore, Mag had intended to teach all of them how to control the heat in that morning.

Chapter 1365: Do You Think That I'm In Love With Boss Mag?

Mag's teaching was easy to understand, so even a complete novice like Ivan could understand it, and quickly got a hang of it under his instructions.

Because there were only three woks, all of them had to take turns to use them. Each crayfish was a chance to practice, and the price of 50 copper coins each made all of them very serious.

And Kitar, who had 13 crayfish, became the "rich man" among them as he had a very high trial and error rate.

They could see their failure easily. Regardless if it was charring the crayfish during stir-frying, or burning the crayfish during the reduction, they all took turns making novices' mistakes.

However, their improvements were also very obvious. Ivan, who couldn't even hold the spatula properly before, could already flip a whole crayfish over in the wok.

"Alright, that's all for this morning's practice session. I've got to start the service after a short rest. You guys may go first," Mag said to the apprentices at 11 am. He would have to treat them to lunch if they stayed.

All of them bid their farewell to Mag respectfully. They only realized that cooking a delicious crayfish was a very difficult task after learning it themselves, so their respect for Mag increased tremendously too.

"We have taken care of Alfred and Simmons. Who's next?" Mag asked Irina while they were having lunch.

"Westin, then," Irina replied after pondering for a while.

"That's a good candidate." Mag nodded slightly. Westin, the second elder of the shivarras and one of those people who had ambushed Alex back then.

The shivarras were also a demon tribe that loved wars, and were known for their terrifying power of devastation. They were ranked at number two in the Top Ten Demon Tribes, had a huge population, and their advanced combat power had been increasing tremendously in the recent 100 years. They were already challenging the overlord status of the fear demons.

The fear demons' stance toward the peace negotiation was still unknown, so the shivarras were the real leaders of the pro-war factions. They were already pressurizing the pro-peace tribes in their attempt to form a powerful pro-war demons' alliance.

Westin enjoyed a high status as the second elder of the shivarras.

However, he wasn't considered powerful, as he had only advanced to the 10th-tier 10-odd years ago. Still, he was a rare demon who was known for his strategic mind. He could be considered as the brain of the shivarras. He had played an important role in the rapid increase of the power of the shivarras in the past 100 years.

In the snippets of Mag's memory, Westin was the only demon who wanted to kill him completely, while the other demons and men were maiming Alex's limbs in sneers and jeers then.

The shivarras didn't appear on the Roth Empire's punishment list for the ambush back then, but he guessed they should have received a huge reward from Josh.

"However, this fellow is very elusive. He may not be easy to get rid of." Irina picked up and bit into a piece of chicken before continuing, "If we don't get a chance to get rid of him, then we will get rid of Bashir."

"Bashir?"

"I heard he likes to collect elven maids." Irina's gaze and voice turned cold at the same time.

Mag narrowed his eyes slightly. Elves who ended up in the hands of the demons usually didn't have a good end, and collection meant turning elves into pets completely. He nodded slightly. "Him, then."

Jane looked at Irina before looking at Mag. Although she didn't understand what they were talking about, they sounded formidable.

After the lunch service, Mag hung an "Off" sign on the door to prevent those enthusiastic apprentices from coming over to bother him earlier, and went back upstairs to read.

The Cthulhu Mythos' system was huge. Mag would need a lot of time to understand it. However, apart from reading, there was no better solution now.

"The third day that Boss Mag left. I miss him."

Vanessa propped her chin on her hands and boredly gazed at a wind chime that was swaying on the window.

"Princess, I have gone to enquire again. They said Boss Mag would return soon," Lola consoled her gently. She rather missed Boss Mag too. The princess lost much of her appetite after he had left.

Vanessa turned around, and asked Lola, "Lola, do you think that I'm in love with Boss Mag? I have never missed a man so much. I even think about him when I am sleeping."

"Are you sure you're not thinking about food instead of Boss Mag?" Lola asked hesitantly.

"Hmm..." An awkward expression flashed across Vanessa's face as she murmured, "Although it was about food most of the time, without Boss Mag, we wouldn't have those foods."

"That only means that you like the food that Boss Mag cooked, and not him." Lola heaved a breath of relief secretly. If her princess fell in love with a chef, and a chef with a child at it, she would be so dead when she returned.

"Alright. Compared to Boss Mag, I indeed prefer tofu pudding, braised chicken and rice, Yangzhou fried rice... In this case, his ranking came after the top 10." Vanessa nodded. She suddenly felt a little apologetic that she had sort of let Boss Mag down.

"Oh, yes. The duke said His Majesty has written again, asking you to return. Do you plan on staying on in Tatar[1]?" Lola said.

"There's nothing fun to do back in the palace. There's nobody there to play with me and nothing nice to eat. I will mold in my room since I'm trapped there every day." Vanessa shook her head before revealing a dazzling smile. "It's so nice to be here. Uncle Abraham will bring me to eat good food every day, and the patrons at the restaurant are very adorable too. Eating with them is so much more interesting than staying in the palace."

Lola swallowed her words when she saw Vanessa's smile. A smile appeared on her face too. It was very rare to see the princess smile like this in the palace.

“Furthermore, Mr. Mag has promised to fix my teeth for me. I’m not going back before my teeth are fixed,” Vanessa said as a matter of fact.

“Take a look, everyone. This is already the 36th letter of blood. I think someone will really hang themselves on our door if the Boss doesn’t return soon.” Yabemiya went out and returned with a bundle of blood letters and other sort of mails that were stuck to the door. She helplessly said to all of them, “It’s already been three days. The boss has seldom stayed away for long.”

“I guess Amy and he wouldn’t be returning on today, either.” Babla tossed a hovering plate around with her fingers boringly.

“If Boss doesn’t return soon, the grieving customers are going to tear down the restaurant soon,” Firis said worriedly. It wasn’t just Boss Mag and Amy—the princess had also left for days.

“Don’t worry. They’re not going to tear down the restaurant,” Elizabeth said calmly. They would have to go through her if they attempted to do that.

Chapter 1366: Ay The Assassin

In the evening, Mag had heard a piece of news from the customers: the abyss demons and the flaming demons had declared war on each other formally. They had attacked each other, and both had suffered a tremendous loss in men.

The news about Alfred and Simmons perishing together last night had already shaken the Demon Islands; nobody expected the war between the abyss demons and the flaming demons to start so soon. It even bypassed the probing stage, and went straight into the heat of the battle.

Carapace Island was located close to the territorial waters of both tribes, but it fortunately wasn’t implicated in the war. However, it would be difficult to maintain peace for the coming period of time.

Mag didn’t like war, but instead of letting two warmongering tribes out to hurt the world, he would rather they hurt each other.

Hence, he didn’t feel any guilt for starting this war.

The pro-war faction which had already had the advantage on the Demon Islands was torn apart by this war, and this tear continued to worsen.

“Interesting. Why don’t we go and watch the show?” Irina, who walked over, said to Mag enthusiastically after overhearing the demons’ conversation.

“Alright,” Mag answered. He, too, was very curious about the war between two demon tribes.

The crayfish that were bought in the past few days were sold out quickly. Mag rejected the requests of a few customers to continue drinking. After Irina took out the stool, peace and quiet was resumed in the restaurant.

Mag summoned Ah Zi and tossed the three beggar’s chickens that he had prepared in advance to it.

Ah Zi swallowed the meat together with the bones, and showed a happy expression. Its head came over to boop Mag's hand as it looked at him expectantly.

"That's all. I'll get you something nice tomorrow." Mag rubbed Ah Zi's head.

"Howl~" Ah Zi let out a happy call, and bowed down to let Mag and his family up its back.

"Let's go. We will go watch a good show tonight." Mag picked up Amy and got onto the griffin's back. Irina, too, landed gently behind Mag. She reached out to embrace Mag's back naturally.

The griffin spread its wings, and the huge shadow quickly disappeared from the sky of Carapace Island, and flew toward Flaming Island.

Flaming Island was full of flames usually, but the flames were even fiercer today. Explosions and shouts could be heard from every part of the island.

There were countless huge ships with the abyss demons' flags sailing toward Flaming Island, and numerous giant fireballs with red tails flew from Flaming Island and exploded on the ships. Fire quickly broke out on the entire ships, and the abyss demon riders turned to ashes before they rode on their pigs and jumped into the sea.

Meanwhile, those vessels which had docked put up the planks, and the abyss demons riding on porcupine battle boars charged toward Flaming Island and stomped over everything in their way.

The epic battle scenes awed Mag who was watching in the sky with a telescope. This war was totally different from the steel and cannon of modern warfare.

There were abyss demons and flaming demons dying in every single second. The brutality of war was displayed to its max at this moment.

Moreover, this was a war between two demon tribes with similar strength. If this war escalated into a racial war between all the species on the Norland Continent, it would be even more brutal.

The goblins, dwarves, Chaos City... How were they going to face attacks like this?

"Feeling guilty?" Irina suddenly asked.

"Since they chose war, this is their destiny. At least those species who yearned for peace don't have to withstand the disaster that they'd bring upon them." Mag shook his head.

"I seem to have discovered some demons who are watching a good show like us." Irina turned the telescope to the other side and revealed an amused smile. "Should we make the situation even more chaotic?"

Mag also saw some demons from other tribes who were watching the battle on flying steeds in the air. Many of them belonged to the Top Ten Demon Tribes.

"We could make them busy for a while if we get rid of them." Mag and Irina looked at each other and smiled at the same time.

"Little Ay, prepare your fireball magic. It's time for us to act again." Mag took out a mask and put it on his face.

“Ay the Assassin is prepared!” Amy took out her wand and nodded.

“Ah Zi, get all the flying steeds in the sky down with your fastest speed. Remember to conceal yourself well.” Mag patted on Ah Zi’s head.

Ah Zi kept its wings and suddenly dived nearly 1000 m downward before kicking a shivarra together with the three-headed bird he was riding into the sea.

A red fireball followed after them closely, and exploded just before they reached the water.

In the dark, all the demons from different tribes who were sent to observe the battle were kicked into the waters and then topped up with a fireball.

In less than 10 minutes, the sky was all clear. Not even one flying steed could be seen.

“Let’s go. I’m afraid this war will last for quite some time,” Mag said softly. Ah Zi quickly ascended and flew away from Flaming Island’s territorial waters.

Although the overall power of the abyss demons was higher than the flaming demons, it wasn’t an overwhelming advantage. As long as there wasn’t a reconciliation, the battle wouldn’t have a clear winner within a short time.

Ah Zi flew toward the northwest.

As the most powerful demon tribe, the fear demons occupied the three largest islands in the center of Demon Islands, and named them Fear Islands.

Ah Zi circled a few rounds above the Fear Islands. As they had already sensed dozens of 10th-tier powerhouses’ aura down below, Mag chose to leave.

Even if they couldn’t win, Mag had never been afraid of anyone.

However, it was better to conceal the fact that Irina and he had appeared on the Demon Islands. Otherwise, people would link them together with the events that happened on the Demon Islands recently. This was not beneficial to the application of their plan.

Mag then made a trip to Shivarra Island. Shivarra Island had a complicated terrain, and it obviously made searching for the sneaky Westin even more difficult. Moreover, there were also five, six 10th-tier powerhouses on the island.

Irina looked down, and angrily said, “The sneaky old fool is such a pain.”

“We will find an opportunity in the future,” Mag said, and then indicated Ah Zi to return home.

Mag washed up and was preparing to sleep after reading the books after they got back to the crayfish restaurant, but then knocking appeared downstairs.

Mag drew open the windows and looked down. It was Dexter, the high priest of Lantide. Hence, he quickly wore something over his pajamas, and went down to open the door.

“Esteemed Mr. Mag, these are what we’ve caught for the past few days. Please count them.” Dexter took out a huge tank from the crystal ball, and there were dozens of crayfish in it.

Chapter 1367: What Kind Of Waste Are You?

Mag's eyes lit up as he looked at the crayfish in the tank. They were twice the size of the normal crayfish, and when he turned them over, their bellies were red. They were the reproductive crayfish that he was looking for.

Furthermore, they should be freshly caught from the sea as they were very active. They were waving their pincers energetically.

Mag counted them diligently. There were a total of 45 crayfish.

Together with the reproductive crayfish that he had collected from the fishermen in the past few days, he now had 62 reproductive crayfish. It had already exceeded the number of reproductive crayfish needed to complete the mission after he negotiated with the system.

"The total is 45. I will send the 5000 mud casings to you as soon as possible when I return in the next few days," Mag said to Dexter happily. "I already have enough crayfish. Thank you for making this trip."

"It's our honor to serve you. Lantisde thanks you for your generosity," Dexter replied with a smile, even though he had sent all the Lantisdeans who could leave the seal to catch the crayfish, including ten 10th-tier powerhouses.

However, receiving 5000 mud casings meant receiving 5000 chances to leave the seal to the Lantisdeans. It was a very worthwhile trade.

"Do you want to come in for a while?"

"No, thank you. Mr. Mag should be resting soon. I will visit you personally in Chaos City again shortly." Dexter looked at the pajamas Mag was wearing, and bade his farewell with a smile.

Mag was indeed only being courteous. He watched Dexter leave before returning to the restaurant with the huge net.

The crayfish count in his mind had become 62/50, which meant the catching mission was already accomplished. Only the promotion of cooking crayfish and the habits of eating crayfish were left before the crayfish mission was completely accomplished.

The craze of eating crayfish on Carapace Island was in its most heated stage, and its influence was spreading rapidly.

Although the exact progress of the 10 apprentices' culinary skills differed, their progress was good overall. After the final teaching class tomorrow, those apprentices who passed the test could set up their own crayfish restaurant.

"System, how do we handle these reproductive crayfish?" Mag asked in his mind as he looked at those crayfish which were caught with a lot of effort.

The system had used a chance to use the submarine to exchange one reproductive crayfish from Mag before, so if he could get some goodies from the system with these extra 12 crayfish, it would be much better than just barbecuing them.

“Could the Host please execute the pollution-free treatment for them,” the system answered.

“Uh? Don’t you want them?” Mag was a little surprised.

“These crayfish which left the crayfish farm are no longer pure. They could have contracted some unknown viruses and foreign parasites. This system will not take them back,” the system answered.

“Then we have to eat to execute the pollution-free treatment.” Mag sighed. It seemed like it was almost impossible to get a sum of money from the system.

“At the same time, in order to answer the call of God and cultivate the Host’s environmental awareness, this System decided to implement waste sorting on the Host from today onward. The Host will have to sort the waste before throwing them. Otherwise, this System wouldn’t accept it, and would fine the Host.”

“???” Mag was stunned.

Mag wasn’t unfamiliar with waste sorting, since he had studied overseas for several years. But the system had never given him such an exaggerated request before. It had indeed astonished him by answering the call right now.

It was really a little weird to do waste sorting in this world where even the plastic bags didn’t exist.

“System, what kind of waste are you?”

“How... would this System know?!”

“Alright. Let me test you since you want to implement waste sorting.” Mag curled his lips.

“Ha. This system has already studied God’s instructions in depth,” the system answered confidently.

“How many types of waste classification are there?”

“Recyclable garbage, hazardous garbage, wet garbage, and dry garbage.”

“Then, what kind of waste is dried nuts?”

“Dry garbage?”

“Wrong. It’s wet garbage. Question: what kind of waste is glue?”

“It’s definitely wet garbage!” the system replied with conviction.

“Wrong again. It’s dry garbage. Question: what kind of waste are jerky, jujube, and flour, respectively?”

“Dry garbage, dry garbage, dry garbage!”

“Wrong. They’re all wet garbage.” Mag shook his head and smirked. “Perishable biomass and domestic waste are all wet garbage. System, didn’t you study in depth? Given your qualification, I think we’d better put everything together, or else it could cause secondary pollution easily if it was processed haphazardly.”

“No. This is just a small mistake. This System must strictly enforce the requirements of garbage classification,” the system refused. “Ask me again.”

“Alright. Then, I will ask you one last question. Now, I have a plastic bowl which contains several-day-old leftover food and rat poison. I am about to throw them away after poisoning the rats. So, how should I handle and classify them during disposition?”

“Screech...”

A series of static sounds appeared in Mag’s mind, and the system’s interface in his mind became blue as lines of meaningless numbers flowed across it.

“Although the waste classification is going to benefit generations, its execution still has a long way to go.” Mag sighed, and didn’t bother with the system which had crashed. He tossed the rest of the crayfish into the kitchen’s tank. The reproductive crayfish tasted even better than the normal crayfish. He was going to save them up for personal use since they weren’t easily caught.

The landing operation conducted by the abyss demons on Flaming Island had encountered very strong resistance. Tens of thousands of abyss demon riders charged onto Flaming Island, tearing into the flaming demons’ defense lines again and again. However, they were all stopped, and roasted pigs were left on the ground everywhere.

The sun began to rise up from the sea’s horizon at dawn. The abyss demons who had fought through the night finally heard the horn for retreat.

The fireballs that were shot out from Flaming Island became sparse too. The equally tired flaming demons didn’t pursue the abyss demons.

Both parties hadn’t prepared sufficiently for this battle that had broken out suddenly, yet they had conducted an extremely horrifying battle through the night. Bodies were strewn all over the areas where landing could be conducted.

None of the tribes had anticipated this sudden conflict, and it broke the peace before the species’ peace renegotiation. One had to know that Alfred and Simmons had still been drinking together happily when they gathered under the abyss a few days ago.

Of course, they, too, hadn’t anticipated that they would be swept into this conflict so easily, because all the demon diplomats that they had sent out to observe the battle on location didn’t return.

This matter wasn’t huge, but it also wasn’t small, either.

However, no matter what, it still concerned the reputation of a tribe, so all the tribes couldn’t pretend that it hadn’t happened. Hence, they all sent solemn letters of inquiry to the abyss demons and the flaming demons.

“It’s another day of fine weather.” Mag drew open the curtains, and the sun shone on the gentle smile on his face. They should be able to return to Chaos City in two days at most. He wondered how Miya and the gang were doing.

Chapter 1368: He Could Hit The Road After He Was Full

Mag smiled to all the apprentices. "I will provide 10 crayfish and a small wok to every one of you today. If anyone of you can reach the standard for graduation, you can open another crayfish restaurant on Carapace Island or any other place."

All the demons' eyes lit up. Opening a crayfish restaurant was their objective in coming to learn cooking crayfish from Mag. At first, they thought Mag would be using them as free labor for some time. They didn't expect he would let them open their own crayfish restaurant as soon as they mastered cooking it.

"Can we also open the restaurant on Carapace Island?" Kitar asked expectantly.

"Yes. You may open it wherever you like." Mag nodded with a smile. After all, he would be leaving soon, so it was naturally for the best if they could spread on Carapace Island.

"That's fantastic. In this case, I could go back to my hometown and open a crayfish restaurant." Ivan's eyes lit up. He didn't want to continue to stay on Carapace Island, and wished to return to their hometown in glory. Although Rock Island was remote, the crayfish was a huge tonic to his kind, so he would be able to sell them for a much higher price than on Carapace Island.

Then, Mag began to teach as usual. Of course, since everyone had already entered into the hands-on phrase, he was mostly responsible for pointing out their mistakes.

Among these apprentices, Kitar was the fastest learner and did the best.

An aroma tickled his noses when he removed the cover. A red crayfish was lying in the wok quietly as he turned up the fire to reduce the gravy. He then turned off the fire and plated the crayfish before drizzling the gravy all over it. A simplified version of the thirteen-spice crayfish was done.

"Please taste it, Boss," Kitar said to Mag with anticipation as he placed the big bowl on the table at the side with both hands.

Mag went forward and waved away the steam gently before twisting a pincer off. The gravy had seeped into the pincer through the cracks, and dyed the meat with a beautiful brown color. He took a bite after dipping it in the gravy.

The modified version of the thirteen-spice still had a very good taste and aroma. Although it was still a little lacking in the layered texture aspect when compared to the system-enhanced version of thirteen-spice, it was still a spice with a unique flavor.

Numb, spicy, fresh, fragrant, and sweet. All the tastes were present, and the texture of meat and the control of heat were fine. Although the meat was slightly overdone, it wasn't obvious if they tasted it closely.

"Not bad." Mag gave the expectant Kitar his approval after eating a whole pincer.

Kitar was the most hardworking, and had the most trials among the apprentices. He had gone beyond Mag's expectations by reaching such standards, yet it felt very reasonable too.

Elation flashed across Kitar's face and his voice quivered. "T-then did I pass the test?"

"Not yet." Mag shook his head, and continued, "The fire was too big during the stir-frying, and the frequency of tossing was too low. If there were 10 crayfish in the wok instead of one, this flaw would be

magnified 10 times. You have to control the timing of adding in the thirteen-spice more accurately. Too early or too late would affect the meat's absorption of both spices and condiments."

Kitar nodded appreciatively. There was no despair on his face even though he was rejected. He continued to wash the wok, heat up the oil, and practice.

Very soon, the other apprentices had cooked their crayfish, and Mag tasted them one by one. They didn't do as well as Kitar, and their problems persisted.

The demons were indeed not talented in cooking. However, Mag didn't want to use his standards to limit them. After all, not everyone could be as outstanding as him.

From the customers, Mag received the latest news about the abyss demons and the flaming demons. Although the other tribes weren't involved in the battle, they were sniping at one another because of the sudden unexplainable deaths of their demon diplomats. The situation on the Demon Islands had become very tense.

Of course, the most shocking news on Carapace Island was something else: the abyss demons' office on Carapace Island had launched a sneak attack on the flaming demons' office last night, and killed all the flaming demons.

The other eight halls arrested the demons from abyss demons' office with combined efforts, but nobody knew how they were going to handle them yet.

Those living on Carapace Island, who weren't involved in the battle, also began to have an ominous feeling. Many demons were worried.

Tony wasn't affected by the war at all. Smiling, he said to Mag, "Boss, I've already sent the culinary review about your crayfish to the editors of all the culinary magazines. If everything goes smoothly, it should be published in the coming few days, and your crayfish restaurant is going to be full of customers. How are you going to thank me?"

"Oh, I see..." Mag murmured. He would have left Carapace Island in the next few days, so he really had no idea how to thank this friendly critic.

It was still fine if that article wasn't famous. If it got popular and those customers who came because of it only saw a ruin, he wondered if they would murder Tony.

Mag suddenly looked at Tony sympathetically. "Well, in this case, I will give you three crayfish. One for each flavor."

This way, at least he could hit the road after he was full.

Maybe he would be cursed to death by the readers' grievances and be immensely unlucky for his next life.

Come to think of it, it would be the start of another kind of miserable life.

Served him right.

“Alright, then I will not stand on ceremony.” Tony’s eyes lit up. He was simply saying it for fun, and didn’t expect Mag to agree. Anyway, he did publicize for Mag, and Ayi Crayfish Restaurant would become the most popular restaurant on the Demon Islands under his influence. He felt he deserved those three crayfish.

“Kitar, Cassis... The six of you have passed. Of course, you’ve only just passed. You still are some distance away from cooking real scrumptious crayfish. However, that would take time and practice to accomplish. During this journey, you may choose to open your own crayfish restaurant,” Mag smilingly said to the six apprentices, including Kitar. He shook their hands and smiled. “Congratulations, you’ve graduated.”

“Thank you so much.” Kitar bowed to Mag deeply with ill-concealed excitement on his face. He already couldn’t wait to get the big wok that he ordered from the blacksmith home and opened a crayfish restaurant immediately before going to catch a few dozens of crayfish on the beach.

There was also excitement on the other demons’ faces as they expressed their appreciation to Mag.

Meanwhile, Ivan and the other three demons who didn’t pass had a depressed look.

“Boss, what about us? Are we weeded out just like this...” Ivan said to Mag weakly. He was reminded of Gemina’s tough words earlier. He didn’t dare to think what he had to face when he returned home.

“The crayfish that the four of you made didn’t reach the minimum standards to be presented to the customers. I will add on another day of lessons for you. However, you will need to purchase the crayfish that you need for practice tomorrow yourself. That’s all if you still can’t reach the minimum standards,” Mag said to Ivan and the rest. He was rather helpless when he faced the apprentices with bad talent.

Chapter 1369: The Ancestor Bloodline Has Chosen Me

A round moon was hanging above the sea, and a dark red cloud floated across it. The moonlight with a tinge of dark red shone onto a tower at the very top of the castle.

“Let me out!”

A blood-red blade slashed across the screen which looked like a black fog. It only caused some ripples across the screen.

Camilla lowered her hand weakly. There was no way she could damage this screen with her power.

She could see the castle’s servants busily preparing for the wedding from where she was. A huge wedding was in preparation and she was the female lead, but she wasn’t happy at all.

“Ha.” Camilla gradually clenched her fists, and her nails were embedded into her flesh as she smirked, and murmured to herself, “Do you all believe things will go according to your wishes just because you planned the wedding? Don’t blame me for destroying this wedding since you all are forcing me to get married.”

“That fellow Noak is not bad. Why can’t you love him, Camilla?”

A black figure was suddenly leaning against the edge of the castle. He was holding a clear crystal glass between his thumb and forefinger, and swirling the red wine in the glass gently as he gazed at Camilla

with a vague smile. He had neat backcombed hair, a tall and elegant nose, and royal blue eyes, and wore a well-fitting black suit like a well-bred gentleman.

“Uncle Dracula!” Camilla’s eyes lit up, and she rushed to the screen. She lowered her voice. “Let me out, please.”

“No can do. I will be the one being locked up here if I let you out.” Dracula shook his head and lightly sighed. “You know very well nobody can alter your father’s decision.”

“Could you bear to watch him force me to marry again?” Camilla said, biting her lips.

Dracula took a sip of the red wine, and then turned his finger around. The clear wine glass spun on top of his finger, and the blood-red wine splashed onto that screen.

“Shhh...”

That barrier that sealed Camilla in had simply disappeared with a faint sound.

“This is...” Camilla stared at the dissolving barrier in astonishment before saying to Dracula in amazement, “You’ve advanced, Uncle Dracula?”

“Well, I was an existence who was considered as the number one genius in the vampire tribe and the one who had the most probability to become a Vampire Ancestor back then,” Dracula said smugly as he swirled the crystal glass with his fingertips.

“And you’ve gotten the Ancestor Bloodline?” Camilla stared at the dark red bat tattoo on Dracula’s right middle finger with an even more shocked expression. It seemed to be formed by coagulated blood, and had a bloody scent.

“I’m taking a big risk to save you.” Dracula flattened his backcombed hair melancholically.

“Uncle Dracula, I knew you’re the nicest!” Camilla hugged Dracula happily.

Dracula looked at Camilla and thought that the little one who liked to crawl up his leg had already grown into a young woman before he noticed. He didn’t manage to stand in front of her to protect her the first time, so he wouldn’t let himself regret it for the second time again.

“Let’s go. I’ll bring you to a place,” Dracula said relaxedly.

“Are you coming with me?” Camilla asked with confusion.

“I am now the vampire chosen by the Ancestor Bloodline, even your father cannot do anything to me.” Dracula shook his head and lifted his lips to show a pair of razor-sharp fangs as he smilingly murmured, “Do you remember how the Ancestor Bloodline is passed on?”

“It’s passed on with blood.” Camilla nodded, and her eyes suddenly lit up. “You’re saying...”

“Let’s go. I think that old thing from the Bartoli Family will be very shocked to see us.” Dracula waved gently, and the screen that had been dissolved earlier went back to normal. Meanwhile, he grabbed onto Camilla’s arm, turned into a black fog, and disappeared too.

Soon, a bat patrolled around the tower once. After making sure the barrier was alright, it disappeared again.

On another island, there was another castle built on a cliff. There were weather-beaten marks on it, and bats frequently flew over it.

“Remember, Noak. Don’t lose your senses over Camilla, that b*tch. She must have something to do with your older brother’s death back then. She’s merely a stepping stone for you to become the Sovereign of Vampires,” an elderly vampire sitting on a throne in the castle’s hall coldly said to the young vampire with blond hair and blue eyes standing in the center of the hall.

“Yes. I remember,” Noxix replied respectfully as he lowered his head, but he couldn’t suppress the excited gleam in his eyes. That woman that he had been pining for for years was going to finally become his. He already couldn’t control his excitement when he simply thought about it.

“You may leave. Prepare well for the wedding. Maynard doesn’t have a son, and the future of the vampire tribe belongs to you.” Giles lifted his hand.

Noak bowed respectfully before retreating out of the hall.

Giles was left alone in the spacious hall. Blood-red light cast an eerie glow onto the hall where he was sitting on the throne of bones. Time had left deep wrinkles on his face, and even the freshest blood couldn’t fill up these ravines.

Being a vampire ancestor, Giles had already lived for over 1300 years. It was a very long time, and nobody in the vampire tribe had lived longer than him. Even the great elder was 300 years younger than him.

Giles caressed that red bat on his right middle finger gently. The wrinkled skin deformed its shape a little, and the originally bright red color became dark red.

He could still remember this bat’s bloodthirsty look when his grandfather passed the Ancestor Bloodline to him. It had already been 1000 years.

“This bloodline shall be passed to Noak after he gets married...” Giles mumbled to himself, and a smile flashed across his expressionless face.

“I’m sorry. I’m afraid your wish is not going to come true.” A voice resounded in the hall as a black fog converged in the center of the hall. Dracula appeared in the center of the hall with Camilla, and gave Giles the middle finger with a smile.

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“The Ancestor Bloodline has chosen me.”

Giles looked at Dracula’s protruding middle finger. That blood-red bat reminded him of himself when he had just received the Ancestor Bloodline’s recognition then.

“What a surprise. The Ancestor Bloodline has chosen your family again.” Giles smiled and revealed a pair of fangs that were as sharp as ever. His expression didn’t change a single bit because of Dracula’s and Camilla’s arrival.

"I came to reject this marriage for Camilla, and I will be taking what belongs to me as well." Dracula retrieved his middle finger and smiled at Giles with manners.

"You mean a little guy who eats grass like you?" Giles raised his right hand, and the blood-red light of the hall's wall lamps brightened instantaneously. The temperature in the great hall decreased suddenly, and ice began to form on the floor and the roof. "Noak and Camilla's wedding will go on as planned, and you're not going to leave with what you covet, either."

Chapter 1370: That Was A Vampire Ancestor Who Could Eat Grass!

Lights flickered in the hall, and giant wings cast shadows on the wall, bringing about an aura of fear.

All sounds suddenly ceased in an instant.

Dracula slowly released the fangs that bit into Giles' neck before wiping away the smear of deep red blood at his lips. His bloodshot eyes slowly become royal blue again.

Giles' shriveled up body fell to the floor and turned into black dust rapidly.

Camilla, who was standing at a corner, watched this scene in a shock. A Vampire Ancestor simply met his end like this while the new Ancestor was born.

Furthermore, all these were done by Dracula, who was mocked for years for eating grass.

"Irina was right. Being a vegetarian occasionally is good for health. At least the blood wouldn't be so sticky," Dracula, who got a glass out from nowhere, murmured as he rinsed his mouth.

"Uncle Dracula, you're considered as half an Ancestor now. You really should watch your image," Camilla reminded him.

"Oh, yes." Dracula replied, and then swallowed the mouthful of water.

Camilla and Dracula stared at each other for 10 seconds before laughing out together at the same time.

Dracula glanced at the door, and then smilingly said to Camilla, "Listen to the noises, they should be here soon. Go ahead first and go wherever you want. Leave all these to Uncle. I shall do what I didn't do then all at once now."

Camilla looked at Dracula with reddened eyes before hugging him tightly, and softly said, "Thank you, Uncle."

"Little girl, you're my only niece." Dracula patted Camilla's back with a smile before pushing her gently. Black fog shrouded Camilla before disappearing from the hall.

Almost at the same time, a group of vampires broke in through the door.

Camilla reappeared 1000 m above the sea and looked toward the castle. She could hear the sounds of fighting clearly. She spread her wings and swiftly disappeared in the dark sky.

The power of a Vampire Ancestor was already far above normal 10th-tier vampires, even when the Ancestor had only just advanced.

As for her, she could only return to Chaos City first. At least she could have some peace and quiet there.

“Boss, the flaming demons had suffered a great loss after a tough battle with the abyss demons. Should we take this opportunity to attack Flaming Island and seize our territory back?” Mond asked Sarger. All the lava demons had a gleam in their eyes too.

“We’re not the flaming demons’ match even when they’ve just had an intense battle with the abyss demons, and we don’t have the ability to take Lava Island back.” Sarger shook his head with a calm expression.

All the lava demons fell into silence. Although the Holy Lava Order had removed half of the curse on their bodies, apart from Sarger who had advanced to the 9th-tier, none of them had managed to even advance to the 8th-tier.

Attacking Flaming Island with such a strength was indeed suicidal when they thought about it properly.

Worried, Kiel said, “Then, what do we do now, Boss? The flaming demons have already discovered that we’re here. They will definitely send people here again after their war with the abyss demons ceases.”

Sarger got up, and loudly declared, “Everyone, pack your belongings. We will be leaving here tonight. Since we already got the Holy Lava Order, there’s no need to guard this place any longer.”

“Where are you bringing us, Sarger?” the great elder asked in a hoarse voice.

“Chaos City.” Sarger raised the Holy Lava Order in his hand up high, and shouted, “Burning Legion!”

“For the holy roujiamo!” all the lava demons shouted in unison.

“A Vampire Ancestor is dead? Dracula became the new Vampire Ancestor?”

The next morning, Mag was really shocked to hear that news.

Moreover, he had heard an even more important piece of news. Camilla was actually going to marry the younger brother of her former husband. However, she seemed to have disappeared after yesterday’s chaos.

“Did Camilla return to the vampire tribe?” Mag mumbled. It seemed like Camilla took the opportunity to return home when he was away, but was suddenly forced to marry. Since she disappeared, it meant she most likely wasn’t pleased with this wedding.

“That grass-eating Dracula has actually become the new Vampire Ancestor. He has really made it. I earned a lot of money when I reared him to eat grass then.” Irina was equally shocked to hear this piece of news.

“This act of yours...” Mag had no idea how to pass judgement on that. He had heard that story when Dracula came to Chaos City to take part in the negotiation of the two tribes. However, it felt completely different hearing it from Irina’s mouth. How could someone toy with others’ ancestors like this?

Irina suddenly came close, and whispered, "How about this. Let's catch him and make him eat grass again? He is so famous now. We can charge double for the tickets this time, and many people will definitely come to see him."

Mag looked at Irina's serious expression, and quickly waved his hands. "L-let's forget it. The Vampires would fight to death with us if we really did that."

Dracula had been just an unimportant 9th-tier vampire then, so it had been fine to make him eat grass. Given that it was Irina and Alex, adding the backing of the elves, the vampires could forget about the humiliation.

But Dracula was the Vampire Ancestor now, and according to the Vampire Ancestor's method of inheritance, his status was as important as the chief's. He represented the face of the vampires, so it would be too much to catch him for a grass-eating exhibition again.

"Alright." Irina shrugged, bored. What a great entertainment project. That was a Vampire Ancestor who could eat grass!

After a day of training, and with Mag turning a blind eye, Ivan and the other three demons successfully graduated.

"Thank you for grooming me, Boss Hades. I will never forget you for the rest of my life. I thank you and all your ancestors." Ivan shook Mag's hand excitedly as he spoke incoherently.

The other three demons expressed their gratitude to Mag too. Although they knew the crayfish they cooked were far from Mag's standards, if they opened a crayfish restaurant on another island, they were confident that they could attract some customers.

"Don't mention it." Mag shook his head smilingly. Although they had only spent three days together, Mag felt rather happy to say goodbye. He could finally send these idiots away.

"Oh, yes. Ivan, I have a gift for you," Mag said to Ivan, who was the last to say goodbye. He went into the restaurant and came out with two big reproductive crayfish. A male and a female.

"These are?" Ivan looked at Mag with a perplexed look.

"These are two reproductive crayfish. You said you're going to set up the restaurant back in your hometown. You can bring these two crayfish back to rear. Although it will take some time, as long as it forms a certain scale, you don't have to worry about not having sufficient ingredients," Mag said smilingly.

"Oh. Thank you so much." Ivan's eyes lit up, and he accepted the reproductive crayfish from Mag as if they were great treasures.