

## Stay At home 1141

### Chapter 1141: Boss Mag Is Too Stingy!

“Oh my heavens! Smells so good!!!”

Everyone’s gaze landed on the huge wine urn that was simmering on the stove at the restaurant’s entrance. The urn’s seal was removed, and that incredible aroma had come from that urn.

If the freshwater seafood soup’s aroma could be described as enticing, then this aroma would be jaw-dropping. It appeared instantly when the lid was removed.

The intense aroma seeped out, and instantly covered the aroma of the freshwater seafood soup. It was a wonderful combination of seafood, meat, mushrooms... and a faint wine fragrance. It brought out the most unbelievable aroma that made one trapped within it.

The crowd jeering earlier shut their mouths. They swallowed as they stared at the wine urn. What was in there? And why did it give out such a beautiful smell!?

“How... could this be...” The bald guy’s mouth was agape. Even though he didn’t want to acknowledge it, this never-ending aroma that seeped into his nose had already destroyed most of his confidence.

Sith slowly clenched his fists and thought, *This is the ‘Buddha jumps over the wall’? Its aroma is indeed above that of freshwater seafood soup. But, ultimately the taste is the most important aspect of the duel.* His gaze had become nervous.

“This aroma... is simply too outstanding!” Randy had forgotten to put the shrimp he had peeled into his mouth. He opened his mouth slightly and extended his neck to look at the wine urn.

“This aroma. How could this be!” Candice, who was drinking the soup, suddenly raised her head and looked at Mag in disbelief.

Robert, Febid, and Avis also put their spoons down and stared at Mag in a shock. Obviously, they were taken aback by the aroma.

Yabemiya came up with a stack of small bowls, and softly asked, “Boss, are we really using such small bowls? Won’t they be too small?”

“They are not paying, so just a small bowl will do,” Mag said in a hushed voice discreetly. He took the bowls and started to fill them up.

He filled up six small bowls of ‘Buddha jumps over the wall’. There were four pieces of ingredients in each bowl, and they differed in each bowl.

“Send these over to the judges and Boss Sith.” Mag put away the ladle, smiling, and said to them, “‘Buddha jumps over the wall’, please taste it.”

Bowls of ‘Buddha jumps over the wall’ were placed in front of the judges, and the last bowl was given to Sith.

Mag lifted the bowl of freshwater seafood soup that Sith gave to him earlier, and gestured to Sith before using a spoon to drink a sip. The texture was smooth, fresh, and fragrant. The freshness of freshwater seafood was displayed to a perfection without any hint of fishiness. It was a good bowl of soup, much better than most chefs'.

"Good soup." Mag gave Sith a thumbs-up, and then placed the bowl aside. He was feeling too full to drink another bowl of soup.

Sith's mouth twitched as he looked at the bowl that was put aside by Mag. He couldn't decipher if Mag's words were sincere praise or he was just being polite.

The 'Buddha jumps over the wall' was placed in front of the judges. Compared to the big bowl of freshwater seafood soup, the small bowl of 'Buddha jumps over the wall' seemed a little petite. It was only about one-fifth of the freshwater seafood soup.

"Even though this soup smells tantalizing, this boss is too stingy. He only gave them such a small bowl," someone in the crowd commented.

However, the majority of the people's attention was on the five judges now. Both parties had already presented their soups. The result was now in the hands of the judges.

*This soup... How did he do it?* Candice stared at the little bowl of dark brown soup with puzzlement. There was a piece of transparent shark's fins, a piece of chicken, a piece of mushroom, and an unknown piece of meat.

She had stayed in Rodu for 40 over years. Most of her friends were chefs, and she had tasted numerous delicacies, but she had never encountered a soup with such an invasive aroma.

Furthermore, this invasiveness wasn't off-putting. Instead, it made her want to simply surrender and face the impulsiveness head-on.

Of course, the use of such words was inappropriate, but that was exactly how she was feeling now.

A seemingly messy combination had merged into an irresistible amazing aroma perfectly. This was simply unbelievable.

Soup was always viewed as the side dish on the dining table.

However, if there were a table full of dishes now, even if it was the court banquet, this soup's aroma would already make it the absolute main dish.

Mag's previous arrogant behavior gave her a rather bad impression, but this soup made her unable to resist wanting to try it.

*As a fair judge, it's my duty to taste it. I will force myself to do it.* Candice tried to convince herself in her heart before picking the spoon to scoop one spoonful into her mouth.

The tasty broth slowly nourished the taste buds, and then it raised a madness like a thunderstorm!

The freshness of the seafood, the richness of the meat, the fragrance of the mushrooms... All the tastes of the different ingredients slowly entered the stage and released their amazing tastes on the tongue. It was played out on the tip of the tongue like a mesmerizing musical ensemble.

After swallowing the soup, Candice uncontrollably praised, "Oh! Unbelievable taste! How did the tastes of so many different ingredients come together in such a small mouthful of soup? Not only is it not abrupt, the rich layering makes one mesmerized. This is a master's level cooking skill. It's astonishing."

She felt it was inappropriate as soon as she said the words, but looking at the wonderful bowl of 'Buddha jumps over the wall', she couldn't lie. That would be profanity to her beliefs and decades of perseverance to her career.

After a moment of silence, astonished looks began to appear on the faces of the surrounding crowd.

Mag had rebutted the Queen of the Culinary earlier, and now she was heaping praises on the 'Buddha jumps over the wall'. This was too unbelievable.

"Boss Mag indeed never disappoints." Febid stared at the tiny bowl in front of him, and fed himself a spoonful with tears in his eyes.

There was a turning point in his career, and that was the duel between Mag and Ricky. As an outstanding brutally honest critic, the only negative comment he could come up with for Mag was his stinginess. This gave him a serious reservation about his profession.

Because of this, he had to stop writing for a week. Then, he recollected himself and went to Mamy Restaurant to nitpick and regain his confidence.

From that day onward, every day was a downward spiral.

And it continued to spiral down and down.

Until now, the only negative comment he could come up with was still: Boss Mag was too stingy!

This...

...was seriously disappointing.

The scrumptious soup washed over the taste buds, and the layering of the dozens of ingredients was astonishing. The combined flavor was so mesmerizing as if he was floating in the warm spring water. It was so comfortable that he wanted to go to sleep.

"As expected... Boss Mag is still so stingy!"

Febid opened his eyes to look at that little bowl with tears in his eyes.

#### **Chapter 1142: Boss Mag, One More Bowl Please!**

"This must be the pinnacle of soups. An unsurpassable pinnacle," Febid praised lavishly as he held the tiny bowl and drank from it gingerly. He was not even going to spill a single drop.

“Mr Febid who’s famous for being brutally honest actually gave such a comment. It’s too unbelievable.” Everyone was shocked to hear that. Those who knew Febid’s culinary criticism style found it even more unbelievable.

“See, I told you so. I said Boss Mag would definitely win. I tasted the ‘Buddha jumps over the wall’ yesterday. That taste... tsk tsk, it was simply unforgettable,” Harrison said to that freshwater seafood soup’s fanatic fan next to him smugly.

The fanatic fan snickered, but he was obviously losing his confidence as he said, “Heh. There are still three of them. The winner is not out yet.”

*Looks like Mr. Mag’s new product has brought excellent innovation again.* Robert’s eyes lit up too.

During this time, many restaurants in Chaos City had started to copy and learn Mamy Restaurant’s cooking style, and came up with new dishes.

Chaos City’s culinary world that had been stagnant for the past few years had begun to enter into a flourishing period of time.

Even though there still weren’t any new dishes that were amazing and revolutionary, this was a good phenomenon, and it gave plenty of surprises to the foodies as they could discover more and more new and interesting dishes.

A one-man show that led the culinary trends. This had never happened in the history of Chaos City, and even in the history of Norland Continent, before. Mr. Mag could become a man that was written about in the history books because of food.

Robert fed himself a spoonful of soup, and his eyes lit up brighter and brighter. The delicious soup was meaty but not greasy. The distinct layering of ingredients was amazing. He wanted to decipher each and every one of them, but there simply too many of them for him to do so. Some were even unknown to him.

After swallowing the ‘Buddha jumps over the wall’, Robert smiled. “Seems like there will be a change for the next Delicious Cuisine Rankings.”

Avis took a sip of the soup too. The scrumptious taste of ‘Buddha jumps over the wall’ blossomed in his mouth with a strong impact that made him appear shocked.

*The rising generation is to be reckoned with.* Avis gazed at Mag and marvelled in his heart. He had ranked Mag in the first place for the Meat Rankings. Both red braised pork and peking duck had given him an intense impact.

Mag’s cooking technique and out-of-the-box cooking ideas had surpassed all chefs of this era, including all those old guys who had spent decades in the kitchen.

“If this soup is presented at the king of Roth Empire’s court banquet, it will definitely get the best dish award. I am awed and impressed with Mr. Mag’s culinary knowledge and innovation.” Avis looked at Mag and praised him sincerely.

Mag cupped his hands, and humbly replied, “You are being too kind, Sir.”

“Is the president saying that Boss Mag’s ‘Buddha jumps over the wall’ is going to take the top spot?”

“Old Master Avis’s comment for the freshwater seafood soup was a promising future, but his comment for Boss Mag’s ‘Buddha jumps over the wall’ was the court’s banquet’s best dish! Isn’t the disparity very obvious?”

“Even though they have not entered into the final voting round, the tables seem to have turned totally?”

“Haha. Boss Mag’s capabilities are not just for show.”

The surrounding crowd began to discuss spiritedly.

Sith held the tiny bowl in his hands with a pale face.

“Boss... Boss, are we going to lose?” the bald guy asked Sith softly with a panicked expression. He no longer looked smug and confident.

*He has received great comments beyond my expectations, and the interesting part is that every judge had different ingredients in their bowls for the exact same soup. Then, I will follow what I did earlier and taste the meat first.* Randy placed the shrimp that he had peeled back into the freshwater seafood soup, and used the spoon to scoop a piece of meat from the bowl. *Seems like a piece of chicken. There is indeed a rich taste of chicken broth in the soup. I just wonder, how would this piece of chicken taste after being cooked for such a long period of time?*

Randy put the diced up chicken into his mouth.

The most particular aspect when it came to cooking meat was the control of the fire and heat. When the meat was cooked for too long, it could become so dry or so mushy it lost its bite and flavor.

As an exacting meatatarian, Randy had such a high standard for meat that it was almost perverted. He had once backpacked across the entire Norland Continent in search of the perfect meat dish. This was also why he could become the youngest columnist for “Meatatarianism” ever within one short year.

The readers always commented that his words had a soul. He was a true meatatarian.

According to his experience, meat that was cooked for so long would have lost its flavor and texture.

He bit down on the chicken, and it wasn’t mushy as he thought it would be; instead, it was perfectly soft and tender. What was even more unbelievable was the rich meaty taste.

It wasn’t just the taste of chicken. The fragrance of the wine, seafood, and mushrooms and all the different aromas of different meat had merged together and seeped into the chicken. All the ingredients’ tastes were integrated with one another, and one could sense different tastes in all the ingredients. The chicken was soft but not mushy when chewed, and there was an endless aftertaste.

Randy felt his scalp had started to tingle. This had totally subverted his understanding of meat as he had never met food like this.

The taste buds had already gone crazy as they welcomed this amazing revelry. He had almost chewed his tongue off too.

He didn’t feel satisfied after he swallowed the piece of chicken. He wanted more.

"I cannot find words or phrases to describe this sensation. Even when compared to all the meat dishes I have had before, this piece of meat was among the top three I have ever tasted. What is even more unbelievable is that I actually met it in a bowl of soup. This world has gone crazy!" Randy's face was full of awe as he smiled at Mag. "I think I know what I should write for this month's column. Mr. Mag, I really should thank you."

"You are too kind." Mag gave a brief nod. He couldn't stand these so-called food critics the most. He wished they would become cooks in their next life.

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Randy retrieved his gaze and scooped up a piece of transparent shark's fin. He studied it for a moment before putting it into his mouth.

The slippery shark's fin glided into his mouth instantly. The shark's fin that had absorbed all the broth had a very amazing texture and wonderful taste. It gave him a totally different experience from the chicken.

All the five judges were tasting and scrutinizing the tiny bowl of 'Buddha jumps over the wall'. The big bowl of freshwater seafood soup at the side was totally ignored.

"Ding." Febid's spoon was the first to hit the bottom of the bowl. He lifted the tiny bowl to his mouth and tilted his head to swallow the last few drops. He said to Mag, "Boss Mag, one more bowl, please!"

#### **Chapter 1143: 5:0!!!**

"I want to have another bowl too!" Randy put down his bowl and raised his hand too. He added, "Can I have extra pieces of meat, please?"

Candice put down her spoon and wiped her mouth elegantly with her silk handkerchief. Her throat moved a little while she gazed at Mag, but she forced herself to remain quiet. She secretly panicked in her heart. *If they are going to have another bowl, I suppose I will get one too?*

Robert and Avis put down their bowls. Even though they said nothing, both of them turned their gazes on Mag.

Smiling, Mag said, "I beg your pardon. That's all I have prepared for the judges. The rest is reserved for the customers. If you would like to have some more, you are welcomed to join the line and come into the restaurant to have it."

"Boss Mag, why are you so stingy? There is still so much in that urn. You can afford to give us another small bowl," Febid said to Mag aggrievedly to show disdain to Mag's stingy behavior.

"Because of the high cost, thus..." Mag shrugged. His expression was enough to explain everything as he continued, "I guess that bowl of 'Buddha jumps over the wall' is enough for the judges to make your decisions for this duel."

"Never mind, I don't have much hope for you anyway. I would like to pre-order a bowl of 'Buddha jumps over the wall'." Febid sighed. Disregarding the judges in a culinary duel was something that only Mag

would do, but whenever he heard about Boss Mag engaging in the duel, he couldn't help but come to taste it. This feeling was simply too frustrating.

*This boss is someone with a character.* Randy wasn't annoyed; he began to look at Mag with some interest instead. He raised his hand. "I would like to pre-order one bowl too, and I will definitely go in to eat."

Robert raised his hand to request for silence before loudly saying, "Alright, since we have tried Boss Sith's and Boss Mag's soup, we will vote to decide the winner of the duel now."

"Who is going to win? I am so nervous!"

"Why do you need to be nervous? Isn't it obvious that 'Buddha jumps over the wall' is going to win?"

"Not really. Didn't that boss insult the Queen of the Culinary earlier? Maybe she is going to vote for Boss Sith."

Even though the surroundings had quieted down, there was still some mumbling going on.

Mamy Restaurant's staff were also a little expectant and nervous. The final result was going to be announced soon.

Sith hadn't touched the 'Buddha jumps over the wall' in his hand yet. Although his expression was calm, the trembling hand that was holding the bowl had betrayed his inner turmoil.

The bald guy and the Sith Restaurant's staff looked very nervous now as they glanced at Sith and the judges. They were going to be a joke if they lost.

"I am astonished by Mr. Mag's 'Buddha jumps over the wall'. It's hard to imagine that meat could be cooked to such perfection in a pot of soup. It has totally subverted my understanding of culinary cooking. Hence, I am giving my vote to Mr. Mag." Randy pointed at Mag.

"Boss Sith's freshwater seafood soup has always been making little improvements. This is not easy for chefs. His performance today can also be considered as perfect. His soup is fresh and tasty. It's indeed a very good soup." Febid praised Sith, and then pointed at Mag. "Therefore, I choose Mr. Mag."

"Two votes!"

The audience began to get nervous. According to the rules, whoever got three votes first was going to be the winner.

Candice cleared her throat, and everyone's gaze fell on her.

She had a small argument with Mag before the duel began. The audience were so curious if that was going to be the turning point of the duel.

*Please... She has to vote for Boss Sith!* The bald guy put his hands together and prayed. His dream of becoming the manager of the new branch would be over if they lost the duel.

Mag looked at Candice too. This old lady with a strong presence had the pride of a chef. She could go against her heart and choose Sith, but if she did that, he would be very disappointed.

"I have always admired Sith's humbleness and hardworking attitude. His great-grandfather was the one who brought me into profession. The freshwater seafood soup he made then was already very highly acclaimed. I have deliberately gone to try the freshwater seafood soup made by Sith when I came back to Chaos City. Initially, I was worried that it would lose its original taste after three generations.

"But I was surprised when that didn't happen. The freshwater seafood soup made by Sith still retained the essence of his grandfather's soup, but the taste and texture were improved significantly. He made the freshwater seafood soup well-known in the culinary world," Candice said to Sith with an approving smile.

Sith was slightly taken back. Even though he knew his family had a little connection with Candice, he didn't know that it was his great-grandfather who brought her into the profession. He was touched hearing her comment. He felt his lifelong work had been acknowledged. He bowed, and said, "Thank you."

Candice retrieved her gaze, and then looked at Mag with more judgement in her eyes. She said in a colder tone of voice, "I have never liked those people who are disrespectful to their elders, but I cannot deny that the 'Buddha jumps over the wall' made by Mr. Mag has surpassed all the soups I have ever tasted before, and will most likely surpass the soups that I will taste in the future. I have to give the vote to him to be true to a chef's beliefs."

"Thank you." Mag nodded. He was feeling rather surprised. He didn't expect she would vote for him after singing Sith Restaurant's praises. He was impressed with the way she handled this.

"3:0. The winner is confirmed!"

The regulars of Mamy Restaurant had begun to cheer ecstatically!

But the Sith Restaurant's fans didn't look too good. The restaurant that they supported had lost; they naturally didn't feel too good about it.

"W-what do we do now..." The bald guy had lost his cool totally. He instigated Sith to come here for a duel. He'd thought they were going to win, and now they had suffered a humiliating defeat.

"Mr. Mag's innovation spirit and capabilities have exceeded those of all the chefs I have met. He has amazing capabilities just like a magic caster. Just like I couldn't understand how cooking dozens of ingredients together in a big pot could yield such a scrumptious pot of soup," Avis said to Mag with a smile. "Although my vote isn't going to affect the result, I am still going to give my vote to Mr. Mag. The chefs in Rodu should thank Mr. Mag for not staying in the palace. Otherwise, there would be no doubt who would get all the future court banquet's best dish awards."

"Boss Sith and Mr. Mag are both great chefs of Chaos City. Because of chefs like you who persevere and innovate, the foodies of Chaos City can enjoy increasingly more delicious food." Robert pointed at Mag. "But today, Mr. Mag's 'Buddha jumps over the wall' is indeed better. I am giving my vote to Mr. Mag."

#### **Chapter 1144: Can't We Single People Eat In Peace?**

"5:0!!!"



“Boss Mag has won spectacularly!”

“Congratulations to ‘Buddha jumps over the wall’ for becoming the number one on the Soup Rankings!”

The regulars of Mamy Restaurant clapped enthusiastically to celebrate the spectacular win.

Even though they had expected Mag to win, they still felt relieved after the result was announced. They began to congratulate Mag.

The surrounding crowd began to clap too. Without any doubt, that was an exciting duel.

“Is that ‘Buddha jumps over the wall’ really so tasty? I want to try it after watching this duel. Why don’t we eat here tonight?”

“No problem. I took all my secret savings out today. I’ll treat you all to ‘Buddha jumps over the wall,’” a thin man said generously as his friends cheered.

“I guess your wife is going to chop you up when you get home later.” Harrison gazed at that man piteously. There was probably the misery of being a married man. It was still better to be a carefree single like him.

The surroundings were in an uproar, but Sith looked lost as he stared at the bowl of ‘Buddha jumps over the wall’ in his hands. He was absorbed in his own thoughts.

The bald guy and the staff of Sith Restaurant didn’t know what to do at all. They looked at Sith, but they didn’t dare to ask him. They had never expected the freshwater seafood soup would lose so horribly in the category of soup.

Mag smiled to acknowledge the congratulations as he looked at Sith. He had to be the most affected by the defeat. He wondered if he would go into a downward spiral from this point onward.

There were not many good chefs in Chaos City. Boss Sith who was focused on the freshwater seafood soup could be considered as one.

Robert and the gang were also looking at Sith with a hint of worry in their eyes.

When a person had gone to the extreme as a chef, they would usually have a strong sense of pride. How Sith could accept his failure would most likely affect how far he could go on the path as a chef.

Sith remained quiet for a long time, and just as Robert was about to stand up and speak, he fed himself a spoonful of the soup. Then, he closed his eyes.

The warm soup with the fragrance of wine, chicken, mushrooms, seafood... All the different tastes began to appear continuously. The tightly furrowed brows of Sith began to relax gradually.

After a long while, Sith opened his eyes and said to Mag, “Mr. Mag’s soup is indeed far better than the freshwater seafood soup. I admit my defeat wholeheartedly.”

“You are too kind,” Mag said, cupping his hand.

“I think I will be back to challenge Mr. Mag again. But, that would be many years later,” Sith said smilingly.

“Then, I will wait for Boss Sith to come patiently.” Mag smiled too. It seemed like this Boss Sith not only wasn’t depressed, but also had his fighting spirit spurred on instead.

Sith finished the soup and the meat together in a few gulps, and passed the bowl to Miya before saying to the bald guy, “Give 10,000 copper coins to Mr. Mag and keep our stuff. I am going back first.” Then, he bowed to the judges and turned to walk toward the horse-drawn carriage.

The bald guy took out his money bag and dug out 10 dragon coins. He gave them to Mag, and then instructed the staff to keep the kitchenware. They no longer looked arrogant, and were about to leave sheepishly.

“Wait a minute. Please help us put the tables back to their original positions,” Mag said smilingly as he kept money and stopped them from leaving.

*This chap! He’s really too much!* The bald guy stared at Mag with clenched teeth, but he still led his staff to put the tables back into their original positions.

The duel was over, and the crowd began to disperse slowly. However, there were also many spectators who were so impressed by Mag’s ‘Buddha jumps over the wall’ that they joined the line, hoping to taste the scrumptious dish that was heaped with praises.

“Thank you for working so hard, judges. I am sorry I cannot entertain you anymore, but the restaurant is about to open for service,” Mag said to the judges before walking up the steps to open the restaurant’s door wide. Then, he smiled and greeted the customers in the line. “Welcome to Mamy Restaurant.”

“Okay, let’s go and line up. I have to get in the restaurant in time for today’s ‘Buddha jumps over the wall’ quota. Otherwise, I won’t be able to sleep tonight.” Febid clapped his hands and walked toward the end of the line.

Randy quickly caught up with Febid and curiously asked, “Senior Febid, seems like you are Mamy Restaurant’s regular customer. Besides ‘Buddha jumps over the wall’, are there other meat dishes that are nice?”

“Kid, are you trying to steal my ideas?” Febid turned around and looked at Randy judgmentally.

“Why would I? You and I have totally different styles.” Randy laughed. He was even more interested in this restaurant. It seemed like it was a treasure trove.

Febid nodded. After a moment of hesitation, he couldn’t help but say, “That’s true. Let me tell you, when it comes to meat, the first choice definitely has to be the red braised pork. Even though the meat in ‘Buddha jumps over the wall’ tastes good, there’s too little of it. You can’t eat to your heart’s content. The red braised pork is different. It comes in one big bowl, and with a bowl of rice, it is one of the world’s marvels...”

“Since we are already here, let’s have dinner before we leave,” Robert said to Avis and Candice with a smile as he proceeded to the end of the line too.

“We haven’t met for a while, Candice. Why don’t we have dinner together tonight?” Avis asked Candice with an awkward look.

“Ah, you are not worthy.” Candice sneered as she turned and left.

“Seems like she is still hung up on what happened in the past.” Avis sighed as he watched Candice’s carriage go away. He also turned and left.

The biggest impact this duel had on Mamy Restaurant was that it had promoted ‘Buddha jumps over the wall’, and made many people aware of its scrumptiousness.

“10,000 copper coins for a helping! This ‘Buddha jumps over the wall’ is too expensive!”

“10,000 copper coins... It’s equal to one month of my wages.”

“I can’t even save 10,000 copper coins in a year...”

However, the customers had noticed the price on the menu very soon, and started to exclaim and lament. Those who came for the first time simply stood up and left quietly after reading the menu. The prices were too unfriendly.

“Ahem, I think let’s change to another restaurant. I feel that freshwater seafood soup is not bad, either...” The skinny man who’d said he wanted to treat his friends ‘Buddha jumps over the wall’ cleared his throat awkwardly and walked out.

“Sure, let’s change a restaurant, or you would never be able to come out again if your wife finds out.” His friends were shocked too after they heard the price. They agreed with him smilingly and followed him out.

“Miss Miya, I would like to have a helping of ‘Buddha jumps over the wall’ and one helping of Yangzhou fried rice. I will add one more roujiamo,” Harrison ordered with a smile as soon as he sat down. He secretly lamented in his heart that being single still had its benefits.

“Dear, what do you want to have for dinner tonight? Do you want a bowl of ‘Buddha jumps over the wall’ too? Then, we will add another three roujiamos. You must eat to your heart’s content.” Right at this moment, a seductively sweet voice chimed as a beautiful young wife came in with a fumbling man. They sat across Harrison, behaving very lovingly.

*Can’t we single people eat in peace?* Harrison thought jealousy.

## **Chapter 1145: Father, I Am Here**

The Gould Manor was brightly lit, and a dinner banquet was going on. The gentry wearing beautiful clothes were holding crystal glasses and talking with one another happily.

The patriarch of the Gould Family, Mr. Charney, had invited all of them to witness the completion of the three-year agreement between him and his son.

Of course, those who were close to Charney already knew he was going to use this opportunity to formally introduce his successor to them.

Everyone knew the young master of Gould Family didn’t like to do business; instead, he preferred to be a knight. He had made Charney worried for the past few years.

However, the three-year agreement was going to end tonight, and that young master who was thought to be gifted didn't become a mid-tier knight. According to their agreement, he had to give up his dream of becoming a knight and become the successor of the Gould Family.

As one of the four major families of Chaos City, the Gould Family wielded a significant amount of influence in Chaos City. The only son's exclusive treatment was the envy of the other noble families' offspring who had to scheme and fight for their rights to the inheritance.

However, this Young Master Adams was a little off for trying to be a knight. He had already become a joke among the younger generation.

"Is that Young Master Adams going to be miserable today? He is going to be forced to inherit hundreds of millions of family fortune."

"Ah. He could be saying no, but in fact he is ecstatic in his heart. There are no idiots who dislike money in this world."

"That's right. I heard many families want to send their young mistresses to Gould Manor. He should be very happy."

A few young men from the powerful families had gathered together to chat and joke around. They sounded sarcastic and disdainful, but their expressions showed envy and jealousy.

Charney was very happy today. He was smiling and welcoming his guests, and even his bald head seemed to glow brighter.

His wife stood next to him and welcomed the guests with a smile too. When they were finally alone, she tugged at Charney's sleeves, and whispered, "Master, will Adams be upset? You made it into such a big event, will he feel embarrassed and stay away?"

"Don't worry. In his beloved knight's codes, there is a code of integrity. He will definitely come. This is a pact between men." Charney shook his head, not worried at all. Then, he stepped forward with a smile to shake the hand of Scheer, who had just arrived. "Thank you for coming, Miss Scheer."

Scheer retrieved her hand, and smilingly said, "You are too kind. This interesting match is very worthwhile for me to witness it for myself."

"The city lord has arrived!" a voice announced, and everyone lowered their voices and looked toward the entrance. They were rather shocked that Charney had even invited the city lord.

"Thank you for coming despite your busy schedule, My Lord." Charney and his wife went forward to welcome him respectfully with bright smiles.

He had pulled out all the stops to create this big event for Adams today. However, as the successor of the Gould Family, he deserved such a big event.

"I didn't come for you today, Charney. I came for the young knight who was caught in between taking over his family fortune and becoming a great knight. I personally support him to become an outstanding knight and protect Chaos City." Michael laughed gregariously.

Charney was stunned for a moment, but he swiftly smiled and said, "You are his idol. He would be ecstatic if he heard you say that."

The guests started to arrive. One man who was on good terms with Charney smilingly asked, "Charney, where's Adams, our knight? He is our man tonight."

"Don't worry, he will come. He should be on his way now," Charney answered smilingly as he gave the old butler at the side a look. The butler understood immediately as he turned and strode out.

Everyone was chatting and toasting one another happily. A banquet that had half of the most important people in Chaos City gathering together like this wasn't common. Many came with the motive to make more friends and establish a deeper relationship with those in power.

As for witnessing the young master of Gould Family becoming the successor, it was just an act of going through the motions. His news wasn't a secret. He hadn't made any improvement in three years, and was already deemed someone not going to make it the mid-tier knight in this lifetime.

Of course, as the successor of a clan, he didn't need to have strong personal power. When he took over the control of the entire Gould Family, he was still going to become one of the most powerful people in Chaos City.

The efforts he spent to become a knight would become a joke in the eyes of the majority of the people.

Smiling, a middle-aged man tapped his wine glass with Charney's as he said, "You can retire in peace now, Charney."

"I still have to make him understand the businesses and manage them well. It's still a long time before I can retire." Charney shook his head, but the smile on his face betrayed his actual feelings.

The entire banquet had a cordial mood. Everyone was waiting for Adams' arrival to put a closure on this three-year agreement joke.

...

"Young—" The door opened just as the old butler was about to knock on it. Adams, who was wearing golden and silver bi-colored armor, came out. He even wore a big sword on his waist.

He didn't wear his helmet, and his hair was so extremely short that he looked bald. But if one looked closely, he could still see the very fine and short hair that resembled the grass that just shot out of the ground and grew vigorously in spring.

Adams glanced at the old butler, and calmly said, "Let's go."

"Y-Young Master, it isn't appropriate for you to dress like this. I have already prepared the evening wear for you earlier, why don't you go back and change into it?" the butler said hesitantly. He had sensed that the young master looked different today, but he couldn't pinpoint what was different.

"There's no need to. I am not going to take part in tonight's banquet. I am only there to fulfil my part of the three-year agreement." Adams led the way out.

“Young Master, this is not appropriate...” The old butler quickly caught up. He had also finally understood why Adams looked different. He was not wearing his wig today.

*Young Master’s hair has regrown!* The old butler followed behind Adams and stared at the short hair that burst out of that shiny scalp agitatedly.

As an old employee that had spent his entire life in Gould Manor, he had witnessed Old Master Gould being bald his whole life, then witnessed Charney turning from a bald young man into a bald middle-aged man, and also watched Young Master Adams losing his hair at a young age.

Baldness was like a curse that was closely bound to the Gould Family.

But now!

Adams was actually regrowing his hair!

This was simply too unbelievable!

Adams stepped into the banquet hall, and loudly announced, “Father, I am here.”

#### **Chapter 1146: Now It’s Time For You To Acknowledge It.**

The shiny armor under the bright light and that almost hairless head attracted everyone’s attention instantly.

Everyone was staring at Adams, who was standing at the banquet hall’s entrance, in a surprise. Their gazes couldn’t help but land on top of his head, and their expressions began to look weird.

They had heard that the Gould Family had hereditary baldness. Be it the previous patriarch or Charney, they both went bald at a young age.

However, Adams had always portrayed an image with plenty of hair which once made people suspicious.

Looking at him now, he should have been covering up the symptoms of his early hair loss problem previously. In fact, he had already followed in the footsteps of his father and grandfather, and was part of the bald men faction.

“What a pity...” One could only wonder how many young mistresses had their hearts shattered. Adams was rich, handsome, and muscular—almost the perfect candidate for a marriage alliance. But now, he was bald at such a young age, which was difficult to accept.

“Pfff... Hahaha.”

Those young men who’d gathered together to snicker at Adams earlier were stunned. Then, they began laughing sarcastically.

The ambience of the banquet hall was plunged into an awkwardness because of Adams’ appearance.

There was a hint of surprise in Scheer’s eyes when she looked at Adams. Her gaze started from the top of his head, and then landed on his shiny armor. An interested smile appeared on her lips.

“They do look like father and son now.” Michael looked at Adams and then at Charney. He, too, began to smile.

“Adams...” Charney was also stunned when he saw Adams. He never expected Adams would show up like this. Adams had refused to meet anyone ever since he started to lose his hair, and when he received his wig, he always wore it, even when he was at home. Apart from a few old servants, no one knew he had already lost all his hair. But now, he actually took off his wig on his own accord.

As for the armor he was wearing, even a 10th-tier knight like the city lord would remove his armor and change into an appropriate evening when they were invited to an evening banquet. He had dressed like that deliberately.

Charney’s expression returned to its original calmness again. He pretended he knew what was going on and smiled at Adams. “You are here, Adams.”

“You said three years ago this was a pact between men. Three years have passed, and as a real man, I have to come and fulfil this agreement.” Adams walked to the center of the banquet hall with his sword. His strapping figure and handsome face made people take a double look even though he had almost no hair.

“So handsome! Even though he has no hair, he still looks much better than those guys who can’t even stand straight.” A young mistress held her hands to her heart and revealed a mesmerized smile.

“Ah. What’s the point of acting cool when he is already bald? What a big braised egg.” A skinny young man with sunken eyes sneered, and a few young men wearing luxurious clothes started to laugh too. Their expressions were full of sarcasm and smugness.

Initially, Charney was still worried Adams might be depressed because of this, but looking at his calm expression, he lamented that Adams had finally sorted out his thoughts. He nodded and smiled. “Seems like my child has really matured into a real man who is able to undertake responsibilities and fulfil his promises. In this case, I can pass Gould Family to you in the future.”

“Congratulations for obtaining an outstanding successor, Chief Charney.”

“Young Master Adams will definitely become a businessman as outstanding as you.”

The people around him had already begun to congratulate and suck up to him. Some even raised their glasses and prepared to toast him.

There was a glow on Charney’s face. He had waited for this day for so many years, and it was finally here.

In order to make sure that the huge family business of the Gould Family could continue, grooming Adams into an outstanding businessman and an adequate patriarch was his greatest wish.

Everyone believed that the outcome of the three-year agreement was already fixed. This was only a grand introduction ceremony that Charney had prepared for Adams to signify his formal entrance into the rich and powerful circle, and him taking his place at the pinnacle eventually.

It was simply going through the motions.

Charney placed one hand on Adams' shoulder, and loudly declared, "I, Charney, the Chief of Gould Family, hereby formally announce that my son, Adams, will become the Gould Family's only—"

"Father," Adams interrupted Charney, and seriously said, "We have made an agreement three years ago. If I failed to become a mid-tier knight, then I would obey and follow all your arrangements unconditionally, be it marriage or inheriting the family fortune. But if I could advance to mid-tier knight, then from today onward, I would be in charge of my own life, and you would not interfere anymore, right?"

The banquet hall fell into a complete silence, and everyone was staring at Adams perplexedly. They couldn't understand why he was repeating this agreement which was already meaningless now.

Charney smiled and nodded at Adams. "Yes, we did make an agreement like that three years ago, so now it's time for you to acknowledge it."

"Clink!"

Adams took out the sword at his waist, and then raised it above his head. A golden beam lit up at the handle, and then travelled up the sword along the patterns. Finally, it became a golden light that engulfed the entire longsword. It shone even brighter than the opulent hanging light on the ceiling.

"This... This is the Light of the Sword Projection! This is the most obvious manifestation of the mid-tier knight!" someone in the crowd exclaimed.

The quiet banquet hall became noisy slowly as everyone stared at that glowing longsword with shock on their face.

"Adams has really become a 4th-tier knight!"

"How could this happen? Didn't they say his power had deteriorated in the past three years? How did he advance so suddenly?" The skinny young man who was saying all the sarcastic words earlier felt as if he just swallowed a fly.

"However, in this case, Adams has won this three-year agreement?"

Even more gazes landed on Charney. He had planned such a grand event to pave a way for Adams to enter the circle of the rich and powerful of Chaos City, but the tables were turned on him at the very last minute, which was truly unexpected.

*This chap is quite interesting.* Michael began to look at Adams with appreciation in his eyes. There were numerous offspring of the powerful families who would plot and scheme for power and fortune, but this chap wanted nothing to do with them, and only wanted to be a true knight. This type of young person was rare.

"This... No... This..." Charney stared at the longsword in Adams' hand with his mouth wide open. He was speechless.

#### **Chapter 1147: Haha, Stupid Human**

Charney, who was very experienced in the business world, still couldn't control the astonishment on his face when he saw the glowing longsword in Adams' hand.



Three days ago, he had even specifically confirmed with Adams' knight master that Adams had not advanced successfully, and would most likely remain in the 3rd-tier forever. Therefore, he had prepared this grand dinner banquet.

However, Adams actually became a mid-tier knight today. This was simply befuddling!

Mrs Charney stood at a side and stared at the father and son in a confusion. She was happy for Adams, yet worried for Charney at the same time. She had no idea what to say at that moment.

"When did you advance, Adams? Are you really a mid-tier knight?" Charney asked Adams doubtfully, trying to calm himself down.

"I have just advanced last night," Adams explained before looking at Michael, and respectfully said, "I would like to ask the city lord to be my witness to prove my advancement to a mid-tier knight."

"Light of the Sword Projection is indeed only achievable after advancing to the 4th-tier. I have observed the energy in Adams' body. It has indeed reached the standard of a 4th-tier. He is officially a mid-tier knight." Michael nodded before extending his right hand to shake Adams's hand. He smilingly said, "Congratulations, young knight."

"Thank you." Adams quickly kept his longsword and shook Michael's hand with an excited expression.

"With the city lord's testimony, it seems like Adams has won this three-year agreement."

"I guess Charney is going to have insomnia again. I don't know what to say about this son of his."

"He is so formidable. A young 4th-tier knight!"

People were watching Adams and his father with different expressions. Some of them were astonished, some were gloating, and some young ladies were smiling at him with admiration.

"Father, you will honor the agreement, right?" Adams asked Charney, trying his best to keep his emotions in check.

Charney's hands were trembling. He had waited three years for this day, and he thought he was going to win. He was about to start his successor grooming project when Adams gave him a huge setback.

But the stage was already set today, and half of the rich and powerful people in Chaos City were present. Lord Michael had already testified personally, so he couldn't go back on his words, or he would be an untrustworthy man, and the Gould Family would lose its honor.

Charney patted Adams' shoulder lightly with a warm smile as he said, "Adams, I admire your character and talent as a knight, and you have proven yourself again in front of all these people by becoming an honorable 4th-tier knight. Your mother and I are proud of you.

"I promise you I will not interfere in your path toward being a great knight from now on, but I hope you can consider being the Gould Family's successor and continue its excellence at the same time as you pursue your dream as a knight."

Charney looked at Adams with an intense gaze that was filled with hope and expectations.

Adams' mother stepped forward and held onto Charney's hand as she emotionally said to Adams, "Adams, your father only has one child and that's you."

Everyone was looking at Adams. No one was able to refuse a condition like this, right?

In the eyes of the majority of the people, Adams was only trying to be a knight for fun. He would return to where he should be when he had enough fun.

"I am sorry, Father. I reject it," Adams replied Charney with his chin raised slightly. With a confident smile, he said, "My hair has already regrown, so I believe I will become an excellent knight. My objective is to become a great knight like Alex. I need to focus, so I cannot be distracted by money and women."

"Hair?" Charney's gaze moved upward and landed on top of Adams' head. Under the bright candlelight, there was indeed a layer of short new hair as fine as fur visible. It resembled grass nourished by the spring rain and popping up everywhere.

"Adams's hair has really regrown!" Happiness flashed across the face of Adams' mother, and she stepped forward to look at his new hair subconsciously with reddened eyes.

"It has actually regrown?" Charney murmured in surprise. He, too, had shut himself away when he began to lose his hair in the past. He tried uncountable methods to regrow his hair, but neither doctors nor magic casters could help. He only accepted his bald look gradually after many years, but he would still feel uncomfortable when people were talking about it behind his back.

"Wah. Baldness is actually curable now?"

Everyone started to show their astonishment, and the eyes of many who were bothered by hair loss problems widened. They looked at Adams and planned how to ask him for the solution.

Charney looked at Adams who seemed to glow under the light. His gaze was as clear as if he was still a teenager. It reminded him of that young man who had wanted to be a great musician but eventually chose to submit. Now, he had even forgotten how to hold a musical instrument.

*Did I become someone that I hated when I was young?* Charney sneered at himself in his heart. He smiled at Adams. "Since you want to become a knight like Alex, I will wait 10 years for you as he had become invincible at 30 years old. If you are still unknown then, you will come back to inherit the family business as I will already be old by then."

Adams stared at Charney in a shock. He thought his father was going to try his best to stop him. He didn't expect he would suggest another 10-year-agreement.

Looking at the desolation in that pair of eyes, Adams felt guilty for the first time. After a moment of hesitation, he nodded with conviction. "Alright, a 10-year-agreement. If I am still a nobody then, I will definitely come back to inherit the family business and continue the Gould Family's glory."

Michael took a step forward and laughed as he said, "Since this is the case, I will be the witness of this 10-year-agreement."

*He is such a weird person,* Scheer thought as she looked at Adams. Then, she thought again, she herself might be a weirdo in other people's eyes too.

...

It was already late in the night, and Mamy Restaurant was closed for business. The dark first floor hall was in total silence.

Right at this moment, a bat hanging in the corner landed on the floor softly, and transformed into Camilla in a black dress. She smirked. "Haha, stupid human. I will show my prowess once I get the Photostones."

### **Chapter 1148: I think I Have Walked Into The Wrong Room...**

Camilla looked around in the dark restaurant, and then crept toward the staircase.

She had already secretly observed the structure of the house on the second floor when she was changing her clothes that afternoon. There should be nothing hidden in the bathroom, and the room on the right was tightly shut with God-knows-what inside. She simply skipped over the room that held all sorts of toys.

There were still two rooms on the left. One of them should be Gina's room, while the other was Mag's.

*This chap may have ulterior motives by keeping the mermaid in the shop with him. It's good that I brought the Photostone along with me. I could record it down as evidence if they are having an affair.* Camilla took out a white stone with a smug smile and then snuck up to the second floor.

"Creak." Camilla opened the door of the study room on the right gently and dashed in. Her eyes were glowing gently in the dark, and she could see everything clearly.

The study wasn't big. It had an entire wall covered with a bookshelf that was already half full of books of different genres. There was also a dark brown original wood desk that had two books and a tea set on it. There was nothing else in the room.

"Did this chap really have these many books?" Camilla mumbled doubtfully as her gaze swept across all the different books on the bookshelf. Then, she started to search the room. However, most of the stuff in the room was very visible, and there weren't any cupboards, so she couldn't find any Photostones.

"Just as I expected, that chap must have kept the Photostone in his bedroom and watched it secretly under his blanket at midnight. He is indeed a sleazy, stinky man!" Camilla said to herself through clenched teeth. She would cut him into pieces if he wasn't such a great cook!

Camilla breathed in deeply to calm her emotions before moving to the bedroom slowly. Even though she was behind the wooden door, she could clearly sense the three sets of stable breathing in the room. They should all be sleeping.

She was a 9th-tier vampire. It was too easy for her to hide herself from a normal human and two little ones.

She placed her hand on the door knob, and then pulled the door outward silently...

*Hmm?*

Stunned, Camilla stared at the totally still wooden door. Why didn't this door open?

*Could it be locked from the inside?* There was a hint of doubt in Camilla's eyes. She pushed the handle down hard for another half a round, and then pulled it outward harder.

The door remained unmoved.

Camilla stared at the door knob for quite a while, and was sure that it wasn't locked from the inside. But the strange thing was, no matter how hard she tugged, the door remained unmoved. Cold sweat began to appear on her forehead.

"What stupid door is this? It's so hard to open. If I can't open you today, I am not Camilla!" Camilla said to herself angrily. She warmed up her limbs for a moment before extending her hand to the handle again.

"Crack."

Right at this moment, the inert door made a light sound, and then slowly opened inward.

Mag leaned against the door frame and yawned, wearing a sleeping robe. He rather helplessly said to Camilla, "This door opens inward."

Camilla's expression froze on her face as she stared at Mag standing at the door. Then, she looked at the wooden door that slowly opened inward, and felt that her intelligence was greatly insulted.

Furthermore!

Why was Mag standing here!?

Shouldn't he be sound asleep on the bed after watching the Photostone?

"W-why are you still awake?!" Camilla simply asked subconsciously.

"If your door handle had been tortured by someone like this, even a pig would have woken up." Mag glanced at the door handle. Fortunately, it wasn't damaged. In fact, Mag was already notified by the System when Camilla first entered the restaurant, and also received real-time surveillance video at the same time. He couldn't continue to watch any further when she almost broke the door handle stupidly. That was when he decided to leave his warm bed to open the door for her.

Mag stood up straight, and teasingly said, "Moreover, shouldn't I be the one asking what you are doing here?"

Camilla panicked. In her plans, getting the Photostone quietly was foolproof. She had never considered that she would be caught on the spot because she would fail to open the door. Stunned, she stared at Mag for three seconds, and then started to back off as she said, "I think I have walked into the wrong room. It's already very late, so you go and sleep now. You don't have to bother about me."

As soon as she finished talking, she disappeared from the stairway. Then, a series of bangs sounded downstairs before the sounds totally disappeared.

*Seems like this woman wasn't happy to be a service staff member at the restaurant.* Mag pulled his clothes together before going downstairs to close and lock the windows in the back kitchen.

He indeed had one Photostone, but the System could make countless copies for him anytime. Hence, he didn't really care whether Camilla did steal the Photostone or not.

He thought she would be content with being a chopper for a year, but she didn't seem to be content at all right now. He should pay more attention to her in the future.

After returning to the room, Mag spread the blanket that Amy had kicked away over the two little ones again. Then, he went to his bed and continued his sleep.

...

Camilla transformed into a bat and flew out from the restaurant. She landed on the top of a huge tree in the forest outside of the restaurant and stared at Mamy Restaurant angrily.

Caesar jumped onto the tree, and expectantly asked Camilla, "Did you succeed, Madam?"

Camilla's eyes twitched as she couldn't recount such an embarrassing incident. Her expression became calm again as she took out a Photostone, and said, "Of course. It's only a piece of cake for me. It's only a stupid human."

"Bravo, Madam!" Caesar's eyes lit up, and he quickly happily said, "In this case, Madam won't need to go and work in that restaurant as a service staff member again, since you are no longer threatened by him."

"Ahem, ahem." Camilla kept the Photostone with an unnatural expression and said, "Of course, I am not going to be threatened by a human. But I am not going to let him off like this, so I will continue to work undercover in his restaurant to gather evidence against him and pass it to Miss Gloria. She will give up on him, and then I will be able to win her heart."

"Bravo, Madam!" Caesar said in awe.

Camilla laughed smugly with tense lips.

...

"I will have to provide breakfast for the cleaners from tomorrow onwards, so I have to learn how to cook congee with pork and century egg now." Lying on the bed, Mag opened the door to the test field for the God of Cookery and stepped in.

Transforming a normal duck egg into a beautiful century egg was more of a chemical reaction than a culinary process.

Soak the pre-selected eggs in the pickling solution made up of alkali, salt, tea leaves, and mulberry ash for a few days. Then, remove them from the solution, and roll them in the dry mud powder before encasing them with rice chaff. A century egg is then considered successfully made.

#### **Chapter 1149: A Century Egg That Is Not Bouncy Enough**

"A failed century egg."

...

“An ordinary century egg.”

...

“A century egg that is not bouncy enough.”

Mag stared at the century egg on the plate that had an intricate pattern and three distinct colors after it was cut open. He raised his eyebrow, and said, “System, what the heck is not bouncy enough?”

[(Portrait) Shen Mag

Three years ago, From HUAWEI mate10 Porsche user end

“What authentic Lake Weishan Century Egg? It’s not bouncy at all. They might as well spend their time bouncing around and chase after Pikachu rather than make century egg.”]

“...” Mag.

凸(++ Ⅲ ++).

1

Mag dumped the century egg into the waste bin at the side, and continued to make century eggs.

If he could start his life all over again, he would definitely be a kind and loving rich second-generation heir who embraced life. He would never sprout nonsense online again.

Fail!

Fail!

Fail...

...

“Congratulations! You have made a very bouncy century egg!”

A successful century egg was indeed very bouncy.

Mag used his finger to poke it. The bouncy feeling was very obvious as it sunk in a little. When he removed his finger, it went back to its original shape again.

The light brown century egg was semi-transparent with a pattern that resembled pine twigs on its surface. They were formed naturally yet looked so intricate as if a master traditional chinese painter had painted them. It was amazing.

After cutting it open, three circles of different hues were very distinct. The outermost layer was very bouncy, and was a semi-transparent light brown color. The middle layer was a little yellow and a little soft, and the innermost layer was golden.

It was so beautiful that it looked like a piece of art.

Mag nodded with satisfaction. This was a century egg that looked as bouncy as it was pretty.

A faint aroma had already greeted his nose.

After making the century egg, Cooking porridge was a piece of cake for Mag.

After failing for dozens of times, a bowl of congee with pork and century egg that looked good, smelled good, and tasted good was done.

“Let’s have this for breakfast tomorrow.” Mag smiled after smiling at the aroma that greeted his nose. Then, he exited the test field for the God of Cookery.

...

Early next morning, Mag opened the door and saw Camilla standing there. He teased, “Seems like our countess has found the correct door today.”

A blush crept up Camilla’s haughty face. She stared at Mag as if she wanted to swallow him whole. She huffed and then pushed Mag aside to enter the restaurant.

Mag rubbed his shoulder that hurt from the shove. His gaze landed on Camilla who went into the kitchen and began cutting cucumbers straight away. He raised his brows and thought this woman was no pushover.

Anna came downstairs, and asked Mag, “Uncle Mag, is there anything I can help with?”

“If Anna wants to help...” Mag glanced at the time. It was only six o’clock. This little one indeed remembered her promise and woke up to help.

“Good morning, Boss. Good morning, Anna.” Right at this time, Yabemiya’s voice sounded out there. She walked in with a smile and greeted Mag and Anna.

Elizabeth followed in, and lightly said, “Morning.”

“It’s so early. I feel I should have slept for a while longer.” Babla came in as yawned. She rubbed her sleepy eyes as if she hadn’t woken up completely.

Gina came down from upstairs, blinked in a surprise, and said, “Everyone came so early. I thought I was the earliest.”

Yabemiya gave Mag an energetic smile as she said, “Boss, we are all here. Just tell us if there is anything you need us to do.”

Mag looked at his staff who were all present. It was more than one hour before they needed to come for work, and the weather was so cold, yet they had all come early. He felt a little touched, and smiled as he said, “I am going to make breakfast for them now. I am preparing the congee with pork and century egg for them. It’s also the new item that we are introducing today. Sit down and take a break first. I will only need you when I need to give out the porridge.

“And, if you are coming in the future, come after 6.30 am. You can sleep in a little longer,” Mag added when he reached the kitchen.

Wash the rice and put it into a pot that was big enough. Cook it with a big fire and add in the ingredients according to the sequence...

Mag had already known the steps very well in his heart. The porridge slowly thickened in the pot.

And outside of the restaurant right now, the cleaners were starting to gather. They were looking into the restaurant cautiously.

“Aiyoh, look at that huge crystal. It’s such a piece, and there are two of them. How much money do you need for that?” An old man looked through the full-length glass windows in awe. He wanted to reach out to touch it, but quickly retrieved his hand when he was about to touch it. He worriedly said, “I would never be able to pay for it if I broke it.”

“Yes. This is the prettiest restaurant in Aden Square. Even the Ducas Restaurant cannot compare to it,” an old lady praised.

“Is that boss really going to prepare breakfast for us? I heard the cheapest dish here costs 200 copper coins. There are so many of us, aren’t we going to cost him a few thousands? Or he will simply cook us something cheap?” a skinny old man said worriedly.

Old Jack glared at him as he said, “Don’t say nonsense, Elton. Boss Mag is a good person. Since he has promised to cook breakfast for us, he is going to do it. Furthermore, Boss Mag is already providing breakfast for us free-of-charge. Do you still expect to have the best?”

“I am just making a casual remark. I didn’t even bring a biscuit today. If there is no food, I will be going hungry,” Elton said awkwardly. He no longer said anything.

The cleaners began to gather at the entrance. They started their work at 4 am, and had been sweeping in the intense cold for over two hours. Now they were already so cold and hungry that they started to hop on the same spot.

Harrison and Gjerj, who had arranged to exercise together, decided to come to line up at Mamy Restaurant just after running for a short while. When they saw the cleaners gathering at the restaurant’s entrance, they couldn’t help but curiously ask, “Sir, why are you guys gathering at the restaurant so early in the morning? Are you guys coming here to eat as a group?”

“This restaurant’s owner is a good man. He said he wanted to provide free breakfast for us. It’s almost 6 am now, and we are waiting for our breakfast,” Old Jack said smilingly.

“Wow, Boss Mag is providing free breakfast for you, that’s so blissful.” Harrison looked at them enviously.

“Boss Mag is really a good person,” Gjerj said with a smile too.

Ding!

Right at this moment, the bells on the door gave out a chime. The restaurant’s door opened outward, and Miya came out with a pot that was even wider than her waist. She placed it on the ground at the entrance effortlessly.

*This is one of the so-called weak ladies that Boss Mag mentioned?* Harrison and Gjerj swallowed at the same time.

Yabemiya gave everyone a bright smile before removing the lid of the big pot.



An unique aroma coupled with hot steam rushed toward all of them instantaneously.

### **Chapter 1150: Don't You Have Any Idea How Dirty You Are?**

"Smells so good!"

Everyone at the entrance looked toward the big pot with amazement. They breathed in the enticing aroma and watched the steam rise up. Their already hungry stomachs began to growl.

"What is this? Why is it smelling so nice?" An old man swallowed his saliva and extended his neck to look toward the pot.

Elton licked his lips and said with elation, "It really smells very good, just like meat. Is he treating us to meat so early in the morning?"

"Meat!!!"

The cleaners' eyes began to lit up the very moment they heard the word "meat". Their wages could only give them enough food to eat, and they could only afford meat once every few months. If they were able to eat meat every morning, it would be so blissful.

"This fragrance is so unique. Is Boss Mag releasing a new item again?" Harrison looked curious as he stepped forward to look into the pot. The steam that was rising up engulfed the entire pot, so he couldn't see what was in it.

At this moment, Mag came out with a signboard and hung it on the door.

"Today's new item: Congee with pork and century egg. Only for breakfast," Harrison read out loud quietly and slapped his hands together. "I knew it. This must be the new item. Let's have this for breakfast today."

"Sure." Gjerj nodded. "Boss Mag's new item would never disappoint us."

Mag greeted Harrison and Gjerj with a nod, and then smilingly said to the cleaners, "Since everyone is already here, please give us a moment to scoop out a bowl of piping hot congee with pork and century egg for you."

"Congee with pork and century egg. There really is meat!" Elton stared at the big pot with glowing eyes. His wages couldn't even sustain his gambling habit, and he owed a lot of debts. He hadn't had a full meal for a long time, let alone meat.

"It's fine, Boss Mag. We are not hungry," Old Jack said with a laugh.

"Nonsense. Your stomach has been growling for a long time," the old lady next to him said with a smile.

As soon as the old lady finished speaking, there was a series of stomach growling sounds coming from the crowd, and everyone began to laugh.

“Looks like you are all hungry.” Mag smiled as he picked up a long ladle and took the bowl that Yabemiya passed to him. He scooped a bowl full of congee with pork and century egg, and gave it to the cleaner standing at the front.

The brown meat and semi-transparent century egg was mixed in the bowl full of thick porridge. After topping it up with a generous sprinkling of chopped green onions, the taste, color, and aroma were all present. It made the people looking at it begin to salivate.

“Everybody, please line up to get your porridge,” Yabemiya said to the cleaners with a smile.

After a momentary chaos, the cleaners quickly arranged themselves into two lines that they stood in during their usual meetings, and went up to receive their porridge one by one.

“It’s hot. Please be careful,” Mag reminded them gently.

“Thank you. You are really a very good person,” that cleaner said gratefully as he received the congee before carrying the bowl to the steps near the square. He dumped his gurney sack onto the steps and sat down on it. He blew at the congee carefully.

“Meat, it’s really meat!” Elton took the bowl of congee with pork and century egg, and stared at meat in it with glowing eyes as if he had seen some treasure. He immediately reached into the porridge with his bare hand to grab a piece of meat, and popped it into his mouth. He did not care that the porridge was piping hot. After chewing for a while, two tears rolled down his cheeks as he said, “Meat. This really is the taste of meat!”

More and more cleaners had received their congee with pork and century egg, and most of them went to sit on the steps carefully with their bowl. They used the warmth of the bowl to warm their frozen hands. The steam and aroma washed over their faces, and made the tanned and wrinkled faces smile with anticipation.

“Boss Mag is really a good man. Providing breakfast for these old people is more practical than anything else,” Harrison said, but his gaze was fixed on that bowl of congee with pork and century egg as he gulped.

“These old people are so pitiful.” Yabemiya gazed at those old people piteously. They still had to wake up so early to do the cleaning work at such an advanced age.

Babla propped her face up with her hands as she curiously said, “Is the cleaners’ work actually so backbreaking and difficult? I thought they only needed to wave around with magic.”

This was very far from what she had imagined. She had always thought these old people holding the brooms were sorcerers.

Elton wiped his tears away. He looked at those cleaners sitting on the steps, and his gaze landed on the vacant seats at the side. The beautiful wooden table and chairs with intricate carvings. Only the rich and powerful normally sat there to enjoy their expensive meals, and they could only sit on those chilly steps.

*Why can they sit there and we can’t? Since he wants to be a good person, why can’t he go all the way?* Suddenly, a spike of jealousy rose up in Elton’s heart. He turned around and laughingly said to

Mag, "Since you are such a good person, Boss Mag, let me sit there to eat. It's not convenient to eat sitting on the steps."

"Sit down?" All the cleaners' gazes landed on those tables and chairs at the entrance. It would be nice if they could sit down and eat the hot porridge comfortably at a table like the rich.

Mag passed the congee to Old Jack, who was the last in line. He reminded him to be careful before he turned to look at Elton.

His sparse white hair was frazzled, and his old tattered jacket had not been washed for a very long time. All kinds of dirt and grease were layered on that face, and he looked no different from a hobo.

However, he was a cleaner with a livable wage. Although it wasn't high, it could ensure that an ordinary person would be able to have his meals and shelter. Even if he couldn't have a very respectable life, he could at least afford much better hygiene.

Mag calmly said to Elton, "Excuse me, old mister. I can provide you with breakfast, but I can't provide you with a place to eat. Because my restaurant will be opening for business soon, I will have to ensure my restaurant can be ready in time. As you very well know, cleaning takes time and effort."

"It doesn't matter. We will clean it up for you after we are done. Are you despising us because we are dirty?" Elton said innocently.

The cleaners' gazes all landed on Mag with an inexplicable emotion.

Mag looked at Elton with slightly furrowed eyebrows. Did the issue he was the most worried about happen inevitably?

"This dirty grandpa, don't you have any idea how dirty you are?" Right at this moment, an adorable voice sounded in the restaurant. Amy came out with Ugly Duckling in her arms and looked at Elton with disdain.