



Kill No More VS ½ Prince  
Original novel in Chinese by: [御我 \(Yu Wo\)](#)  
Translated by [Prince Revolution](#)

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### About Prince Rev!

Prince Revolution!(or PR! for short)was started in late April in 2009 by Erialis for the purpose of translating and sharing the ½ Prince and The Legend of Sun Knight novels (and now many others) with other fans (who unfortunately couldn't read Chinese). PR!'s crew has since exploded to include several translators who double as Chinese to English editors and several Proofreaders. They also have sister sites translating the novels into Dutch, Spanish, Indonesian, French, Portuguese and Vietnamese.

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## Kill No More VS ½ Prince

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## Chapter 1

Legend has it that in this world, there is the God of Creation, the God of War, the God of the Arts, and the God of Prosperity, as well as many other gods. However, with the passing of time, the legend of the gods has slowly faded from the people's memory...

"O God of Creation, O God of War, O God of the Arts... O God of Prosperity, please give me lots of money, few troubles, and let me be forever close to my bed!"

... At the very least, in Kaiser's routine prayers, the gods were still present.



It was said that after Barbalis had been stripped of his title as the Number One Principal in the Academy Ranking Match, his mood had begun to constantly fluctuate. At unspecified times, he would perform some unspecified actions, and these unspecified actions were usually disapproved of by everyone, and thus nicknamed the Intermittent Mental Disorder.

"Students, today we will be conducting a school-wide activity!"

Barbalis gave his first normal smile in days, but the students from the three schools that had gathered below shuddered upon seeing that smile. However, the teachers from the School of Knights and School of Mecha Fighters had yet to show up to stop him. The three schools could not help but begin suspect that the two blood-curdling shrieks that had echoed throughout the campus grounds just now must have

been...

"Hey, old geezer, what are you thinking of doing?" Kaiser brashly sat down cross-legged on the ground and used the operation booklet he held that had just been passed out as a fan.

Beside him, Liola was seriously reading the operation booklet. He flipped open the thin booklet and saw that there were only a few lines of text inside. The few large words written at the top were, "Four Steps to Assassination." Below that was written:

Step One: Think of a way to get to Violet Academy (PS: No money given for transport costs)

Step Two: Infiltrate Violet Academy

Step Three: Assassinate all the students in Violet Academy

Step Four: Return to Aklan Academy (PS: Still no money given for transport costs)

Liola stared at his booklet speechlessly and wondered if he should be like Kaiser and use it as a fan.

At this moment, in twos and threes, everyone else started reading through the booklets that Barbalis had handed out. Everyone's faces suddenly had very interesting expressions. Green, white, red, black, all colors were present, all mouths were wide open, all hands were trembling as if suffering from strokes, and all eyes were full of disbelief.

Among them, the ones whose behavior appeared the most normal were the students from the School of Sorcery, who had been terrorized by Barbalis since the moment they had stepped through the school gates. They only had on sour expressions.

Kaiser's face was dark as he said, "We'll have you go up first, Daylight." "Principal, knights cannot perform actions like assassination." Daylight said solemnly. At the same time, the expressions of the students from the School of Knights behind him were filled with awe and gratefulness for him being the only one who dared to go against the principal. Barbalis seemed to have already prepared for this argument. Facing Daylight, who was full of righteousness, he calmly and slowly said, "Knights cannot assassinate, but protecting their companions and helping them finish the mission is one of the responsibilities of a knight. You knights can protect the other two schools while infiltrating the place, then let the School of Sorcery and the School of Mecha Fighters do the rest."

This argument made Daylight's brow wrinkle. In his heart, he could not stop thinking about it. *Knights cannot assassinate, but they have a duty to protect their companions. However, if their companions are going to assassinate people, then...* Even Daylight could not help but frown. *Is protecting companions who are going to assassinate others going against the Knight's Code?*

Daylight vs. Barbalis; Daylight loses.

"Damn it!" Facing Barbalis's smug look, Kaiser cursed inwardly and then shouted, "The second one is you, Meinan! Go!"

“Principal, if you send me to assassinate, my father will not leave it be.” Seeing that he himself was soon going to be dispatched as an assassin, Meinan could only listen to Kaiser and step out to use his own father to threaten the principal.

Barbalis’s face darkened as he looked at Meinan and slowly spat out, “Your father has gone out on official business.”

This sentence struck Meinan like five thunderbolts zapping his body. He covered his face in agony, slowly shaking his head. “Why? Why? Father, why did you choose right now to go on a business trip?”

Second round, Meinan vs. Barbalis; Meinan loses.

Barbalis looked at Kaiser warily, “Are you coming up for the third round?”

Kaiser jumped in fright. Then, he actually chuckled at Barbalis. The more he laughed, the louder it became, and this laughter sent goose bumps down Barbalis’s back. He cautiously scrutinized Kaiser. “Brat, what are you laughing for?”

Kaiser’s supposed hearty laughter was full of malice that definitely belonged to a descendent of the Devil Gle. After Kaiser finished laughing, with a disdainful look that only the Devil possessed, he faced the Hero (?) in front of him and called out, “It’s decided. Next is you, the ultimate secret weapon! Magical girl Purity, come on out!”

Barbalis’s expression changed. Only at that moment did he realize that the magical energy in the air felt abnormal. With Purity’s rubbish level



of magic, the only thing that could create such a large-scale abnormality in the magical energy level would be that spell! Barbalis turned his head back and saw Purity's black hair flying wildly as the magic around her formed a black area that whirled beside her. He saw Purity's mouth chanting, "%\$&@^... Black hole, the tomorrow of darkness awaits you!"

"Crap!"

Barbalis's face turned white. When Purity's black hole appeared, not even he was sure if he could return to Aklan during his living years to be the principal. Just when he was thinking of using instant teleportation to escape, the dark and sinister hole, as though it had been starved for eternity, swallowed some people in one gulp. It even burped, and then apparently feeling satisfied, disappeared once more. Everyone watched blankly as the black hole faded away. After a long time, someone finally opened his mouth to speak.

"Even though we've lost a few people, this will not affect our assassination operation. Everyone should hurry up and read the booklet until you're familiar with it. Remember! If you don't wipe out every single student in Violet Academy, you will all be expelled!" Barbalis threatened his students. Being too used to threatening the School of Sorcery, Barbalis forgot that the students from all three schools were in front of him. If all three schools were expelled, it would equate to the end of Aklan Academy.

"Liola-dàgē, Kaiser, Baolilong!" Purity was so shocked that her face turned pale. *The b-black hole has swallowed the three of them?* Purity quickly rushed to Meinan and frantically shook his hand, "Meinan, what

do we do? Liola-dàgē and the rest are gone.”

How could Meinan, who could only use protective shields, know what to do? However, seeing Barbalis’s unchanged behavior as he danced for joy while yelling “Assassinate! Assassinate!”, Meinan suddenly wondered why he had not followed Liola just now and gotten swallowed up as well. Maybe he would have had a better end compared to this?

## Chapter 2

The two humans and dragon who had been swallowed by the black hole would have rather gone back to accept Barbalis's cruelty, especially when a kitchen knife suddenly spiraled toward them. Even Liola, who merely tilted his head, had a few strands of his black hair chopped off by the kitchen knife before it pierced into the wall beside his ear.

"My god! A kitchen knife?"

Kaiser turned his head and his mouth dropped open when he saw the solid hilt of the knife and the grayish-silver blade. No matter which angle you looked at it from, the kitchen knife was definitely a kitchen knife. The only difference it had from a normal kitchen knife was that... A normal kitchen knife shouldn't be able to pierce a wall, right? Baolilong inquisitively used both hands to pull at the knife while its pair of small, chubby legs braced against the wall. Finally, it managed to pull out the kitchen knife, but as a result of its excessive force, Baolilong also spun circles in the air before it was caught by Liola.

Ignoring Baolilong's protests, Kaiser immediately snatched the kitchen knife and studied it. Kaiser's eyes widened as he carefully scrutinized the knife in his hand. Although this kitchen knife felt heavier than normal kitchen knives, it was still a kitchen knife! Kaiser doubtfully plucked a strand of hair.

"Ah! Ouch!" Baolilong cried as it clutched its head.

Kaiser paid no heed to Baolilong's cries of pain and leaned the white

strand of hair in his hand against the blade. He blew gently and the white strand of hair became two strands.

Kaiser stared at the kitchen knife. "My god! Nowadays, even kitchen knives can cut through steel as if it were mud! How can swords possibly compete?"

A slender wrist appeared in front of Kaiser's eyes and with unmatched ease, flipped the kitchen knife in Kaiser's hand into the air and snatched it. The arrival of a person who was proficient in kitchen knives put Kaiser on his guard, and he instantly pulled out his gun, afraid that a tall and muscular guy who was an expert at wielding kitchen knives had appeared in front of him.

Liola, on the other hand, did not react as much. He only stared blankly at the owner of the kitchen knife, and with one look, knew that there was no mistaking the owner of it. After all, was there anyone more suited to wielding a kitchen knife than a housewife with an apron tied around her waist?

At this moment, Kaiser pointed his gun at the housewife in front of him. However, he looked more stunned than Liola. Kaiser unconsciously turned back to look at the deep gouge left in the wall by the kitchen knife... *Eh, how strange, there are multiple knife marks on the wall.* Kaiser looked around blankly and only then did he realize that the wall he and Liola were standing against had numerous similar gouges. *Could it be?! Is this a place for practicing throwing kitchen knives?*

Kaiser observed the place, but no matter how he looked at it, this place seemed like a normal residence... other than the wall full of

kitchen knife marks. The place they were currently in was clearly the living room, and there was even a table with chairs in the living room. The handsome men sitting in the chairs looked like aristocrats and were drinking tea, but were now holding their teacups as they looked at Kaiser and Liola. In a corner was a red-haired servant cleaning the place.

Liola was certainly a person who had experienced traveling to a different world before. He guessed that he had probably arrived in yet another new world. However, the moment he appeared, someone threw a knife at him. He didn't have his Kung Fu skills either. Liola privately thought that this time, maybe nothing would go their way...

"You..." The housewife who held the kitchen knife in her hand widened her eyes as she asked, "Are you alright? I'm sorry, I didn't know you guys would suddenly appear. Luckily I didn't hit any of you."

Seeing Liola and Kaiser staring at her blankly, the housewife could only scratch her face as if she was unsure of what to do. However, the smell of something burning helped to break up the awkward atmosphere among the three of them. The housewife exclaimed, "Oh no, my soup!" and then she ran off in a panic. Along the way, she somersaulted in the air twice as she leaped over the sofa, the table, and the chairs.

In the living room, other than the three of them, were the two men drinking tea and the servant who was cleaning. Oddly enough, the people drinking tea had already shifted their gazes away from the three of them, and the servant did not even spare them a single glance... No, there was still one more man. He appeared from behind

the potted plants beside Kaiser and looked as if he had just escaped from a life or death situation.

The man who had appeared from behind the potted plants was clearly friendlier. A smile spread across his cultured and handsome face as he greeted Kaiser and the rest. "Hello guests, welcome to our house. I'm Min Gui Wen. Would you like a cup of tea?"

"Baolilong wants meat meat!" Baolilong declared loudly as it rubbed its rumbling stomach.

This man named Min Gui Wen was clearly a very good-tempered man and very used to looking after kids. In a single motion, he swung Baolilong into his arms and then walked off in the direction that the housewife had just left in, yelling, "My beloved wife, there's a little kid who wants to eat meat."

Now that the smiling man had left, Kaiser felt that the atmosphere had turned even more awkward. Liola too became warier. Even though Baolilong was not very dependable, in this situation where Liola didn't have his Kung Fu skills, Baolilong's dragon form was an important addition to their strength. Yet, just now, Baolilong had actually been taken away? And for some reason, he himself had made no attempt at having Baolilong stay behind just now. It seemed that that man's smiling face made him relax too easily! Liola's face turned gloomier.

At this moment, one of the men who was drinking tea suddenly raised his head and shot a chilly stare at Liola. Liola responded with the same cold gaze. Deep down, these two simultaneously understood that the man before his eyes was an assassin!

The man drinking tea put down the tea cup in his hand and slowly stood up. With his eyes fixated on Liola, he spoke, "Cold-Masked Quick Fox."<sup>1</sup>

Liola knew this assassin was stating his title. He replied in the same icy manner, "Liola." Liola did not have a title. In the world he originally came from, the name Liola was synonymous with the number one assassin. He did not need any extra titles.

A light full of eagerness to duel glittered in Cold-Masked Quick Fox's icy gaze, but Liola frowned slightly. Having lost his Kung Fu skills, he did not want to fight another person at all.

"I'm cleaning."

A voice even more emotionless than Cold-Masked Quick Fox's rang out. It was the red-haired servant who, all this while, had been using a broom and dustpan to clean the place. On closer inspection, there was an odd cross-shaped scar on the servant's face. Even stranger than that, the moment the servant uttered those simple words, Cold-Masked Quick Fox silently sat back down.

"Husband!"

With a loud cry, a slim figure jumped down from the second story. To his surprise, it was a girl with a huge smile on her face. She skipped over to the other man drinking tea, who had remained silent through all this. When he saw the girl, his calm and cold face became helpless, but the gaze in his eyes was full of love. "Xiao Xiao Lan, we haven't

gotten married yet.”

“Why does that matter? Sooner or later, we will get married!” Xiao Xiao Lan gave a charming smile and then obstinately stole a few kisses from her future husband, Zhuo Lin Bin. Only after that did she notice that there were unexpected visitors in her home.

Xiao Xiao Lan stood in front of Liola and Kaiser. Curious, she kept examining the two of them from head to toe. Cold Fox, whose expression would not change even if the sky fell in front of him, uncharacteristically opened his mouth and said, “The black haired one is an assassin.”

Nothing would have happened if he had not spoken, but the moment his words came out, Xiao Xiao Lan immediately moved closer to Liola, just short of sticking herself onto him. However, Liola did not mind. Even though he had lost his Ki, he was confident that he could defeat this slim girl in front of him.

“Assassin?” Zhuo Lin Bin frowned. Even though someone would attempt a robbery every three days, a kidnapping every five days, at least one large explosion each month, and definitely a major world crisis every year, Zhuo Lin Bin still instinctively felt that assassins were dangerous... with the exception of the one drinking tea beside him.

“He’s really just an assassin?” Xiao Xiao Lan’s expression was filled with disappointment. At first, she had thought that something interesting had happened. In the end, he was only an assassin. In the Ice Emperor Syndicate, she had seen far too many assassins, so another one did not intrigue her.



*Just an assassin...* Liola felt a sudden urge to massage his temple.

“Hey, you shouldn’t underestimate Liola. He’s not only an assassin, he’s the number one assassin!” Kaiser felt that if he did not retort, he would not be able to rest in peace.

“The number one assassin? Isn’t that the same as Cold Fox?” Xiao Xiao Lan tilted her head as she thought aloud. Then, she turned her head to ask Cold Fox, “Teacher, didn’t you say that you are this world’s number one assassin? How did the title get snatched away by someone else?”

Both Cold Fox’s and Liola’s expressions changed. They both actually had the same title of number one assassin.

## Notes On The Chapter

<sup>1</sup> **“Cold-Masked Quick Fox”**: Cold Fox’s title is given as “Cold-Masked Quick Fox” in this story (the meaning is closer to “Grim Quick Fox”) instead of Silver-Masked Quick Fox. In the original ½ Prince novels, it is given as Silver-Masked Quick Fox. We kept the translation as “Cold-Masked Quick Fox” here because if Cold Fox had given his name as Silver-Masked Quick Fox, Liola or Kaiser would probably have made some sort of comment on how similar that is to Liola’s alias as Silver Mask, which they didn’t.

### Chapter 3

At this moment, a cry of alarm was heard. "My god, Baolilong, spit him out quickly. You can't eat Meatbun! My god, Fire Phoenix, you stop too. Stop breathing fire! Ah, Wife, save me!"

After that, they heard a lot of banging and clanging sounds. Baolilong ran around crying, a white, fat, and round steamed bun in its mouth. Right behind it was a bird that looked like the phoenix of legends, and the phoenix was currently angrily spitting flames all over the place. After several of the flame jets had scorched Baolilong's little buttocks, Baolilong grabbed the meat bun from its mouth, and its two bulging cheeks showed that Baolilong was truly angry. A dragon roar that made the heavens tremble came from Baolilong's mouth and simultaneously, a fist-sized lightning ball appeared in front of Baolilong.

Even though Fire Phoenix knew that the lightning ball before its eyes was very dangerous, when it saw Meatbun in Baolilong's hands, Fire Phoenix did not care and immediately activated its greatest power. It was going to use Blaze against the lightning ball to settle the victor!

At this scene, everyone's face paled. However, since they could not stop them in time, they could only find their own individual places to hide for their lives. Zhuo Lin Bin hugged Xiao Xiao Lan, and after kicking over the sofa with one leg, the two of them hid in the space underneath. Cold Fox leaped over to the red-haired servant and stood behind him, his posture indicating that he probably intended to use the red-haired servant as his shield. Min Gui Wen, who had followed them out, was pulled back inside by the housewife, and then the housewife ruthlessly slammed the door shut. Everyone's reaction was

incomparably swift, as if they were very used to this sort of a scene.

On the other hand, Liola and Kaiser were at a loss of what to do, and once more they began to miss Meinan... Luckily Liola could still jump up to the second floor with some effort, even though he had lost his Ki. He grabbed hold of Kaiser and half-flew up to the second floor. The two of them quickly threw themselves onto the floor just before the explosion occurred. When the lightning ball and the giant fire pillar crashed into each other, electricity was discharged everywhere. Sparks of fire lit up all around them and the ground trembled incessantly. After a long while, the electricity and the flames finally died down, and only Baolilong's wailing could be heard. "It hurts! Papaaaaa!"

Liola frowned and jumped down from the second story. He saw that Baolilong's clothes were in shreds and its hair was burnt. Since it could still cry so loudly though, it should be alright. Liola lifted Baolilong into his arms, and Baolilong also did its best to burrow into its papa's embrace. However, it still refused to release that bun from its hands.

Only now did Liola realize that even with such a huge explosion, this house had not taken much damage. Of course, several objects had been burned, but the walls and floor of the house were all unscathed. Even the table and chairs had only been flipped over.

"What the heck is going on?! Creating an explosion the first thing in the morning—I still haven't slept enough!" A languid voice came from the second floor. Upon looking up, Liola saw a boy with disheveled hair and a lazy expression sprawling on the railings as he complained.

At this time, the housewife also pushed open the door and replied

irritably, "It's not early anymore! I'm already preparing lunch. Long Ming, go wake your parents and tell them to come and eat lunch."

Feng Long Ming paid no heed to the housewife, and instead his gaze landed on the few strangers. "Why are there three more people? Where did they come from?"

*Someone is finally considering this problem...* Kaiser and Liola thought gratefully.

"Enough chit-chat, eat first before talking!" With one hand holding the kitchen knife and the other hand holding a frying spatula, the housewife gave off an imposing aura as she commanded them. Then, she turned in Liola's direction. "Baolilong, this meat bun is not for eating. Can you return it to Fire Phoenix? In just a bit, Jiějie will cook a lot of meat for you to eat."

Baolilong pouted and looked extremely reluctant. "Papa only said that I cannot eat people. He didn't say that I cannot eat meat buns. Baolilong has eaten many meat buns before."

"You're not allowed to eat my Meatbun!" The moment it heard Baolilong mention Meatbun, Fire Phoenix, who had been lying on the ground in a wretched state, immediately ignited its flames and flew up.

Kaiser scratched his head and snatched the meat bun from Baolilong's hands, mumbling, "It's only a bun. Why do so much for a meat bun? It's as if your life depends on it! Don't tell me meat buns are very expensive in this world?"

“Don’t eat Meat-bunbun!”

Two large, bright blue eyes appeared on the meat bun in Kaiser’s hand, and there were even two streaks of tears flowing from them. When one added in the teeth marks from Baolilong’s bite on its white and chubby cheeks, the meat bun could be said to be extremely pitiful-looking.

“Ahhhhhhh, the ghost of a meat bun!”

Kaiser quickly tossed the meat bun away. It was neatly caught by the housewife, who then offhandedly threw it to Fire Phoenix. Looking furious, the housewife roared at everyone in the living room, “Clean this place up, lay out the bowls and chopsticks, and then sit down quietly to wait for the food. Otherwise, none of you will get anything to eat!”

The moment the command was given, everyone instantly and meekly went to set up the table, lay out the bowls and chopsticks, and sweep the floor. Finally, the room was returned to its original state. Everyone also sat down at their places obediently, and even Liola and Kaiser sat down unconsciously to wait for lunch.

A short while later, Min Gui Wen smiled as he came out from the kitchen, serving dish after dish, making their fingers twitch with anticipation. However, everyone only looked at the dishes and swallowed their saliva; not a single person dared to take action. Even Cold Fox, who had the title of this world’s number one assassin, only stared blankly at the dishes. Liola too could only hug Baolilong tightly, in case Baolilong climbed up onto the table and ate all the food.

Eventually, the housewife walked out, carrying the final dish, which was a bowl of soup. After setting the soup on the table, the housewife sat at the head of the table, with Min Gui Wen sitting on her right and Xiao Xiao Lan sitting on her left. The housewife put her hands together and said, "All right, let's say grace!"

Everyone copied the housewife and put their palms together. Then, they uttered in unison, "May the Dictator of Life bless us."

After they finished speaking, everyone got the action started. That's right: the action involved fighting over the food. Xiao Xiao Lan was the first to move, and the chopsticks in her hand unhesitatingly stabbed toward the roasted chicken on the table.

"Hmph! That piece of chicken is mine!" Long Ming did not take it lying down, and the chopsticks in his hands danced swiftly with Xiao Xiao Lan's until one could only see flashes of light. No one could touch the roasted chicken on the table.

As Xiao Xiao Lan and Long Ming fought over the chicken, Zhuo Ling Bin and Min Gui Wen had chosen the same silk thread roll. There was clearly a lot still left in the dish, but the two of them stubbornly fought over the same one. Even Cold Fox's eyes shone as he stared closely at Liola. Kenshin did not need to eat, and no one at the table could snatch anything from him. This made Cold Fox feel extremely bored. Now that someone had appeared who also had the title of number one assassin, how could Cold Fox be willing to let go of this opportunity? However, Liola did not move a muscle.

With no one paying attention to Kaiser and no one having the heart to fight with an adorable child, Baolilong and Kaiser ate very happily and kept shouting that it was too delicious, and that they had never eaten such tasty food before. These words obviously made the housewife so happy that she beamed with joy.

However, Liola was frowning as he thought privately. Even the assassin organization would forget their training when it came to mealtimes. But surprisingly, these people before him were all agile and quick, and at the same time had taken his and Kaiser's arrival in stride. Just who... were these people?



## Chapter 4

Everyone was almost done snatching up the food. Just then, the housewife swallowed the last wonton in chili sauce and contentedly set down her chopsticks. The housewife slowly turned to Liola and said, "You! You didn't eat anything! Do you have a complaint with the food I cooked?"

Liola froze, and then replied honestly, "I didn't want to fight with anyone over the food."

The moment the housewife heard that, she gave Cold Fox a glare. Then she said, "Okay, I'll consider it Cold Fox's fault. Oh right, I'm called Feng Lan. What are your names?"

"Liola."

"Kaiser."

"Baolilong!"

Baolilong loudly proclaimed its name. Feng Lan chuckled, saying at the same time, "I know you're called Baolilong. In the future, don't eat my Meatbun. It's made out of metal. You will get indigestion if you eat it." After hearing that, Baolilong pouted and muttered, "Baolilong has eaten such a white-white thing before. It's very good."

Feng Lan tilted her head and smiled foolishly. "About that... My Meatbun is a bit different."

"You mean it's very different! Since when do meat buns have eyes? It scared me to death!" Kaiser clicked his tongue and said, "If you want to make a maxun with artificial intelligence, don't make it in the form of a meat bun! It doesn't have hands or legs. It's not useful in the slightest!"

"Don't speak that way about my Meatbun. Even though it truly is useless, since it only knows how to cry all day long, and when it's bored, it likes to hit the pillars of the house... Oh my. Why does it sound like it really is useless?" After she finished speaking, Feng Lan herself started to worry about whether Meatbun had any merits.

"That's not important." Zhuo Lin Bin coldly looked at the uninvited guests before him and asked, "Who are you? Why did you suddenly appear here?"

Kaiser could not help but feel moved. *Someone finally remembered this most important and basic problem!* Kaiser hurriedly explained the sequence of events clearly. All those present and listening were stunned. However, not one of them challenged what he had said. Feng Lan, who was clearly the leader of the group, finished listening and said in a perfectly contented manner, "I just knew that a day would come where I would meet aliens!"

"What is an alien?" Liola turned to ask Kaiser.

*Shoot! Why does it seem like the explanation I gave just now was for nothing? No matter how you put it, we come from even farther away than aliens, right?* Kaiser replied to Liola in an annoyed tone, "It's you!"

“That’s wrong!” Zhuo Lin Bin and Min Gui Wen shouted at the same time.

Everyone turned to look at them, and all of their eyes held the question of “which part of it is wrong?”

Zhuo Lin Bin and Min Gui Wen exchanged glances. Min Gui Wen muttered, “Language, you speak the same language as us!”

Kaiser also suddenly remembered. *That’s right!* At the start, when Liola had come to his world, there had been a language barrier. He had used a maxun to install the language in him. Why was there no problem with language when they came to this world?

Feng Lan scratched her face. “It doesn’t look like they are lying to us. Is it possible that our languages are coincidentally the same?”

Min Gui Wen frowned and rapidly calculated the odds that the language of two different worlds could be coincidentally the same... It was definitely close to zero.

Kaiser suddenly had a flash of inspiration. He stared fixatedly at Feng Lan, and his mouth kept muttering, “Feng Lan? The God of War Feng Lan? It’s probably impossible...”

“What? God of War?” Feng Lan sat up straighter, full of curiosity. After thinking for a while, and then sizing Feng Lan from head to toe, Kaiser heaved a sigh of relief and said offhandedly, “It’s nothing. I suddenly remembered that in our universe, there is a legend. And in that legend, there is a God of War called Feng Lan. However, it can’t

be you. There's too much of a difference..."

"God of War, that sounds very powerful." Feng Lan entered her fantasy about the good looks of the legendary God of War.

"A legend?" As usual, Liola raised a question.

"That's right, in the legends, the God of War Feng Lan wielded a five foot dao, and the body of the dao was black."

*A black-colored dao...* Everyone frowned slightly.

"Hair as white as snow, eyes as red as blood..."

*White hair and red eyes...* Everyone stared blankly at a certain someone.

"Feng Lan had a snow-white sacred beast, and the sacred beast could spit out holy light to purify the enemies. Also, once it performed its ultimate technique, not a single soul could escape it for thousands of kilometers around it."

*Snow-white...* Everyone looked at Meatbun, and yup, it was very white. Spitting out holy light to purify enemies was not possible, but spitting out uncooked meat to pollute them was. Once it performed its ultimate technique, not a single soul could escape it for thousands of kilometers... Once it used Fermentation, all those within several thousand meters of it would get crushed. Did that count?

"Is there only one god?" Liola, who had never touched on the topic of

gods before, asked studiously.

“Of course not. There’s also the God of Arts, who holds a guqin in his hands, the Magic Goddess who has a soft and smiling face, the God of Priests who is big and gentle, and the Dark God who is petite but possesses monstrous strength.”

*Why does this team sound so familiar...?*

“Oh that’s right, there’s also the most powerful God of Creation. In the legends, the God of Creation has red wings, red hair, and gray eyes. According to the rumors among the people, there’s also a magic mark underneath his left eye,” Kaiser explained excitedly. Even though he did not believe in gods, it was very interesting to treat them as stories and listen to them.

“Are you talking about me?”

The originally stunned audience looked toward the source of the voice. *Isn’t the God of Creation that Kaiser spoke of standing right there on the second story, looking down?* However, everyone also clearly knew that it was a virtual image of the Dictator of Life, something that they could not be more familiar with. The Dictator of Life merely frowned slightly and took careful measure of Liola and company. The Dictator of Life had heard every single one of Kaiser’s words, and at the same time, according to Kaiser’s heart beat and brainwaves, had determined that Kaiser was not lying. *What... is going on?*

“The Dragon Cross Necklace!?”

The assassin, who had been quiet all this while, suddenly shouted furiously. At this moment, Kaiser also realized that the Dictator of Life was holding a cross-shaped necklace with dragon wings in the middle of it in his hands.

In a daze, Kaiser said, "What the devil...? No, more like, oh my god! What's going on?!"

## Chapter 5

The Dictator of Life tilted his head to look at the necklace. He seemed a little doubtful as he asked, "Dragon Cross Necklace?"

"That's right. There are two dragon wings in the center of the cross. It's obviously Liola's Dragon Cross Necklace." By that time, Kaiser had also seen the necklace. However, he just could not understand why the necklace would appear here. Moreover, why had the legendary God of Creation appeared? Could it be that this was the realm of the gods, something like heaven?

"If that's the case..." Kaiser's expression became serious, and then his eyes lit up with a golden sparkle. He asked eagerly, "O Great God of Creation, may I please inquire as to where the God of Prosperity lives?" The Dictator of Life blinked, not knowing how he should answer such a strange question.

"It's a coincidence! This is definitely a coincidence!" Feng Lan clenched her fist and gritted her teeth. She yelled, "How could I possibly be the God of War?! In any case, I should be the God of Beauty or such!" After saying so, her angry fist smashed down on the table, and the poor table, which had just survived an explosion, let out a tiny little cracking sound.

"Oh..." Feng Long Ming raised an eyebrow.

At that moment, all those who had just been snatching food, quickly exchanged a few looks with each other. They immediately used their mouths to hold onto their own rice bowls, and then lifted up a plate

filled with food in each hand. (As for the empty plates, nobody cared.) They had such good synchronization that none of them reached for the same plate. Under the blank stares of Kaiser's group, the poor dining table made endless cracking noises.

Just then, two people and one dragon finally realized that the situation was not looking good. Liola immediately grabbed Kaiser with his left hand, and hugged Baolilong with his right. The instant they retreated from the table, it rumbled, split into two, and fell onto the floor. Kaiser stared blankly at the table that had produced such a loud crash. *This... appears to be made out of metal?* He looked at the thick metal table, and then raised his head to look at Feng Lan, who was sitting at the head seat with her face full of distress. Kaiser could not quite believe his eyes and said, "May I ask, is the most powerful profession in your world that of a housewife?"

"Oh, that's right. A housewife is the most dangerous profession." Feng Long Ming replied with a serious look on his face, while nodding his head. He even added, "The kitchen knife in her hand is also one of the deadliest weapons. Only the throwing knife in the cute little girl's hands could possibly match the kitchen knife in the housewife's hands."

Kaiser frowned and muttered, "So difficult to understand..."

Feng Long Ming patted Kaiser's back in understanding and commented, "Don't worry, normal people aren't able to understand this. If you don't understand, it just means that you are normal."

*Does this mean that all those present here are not normal?* Kaiser thought as the corner of his mouth twitched.



At this moment, Liola jumped onto the second floor and walked up to the Dictator of Life. The Dictator of Life looked at him with a bit of curiosity. That was because there were few things that he, who was almost omnipotent, was unable to explain. However, the description of the “gods” that Kaiser had mentioned just now corresponded with the people here. This was indeed something that the Dictator of Life was unable to find an explanation for. It would be too much of a stretch to call it a mere coincidence.

“This necklace is mine,” Liola said to him bluntly.

The Dictator of Life once again returned his attention to the black-haired man. He smiled and shook his head as he replied, “This necklace is definitely not yours.”

Hearing this answer, Liola’s face darkened as he said in a low voice, “It’s mine.”

The Dictator of Life did not feel frightened or angered by Liola’s cold expression. He merely continued to smile. Then, he took hold of the necklace with his right hand and held it out right in front of Liola, who gave him a suspicious glance. He found it a little hard to believe that the Dictator of Life, who had just denied that the necklace was his, would just generously hand it over like that.

However, Liola did not hesitate for long. He immediately reached out to grab the necklace. The moment he touched it, a strange feeling came from the palm of his hand... That was the feeling of not having grabbed anything. Instantly, Liola opened his hand in shock, but the

image of the Dragon Cross Necklace was indeed still there. He touched the necklace gently with his finger, but it went through the necklace, as though nothing was there.

Xiao Xiao Lan burst into giggles and shouted loudly, "You can't possibly grab anything. The Dictator of Life is merely a virtual image."

"Virtual image?" Liola did not understand this term. His gaze landed on Kaiser below him.

Kaiser raised an eyebrow and explained, "So that's how it is. It means that this 'God of Creation' is not here in reality. This is just a Maxun that he used to display his own image here, just like a three-dimensional television."

Liola, who had stayed in Kaiser's world for a period of time, already knew about televisions. He turned to look at the Dictator of Life and asked, "Where are you?"

"Where am I?" The Dictator of Life's expression turned a little strange and he replied, "I am here—no, perhaps I should say I am in Second Life. That would be more accurate."

"Second Life? I am going over there to take the necklace from you." Liola looked at the Dragon Cross Necklace, and decided on going without a trace of hesitation.

"You are coming over?"

The Dictator of Life gave a laugh, and was about to explain that

Second Life was not a “place,” but he was stopped by Xiao Xiao Lan’s words. She giggled as she said, “Alright, alright. We’ll bring you there.”

Feng Long Ming shot Xiao Xiao Lan a quick glance, and the latter winked at him. He started to laugh too. Though he was not exactly sure of what Xiao Xiao Lan intended to do, it was definitely going to be something fun.

“Wait a moment!” Kaiser abruptly jumped up and shouted, “What Second Life? Don’t tell me that we have to die once before we can go there?”

“If we had to die once before we could go, then would there still be any living people here?” Feng Long Ming muttered. However, upon seeing Kaiser’s expression change, and he was even looking at the surrounding people in panic, Feng Long Ming started laughing again. He patted Kaiser’s shoulder intimately as he comforted him, “Don’t worry, don’t worry. It’s just a small game, that’s all.”

*A game?* Kaiser was completely doubtful. However, once he saw Liola’s icy face, which showed no room for discussion, he could only furrow his brows and slowly nod his head. Anyway, since they had already come to a different world, what could be worse than that?

“If we’re going, then let’s go. Let’s retrieve the necklace quickly and come back. There are more important things to deal with.” Kaiser gave a huge sigh, and could not help but complain in his heart. *Shouldn’t your first priority be finding a way back to our world? Why does it seem like I am the only one troubling myself with this problem? Why did I have to end up in a different world with only an assassin who*

*doesn't know how to think, and a young dragon whose brain hasn't fully developed yet?*

“Then, come here.” Xiao Xiao Lan took three helmets and put them in front of Kaiser and the others, as though she was presenting them with treasure. This made Kaiser open his eyes wide as he stared at the helmets. He did not understand the reason why they would need a helmet to go to another place. *Could it be that it is a means of transportation?*

## Chapter 6

“Just put it on.” Feng Long Ming, who was also holding a helmet in his hands, put his on right after he had finished talking. Then, he lay down on the sofa in a comfortable position and did not move or speak any further.

Liola did not ponder over it too much. He felt that although these people in front of him were no threat to him in a one-on-one situation, as long as they worked together, they could easily subdue Kaiser and him. Therefore, there was absolutely no need for these people to conspire against the two of them. Once he was certain that there was no danger, Liola put on the helmet. *I should take back the Dragon Cross Necklace before doing anything else.*

Liola slowly opened his eyes—only to discover that his surroundings had completely changed. Just a moment ago, he had been in a rather ordinary-looking living room, but now, he was standing on a round stage with white fog all around him.

“It’s been a long time since someone new has come here.”

Liola heard someone giggling. He looked up and saw a ravishing beauty spreading her wings and circling around his head. She fluttered her long and thick eyelashes with a hungry expression in her eyes, like a wolf that had gone without prey for too long and had suddenly seen a fat sheep.

“Who are you? Where is this?” asked Liola calmly.

The beauty chuckled. "This is the entrance to Second Life, and I'm here to help you create a character. Our dear Dictator already informed us that some people would be coming, so you don't need to answer any questions and can just enter the game."

Liola furrowed his brows. "I... don't understand."

The beauty flapped her wings and flew up to Liola. She was just a few finger-lengths short of plastering herself onto him. She cajoled, "Never mind, it's even better if you don't know. Let Jiějie help you create your character, okay?"

Facing a beauty who was about to pounce on him, Liola quietly took several steps back as he nodded.

When she saw Liola nodding, the beauty couldn't stop giggling happily. Beating her wings, she flew all around Liola, inspecting him closely. She even muttered, "Oh, this 'ingredient' is just too amazing. I think the race should be... As for the looks, I should use..."

As the beauty mumbled to herself, Liola discovered that his body was continually emitting a strange light. However, he did not sense anything wrong happening to his body, so he only frowned and let the lady who called herself "Jiějie" do as she pleased. Many minutes and seconds ticked by, but Liola was very patient and quietly stood there as he waited.

"Still not finished? Everyone else is already tired of waiting." A familiar voice rang out, which Liola recognized as the Dictator of Life's.

When she heard the Dictator's question, the beauty stuck her tongue out and answered, "Okay, okay, I'll send him down now.

"Right, I'm done. You're just too cute, as expected of a pretty Mèimei." "...Mèimei?" Before Liola could finish his question, the ground below him suddenly vanished and he began to fall. Logically speaking, at this point in time, he should be most worried about whether he would fall to his death. But instead, Liola, who was plummeting downwards head-first, furrowed his brows as he stared at his waist-length hair flapping about wildly... *Was my hair this long?*

Because his falling orientation wasn't quite right, when Liola finally hit the ground, he wound up flat on his back. He looked up at the glittering, starry sky, the fluffy white clouds, and then to the many wooden houses around him. He was currently lying on a stone slab, and there was a well right next to him. It had absolutely no similarities to the living room made of metal and other various unknown materials he had just been in. It was almost as if...he was in another world!

Liola silently sat up and started to wonder whether he had been sent to yet another parallel universe. However, he had been to so many parallel universes that it was not an unfamiliar occurrence anymore. Truth be told, before 0.1 seconds had even passed, Liola had already stopped thinking about it and had become distracted by his waist-length black hair. He gently picked up a lock of hair and pulled it. It was indeed growing from his scalp.

Liola was lost in thought for a long while, staring blankly at his long hair. Then, he discovered something else that was strange. *Has my waist always been this narrow?*

He had never been stout and muscular, but this kind of slender waist that was narrow enough to be grabbed by one arm could not possibly belong to a man, could it?

As he continued to stare at his waist, Liola finally discovered another decisive change. When he lowered his head to look at his waist, his line of sight was obstructed... His chest that had originally been as flat as a washboard now had two little mountains!

Liola frowned. *Aren't breasts things that only a woman would have? Long hair, a narrow waist, and breasts...* A spark of understanding flashed through the assassin's brain. "Could I have been turned into a woman?"

In order to verify this thought, Liola slowly pulled the hem of his skirt up. However, when he had only pulled it up halfway, he abruptly stopped to consider, *I'm wearing a woman's skirt?*

"M-Miss, when you wear a skirt in public, please be wary of lechers!"

Liola paused midway through lifting his skirt. He raised his head and saw a man squatting very close by. Although the man was giving him some words of warning, his eyes were shining and the drool coming out from the corner of his mouth was sparkling. Liola reflexively swung his right fist in a punch that hit the man's left eye dead on!

"Ahhhh! I'm going blind!"

The man covered his eye and rolled around on the ground in an



exaggerated manner, howling in pain.

Liola stood up slowly. As an assassin, he instinctively felt that the man in front of him was faking his pain. *That punch just now...* Liola furrowed his brows and looked at his right hand. His original large palm of a man had now been transformed into the soft and pale-skinned tiny hand of a girl. With one glance, Liola understood that a hand like this would face big problems even trying to squeeze a mouse to death.

As Liola wondered what in the world had happened to him, the man on the ground seemed to have grown tired of rolling about and spread himself out lazily. Out of the corner of his eye, he peeped at the girl, only to be disappointed at the girl's utter lack of compassion.

"People of this generation have no compassion for others, unlike in the past, shit! Why are girls these days so difficult to cheat..." The man stood up, sighing regretfully.

"I am not a girl," said Liola calmly.

When he heard this, the man gave Liola a strange look and scrutinized him. His eyes lingered on Liola's face, breasts, and butt the longest. After he swallowed his saliva, the man nodded in agreement. "That's right, you aren't a girl..."

Liola did not expect to convince this person so easily. *Perhaps people in this world change sexes very often?*

"...You're a woman," finished the man, cackling.

## Chapter 7

Liola gave the man a cold glare, and the latter suddenly felt his entire body turn cold. He could not stop himself from averting his gaze, but in the next moment, he had a strange realization. Why was he scared of a woman's glare? He muttered under his breath, "It can't be. Only the women in Prince's house should be this terrifying... Don't tell me it's another Prince-branded crazy girl?"

No way. However beautiful a woman was, as long as she was from Prince's household, he would not pick her up, even in the face of death. The man swept away his previous lecherous look and asked bluntly, "Hey, are you from Prince's household?"

"No," Liola replied straightforwardly. He did not know any prince at all.

"Oh, huh... Then, what are you doing in Second Life? Don't you know that this place is known as the Death Experience Region? Novices who come here would all get killed by the NPCs for fun." The man glanced at him suspiciously.

Liola understood less than half of what he had just said. He frowned and said, "I came to find the Dictator of Life."

"Damn!" The man jumped up and shouted, "And you still say that you're unrelated to Prince! How else could you have known about the Dictator of Life?!"

"I don't know any prince," Liola replied calmly.

“You don’t know Prince? Then what about Xiao Xiao Lan? Gui? Wicked?”  
The man gave a string of names.

“Don’t know any of them.”

The man appeared to be in a dilemma. He crossed his arms over his chest and thought hard. Finally, he cautiously asked, “Why are you looking for the Dictator?”

“To take the Dragon Cross Necklace,” Liola announced his goal.  
The man’s brow creased. He had never heard of this term before. At best, he only understood the word necklace. He scratched his head in bewilderment and murmured, “My god, I’m really skeptical over whether you and yer daddy are the same species. You don’t understand what I’m saying, and I don’t understand what you’re saying...”

When he heard this, Liola, who came from a “different world’s different world” replied honestly, “Maybe we aren’t.”

The man rolled his eyes at Liola, annoyed. He scratched his head and said, “Alright, I’ll bring you to the Dictator. In any case, there wouldn’t be much of a difference. Even if you’re a hacker that discovered the ‘existence of the Dictator’ from an unknown source, you will only be sent off flying with a snap of the Dictator’s fingers... In consideration of your good looks, yer daddy will warn you first. Little girl, don’t think of causing harm to the Dictator. He has sent more than a thousand hackers within the self-proclaimed hackers flying off. Even the most brilliant hacker, who was called Neo or something, only laid eyes on the Dictator for a moment before he went ‘shooooom,’ and became a

star in the sky.”

“I only want the necklace,” Liola stated quietly.

The man shrugged and did not respond. He only gave a mysterious smile. “Heh heh, let me introduce you to my transport.” Following which, he bellowed, “An Rui come out!”

In a flash, a huge object fell to the ground. Its momentum was very great, as if a meteorite had descended. Except that the shape of this meteorite was simply... too mouth-watering!

An Rui was a clam. Frankly speaking, something like clams were really nothing rare. Just like meat buns, you could see them everywhere. No matter where you were, you definitely would not freak out because you saw a meat bun or a clam. However, when the clam was so tall, that one had to crane their neck back ninety degrees to look at it, the resulting shock was similar to that of seeing a pair of watery eyes suddenly grow on top of a meat bun and have them even blink at you continuously.

“Do you know what this is?” The man turned back to look. He always looked forward to the various warped and strange expressions that would appear on their faces when people, who had not seen An Rui before, saw it for the first time. This was the main reason why he loved to check out if there were any new players who had entered the game, and then get An Rui to make an appearance.

Liola’s facial features were motionless. He quietly replied, “Food.” The man’s shoulders slumped. In complete disbelief, he shouted,

“What else?”

Liola frowned and added, “Seafood.”

“F\*\*\*!” The man realized that this time it seemed that the twitching face was his... He gathered up two hundred percent of his patience and asked once again, “Don’t you feel... there’s something strange about this food, this seafood?”

Liola finally understood, and replied, “It’s a bit bigger.”

“A. Bit. Bigger?” The man was about to blow his top. This clam that was like a space shuttle was only “a bit” bigger?

“You really are the most brainless, damned woman yer daddy has ever met!” After the man roared, he thought for a moment. *Wrong!* He added, “You are the only woman yer daddy has met that is as brainless as Prince!”

Liola already had no wish to dispute over his gender, and he also did not want to argue over the problem of his brains. Basically, after his experience of traveling to another world, and then seeing a dragon transform into a kid, which even called him Papa, Liola had already exhausted his small capability to be surprised. Even the meat bun that grew eyes did not cause his expression to change, and when he himself had changed into a girl for no reason at all, he also did not say much. So what about a slightly bigger clam?

“You must have definitely come from Prince’s household.” The man nodded firmly. “Only his house would be able to have such illogical and

strange humans.”

When he heard him say this, Liola suddenly remembered that strange “family.” There was the powerful housewife who wielded a kitchen knife, and every person seemed accustomed to bizarre occurrences. Even when there was a huge explosion, they automatically looked for a place to take cover... Could Prince’s household be referring to...?

“Yer daddy had better send you over to the Dictator quickly.” The man muttered, “Yer daddy would rather sleep with a nuclear warhead than stay another moment beside a person from Prince’s household, damn it! The people from that household constantly get involved in some saving-the-world business. Yer daddy still wants to live a few more years.”

Without asking for his opinion, the man greeted An Rui, “To the Dictator. There shouldn’t be any problems, right, An Rui?”

“Got it, XiMen Feng.” An Rui opened up its clam shell. It looked at the other person curiously. “Is he going too?”

“Mmhm,” XiMen Feng nodded his head and used his thumb to gesture at Liola, “Someone from Prince’s household.”

“From Prince’s household.” An Rui nodded very understandingly.

XiMen Feng turned his head back and called out, “Hey! Beauty, get in.” *Get in?* Liola watched as XiMen Feng crawled into the clam shell matter-of-factly, and then found a comfortable spot to lie down... Uh, maybe he still had a bit of surprise left.

Would he be able to call Baolilong here? Liola looked at the pink clam meat with a complicated expression...

## Chapter 8

As expected, calling Baolilong in this place did not work. Liola helplessly climbed on board the clam. Even though he initially felt rather anxious, after a while, he found that there was actually no need for this worry. That was because... Right at the start, he was tossed up into the ceiling, and after he fell back down, he was completely knocked out.

Only when XiMen Feng shook him awake did Liola reopen his eyes. But with this one look, he felt that everything in front of his eyes was spinning. XiMen Feng looked as if he knew the art of cloning; one person had become several people. Liola painfully groaned, "I feel really dizzy."

"That's normal. It's a miracle that you didn't die."

XiMen Feng chuckled evilly. He already knew that after riding in An Rui, there was practically no one who could walk out normally. Of course at these times, it was an excellent opportunity to take advantage of them, and it could even be done openly and look honorable. He lifted Liola onto his shoulder, and then stepped out of the clam with a swagger. He was just short of gleefully singing aloud.

"Do you see that tower? That's where the Dictator lives... Eh? It looks like there are others here already." A strange expression appeared on XiMen Feng's face. He squinted and scrutinized those figures. *Could it be Prince's group? There also seems to be some new faces.*

XiMen Feng was full of suspicions and bursting with questions. He



walked toward the people leisurely drinking afternoon tea in front of the tower. As he approached, he shouted, "The heck? You didn't look for yer daddy to drink tea with. That's too inconsiderate."

The Dictator, who had a head of red hair and a magical mark under his left eye, calmly got up and smiled as he welcomed the new guests.

"Hold on a minute!" XiMen Feng acted as if a major threat had appeared. He counted the people present: Prince, Xiao Xiao Lan, Gui, Feng Wu Qing, Wicked, Lolidragon, Ugly Wolf, Yu Lian-sǎozi... *My God! They're actually all present. Th-This must be a conspiracy. Maybe they are plotting on how to destroy the world?*

"What are you ladies—that's right, you 'ladies'— planning on doing by gathering here?" XiMen Feng stood still in a spot several tens of meters away from them, and did not dare to take another step closer. He even wondered if perhaps these tens of meters weren't far enough to be safe.

"Could it be that you're planning... to save the world or something like that?" XiMen Feng narrowed his eyes dangerously. However, everyone's gaze did not seem to be directed at him. He felt a bit puzzled and followed everyone's line of sight. Finally, his gaze landed on his shoulder... No, it should be on that woman on his shoulder.  
*Crash!*

He promptly discarded that woman. Who knew if she was some sort of ultimate human biological weapon?

"Save the world?" The handsome elf with white hair and red eyes,

Prince, immediately stood up. With a bearing that said “who else can solve the problems of this world but me,” Prince said, “A catastrophe is going to befall the world again? XiMen Feng, explain it more clearly. Otherwise, how am I supposed to go save the world?”

“How would yer daddy know if the world is in danger?” XiMen Feng said unhappily, “Every single time we’ve run into some strange event and you ladies gathered in one place, when did it not end up with a declaration of the end of the world? And it always results in you getting us men to go resolve a whole mess of nonsensical matters.”

Prince frowned, “Since when? Every time I go out to put a stop to the end of the world, don’t I always tell the men to stay at home and watch over the kids?”

“Those are the nonsensical matters!” XiMen Feng looked as though he was about to go berserk. “The last time, you called me and told me to bring dog food to your house and feed the dog!”

“It’s only feeding the dog. Do you have to be so upset?” Prince wore an innocent expression.

XiMeng Feng angrily shouted a response, “Bullshit! Do you know that there is a huge ocean between your house and yer daddy’s?”

“It couldn’t be helped. Everyone I knew was busy saving the world at that time. They didn’t even have time to feed the doggie. I couldn’t very well let the doggie starve to death, could I?” Prince put on an expression of being wronged.

“You!” XiMen Feng was so mad that he could not say another word. What’s more, Prince obstinately maintained an air of fake innocence, making XiMen Feng so furious that he nearly had apoplexy.

Liola, who had just been thrown onto the ground, was finally able to crawl to his feet. He forcefully shook his spinning head, and then raised it. With one glance, he saw that familiar red-haired man. He was the one who had the Dragon Cross Necklace in his possession. Without caring that he was still unsteady on his feet, Liola used all of his strength to dash forward. In the end, it took all of his willpower to run up to the red-haired man. Once he arrived in front of him, it only took a moment’s relaxation for his legs to turn to jelly. Luckily, the person facing him reached out and supported him in time.

*This body is really weak...* Liola panted as he asked, “Where’s my Dragon Cross Necklace?”

Before the Dictator of Life could reply, he heard two other voices first. “Liola?” An extremely bewildered voice rang out.

“Papa?”

Liola turned his head around to look. Those two people... Or at least, one of them was human. Moreover, he could vaguely recognize Kaiser’s facial features. It was just that his height seemed to have increased by around *twenty centimeters* and his original baby face had now become handsomer and sharper. He looked a lot more mature. Also, the two pectoral muscles on his chest had become rather inflated. Liola frowned. The expression on his face revealed the indescribably strange feeling he was having. He stared at Kaiser.

“What are you looking at? Can’t I make myself look a bit more manly?”  
Kaiser’s face turned red. He retorted, “You should look at yourself instead. I was completely unaware that you had an interest in cross-dressing. Looking so cute, I nearly didn’t recognize you.”

## Chapter 9

Liola only frowned and stated, "I didn't do it to myself."

Kaiser made an expression that seemed to say "like really." However, in the next moment, it changed to a perplexed one as he looked toward the unknown round object at his side. "No matter what, it's still a lot better than your son's. His appearance is really... I don't even know what the hell he is."

Only now did Liola look at the "object" off to the side. It merely appeared to be a white, roundish ball-shaped thing. *What on earth is this thing...?*

As if it would not allow him to continue his state of denial, that ball-shaped thing rushed into Liola's embrace and even called out, "Papa! Papa!"

"Baolilong?" Liola was completely baffled. *Could it be that dragons would turn into this kind of odd thing when they enter this place?*

The Dictator of Life smiled sheepishly, "I'm truly sorry about that. The NPC who watches over the entrance and exit probably made a mistake... Because he kept shouting that he was Baolilong, I think that NPC may have thought that he wanted to be Styrofoam, and so changed his appearance to look like Styrofoam.<sup>1</sup>"

Hearing this, Kaiser made a pained expression. He murmured, "Baolilong, 'baolilong,' hasn't he just been saying Baolilong all along? What nonsense is this...?"

"I'm truly sorry." When he heard Kaiser's mutterings, the Dictator of Life could only smile wryly.

Liola looked at the round and chubby Baolilong in his arms, but was not very concerned. As long as he got the necklace, they could leave this place, and Baolilong would naturally return to its original form.

"Please give me the Dragon Cross Necklace." Liola lowered his tone.

The Dictator of Life chuckled and said patiently, "Please, hear me out. It is useless even if you obtain the necklace in this place. In reality, this necklace has not been created yet. Everything you see now is merely a virtual image."

"I do not understand." Liola replied bluntly.

"Then, I'll explain it like this. You should have already felt that your real body is still present outside of this place, correct?"

Liola nodded. He did indeed sense it.

Seeing that Liola understood this point, the Dictator of Life continued, "In fact, this place where you currently are is not reality. That's why you cannot bring the items that you acquire here out of this world.

"This necklace..." The Dictator of Life pulled out the Dragon Cross Necklace, and said slowly, "just like the female body you have right now, does not exist in reality."

“Alright. In short, just treat it as a fake necklace.” Kaiser shoved his huge face between them. “Right now, the important thing is, why would you have this necklace... and just what sort of place have the two of us arrived in?”

“My guess is—well, actually it’s my calculated hypothesis based on all of the clues—I think...”

At that moment, everyone else rushed forward, and listened wide-eyed to the Dictator of Life’s words.

“You are from the future, a very, very distant future.” The Dictator of Life smiled faintly.

Kaiser looked at Prince and asked curiously, “You’re people from the past?”

On the other hand, Prince said rather disappointedly, “So, you’re not aliens?”

Kaiser rolled his eyes. *Why is this person still going on about aliens...?* In a gloomy tone, he asked the Dictator of Life, “Then, how do we return home?”

“Originally, there was no way to solve this problem. However, it currently looks like you should hurry and return to the real world. That black hole that previously sent you here has opened up once more.” The Dictator of Life looked rather regretful. “It’s a pity that I couldn’t talk more with you all...”

Kaiser jumped in fright and hurriedly took off his helmet. At that moment, the switch between the two worlds almost made him faint. When he was less dizzy, he found that he was still in that living room, and the people around him had yet to remove their helmets. He frantically looked around, and the first glance almost made him jump up in shock. A black hole had appeared at the spot where they had originally arrived at, and it was currently shrinking little by little.

“Liola!” Kaiser couldn’t help but shriek.

Liola also removed his helmet. When he saw that the hole was growing smaller, he grabbed Kaiser with his right hand and picked up Baolilong with his left hand, then threw the both of them precisely into the black hole. He too then leaped over to the black hole. Just before going in, he turned his head.

The Dictator of Life’s image was standing in the center of the living room, while the others were taking off their helmets one after another and waving goodbye to him.

The Dictator of Life smiled faintly, “I will have the Dragon Cross Necklace made. However, whether you can attain it in the future depends on you.”

Liola nodded earnestly. He would take back the Dragon Cross Necklace. After that, without turning back anymore, he stepped into the black hole and headed toward Kaiser’s world... maybe. Who could tell?

Feng Lan smiled broadly. With her hands on her hips, she said proudly, “If you have time, remember to visit Prince’s residence. We welcome



all sorts of living and non-living things.”

## Notes On The Chapter

<sup>1</sup> **“Baolilong”**: Baolilong’s name (寶利龍) is a play on baolilong (保麗龍), which means Styrofoam. Both are pronounced the same way but use different written characters. The last character in Styrofoam is long (龍), which actually does mean dragon by itself.