

## Stay At home 291

### Chapter 291: Kill Him!

Anselm roared at the looming figure and the huge paw. He didn't panic; instead, he took a step forward and promptly turned into a three-meter-tall werewolf.

He was now covered in grayish black fur, his claws long and sharp. He jumped up, leaving the paved ground cracked, reached out his red-gleaming claws, and went straight for the bear.

The werewolf's claws ripped the bear's chest open, leaving a horrible wound, while the bear's paw punched the werewolf's face so hard that a tooth went flying out of his mouth.

The moment they landed on the ground, they came at each other again, fists flying, and claws flashing.

They were furious, savage, and unbelievably fast.

Their brutal power crushed the ground and ripped trees, blood flying everywhere. The customers were flabbergasted; it was not a scene they saw every day here in Chaos City. Thrilling was not enough to describe it.

By then, the white cat had jumped out. A green light appeared on her forehead, and the green band between them had become brighter.

And then the bear was surrounded by green lights, which were flooding into his wounds. He stopped bleeding, his injuries were healing fast, and his size had grown. He punched Anselm and sent him flying.

Anselm dug his claws into the ground, leaving deep grooves before he finally stopped. Blood came out of his mouth. "Get her!" he roared.

Three hunters loosed the arrows, and then they turned into two-meter-tall werewolves and jumped at her. They had been hunting together for many years; they were a well-oiled team in combat. They decided to kill the healer first.

There was nervousness in Xixi's light golden eyes. She moved faster on the wall, zigzagging to dodge all three arrows, and threw several black seeds onto the ground, which instantly sprouted up into green vines and shot out to grab the three werewolves.

*They're dryads?* Urien thought as he looked at the white cat and the big bear. *If my memory serves me right, the heart of the World Tree has gone missing. Could it be...*

Lulu pounced on Anselm again, and punched him so hard that his wolf head went into the ground.

"Boss!" cried the other werewolves in shock. They'd never thought Lulu was able to take him on.

The three werewolves tore the vines off themselves. Instead of going after Xixi, they surrounded Lulu; they knew well enough that the white, nimble cat was not easy to catch.

It was impossible, however, for the bear to escape. Powerful though Lulu was, without Xixi's magic, he couldn't even beat Anselm.

They just needed to capture the bear; they knew the cat would never leave him behind.

Lulu kept punching him on the head. It seemed like he had dominated the fight.

Suddenly, the moon appeared from behind the clouds, exciting the werewolves.

A red light exploded around Anselm, and his claws sprang up and tore the bear's chest open. Then he kicked him in the belly, and sent him flying away and crashing through a few trees.

Anselm rose slowly to his feet. "Blood moon, give me strength!" His mutilated head started healing quickly. His hair grew longer and turned red like flames.

"Kill him!" Anselm said with a cruel smile. His wounds had completely healed up. He looked even more frightening than before, now having half-a-meter-long claws.

They had all become werewolves at last, darting towards Lulu. It looked like they were about to tear him to shreds.

"Run!" Lulu called out to Xixi. His wounds were horribly deep, and the red light around them was preventing them from healing. Leaning against a big tree, he stood up, glaring fiercely at his enemies.

"No!" Xixi cried out in a shrill voice. She jumped towards the werewolves from the top of the restaurant, hurled a handful of seeds—which sprouted up and turned into a large vine net above the werewolves—in the air, and tried to get to Lulu.

## **Chapter 292: Protect Mag!**

"Look, Boss! Over there!" Cossus said.

"They're fighting? Isn't fighting a crime here, Boss?" asked Calzac.

"What?" Sargeras looked with surprise. Even he didn't dare start a fight in Chaos City.

"Mag is in trouble! Hurry up! We're going to help him!" Sargeras said grimly.

His men's eyes lit up. It had been years since they last fought together. This time, they were going to fight for roujiamo.

...

"Yeah, come on down, little cat," Anselm said, tearing apart the vine net. He jumped up high and swung his red claws at Xixi.

"No!" Lulu shouted. He tore the tree down and brought it down at Anselm's head.

A look of terror flashed across Xixi's face. She hurriedly created a green barrier under herself, but it got broken almost in an instant.

The claws bit into her belly and sent her landing hard in front of Mag's door. Blood welled from her wounds; her white fur reddened. She shifted to her human form again. She lay there, motionless, her face waxy pale.

“No!” Lulu cried. Anselm put his hands up to catch the tree. The force sent him into the ground, but then he easily tore it into pieces. He walked towards Lulu. “Kill her,” he said to his men.

The other werewolves looked at Xixi, grinning. They rubbed their claws together, making a terrifying sound. Long they had waited to kill them and end it.

“No!” Lulu cried in despair. He darted towards her in a frenzy, but Anselm sent him flying back with his claws. Without Xixi’s healing magic, he didn’t stand a chance against Anselm.

“Go... Lulu...” Xixi said, looking at Lulu with love and care.

Anselm laughed. “You’ll both die here today.” He swung his claws at Lulu again, and almost tore off his entire arm. The full moon had made him even more powerful.

The customers felt sorry for the couple, but no one dared help them. Some looked away; they couldn’t bear to watch.

Barzel drew his sword as the werewolves walked towards Xixi.

He knew they were stronger than him, but he was a knight, and an officer too.

Urien narrowed his eyes and looked at Xixi’s belly. “The heart of the World Tree is inside her and has grown into a tree, but it’s already dead,” he whispered, and sighed. “Their nature magic is as powerful as elves’ life magic, but they need the World Tree to help them. Their hope of reviving the dryads has died with the tree. The old man asked me to help find them. It seems I have succeeded.”

Urien took a step forward, and ice appeared under his feet.

The werewolves had raised their claws, and were ready to tear Xixi to pieces.

“Stop!” a voice called out from the restaurant.

The werewolves looked there, and saw a man holding a knife with a kid in his arms.

The customers inside and the onlookers outside were all shocked.

“Is he out of his mind? Neither of Amy’s two masters is here today!”

“I wish I could be as brave as him.”

“Amy’s powerful, but I don’t think she can beat those werewolves. She might get hurt!”

Many people liked Mag and Amy, or rather Mag’s cooking. Anyway, they decided to protect them. Some were already reaching for their swords or magic wands.

Amy jumped down and ran to Xixi. “Sister Xixi!” she called out in worry and anger.

“Get out of here... Amy...” Xixi said in a feeble voice. She didn’t want anyone to get killed because of her, least of all Amy.

But Amy stepped between her and the werewolves. “How dare you hurt Sister Xixi and Big Bear, you mongrels!” She raised her hands, and two fireballs appeared.

*She's very brave. I should have expected that from my disciple,* Urien thought. He stopped and pulled out his black wand, its tip glowing.

"How I miss the taste of little kids! I bet she'll be very good," a werewolf said, licking his lips.

Mag had already seen Urien out of the corner of his eye. He stepped in front of Amy with a cold look on his face. "You lay a finger on her, and I'll make you wish you were dead." He found himself hating himself for being so weak. He would bury his knife in his head right now if he were strong enough.

The werewolf looked at Mag and his knife and laughed. "I'd like to see you try, stupid human." He brought his claws down at Mag.

Urien raised his hand. Barzel rushed towards them. Some onlookers looked away or closed their eyes; they didn't have the heart to watch them get killed.

"Protect Mag! For roujiamo!" a voice thundered. Suddenly, a flaming figure flew over to the werewolf, and smashed an iron chair on his head.

"For roujiamo!" echoed the other five lava demons. They rushed towards the werewolves with flames all over them.

### **Chapter 293: Enemies Deserved To Die**

Barzel was rushing; Sally was about to cast her magic; Yabemiya had thrown the tray at the werewolf.

But it was the iron chair which sent the werewolf flying away that saved Mag. Then, the tray caught him on the fang and broke it.

"If you want to harm him, you'll have to go through me first!" Sargerass said, holding the chair in his hand, diminishing the flames over him.

The burning-hot lava was flowing in his cracks. He was even more conspicuous in the dark.

The reason Mag had let Amy stand before those werewolves was because he had known Urien and Sally would save them, so he was surprised and grateful when Sargerass had shown up. *But what the hell is "for roujiamo"?! Are they using that as their catch phrase?*

He felt much more reassured now that Sargerass was here, though.

The customers gaped at the lava demon.

"He beat that werewolf with a chair!"

"Is that the lava demon that comes here every day? Never thought he could be so strong!"

"No wonder Mag doesn't look worried at all; he has such powerful allies to watch his back."

Many customers knew Sargerass and his chair; after all, he was pretty unobtrusive.

He had struck other customers as quiet and peaceful, and he always sat by the door.

They had never expected him to be as powerful as that. They were very happy that he had taken out the werewolf, though.

What amazed them even more was Mag's calm and relaxed manner in the face of danger.

*He's almost 8th-tier*, Sally thought, looking at Sarger. *It's over*. Then she turned to Xixi, and whispered some spell. A light blue light appeared around her belly, and then the bleeding stopped.

Yabemiya gaped at Sarger who had always been polite to her. *He's so strong!*

Amy stuck her head out from behind Mag. "Not bad, Big Bald Head," she said happily.

Sarger was flattered by Amy's compliment and smiled back. "Leave it to me to take care of them." He glared at the other werewolves who had started cowering, and called out to his men, "Take them out!"

"For roujiamo!" they roared, charging at the werewolves with maces and iron bars.

The werewolves howled and met them with claws. Then came the sharp ring of metal against metal. Blood and lava were flying everywhere. It was pandemonium.

Anselm punched the bear again and sent him flying away. "I'm so sick of this city! So many f\*cking meddlers! Who gave you the balls to challenge me?"

Lulu became human again, covered in horrifying wounds. He gasped and struggled to raise his head to try to find Xixi.

Sarger grinned. "Roujiamo, I guess." He rushed towards Anselm, leaving a lava-filled hole in the ground with every step he took.

Anselm snorted. "Die!" He charged at Sarger, his red claws glowing in the moonlight.

"Take this!" Sarger shouted, and swung his chair at Anselm's head.

The chair whistled through the air. Anselm blocked it with his claws, but the force knocked him over, sending him flying. When he landed five meters away, he made a crater in the ground.

"Who gave you the balls to come here?!" Sarger sneered, walking towards the werewolf, who was struggling to scramble to his feet.

They were both at 7th tier, but Sarger had been a 7th-tier demon for many years, and he was on the verge of breaking through.

The key to the revival of lava demons was roujiamo, and only Mag could make that magical dish, so they would destroy anyone who would try to harm Mag.

The werewolves were their enemies, and enemies deserved to die.

An extra cold look emerged on Sarger's face.

**Chapter 294: Principal Novan, Lord Krassu, We're Here!**

*I haven't seen an 8th-tier lava demon in many years, Urien thought, putting away his wand. It is them who inspired Krassu to become a melee magic caster.*

They were strong in body and had matchless talent for fire magic. Basically, each and every one of them was a fire magic caster. Hundreds of years ago, they had been one of the 10 most powerful demon subspecies.

Later, however, the lava demons somehow couldn't even reach the 6th-tier, as if they had been cursed or something.

When the war spread to their lands, without enough strong young ones to defend them, the once dominant lava demons had almost been wiped out. The ones that had survived were now living in the depths of the Demon Islands; rarely did they come out.

*This demon is most likely the strongest of all lava demons, Urien thought, surprised.*

A 10th-tier lava demon was basically a killing machine, and was capable of turning the tides of a war.

There was fear in Anselm's eyes as Sargeris approached him. He knew he had no chance to defeat him, not even with the help of the full moon.

"You're making a big mistake. You'll be looking over your shoulder the rest of your life, 'cause we werewolves will hunt you—"

Sargeris hit him again with the chair.

Anselm saw his moves, but he couldn't dodge it. All he managed to do was put up his claws, which did him little good—he got knocked back into the hole.

"Are you gonna talk me to death?" Before Anselm could get up, Sargeris smashed his head with the chair again.

The onlookers stood nearby, dumbfounded yet relieved. They found it quite amusing that the savage werewolf had got beaten by a chair.

By then, Kil, Monde, and the other lava demons had beaten Anselm's men to a pulp.

Werewolves had lost the element of surprise, so lava demons had taken them out without breaking a sweat. They didn't even use magic like Sargeris had ordered.

"They chose to fight the werewolves because of roujiamo?" a customer asked.

"It certainly seems so. Their catch phrase is 'for roujiamo'," answered another man.

"That's how much they love the food. If something happened to Mag, I'd kill those werewolves myself," said a young man.

The others looked at the skinny young man, but didn't mock him; they could tell that he meant it.

A thought came to Mag's mind. *It's not a bad idea to use customers to protect us, but the problem is that they're not very reliable.* He sighed. *I have to become stronger and upgrade the restaurant as quickly as I can.*

“Way to go, Big Bald Head!” Amy said. Then she suddenly remembered something else. She crouched down beside Xixi and looked at her pale face. “Are you all right, Sister Xixi?”

Despite her injuries, Xixi fixed her eyes on Lulu, who was still bleeding. “Save Lulu... Please...”

“Can you help them, Sister Aisha?” Amy asked earnestly. *She cured Father, so she should be able to save them.*

Mag looked at Sally. *Only she can save them now, but if she used her life magic here, she would blow her cover.*

Sally looked hesitant. *The risk is too high.*

“Principal Novan, Lord Krassu, we’re here!” Brandli said. He was shocked at the bloody scene.

### **Chapter 295: I Heard There’s An Amazing Restaurant Here**

Many trees had been knocked down; the paved ground was covered in holes.

Brandli hadn’t seen such a terrible sight in the Aden Square in years.

Krassu got out of the carriage, and was relieved when he looked toward the restaurant. “Thank God! Amy’s okay.” He glanced at Urien, and then looked at Sargerass, who was still beating the werewolf with his chair. *Seems like it’s over.*

Everyone was focusing on the fight, so nobody noticed the carriage.

Brandli breathed a sigh of relief. *If anything had happened to Amy, Krassu and Urien might’ve leveled the square!*

Suddenly, Anselm howled, and his fur turned scarlet. He had become larger too. He swung his claws at the chair, sparks flying. The impact sent Sargerass stepping back a few steps.

“Chaos City, huh? Then let there be chaos!” Anselm said, standing up. “Since you’re all in a hurry to meet your maker, then I’ll grant your wish!” Many bones came out of his back, blood spilling out. Even the air reeked of blood.

The eyes of the other werewolves turned red. They jumped up and knocked the lava demons away, staring at the customers inside.

“Kill them all! Bathe in their blood!” Anselm shouted, pointing at the restaurant.

No sooner had he spoken than he turned into a giant scarlet wolf. He charged at the window, the ground breaking under his feet.

The other werewolves howled, turned into giant wolves, and followed their leader. Maintaining wolf forms was harmful to their bodies, so they needed fresh blood to counter the negative effect.

The customers had never seen this coming. Some shrieked, and some were petrified at the sight of their horrible fangs.

A worried look dawned on Sarger's face. He hurried after them, but the wolves were much faster. He wouldn't be able to stop them in time.

"Run!" Sally shouted. She picked up Amy and Yabemiya, and jumped far away. Even she didn't dare to meet their charge head on.

Mag could see despair in the customers' eyes. Some scrambled for the door, even though they knew they could never outrun these large beasts.

"The weak deserve to die!" Anselm roared.

"These guys just don't give up." Mag sighed, and looked at Urien. *You won't let them tear the restaurant down, right?*

The wolves charged, ready to rip them to shreds.

"You got the wrong idea about Chaos City," said a deep and loud voice. A tall, lean figure came out of the carriage and raised his hand.

"Bang!"

Anselm smacked into an invisible barrier about 10 centimeters away from the window. He stared at the cowering people with his wide red eyes, furious.

Then, the five other wolves smacked into the barrier too; it seemed to be indestructible.

"Don't panic. You're safe now," Novan said. The people lying on the floor were helped up as if by an invisible hand, the panicked crowd got separated, and nobody was hurt.

They still hadn't recovered from the shock, but when they looked at the carriage, they recognized the principal.

"Principal Novan!"

"Yeah, it's Principal Novan!"

"We're saved!"

They felt much relieved to see his face, and were grateful that they were still alive.

A cheer went up from the crowd. The wolves lying outside didn't look frightening to them anymore.

Many believed Novan, who had built Chaos School, was equal, if not superior, to the lord of Chaos City.

He was a 10th-tier magic caster who was kind to his students, and always appealed for peace and harmony.

These wolves posed no threat to them at all now that he was here.

Novan coiled his hand into a fist; the bones of the wolves cracked, and they were forced to change back into human forms. "They are all yours. Make sure they pay for what they did," he said to Brandli, and tossed the Gray Temple people the six bloody werewolves who were barely breathing.



Anselm looked at Xixi, eyes full of regret. *I was so close to breaking the curse on werewolves... The damned cook ruined it all...*

Brandli recited some spell and tied them up. "Take them to Bastie Prison!" he said to his men.

"I heard there's an amazing restaurant here." Novan smiled. The gravel went back into the holes as he walked. The ground was even and clean again as if nothing had happened.

The crowd parted to let him through. "It must be this one," he said, looking at Mamy Restaurant.

## **Chapter 296: They're With Me**

Mag was astonished by this quick turn of events.

One of the wolves had got stopped when its claws were less than half a meter from Mag's head; he had even smelled its stench, but he hadn't felt frightened—Mag Alex could have cut them down like dogs. However, he had been very wary since the wolf had been too strong for him to handle now.

*He's a 10th-tier space magic caster all right! Mag thought. Maybe only he could have calmed the crowd down in such a short while. He was very happy that Novan had come and resolved this. This could have been a lot worse. I just hope this incident won't prevent the patrons from eating here.*

*Looks like I'm constantly attracting high-profile people, Mag thought. They can protect me, but on the flip side, I may attract unwanted attention because of them. Seems like keeping a low profile is out of the question for me right now. It's time to try a different way of doing this. People won't connect me with the dragon slayer, because they will find out that I'm a chef, an inventor, and a mathematician.*

*Of course, at the same time, I need to try to get strong enough to protect myself and Amy.*

Even Sarger was amazed at Novan's power; he didn't know what he had done. He found Novan even more formidable than Krassu.

His men were even more confused than he was. "What just happened, Boss?" Kil asked, flames still burning over his body.

Sarger recovered from his shock quickly. "It's over. Put out your flames." He hid the chair behind him and smiled. It was hard to imagine that he had almost beaten a 7th-tier werewolf to death.

The other lava demons did as he said. They didn't know Novan, but they could tell he was incredibly strong.

Sally put Amy and Yabemiya back on the ground. *The "space controller", Principal Novan, really lives up to his name.* She looked at him in awe.

Although 10th-tier magic casters were rare, only Krassu, Urien, and Novan were famous across the continent.

Sally had heard a lot about them growing up. She had never thought she would meet all three of them here.

“Yes, it is,” Krassu said to Novan, smiling.

“Principal Novan, what about them?” Brandli asked, pointing at Xixi, Lulu, and the lava demons who were pretending they had nothing to do with any of this. According to the law, they had to be taken in for questioning.

Novan was surprised when he glanced at Xixi’s belly. “Tend to the wounded first. Do what you have to do.”

Brandli nodded. “Yes, Principal Novan.” He was not good at healing magic, so he asked Bob, who was at least able to dress the wounds, to do it.

“I’ll take care of them,” Urien said in his hoarse voice. Frost appeared under his feet and climbed over Lulu and Xixi, freezing their wounds. Their breaths were labored; they looked like they would faint any moment now, but they gazed lovingly at each other, tears welling up in their eyes.

Brandli was in a real predicament now; he didn’t know whether he should take them in or not.

“They’re with me,” Krassu said, pointing at the lava demons. “Thank you for protecting my disciple, boys.”

Barzel stopped when he heard this. He had planned to question Sargeraz, although he had great admiration for him.

It was a standoff.

“Master Half-beard, Master Turtle, please save Sister Xixi and Big Bear!” Amy said in a worried voice.

## **Chapter 297: Good Evening, Principal Novan**

*Such a strong space magic wave! That man must be the legendary “space controller”, Elizabeth thought as she looked at Novan in awe from a big tree.*

*Frost barrier was also a kind of space magic, so she was very good at detecting space magic. He’s clearly on a different level. I don’t think Father is as strong as him.*

When she saw Yabemiya, her eyes went wide.

Half-dragons were uncommon on the continent, for dragons could live over 1,000 years, and they rarely took humans as their spouses.

Although there was dragon blood in their veins, a half-dragon could never turn into a dragon.

It was very common for a half-dragon to have horns like Yabemiya did. Otherwise, they looked just like a normal human.

Once, Elizabeth wouldn’t have shown any interest in a half-dragon—dragons were too proud to consider half-dragons their equals—but that time had passed now that she had learned that she had a half-sister.

*Father said she was around 14, and the letter was written three years ago, so she should be around 17 years old now, Elizabeth thought. And that girl looks pretty young...*

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Amy ran over to her two masters. She looked at Xixi and Lulu, and then at Krassu and Urien. "Please!" she said anxiously.

"I don't know any healing magic," Krassu said with an apologetic smile.

"I have stopped their bleeding. I need to get back to my place to make some magic potion for them," said Urien. "Give me a hand and carry them into my shop," he said to the lava demons.

Novan looked at Amy with approval; he found Krassu's disciple very smart and caring.

"Sure," Sargeran answered, and picked Lulu up.

"I'll carry her," Yabemiya said when she saw two lava demons walking towards Xixi. She lifted her up in her arms carefully, and followed Urien to his magic potion shop.

Sally clenched her fists. "I'll go help them, Boss," she said to Mag, and went off.

"Can I go there too, Father? I'm worried about Sister Xixi," Amy said.

"All right. You were very brave today," Mag said, stroking her hair.

Amy smiled and trotted towards Urien's shop, the cat following her.

"Question the couple later. Let the lava demons go; they did the right thing to protect Mag and Amy," Brandli said after Barzel briefed him on what had happened. *Obviously Urien knows the couple, but they are no doubt connected with this incident. Moreover, they have damaged public property.*

"I'm really sorry that you had to go through this," Mag said to the people outside. "Please come in if you don't mind us having no door."

Mag was also worried about the couple, but he had a business to run and a hell of a lot of customers to comfort.

Krassu walked in first. "I'll have a braised chicken and rice and a sweet tofu pudding, Mag."

Novan glanced at Mag when he followed Krassu in. *A brave man. I didn't see any fear on his face when the wolf was about to tear him apart. Wait, where do I know those eyes from? Maybe brave men all have the same kind of eyes, like the man who said he could hack my barrier open. Such a shame.*

Mag didn't look at Novan in awe, maybe because Mag Alex had been just as strong as him.

Mag took a look at Urien's shop and walked inside. *Seems like I have to do this on my own for a while.*

Some dishes had been spilled because of the panicked customers, but in general, it wasn't too much of a mess.

The customers were reassured when they saw Novan walk in, and resumed their seats.

"Good evening, Principal Novan."

"Even Principal Novan has come to eat here; Mamy Restaurant has sure become very popular."

“Oh no! My meat fell out of my roujiamo! Crap!”

“How much is this spoon? I don’t think it’s my fault that it’s broken, but I’d gladly pay for it if I could get another bowl of sweet tofu pudding.”

“I spilled my tofu pudding, Mag. Can I have another one? I will die without my tofu pudding tonight.”

### **Chapter 298: Thank Heavens You’re Still With Me**

Howls of anguish immediately erupted throughout the restaurant. They were there to enjoy delicious cuisine, but suddenly encountered such a perilous and upsetting event; even though it was only a false alarm in the end, the sight of such delectable food being knocked over was an unforgettable one.

“We can only serve one tofu pudding per person, but the tableware that you damaged will be on me. You say you’re unlucky, but at least the door to your house is still intact.” Mag pointed at the empty entrance of the restaurant with a resigned expression, lamenting his terrible luck.

All of the customers burst into laughter upon hearing that. Mag hadn’t done anything to provoke anyone, but the door to his restaurant had been sent flying.

Furthermore, everyone was quite touched by the sight of Mag and the little owner standing fearlessly before the restaurant entrance to protect that girl in the white dress. Not everyone could be so generous to a new customer in their restaurant, let alone in such a dangerous situation.

“Alright, seeing as you’re so kind, I’ll get another roujiamo to console myself.”

“I spilled my braised soup! I want another dish of braised chicken with rice!”

“You truly do not love the food on your plates! I hid under the table and didn’t spill so much as a single drop of my tofu pudding! I’m still waiting for a Yangzhou fried rice, though.”

Novan’s presence calmed down all of the customers, and Mag’s words livened up the atmosphere again. Anything could happen in Chaos City. After all, even a battle between the two 10th-tier magic casters, Krassu and Urien, could draw a crowd of spectators, so no one was cowardly enough to run home after such a minor ordeal.

“Alright, please wait for a moment.” Mag recorded all of the customers’ orders before making his way over to Krassu and Novan’s table. With a smile, he asked, “May I take your order?”

“Your restaurant’s decor is very unique. Looks like you’ve been to many places.” Novan didn’t immediately state his order. Instead, he glanced around at the restaurant before turning to look into Mag’s eyes as if he were trying to see something in them.

“I spent big money, so it’s naturally going to be quite unique. The artist I hired claimed that he had traveled the entire continent, and was well-versed in everything. However, he was clearly just bragging, and in the eyes of a true master, his work is most likely downright laughable,” Mag replied with a natural smile. He was not at all concerned with Novan’s inquisitive words.

“Please watch your mouth! The system never brags!!” The system’s enraged voice erupted.

“You’re being far too harsh on him there. I really think the art here is impeccable, with the exception of that Magus Tower.” Krassu shook his head wistfully.

“The artwork of Chaos City is quite well done, but it’s missing some soul. The artwork is very accurate, but it holds no meaning. It is the work of a craftsman, not a master.” Novan offered his critique.

“See? I’m not the one criticizing here!” Mag said internally, and was struck by an urge to chuckle.

“He was the one who designed the Magus Tower; how can he blame me for producing hideous artwork when his design is so unsightly?! My artwork is a completely realistic rendition!”

“The Chaos City artwork is a shrunk-down version of the city’s satellite image. Aside from the fact that it doesn’t have any annotations, you can use it as a map. Why does a map need any so-called soul?”

The system had been enraged, and protested at the top of its lungs.

Mag only smiled without saying anything. He was struck by a peculiar sense of satisfaction when hearing the system’s flustered voice.

Novan turned his gaze away from Mag. It appeared that his suspicions were unwarranted. He opened the menu, and was a little taken aback by the prices that he saw, but he didn’t show it. After a brief glance, he closed the menu, and said in a gentle voice, “I’d like a braised chicken with rice and a savory tofu pudding.”

“Sure, please wait a moment.” Mag nodded with a smile before turning toward the kitchen. At the same time, he heaved an internal sigh of relief. If he could fool Novan, then he would have no issues in Chaos City.

Furthermore, if he wanted to create things like the steam engine in the future, then interaction with Novan would be unavoidable. Vice-principal Hydle specialized in that area, but his rank was too low for him to propose any conditions.

“This young man is very interesting.” Novan smiled as he looked at Mag’s departing figure.

“He is indeed. I feel like he can change this entire world...” Krassu nodded with a smile. After a short pause, he continued, “He is a culinary genius.”

“Changing the world is no simple task.” Novan shook his head.

“You boasted about changing the world regularly back in the day.” Krassu pursed his lips.

“It’s exactly because I’ve tried that I know just how difficult it is. I’ve been trying to change the world my entire life, but it looks Chaos City won’t develop into the city that I envision before I leave this world.” Novan shook his head with a smile that carried a hint of pride as well as some dejection.

“You’ve already changed the world. A hundred years ago, no one would have believed it possible for a city where all races resided in harmony to exist on the Norland Continent. No one could have imagined a fair education system for the young of all species, either, but all of that has appeared in Chaos City.” Krassu’s smile faded as he nodded with an earnest expression. He said, “You’ve already done more than enough to change the world.”

"I didn't believe that he could change the world just then, but now, I feel like it could perhaps be possible. For an elf and a demon to sit and dine at the same table, it indicates that his food must hold some special type of allure. He had already achieved something that I couldn't after several decades of toil, so I look forward to seeing what he will do next." Novan's gaze rested on an elf and a demon who were sitting across one another at a table, and a surprised look appeared on his face.

...

"Master Turtle, will they be alright?" Amy entered a magic potion shop, and looked at Xixi and Lulu—who were lying on the counter—with a concerned expression.

"Don't worry. They won't die, but they won't be able to recover all that quickly, either." Urien strode over to the shelf with his hands behind his back, and said in a husky voice, "Get those big ones out of here; they're too hot."

"Alright." Sargerass hurriedly nodded before obediently leading the lava demons outside.

Lulu turned his head with difficulty to look over at Xixi. His fingers slowly crept over the counter to latch onto Xixi's hand, upon which a dotting smile appeared on his face.

Xixi was extremely pale, and was close to falling unconscious, but she seemed to have been reinvigorated after Lulu held her hand, and she also put on a faint smile.

*Thank heavens you're still with me.*

Sally strode forward upon seeing that, and said to Urien, "Perhaps I can help."

### **Chapter 299: It's Soft?**

"Have a go, then," Urien replied without even turning his head. He was holding a long-necked crystal vial, and was adding in mysterious magic potions of all colors before gently swirling the mixture.

"You can do it, Big Sister Aisha," Amy encouraged Aisha with anticipation in her eyes. She then stood tiptoe and offered words of consolation to Xixi and Lulu. "Big Sister Xixi, Big Bear, Big Sister Aisha and Master Turtle are both super amazing; they'll definitely make you better again."

"You have to get better! Your love story is far too touching to end in tragedy!" Yabemiya stood off to the side with an anxious look on her face.

"Save her... first..." A hoarse, stuttering voice escaped Lulu's mouth. He then turned to Sally with a complex look in his eyes.

"Alright." Sally nodded before suddenly producing a chopstick. A flash of green light appeared, and the chopstick grew into a small bamboo plant at a rate that was discernible to the naked eye.

"Eh?" Urien stopped what he was doing before turning to look at the bamboo plant in Sally's hands with surprise on his face. There was extremely abundant life force energy emanating from that little plant. He narrowed his eyes as he thought to himself, *Who would have thought that she would be capable of casting life magic? Looks like she's no ordinary elf. A life magic spell of that caliber will indeed be a lot*

*more effective than potions. It seems like I underestimated her. However, won't the combination of nature magic and life magic produce an unfavorable reaction?*

Xixi forced her eyes open as she turned her gaze on the bamboo plant in Sally's hands, upon which a hint of surprise and anxiety appeared in her eyes. The aura of the life magic was very familiar to her, but it coexisted with a completely different type of nature magic. It was as if two trees had sprouted from the same set of roots before growing in different environments, thereby becoming two completely different trees.

"Mighty tree of life, please grant me the power of light and the power to wash away all impurities..." Sally chanted as she gently pressed the bamboo plant against Xixi's wound, which was on her lower abdomen.

Faint green light slowly enveloped Xixi's lower abdomen, and the layer of ice and frost for blood loss prevention vanished. Black and red contaminants could still be seen on the wound that had almost encompassed her entire lower abdomen, and blood began to seep out again. Those were the toxins from the werewolves' claws, and the reason why her bleeding refused to stop.

"Ngh..." Xixi's brows furrowed as she moaned in pain. Her body unconsciously tried to curl up into a ball, and cold sweat instantly beaded on her forehead.

Lulu held onto her hand with gentle concern in his eyes.

Xixi met Lulu's gaze, and it was as if her pain suddenly diminished significantly.

Sally gently swept her other hand over the wound, and a turquoise stream of water appeared, washing over the gash. The water seemed to be the bane of those contaminants, and the latter were immediately washed away. The wound returned to its normal color, and Sally ensured that no further blood was shed.

"Phew..." Xixi exhaled lightly. The pain from her wound had been drastically alleviated, and the cool flow of water presented a very soothing and comfortable sensation, just as if a pair of nimble little hands was gently massaging her injury.

*Eh? There's seems to be something in her body that is facilitating self-recovery. It's very slow, but it has a similar effect to life magic.* Sally was just about to use her bamboo plant again when a hint of green light appeared on Xixi's wound, which drew a surprised reaction from her. She had seen that light in battle before as well; those magic waves had a great affinity with nature.

*Perhaps it's some sort of inherent regeneration ability.* Sally didn't think too much about it, and gently tapped the wound with her bamboo plant. Green light flowed relentlessly into the ghastly gash, and it began to heal on its own.

The process lasted about three minutes, after which the crisp green bamboo plant in Sally's hands completely shrivelled up before being reduced to a pile of dust.

Gentle green light enshrouded Xixi's entire body; her wound had completely healed, leaving only a faint scar behind. She had absorbed all of the abundant life force energy from the life magic spell, and a hint of color returned to her deathly pale face. It appeared that she was going to be alright.

Sally also heaved a sigh of relief upon seeing that. Xixi's injuries were completely different from the minor wound that Mag had sustained on his hand. Furthermore, she very rarely used life magic to administer treatment, but it appeared that she had been successful, and Xixi would be fine after she absorbed the remaining life force energy.

Sally then produced another chopstick, seemingly out of thin air, and prepared to attend to Lulu.

However, right at that moment, a shriveled little seedling suddenly popped up from Xixi's stomach. It then began to frantically absorb the life force energy around Xixi, completely sucking all of it away in the blink of an eye before disappearing into her lower abdomen again.

"What was that?" Sally was a little stunned. The little seedling had only appeared for less than three seconds, but that was enough for her to catch a clear glimpse of it. After it merged with Xixi's body again, her breathing seemed to have become more stable, and she was fine aside from a hint of feebleness.

*It really is the World Tree, but it appears to be close to wilting. Looks like it's barely hanging on by a thread, so it most likely won't be able to witness the dryads return to their former glory.* Urien sighed internally as he shifted his gaze away from Xixi's lower abdomen.

"Big Sister Aisha is the best!" Amy exclaimed gently with wide eyes.

"Please save him." Xixi was still too weak to get up, so she could only turn a beseeching gaze toward Sally. She held Lulu's hand gently with sympathy in her eyes.

"Alright." Sally nodded in response. She was a bit puzzled by what she had just witnessed, but she still immediately began to administer treatment.

In comparison to Xixi, Lulu's injuries were even ghastlier. There was almost no part of his body that had been left intact.

Blue water washed over his wounds, while green light settled over his body. The bleeding quickly stopped, and scabs began to appear. The painful expression on his face also gradually receded, and his breathing became more even and stable. He took a glance at Xixi before falling unconscious.

A second bamboo plant was reduced to dust as Sally said to the concerned Xixi, "I've stopped the bleeding, but more straining activities must be avoided to prevent the wounds from tearing open again. His injuries were extremely severe, and he has lost a lot of blood, so he needs an extended period of rest and recuperation. Don't worry, he's only asleep now."

"Thank you, thank all of you." Xixi struggled into a sitting position with a grateful expression on her face.

"I'm just glad you're all ok." An elated smile appeared on Yabemiya's face before her eyes suddenly widened, and she rushed out the door as she yelled, "I have to get back to work! The boss must be struggling on his own!"

"I have to go back to work as well." Sally was also in a slight panic. There were so many customers in the restaurant; there was no way that Mag would be able to handle them all on his own.



Yabemiya was running very frantically, and she crashed directly into somebody after running out the door. A frosty aura almost instantly froze her body solid, but her head seemed to be in contact with something that was... quite soft?

### **Chapter 300: An Incredible Taste!**

Outside the magic potion shop, Yabemiya rushed directly into Elizabeth's wide bosom.

Elizabeth raised her hands involuntarily, while Yabemiya's entire face was buried in her chest. Deathly silence ensued, just as if time had been stopped.

"I... I'm sorry." Yabemiya raised her head to look up at Elizabeth with embarrassment and apology etched on her face.

"Can you get your face off my body now?" A furious blush appeared on Elizabeth's face. If it were someone else taking advantage of her like that, she would have reduced them to a pile of icy shards already.

However, she abruptly stopped the magic spell that she was about to release. Upon closer inspection, the embarrassed little half-dragon girl with her face buried in her chest was actually quite adorkable.

"I'm sorry! I'm really sorry!" Only then did Yabemiya extricate her face from the soft and warm mounds before hurriedly stumbling back and bowing in apology. Even the tips of her ears were blushing with embarrassment, and she thought to herself, *What do I do! I can't believe I did something so rude! Arrrgh! My God! But... they really were very big.. and so soft... and so comfortable to lie on.*

The displeasure in Elizabeth's heart faded at the sight of the apologizing Yabemiya. Besides, she was partially at fault as well as she had been absentmindedly thinking about some things, which led to her failing to notice the oncoming Yabemiya.

Furthermore, the things that Elizabeth was thinking about just so happened to be related to her. It was almost impossible for her to find her half-sister on the same day that she received the news, but Yabemiya was a half-dragon girl of the right age, so she was naturally a potential candidate.

"I'm fine," Elizabeth said in a cold voice as she sized up Yabemiya.

The latter was quite petite, with thin, delicate limbs, and was wearing a strange black and white dress that perfectly accentuated her figure. In contrast with the rest of her frail body, her chest was... quite large.

She had a pair of golden dragon horns on her head, as well as a white hairband. Her golden hair had been arranged into a side ponytail which trailed onto her right shoulder. Still, what was the most startling to Elizabeth was her eyes.

She had a golden left pupil and a black right pupil!

A hint of surprise appeared in Elizabeth's deep blue eyes. A golden pupil didn't necessarily reflect the golden dragon bloodline, but it made her an even likelier candidate.

*So... so beautiful!* Yabemiya was also surreptitiously appraising Elizabeth. Her skin was as fair as snow, and she appeared to be around twenty years old. Her features were extremely gorgeous, and her blue dress appeared to have been carved from ice and frost, giving her the appearance of a goddess that had just descended from the heavens.

She was only casually standing there, but her cold and haughty disposition struck one with the urge to bow their head to her. In contrast with Sally's cold and regal disposition, Elizabeth's was purely cold and aloof.

Even though Elizabeth had told her that she was fine, Yabemiya was still a little nervous. After all, she had been the one that had crashed into Elizabeth, and didn't know what to say as she stood with her head bowed.

"What's going on?" Right at that moment, Sally's voice sounded. She had just emerged from the magic potion shop, only to find Yabemiya acting like a naughty child who was being reprimanded. She then caught sight of Elizabeth, and she, too, was stunned by her beauty.

*Is she a giant dragon?* A hint of speculation welled up in Sally's heart. Even though Elizabeth was in her human form, the aura of a giant dragon was still a little different from a human's. Furthermore, her natural haughty disposition further supported that notion. But, how had Yabemiya managed to draw the ire of that dragon woman?

"I... I accidentally bumped into her." Yabemiya was instilled with a modicum of confidence upon hearing Sally's voice, but she was still a little apologetic.

"I told you already, I'm fine." Elizabeth's brows were slightly furrowed as she took a glance at Sally. A hint of surprise also appeared in her eyes, and she thought to herself, *That's no ordinary elf. From the magic waves emanating from her body, I can tell that she's just as powerful as I am. I wonder what kind of relationship these two share...*

"Eh? It's the beautiful big sister dragon." Amy's voice was tinged with a hint of pleasant surprise as she emerged with Ugly Duckling in her arms, turning to look at Elizabeth.

"Amy, you know her?" Yabemiya was a little surprised.

"I encountered this big sister dragon with Father at the city gates a few days ago. I remember her because she's so beautiful." Amy nodded before waving her little hand at Elizabeth. "Hello, big sister dragon."

"Meow!" In contrast, Ugly Duckling seemed to be harboring some animosity toward Elizabeth. It extended its little claws in what it thought to be a menacing fashion.

"Mm-hm." Elizabeth glanced at Amy, and nodded in a greeting. She'd seen a man riding on a strange vehicle with that little girl earlier on during the day; she was a little surprised to encounter her again. Furthermore, it appeared that all three of them were familiar with one another.

"My name is Yabemiya. I really am very sorry, but I have to get back to work, so I'll be taking my leave now." Yabemiya was getting a little flustered at the sight of customers entering and exiting the restaurant, so she hurriedly bade an apologetic farewell to Elizabeth before rushing away.

“Let’s go, Amy.” Sally took a glance at Elizabeth before holding onto Amy’s little hand, and made her way toward the restaurant. Giant dragons were known for their volatile and wilful nature, so she was not going to leave Amy on her own here.

“Big sister dragon, our restaurant’s food is super good! You have to come and have a taste.” Amy obediently allowed Sally to lead her away, but she left an invitation for Elizabeth.

“Mamy Restaurant...” Elizabeth’s gaze rested upon the sign on the restaurant before she walked toward it.

“Here are your braised chicken and rice and savory tofu pudding. Enjoy.” Mag placed a platter gently in front of Novan with a smile on his face.

“Thank you.” Novan nodded as his eyes were drawn to the delectable dishes placed before him.

The golden chicken chunks, alluring chicken soup, and many types of other ingredients were all combined in one dish, but it didn’t appear chaotic in the slightest. He couldn’t help but swallow at the sight of the chicken bathed in the rich golden broth.

“You’ve lived in Chaos City for several dozens of years, but I’m much more of an expert than you when it comes to seeking out delicious cuisine in this city.” Krassu picked up a piece of braised chicken with his chopsticks before putting it into his mouth and chewing slowly with a blissful expression.

“I’ll dig in as well, then.” Novan also picked up a chunk of chicken with his chopsticks, and placed it into his mouth. He was first met by the taste of the delicious chicken soup, which was rich, but not overwhelmingly so. He couldn’t identify what spices had been used, but the savoriness of the dish had been enhanced to the very max. He gently chewed down on the chicken, only to find that its texture was very soft and refreshing, and a burst of flavors lingered in his mouth even after the chicken was consumed.

“This... this is an incredible taste!” Novan couldn’t help but praise the braised chicken. He picked up another chunk of chicken, and basked in the incomparable bliss of sampling its delectable flavor.