

## Stay At home 121

### Chapter 121: Calm Down And Have Some Tofu Pudding

"I'm the honorable Fama Odin Ben. I'll never sing!" Black Coal declared, cocking his head.

*I don't think this stupid bird knows how to sing.* A faint sneer of satisfaction crossed Krassu's face. *It's rare to see him lose face.*

Amy was a little disappointed. She turned to look at the drawing on the table again.

"I don't mind having some crow meat for dinner," Urien said coldly, staring at Black Coal.

The bird felt a cold shiver of fear run through him. Immediately, he turned to Amy. "Lovely Amy, which song do you like? Just tell me the same. I'm a great singer!"

Amy cocked her head to one side, and thought for a moment. "Can you sing 'a little girl with mushrooms'?"

Black Coal didn't understand. "A little what?" He stuck his head out of the cage and widened his eyes.

"A little girl with mushrooms," Amy repeated carefully.

*It should be the song that her little elf sang the other day. I struck out with it that day. Apparently, the bird doesn't know the song. This has gotten interesting,* thought Krassu.

Yabemiya watched the two very old men, wondering, *Why are they so angry? And why are they trying to please Amy?*

*Few people in this world have heard that song. There's no way the crow can sing it. Amy is putting him in a difficult position,* Mag thought.

*But Amy hasn't heard many songs, and she only knows the name of this one. Black Coal has brought this on himself.*

The bird raised his voice. "I've never heard of this song! You made it up!" he snarled.

"I didn't. It is a song, and my little elf can sing it," Amy said solemnly.

Black Coal wasn't convinced. "But... But I..." He became uneasy,

Urien took a look at Krassu's smirking face, and then turned to face his bird. "Sing," he said, his voice colder than ice. The cage got frosted instantly.

Black Coal gave a shudder, and started singing. "A little girl... goes to collect mushrooms, she finds a big mushroom and eats it, and then finds another and eats it..." He managed to turn this merry song into a doleful one.

Black Coal's voice was good, but the words were all wrong. The girl in the song who liked sharing had become a glutton who loved eating mushrooms.

Yabemiya giggled. It was the first time she had seen a crow sing. And it sang rather well.

Amy frowned as she listened. After the bird finished singing, she shook her head disappointedly. "Black Coal, please don't sing again. How can you sing so badly? My little elf can sing much better than you." Then she walked to the counter, took out the music box, and pushed the button.

Melodious notes filled the room immediately. How could Black Coal's yelling compete with this?

"Amy's little elf is the best singer. Who would ever want this stupid bird? Amy only needs a peacock to dance for her," Krassu said with a smile, stroking his beard.

Black Coal's eyes went wide as he stared at the little elf, silent. After the song was over, he turned slowly to face Urien. "I can't, even if you kill me."

Urien put the cage on the floor, and looked at Amy with a smile that was uglier than a frown. "Amy, if you become my disciple, you only need to walk a few steps to reach my house. You can go back home whenever you miss your father. And I'll pay for your meals. You can eat whatever you want wherever you like."

Amy's eyes lit up. "You'll pay for my meals? Even if I eat at home?"

Urien was taken by surprise, and looked a little odd. *I forgot her family owns a restaurant. It's a little strange I have to pay for her meals when she eats at home. But I'm sure I can afford it.* He nodded. "Yes. Just put it on my tab, and I'll settle it at the end of every month."

Amy's face lit up. "Whoa, Turtle Grandpa, you're so generous!" She had to eat three plates of Yangzhou fried rice, three roujiamos, and six bowls of tofu pudding every day, and they were very expensive. *I eat too much. But if he would pay for my meals, I would save Father a lot of money.*

"Have you no shame?!" Krassu said, staring at Urien. *He is using food to entice Amy. That's my trick!*

"Bite me," Urien said, giving a derisive laugh. *Amy is more interested in food than his stupid magic room.*

Krassu felt the anger coiling inside him. "Urien, I'll beat you to a pulp, just like I did 20 years ago!" he snapped, his white robe floating, fire shining in the sapphire on his staff.

He had come here to sway Mag and Amy with his sincerity. He had been very positive that they would accept his offer. He had never expected Urien to try to rob him of his disciple again.

Urien's face darkened. "That wouldn't have happened if you hadn't snuck up on me! And you call yourself a 10th-tier magic caster?! Didn't I freeze you in ice? Without Irina, you would never have gotten out of that well!" Frost appeared from under his feet and spread on the floor.

The air had suddenly become tense. Two powerful magic casters were on the verge of fighting.

"Calm down, Turtle Grandpa and half-beard grandpa," Amy said solemnly. "Have some tofu pudding and then talk. It'll put you in a good mood. Don't fight in the restaurant, or I'll get angry. I'm very bad-tempered!"

## **Chapter 122: Please Enjoy**

The word “tofu pudding” meant nothing to the two old men. They took a look at Amy, and drew back their auras. The last thing they wanted was to tear down Mag’s restaurant.

Although they had an old score to settle, they knew better than to settle it here. They were not reckless young men, and they had to make Amy happy.

“Mag, is this tofu pudding a new dish?” Krassu asked, looking at Mag with a smile.

Their offers were equally enticing, so they had to suck up to Mag now.

“Mag, your business is very good, so the food here must be good too. I’d like some tofu pudding, please,” Urien said quickly.

Mag knew what was going on. He still had enough tofu pudding for both of them. I didn’t plan to sell it today, but I can’t embarrass Amy. Actually, he was also wondering if his tofu pudding would please Krassu and Urien. “Yes, it’s a new dish. But it’s not officially on sale yet. You can try it for free if you like. It comes in two flavors, savory and sweet. Which one would you like?”

“I recommend you charge them,” the system said. “The ingredients are not free. Let me tell you the price of each ingredient...”

“Stop. Just tell me the total price for all the ingredients in one bowl of tofu pudding,” Mag interrupted. “One of them may become Amy’s master. Why I can’t give them some tofu pudding for free? Besides, they’ll be fascinated by it and come back again. System, you’re so stingy and have no vision! You’ll never get far.”

The system fell silent. After a while, a line of words appeared in Mag’s head. “Cost of a bowl of sweet or savory tofu pudding: 40 copper coins.”

I guess I’ll sell it at 200 copper coins each bowl, Mag thought, since it’s good to the skin. It’s worth the price. It’ll definitely drive women crazy.

“Sweet.”

“Savory.”

Krassu and Urien started at almost the same time. They exchanged a look, and sat down at two adjacent tables.

Amy’s eyes brightened. They chose different flavors. But, I’m sure they’ll both like it, because Father’s tofu pudding is very delicious.

The sweet one is the best. That old magic caster has a sharp eye, Yabemiya thought as she smiled at Krassu.

Mag nodded. “All right. Please wait a sec.” The look on his face became a little strange as he turned around. They didn’t even need to think about it.

The two old men sat there, silent. They were not trying to sweet-talk Amy. They were well-matched in power. They found themselves in the same position as 20 years ago. They wouldn’t show their anxiety.

Krassu looked to the kitchen, expectant. What is this tofu pudding? Mag's Yangzhou fried rice is good, and many people like his roujiamo, so it should be good. And it's recommended by Amy.

He came here almost every day to see Amy and eat Yangzhou fried rice, which was better than anything in Rodu. It was an important reason why he had chosen to stay here to live out his days.

Urien took a look at his surroundings. The restaurant had been open for days, but it was the first time he had come here. He liked the decoration—it was neither resplendent nor flamboyant.

He dropped his gaze to the menu on the table, and remembered that he had offered to pay for Amy's meals. He put the birdcage on the floor and opened the menu. For an instant he froze. What? Only two dishes? Then he saw their prices, and was shocked.

600 copper coins for a plate of Yangzhou fried rice and 300 for a roujiamo?! A bottle of middle-grade recovery potion can only fetch me 10 gold coins. It's not even enough for me to eat two plates of this fried rice.

Is this their trick to rip me off? Urien took a glance at Amy. People always line up at their door, so I thought the dishes here were varied and at reasonable prices. How can the restaurant be so busy with only two dishes? And their prices are outrageous!

I guess I can't complain too much. Several thousand copper coins a day is nothing compared to a talented disciple. I'll earn this money by making more high-tier magic potions. Urien turned to look at the kitchen. A faint fragrance of soy milk floated in the air; he also smelled stewed meat. This meat aroma was a little strange to him. He became expectant.

"Meow, meow..." Ugly Duckling cried at Black Coal. It licked Amy's hand, seemingly anxious to get down on the floor.

"Ugly Duckling, do you want to play with Black Coal?" Amy asked softly.

The kitten nodded right away, waving its paws in excitement.

"Stay there if you dare!" Black Coal said nervously, looking at the kitten.

"Meow, meow!" Ugly Duckling became more excited.

"Okay. No fighting," Amy warned as she screwed up its face, putting it down on the floor.

"Sweet Amy, can you hold me for a while?" Black Coal implored as the kitten padded slowly towards him, baring its sharp teeth.

Amy shook her head. "No! I don't want to hold a featherless bird."

Mag walked out of the kitchen, holding two bowls of tofu pudding. He put down the sweet one and savory one before Krassu and Urien, respectively. "Sweet tofu pudding and savory tofu pudding. Please enjoy," he said, smiling.

### **Chapter 123: Which Flavor Is Authentic?**

The tofu pudding was steaming in two white bowls.

Krassu's eyes lit up, gazing at the bowl before him.

Faint fragrance tickled his nose. *Soybeans?*

The square food was very white, with golden-red syrup. Together, they looked like a piece of white jade enclosed in amber. Elastic, it had shaken a little when Mag put it down. Krassu was amazed.

The sweet smell of the syrup was enough to make his mouth water. It was too tempting for a person who had a sweet tooth to resist.

Urien twisted his mouth. *Yuck, too much sugar.* Then he dropped his gaze to the bowl before him. His face lit up.

His tofu pudding was accompanied by various sides and orange-red gravy. It smelled really delicious.

*Looks appetizing. It should be good,* Urien thought expectantly.

They spooned some into their mouths almost at the same time.

Mag, Amy, and Yabemiya stood silent, staring at the two old men, wondering which flavor they would prefer.

Krassu's eyes went wide. *This taste...* The tofu pudding covered by syrup melted in his mouth instantly. The tofu pudding was very soft; the syrup was sweet but thin, and didn't hide the taste of tofu pudding.

After he swallowed, the fragrance and sweetness lingered in his mouth.

Krassu took a look at Mag, wondering, *It should be made from soybeans, but how did soybeans become so tender? I don't even need to chew it. It's so soft and watery! This syrup is sweet, but not too sweet. It's very tasty.* He couldn't stop eating it.

Urien was shocked, staring at the empty spoon in his hand. *How can anything be this good?!*

The soft, tender tofu pudding and the tasty gravy and chopped zha cai blended perfectly together, stimulating his taste buds and making them cheer and dance. The pleasant taste remained on his tongue after he swallowed.

Krassu had known Mag to be a great cook, so the tofu pudding didn't surprise him as much as it did Urien. The latter hadn't eaten anything cooked by Mag until now. He really loved the shock the food brought to him. He spooned some more into his mouth, and a smile appeared on his wrinkled face.

Mag also smiled. *Looks like they like it.* He felt good when his food put a genuine smile on his customer's face.

"Ding!"

"Ding!"

Krassu and Urien finished their tofu pudding almost simultaneously. They looked at their empty bowls, unsatisfied.

Urien put down the spoon. "I'd like a second bowl of savory tofu pudding, please. It's unbelievable!" he said to Mag, excited.

"The sweet one is the best!" Krassu said, looking askance at Urien. Then, he turned to Mag. "Mag, may I have a second bowl of sweet tofu pudding? I'll pay. Just name the price."

"Sweet food is for children. Grow up, old man!" Urien said, contempt in his eyes.

"Tofu pudding goes great with syrup. You'll never know the sweet feeling when it slides down the throat. You heretic, you should be burnt at the stake!" Krassu said angrily, glaring at Urien, his staff glowing red at the top.

"I'm a heretic? You're a heretic! The authentic tofu pudding is savory. You can't even imagine how good it tastes with the gravy and various sides!" Urien said loudly. Frost appeared from under his feet again, temperature dropping around him.

Mag screwed up his face as he watched the two furious magic casters. "Sorry. I didn't plan on selling it today, so there's no more tofu pudding left." They had kicked off the fight between the sweet tofu pudding people and the savory tofu pudding ones in this world.

They had come here for Amy, but the tofu pudding managed to attract their attention. In his past life, people had argued over which flavor was authentic using keyboards. They would never literally fight with each other over this disagreement.

However, Krassu and Urien were now ready to fight for their own beliefs.

"I like... the sweet one," Yabemiya murmured, her voice barely audible so that no one heard but herself.

Amy didn't understand their fury. *They're both very delicious. Why do they have to quarrel?*

Krassu and Urien became disappointed, and exchanged an angry glance.

The tofu pudding ignited the fuse of their anger.

Krassu rose to his feet. "Urien, you heretic! I've been putting up with you for too long. Let's fight! I'll smash your head!" he said furiously, leaning on his staff, glowering at Urien.

Urien rose from his table too. "I'm not afraid of you, Krassu. I'll freeze you in ice and feed you to the fishes!" he replied in a hoarse voice, his face grim.

"Are you fighting over which flavor is better?" Amy asked curiously.

Then she clapped her hands after pausing a moment. "What're you waiting for? Just don't fight in the restaurant."

## **Chapter 124: Bring The Whole World To Your Heel**

The way Amy was acting reminded Krassu and Urien of Irina, who had clapped her hands and encouraged them to fight 20 years ago.

Irina had been able to learn any spell very quickly, just as if she was born to do it.

So, two of the most powerful magic casters had wanted to make her their disciple.

The elven princess was the best student they could ever hope for. She would master all their spells, and could live for as long as 800 years. Maybe people would remember them when she used magic after they were long gone. It was as good a way to be remembered as any other.

However, the elven queen intervened, so Irina failed to become a disciple of either of them.

After that, Urien came to Chaos City, and opened a magic potion shop. He hadn't been very keen to find a disciple. He had only butted in because he had found his nemesis Krassu had been eager to make the elven girl his student.

The elven girl was so smart, and her talent really surprised him. He'd soon found himself wishing to take her on as a disciple too.

Irina hadn't known what to do. She'd wanted to be able to smash a dragon's head with a staff, and she'd also liked Urien's ice magic. She'd learned a few spells from them, but before she could make up her mind, she got taken away by the elven queen.

The two magic casters blamed each other and fought several times, but couldn't get the better of one another. Then they never saw each other again—until today.

"The savory one is the best! Fight me if you dare, Krassu!" Urien said, his voice hoarse and cold. He glanced at Amy from the corner of his eye. *I'm sure she likes the savory one. Maybe she'll become my disciple after I beat Krassu.*

Krassu's face darkened. "No, the sweet one is the best!" He also took a look at Amy. *Amy is still a kid. Kids all like sweets. She'll like me more when I defeat Urien. This fight is very critical.* He walked towards the door with his staff, saying, "As you wish! Let's settle this once and for all. My magic staff can't wait to beat you again!"

Urien curled his lip. "Heh, isn't that your walking stick? Do you think you can still jump high enough to slap a dragon on the knee?" he sneered, and followed Krassu with his wand.

"Lord Urien, please take me with you!" Black Coal said with fear in his voice.

Ugly Duckling was reaching inside the cage, trying to catch the bird, but its paw was too short.

Black Coal was staying as far away from the cat as possible. The cat might be little, but it had fangs and claws!

Urien paid no mind to his bird, and walked out behind Krassu.

"Father, can we watch?" Amy asked expectantly, looking up at Mag. She had never seen magic casters fight before.

Mag nodded with a smile. "Yes. Come on, Miya. Let's go outside." He took Amy by the hand, and walked towards the door. He didn't have to open until another 30 minutes, and even Mag Alex hadn't had a chance to witness a fight between two 10th-tier magic casters, so he was curious.

“Okay,” Yabemiya said, and followed her boss excitedly. She preferred the sweet tofu pudding, so she naturally wanted Krassu to win.

The door opened with a “ding”. Customers who were waiting outside had never expected the door to open so early.

When they saw Krassu step out with a grim face, they all parted to make way for him.

Although Krassu always waited outside Mag’s restaurant like other customers and was very kind to Amy, people were still in awe of this powerful royal magic caster.

“Why did Lord Krassu come out of the restaurant so early?”

“He looks angry. I bet he got turned down by Mag again. Mag is really unbelievable!”

“You can say that again. If a magic caster wanted my boy, I’d pay him 500 gold coins every year.”

The customers were whispering. They envied Mag’s cooking skills, and envied him for having a cute girl who even caught a royal magic caster’s eye. They envied his success.

Krassu hadn’t walked far when the door opened again. They turned to look to the door, surprised. A hunched old man in a black robe walked out slowly, casting a cold glance at them.

For an instant, they felt as if they had fallen into an ice hole. They looked away hurriedly. *A dark magic caster!* they thought as they suddenly realized.

Dark magic casters chose a path that was neither light nor dark. They could be good and evil at the same time. They could become normal magic casters, but they could also turn into evil ones. People feared them.

Krassu stopped in the Aden Square, 100 meters away from the restaurant. He turned and looked at Urien, the sapphire on top of his staff shining red like a torch!

Urien walked past the customers unhurriedly. When he was five meters away from the restaurant, he stomped, and countless ice flowers appeared under his foot, spreading towards Krassu like vines.

“Appear! Frost Dragon! Bring the whole world to your heel!” Urien’s voice was grave, just as if it came from hell. Suddenly, snow started falling from the clear sky. A giant figure spread its wings in the snow.

## **Chapter 125: Give Me A Hug And Lift Me Up**

“Such terrifying ice magic!” someone exclaimed.

They could hardly believe their eyes as snow started falling in the square.

“This black-robed magic caster must be very powerful, or he wouldn’t have dared to challenge Lord Krassu to a fight.”

“They both came out of the restaurant with angry looks. What happened inside?”

The customers stepped away from the two powerful magic casters. They didn't want to be caught up in their fight.

"Ding!"

The door opened again, and out came Amy, holding Mag's hand. When she saw the snow, she jumped up excitedly. She waved her father's hand, and said, "Father, look! It's snowing! It's snowing!"

Mag gave a nod. *Yes. And there is a dragon in the snow.* His eyes were fixed on the Frost Dragon that was forming in the sky. It was a silvery-white western dragon<sup>1</sup> covered by white scales, with a 20-meter wingspan. Snowflakes moved aside as they approached it. It flapped its wings slowly, staring with its enormous blue eyes at Krassu, who was standing 100 meters away from it.

Mag Alex had killed many dragons before. His heavy sword had hacked off their heads. A shower of blood pouring down as the dragon roared despairingly was not an uncommon sight to him, so the Frost Dragon didn't scare him, but rather tempted him.

The sight of the dragon brought out the blood lust within him.

Mag clenched his fist. *When will I be strong enough to wave my sword again?* He had taken to extreme sports in his past boring life, BASE jumping, standing upside down on Trolltunga, and playing on the Giant Canyon Swing. *Killing dragons will be a great entertainment in this world, although I'm not very fond of fighting.*

"Look! A dragon! A giant Frost Dragon!" someone exclaimed in horror.

"An 8th-tier magic caster isn't able to summon such a strong dragon. This black-robed magic caster has reached the 9th tier. Or 10th," an old man said in amazement. Apparently, he knew some about magic casters.

Yabemiya stood behind Mag, her mouth slightly open as she eyed the dragon. *So this is how a dragon looks like.* Dragons were not uncommon in Chaos City, but she had spent most of her days in the kitchen, so this was the first time she had seen a dragon. Her mother had only told her once about her father.

It had been a cold night. Her mother had held her in her arms, and said that her father was very gigantic in his golden armor, and that he could turn into a giant dragon 100 meters long and take her wherever she wanted to go.

After that, her mother cried a whole night. Yabemiya hadn't asked her about dragons again since then.

"A big flying lizard! But can lizards fly?" Amy asked Mag.

"It's a dragon. A Frost Dragon," Mag answered, smiling. Amy had never seen a dragon before, but it indeed looked like a giant lizard.

Amy's eyes brightened. "A dragon?" She stood on tips of her toes to try to get a better look, but the customers blocked her view. She turned to Mag and extended her arms. "Father, give me a hug and lift me up. I want to see the dragon," she said, pouting her lips.

Mag felt his heart was melted down by her cuteness. *With a cute daughter like this, what more do I need?*

“Okay, sweetheart.” Mag stooped down, and picked Amy up. Yangzhou fried rice and roujiamo had been improving his strength. He wasn’t as strong as a normal man yet, but he was in a better state than when his strength had been a mere 1.5. Lifting Amy up was still difficult for him, though.

The little thing was very soft, and smelled so good. She had used cherry flower scented body wash.

Amy wrapped her arms around Mag’s neck and kissed him on the cheek. “You’re the best, Father.” She turned to look at the Frost Dragon, and then at Krassu. “If this dragon fights for Turtle Grandpa, will Half-beard Grandpa be in danger? Father, should we stop them?”

Mag shook his head with a smile. “Don’t worry. They’re well matched in power,” he said. *Krassu could beat a dragon with his staff. He’s the strongest melee magic caster. Surely he can handle a dragon summoned by magic, or he wouldn’t be Urien’s nemesis.*

He felt happy to find that Amy was worrying about the two old men’s safety even though she had encouraged them to fight. She loved to watch people fight, but she had a gentle heart.

“Mag, what happened? Why is Lord Krassu fighting with that magic caster?” Proll asked.

Other customers turned to look at Mag. They didn’t come across something like this every day in Chaos City. Even people from the Gray Temple could do little about this situation.

*They came out of the restaurant and started fighting. Just what happened in the restaurant? they wondered.*

“Because they have different opinions on which flavor of tofu pudding is the best,” explained Amy.

*They were lost. Tofu pudding? A new dish? Two powerful magic casters are fighting over the flavors of a dish?*

Stout Mobai pushed his door open. A gust of cold wind made him shiver. He raised his eyes and espied the Frost Dragon. “A dragon?!”

## **Chapter 126: Level 5 Incident!**

Mobai clenched his fist as he looked up at the dragon, anger in his eyes. Then, he realized quickly that it was not a real dragon. He lowered his gaze from the sky, and was a little surprised to find Urien standing there.

He had been living here for decades. He was well aware that Urien had moved here over 10 years ago. He had bought middle-grade recovery potions from him, and they knew each other, although they didn’t talk much.

However, he had assumed Urien to be a 5th-tier magic caster at best because his potions were cheap, but not very effective.

Plainly, he had underestimated him. He didn't stand a chance against this Frost Dragon. *He's at least a 9th-tier magic caster.*

He clenched his fist harder. *How can I kill that red dragon if I can't even beat a magic one? I have to work harder on my bomb.* He turned to look at Mag and Amy, and didn't know why Urien and Krassu were fighting.

Not far from the crowd, Sargeras had been walking towards the restaurant with two lava demons. He stopped suddenly, and looked in the direction of the restaurant.

"What's wrong, Boss?" one of the two demons asked Sargeras. He was tall and lean.

"You haven't forgotten what to do when we reach the restaurant, I hope? Do not make waves," Sargeras said without turning his head.

"Didn't you say it's owned by a human?" the short, fat demon asked. "What's so frightening about humans? They fear us. We can do whatever we want in his restaurant." He laughed, and didn't take Sargeras' words to heart.

Sargeras hit his head lightly with his fist. "Stupid," he said, smiling. "See what that is? The innkeeper's little girl's fireball will burn you to ashes."

The short demon sidestepped, covering his sore head. He looked and saw it. His eyes went wide immediately. He jumped behind Sargeras, terrified. "Is that a dragon? How come it is here?"

"Is the restaurant protected by this dragon?" the tall one asked, alarmed but curious. He moved closer to Sargeras.

"It's clearly not a real dragon. But, the restaurant is protected by a magic caster much more powerful than a dragon, so even I can't save you if you cause any trouble," Sargeras warned, gazing at Krassu with fear from afar.

He had been in awe of the old man even since he'd seen him beat a dragon with his staff outside of Rodu. He had heard about Mag Alex's valiancy, but he had seen Krassu's power with his own eyes.

The other two demons took a look at Krassu. "You mean that white-bearded magic caster?" Then they looked up at the dragon. "I think he'll be eaten by the dragon."

Sargeras curled his upper lip. "I don't think so."

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"It's snowing over there! And there is a white dragon in the sky!"

"I see it too. Is it looking for trouble? Isn't that the restaurant that's very busy these days?"

"Yes. They only have two dishes, and the cheaper one is 300 copper coins. These fools are lining up in the early morning, gladly offering money to that innkeeper."

"I hope that dragon tears that restaurant apart. My restaurant's earnings have decreased a lot. I saw some of my regulars lining up at that door yesterday."

“Come on. Let’s go and see what’s happening. It’s the first time I’ve ever seen a dragon!”

Some people in the Aden Square noticed the snow and the dragon, and started talking. Many restaurateurs talked of Mag in a jealous tone. The dragon had attracted a lot of attention because dragons were a rare sight even in Chaos City. They always turned into humans before entering the city.

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On the other side of the square, a middle-aged man in a neat gray outfit screwed up his face as he looked in the direction of Mamy Restaurant. “Two magic casters are fighting!” he said to a young man in the same outfit. “They’re both above the 8th-tier! Level 5 incident! Report to the temple! You two, come with me. We’ll evacuate the crowd, and try to avoid or minimize casualties!” Then, he ran towards the restaurant.

“Yes!” the young man replied, and ran for a few steps before he spied a wealthy man in fancy clothes on a horse. He pulled him off his horse, tossed him his badge, and swung into the saddle, saying, “On Gray Temple duty, I need your horse. Come to the Gray Temple for your horse later with that badge.”

The fancy man was taken aback. *Since when do Gray Temple people commandeer horses?* He had planned to show off his newly bought horse. He took a look at the badge in his hand, cursed, and walked towards the Gray Temple.

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“Tofu pudding is our new dish, but we haven’t started selling it yet. Those two magic casters had business with me, so we let them try the new dish. Never thought they would fight over the flavors,” Mag explained with a smile, looking at the curious crowd. He wasted no chance to advertise his tofu pudding.

The looks on the people’s faces became queer. *They are fighting over the flavors of a new dish?!*

*The flavors of this dish must be very distinctive and tasty,* Proll thought. “Mag, are you going to sell the new dish this morning?” he asked, expectant.

The others also looked at Mag, excited. *This dish must be really good if it’s able to make two powerful magic casters fight over it.*

## **Chapter 127: No, It Will Be**

Mag shook his head with a smile. “I’m sorry. The new dish isn’t available this morning. But we’ll sell it during dinner hours.” He hadn’t soaked soybeans in the morning.

“I see. I guess I have to come back in the evening,” Proll said, disappointed. He was aware of Mag’s temper, so he said no more.

Other customers took notice of this information, and planned to come here early in the evening to line up for this secret new dish.

“Father, look! The dragon is moving!” Amy called, excited.

Urien took five steps forward. The snowfall turned into a blizzard. The wind was blowing wildly, and the snow was already thick on the ground.

There was no snowflake whatsoever within a one-meter radius of where Krassu was standing, just as if he was protected by an invisible round barrier.

His staff was shining red, as if on fire. It looked very warm in the blizzard.

The Frost Dragon was completely formed. It spread its wings and flapped them. Three small whirlwinds appeared beneath its wings and grew bigger quickly.

Krassu lifted his eyes to look at the dragon, but wasn't in a hurry to attack it. "You haven't grown in power after all these years, Urien."

"And you have grown, in age," Urien replied. "The authentic tofu pudding is savory. Die, you heretic!" he shouted, bringing his wand down.

The Frost Dragon gave a roar, and ejected three icicles half a meter long. Three became nine, and nine turned into 27. They were all flying at Krassu.

"You savory tofu pudding guy, I'll show you which flavor is authentic!" Krassu thundered as he lifted his staff. A huge fireball appeared, and flew upwards towards the icicles. When they met, the fireball exploded. 27 icicles were shattered into pieces almost simultaneously. Some evaporated, and others fell down on the ground.

Now, the other customers were convinced that they were indeed fighting over the new dish.

Amy's eyes widened. "Wow, Half-beard Grandpa can indeed use fireball magic. His fireball looks very powerful and explodes!" she said, her eyes shining with excitement.

Mag smiled at Amy. "Do you want to learn that?" He would choose whichever master Amy preferred.

Amy nodded eagerly. "Yes!" Then she looked up at the dragon in the sky. "But Turtle Grandpa's dragon is also incredible. If I can summon a dragon, can I straddle its neck and soar into the air?"

It was all Mag could do not to smile. "Do you want to learn that too?" Urien's ice magic was more interesting and beautiful than Krassu's fireball. Small wonder if children would love it.

Amy thought a moment, and nodded. "Yes."

"Well..." Mag said as he gazed at the two magic casters thoughtfully. *I didn't expect that to happen.*

Krassu didn't stand there and wait for the dragon to strike again. He looked at Urien from afar. "A real dragon can't stop me, let alone a fake one," he sneered. "Let's settle our old scores once and for all!"

White magic runes appeared over Krassu's legs. He rushed towards Urien.

Urien snorted, and waved his wand unhurriedly. Many solid ice walls emerged before Krassu, trying to stop him.

"Crack!"

The first ice wall was broken into pieces by the staff, then the second, and then the third... The cracking almost became one continuous sound as Krassu darted towards Urien. The ice walls were unable to stop him.

There was no magic wave on his staff. It was like a wooden stove poker in his hand. He was using it to whack his way through the ice walls as if he were a powerful knight.

“Who will win?” someone asked curiously.

“The magic caster in a black robe. Just look at that fearsome Frost Dragon. He must be very powerful if he can summon a dragon like that.”

“I put my money on Lord Krassu. He is a royal magic caster. He must be really strong!”

The customers started arguing over who would win.

*Lord Krassu, please win this fight for sweet tofu pudding people!* Yabemiya prayed silently, clenching her fists.

She might feel close to the dragon, but she would never change her beliefs.

Mag raised an eyebrow. *A melee magic caster all right. His resume is amazing, but it's more shocking when I see him fight first-hand. With such horrifying speed and power, he's more of a knight than a magic caster right now.*

“Whoa!” Amy exclaimed, her mouth open. “Half-beard Grandpa is incredible! I want to learn that, Father!”

Urien overheard what Amy had just said. His face darkened, and he pointed his wand at Krassu. The Frost Dragon flapped its wings and swooped towards Krassu, its mouth wide open.

“That old man will be killed!” someone exclaimed.

Those who were craven had closed their eyes. They dared not to look.

*No. It will be the other way around.* Krassu's eyes met the dragon's ferocious stare with no hint of fear. He leapt three meters into the air, took hold of his staff with both hands, and brought it down with all his strength.

## **Chapter 128: Weak**

The onlookers had been surprised when Krassu had broken those ice walls with his staff. And now, they were astonished to find him in the sky, thinking that he was about to hit the dragon's head with his staff.

Krassu was challenging their whole framework of assumptions about the way magic casters were. *Turns out magic casters can be strong at melee combat too! He prefers using his staff to spells. He is literally a melee magic caster!*

*Gandalf?* Mag lifted an eyebrow. *Urien's ice magic is superb. Krassu has combined magic with close combat. He derives strength from those magic runes—that's why he can move so fast.*

*They both have good points. If Amy can study under them both, she might become a unique and versatile magic caster. She'll have no weakness.*

*But I'm not sure if they'll accept this proposal. It seems they really hate each other,* Mag thought, worried. Now, he only needed to work out a way to make Amy become a disciple of both of them.

Amy clapped her hands. "Amazing! Father, I want to learn it all!" she said, excited. "Knocking ice with a staff is interesting, the dragon is interesting, and so is the snowfall! I want to make a snowman by the door every day!"

Mag's eyes brightened. "Well, then you should ask them to teach you. I think they'll say yes," he said. *It's better if I have Amy do the talking for me. They won't find her greedy.*

Amy nodded meekly. "Okay." Then, after thinking for a moment, she added, "But it's they who are eager to take me on as their disciple, right?"

Mag was taken aback. "I guess so." He was a little surprised to find Amy so smart and scheming.

The other people held their breaths, staring at Krassu with wide eyes. His staff was shimmering red, with mysterious golden-red runes over it. It looked as if it were on fire.

The Frost Dragon dived towards Krassu with a snowstorm. The wind swept the snow aside.

The three whirlwinds surrounded the old man, moving closer, and absorbed and crushed two small trees and a stone.

The wind cut right through the onlookers. They took several steps back in fright. They were risking their lives to witness this fight.

In the dragon's mouth, an ice ball was forming, shining white. Apparently, it was preparing something big.

*Is Krassu able to beat this dragon?* they wondered.

Obviously, the old man was no match in size to such a big dragon.

"On Gray Temple duty! Make way!" a voice cried loudly behind the onlookers. They moved aside at once.

Barzel arrived with his two colleagues, his chest heaving heavily from the galloping. He frowned as he regarded the dragon and Krassu in the sky.

He was a 5th-tier knight, heading a patrol responsible for the Aden Square. His strength enabled him to deal with almost anything happening in the square.

However, it just so happened that the situation right now was above his pay grade.

This was a fight between two powerful magic casters who were both above the 9th-tier. Even his boss, an 8th-tier knight, could only calm them with quiet words right now, but he himself couldn't do even that. He turned to his men. "Evacuate the crowd! Try to avoid or minimize casualties! Wait for backup!"

“Yes!” they said gravely. They were not new to this job, and they dealt with various situations every day, but seldom with a situation like this one. They hurriedly signaled the spectators to stay away.

More and more people were attracted here by the Frost Dragon and the blizzard. They didn’t want to miss such a rare sight.

Before Krassu’s staff landed on the dragon’s head, it opened its mouth and ejected a white ice ball. Almost instantly, the snowflakes turned into grains of ice and pattered against the ground. The ice ball was terribly cold, and something inside it was straining to come out.

“Break!” Krassu shouted, and brought his staff down on the ball.

The ice ball as large as a human head cracked open, and a small Frost Dragon flew out of it towards Krassu. It tried to dodge the deadly staff.

Only, the staff was faster than it. No sooner had the ball been broken than the staff landed on the small dragon. It was killed instantly.

The coldness in the air was dispelled by the flame on the staff. The snow stopped falling, and the sky was clear again.

The staff didn’t stop there, though. The momentum carried it to the dragon’s head.

They heard a loud thump.

The staff was like a match before the dragon, hilarious yet powerful. It smashed into its head.

A flame rose from the staff, and enveloped the dragon’s head and huge body immediately. The white Frost Dragon turned into a fire dragon, and then exploded, leaving mist in its place.

“You’re weak as before,” Krassu sneered as he landed on the ground, standing in the fog.

### **Chapter 129: I Can Use Fireball Magic Too!**

“Unbelievable!”

The throng roared after falling silent for a while. They found it hard to believe that such a small human could smash a Frost Dragon.

“Wow! Half-beard Grandpa is amazing!” Amy exclaimed as she clapped her little hands, wide-eyed. She gazed at his staff, blue eyes glinting with excitement. *His staff is so powerful! If I can have it...*

Mag was also taken aback. *He is already over 120. Of course he didn’t break the dragon with his own strength. His perfect use and control of his magic is astounding.*

“Such a fearsome old man!” Sarger’s two companions said, terrified. They had never thought the old man would beat the dragon, which had scared the heck out of them, with only one swing of his staff. The old man’s power shocked them. They had considered “mankind” a byword for weakness before, but now they found them powerful and gruesome.

Sargeras remained calm since he had seen the old man beat a real dragon with his staff before. "But, his beard got burnt by the innkeeper's daughter," he said.

"That's unimaginable!" the tall and lean demon said in a stunned voice. He hesitated a moment, and tugged at Sargeras' clothes. "How about we go to another restaurant? We don't really have to eat here."

The short and fat demon nodded in agreement. "Yes, Boss. We haven't seen you for decades. We've come here as soon as we received your message. More brothers are still on the road. Mond and I have planned to have a drink with you, but I don't think that restaurant will do."

Sargeras shook his head. "They don't serve drinks here. Besides, I didn't take you here to have a drink with you. I want you to try some roujiamo. You'll know why I want you here when you try it." Sargeras left them in suspense.

The two demons exchanged a look. They knew Sargeras wouldn't change his mind, so they said no more.

Sargeras was the strongest warrior among lava demons. He had led his people to fight against other demons many times.

50 years ago, he had left the Demon Islands to seek a way to get to another level and restore the glory of the lava demons. No one had heard from him since.

... Until several days ago. A flamingo came to his tribe, bearing a letter saying that he had found the way, and that he wanted his friends to come to Chaos City.

Lava demons had been having a tough time all these years. Many were wandering the continent, so only two had come here, and many were still on the road, maybe.

The name Sargeras had become a byword for hope among lava demons. They had thought he was dead since they hadn't heard from him for so many years, so when their chief received the letter, he thought it was a trap set by other demons.

When the two demons found Sargeras in Chaos City, they felt very excited, even though they hadn't seen their leader for 50 years. *Lava demons no long have to be oppressed by other tribes!* they thought.

...

"You're slower than before. You're growing old." Urien sighed, looking at Krassu with his deep eyes.

"My days are numbered. If you want to make Amy your disciple, you'll have to kill me first," Krassu said, tightening his fingers around the staff. Flames rose from his staff and spread over his whole body. He looked very conspicuous in the snow.

Urien frowned, and fell silent for a while. "Few people who went through that war are still breathing. We have outlived them all. Who would have thought?" he said hoarsely.

"Death awaits us all, and we've been living long enough," Krassu said more gently this time, staring at Urien, who was as old as him and as hunchbacked as if carrying a turtle shell on his back. *Indeed. Few people who went through that war are still living.*

Urien inclined his head. "Yes. So, why don't you just die? I don't mind living a little longer than you." He gave a cold grin, and waved his wand. Icicles appeared from the ground around Krassu, and they were growing exceedingly fast towards the old man.

The crowd's hearts leapt up into their mouths. *It's not easy for the old man to dodge this sneak attack!*

Krassu smiled. "I will, but not before I see your dead body." He lifted his staff up, and brought it down hard. Then, the flames rushed outwards, and formed a fire wall around the old man. The icicles broke and evaporated when they met fire. Krassu diffused the attack with ease.

Krassu flew at Urien suddenly, shattering every icicle that appeared in his way. Nothing could stop him.

An instant later, Krassu was right before Urien. He swung his staff at his head without hesitation. With a crack, Urien shattered into a hundred pieces of ice!

"Krassu, I'm here..." said Urien, appearing behind him. Krassu turned around, and found numerous Uriens there. They were identical and all smiling that cold smile of his, staring at Krassu.

"So many Turtle Grandpas! Which one is real?" Amy said as she looked around curiously, trying to find the real Urien. But, they were all exactly the same.

Krassu frowned as he looked at so many Uriens. "Urien, you really know how to hide, just as before. Are you a magic caster or a coward?"

"It's you who have led many magic casters astray," Urien replied angrily. "They wanted to become a melee magic caster like you, but they ended up getting beaten by knights. A magic caster is supposed to be able to toy with his foes. Only stupid knights like fighting up close." He raised his hand, prepared to attack again.

"Stop fighting! You'll break our restaurant! I can use fireball magic too. Don't make me toast you!" Amy said, exasperated.

### **Chapter 130: Can I Study Under You Both?**

The wind was howling, blowing snow into everyone's faces and onto the window of Mamy Restaurant as if trying to break it. It was so bitter that it forced the crowd to back away and seek shelter.

Amy narrowed her eyes slightly in anger. Then, some snowflakes fell onto her face. She hesitated for a moment, and licked one in the corner of her lips. Her eyes lit up immediately. "It's cold and tasty!" she said.

Suddenly, the wind fell off, and the flames on Krassu diminished. They heard her.

Basically, the fight was over Amy. Tofu pudding was only a catalyst. The two old men were well aware that they had to get on Amy's good side in order to make her their disciple.

They were evenly matched, so they had to go all out. As such, neither could guarantee their magic wouldn't affect the people around them. The last thing Krassu needed was a fireball exploding near the restaurant.

They looked at each other, hesitant. For a while, neither moved.

The Aden Square was busy even in the morning. Now, hundreds of onlookers were watching. They were edging forward inch by inch to get a better view of the fight, unaware of danger.

The two old men had to be careful, or many would die.

Killing people was a serious crime in Chaos City. They might be too powerful to be caught, but it would be out of the question for them to stay here to teach Amy.

Besides, Amy was already angry as it was. Their chances of becoming her master were dwindling.

Krassu hesitated a while before pulling back his staff. He turned to Amy, and asked, "Sweet tofu pudding is the best, right, Amy?"

"No! The savory one is the best!" Urien protested in a hoarse voice as many of his magic copies broke with loud cracks.

The crowd moved aside quickly, and looked to Amy, wondering why the two powerful magic casters stopped immediately because of a little girl. They had expected to witness an epic fight.

"They're both very good. The savory one goes great with roujiamo, and the sweet one tastes better when eating it as dessert. Why do you have to choose one flavor over the other?" Amy said as she looked at the two old men. She did not understand it.

"You like them both?!" Krassu and Urien said. They had found words to retort each other, but now, they were caught in their throats. They looked at Amy, at a loss for words.

*They're fighting with each other over a dish?! the crowd thought, surprised. Then, they saw Mamy Restaurant. Their faces lit up. Such a remarkable restaurant! It may be the prettiest restaurant in the whole square. When did it open?*

*What's so special about this dish that two powerful magic casters are fighting over it? Their fight was too real to be a mere advertisement. Besides, they can't afford to hire them to advertise their restaurant.*

They found, more to their amazement, that the half-elf girl was no ordinary girl, since the two angry old men stopped fighting because of her.

Barzel froze for an instant. *It's ... over?* It happened so fast that he stood there with his two men, stunned. He had thought the situation might escalate, and that buildings nearby might be destroyed.

Amy looked at the two magic casters, and nodded. "Yes. Both the savory one and the sweet one are tasty. I love Father's cooking." Then she clenched her little fists. "Take your fight away from our restaurant! Or I'll get angry and set you on fire! Half-beard Grandpa, I don't want to have to call you beardless grandpa."

Krassu covered his beard subconsciously. He had been growing it for over 30 years, but Amy had burnt part of it the other day. Now, she was threatening to burn the rest of his precious beard, so of course he was a little nervous. But, he had to smile at Amy. "Did you see how I smashed that Frost Dragon, Amy? It's a completely new way of using magic. You will be stronger and faster than knights and even fly if you study under me."

Urine gave a snort. "You can't fly yourself." Then he turned to Amy, and said, "Little girl, if you study under me, you'll be able to summon a Frost Dragon too. You can also make it snow whenever you want, and create a lot of magic clones of yourself. Isn't that interesting?"

The crowd's eyes went wide. They were lost—they hadn't thought the two powerful magic casters would be so amiable and start selling themselves.

*It's too hard a choice to make, they thought. The fight was relatively short, but they had witnessed their extraordinary power. They're just like two very different dishes, both extremely delicious.*

"Can I study under you both?" Amy asked as she blinked at them, expectant