

Stay At home 1471

Chapter 1471: We Could Just Carry The Woks On Our Backs, And We Are Good To Go

“He came so early?” Mag heard the doorbell and checked his watch instinctively. It was just 9.30am. He had just made a pot of tea, and was about to take a 30-minute rest.

“I’ll answer the door.” Yabemiya quickly strode to the door. Because there was a duel this morning, the ice cream shop wasn’t open for business today, and everyone was waiting in the restaurant.

“Nice to meet you. I am Chapman, and this is my master, Harris. We’ve come early to discuss the specifics of the duel with Mr. Mag,” Chapman said to Yabemiya.

Yabemiya turned around, and said, “Boss...”

Mag got up and walked to the door. He glanced at Chapman before his gaze looked over him, and landed on a balding man with very small eyes standing at the door.

Mag almost called him “Professor Jin” when he saw him. He looked just like Dr. Jin without spectacles and after losing all his hair. He was staring at Mag’s restaurant’s signboard with a smile[1].

Of course, it wasn’t accurate to say that he had lost all his hair. There was still a little patch of soft, short hair on the top of his head, just like a tiny oasis surviving with hardship in the Gobi Desert.

All the crowd’s gazes focused on Mag. Both the main characters had appeared now, so naturally everyone was most curious about how this culinary duel would be conducted.

After hearing the door open, Harris’s gaze moved onto Mag too. His gaze stopped on his thick and luscious hair for some time with envy before he laughingly said to Mag, “I didn’t expect my friend to be so famous at such a young age. Please don’t take offense by my coming here to bother you today.”

His looks coupled with his talk-show-like tone of voice made Mag like this mister immediately. Hence, he also smilingly said, “Master Harris has never challenged an unknown person during your travels. It’s my honor that you seek me out, so why would I be taking any offense?”

“I am embarrassed by your kind words, but it’s my colleagues in the trade who have given me the honor. I’m simply an ordinary chef who likes to find some colleagues to polish my skills so I could improve knowledge. I didn’t expect to cause so much distress to my colleagues in the trade.” Harris sighed with a resigned expression. “If only I could lose one or two challenges, I most probably wouldn’t have this trouble anymore.”

Mag raised his eyebrow as he heard some rather familiar stuff. He nodded in agreement. “Yes, indeed. This is really a very confusing and distressing matter.”

Surprised, Harris looked at Mag searchingly. He didn’t expect this fellow to be as good at flexing as he was.

“This is indeed an experts’ interaction. Their realm is really unfathomable.”

“Yes. It would be flexing if an ordinary person said that, but it actually sounds so reasonable coming from them.”

“Judging from their respective presence, they are on par right now.”

“Please don’t make fun of a TV host who is no longer popular.”

The audience were softly talking among themselves as they watched this scene.

Mag smiled at Harris. “Master Harris has set the time, while I have set the venue. Since Master Harris has come in advance, should we decide on the judges and the specific details of the duel before we start the duel formally?”

“I wrote a few letters to some of my friends in Chaos City who are famous for being fair, and invited them to be our judges today. My friends could see if they meet your requirements when they arrive later,” Harris smilingly replied.

“Stop...!”

A shout sounded beyond the crowd.

Everyone turned around, and exclaimed when they saw the person on the horseback. “It’s the city lord!”

Then, a horse-drawn carriage came over and stopped next to Michael’s horse. A maiden in a red dress emerged from the carriage, and flicked a glance at the crowd in front of the restaurant before she turned and nodded at Michael as a greeting.

“It’s Miss Scheer from the Buffett Family!” Someone recognized that maiden.

Very soon after that, another horse-drawn carriage stopped at the side, and Robert came out of the carriage. He looked at the crowd at the restaurant’s entrance and smiled. “I think I’m not late, right?”

“It’s the President of the Food Association, Mr. Robert!” Someone recognized him.

A quaint black horse-drawn carriage slowly drove over. Manard opened the carriage door, and then respectfully stood to the side. An elder with salt-and-pepper hair came out of the carriage.

“It’s President Jeffree of the Chamber of Commerce!” An exclamation sounded among the crowd.

“Even the city lord is here, so I, as the school principal, shouldn’t be considered as playing truant when I come out to be a judge during the school hours, right?” A gray horse-drawn carriage stopped, and a tall and lanky man emerged with a smile.

“It’s Principal Novan!” The crowd instantly broke into a commotion when they saw Novan emerge from the carriage.

“Oh my heavens! What kind of judging panel is this?! This is unbelievable!”

“The city lord, the mistress of the Buffett Family, the president of the Food Association, the president of the Chamber of Commerce, and the Principal of Chaos School. Is this really just a culinary duel?”

“I feel that this trip is worth it even when my boss is going to dock two days of my pay.”

The crowd went into an uproar as soon they saw the judging panel. These people represented the very top level of Chaos City’s power, and yet they had gathered for a culinary duel today.

Then, everyone began to look at Harris with a different gaze. This bald mister in a patched-up cotton jacket had an amazing social circle.

“Impressive.” Mag was also tempted to give him a thumbs-up when he saw those big bosses who came one after another.

Even he didn’t have the confidence that he could get them to come. He just had to take that stern-looking Jeffree as an example. God knew how Harris got him here.

“Harris, you haven’t been to Chaos City in five years.” The crowd parted, and Michael led the way in first as he smiled at Harris.

“I thought I would only be back 20 years later when I left previously. You should thank this young friend here. He made me interested in Chaos City again,” Harris replied honestly.

Michael wasn’t angry at all, and he continued smiling. “Yes. Boss Mag is our city’s treasure now. Your invincible record might just end right here.”

“That will be fantastic. I’ve been waiting for this day for the past 20 over years.” Harris flicked a glance at Mag with anticipation.

“Master Harris, my grandfather is not feeling well, so I’ve come on his behalf. He invites you to our manor,” Scheer said to Harris respectfully.

“No worries. You have become even prettier after you grew up. I will invite you instead of him in the future.” Harris waved his hand nonchalantly. After a brief moment of ponderment, he continued, “Tonight then, I will go fishing with him.”

“Alright.” Scheer nodded slightly.

“Master Harris, we’ve met again.” Robert smiled at Harris.

Harris gravely said to Robert, “Yes, we have. I still have the wok ready for you. If you want to follow me, we could just carry the woks on our backs, and we are good to go. Why are you still clinging to this materialistic world?”

Chapter 1472: Time To Debut The “Sliced Beef And Ox Tongue In Chili Sauce”

“Erm...” Robert blushed, and then swiftly waved his hands. “I’m the president of the Food Association now, so I’m afraid I cannot follow you around any time soon.”

“It’s fine. I’ll keep the wok for you. You can look for me anytime once you sort the things out.” Harris waved his hands nonchalantly, and reached out to pat the black wok on Chapman’s back with a smile. “After you carry this black wok, we will be the ‘Black Wok Gang’ ... Ptui, a part of the ‘Wandering Chefs’.”

“This is the last time,” Jeffree said to Harris flatly. Although he was still pulling a long face, he already looked much warmer than usual.

“How could you say that? I think you can still live for a few more years,” Harris seriously commented after studying Jeffree intently.

Jeffree raised his brow slightly, but there was mirth in his eyes as he pointed at Harris. "I want to eat dry grilled fish today, or else I will smash your wok."

"Your request is a little overboard, man. I'll try my best to satisfy you," Harris timidly said.

"Harris, where are the books you said you've brought for the children?" Novan asked Harris smilingly.

"They're all in the carriage. I bought them all on my travels. There're so many books that I almost have to sleep with my back touching the ceiling. Quick, remove all of them," Harris said annoyedly.

"Sure. I'll get all of them later." Novan smiled.

Harris got close to Novan, and whispered, "Don't take those wrapped books under my pillow by mistake."

"You." Novan gave him a disdainful look, but he still nodded discreetly.

Mag turned around, and instructed Miya, "Let's get the seats for the judges."

The restaurant's door opened, and five sets of tables and chairs were quickly set up in front of the restaurant.

Harris turned around, and smilingly asked Mag, "Young friend, I took the initiative to invite these people. What do you think about them?"

Scheer was looking at Mag with amusement and interest in her gaze.

"I have no objections. It's my honor that these judges could come for our duel. Please take your seats." Mag was smiling, but in fact, he was secretly swearing in his heart.

*You have already f*cking invited the most impressive big bosses in Chaos City, so what objections can I have?*

Where am I going to find big bosses of that level?

"That's good. I was still worried that you might think that they're not grand enough." Harris heaved a sigh of relief.

"..." Mag.

The Invincible God of Cookery's connections are indeed impressive. One thought popped in everyone's mind at the same time. After all, no ordinary person in Chaos City could be so chummy with those judges.

All the judges went to take their seats, and the ambiance was already fired up by the big-shot judges.

It was very rare to see the five of them together.

"Boss Mag, I look forward to your performance today." Scheer smiled as she walked past Mag.

"Thank you." Mag nodded slightly.

"Boss Mag, you will be Chaos City's hero if you defeat him," Michael reminded him with anticipation when he walked by.

“Go for it, Boss Mag.” Robert raised his fist as he offered words of encouragement.

Jeffree looked at Mag thoughtfully, but he simply walked over without saying anything.

“Mr. Mag, you have to make Chaos City proud.” Novan smiled.

Mag already felt a little pressured. Although he wasn't sure how Harris' culinary skills were, deducing from Michael and the other judges' behavior, his reputation wasn't gained by boasting.

Of course, his pressure didn't come from others' expectations, but instead it came from the fact that perhaps he would have to carry that ugly black wok, follow them as a vagabond, and call that mister his master.

Tsk. That was terrible.

The judges took their seats, and Harris also went to the center. He suddenly got a bamboo container with dozens of bamboo sticks out from nowhere and waved at Mag. “Young friend, should we decide on the duel's format by drawing lots?”

Harris began to look increasingly like a psychic to Mag. What kind of chef would bring a container of divination sticks with him everywhere? He even decided the duel's format by drawing lots?

“Seems like the rumor is true. Master Harris really brings a container of divination sticks along with him everywhere he goes.” Vanessa looked at the container of divination sticks in Harris' hands with amazement. “Apparently, he could even read others' fortune with it.”

“I wonder if he is accurate in his reading?” Abraham asked.

“I heard he's rather accurate. You simply have to listen to his words in reverse. Apparently, he had tried to predict a young lady's love life, and he said that she wouldn't have any lovers ever. In the end, she met the man she loved the very next day, and even married him.”

“Now I think I know why all his disciples carry a black wok with them.” Abraham gained a new understanding.

“How should we draw the lots?” Mag walked down the stairs and approached Harris. He looked at the different types of bamboo lots that were carved with numbers and words: cutting skills, soups, grilling... They weren't restricted to types of dishes, and covered almost all the skills that a chef should possess.

“There are all kinds of culinary skills in my bamboo container. To be fair, if you have anything that you're not good in, I can remove them first before we each draw a lot for our duel item. Then the judges will draw a lot for us as a duel item too.

“There will be three rounds of duels, and whoever can win two of them will be the victor of this culinary duel,” Harris smilingly said.

Mag was thoughtful. This method of choosing the duel item was indeed very creative. He reached out to take the bamboo container from Harris and remove dozens of bizarre items like balancing a big wok on the head, shattering a cutting board on the chest, etc. Then, he nodded. “Let's draw from it now.”

“You’re only taking those few out?” Harris looked at the dozens of bamboo sticks that Mag was holding with astonishment. Some of the chefs that he had met before even left only three sticks in the container, so he was rather amazed that Mag had only removed 10-odd of them.

“The rest are all the basic skills of a chef and the usual dishes, so why should I remove them?” Mag asked instead.

“Young friend, you’re indeed very interesting. Then, I will start first.” Harris held the container with both hands, and began to shake it piously.

The audience’s gazes were also focused on the bamboo container in his hands. This was the first time that they had seen such an innovative way to decide the duel methods.

Thump.

A bamboo stick fell out of the container, and landed on the ground.

“Here it goes.” Harris bent over to pick it up. After taking a look at it, he lifted it over his head, and said, “The first item is cutting skills!”

“Cutting skills.” Mag was thoughtful. After training in the test field for the God of Cookery for so long, he was rather confident about his cutting skills. He took the bamboo container, and gave it a casual shake. A stick fell out, and he caught it in midair. He turned it over to have a look, and then he, too, raised it above his head, and declared, “Cold dish.”

Ha, it seemed like it was time to debut the “sliced beef and ox tongue in chili sauce”.

“Then, the second item will be a cold dish.” Harris took the bamboo container back, and walked to the judging panel. He placed the bamboo container in front of Scheer, and smilingly said, “You will decide on the third item then.”

“Alright.” Scheer picked up the bamboo container, and gave it a few hard shakes. A bamboo stick flew out and landed on the table.

Scheer picked the stick up, glanced at it, and loudly declared, “Soup!”

Chapter 1473: Young Friend, I Can See That You Have Great Potential

“The first item, cutting skills!

“The second item, cold dish!

“The third item, soup!”

Harris kept the three bamboo sticks, and smilingly told Mag, “Alright. Then, we will set our three duel items as such today. Is that fine with you, my young friend?”

“No problem.” Mag nodded to show that he had no objection.

He believed his cutting skills were not bad, as they were focused on for every dish that he made in the test field for the God of Cookery. Just take slicing the duck as an example: his cutting skills for that had already exceeded many chefs with tens of years of experience in slicing duck.

As for the cold dish, the “sliced beef and ox tongue in chili sauce” that hadn’t debuted yet was naturally the best choice. Although he hadn’t actually made it after coming out of the test field, Mag was still very confident about this dish.

And for the soup, of course it was the highly acclaimed and highly sought-after “Buddha jumps over the wall”.

Mag was rather confident for all three items.

“Great. I like people who are straightforward like my young friend.” Harris snapped his fingers, and he tossed the sticks back into the container. He then rubbed his hands together excitedly, and said to Chapman at the side, “Manman, go and buy the ingredients. The usual.”

“Alright, Master.” Chapman nodded and walked to the bullock cart. He climbed onto it and slowly drove away.

“He’s only going to buy the ingredients now?” Everyone had a weird expression. This Master Harris really had a carefree character.

Mag, too, raised his brow a little. However, it was only 9.45 am now. The market was right in Aden Square, so it wouldn’t take long for him to get the ingredients. They should be able to start their duel officially at 10 am.

Harris’ other disciples began to get the kitchenware off the bullock cart and set it up. The amount of kitchenware was minimal. The heating stove was the most high-end item, followed by a big black wok that was much bigger than the ones carried by his disciples. A thick wooden chopping block, a long, narrow chef’s knife, and a few covered earthenware pots.

This level of kitchenware was no different from a street vendor’s.

Mag’s gaze focused on that narrow cleaver for quite some time. That chef’s knife was the only valuable item among the other party’s kitchenware. It was forged with excellent iron and hammered thousands of times. It was even more intricate than many knights’ weapons, so it should have been made by a famous blacksmith.

“How is my ‘Saury’, young friend?” Harris seemed to have sensed Mag’s gaze, so he picked up that chef’s knife, and waved it in front of Mag in a flaunting manner. “Rom has made this for me personally. He should have only made one chef’s knife after he got famous.”

“Hiss... A chef’s knife made by Master Rom personally!”

“Is he that legendary weaponsmith who forged Alex’s Tian Du sword?”

“It isn’t just Tian Du Sword alone. Half of the current top 10 weapons of the Norland Continent were forged by Master Rom! I didn’t expect Master Harris’s chef’s knife to be made by him too!”

A commotion erupted in the crowd, and they were all staring at the chef’s knife in Harris’ hand with glowing eyes. To own a weapon that was forged by Master Rom personally was many knights’ dreams, even if that was just a chef’s knife that had an odd name like ‘Saury’.

“Really? What a coincidence. My ‘Fat Head Fish’ was also forged by Master Rom.” Mag took out his ‘Fat Head Fish’, and swirled it around in his hand before he threw and embedded it in the chopping block next to Harris.

A cold gleam flashed across the blade, which sparkled and glared under the sunlight.

“Boss Mag’s cleaver was actually forged by Master Rom too!”

Everyone was staring at that weird-looking cleaver that was embedded in the chopping board vertically. It was rectangular without the beauty of streamline. If the handle was removed, it would really resemble a brick. However, its forging method, unique striation, and the chilling gleam made everyone believe that no one besides Master Rom could have made this extraordinary knife.

“Did Master Rom decide to switch to making kitchen knives now?” Abraham mumbled. He wondered how many years he still had to wait for the sword that he’d asked Master Rom to forge for him.

“Fat Head Fish?” Harris looked at Mag’s knife, and then the “Saury” in his hands with an awkward expression. He didn’t expect to be proven wrong as soon as he spoke. He couldn’t help murmuring, “This fellow Rom is dishonest. He said he would never forge another kitchen knife again, and yet he forged another knife for this young friend!”

“The name is rather matching.” Harris tried to skip over this topic with humor awkwardly. He said to Mag, “If there is anything my young friend needs to prepare, please do so now. We agreed to start the duel at 10am, and we will begin on the dot.”

Instead of starting his preparations, Mag smilingly asked, “Before we commence the duel, should we decide on the prize of this duel first?”

“Prize?” Harris was stunned, but his eyes soon brightened. “You mean raising the bet?”

“You can put it this way.” Mag nodded.

“This suggestion is rather interesting.” Harris rubbed his hands together, but he soon said with distress, “But I don’t have money. Well, why don’t you choose any of the pots as the prize?”

“I don’t want your pots.” Mag shook his head. How many copper coins could a lousy black wok cost? He smiled at Harris. “How about this? Whoever loses this duel will call the other party their master.”

“Call the other party their master?” Harris murmured, and began to contemplate that seriously.

“Whoever called the other party their master would be considered to be one generation after him. If Boss Mag loses, does he have to follow Master Harris and go travel around the continent?”

“I’ve heard that the three gambling dens in the city have already begun to accept bets. I didn’t expect Boss Mag and Master Harris would be betting too.”

“To be frank with you guys, I’ve already bet 100 copper coins that Boss Mag will win.”

“Haha. I think you’d better bet another 1,000 copper coins on Master Harris.”

“We cannot be losing our money, right.”

The audience were chatting quietly with excitement in the midst of tension.

A duel with their honor on the stake had to be very riveting.

“Master, please think twice before acting.” Harris’ disciples tried to talk him out of it. They weren’t really worried about Harris calling someone his master. They were more worried about suddenly gaining a grandmaster out of the blue.

“Alright, young friend. Let’s agree on that. Whoever loses this duel will address the other party as his master.” Harris smilingly nodded at Mag. “Young friend, I can see that you have great potential, and are a rare talent meant for cooking. If you can follow me on my travels and brush up on your culinary skills, your future will be very bright. I have a book—”

“Don’t, Mister. We haven’t started yet, so don’t rush to take me in as your disciple,” Mag said with resignation.

Chapter 1474: A Golden Dragon?

After deciding on the items, Mag had successfully set a trap for Harris. It was in sync with the system’s mission, and this would be sink or swim.

He would still have to call the other party his master if he lost, so in fact, he had nothing to fear.

Is this little fellow trying to join my ‘black wok gang’ so he can be my disciple and learn to cook from me? Harris looked at Mag thoughtfully as he began to suspect if Mag was trying to “play” him.

With Miya and the ladies’ help, Mag also managed to move all the kitchenware and ingredients out and set them opposite Harris’. They were set at the opposite sides of the judging panel.

“Please excuse me.” When it was almost 10 am, Chapman’s voice sounded at the periphery of the crowd. The bullock cart gradually drove in and stopped.

Harris’ disciples quickly rushed up to off-load the goods. There weren’t many ingredients, and they only filled up two baskets. They were also very common ingredients.

After they had set up the ingredients, Mag looked at his watch, and calmly said, “10 o’clock.”

“Sure, then let’s start on the first item of our duel—cutting skills.” Harris didn’t drag his feet, either. He picked up two potatoes, held one in his hand, and tossed one to Mag before saying, “Cutting skills is one of a chef’s basic skills. The phrase ‘70% cutting skills and 30% heat control’ explains the importance of cutting skills perfectly. There are two potatoes here, one for each of us. The rules are very simple. Demonstrate your most intricate cutting skills on this potato within three minutes, and then the judges will vote for the potato which they think is cut better.”

“Alright.” Mag caught the potato that still had soil on it. He didn’t have any objections to Harris’ simple rules. Cutting skills were intricate, and every chef was different. They simply had to put their work side by side for comparison, and that would be all to it.

Everyone began to quiet down gradually. They were all staring at the potatoes in Mag’s and Harris’ hands, and held their breath instinctively. They all wanted to know what the two ordinary potatoes in their hands would transform into.

Mag tossed that potato into the air, and grabbed “Fat Head Fish” with his right hand. They only saw the knife flashing, and the potato seemed to be dancing on the knife’s edge. The potato’s skin that still had soil on it began to fall off. In the blink of an eye, a peeled potato began to spin slowly on the knife’s edge.

Meanwhile, the potato’s skin all fell onto a plate below. There wasn’t any potato stuck to the thin layer of skin at all, and the skin was intact.

“Such exceptional cutting skills!”

The audience couldn’t help praising. This series of action was very smooth. Although Mag had only removed the skin, he had already demonstrated inimitable techniques.

“This is interesting.” Harris flicked a glance at Mag, and kept the flippant smile on his face. His expression became sincere and solemn as he reached out to grab the “Saury”. He pressed the chef’s knife against the potato, and spun the potato gently with his finger. The potato began to spin on the chopping block.

Starting from one end of the potato, a complete and long string of potato skin began to increase rapidly. Also in the blink of an eye, a completely peeled potato appeared on the cutting board, and there was an intact strip of potato skin that was about 1 cm wide.

“This is perhaps an operation that we can watch but can never master.”

The audience was speechless after seeing that.

Both cooks had shown their prowess. Simply peeling the potatoes was already astonishing.

Mag didn’t pay any attention to Harris’ action and the audience’s gasps. He grasped the cleaver, and focused on the potato in front of him. Even though it appeared to be a complete potato, he had already deconstructed it numerous times with his eyes before deciding on a plan that could best showcase his skills.

The cleaver was moving up and down. The seemingly thick and heavy cleaver was as precise as an embroidery needle in Mag’s hand. It sometimes moved very fast, while sometimes it moved very slow. He was either cutting or shaving, as if a master carving out the most exquisite artwork. People were touched by that concentrated expression, and couldn’t bear to disturb his concentration.

A serious man really looks very mesmerizing. Scheer looked at Mag with acute interest. She could almost imagine this was what he looked like when he was drawing those precise blueprints. Otherwise, how could he have finished such a gigantic project on his own?

No wonder Mr. Mag improves at such a rapid speed. Such an intense focus is rare for a chef. Robert was also looking at Mag with amazement and admiration on his face.

Jeffree was also looking at Mag with furrowed brows. From the intel that he received, he knew this Boss Mag and Gloria had an unusual connection. He was probably the designer behind Blue Suede.

Blue Suede could emerge suddenly and become the leader of Chaos City’s fashion world within a few short months mainly due to those clothes that were uniquely designed. The clothes that broke the reins

of traditions, and were full of design factors had thrown those old and stuck-in-the-mud tailors way behind them.

As a businessman who'd started his empire from selling textiles, Jeffree could see the core of Blue Suede's rapid growth and high profits. That hidden designer was the soul of Blue Suede.

And this soul was now cutting potato seriously with a cleaver.

There was also some news and rumors that said this Boss Mag was interacting with Scheer very closely recently.

Furthermore, even Jeffree had heard about Mamy Restaurant's name. It was just that he didn't want to lower himself to come and line up, so he hadn't personally tasted the food before.

This young man with multiple identities had indeed aroused his interest. Moreover, Mag had even declared that he wanted to change the Chamber of Commerce. That made him even more interested.

"Please, Boss has to win." Yabemiya clenched her fists nervously. She no longer thought that Mag could defeat Harris easily.

All the ladies from the restaurant looked a little nervous as this was a battle for Mamy Restaurant's honor.

Three minutes passed in the blink of an eye.

Followed by a ring from the judges' table, Mag and Harris stopped moving their knives simultaneously.

"What is that? A golden dragon?" everyone said with amazement as they saw the potato that Mag placed on the plate. It was already carved into a giant dragon that was about to take to the sky.

Furthermore, those customers who were standing closer to it could see the dragon scales on the wings clearly. Even the eyes seemed to be full of life, and it looked as if it could fly off any time.

What was most amazing was that Mag only used a cleaver that looked like a brick, and only spent three minutes to complete a work that resembled a piece of art.

However, looking at Harris, the potato was cut into different sizes and shapes. They were spread out messily on a plate as if a child had cut them haphazardly. It was a world of difference from Mag's life-like giant dragon.

Everyone couldn't help curiously thinking, *Did Master Harris decide to give up on this first round?*

Chapter 1475: Building Blocks Delicacy

Mag and Harris carried their cut potatoes over to the judges' table.

Everyone looked at Mag's lifelike potato golden dragon, then looked at Harris' pieces of potatoes on the plate, and immediately came to a conclusion in their heart. There seemed to be no suspense for this first round?

"Why does this golden dragon look a little familiar?" Yabemiya murmured softly.

Elizabeth, who was standing next to her, whispered, "It's based on you."

"Huh???" Yabemiya was stunned, and then immediately blushed.

"You first, my young friend." Harris stood in front of the judges' table, and waved his hand gentlemanly.

Mag swept his gaze across the messily placed pieces of potato on Harris' plate. All the shapes and sizes differed as if a child had chopped them up haphazardly. He couldn't help cocking his eyebrow. Was he planning to let him win the first round?

This was a duel where their honor and being masters were at stake. No matter what the other party was doing, he wasn't going to let down his guard. He placed the tray carefully at the center of the judges' table, and took a step backward.

Harris also went forward to place his big plate next to Mag's.

"Boss Mag's golden dragon is so realistically carved. We can see how good his cutting skills are as he is able to carve out such an intricate golden dragon from a potato in such a short time." Michael, who was sitting right in the center, heaped praises on Mag's golden dragon.

"The dragon scales' and feelers' details are even carved out, and their proportions are exact. I'm afraid some sculptors couldn't even match Boss Mag's carving techniques for this potato." Robert couldn't help praising after he deliberately went forward to take a closer look.

Jeffree stared at that golden dragon for a while, and then looked at Mag with a surprised gaze. He had met many geniuses in his life. They often could do things that ordinary people couldn't achieve in certain fields.

However, a human's energy and talents were ultimately limited. Not many people could excel in many things at the same time. In fact, most couldn't even balance their work and life.

However, Mag had demonstrated talents beyond ordinary people in cooking, carving, fashion design, and certain other areas whereby he couldn't even understand. That really surprised him.

Is there anything that he cannot excel at? Scheer was also looking at Mag with interest.

As a woman who had grown up surrounded by genius halo and praises, she was gradually getting interested in Mag after she met him.

Novan looked at Mag's golden dragon, and then Harris' plate of potato. He pondered thoughtfully with a silent smile.

There was a smile on Mag's lips. He didn't have to say anything. His cutting skills and techniques were already all showcased by this giant dragon. Those who knew would naturally understand. Those who couldn't wouldn't understand even if he tried to explain.

"Harris, what kind of game are you playing this time?" Michael asked Harris instead of rushing to make a judgement.

Everyone present was also looking at Harris curiously. Given his fame and abilities, he shouldn't be surrendering so easily like this?

“Has my young friend finished his demonstration?” Harris asked Mag with a smile.

“Yes, I have.” Mag nodded. He had only carved this golden dragon, and there was nothing else for him to show. However, listening to Harris’ words, could he have other things to demonstrate apart from these pieces of potatoes? This piqued Mag’s curiosity.

“Alright. Then, it is my turn to perform now.” Harris smilingly pointed at the potatoes on the plate. “See, they are just a stack of potatoes now.”

Then, he waved his hand at the plate of potatoes, and the messily placed potato chunks on the plate suddenly moved, and began to stack on top of one another like building blocks. They transformed into a golden dragon in the blink of an eye.

Harris smiled. “See, it’s a giant dragon now.”

“Woah...”

The crowd erupted into a commotion. Everyone was staring at that giant dragon which was almost identical to Mag’s with glowing eyes. They couldn’t believe their eyes.

“Building blocks?” Mag also showed an astonished look. It wasn’t simply because Harris was also a spatial magic caster, it was also because he could actually use scattered potato chunks to construct a golden dragon perfectly.

Although there was quite a difference in details from the giant dragon that Mag carved, Harris’ understanding of its structure and the potato chunks had already far exceeded everyone’s imagination.

Mag was very sure that there weren’t any changes to the shapes of the potato chunks during the reconstruction, and it was just the most basic stacking. This was an amazing method.

“Of course, it could also become a pig.” Harris tapped the giant dragon’s head gently. The giant dragon immediately collapsed, and then swiftly reformed into a rather fat sow.

“Woah! That’s so awesome!!!”

Cheers and applause instantly erupted from the crowd.

“Is... this magic? How did he make the giant dragon into a pig?” Yabemiya blinked in disbelief.

“It’s spatial magic. However, he’d only used magic to stack the potato chunks that he cut up together. He has an amazing understanding of the potato chunks that he had cut up. Every single chunk’s thickness and size should have been carefully calculated, and that’s why they could be used to form any existence at his will.” Elizabeth was equally amazed.

“Babla, aren’t you a spatial magic caster? Can you do that?” Jane asked Babla softly.

“Of... course, I can do that...” Babla cleared her throat with an unnatural expression.

Then, Harris transformed the potato chunks into another three to four forms. He waved his hand suavely, and the countless potato chunks fell onto the plate again. They were still that plate of messy potato chunks.

However, this plate of potato chunks was no longer the same in everyone's eyes. It represented endless changes and infinite possibilities.

"Thank you! Thank you!" Harris clasped his fists together at the crowd before saying to the judges, "The performance is over. Could the judges please make their decision now?"

Mag also looked toward the judges. Even he was amazed by Harris' performance, so the outcome became a little unpredictable.

"Harris, your diced building blocks have become more and more variable. Seems like your cutting skills have improved again in the past few years. I am giving you my vote this time." Novan smiled.

Harris chuckled. "I have increased the blocks from 180 pieces to 360 pieces in the past five years. It can basically transform into any shape and form. Of course it is different."

"Grandpa has said before that Master Harris' building blocks delicacy has countless changes, and is very interesting to eat. We can never find another person who can do this in this world again. Seeing it today, it really deserves its reputation. I'm also giving you my vote," Scheer said with admiration as well.

"I'm going to look for that old man Ian tonight just because you said that." Harris chuckled.

Michael smilingly pointed at Mag. "Harris' building blocks are still so interesting, but I still think that Boss Mag's giant dragon was more intricately carved. His cutting skills are extraordinary as he could achieve such intricate execution with such a wide cleaver. I'm voting for Boss Mag."

"No chef in this world is as good as Master Harris when it comes to the control and understanding of ingredients. However, since we're only judging on cutting skills, the superb craftsmanship and precision that Boss Mag demonstrated have moved me deeply. Hence, I'm voting for Boss Mag." Robert, too, pointed at Mag.

"2:2—it's a tie!"

Everyone's gaze landed on Jeffree. His vote would decide the outcome of the first round.

Chapter 1476: They Wondered Who The Unfortunate Married Couple That Had Fallen Into His Clutches And Perished Was

"The practicality of the cutting skills is the most important. Harris' potato chunks may look ordinary and messy, but included all kinds of changes within them. No matter what dishes he wants to make, he could choose and coordinate the best way of cutting from it." Jeffree pointed at Harris. "I'm giving my vote to him."

"3:2, Master Harris has won!" someone exclaimed in the crowd.

However, this outcome wasn't too unexpected. This was an exciting cutting skills duel. The two of them had shown their individual excellent cutting skills with different styles.

However, to the regular customers of Mamy Restaurant, it wasn't easy to accept Boss Mag's defeat.

"Young friend, I think I've won the first round." Harris smiled at Mag.

Mag nodded his acknowledgement of the result.

Although he had already utilized his cutting skills to the maximum, just like Jeffree had said, the techniques that Harris demonstrated represented the totality and practicality. It meant the return to simplicity.

Meanwhile, Mag knew his own level best. He could do extremely well for the dishes that he learned in the test field for the God of Cookery, but for those dishes that he hadn't learned before, he couldn't ensure that his cutting skills could achieve his desired outcome. This was the difference between him and Harris.

"The Boss has actually lost." Yabemiya was a little disappointed. She had never seen their boss lose before.

"Seems like this chef is really very formidable." Firis looked at Harris nervously. Would they all lose their jobs together if Mag lost?

In that very instant, everyone from Mamy Restaurant looked nervous.

"Don't worry, it's only the first round. Boss is second to no one in cooking," Elizabeth calmly said.

"But, does Boss have any cold dish that he is very good at?" Yabemiya worriedly said. "From what I know, he seems to have never made a cold dish before. There also isn't a cold dish on the menu, am I right?"

Everyone froze when they heard that, and they suddenly realized the seriousness of this problem.

Harris said to Mag, "Since my young friend has no objection, then we will conclude the first round's cutting skills duel. I temporarily lead with 1:0. Now, we will proceed to the second round of the duel: the cold dish. The rules for this round are also very simple. We will each make a cold dish and present it to the judges, who will decide which is better. What do you think about this?"

"I agree." Mag nodded and returned to his stove. Losing the first round gave him a sense of danger, and also let him see the real potential of this world's top chef.

Exquisite cutting skills could be achieved with decades of experience. Meanwhile, for him, the test field for the God of Cookery and direct input of the top chef's experience was like taking a shortcut. He did improve rapidly, but his basics were still very weak.

Of course, this wouldn't stop him from making scrumptious food when he followed the recipe.

For the cold dish, he could only choose to make the "sliced beef and ox tongue in chili sauce" now.

This also made him feel a little lucky. He wouldn't have known how to handle the situation now if he hadn't drawn this dish previously.

The audience gradually fell into a silence. The first round of cutting skills was already so exciting, so they naturally looked forward to the second round of duel which involved the actual cooking.

"Great. Before we commence the second round, I would like to ask for a volunteer from the audience." Harris' gaze swept across the audience, and he smilingly said, "The cold dish that I'm going to make is

called the '18-year-old maiden's dress'. The ingredients are all ready, but I still need an 18 years old maiden to help me carry the tray. I wonder if there are any maidens who would like to volunteer for this?"

There was even something so interesting?

A commotion erupted in the crowd immediately. Some maidens in dresses wanted to volunteer, but they were too shy to voice it out.

Vanessa raised her hand, and loudly said, "Me! Me!"

Lola pulled her skirt, and softly reminded, "Prin— Young Mistress, you're only 16, and not 18 yet."

"Don't worry. Nobody is going to find out if you and Uncle keep quiet about it," Vanessa answered rapidly and softly with her hand still up in the air.

"Alright. Then, we will invite this beautiful maiden to come up here." Harris' gaze landed on Vanessa, and he waved to her with a smile.

Vanessa went up happily and bowed to Harris slightly as she happily said, "I am your loyal fan. I've read all about your challenges' records, and I'm very curious about your building block delicacy."

"Oh, listen to that mouth of yours, it's sweet as honey. I will specially allow you to eat with the judges later." Harris laughed so hard that nobody could see his eyes.

"Thank you," Vanessa happily said. She turned around and winked at Mag as she mouthed, "Go for it."

"Your Grace, is Young Mistress being too conspicuous?" Lola worriedly asked.

"It's fine. This is exactly what she should do at her current age. She has been suppressed for too long, so it's time for her to let herself go a little now." Abraham smiled at Vanessa. Her brother would be here to bring her home in a few days, so there wouldn't be any more chances like this in the future.

The maidens in the audience who had missed the chance couldn't help feeling a little regret. They had actually missed the chance to taste the delicacy along with the judges.

The people's gazes all landed on Mag. They were thinking if Mag would be requiring some help too. They were not going to miss this chance.

Mag flicked a glance at Vanessa before his gaze landed on the crowd. He calmly said, "The cold dish that I am going to make is called husband and wife lung slice¹, are there any—"

"Me, me, me!" Before Mag could finish speaking, Gjerj had already dashed out from the crowd, grabbing Miranda's hand.

"H-husband and wife lung slice?"

Could Boss Mag be needing a pair of husband and wife to volunteer their lungs for this dish?

The crowd fell into a complete silence instantly, and everyone was looking at Gjerj and Miranda with an odd gaze.

And some husbands and wives who came together quickly let go of each other's hands, and maintained a distance from each other, pretending that they weren't married so that they wouldn't be utilized on the spot.

"About this..." Gjerj also realized the seriousness of the problem now. He had rushed out hoping to gain a tasting chance. He didn't expect he would get Miranda into hot soup with him. With a sullen expression, he said to Mag, "Boss Mag, my lungs should be big enough, so can you cut less of hers? Or, simply cutting mine will do?"

"Don't worry. I've already prepared the ingredients in advance." Mag shook his head.

"Jeez..."

Everyone present heaved a cold breath of relief together, and then stared at Mag in horror. They wondered who the unfortunate married couple that had fallen into his clutches and perished was.

"Young friend, the name of your dish is very interesting." Harris was also looking at Mag with surprise. He initially thought his "18-year-old maiden's dress" was showy enough, but it still paled compared to Mag's bloody style.

"It's about time now. Let's begin." Mag looked at his watch. He still had to prepare for lunch service later.

Chapter 1477: "18-Year-Old Maiden's Dress" Vs "Husband And Wife Lung Slice"!

"18-year-old maiden's dress" vs "husband and wife lung slice"!

This didn't look like an orthodox culinary duel at all, right?

However, all this was taking place right at Mamy Restaurant's entrance.

"'Husband and wife lung slice'? Could this be the new dish that Boss Mag is experimenting with recently? This dish isn't found on the menu, right?"

"There's no doubt that it is the latest dish that Boss Mag is experimenting on. I wonder if his experiment was successful? And why didn't he release the dish if it was successful?"

"Boss Mag always maintains the freshness of his ingredients, but would it be too cruel to extract the lungs on the spot right now?"

Mamy Restaurant's regulars showed a great interest in Mag's new dish. After all, Mag had always given them many surprises, so they hoped they could see an unusual dish today too.

"When did Boss try out new items behind our back again?" Yabemiya murmured.

"He has never tried them out in front of us before," Elizabeth calmly replied.

"I agree with that. I think Boss has come up with the idea in his brain completely, and he naturally comes up with a new item after some time." Firis nodded in agreement. She, too, had never seen Mag experimenting with new products in the kitchen before, yet he was able to release excellent new products at a very good speed. What was amazing was that he was able to ensure the new products' great taste.

“How long would my young friend need to make this cold dish?” Harris asked Mag.

Mag pondered, and then answered, “31 minutes.”

“Seems like it’s a very complicated cold dish,” Harris thoughtfully said before he nodded. “Alright. In this case, we will set the time limit for the second round at 33 minutes.”

“My soup needs to simmer for almost an hour. If we conduct the duel in sequence, it will affect my restaurant’s lunch operation. Therefore, I plan to cook the soup simultaneously while I make the cold dish. I wonder if that’s alright with you?” Mag asked Harris.

“Seems like you are very confident that you’re able to win the cold dish duel, my young friend?” Harris chuckled. “Since that’s the case, I agree that you can make two dishes simultaneously. My soup will also need to simmer for one hour, so I will also be making my soup together with you at the same time.”

“Alright.” Mag nodded. He liked straightforward people.

“So, are they going to make two dishes simultaneously?”

The audience were all stunned by Mag and Harris’ simple and rough decision. However, the two dishes would take a different amount of time to finish, so the time to present them was naturally different too. Hence, the sequence wasn’t jumbled up at all.

“If Master Harris wins the second round, will the duel be considered as over by then?”

“Boss Mag isn’t someone who admits his defeat easily. If he hadn’t been 100% confident, he wouldn’t have said that.”

“It isn’t easy for him now after losing one round out of the three.”

The audience were talking softly among themselves. They were very nervous and excited about this competition’s trend.

“Senior, will Master be alright?” a young man carrying a black wok asked the senior next to him softly.

“I’ve wandered with Master for over 10-odd years, and met about 1000 chefs. Master has defeated all of them, so there’s nothing to worry about here,” that senior calmly said while digging his nose. He wasn’t concerned about such a scene and such a young chef at all.

Many of the chefs who had lost to his master were old chefs who had spent their entire lives in the kitchen, and had numerous honors and titles. However, they could only bow and accept their defeat in front of their master.

“18-year-old maiden’s dress” was one of his master’s best cold dishes. He had once defeated the goblins’ king of the cold dish with it before.

Since their master had decided to utilize this dish, that meant today’s duel was going to end right here.

That young man appeared to be much relieved when he heard that. He secretly sized up all the beautiful ladies standing at the restaurant’s entrance. He rarely saw such beautiful maidens in his travels, so even a few sneaky glances could make him blush.

Chapman came between the two cooks with a huge clock, and loudly declared, “The 33-minute countdown starts right now!”

As soon as Chapman said that, Mag and Harris began to move at the same time.

Harris took out all kinds of ingredients from the basket calmly. They were all vegetarian foods. He washed them in a wooden basin with clear water. His every step was slow, gentle, and so extremely detailed that he even washed the gaps between the leaves two, three times.

However, on the other end, Mag’s actions were much faster. He washed the beef, ox tongue, ox heart, ox scalp, and tripe one by one before lighting up the stove and setting up a pressure cooker. He placed all the ingredients for the brine and condiments in sequence, and boiled them with a high heat. Then, he simmered them with a medium heat.

Making “sliced beef and ox tongue in chili sauce” was a complicated affair. The marination needed a lot of time. Because of the time-constraint, Mag had to utilize the pressure cooker in order to make the marinade seep through the beef and beef offal quickly, and to achieve the effect of tender-but-not-mushy.

As the meat cooked in the cooker, Mag set up a Shaoxing wine urn on the stove, and began to place all kinds of precious seafood and ingredients into it. He then poured in the stock, sealed the urn, and let it simmer.

“Buddha jumps over the wall” was the soup that Mag chose. As a top soup, it had already defeated one opponent, and today would be its second time being pitted against another soup.

Of course, whether it would get the chance to enter the stage would depend on the performance of “sliced beef and ox tongue in chili sauce”.

The marination was very crucial for the “sliced beef and ox tongue in chili sauce”. Tossing it cold would even give it its soul.

Mag heated up the wok, poured in the oil, and scattered a big bunch of chaotian pepper in. He then added in the Sichuan pepper, star anise, galanga, spring onions, garlic, ginger, and sugar, and simmered them with low heat. A pot full of aromatic spicy red oil began to release a dazzling aroma.

He fried the sesame seeds, and smashed the peanuts into bits. After setting all the ingredients nicely at the side, Mag kept his knife, and waited for the marination to be done.

Meanwhile, on the other side, Harris was cutting his ingredients delicately with his “Saury”. All the colorful ingredients were cut into different shapes and sizes. Some of the vegetables were quickly scalded in the pot of hot water before they were plated carefully on the big plate, while others were scattered on the plate directly to become a corner of the skirt.

The entire cooking process was just like painting. The big white plate was the canvas, all the ingredients were the paint, and he was expressing himself to his heart’s content.

Perhaps that is the so-called tempo of cooking? Mag was attracted by Harris’ state of transcendence just by flicking a glance at him. That was a very amazing state, and would gradually calm the person watching him down.

Most of the customers' gazes were attracted by Harris. It was rare to see such a visually entertaining style of cooking.

Ding! The pressure cooker chimed, and Mag retrieved his gaze. He turned off the fire, and waited for three minutes before placing the pressure cooker into the freezer directly. The high pressure was quickly relieved.

Mag removed the pressure cooker, and gently exhaled before uncovering the pot.

The rich aroma of the marinade slowly blossomed, and spread out with the hot air instantly.

Chapter 1478: Senior, Is Everything Really Going To Be Fine?

The rich braised meat aroma spread out as if a delicious bomb had suddenly exploded in the crowd.

"Smells so good!"

The audience, who were initially watching Harris like he was painting, began to look toward Mag and gulped subconsciously.

Abraham took in a deep breath, and murmured in wonder, "What's this smell? It smells like that la zhi meat in the roujiamo, yet there is a very big difference." He got up on his tiptoes to look at the steaming pot, but it was so full of steam that he couldn't see what was inside.

Boss Mag's new product indeed doesn't disappoint. Vanessa also tried to stretch up to look toward Mag. Because she was standing much closer, the rich aroma was even more intense. She already couldn't help but salivate.

This aroma... is so special. Seems like a lot of spices are used, but it's done in a manner that is not messy at all despite the great variety. It made the beef's aroma even more outstanding. This great control of the spices is truly shocking. Chapman was also staring at Mag in shock. He could smell about half of the spices used, but there were still many spices that confused him.

In his own understanding and from his master's teachings, too many spices couldn't make the food tastier. Instead, they would make the food lose its own characteristics.

However, in this aroma, the beef's scent always had a leading position. It even became more glaring after being set off by all kinds of scents. He could almost sense the satisfaction and anticipation that the mouthful of meat brought even before he tasted it.

The "black wok" comrades who were already relaxing and waiting for their master to win easily no longer showed their disdain. They became nervous and curious.

"Senior, is everything really going to be fine?"

"T-this is nothing. Master is still going to win." That senior who had been digging his nose earlier had already lowered his hand, but he was still trying his best to reply calmly.

Hmm? This meat's aroma is rather interesting. Harris couldn't help but stop his actions, and looked at the pot in front of Mag in amazement.

Beef, tripe, ox heart, ox tongue, and ox scalp all stewing together in a mixture should have a very strong cowish smell, but the smell was intricately merged and combined by the spices to become the best support for the meat's aroma.

It wasn't suppressed by the spices, but was instead going along with it. The rich meaty flavor of the beef and beef offal was released by the spices completely. The aroma became much gentler, but still retained its invasiveness. It became extremely enticing.

This little friend is young, but his understanding of the spices can't be underestimated. Harris looked up at Mag, and his expression became increasingly excited. He hadn't met an opponent like this for quite some time.

Harris quickly retrieved his gaze, and doubled his focus on the "18-year-old maiden's dress" in front of him. His strokes were still carefree and easy.

However, the audience's curiosity had already been completely pulled away by Mag. The rich meaty aroma made it hard for the audience to calmly watch Harris cook again. They became more curious about the kind of dish that Mag was cooking.

The rich aroma instantly turned the balance of the victory over to its side. Everyone from Mamy Restaurant began to have a glowing expression too.

"However, isn't Boss supposed to make a cold dish? It's piping hot with steam. It doesn't look like a cold dish at all," Yabemiya puzzledly said.

"The hot dish will be a cold dish after we chill it. That shouldn't be difficult, right?" Babla wasn't worried at all. She gulped, and softly said, "Do we have the right to taste it?"

"We most probably can if there are leftovers," Connie smilingly said.

The audience were also wondering about the same thing. They all wanted to know how Mag was going to turn this aromatic piping hot beef dish into a cold dish.

Mag didn't care about the commotion around him. His attention was all focused on the braised meat in front of him. The braised meat's aroma was perfect, and the gravy was an appetizingly glistening brown.

With a slotted ladle, he scooped the beef and beef offal from the pot. The braised beef and beef offal were brown as the gravy had seeped into them perfectly. Both the color and aroma were very enticing.

Mag placed the meat on a small sieve to drain the gravy before placing them into the freezer.

Rapid freezing would affect the meat's texture, so Mag didn't set the temperature too low. He wanted to ensure the braised meat's texture wouldn't be destroyed while the meat cooled down.

"Sliced beef and ox tongue in chili sauce" wasn't usually made like this. The braising of the meat would usually take four hours with a low heat. It was to let the spices and marinate slowly seeped into the beef and beef offal so the texture and taste could reach their peak during this process.

However, Mag had to use a pressure cooker to save time. This pressure cooker could achieve 80% to 90% of the effect after the system modified it, but it still wasn't the optimal.

The aroma was being locked in, so Mag stood at the side, and coolly watched Harris plate.

Harris should be doing a vegetarian platter. 18 kinds of vegetables were cut into all kinds of shapes and sizes, and then arranged into a colorful dress.

He coordinated the color ingeniously, and the complex stacking method made the dress look bright, colorful, and very beautiful.

Meanwhile, the process of watching the dress come into existence was even more artistic. It was just like watching a painter at work. It made people amazed with Harris' superb skills.

"What a beautiful dress. I like that little dress," a young maiden said with glowing eyes as she watched the dress take its shape.

Many maidens in the crowd had the same expression. Everyone would like to wear a beautiful dress like that when they were 18 years old.

During a break, Harris boiled a pot of water on the other stove, and added some weird-looking spices in. He then covered the pot, and continued to arrange the dress.

At about the 28th minute, Harris embedded the last strip of carrot into the dress, and then took two steps back. He heaved a breath of relief before looking at his work with satisfaction.

A colorful long dress had already appeared on the big white plate.

The fresh vegetables gave the dress the most vibrant colors. All the ingredients were joined together without any gaps, and they made the dress look perfect from every angle.

It was a summer dress, but it still made people's eyes brighten up in the winter.

This could no longer be called a cold dish. It actually looked more like a piece of art that was delicately carved out by a master artist.

"This is the most beautiful dish I have ever seen. Its beauty is unparalleled."

"I think it has already won if we simply judge by its appearance."

"How are we going to eat that? It feels like an unforgivable destruction no matter where we start picking it up."

The audience couldn't stop heaping praises on it while expressing their concern on where they should commence eating it.

"Alright. My '18-year-old maiden's dress' is already done. Can this young maiden please help me present it to the judges?" Harris smilingly said to Vanessa.

"Sure." Vanessa nodded. She then picked up that huge plate nervously, and walked to the judges' table gingerly.

A beautiful maiden holding a beautiful dress was indeed very pleasing to the eye.

Meanwhile, on the other side, Mag had just removed the cooled-down braised meat from the freezer. He picked up the "Fat Head Fish", and began to slice the meat.

Chapter 1479: This Shocking Scrumptiousness!

Vanessa placed the plate gently in the center of the judges' table, and took two steps back. After making sure everything was in its place, she heaved a long breath of relief.

This was the first time she found carrying a plate a very tiring task. Of course, the most important reason was that she didn't want this delicacy which was as intricate as a piece of artwork to be destroyed in her hands. The pressure was much bigger than the weight of the plate.

All the judges' gazes were already attracted by the "18-year-old maiden's dress".

"The art of plating is utilized to the extreme in this '18-year-old maiden's dress'. The moving colors' combination and the perfectly fitted shape have demonstrated his superb cutting skills. This is the most beautiful cold dish I have ever seen and a cold dish I couldn't bear to eat the most." Robert stood up to show his praises and admiration.

The audience all nodded in agreement. President Robert had voiced out what they were thinking.

"This is the first dress that isn't red which I'm tempted to try on. It's indeed very beautiful." Scheer was also looking at that colorful dress with amazement. It was colorful, but not vulgar at all. It had the energy that an 18-year-old should possess, as if putting on this dress could make one dance happily.

"I didn't expect Miss Scheer would speak so highly about it."

The audience were staring at Scheer with astonishment. Everyone in Chaos City knew Miss Scheer only liked to wear red dresses. No one had seen her in dresses of other colors before. They could see her attitude toward this dish when she gave a comment like this.

"I'm not going to wear a dress, but I think my daughter will definitely love this dress if she sees it." Michael smiled.

"It has changed from armor to a pretty dress. Seems like you've been through quite a bit in these past few years." Novan looked at Harris thoughtfully.

"Nonsense. No, this is art!" Harris emphasized gravely.

Jeffree picked up his chopsticks, and used them to pick up a piece of blanched carrot at the edge of the dress. Even though it looked like an ordinary carrot, there was actually some transparent dressing that was drizzled over it. He fed it into his mouth.

The blanched carrot was still crispy, and the dressing that was slightly sweet and tangy made the already sweet carrot even crunchier.

The crunchy texture activated the dull tongue instantaneously, and his appetite was whetted. He was anticipating even more scrumptiousness.

Jeffree raised his eyebrows slightly. It was a familiar style and taste. Harris was still adhering to the principles of maximizing and preserving the taste of the ingredients and using seasonings that minimally affected the ingredients after all these years. Most of the time, seasonings were simply supporting characters.

“It still tastes the same. One could only make truly delicious food when they respect the ingredients.” Jeffree put down his chopsticks, and admiringly said to Harris, “You’re still the best chef I have ever met.”

The other judges also picked up their chopsticks, and started to taste the dish from the edge of the dress. They were all bowed over by it.

Although they looked as if they weren’t cooked because of the plating, in actuality, every ingredient was perfectly processed and had a crunchy texture. Furthermore, the dressing that was drizzled over them was just like a highlight. It gave this dish a soul that made people unable to stop eating it.

This was a very exceptional cold dish. It was crunchy and refreshing, and its advantage would be even more obvious if it was paired with other food. Everyone nodded as they ate, and they all couldn’t resist grabbing a few more bites.

“All five judges have given it highly favorable comments! Is the second round already over now?”

Everyone’s gazes instinctively landed on Mag, who was still in the midst of plating. If Mag lost this round again, the duel would be over too.

The highly acclaimed “18-year-old maiden’s dress” had redefined the upper limit on cold dishes for everyone. From today on, ordinary cold dishes would no longer be able to satisfy them.

Mag still had a calm and collected expression. The surface of the braised beef and beef offal had completely dried, and Mag cut them into slices that were equal in size and thickness with a knife. The beef, tripe, ox heart, ox tongue, and ox scalp all looked different when they were sliced up.

Mag got a big white deep dish over, and placed the sliced beef and offals onto one another to form a shape of a volcano in the center of the dish.

Then, Mag used a big ladle to drizzle a scoop of the red oil that he had prepared in advance along the edge of the volcano to soak the dried meat slices before he scattered a handful of crushed peanuts and roasted sesame seeds. Finally, he placed a tender green cilantro at the mouth of the volcano as the garnish, and a helping of bright red “sliced beef and ox tongue in chili sauce” was done.

Mag walked over to the judges’ table with the “sliced beef and ox tongue in chili sauce”.

“Although it isn’t as beautiful as ‘18-year-old maiden’s dress’, that scoop of red oil seems to have injected a soul into it, and made me feel the spiciness of the hot pot. This is, in fact, an active volcano that is about to erupt!” Abraham’s Adam’s apple moved. Even though he had been tortured by the hot pot countless times, he still loved it like it was his first love. Hence, his expectations for this so-called “husband and wife lung slices” immediately increased exponentially.

“My heavens! Is this infused with a deadly dose of chili oil?”

“Congratulations. Mamy Restaurant’s spicy family has added a new member.”

“Compared to the light and refreshing ‘18-year-old maiden’s dress’, this is the other extreme! Is there a chance for a comeback?”

The audience chatted excitedly as their gazes moved along with Mag.

Harris' "18-year-old maiden's dress" had brought along an exquisite experience for everyone with its light and refreshing grace.

Meanwhile, Mag's hot "husband and wife lung slice" was just like a flushing barbarian who simply barged in and attracted everyone's stares.

The red oil had dyed the beef and beef offals bright red. They didn't have to put them into their mouths, as the aroma of the red oil alone already made them swallow their saliva.

And, that tiny bit of tender green cilantro among all the redness had also portrayed the artistic conception of a tiny bit of green in the midst of thousands of flowers.

How am I supposed to eat such heavy and greasy food? Jeffree furrowed his eyebrows as he looked at the "husband and wife lung slice" with distaste.

The other judges were also looking at this "husband and wife lung slice" with hesitation. The bright redness made them wonder how to start eating it.

The plating was still pretty, but compared to the exquisite "18-year-old maiden's dress", this plating was simply so-so.

"Boss Mag, what level of spiciness is this 'husband and wife lung slice' of yours compared to the spicy grilled fish?" Michael asked Mag. As a father who had been tortured by the insanely spicy grilled fish before, he didn't want to repeat his mistake again.

"If this is only a comparison of their spiciness, it's probably around medium spicy," Mag said after a moment of pondering.

"Medium spicy, that's good." Michael heaved a breath of relief. He could accept this level of spiciness. He grabbed a pair of new chopsticks, picked up a piece of beef from the plate, and chuckled. "Then, let me be the first to try it."

The thinly sliced beef was coated with a layer of red oil and garnished with roasted sesame seeds and crushed peanuts. Whiffs of the aroma of the braised meat and red oil drifted gradually. The taste buds were already tickled even before it entered the mouth.

After Michael bit down, the rich aroma of the red oil and the spiciness blossomed on the tip of his tongue at the same time. Shortly after that, it was the rich aroma of the braised beef.

The soft and smooth beef disintegrated after being bitten down on softly. The taste buds couldn't help quivering as they welcomed the impact of this spiciness like a tropical storm.

"Oh! This shocking scrumptiousness!"

Michael could only open his mouth to praise it after a long time.

Chapter 1480: Alright, My Money Is Already Prepared

After watching Michael—who lamented with a mesmerized expression—swiftly pick up another piece of beef and pop it into his mouth, the crowd was completely enthralled by the "husband and wife lung slice". The way that he didn't even want to waste time talking made many people salivate secretly.

“It made the city lord so mesmerized and enthralled. Is this ‘husband and wife lung slice’ really so delicious?”

Many people’s curiosity was piqued. Although the city lord was also full of praises for the “18-year-old maiden’s dress” earlier, he stopped after tasting it. It was completely different from the way that he was unable to stop now.

Meanwhile, the other judges were also looking at Michael, who couldn’t stop eating, with surprise. Even though this “husband and wife lung slice” wasn’t as pretty as “18-year-old maiden’s dress”, the exquisite cutting skills made sure that every slice of the beef and beef offals was of equal thickness. The aroma of the braised beef coupled with the aroma of the red oil slowly drifted over, and immediately covered over that of “18-year-old maiden’s dress”.

“This red oil looks very enticing. Let me try the taste too.” Robert stood up and picked up a piece of tripe.

The tripe that was sliced lengthwise was light yellow after braising. It had a natural grid on its surface with a layer of red oil coated all over it, which made it look very enticing.

Robert had had Mamy Restaurant’s hot pot before, and was a loyal fan of the tripe. However, compared to the usual thinly sliced tripe, this tripe looked much thicker.

Before trying the tripe from the hot pot, Robert had always stayed away from the animals’ organ meats. In his impression, those organ meats had a weird taste that was hard to remove no matter what cooking methods were used. But Mag had shattered his prejudice with the hot pot.

Moreover, there were also ox tongue, ox scalp, and ox heart on this plate beside the tripe, some seldom seen ingredients.

Could Mag recreate the hot pot’s amazing technique after changing a form of cooking method? This made Robert rather expectant.

After the tripe entered the mouth, it began to cross swords with his teeth. It wasn’t as tender as the hot pot’s tripe. It was slightly more chewy, but not too difficult to chew. It could be torn apart with a slightly harder bite, so it brought about a very amazing chewy sensation.

The aromatic spicy red oil, the roasted sesame seeds, and crushed peanuts began to blossom at the tip of his tongue as if they were a marching band in red uniforms solemnly introducing the tripe with noisy music.

The aroma of the marinate was so rich as if it had seeped into every inch of the tripe. Then, it simmered, simmered before exploding!

The aroma of the red oil, marinate, and the tripe fought such an enjoyable battle on the tip of the tongue. It was so intense that his taste buds were too busy to handle them. They could only lament with amazement before surrendering completely.

Robert only felt an enjoyable spicy sensation after swallowing the tripe, and beads of sweat already appeared on his forehead. He heaved out a breath of hot air, and then gasped in admiration.

“Marvelous! Although this tripe is a cold dish, it gave me a warmth that even a hot dish couldn’t

compare with in the middle of this cold winter. Boss Mag has refreshed my cognition in the area of cooking beef offals again. This is on par with the hot pot's tripe!"

"On par with the hot pot's tripe!"

"Alright, my money is already prepared."

"Even though I didn't get to eat it, I could already vaguely imagine its taste. I wonder if this new product will be released today? I wanna try it..."

The Mamy Restaurant's regulars were already in an uproar. To those customers who loved the hot pot's tripe, such a comment already whetted their expectations and appetite.

"Gulp~" Vanessa's throat moved, but she didn't realize her actions were a little beneath her station as her gaze was completely attracted by the "husband and wife lung slice".

She couldn't deny that "18-year-old maiden's dress" had amazed her. There probably wasn't another chef in this world who could make another dish as beautiful as that.

However, to a hot pot fanatic and a tripe's loyal fan like her, appearances simply couldn't compare to a helping of delicious tripe, right?

In her eyes now, this reddish "husband and wife lung slice" was the best-looking dish, and her saliva was being secreted continuously. She would have gone over to try it for herself if it hadn't been inappropriate now.

Michael and Robert had given it very high reviews, and they obviously enjoyed eating it more than "18-year-old maiden's dress". The scale of victory had begun to tip over to Mag.

He can create dishes that make people feel blessed. Seems like this young friend has great abilities. Harris was still calm, but he was already looking at Mag with a more serious gaze. He was also looking at "husband and wife lung slice" with more interest. *Could the beef and beef offals that are cooked with all kinds of spices and processed with unusual steps really get rid of their stench and gain an exquisite taste? This really makes me very curious.*

Harris was still calm, but his disciples no longer were. Worry appeared on many of their faces.

The youngest disciples couldn't help worriedly asking, "Senior, the judges are beginning to change their decisions. Can Master still hold the fort?"

That senior tried to answer as positively as possible. "Don't worry, there's no problem at all. Even if we lose this round, Master still has another chance. Master is the best at soups. His sour beef bone broth has been lavishly praised by many, so there's definitely no problem at all."

Chapman, who was standing guard by the big clock, turned around, and said, "Silence."

Everyone fell silent in unison.

Two judges had given "husband and wife lung slice" lavish praises in succession, and tilted the trend that was originally lending toward "18-year-old maiden's dress" slowly over to the other side. However,

according to the rules, Mag could only win when three or more judges chose his dish. Hence, the reviews of the remaining three judges became very crucial.

“Actually, I was always very afraid of organ meats. Can I choose to skip this dish?” Scheer apologetically said after throwing a glance at the “husband and wife lung slice”. She didn’t pick up her chopsticks, either.

She ultimately couldn’t cross over this hurdle. The organ meats, skin... she simply couldn’t accept all these.

Furthermore, there was even ox scalp and ox tongue among the tripe and ox heart in this dish.

That was ox tongue!

Scheer couldn’t imagine herself eating a cow’s tongue. She knew she couldn’t accept such weird food as soon as she imagined how the cow used its wet and gooey tongue to pick up grass.

As a judge, making such comments was obviously very unprofessional, but she simply had no other choice.

The audience got a little excited. If Scheer passed on this dish, it meant she chose “18-year-old maiden’s dress” directly, and it would benefit Harris.

“If a judge didn’t taste the contestant’s food, then she doesn’t have the right to choose and review it.” Harris stepped forward and smiled at Scheer. “If Miss Scheer decides to skip it, then your vote will be invalid.”