

Stay At home 1131

Chapter 1131: Cyril Is Just An Imbecile Who Cannot Be Groomed

In an old study room in the Moreton Manor.

Cyril stood looking at Jeffree, who was reading a report, over the table as he carefully said, "Father, there has been a lot of dissatisfaction and feedback from the board members about letting Gloria join the board. Do you think we need to give them an explanation on that, and dismiss Gloria from her position first to appease them?"

"Dissatisfaction?" Jeffree looked up and looked at Cyril cynically. "Since when do I need to seek the approval of others when I make my decisions? Besides, who else would be dissatisfied with it other than you?"

Cyril's lips trembled. He slowly clenched his fists as he looked at Jeffree, and decisively said, "Sir, Gloria is just a woman. Right now, you're only left with me as your only son. If you're going to continue supporting Gloria like that and make me look like a fool, who is going to inherit the Moreton Family and the Chamber of Commerce? Don't tell me you're really willing to hand the family over to a woman who will be marrying out?"

"You..." Jeffree slammed the report in his hand on the table and glared straight at him. Cyril, this fearless and unfilial thing, actually dared to talk to him like this. His blood rushed into his head, and he suddenly felt a little faint.

Cyril, who was still a little fearful, became completely fearless after seeing that reaction. He scoffed, "Father, Big Brother would never inherit the family's property. All he cares about is his students. If you don't wish to see the huge Moreton Family inheritance fall into the hands of others, you should start grooming me. Only I can let the Moreton Family continue its legacy."

"Scram! Get out!" Jeffree threw the report on the table at Cyril.

Cyril dodged to the side and glanced at Jeffree, who was lying in the chair with his eyes closed. He smirked, picked the report up, and put it back on the table with a smile as he said, "Since Father isn't feeling well, I will take my leave. The Chamber's year-end gala is just a few days away. I will ask the board members to take a stand and kick Gloria out of the board."

After saying that, Cyril left quickly before Jeffree exploded again.

Jeffree pulled out a small bottle from a drawer and twisted the cap open with his trembling hands. He lifted his head and took a big gulp. After a long while, he let out a long breath. The redness on his face faded away slowly. He opened his eyes, and the usually sharp and imposing pair of eyes had a hint of desolation in them.

Was I really wrong back then? Jeffree looked out of the window as he got lost in his thoughts. In the past, in order to make Lance inherit the family's inheritance, he forced him to do many things, which led to Lance going to a Chaos School to become a teacher, giving up his right to the inheritance.

All these years, he had been grooming Cyril in order to make the Moreton Family continue flourishing, putting his hopes and dreams on him almost as though he was the only heir.

With such a status put on him, Cyril was naturally fearless. He would go around merry-making, and did not put any effort into running the company.

Can I only hand the family over to that lad? Jeffree frowned. His heart wavered a little before a figure flashed in his mind.

“Gloria...” Jeffree murmured. He tapped lightly on the table. This lady’s recent performance did catch him by surprise. He did not expect her to make Blue Suede Textiles Shop, which had been making a loss for several years, profit so quickly.

Just before today, he had never really considered allowing Gloria to inherit the Moreton Family.

Jeffree’s gaze became solemn once again as he scoffed, “Heh, young brat, your dad is still alive, and you already have the guts to challenge me.”

Since Ian, that old fart, can hand the Buffett Family over to the young lass, Scheer, don’t you think that I can hand Moreton over to Gloria? Rather than handing it over to that wastrel who would only cause chaos in the family, why don’t I hand it over to Gloria, who is more capable? That lass is meticulous and quite talented. If I were to put in more effort into grooming her, she wouldn’t be any worse than Lance.

“Manard,” Jeffree called out towards the door.

Manard opened the door and walked in.

“Call Mars over,” Jeffree instructed.

“Yes,” Manard replied respectfully and turned to leave.

...

“Mr, Cyril, did the talk with your father not go smoothly?” said a middle-aged man who was standing in a pavilion of the Moreton Manor with a smile as he watched Cyril walk over quickly.

“It was pretty much what Chief Bolton expected. Although the old man was very angry, all he could do was get me to scram. It seems like he had never thought of handing Moreton and the Chamber of Commerce to Gloria,” Cyril said with a soothing laugh. After living under the oppression of Jeffree for so many years, he had finally gotten back at him today.

“Chief Jeffree mocked Old Master Ian’s decision to hand the Buffett Family over to Scheer more than once. How could he hand the family over to a daughter, what more a granddaughter? The position of the chief of the Moreton Family is yours for sure, Mr. Cyril,” Bolton said with a smile, looking as though it was all within his expectations.

Cyril was elated. As he looked at Bolten, he said, “Chief Bolton, you’ve already promised to help me secure the position of chief. The first step in doing so is to kick Gloria out. This wouldn’t be a problem, right?”

“Don’t worry. The Mars Family and Dodges Family are still quite influential in the Chamber. Besides, everyone knows that you will be the chief of the Moreton Family sooner or later. As long as you request it, the board members are sure to agree. All we need is half of the board members to vote Gloria out, and even the president would not be able to stop us.”

Bolton stroked his mustache and looked at Cyril as he said, "However, after that's done, Mr. Cyril, what you promised..."

"Don't worry, Chief Bolton. As long as I can inherit the Moreton Family and become the head of the family, I will definitely help you become the president of the Chamber during the next election," Cyril said with a nod.

"Very well. Mr. Cyril, you're indeed a smart person. I'll make a trip over to the Dodges Family right now." Bolton's smile became even brighter before he left.

...

"Father, why must we help Cyril? This fellow is not trustworthy. You can't believe his words."

In a lavish horse-drawn carriage, a young person looked at Bolton.

"Cyril is just an imbecile who cannot be groomed. As long as he becomes the chief of the Moreton Family, it will just be a matter of time before we eat him up whole. Since that's the case, why don't we just give him a hand?" Bolton scoffed. "It's enough to have one Scheer. If we have another Gloria, then it will really be impossible for the Mars Family to make our mark."

Chapter 1132: Job Title: Junior Chopper

"Mr. Mag."

As noon was approaching, the sound of the door knocking and Gina's voice were heard.

Mag opened the door, and Gina walked in with Elizabeth, empty-handed.

"Gina, didn't you go to collect shark's fins?" Mag looked out. There were no shark's fins outside.

"Mr. Mag, you're really Gina's benefactor." Gina pounced at Mag agitatedly and wrapped her legs around him like an octopus naturally.

"Hm?" Baffled, Mag looked at Gina who was hugging him agitatedly.

"With the help of the magical weapon, the Nether Sharks who invaded Lantide were all killed by our people. According to your wishes, the remaining ones were all kept in a fish farm to rear. There were almost no deaths among the merfolk during this invasion, and none of the cities were badly damaged by the Nether Sharks.

"This was all possible because of you!"

Gina looked up at Mag as though she was looking at an honorable and respectable god.

"That's great." Mag's eyes also lit up when he heard that. It was great that the merfolk of Lantide would not have to be slaughtered by the Nether Sharks, and the deep-sea fish farm also successfully established the supply chain for Nether Shark's fins and lips.

How did he do that? He could actually subdue such a powerful magic beast and solve the problem a powerful race could not solve for centuries. Elizabeth looked at Mag curiously as though it was her first time knowing him.

She had originally thought that he was just an ordinary human chef who came to Mamy Restaurant to work because Miya invited him to.

Now, she did not think that Mag seemed like an ordinary human. Whether it was his calmness when facing powerful customers or the negotiation with the high priest of Lantide on the ocean surface, all of them seemed to reveal the extraordinary side of him.

This man seemed to be hiding a lot of abilities, making people constantly surprised and curious.

“But, where are the shark’s fins?” Mag asked Gina.

“Oh.” Gina quickly let go of Mag and pulled out a small blue crystal ball with a smile as she said, “Because there were too many shark’s fins, I couldn’t bring all of them back, so the high priest passed me this crystal ball so that I can use it to store the shark’s lips and shark’s fins.”

Mag looked at the crystal ball the size of a marble in Gina’s hand. It was azure blue like the vast ocean. It did look similar to the crystal ball that the high priest had with him, just a lot smaller. It seemed like it was also a space magical tool.

“You said that there were a lot, how many?” Mag asked.

Gina thought for a while, and answered, “Around 500 sets. If I were to let them all out, it could fill this entire kitchen up.”

Mag observed a moment of silence for the Nether Shark tribe. After that, he looked at Gina and said, “Then take 50 sets out first. I need to roast them dry. I still have to make two more ‘Buddha jumps over the wall’ today.”

“I’m here for work.” Camilla pushed the door open and entered. She glanced and greeted everyone casually and walked straight into the kitchen. When she saw no one in the kitchen, she turned back to look at Mag in surprise, and asked, “Where’s Miss Firis? The one who taught me to cut the vegetables.”

Mag looked at Camilla, and said, “She left. From today onwards, you will be fully in charge of the preparation of the ingredients. Your job title: junior chopper.

“L-left?” Camilla was stunned. She pointed at the list of ingredients at the side and raised her pitch. “That would mean that I have to cut all these vegetables up by myself?”

Mag replied, “That’s Firis’s job every day. If you find it too difficult, I can do a small part of it.”

Camilla waved her hand, and confidently said, “Hmph, no need for that. It’s such a simple job, why would it be too difficult for me?”

Mag glanced at his watch, and said, “There’s still an hour before we start our business. You can start now.”

“Hmph.” Camilla snorted. She went upstairs to get changed, and then quickly entered the kitchen. She grabbed 10 knives and started slicing the ingredients.

...

“From tomorrow morning onwards, our restaurant will provide free breakfast for the cleaners.”

Mag made the announcement during lunch.

“For free, that means we won’t be collecting money from them?” Yabemiya said in shock.

The rest also looked at Mag. That would not be a small sum of money judging from the prices on Mamy Restaurant’s menu.

Mag nodded slightly. “The cleaners start their work at 4 am. The weather is so cold, but they can only have breakfast that is frozen like ice, and they don’t even have a sip of warm water to drink. I felt that I should do something about it, so I went to the person-in-charge to discuss providing breakfast for them at least until the winter is over.”

“They’re so pitiful. I even saw an old man fall in the snow previously. Luckily I managed to dodge in time, and the uncle at the side helped him to the hospital. I haven’t seen him after that,” Amy said sympathetically.

Mag looked at Amy in shock. He did not think that he was once so close to bankruptcy.

“Boss, at what time do we provide breakfast? Is it the same as the restaurant’s operating hours?” Yabemiya asked.

“No, we agreed on 7 am every morning, but I have already settled everything. There’s no need for you all to worry. Your working hours will not change,” Mag said with a shake of his head.

“Boss, you’re such a nice person.” Yabemiya gave Mag a thumbs up with a smile as she said, “Then I will come to the restaurant earlier from tomorrow morning onwards too.”

Is this fellow trying to make himself look better? Those humans sweeping the floor aren’t even slaves. It’s just a job, what’s there to be pitiful about them? Camilla glanced at Mag and pouted in disdain. *Humans just like to make a mountain out of a molehill.*

“My working hours will be the same as Miya’s,” Elizabeth said coldly.

“Since you’re coming early, then... I will get more sleep. The bed is so comfortable in winter I don’t even want to get up,” Babla said.

“I... I will... wake up early.” Gina raised her hand as she stuttered the words of the common tongue out before she gave Mag a big smile.

“I’ll wake up early too.” Anna raised her little hand as well.

Amy thought for a while, and seriously said, “Since you’re all going to wake up early, I will sleep in a little more for you. Otherwise, you will all be lethargic.”

“Meow.” Ugly Duckling put its two front paws on Amy’s stool and meowed at her.

“It’s alright, Ugly Duckling, I will sleep in for you too. Feel free to wake up early,” Amy consoled.

Chapter 1133: This Is The Letter Of Challenge, Mr. Mag. Please Accept It

Outside of Mamy Restaurant, a bald middle-aged man agitatedly said to Sith, “Boss, let’s send a letter of challenge to Mamy Restaurant and challenge them formally. Our restaurant’s business has been doubling, and our new customers are all singing our praises. The top spot of the Soup Rankings should be ours.”

“It’s almost operation hours soon. Sending them the letter of challenge now isn’t very nice…” The boss of Sith Restaurant, who was wearing a black chef’s suit, held a letter of challenge tightly. There was some hesitation on his face.

The bald middle-aged man shook his head, and said, “No. There are so many customers here who could be our witness, and we are going to tell everyone that our Sith Restaurant’s freshwater seafood soup is the real champion of the Soup Rankings. So, the Food Association will rearrange the rankings again.

“There are so many customers here who are still misled by the wrong rankings on the Delicious Cuisine Rankings. The top spot is ours by right, and these customers should be lining up outside of Sith Restaurant. Boss, shouldn’t we speak up for what is rightfully ours?”

Sith was silent after looking at the hundreds of people lining up outside Mamy Restaurant. Although Sith Restaurant’s business was also very brisk now, it still wasn’t comparable to Mamy Restaurant’s. If Sith Restaurant ever achieved such standards, he would reach the pinnacle of his life too.

“Alright. Let’s go and give our letter of challenge now. We will have a fair and square duel to decide who’s the number one on the Soup Rankings.” Sith’s gaze became determined, and he strode to Mamy Restaurant’s entrance decisively. The bald man quickly caught up with him.

“Who are they? Line cutters?”

The customers in the extremely long line were looking at the two people walking toward the door with curiosity.

“Hmm? If I remember correctly, isn’t that the boss of Sith Restaurant? What’s he doing here?”

“The freshwater seafood soup at Sith Restaurant is quite good.”

“Yes. They use freshly caught freshwater seafood. Their ingredients are good and the portion is great too. If we are just about soup, that is one of Chaos City’s rare delicacies.”

Very soon, people in the line began to recognize Sith, and started a discussion.

Sith was about to knock on the restaurant’s door, but the bells on the door jingled, and the door opened from the inside.

Mag, who opened the door, saw a middle-aged man in a black chef’s uniform holding his hand up. Perplexed, he asked, “Excuse me, can I help you?”

“Hello, Mr. Mag. I am the boss-cum-head chef of the Sith Restaurant.” Sith extended his hand to Mag.

“Hello, Boss Sith.” Mag shook his hand. He recalled that the freshwater seafood soup from Sith Restaurant had come in second on the Soup Rankings. This Boss Sith came here in a rush, and definitely didn’t look like he was here to have his meal.

Sith retrieved his hand and got to the point with Mag. “First of all, I want to congratulate you on your restaurant taking all the top spots in the current Delicious Cuisine Rankings. I have come today to challenge you for the top spot of the Soup Rankings. Your braised chicken and rice is indeed very outstanding, but I believe my freshwater seafood soup isn’t second to any other soup. Hence, I would like to have a duel with you to decide the real number one on the Soup Rankings.”

Oh, he came for a challenge. Mag got his point. Ever since he gained his reputation after winning against the chef of Ducas Restaurant, he had not been challenged for quite some time. He didn’t expect anybody to come and challenge him after he conquered all the six rankings. He was really rather surprised.

“Yes. This is the letter of challenge, Mr. Mag. Please accept it.” Sith passed the letter of challenge in his hands over.

Mag took the letter of challenge after a moment of hesitation.

He had a quite neutral impression of this Boss Sith. People with exceptional skills could be a little prideful. The first and the second were natural enemies. A duel was inevitable if one of them wasn’t convinced.

He glanced through the letter of challenge. It was similar to what Sith had said. The theme of the duel was soup. Famous culinary critics and the president of the Food Association would be invited as their judges to conduct a professional duel.

And the wager was the number one spot on the Soup Rankings.

Frankly speaking, Mag wasn’t fond of such meaningless challenges.

But if he rejected it, he would damage his reputation, so he couldn’t help but think about it.

“Wow. He actually came to challenge Boss Mag! This Boss Sith is a little crazy?”

“The duel between number one and number two on the Soup Rankings should be a very exciting one.”

“After the release of ‘Buddha jumps over the wall’, no other soups would taste better, right? This would most likely be a crushing defeat?”

The customers began to discuss among themselves after they heard Sith’s words.

The bald middle-aged man who was following Sith sarcastically said to Mag, “Don’t tell me you are afraid? If you won’t accept the challenge, then tell the Food Association and let them change the ranking of the Soup Rankings. Let Sith Restaurant’s freshwater seafood soup have the top spot. Then, we won’t force you to do anything.”

Sith looked at that bald man with displeasure, but this concerned the future of Sith Restaurant, so he didn’t comment at all. He simply looked at Mag and waited for his answer.

Mag looked at that bald guy with a smirk, and accepted the letter of challenge. He smiled at Sith. "Since Boss Sith invited me so graciously, I will accept this letter of challenge. However, since you set up the challenge and set the rules, I will decide on the time and location. Is that alright with you?"

Sith was taken aback by Mag's decisiveness. After a brief consideration, he nodded.

"Let's set the challenge at 4.30 pm this evening at Mamy Restaurant's entrance. My restaurant will start its dinner service at 5 pm sharp, so please get your cooking preparation ready earlier, Boss Sith.

"Oh, yes. There's something I want to inform you about beforehand. I have already categorized the braised chicken and rice from the soup category as a main dish. I have just introduced a new soup item called 'Buddha jumps over the wall' yesterday. Because this soup takes one whole day to cook, I won't be cooking on the spot. Instead, I will be presenting a completed item straightaway," Mag continued.

"A new soup item?" Sith was even more surprised. The braised chicken soup was already acknowledged by the Food Association. He didn't expect Mag to skip that and use a newly introduced soup item to duel with him.

"Oh, regarding the wager. Apart from the top spot on the Soup Rankings, I want to add something," Mag said.

Sith warily asked Mag, "What do you want to add?"

"The loser will have to pay the other party 10,000 copper coins," Mag said smilingly.

Chapter 1134: What Drug This Restaurant Is Selling

"Wow! Boss Mag had accepted the challenge! Looks like I have to ask my boss for time off tonight to watch this duel."

"I always come here to line up at this time. Seems like there will be a free show later."

"Anybody wanna bet? I bet Boss Mag is going to win!"

"Nobody will be idiotic enough to set up a bet when there is no doubt about the outcome."

The customers were getting excited after watching Mag accept the letter of challenge.

"10,000 copper coins?"

Sith was stunned. He thought Mag was going to add a huge wager. The boss of Ricky's Rotisserie had lost his entire shop to Boss Mag when he challenged him in the past. He didn't expect Mag to only add on 10,000 copper coins.

"Ah. Seems like this chap is really afraid." The bald guy at the side looked at Mag with disdain. His gaze began to get heated.

As an old employee of Sith Restaurant, he was waiting for the freshwater seafood soup to get the number one spot so he could encourage his boss to open a second restaurant. Then, he would be the

new manager of the new shop, and the boss would teach him the freshwater seafood soup recipe that he had guarded so closely.

“Yes. 10,000 copper coins.” Mag nodded.

“Alright, I agree.” Sith nodded after a while.

“I have accepted your letter of challenge. You can go now, Boss Sith. I have to start my service now.” Mag kept the letter of challenge, and then opened the door wide. He stepped aside with a smile, and said, “Welcome to Mamy Restaurant.”

“Do you need my help, Boss Mag?” Krassu asked when he reached the entrance and glanced at Sith.

“I can help too.” Amy came forward eagerly.

“There’s no need to,” Mag quickly replied. He was slightly afraid that Krassu and Amy would euthanize the two of them with a fireball. That would be too cruel.

“Go for it, Mr. Mag.” Gloria stopped at the entrance and encouraged Mag with a smile and a clenched fist.

This chap! What has he done to deserve a smile from my adorable Miss Gloria! Camilla stared at Mag aggrievedly from a corner. “There’s no true love between opposite sex!” she said through clenched teeth.

“Thank you.” Mag nodded with a smile as he felt an inexplicable chill up his back.

Mag greeted his regular customers warmly and ignored Sith.

The bald guy was annoyed, and wanted to argue. “This rude fellow—”

“That’s enough. He’s already very gracious and magnanimous. I don’t think I could do what he did if I were in his position,” Sith interrupted the bald guy’s words, and took a good look at Mag. Although this man was young, his calmness unsettled him. “We have to visit the Food Association and a few culinary experts.”

“Alright.” The bald guy retrieved his gaze grudgingly and quickly caught up with Sith.

“Boss Mag, do you have news about Miss Shirley? Or, did she write to you?” Constantine asked Mag expectantly when he reached him.

Mag got a shock when he saw Constantine. This famous swinging bachelor had always been particular about his image, but now he looked emaciated with dark eye circles, bloodshot eyes, and messy hair and beard. He resembled a homeless man.

“She didn’t write to us.” Mag shook his head. However, he couldn’t bear to see Constantine like this. Why was he having this one-sided love? After all, hers could be bigger than Constantine’s if she took it out.

“There is still no news...” Constantine seemed to have lost all his energy instantly. He swayed, and only managed to stable himself by grasping onto the door.

“I am so regretful. I regret that I didn’t have the courage to profess my feelings for her. I only realized her importance after I lost her...” Constantine started sobbing with tears flowing all over his face.

“What a passionate man.”

“Indeed. There are not many men like him nowadays.”

Many regulars knew about Constantine. He had been coming frequently to ask about Shirley recently. The customers naturally still remembered the beautiful but quiet server, so they couldn’t help but lament when they saw Constantine like this.

“Constantine, Male, 33 years old. Due to love sickness causing severe insomnia, lack of appetite, a sharp decline in body functions, and poor immunity, his life could be in peril.”

Is this guy Romeo? He actually got lovesick! Mag raised his eyes when he saw the Omniscient door’s test result. It seemed like Shirley’s departure had dealt Constantine a big blow. He pondered for a while, and then said to the devastated Constantine, “Mr. Constantine, Shirley said she would come back, but it would be a few years later.”

“S-she really will come back again?” Constantine jerked his head up to look at Mag as if he was holding onto a lifeline.

Smiling, Mag nodded. “However, looking at an elf’s lifespan, no matter how many years later it is, Shirley’s appearance won’t change much, and if you continue to live like this, Mr. Constantine, I am afraid it will be your funeral when you meet again.”

Constantine stared at his thin and pale hands, and was stunned momentarily. He was so consumed by his sadness and pining that he had neglected his body. He didn’t realize that he was already so weakened.

No! I have to remain healthy before Miss Shirley’s return. I want to delay my process of aging. I don’t want to age so fast, otherwise Miss Shirley won’t be able to recognize me when she’s back. Constantine quickly made up his mind, and said to Mag, “Thank you, Mr. Mag. I will live my life properly so I can see Miss Shirley again, and tell her personally all the words that I didn’t say to her before.”

After speaking, he strode into the restaurant and sat down at his usual seat.

I hope you can continue to live with fortitude when your confession fails. Mag shrugged and continued to welcome his next customer with a smile.

The men’s charging station, Mamy Restaurant, here I come again. A man who was fumbling walked toward Mamy Restaurant with a blazing look in his eyes.

A newly wed lady has a voracious sexual appetite. Vicennio had already experienced this saying. What he didn’t expect was the honeymoon period would last so long. The shrew at home was getting increasingly hungry. She was draining him dry every day on the bed.

If it weren't for Mamy Restaurant providing him with the energy of two roujiamos, he would have already died on the bed.

I have to add another roujiamo today to compensate for what I have lost, Vicennio vowed in his heart and quickened his steps.

A horse-drawn carriage stopped in front of the restaurant. An exquisite face was revealed behind the curtain, and the seductive eyes were following Vicennio. She laughed flirtatiously, and whispered to herself, "Huh, so this is where he sneaks out to every day. I want to see what drug this restaurant is selling that makes him stronger and stronger every day."

Chapter 1135: Who Can Handle That!

"Attendant, I want three roujiamo and a bowl of tofu pudding," Vicennio ordered naturally as he took a seat.

"Sure." Yabemiya nodded.

Just then, an aroma wafted in, and a voluptuous woman took a seat beside Vicennio with a smile as she said, "I want three roujiamo and a tofu pudding too."

1

Vicennio, upon smelling that familiar fragrance, opened his mouth wide in disbelief and turned his head over slowly to look at the woman sitting beside him. She was looking at him. He jumped up like a rat whose tail was stepped on, and exclaimed, "Honey! What are you doing here!?"

Everyone in the restaurant turned over to look in their direction. Noise and commotion were not allowed in Mamy Restaurant.

Vicennio's skinny look was no better than Constantine's. He was pale and looked very frail.

In contrast, the woman who was sitting beside him had flushed cheeks and a voluptuous figure. She was beautiful and her eyes were full of tender gentleness.

"Honey, you've frightened me," that young lady said coquettishly and shyly as she patted her chest lightly, making her bosom sway.

"Who can handle that..."

Numerous men swallowed subconsciously as they looked at Vicennio. Should they pity or envy him?

Vicennio quickly realized that he seemed to have overreacted. He recalled Mamy Restaurant's rules, and quickly sat back down and apologized to Yabemiya, who was still standing there. After that, he looked at Bonnie and softly asked, "Honey, why are you here? Weren't you sleeping?"

"How can I sleep after you leave?" Bonnie hammered Vicennio's shoulder with her little fists, and said with grievance, "So I followed you out and saw you enter this restaurant. I happened to be hungry, so I followed you in. Why do you look unhappy? Does it make you unhappy to eat with me?"

“How can that be? I just saw that you were very tired, so I didn’t wake you up.” Vicennio wanted to give himself a slap. How could he not realize that Bonnie was following him?

“No, you’re the one who had it rough.” Bonnie pulled out a silk handkerchief from her bosom and wiped Vicennio’s forehead. “Look, you’re already perspiring.”

“I... just passed by. It’s just a little perspiration...” Vicennio’s voice was trembling. This was a tigress he had at home, not a shy little kitten. She would only put on an act in front of others. On the bed, she was a totally different person.

“Cough, cough.” Miya, who was left hanging at the side interrupted their private moment, and said, “So it’s three roujiamo and a tofu pudding for each of you, right?”

“Yes, I want the same as him.” Bonnie nodded with a smile. She looked at Miya and praised, “Miss, you’re really pretty.”

After that, she glanced at Vicennio. Did this scoundrel come over to this restaurant every day because of the pretty service staff?

Vicennio could only pretend not to understand Bonnie’s gaze, and quickly said, “No, no, Honey, the roujiamo isn’t that good. It’s not to your liking. You should have a rainbow fried rice. That looks good and tastes good. Also, for the tofu pudding, you should get the sweet one. Although I am team savory, the sweet tofu pudding should suit your taste more.”

“Rainbow fried rice?” Upon hearing that, Bonnie’s eyes lit up. The name itself was interesting. Could this restaurant really have made fried rice with the beautiful rainbow fried rice?

However, why did this scoundrel stop her from eating the roujiamo?

Bonnie was suspicious.

“Honey, order your food quickly, the other customers are still waiting.” Vicennio was a little guilty, so he directly told Yabemiya, “Get her a plate of Yangzhou fried rice and a sweet tofu pudding. That will be all.”

“Alright, please wait for a moment.” Yabemiya nodded and turned to walk to the next customer.

Vicennio heaved a sigh of relief. The medicinal effect of the roujiamo was too strong. He could only be on par with Bonnie after eating it. If Bonnie was to eat it too...

He could not imagine what the outcome would be like.

Bonnie looked around the restaurant. The interior was designed to be comfortable, and the distance between tables was just nice. She retracted her gaze and looked at Vicennio a little sadly as she said, “Honey, you’re really good at choosing places, but why didn’t you bring me over to a restaurant with such great ambiance in the past? You’re just eating on your own, and didn’t even care about me. That’s so upsetting.”

“Actually... I’ve also recently just discovered this restaurant. I... I was planning to give it a try and bring you over next time,” Vicennio said nervously as beads of perspiration started forming on his forehead again.

Amy was walking past with Ugly Duckling in her hands when she suddenly stopped, and curiously asked, "Hm? Mr. Feeble, don't you come over every day?"

"Little Boss, you've got it wrong!" Vicennio's face turned dark. As he saw Bonnie's smile change slowly, he explained with a stutter, "Ho... Honey, listen to me..."

"Alright, enough said. You have more than enough time to explain when we get back," Bonnie said magnanimously.

Vicennio sighed silently inside. He could already expect what would happen to him after he went back today.

"Your roujiamo, Yangzhou fried rice, and tofu puddings." Not long later, Yabemiya came over with a tray and served their food.

Vicennio quickly took the three roujiamo over to his side, and then placed the Yangzhou fried rice and sweet tofu pudding in front of Bonnie with a smile as he said, "Honey, here's your rainbow fried rice and your sweet tofu pudding. It's said that your skin will become better after eating this tofu pudding."

"And I was wondering why your skin is getting more and more supple. So you've been eating these tonics behind my back every day. Are you intending to look for other rich ladies to be your sugar mummy after I've become old and ugly?" Bonnie questioned Vicennio.

Although Vicennio really was like a gigolo... he never had such an intention!

Just Bonnie alone was enough to make his legs weak; how would he have the strength and energy to look for other rich ladies? He only ate the tofu pudding because it was really very good.

"Alright, I trust you." Bonnie watched Vicennio for a while and nodded before he could even explain himself. After that, she picked up the spoon and put the beautiful fried rice, which looked as though the rainbow was really cut up and put inside, into her mouth.

"Oh! What a delightful taste!" Just after chewing for a while, Bonnie was pleasantly surprised. The richness of each ingredient exploded in her mouth, and the more she chewed, the better it tasted. It was the taste of bliss.

After swallowing her food, she could not help but scoop another mouthful up as she could not resist immersing herself in the delicacy.

Vicennio watched Bonnie beam with happiness and heaved a sigh of relief. He picked up the roujiamo, the two layers of soft and crispy aromatic bai ji bread with the tender braised meat in between. The fragrance of the juicy meat oozed out with just one bite, making every taste bud on his tongue tingle with joy.

He closed his eyes and felt the blood in his body rush to every part of his body, filling up all the emptiness, making him feel replenished.

Chapter 1136: Dear, You Are So, So Naughty!

After eating a bowl of delightful Yangzhou fried rice and a helping of sweet tofu pudding, Bonnie licked her lips, and her gaze landed on the last roujiamo next to Vicennio's hand.

How could she eat so quickly! Vicennio was shocked as he was only halfway through his second roujiamo. He slowly turned his body to block Bonnie's vision, and quickly took a big bite of the roujiamo. He had to finish it as soon as possible.

"Dear, looks like you are not able to finish that. I will help you with the last one." One hand glided across his body before snatching that roujiamo away.

"No!!!" Vicennio was alarmed as he glared at the hand that grabbed the roujiamo slowly retracted back. He forced himself to stay calm while he said to Bonnie, "Dear, this... this roujiamo isn't suitable for you. Why don't you have an ice cream? That is also something very nice."

"No way. I have to find out what this roujiamo tastes like today." Bonnie shook her head, and then took a bite of the roujiamo in front of Vicennio's gradually widening eyes.

"Crack."

The crispy skin gave out a light "cackling" sound, and the braised meat in between the soft and fragrant bai ji bread released its juice instantly. Different from the Yangzhou fried rice delightful scrumptiousness, the meat was full and domineering as if a pail of water was splashed over boiling oil. The taste buds were brought to life instantaneously.

What was more unbelievable was that after swallowing it, it became a fiery hot breath that ran on a rampage throughout the body. As if a tiny monster had gone in, it made the person restless. The whole body felt heated up.

"Mmm~"

Bonnie's mouth opened slightly, and she gave out a moan of rapture with a flushing face.

"Rip~"

At the same time, a distinct sound of cloth ripping could be heard. Bonnie's collar was burst open, and her ample breasts almost spilled out.

"Oh! This feeling is simply too lovely!"

Bonnie didn't notice her ripped clothes, as she had only had one thought left in her mind. She didn't feel uncomfortable after the initial heat had disappeared. Instead, she felt warm and tingling, and the tiredness from last night's and this morning's "fierce battles" was totally gone. She even had the sensation that she could go for another 300 rounds.

*Oh sh*t!* Vicennio reached out to cover Bonnie's exposed chest, and his mind went completely blank. It was over for him today.

Bonnie opened her eyes and looked at Vicennio seductively. She hit him in his chest with her fist, and coquettishly said, "Dear, you are so, so naughty! You actually keep such good stuff all to yourself."

"I..." Vicennio wanted to cry.

“I’ll teach you a lesson when we get back.” Bonnie licked her lips and continued eating the roujiamo.

I didn’t expect a restaurant that looks so decent actually sells this kind of drugs, and it’s made to taste so good. This boss is really a genius. Bonnie’s gaze moved toward the kitchen. No wonder her husband had gotten more and more “formidable” recently. He had come here for a boost every single day.

Vicennio finished the two roujiamos in a daze and settled the bill. He followed Bonnie out of the restaurant, distracted.

“Listen to me, Dear. The weather is lovely today, why don’t we—” Vicennio said with a straight face after boarding the carriage.

“Why don’t we do something exciting? We haven’t done it on a moving carriage before.” Bonnie had a devilish smile. She was already lying atop of him, and began to undress and herself.

The driver driving the carriage felt an unusual rocking and weird sounds coming from the carriage. He decided to concentrate on his driving, and continued the journey calmly.

...

“Are you asking me to be the judge of the duel?” In the Food Association Building, Robert was staring at Sith with surprise.

Sith nodded. “Yes. Mr. Mag has already accepted my challenge, so I would like to invite you to be our main judge for this duel.”

The first runner-up was challenging the champion of the Soup Rankings. This was the first duel after the Delicious Cuisine Rankings was announced.

The current Delicious Cuisine Rankings created a big hoo-ha initially when Mamy Restaurant conquered all the six rankings. They were mostly bad reviews and defamations of the Delicious Cuisine Rankings.

However, as time went on, this sincerely done ranking managed to gain the foodies’ recognition with all the delicacies. Even the most controversial Mamy Restaurant had turned the bad reviews around after more and more customers tried it for themselves and spread the words of praise. It had basically set itself up as the best restaurant in Chaos City.

However, although everything was good with Mamy Restaurant, the soup part was indeed a little weak.

Robert was also Mamy Restaurant’s regular customer. He had eaten the Braised chicken and rice a couple times. The taste was good and the soup was delicious.

But to say that it was a soup dish was a bit too much as it had only a small amount to cover the rice.

The Sith Restaurant’s freshwater seafood soup was indeed one of the best in soup dishes. Robert also had it frequently.

After pondering, Robert nodded in agreement. “Since this is the case, I will agree to be the judge of this soup duel.”

Culinary arts needed innovation so they could bring more tasty food to the people. To make the culinary scene more vibrant, reasonable competition would be to promote innovation.

Boss Mag was indeed undeniably a genius. Every dish of his was very imaginative. His revolutionary cooking style had rejuvenated the entire culinary scene.

Since both parties had already agreed, he, the president of the Food Association, being present at the duel could encourage more chefs to innovate.

Happy, Sith quickly replied, "We will bother you, then. The time of the duel is 4.30 pm today at Mamy Restaurant's entrance."

After coming out of the Food Association, Sith went to visit the vile-tongued critic, Febid.

"What? You want to duel with Boss Mag?" Febid, who was writing his manuscript, lifted his head and looked at Sith as if he was an idiot. "Are you feeling itchy?"

Sith wanted to explain himself. "Mr. Febid, I—"

"Okay, since I am free this afternoon and have planned to go and eat at Mamy Restaurant tonight, I might as well be your judge," Febid interrupted Sith, and then continued writing his manuscript. "You may leave. I still have to work."

"Thank you." Sith turned and went out. Although he knew that was how Febid's character was, he was still spurred on by his sarcasm.

Sith clenched his fists, and determinedly said to himself, "My freshwater seafood soup will not lose to anybody."

Sith went to find another three rather well-known culinary experts, and invited them to be the duel's judges before returning to the restaurant to prepare for the duel.

At 4 o'clock, there was already a crowd gathering outside of Mamy Restaurant, waiting for a good show.

But, at this moment, there was only a stove and a dark brown wine urn that was placed over the stove.

Chapter 1137: Soup Duel

"Is that the soup that Mamy Restaurant's boss is going to use for the duel? Why is no one watching over it? Aren't they too nonchalant?"

"Yes. I came here to support the Sith Restaurant's freshwater seafood soup. It is the irreplaceable number one soup in my heart."

"I heard the boss is going to use a new dish to compete with Boss Sith. He is a little too confident."

"There is no aroma at all. Is he just cooking water?"

Many in the crowd came to watch a show after hearing about the duel. This restaurant was still closed, and there was nobody in sight. There was only a stove set up at the entrance with a wine urn cooking on top of it. The surrounding crowd was discussing in hushed voices to pass time before the duel could start.

The restaurant's regulars behaved rather calmly. Even though not many people had tried the 'Buddha jumps over the wall' yesterday, the aroma that caused a prisoner to break out from the prison next door, and resulted in the simultaneous appearance of the city lord, lord of the Gray Temple, and the warden lingered in everybody's mind.

"Excuse me, Sith Restaurant is coming through." Right at this moment, a horse-drawn carriage came; a bald guy was yelling loudly on it. Everyone gave way, and the carriage stopped at the restaurant's entrance.

Sith came out from the carriage, and was stunned by the wine urn in front of the door. Could this be the soup that Mag was going to use to duel with him? This was the first time that he had ever seen cookware like this.

"Heh. All he knows is using unusual things to attract attention." The bald guy smirked as he began to offload all kinds of kitchenware with a young chap. Very soon, a very professional stove was set up in front of Mamy Restaurant. Pots and pans and all kinds of different knives and kitchenware were present.

"That's right. That looks like a professional chef. How is putting an urn here competing?" Everyone's interest was piqued after watching the Sith Restaurant's people work.

Cooking was nothing unusual, but creating delicious food was a very demanding art form.

The same kitchenware, the same ingredients, and even the same steps could result in totally different taste when different people made it.

Sith Restaurant had become a well-known restaurant from a small restaurant in Chaos City because it had ranked second on the Soup rankings.

Everyone was curious about how the famous freshwater seafood soup was made.

Sith looked at the tightly shut restaurant's door, and retrieved his gaze. He began to check on the kitchenware and spices, and then said to the bald guy, "Are the ingredients ready?"

"I have already told them. They should be on their way here now. Old Joseph always fishes at the cleanest area. The quality is the best." The bald guy nodded.

"Boss Sith, I have delivered the fish and shrimp you requested." Right at this moment, a voice spoke up, and everyone split up to let an old man with white hair carrying a wooden bucket through. He heaved a breath of relief after putting down the bucket.

There were river shrimp, fish, and flower clams swimming happily in half a bucketful of clear and clean water.

"Wah, this river is really very clean, and these freshwater seafood items are so fresh too."

"These were just caught from the river? Only the freshly caught ones are so energetic."

"The Sith Restaurant is indeed using the freshest ingredients. We can see how clean and fresh they are. No wonder the soup always tastes so fresh and tasty."

The people stepped forward to have a look and started praising them.

“Thank you very much, Old Joseph.” Sith also smiled after seeing the freshwater seafood in the wooden bucket. Old Joseph always delivered the best quality freshwater seafood. This time was no exception too.

The bald guy paid Old Joseph, and then poured the fishes and shrimps carefully into a pre-prepared wooden basin.

After the stove and the ingredients were set up, Sith took a look at the time. It was still 10 minutes before the agreed time.

“Oh, they are already all set up?” Robert walked out from the crowd, and looked at Sith who was all prepared. His gaze then landed on that wine urn set up at the entrance, and he was taken aback. What was Boss Mag trying to do this time?

“There are so many people here. Are they afraid nobody will know that they are going to lose?” Febid said with annoyance, and arranged his clothes after he squeezed in from the crowd with much difficulty.

A middle-aged woman wearing a white mink coat walked out from the crowd, and smilingly said, “The fight between the first and the second on the Soup Rankings is really one duel that I look forward to.”

“Yes. I heard that Mr. Mag has a new item again. I am looking forward to it too.” Old Master Avis walked out with a smile and greeted Robert.

“All my respected seniors are here. It makes me look out of place. Boss Sith should have told me, or how else would I dare to show off in front of you.” A young man in blue long robes walked out smilingly.

“Wow, what an amazing lineup of judges!”

“The president of Food Association, Mr. Robert, the vicious food critic, Mr. Febid, the queen of the culinary who just returned from Rodu, Candice, former chef of Reid’s roast pig, Old Master Avis, and... Randy who just became the special columnist for the magazine ‘Meatatarianism’. This lineup... is indeed awe-inspiring”

The surrounding crowd was all shocked to see the five people who came. They didn’t expect a duel like this would attract judges of such high standards. It seemed like Boss Sith really wanted the experts’ verification on the outcome of this duel if he invited them.

Robert glanced at his watch, and doubtfully said, “It’s almost time. Boss Mag is still not coming out yet?”

“Seems like the boss of this restaurant is quite proud. He is still not coming out after the judges have arrived.” Candice looked at the tightly shut door with a smile.

“Ding.”

Right at this time, the restaurant’s door opened outwards, and Mag, who was wearing his chef’s uniform, walked out. He was slightly shocked to see the huge crowd who had gathered to watch the duel. Then, his gaze landed on Robert and the gang. Smiling, he said, “All of you must be today’s judges.”

“Yes, Boss Mag. The judges have arrived and the duel is about to start. Could you please provide seating for the judges?” Sith said to Mag.

“It’s my pleasure,” Mag said, and then turned with a smile to the bald guy who was smirking at the side. “My service staff are all ladies, can this strong gentleman help us move the tables and chairs, please?”

“Me?” The bald guy was taken aback.

“Just go. The duel is starting soon,” Sith said when the other party was about to refuse.

“Yes.” The bald guy swallowed his words. He called the two young servers to help place the few tables at the door together to make up the judges’ table.

All the judges took their seats.

Robert was sitting in the middle. He said to both Mag and Sith, “Boss Mag and Boss Sith are both exceptional chefs. Today, we are having a culinary duel with soup. The five of us will be your judges, and we will decide the outcome by voting. Do the two of you agree with this?”

Chapter 1138: Please Wake Up

“No objections.” Mag nodded. Sith could be considered a fair person. The judges he found were all respectable figures who weren’t biased.

“No objections.” Sith also nodded.

Robert glanced at his watch, and said, “Alright, according to the agreement, this culinary duel will begin in three minutes. Please get ready.”

Sith went back to the cooking bench, and started his last preparatory work.

Sith Restaurant’s workers and assistant chefs were all very nervous. After all, this duel would affect Sith Restaurant’s reputation and future. Whether it was success or failure, it all depended on this duel.

In contrast to the nervousness of the people from Sith Restaurant, the view on Mamy Restaurant’s side was completely different.

“Boss, please take a seat.” Yabemiya brought a chair over and placed it by the fireplace. After that, she stood behind the chair.

“Thank you.” Mag nodded slightly. He sat by the warm fireplace and crossed his legs comfortably as he closed his eyes. This fireplace was really well done. There was even a light scent from the fruit tree charcoal.

All he needed to do for the ‘Buddha jumps over the wall’ was to put it on top of the stove to stew. When the time was up, he just had to take it off the stove, so all that was left right now was to wait.

Elizabeth and the others were also standing neatly in a row behind Mag, looking very relaxed.

Amy brought a little stool over, and carried Ugly Duckling as she went over to sit beside Mag. She raised her little arms out, bringing Ugly Duckling towards the fireplace, scaring it so much that it tightly gripped her little arms, causing a roar of laughter.

Anna stood at the side, grabbing Ugly Duckling's frantically swaying tail carefully in case it really ended up sending its tail into the fireplace. If that really happened, it would really become very ugly.

"Say, is this really a proper culinary duel? Why does it seem like the owner and employees of Mamy Restaurant are just here to enjoy a show?"

"This owner is pretty honest. And all these staff, aren't they a little too pretty? What a winner in life!"

"But aren't those two little girls a little too cute?!"

"Ah, that little kitty is so pitiful, I want to take its place!"

Outside Mamy Restaurant, there were already around 500 people gathering to watch. Most of them came especially to line up for food later. The rest came just to watch a show after hearing about the duel.

However, everyone was surprised when they saw the crew of the Mamy Restaurant. Of course, most of them were attracted by Amy, who was teasing Ugly Duckling, and Anna, who was standing beside Amy.

The cute little girl and that adorable ball of fur were certainly an attention grabber.

The neat row of women also made people's eyes light up. They were already looking at Mag with jealousy and envy.

That was because he looked way too relaxed, so much so that it felt like they were the real audience to this show. But wasn't he supposed to be the main character of this duel?

Candice looked at Mag, and unhappily said, "Mamy Restaurant's owner is quite pretentious. The duel is starting soon, but instead of making preparations, he even got himself a chair to sit on."

To be able to obtain the title of the Queen of the Culinary in Rodu, Candice put in multiple times the effort men had. She got to where she was—the top 10 most influential chefs in Rodu—step by step amidst all the doubts and mockery.

As a woman of action, she hated chefs who were all fluff. These fellows usually had bigger temper than capabilities, and would not be able to amount to anything.

To her, Mag was arrogant and did not take this duel seriously.

"Has he already given up on the duel?" Avis was also baffled as he looked at Mag.

"I find this owner pretty interesting. He is someone who knows how to enjoy life." Randy smiled. He looked at Mag and the four service staff members behind him of varying styles, and smiled even more broadly. "It must be such enjoyment to dine in this restaurant."

Sith glanced at the leisurely Mag, and then at the vat of wine on the stove at the side.

Mag had already told him that the soup he was brewing would take a very long time, so he would start cooking beforehand. It seemed that this vat contained the soup that he would be competing with today.

"So pretentious. I'll see if he's still able to sleep when he loses," the bald man mumbled as he looked at Mag unhappily.

“Change the water and get ready to start cooking,” Sith said calmly and retracted his gaze as he felt a sense of uneasiness.

Although he was very confident in the freshwater seafood soup that was passed down by his ancestors, Mag’s relaxed look made him uncertain. *What exactly is this new product he is launching? Is it really better than braised chicken soup?*

“Mr. Mag is a humble and polite person. He is also a chef who takes culinary arts very seriously. Mr. Sith told me that Mr. Mag would start cooking beforehand because the soup that he is making takes a lot of time. Both parties did not have any disagreements over it,” Robert explained with a smile.

Candice scoffed, and mocked, “Heh, since the duration isn’t the same, this is not a fair duel. I’ve never heard of such a weird culinary duel. Who can guarantee that he is the one who made this soup? Then what’s the point of this duel?”

“Yeah, isn’t that too unfair? Before Boss Sith even starts, that owner had already started.”

“Yeah, who knows who made this pot of soup? Someone else might have made it.” The Queen of Culinary was sharp to pinpoint the problem immediately.

After Candice spoke, the crowd became hyped up with curiosity. They quickly started looking for some loopholes and formed conspiracy theories.

“Why are all these people spouting nonsense? This is Boss’s hard work!” Yabemiya looked at Candice angrily. How could this lady be a judge? It would be terrible if she was already on Sith’s side before the duel even starts.

Mamy Restaurant’s regulars were all indignant when they heard the comments.

“Boss Mag getting someone to cook for him is probably the best joke I’ve heard the entire year?” Harrison could not hold his laughter back.

This comment also made the regulars of Mamy Restaurant burst into laughter.

Mag, who was almost falling asleep, opened his eyes and smiled at Candice as he said, “Miss, I suggest you watch your words before you get the facts right.

“Boss Sith was the one who challenged me to the duel. He was also the one who suggested the theme and format for this duel. I set the time and location, and told him that the soup that I was making would take five hours to finish. In order not to waste everyone’s time, I would start cooking first.”

“As for getting someone else to cook on my behalf, please wake up. This is a duel between the first and second placing on the soup rankings. Mamy Restaurant is in the first place. May I ask, which ranking’s chef am I supposed to ask to help me make this pot of soup to take up this duel where the chef’s dignity is on the line?”

Chapter 1139: Is This A Solo Culinary Skills Performance?

The chattering stopped all of a sudden, and the entrance area of Mamy Restaurant fell silent. Those who were still going on about the competition being unfair and that Mamy Restaurant could have cheated all shut their mouths as they felt their faces grow hotter.

Candice was dumbfounded. Mag's words were like a slap to her face, blatantly mocking her intelligence. All of a sudden, rage started burning within her.

But just as he had said, since this was a duel between the first and second, if he could find a chef better than Sith to help him, Sith would still not be first.

Besides, the rules of the duel would stand as long as both parties agreed to them, and she could not say anything about that.

Candice was pent up with anger, but she could not vent it. Her wrinkled face was red with fury; as she looked at that vat with a scoff, she said, "In my 40 years of cooking experience, I've never heard of any soup that requires more than five hours of cooking. It wouldn't even take that long to cook a magic beast's tendons until they become soft."

Smiling, Mag replied, "It's alright, maybe you cannot understand why a soup would need more than five hours, and maybe you've never tried the deliciousness of a soup made by simmering bones over a small fire, but a chef using his own experience to mock other chefs' cooking methods is not a portrayal of knowledge or power. There are a lot of things that you've not heard of."

"You..." Candice shook with anger. As a senior in the world of chefs, she was usually treated with a lot of respect. She only agreed to be the judge of this duel because Sith was very sincere just now. She did not think that she would be mocked by a young junior now.

Ignoring Candice, Mag turned to say to Robert, "It's time for the duel. Considering that Boss Sith's time is a little tight, we should start the duel now."

"Alright, let the duel begin." Robert nodded, and that was how that argument ended.

"Madam Candice, take it easy. We should focus on the duel first." Robert turned to Candice, who was beside him, and consoled her.

"Hmph, such a rude person would never be able to make anything delicious." Candice snorted. She had already decided to give her vote to Sith no matter what kind of soup Mag made.

After she had returned to Chaos City, the only meal that she had eaten outside was the freshwater seafood soup from Sith Restaurant. It was a pleasant surprise for her indeed. Even if it was in Rodu, this soup would be able to make it into the top 10 just under the soup rankings.

This owner... is quite impressive. He is sharp with his words, but not exactly ungentlemanly. He's a silent killer. Randy looked at Mag in shock. *What a genius.*

He had yet to submit the Meatatarianism article for this month. After staying at home for a month, he was having a writer's block, so part of the reason he agreed to Sith's request to be a judge today was to come out to look for some inspiration. At the same time, he intended to go through the meat category rankings on the Delicious Cuisine Rankings. He only knew today that the rankings on the Delicious Cuisine Rankings had changed.

Is this fellow trying to snatch my rice bowl? Febid looked at Mag with increased caution. He felt as though he had met someone as good as he was at retorting.

1

“Boss Mag is Boss Mag indeed. He’s good at cooking and also good at talking.”

“Hahaha. I’ve already become Boss Mag’s fangirl.”

The regulars of Mamy Restaurant were all hyped up and brimming with confidence after Mag burnt Candice.

“This guy is even willing to go against a judge. It looks like we’ll win this today.” The bald man snickered. There was no doubt that Candice’s vote would go to Sith Restaurant.

Sith watched Mag and his heart felt heavier. He retracted his gaze. He took a deep breath to calm himself down, and picked up a pair of scissors to start preparing the fish and shrimp that were still flopping around as he officially began working on his freshwater seafood soup.

Mag closed his eyes once again now that Candice did not say anything further. After a while, he opened his eyes again, and turned to ask the women behind him, “Are you hungry? Why don’t we eat first?”

“Hm?” The women were all stunned.

“Yes!” Amy, who was playing with Ugly Duckling together with Anna, stood right up as she nodded her little head, and said, “Me, me, me. Father, I want to eat.”

“There’s still half an hour anyway. Let’s eat first. We’ll have to start our business again later. It’s not good to work on an empty stomach.” Mag nodded, got up, and walked into the shop.

The women all followed him into the restaurant.

“That’s... such a show-off.”

Everyone was dumbfounded by the group’s sudden departure to eat.

“Brazen! Simply brazen!” Candice said coldly. She had never heard of a candidate who went to eat while the judges were left hanging!

“Yeah, how can he not bring us along, that’s too much...” Febid craned his neck and called out to Mag, “Boss Mag, bring some for me.”

“It’s not operation hours yet. Please line up,” Mag replied calmly. The door closed behind them slowly, leaving everyone else in shock.

The food was already made, so when Miya and the others brought the dishes out, they could already begin eating.

“Boss, isn’t that a little too much? Wouldn’t they vote for the other person because of this?” Miya asked worriedly.

“It’s alright. The duel is just a small thing anyway. We don’t have to let it affect our usual eating and operating hours.” Mag put some fish meat in Amy’s bowl and continued eating.

There might be more of these challenges to come in the future, but Mag had already decided to reject all the meaningless duels. He would rather spend time playing with Amy rather than waste his time and effort on such things.

Outside the restaurant, hundreds of people gathered to watch this weird culinary duel.

On one side, there was Boss Sith standing behind a professional cooking bench, preparing the fish and shrimp. As the aroma from the pot of soup grew stronger under his fluid motions, the audience started to gasp in awe.

On the other side, there was a lone stove with a big brown vat on top of it. There was nothing worth admiring about it.

A random passerby peeked in, and asked, "What's this? Is this a solo culinary skills performance?"

"Probably." Someone who had been watching for a very long time nodded. He had never seen such a strange duel. Some even thought that the owner of Mamy Restaurant had already given up on this duel.

After some time had passed, Sith opened the lid of the pot, and the aroma of the soup wafted out as the milky white soup bubbled. After he added some spring onions, Sith turned the fire off, and scooped up bowls of piping hot freshwater seafood soup to bring to the five judges.

"Smells so good!"

Everyone's eyes were glued to the bowls of freshwater seafood soup.

"Ding!"

Just then, the bell hanging on the door of Mamy Restaurant rang. The door opened, and Mag walked out calmly.

Chapter 1140: Boss Mag Opened The Lid!

There was something special about watching a chef cook—when the lid opened, the aroma would satisfy everyone's imagination, and although they had not tasted the food, they somehow would be very certain that it would definitely be very enticing and delicious.

At this moment, that was what the crowd and the five judges felt. The milky white freshwater seafood soup was wafting with the fresh scent of seafood mixed with the secret recipe soup base, making one feel satisfied just by smelling it.

The crisp sound of the bell attracted everyone's attention to Mag, who was walking out of the restaurant. Because Mag left for dinner halfway through, people almost forgot that it was a duel.

"It seems like Boss Sith's freshwater seafood soup is completed." Mag glanced at the huge bowl of freshwater seafood soup in front of the judges, and then at the expressions of the crowd. It seemed as though many were unhappy about him leaving halfway for dinner.

"This owner is so rude."

“Exactly, first he talked back to the judge, then he left halfway during the duel. Now Boss Sith’s freshwater seafood soup is already in front of the judges. What is he going to compete with?”

“Yeah. This freshwater seafood soup smells too good. It’s pure wild freshwater seafood. Everyone can tell how fresh the ingredients are. I’m definitely going to Sith Restaurant to try this freshwater seafood soup.”

The crowd mumbled amongst themselves. They basically did not think that Mag would win.

“Boss Mag, this is for you.” Sith brought a bowl of seafood soup over for Mag.

Mag glanced at Sith. *Seems like he is really very confident about his freshwater seafood soup. Is he trying to make me convinced about my loss?*

In that case, wouldn’t he have to also give him a bowl of his soup?

Wouldn’t that be too cruel?

Mag was hesitant.

“I think that no matter what the result is, we should obtain each other’s acknowledgment,” Sith said with a smile.

Mag reached over to receive the bowl of soup and nodded with a smile as he said, “You’re right, but my soup is almost ready too. Let’s have it together.” As he said that, Mag placed the bowl of soup carefully on the table at the side.

Candice lowered her head and smelled the soup before praising, “This freshwater seafood soup is milky white, thick but not creamy. It perfectly brought out the freshness of the seafood, and blended them very well into a bowl of soup. It is a really good soup.” She picked up her spoon and scooped a spoonful of soup, putting it to her lips to blow on it softly before taking a sip.

The warm freshwater seafood soup was mild and smooth. Although this was not the first time Candice tried this soup, she still could not help but praise, “The freshness of the freshwater fish, tenderness of the river clams, and sweetness of the river shrimps are all perfectly blended within this spoonful of soup, yet its unique flavor teases the taste buds and is such a surprise. This is indeed delicious.”

“Wow, the legendary icy Queen of the Culinary actually gave such a high praise. It looks like Boss Sith is really going to win this time!” someone exclaimed softly.

Febid picked up a spoon and drank a spoonful. He let the taste linger in his mouth for a while, and then nodded slightly, and said, “Mm, this soup is a little light, it’s still lacking a little in seasoning, but it did very well in bringing out the flavors of the ingredients. I don’t think anyone would be able to match up to this standard with freshwater seafood as the ingredients. This is a good soup.”

“Febid, the food critic with a wicked tongue, actually praised Boss Sith so highly. It looks like his vote is secured too!” the bald man mumbled excitedly, looking as though victory was already in his hands.

“Boss Sith’s culinary skills are still as stable as before. One will never tire of this bowl of freshwater seafood soup. Although the seafood in winter isn’t as plump as in fall, the texture is better, and it has a delectable taste to it. This is a good soup.” Robert also praised it with a nod after taking a few sips.

Old Master Avis took a few sips, and looked at Sith with a smile as he said, "The best freshwater seafood soup in Rodu is from Roth Restaurant. It once was titled the best dish at the Roth Empire's imperial banquet. Chef Sith is already 80% there with this freshwater seafood soup. If improvements are made to the seasoning and the other side ingredients, it is possible for this to surpass Roth Restaurant's freshwater seafood soup one day."

"The president and Old Master Avis gave him really good comments too. The four judges had already recognized his skills. Is the result of this duel already out?" Everyone looked at Randy. What would be the comment of this young food critic?

"Oh no, these judges seemed to be very satisfied with this freshwater seafood soup. Is Boss Mag really going to lose?" The regulars of Mamy Restaurant were all very nervous. Although they were very confident in Boss Mag's culinary skills, it seemed like this opponent was no small fry as well.

"Boss... will win, right?" Miya clenched her fists nervously. Although Mag had never lost, this situation was too nerve-racking.

"Don't worry. Father is really good. He will definitely win," Amy said confidently as she watched Mag lower the flame on the stove.

"Yeah, Uncle Mag is the best chef." Anna also nodded her little head as she looked at Mag with admiration.

"I'm going to become complacent if you praise me like that," Mag said with a smile as he turned back to look at the two girls. He was in a very good mood.

Mag put on his gloves to get ready to open the lid. On the other side, Randy picked up his chopsticks with a smile, and said, "The seniors all commented on the soup. As a meatatarian, I will try the seafood in the soup first."

After he said that, he picked a small fish up. Although it had been cooking in the soup for a very long time, the meat of the fish did not fall off, and remained as it was.

He put the small fish in a small bowl, and picked up a piece of meat to eat.

"Because it was cooked for the soup, this fish is very bland, and since it was cooked for a very long time, the meat is also a little dry."

Following that, he scooped up some soup and ate it with the fish.

"Mm, this is way better. The soup is very rich, and it makes up for the bland meat. Also, this soup is richer and more flavorful than I thought it would be. It would be the best soup I've had in Chaos City if we were only talking about the soup.

"Next, let's try the river shrimp. My favorite dish is stir-fried shrimps. I wonder what the shrimp would taste like in this soup. Let's remove the head first, then squeeze out the insides, peel off its soft-shell, and now—"

"Boss Mag opened the lid!"

Just then, someone exclaimed loudly.

A rich fragrance wafted all over the place like crashing waves. The crowd that was absorbed in Randy's comments all turned over to look.