

Stay At home 1481

Chapter 1481: It's Just A Tongue

Everyone looked at Harris in shock. He could have won that vote easily, but he stepped out to reject it.

"The Invincible God of Cookery indeed. That's very admirable," someone lamented.

Everyone started seeing Harris in a different light. This was a form of respect towards his opponents, and it also ensured the fairness of the competition.

This uncle is quite interesting. Mag also took an interest in Harris.

He didn't have a good impression of people who challenged him. After all, he had to waste his time to face these random duels. Not only that, he might trigger random missions as well.

However, Harris had displayed his top-notch culinary skills and his pride as a chef. He had already made some of the other chefs change their perceptions.

If the vote became invalid, it would mean that this would be a tie of 2:2, and that would make the second round of the competition lose its validity. That means that there would be no conclusion to today's duel. Scheer clenched her fists tightly subconsciously. She knew very clearly what the chain reaction for losing this vote would be.

She could also feel the gazes coming from everywhere. As she was the leader of the Buffett Family, her pride would not allow her to make such a decision in such a situation.

Scheer looked at Harris, and seriously said, "I will try it personally, and make a fair judgment."

"Ian really made the right choice for the heir," Harris said with a smile, and motioned for Scheer to go ahead.

Scheer picked up her pair of chopsticks. The chopsticks grazed past the trip and paused at the beef. However, Michael had already tried the beef, so she continued moving her chopsticks and grazed past the ox scalp. She paused and hesitated between the ox heart and ox tongue.

The ox's heart and tongue were both very strange parts. Just thinking about it made her feel like her stomach was about to flip.

She really could not understand why Mag would use such strange ingredients to cook. There were so many parts on an ox that he could use like the ribs, the meat, the bones... but he had to choose all those.

Scheer glared at Mag. Although she admired his talent a lot, right now she just wanted him to make something new for her.

Mag smiled. He also motioned for her to help herself.

Some foods were really hard to accept for certain people. He couldn't accept dark cuisines like balut.

Scheer was already very bold for attempting. He hoped that she would not be disappointed.

I'll just eat it. It's just beef offal. I can just swallow it, Scheer thought to herself with annoyance. The gazes all around triggered her pride. She did not want to be looked down on. Her chopsticks stopped at the ox tongue, and she picked a piece up.

The ox tongue was braised to the color of the gravy and cut into thin slices. There was a gradient from light to dark from the center of the piece out. It was covered with a layer of shiny red chili oil, and was garnished with some white sesame. The scent of the braised beef mixed with the fragrance of chili oil wafted over. If no one had told her that was ox tongue, she would not have recognized it.

However, since she already knew that this was an ox tongue, she could not help but imagine a tongue dripping with saliva, and she slowly could no longer look at the ox tongue between her chopsticks anymore.

"Scheer, you can do it. It's just a tongue," Scheer told herself. She appeared as calm as before as she tried to suppress all other thoughts. Her hand trembled as she slowly put the ox tongue into her mouth.

She wanted to just swallow it whole, but the chili oil on the ox tongue was a little too pungent. In order to maintain her elegant image, she decided not to swallow.

Since the ox tongue was already in her mouth, it was too late to spit it out. With so many people watching her, if she could not handle this situation properly, her image that she'd built up for all these years would be broken.

Let's just give it a try. Although she was very unwilling, and the ox tongue kept surfacing in her mind, Scheer still managed to stay calm. She even started chewing on the ox tongue, savoring its taste, just like a professional judge.

The hot chili oil had already started burning in her mouth. For someone who did not like to eat spicy food, the spiciness was already a little over her comfort level.

She started chewing on the ox tongue with a strange feeling inside. The ox tongue full of saliva in her head suddenly seemed to have actualized and gone into her mouth.

However, in a split second, she felt a tender texture, and her mouth was filled with a strong fragrance, slapping that imaginary ox tongue out of her mouth.

"Mmm~"

Scheer could not help but let out a soft moan.

The burst of flavor in her mouth caught her off-guard. She squeezed her legs together subconsciously, and her body tensed up.

It was similar to the fragrance of beef, but there were some differences. The texture was soft and crispy, which was extraordinary. The ox tongue started dancing in her mouth and teasing her taste buds under the coat of the gravy and chili oil, making her want more.

At that moment, she had forgotten her fear and despise for the ox tongue as she indulged in the beautiful experience it brought her.

The tongue dripping with saliva, the tongue rolling up grass... all of that was cast away.

She saw grass, a field of grass, an azure blue sky, and an ox eating grass.

She felt as though she was lying on the field of grass, smelling its fresh scent, and feeling the pulse of the earth.

A black ox walked over to eat the grass by her side. The grass rolled around its tongue, and that did not look dirty at all.

Everything was serene and beautiful.

Scheer opened her eyes slowly. She had already unknowingly swallowed the ox tongue. Its smell still lingered around her mouth, as though it was reminding her to take another piece of ox tongue.

“This ox tongue is surprisingly tasty. It could even change one’s fear and inherent prejudice against it. When you first know that this was a piece of ox tongue, you might be very repelled to try it, but once you tasted it, you would realize its irresistible taste, and might even be hooked to it.” Scheer put her chopsticks down, and seriously said, “The 18-year-old maiden’s dress is the most beautiful dish I’ve ever seen. However, if I had to choose between these two dishes, I would choose the husband and wife lung slice. Its taste gave me a bigger surprise.”

“Wow!!!”

A round of applause erupted within the area. They were applauding the ox tongue and also Scheer’s courage.

How delicious must the ox tongue be for it to allow someone to cast away their fears and give up their prejudices towards it? It gave the audience a lot of room for imagination.

Most importantly, Scheer had made her choice to give her vote to Mag.

It seemed that Mag had won.

Chapter 1482: What If It’s Gloria?

Everyone could not help but turn to look at Harris. He could have gotten an easy vote, but he gave this vote to Mag.

Harris looked at Scheer with a smile, and gave her a thumbs-up as he said, “You’re Ian’s granddaughter indeed. You could make a fair choice.”

“Grandpa once said that you were an impartial chef. He was right,” Scheer replied with a nod. She looked at Harris with respect.

“That’s basic respect for my opponent.” Harris smiled, and looked at Jeffrey and Novan. “Please make your choice too.”

“Since that’s the case, let’s give the ox scalp a try. I didn’t know that other than to make leather armor with it, you can also eat ox skin.” Novan picked up a thin piece of ox scalp with his chopsticks. The ox

scalp was full of colloid and was translucent, and there was also a layer of chili oil covering it. Novan put it into his mouth.

The fragrance and spiciness exploded in his mouth first. Novan started chewing the ox scalp. Its chewy texture made his eyes light up.

The ox scalp, which was supposed to be very tough, was extremely soft and chewy. He could easily bite into it, and the collagen gave it a slightly sticky texture. However, the gravy balanced out the sticky texture, and gave it a very good flavor.

It felt as though he had unknowingly fallen into a soft trap, and all of a sudden, he was pulled into the abyss of flavor.

Novan savored it carefully. He did not know that ox scalp could be so delicious. After swallowing it, the flavor still lingered in his mouth.

“Boss Mag is really admirable in both his creativity and culinary skills. To be able to make ox scalp into such a soft and chewy delicacy is not easy at all.” Novan put his chopsticks down and looked at Mag with great respect. After that, he slightly regretfully said, “However, at my age, I’d prefer something more refreshing and delectable, so between these two cold dishes, I would prefer Harris’s 18-year-old maiden’s dress. Therefore, I choose the 18-year-old maiden’s dress.”

“That’s of course.” Mag nodded.

A person’s taste and preference were very subjective. Some people would rather have a bowl of plain porridge with salted vegetables compared to seafood and delicacies.

Everyone looked at Jeffree. He was the only one left who had not tasted the food.

Jeffree looked at the red hot husband and wife lung slice and frowned. He had not seen such oily and flavorful food on his dining table for several years.

Just like what Novan said, at their age, they would prefer something refreshing and delectable, and Harris’s dish was right up his alley.

However, since he had already agreed to become the judge for today, it was not nice of him to make a decision before trying, so he picked a piece of ox heart.

The dark brown ox heart was sliced so thinly that he could see the fine lines on it. It glistened in the light because of the red chili oil, and that gave it a lot more color. In addition, that fragrant tinge of spicy smell that wafted over was not as pungent as he thought it would be.

Jeffree looked at it for a while before putting it into his mouth and chewing it.

The thin ox heart melted in his mouth, and he only needed to chew it softly for the tangy spiciness to explode in his mouth.

His dormant taste buds suddenly exploded as though someone poured hot oil on them. That strong sensation even made him feel as though he could not control his body.

Rip!

The sound of cloth ripping broke the silence. Three buttons from the tightly buttoned-up shirt popped out, and the inner shirt also tore.

Torn clothes!

Everyone was shocked when they saw that.

They did not expect President Jeffree, who was always solemn and strict, would actually have such a strong reaction when tasting this dish.

“This taste!” Jeffree was completely immersed in the fragrance of the tangy spiciness. He did not find the taste strange because it was an organ, and there wasn’t any greasiness, either. The fragrance of the tangy spiciness was brought out completely by the ox heart.

His taste buds, which had gotten used to plain food, seemed to be rejoicing with revenge.

He felt as though he could see his younger self.

He traveled far and wide, almost covering the entire Norland Continent.

Back then, he liked to eat and drink, and would always pull a cart full of goods with an aim to conquer every piece of land.

Time flew, and he was no longer able to ride on his horse as he continued to expand his business empire. However, his calm heart was once again burning with passion because of this taste.

The Moreton Family had stagnated for several years, and his expectation for Cyril was no longer for him to continue strengthening the family’s power. He was content enough if Cyril could guard whatever the Moreton Family had.

But right now, a crazy thought surfaced in his mind.

What if it was someone else?

What if it was Gloria?

With her tenacity and capabilities, could she set the Moreton Family back on sail, reach to even further places, and catch up with the Buffett Family once again?

He felt his heart thumping intensely as his hesitation became resolution.

After a very long time, Jeffree opened his eyes slowly. His forehead was covered with perspiration. He looked at Mag, and a smile appeared on his solemn face as he said, “At my age, I should have been past the stage where I would like this kind of dish. However, this dish was an exception. It touched me like never before, so I will choose the husband and wife lung slice.”

“Thanks.” Mag nodded gently. He was a little shocked that Jeffree would actually vote for him.

Now that he had another judge’s vote, Mag was currently leading with 2:1.

“Master Harris is still as good as before, and the 18-year-old maiden’s dress was very delightfully surprising, while Mr. Mag’s husband and wife lung slice was a unique delicacy using five different parts

of an ox. That was an even more pleasant surprise. It was a difficult decision, but I chose the husband and wife lung slice.” Robert lifted his hand in Mag’s direction.

“Then I will not make further comments. Boss Mag’s husband and wife lung slice suits my taste. It would be better if there was some alcohol,” Michael said with a smile.

The final outcome of the husband and wife lung slice vs the 18-year-old maiden’s dress was 4:1!

“Boss won this round!” Yabemiya jumped elatedly.

The other ladies from the restaurant were also smiling. They were no longer as nervous, since the competition would have ended if they lost the second round.

“It seems like the husband and wife lung slice is way better than the other one in terms of taste.”

“It was just a cold dish, but Master Harris made it into art, while Boss Mag made it into a main dish. Although there was a clear winner, I think that the two are actually on par.”

Now that the overall score was 1:1, the duel had become more intense. Everyone was anticipating who would win the upcoming round!

The audience started to become a little excited and unsettled.

Just then, a soft voice said, “Er... Can I try these two dishes?”

Chapter 1483: Would We Have To Call Him Grandmaster?

Vanessa looked at Harris and Mag cautiously. Although it did not seem like the right time to say such things, she really wanted to try the 18-year-old maiden’s dress and husband and wife lung slice.

She would definitely regret it if she missed this opportunity.

“Of course you can, young lady. This is what I promised you,” Harris said with a chuckle. He looked at Mag, and said, “Young friend, do you mind?”

“Miss Vansa is our restaurant’s regular. Of course I wouldn’t mind,” Mag said with a smile.

“What bliss? That’s akin to being the sixth judge.”

The audience watched Vanessa with envy, and wished that they were the ones who could try the dishes instead so they would know how these two dishes tasted.

“Thank you,” Vanessa thanked him happily before walking to the judges’ table. She first bowed a little to the judges, and then picked up a clean pair of chopsticks. She chose a piece of white radish first. It was cut into a rhombus and looked crystal clear. It even had a light fragrance.

“What a beautiful radish,” Vanessa exclaimed before she put the radish into her mouth.

Crunch.

It was a crisp sound. The sweet and sour radish was very crispy and refreshing. The sweetness of the radish blended perfectly with the slightly sour sauce, which woke her taste buds. It was refreshing and appetizing—exactly what she had in mind for her expectations of an appetizer.

Of course, the most important part was its beautiful presentation. The appearance of the dress was not affected even though a part of it was already eaten. It merely looked like a short dress, and that gave off a different vibe which was equally pleasing to the eye.

“This is the most beautiful and most refreshing cold dish I’ve ever eaten,” Vanessa said as she turned back to look at Harris with a smile.

Harris smiled. He was very satisfied with Vanessa’s comments.

“Let me try the husband and wife lung slice now.” Vanessa looked at the plate of husband and wife lung slice that was almost gone. The judges only stopped eating it and left her with five to six slices after hearing that she was going to try the dishes too.

The bright red chili oil was the most beautiful color to her. Ever since her dental problems were cured, she had been indulging in spicy hot pot. She would feel terrible without having spicy hot pot for a day. In fact, her love for spicy hot pot had earned her the nickname chili padi, and she was fairly famous among hot pot lovers.

She loved the nickname, and felt very accomplished because it was her first nickname ever.

“Tripe!” Vanessa’s gaze was locked on the plate that was only left with a tripe. She quickly picked it up and inspected it.

The bright red oil was the most beautiful layer of coat, and the tripe was filled with tiny holes. It was very beautiful, and it was even giving off an enticing spicy scent.

“This tripe smells different from the one in hot pot, but it’s equally delectable,” Vanessa mumbled before putting the tripe into her mouth seriously.

First came the familiar taste of chili oil. It was much milder compared to the insanely spicy level, but it was still fragrant and rich.

As she bit into the tripe, the chewiness made her eyes light up.

The slightly thicker tripe had a surprising texture compared to the usual thin slice. It was crispy and chewy, making the chewing experience remarkable.

The tripe, which was braised, was richer in flavor compared to the thinner one for hot pot, and the more you chewed it, the more flavorful it became.

Vanessa felt as though the world had suddenly become quiet, and she was the only one left as she enjoyed the happiness of chewing the tripe.

Gulp.

Everyone could not help but swallow their saliva as they watched Vanessa eating blissfully.

“This tripe can really be on par with the one you eat in hot pot. It’s so delicious I have no words to describe it. It’s just like... just like...” Vanessa opened her eyes, and looked at all the expectant faces. She blushed as she thought for a while before her eyes widened, and she said, “Just like tripe!”

Everyone erupted into laughter. What a beautiful and cute lady.

Vanessa stuck her tongue out with embarrassment, but that was the only word she could find to describe it.

Vanessa was very self-aware, and put her chopsticks down after just having a piece of tripe before going back to join the crowd. In any case, once Boss Mag released a new dish, he wouldn't hide it, so once this dish was released, she would definitely have her fill.

However, before she returned to the audience, she could not help but look at Mag, and curiously asked, "Boss Mag, there is no husband and wife, nor are there lungs in this husband and wife lung slice. Why did you name it as such?"

Everyone also looked at Mag curiously. They also wanted to know the answer.

Although the regulars of Mamy Restaurant knew that Boss Mag had always named his dishes strangely like with the incomprehensible Peking duck and Yangzhou fried rice, this time it was a little too absurd.

"It's just like how a perch hook doesn't just catch perches, the husband and wife lung slice also isn't a literal name," Mag said with a smile.

"Oh," Vanessa answered softly. That did seem to be the case.

"Congratulations, young friend. You won the second round," Harris said generously as he looked at Mag.

"You're too kind." Mag bowed. He did not look down on Harris at all. The husband and wife lung slice helped him to win to a certain extent. If he had made a dish that was equally light in flavor, it would definitely have paled in comparison beside the 18-year-old maiden's dress.

Harris's disciples looked at Mag a little nervously.

Although they had absolute faith in their master, this young chef's capabilities did shock them.

It was not because they had a lot on the line, but because Mag added another bet to the duel. If their master lost...

"Second Senior, if Master lost, would we have to call him Grandmaster?" the youngest disciple asked worriedly.

"That's the case according to hierarchy." That senior's nostrils flared nervously.

"We've each won a round now, so the third round on soup will be the deciding round." Harris looked at Mag with a smile. "No matter who loses the competition today, we will have to become master and disciple. If you become my master, what do you intend to teach me?"

Mag thought for a while, and pointed to the plate at the side, saying, "I can teach you how to make the husband and wife lung slice."

This would probably be the dish where the ingredients could be easily obtained. As for the procedures, it would not be a problem for a chef at Harris's level.

"In that case, even if I lose the third round, I'll feel like I've gained something." Harris laughed heartily. His gaze slowly became resolute as he said, "However, I will still give my all for this round. If I win, you can learn any dish I know how to make."

Chapter 1484: No One Knows Soup Better Than Our Master!

In the textile factory in the northern part of the city, a murky yellow smoke rose from a tall chimney.

All the machines in the factory had officially started operating. The cotton was made into thread, and then weaved into cloth by machines. The factory had already started running.

“Your Highness, we’ve already put a bet of 300,000,000 copper coins that Mr. Mag would win in 10 gambling dens, just as you’ve ordered.” Captain Ashley looked at Irina, and hesitated for a while before saying, “If he lost, our army’s expenses would become very tight. By the looks of it, the gambling dens seemed to favor the chef that he is up against.”

“In that case, it seems like we can win even more money,” Irina said with a relaxed smile.

Captain looked at Irina’s profile, and did not speak further. After that, he left the office silently.

“He’s my man. How can he lose?” Irina commented with a smile in that empty office.

“Boss Mag of Mamy Restaurant has won the second round!”

The news spread to the gambling dens very quickly. The original multiplier for Mag’s victory was 2.5 times, but it quickly dropped to 1.2 times.

“Isn’t Master Harris known as the Invincible God of Cookery? Is he going to lose today?”

“No, please. I’ve bet my entire family fortune on him. If he lost, I wouldn’t even have a roof over my head.”

“I betted that Boss Mag would win. Let’s see if I would be able to get a free bowl of tofu pudding tonight.”

Now that the multiplier had changed, many of the gamblers in the gambling dens started to become unsettled. The change in the multiplier meant that the gambling dens thought that the chances of Boss Mag from Mamy Restaurant winning had increased. After all, after the release of the news from yesterday’s competition, the multiplier had already dropped to 1.5 times.

At the entrance of Mamy Restaurant, the atmosphere had become a bit tense now that the score had now become 1:1.

With the reputation of being the Invincible God of Cookery, and Mamy Restaurant’s recent popularity at Chaos City, this duel between Harris and Mag was very exciting. After they’d shown their capabilities in the first two rounds, the third round raised everyone’s expectations.

Both of them had already completed their preparation work for the soup when they were doing the cold dish. Now, the soups were cooking in the pots.

Mag stood at the side leisurely as he waited for the final product to simmer in the old wine vat. The most troublesome part was getting the ingredients ready, but once they were ready and placed in the vat, all he had to do was to wait.

However, because of the time limit in the duel, he could not cook the soup over a small fire for the entire afternoon just like how he normally would. Therefore, he had prepared the ingredients in advance so that the soup could be ready in half an hour.

On the other side, Harris appeared slightly busier.

He simmered and seasoned the soup based on how a bone broth should be done. Harris appeared very serious as he carefully put together the soup that brought him to fame: the sour beef bone broth.

As a chef, he would naturally still be a little proud. This sour beef bone broth was his pride and honor.

When he was 18, he rose to fame in the Roth Empire with this sour beef bone broth. After that, he was invited to Issen Castle by the dwarven king, and was made an honorable chef. The sour beef bone broth had also won the praises of the king and distinguished guests there.

After so many years, just the mention of his name would naturally remind one of the sour beef bone broth that the dwarven king had once called the best soup in the world.

Harris used a big piece of beef bone, chopped it into pieces, and put it into the pot. After that, he added a few spices, and simmered the soup for several hours.

Following that, he added his hand-made preserved radish, and after a sufficient amount of time, it would be delicious.

The process might seem simple, but there were many variables that could cause the soup to fail. For one, the preserved radish was the soul of the soup. Without it, there would not be the sour taste that left everyone longing for more.

Time passed slowly, and everyone was quiet as they watched the two chefs.

It was a very rare chance for most people to be able to watch top chefs at work from such a short distance.

On top of that, watching the ingredients turn into delicacies made the audience anticipate the final product even more.

Ding!

Harris's timer rang first.

Harris closed his fire, and waited for three minutes before opening the lid.

A slightly sour but rich smell wafted out instantaneously. Its sourness was not that of rotten food, but the kind that would make one drool.

Gulp~

Suddenly, there were sounds of people swallowing their saliva. Everyone craned their neck to look in the direction of the pot. That fragrance was a bit too much for them to handle.

The milky white beef bone broth was still steaming. Harris used a wooden ladle to stir it twice clockwise before scooping up a ladle of the soup into a white porcelain bowl together with a few pieces of preserved radish. After that, he sprinkled some spring onions, and the bowl of piping hot sour beef bone broth was completed.

That smell! Mag's eyes lit up. He also could not help but look at Harris. Preserved radish soup was nothing new to him, but he did not remember anyone who could actually make sour beef bone broth smell so enticing.

"That smells great. This Master Harris is really formidable," Anna whispered as she wrinkled her nose.

"Yes, that's such an enticing smell. It feels just like when you see bayberry, and you just can't stop salivating," Yabemiya said with a nod. However, she became a little nervous. "Boss wouldn't lose this round, would he?"

"Boss is making 'Buddha jumps over the wall'. He wouldn't lose." Connie squatted behind everyone with a helmet on. She calmly said, "That's my master's favorite dish. Look, that uncle's hair is almost gone. If he tried the 'Buddha jumps over the wall' for himself, I think he would admit defeat immediately."

Everyone in the restaurant looked at the small bunch of hair left on Harris's head, and thought of how the balding old men would fight over the limited servings of 'Buddha jumps over the wall'.

Everyone suddenly felt that Connie's words made sense, and their mood suddenly lightened up.

Meanwhile, Harris's disciples also looked brighter.

The second round was just an accident. Maybe their master had underestimated their opponent.

However, when it came to soups, they could proudly say, "No one knows soups better than our master!"

When the sour beef bone broth was brought out in the duel, it would mean that that was the end of the competition.

"See, this is still a competition without any suspense. Our master is still that Invincible God of Cookery. Of course, he wouldn't care for that title." The senior disciple lifted his hand, and dug his nose relaxedly.

"Master is indeed the most formidable." The junior disciple also heaved a sigh of relief as he chuckled. He would not want to have a grandmaster pop out from nowhere. *However, it's not bad if there's another junior disciple.*

Chapter 1485: This Soup Should Be The Best In The World, Right?

Five bowls of rich, milky white sour beef bone broth were scooped up. Chapman went over, put the bowls of soup on a tray, and carried it to the judges.

The judges were completely attracted by the sour beef bone broth in front of them. The fragrance of the sour beef bone broth wafted over together with the rising steam, dispelling all the chill. In addition, the sour smell caused them to salivate. They could not help but swallow.

“Nothing is better than a bowl of piping hot soup in winter.” Michael held the bowl, which warmed his rough hands. He blew the steam away gently before drinking the soup straight from the bowl.

The soup was still a little hot. The sour taste was not very sharp. In fact, it was rather mild, and blended perfectly with the rich smell of the broth, bringing a very distinct layered taste.

The sourness brought an enjoyable taste, and the warm soup brought him warmth.

“It is still that sour soup that brings joy and warmth.” Michael drank three large mouthfuls consecutively before smilingly commenting, “This is the soup that you should drink in winter. It’s also the best beef bone broth I’ve ever had. I think I can finish another two more bowls after this one.”

After saying that, he continued to drink his soup in big gulps, immersing himself in the joy that the soup brought him.

Scheer looked at the soup before her, and her eyes also lit up.

She had often heard her grandpa talk about Harris’s stories. He was the only chef that her grandpa would always bring up, and every time he did that, he would definitely mention the dish that brought the former to fame—the sour beef bone broth.

Five years ago, Harris would often come to Chaos City, and she had been lucky to be able to follow her grandfather to attend a gathering. The people who had been there were also the people sitting in the judges’ seats today. In addition, there had also been the people from Gray Temple and Lord Rolan.

Back then, it had also been winter.

It had been her first time trying sour beef bone broth. The delectable taste was still lingering in her mind even though five years had passed.

Right now, there was a bowl of sour beef bone broth in front of her once again.

The rich and white soup had a few spring onions floating in it. There were also a few pieces of radish submerged inside.

The sourness of pickled radish blended with the richness of the beef bone, resulting in a fragrance that would warm the soul. It was just some simple ingredients and a simple cooking method, but they formed such a delicious taste in such a beautiful way.

Scheer picked up her spoon. She gently pushed the spring onions away, and scooped up a spoonful of soup.

The whiteness of the soup came from the beef bone, and it could only be this rich because it was a sour broth.

Scheer opened her mouth slightly, and blew at the spoon before putting it into her mouth.

It was a familiar taste.

The warmth and sourness left a lingering sweetness behind. The rich fragrance blended perfectly with the flavorful soup.

She was completely relaxed, as though she was submerged in a hot spring. Her body and soul felt completely at ease.

After a very long while, Scheer opened her eyes slowly. She was smiling unknowingly as she said to Harris, "It was the same taste as when I've first had it. However, there were some slight differences. It was the taste of warmth that made one immerse in that feeling after drinking the soup."

"You were still a little girl the last time we met," Harris said with a smile.

"However, my heart was still captured by this sour beef bone broth," Scheer replied with a smile. She scooped another spoonful of soup and blew on it again gracefully before putting it into her mouth as she continued to enjoy the simple bliss that the soup brought her.

"It seems like Master Harris has already won with his signature dish since he's already gained the recognition of two judges."

"That's still uncertain. Boss Mag hasn't even presented his dish. You guys have no idea what kind of divine cuisine 'Buddha jumps over the wall' is!"

"I heard that the prisoners in Bastie Prison next door couldn't help but jump over the wall after smelling the 'Buddha jumps over the wall' just so that they could also have a share."

The audience talked softly. Michael and Scheer had both given the sour beef bone broth a very good review. While that made others curious about what the sour beef bone broth really tasted like, it also brought some differing opinions about the competition.

"Miss Scheer made it sound very warm and blissful. Sounds like this bowl of sour beef bone broth is very delicious." Vanessa licked her lips and swallowed her saliva. It was a pity she could no longer try the dishes.

"The sour broth might be delicious, but Boss Mag is bringing the 'Buddha jumps over the wall' out. That's going to be quite a show." Abraham looked at the wine vat in front of Mag with a smile. He would occasionally order a serving of 'Buddha jumps over the wall' to taste. He wouldn't dare to eat such overly nutritious food every day. However, after coming to Chaos City, his body had become healthier day by day, and all the small ailments that he used to have were gone.

"This is the most exciting duel I've ever watched. It way surpasses any of those I've read about in books," Vanessa remarked excitedly.

Jeffree drank a mouthful of soup before using the chopsticks to pick up the pickled radish. He bit into it and smiled.

The soft radish melted immediately in his mouth, and it was no longer that sour because of the soup. It was sweet and sour, just like how he remembered it to be.

Around 30 years ago, he and Ian were on their way to Issen Castle for a business meeting. Back then, they were still best partners. However, they didn't expect to be robbed right in front of Issen Castle.

Their subordinates were killed, and they were robbed of all their money. He was also very badly beaten up. It was Ian who dragged him along as he climbed to Issen Castle.

They wanted to seek help, but were locked outside and they fell, unconscious, in the streets on a snowy winter day. When he woke up, he was lying in a rather lavishly decorated room.

A young man brought them two bowls of soup. It was a piping hot thick soup that wafted with a slightly sour smell.

That was the best soup he had ever had in his entire life. It was sweet and sour, and the fragrance of the beef bone was very rich. After drinking the soup, he felt his icy cold body become warm immediately, and he also felt comforted from all the aches and pain in his body.

That young man was Harris. When he just arrived at Issen Castle, he had no friends, so when he saw the two of them lying on the street, he brought them back to his residence.

If it were not for that bowl of soup, there wouldn't be a Chamber of Commerce, or Buffett Bank, that had opened branches all over the Norland Continent.

He would never forget the taste of this soup for the rest of his life.

Therefore, even though they had not met for years, Jeffree still appeared to be the judge for Harris the moment he received the invitation.

"Bravo," Jeffree said to Harris, just like what he said back then after drinking the soup when he could not find the words to describe it or thank him.

"But of course," Harris said with a smile, just like how he answered him back then.

Robert tasted the soup, and could not help but exclaim, "The pickled radish triggered the richness of the soup, making the plain soup become even more flavorful. It is indeed a soup to behold, be it in terms of layering or taste. This is really one of the best soups ever."

Meanwhile, Novan had already finished the soup. He put the bowl down, and asked Harris, "Seconds?"

"That's a little too much to ask for," Harris said in disdain as he scooped another bowl for him.

"Ah, I really want to try this sour beef bone broth."

The audience had already swallowed their saliva countless times as they watched. They could only feel the sourness in their mouth.

This bowl of sour beef bone broth triggered their imagination on how it would taste like.

"This soup should be the best in the world, right?" someone asked softly.

Just then, Mag's timer rang.

Mag closed his fire, and used a small hammer to break the clay sealing the wine vat before slowly removing the paper underneath.

A sudden strong waft of fragrance emerged, and spread in all directions just like crashing waves.

Chapter 1486: Therefore, I Choose 'Buddha Jumps Over The Wall'

"This is?" Miya asked.

The people who were immersed in the sour beef bone broth's exquisite experience all couldn't help but turn their gaze onto Mag.

The intense aroma rushed out toward them, and drowned out the sour beef bone broth's aroma immediately. The seafood's freshness, the rich aroma of the meat, the light aroma of the mushrooms... and the faint scent of the wine. All these scents intermingled together, and brought forward an incredible aroma, making one immersed in it.

The noises slowly faded away, and the audience couldn't help gulping as they stared at the wine urn in front of Mag.

What was in that urn? Why could it give out such a mesmerizing aroma?!

Even the aroma of the sour beef bone broth was completely suppressed by it.

"This is?" Michael had to put down the bowl in his hand, and smilingly addressed Mag, "Boss Mag indeed decided to put out 'Buddha jumps over the wall'."

"Is this the legendary 'Buddha jumps over the wall'? I didn't expect its aroma to be so enticing?" Scheer also put down her spoon, and looked at Mag with amazement.

She couldn't be considered as one of Mamy Restaurant's regular customers, as the restaurant always had hundreds of people lining up. Moreover, Mag was famous for being impartial and rule-abiding. She didn't want to waste one to two hours lining up just for a meal.

However, she had recently been hearing about 'Buddha jumps over the wall' very frequently. Mamy Restaurant was already very famous in Chaos City's high society's circle. One could easily hear about it at any occasion.

But, looking at the situation now, this aroma had far exceeded her expectations.

The black pepper steak had given her a pleasant surprise before, and this 'Buddha jumps over the wall' seemed awesome too.

Chapman stared at Mag and the wine urn in front of him in shock. He was full of doubts. "This aroma is so special. How many ingredients did he put in this urn? And how did he make them work together in such a coordinated manner?"

What the sour beef bone broth went for was extreme simplicity. His master had only put beef bones and pickled radish into his soup before adding a handful of rock salt in. He didn't use too many condiments or add in other ingredients. He came up with a very simple and scrumptious bowl of soup.

But the soup that Mag made was completely its opposite. There were all kinds of ingredients and even wine added into the urn before simmering all of them together.

According to his master's ideal, if the ingredients clashed with and offset one another, even putting all the precious ingredients together would only result in a pot of horrendous food.

But the pot of soup Mag made had completely subverted this ideal. The abundant ingredients didn't become one another's shackles, but instead they complemented one another, and allowed the aroma to have abundant layers. It was as if people were seeking the familiar scents in this aroma and guessing what it was, just like with a treasure hunt.

Many of Harris' disciples had similarly confused expressions. At the same time, they also looked a little worried.

"It smells great. Senior, is this aroma still going to be okay? I feel Master's sour beef bone broth is already completely suppressed by it," the youngest disciple whispered. "Could he actually know more about soups than Master?"

That senior lowered the hand that was digging his nose with a panicked and awkward expression, and said, "I-impossible."

This aroma... was really too fragrant!

Simply judging any single one of the fragrances in it was already enticing enough. No matter if it was seafood soup, freshwater seafood soup, mushroom soup, or meat soup... they could all be a pot of soup on their own. However, someone in this world decided to simmer all of them together in one pot.

Furthermore, the most annoying fact was that he could even make them smell so divine and enticing together!

Even though his master was still the most formidable in his heart, it was undeniable that this rich aroma made that senior disciple a little panicked.

"You have to believe in Master. Even if he really loses, we most probably wouldn't be calling the other man our grandmaster," that senior consoled him.

"I'm not so sure about that. When did we not carry the black wok[1] for him?" the junior disciple lamented. However, his gaze became more resolute as he gravely said, "A soup has to have more than just aroma. Master's sour beef bone broth has never depended on its aroma to triumph over its competition. I don't believe there is a soup that is tastier than the sour beef bone broth."

"Yes. You're right, Junior. We have to believe in Master." The seniors at the side nodded in agreement.

"Let me see what aromas are within it." Harris closed his eyes, and inhaled the aroma in the air deeply. He could clearly differentiate the fragrance of all the different ingredients, but there were a few that even he couldn't identify. However, this didn't prevent him from dissecting the aroma bit by bit. Then, he couldn't help but heap praises on it. "Ingredients that fly in the sky, ingredients that swim in the sea, ingredients that grow on trees, and ingredients that grow in the ground. Everything is in it. This combination is extraordinary!!!"

He was really a chef who strongly promoted the use of natural ingredients for cooking, and Mag's 'Buddha jumps over the wall' was a textbook interpretation of cooking with natural ingredients.

The rich aroma didn't come from seasonings. It was presented after all the ingredients released their aromas and mingled together. They came together perfectly, and created a wonderful aroma.

It was like a perfect masterpiece created by a seasoning master. The taste's balance would be destroyed if any one of the ingredients was taken out. At the same time, no other ingredient could be added in.

He is a seasoning genius. Harris was looking at Mag with admiration. Even he didn't have such abilities and achievements at his age.

'Buddha jumps over the wall' had caused a small commotion simply by having its cover removed.

Mag was very calm about that. He picked up the ladle, and scooped 'Buddha jumps over the wall' into the terracotta bowls on the tray.

Yabemiya went forward and carried the tray over to the judges' table. She placed a bowl of soup in front of every judge, and then straightened up with the tray at her side. She nodded slightly. "Please enjoy."

The judges' gazes were already all attracted by 'Buddha jumps over the wall'. Apart from Robert and Michael, the other three of them had never tried 'Buddha jumps over the wall' before.

The thick brown soup was piping hot. The fragrance of the wine tickled their noses, and went straight into their organs. All the different ingredients' aromas were competing with one other, and they made everyone's eyes light up. They couldn't resist the thought of exploring it.

Apart from a group of the restaurant's regulars, the rest of the audience today were simply passers-by.

They had long heard that Mamy Restaurant had a supreme soup that cost 10,000 copper coins called 'Buddha jumps over the wall'. They didn't expect they could see it for themselves at the duel today, so their interest was piqued.

Master Harris' famous dish vs the 'Buddha jumps over the wall' that cost 10,000 copper coins per helping. Which was going to win?

Robert scooped up a spoonful of soup, and gently blew at it before feeding it into his mouth. He then closed his eyes subconsciously.

His expression began to get interesting. A blissful and surprised smile appeared on his face, and he only opened his eyes after a long time. Astonished, he said, "There seems to be thousands of changes within this 'Buddha jumps over the wall'. I can always find a surprise every time I taste it. All the ingredients are fused together so exquisitely that I can still taste them in my mouth afterward.

"If the sour beef bone broth has given me warmth and blissfulness, then the 'Buddha jumps over the wall' has given me an infinite reverie and a wonderful experience in the culinary ocean. It could perhaps bring a brand-new cogitation to the culinary world. Therefore, I choose 'Buddha jumps over the wall'."

Chapter 1487: Therefore, I Choose 'Buddha jumps over the wall'

"Boss Mag received the first vote!"

The crowd got a little excited. They hadn't expected President Robert who was still lavishing praises on the sour beef bone broth shortly before would choose 'Buddha jumps over the wall' in a flash.

"Thank you." Mag nodded at Robert as a form of gratitude.

Is it really so delicious? Jeffree looked at the 'Buddha jumps over the wall' in front of him doubtfully. However, he still fed a spoonful of it into his mouth.

The fresh soup slowly blossomed in the mouth, and the taste of all the ingredients slowly entered the stage, catching the taste buds by surprise.

Undeniably, this was indeed an astonishing scrumptiousness.

However, this taste was simply too complicated to him. His taste buds were even a little tired trying to distinguish the different tastes. Hence, he lost his peaceful mind to enjoy the food.

"This is indeed a soup with abundant tastes. It has an astonishing scrumptiousness, and brings along a very amazing dining experience." Jeffree put down his spoon, and calmly said, "However, to me, the sour beef bone broth's taste is irreplaceable. A simple combination and a simple warmth and scrumptiousness are my choice. Therefore, I choose the sour beef bone broth."

"1:1. It's a tie!"

After Jeffree made his judgement, it became a tie, and the atmosphere instantly tensed up too. Which one of the two soups of two distinct styles was going to win? Everyone's gaze focused on the remaining three judges.

Novan picked up his spoon to drink a mouthful of soup first. After enjoying it silently for a while, he fed a piece of chicken into his mouth, and tasted it carefully. He chuckled. "Boss Mag's 'Buddha jumps over the wall' is truly amazing. The rich and aromatic scrumptious soup and the tender but not mushy chicken meat all released a delicious taste. However, I'm still going to choose sour beef bone broth. Having a bowl of sour soup like this winter could always bring back warm memories. It, too, is a taste that can't be replaced in my heart."

"The sour beef bone broth is in the lead!"

The crowd was taken aback. The sour beef bone broth that was suppressed by the 'Buddha jumps over the wall' in terms of aroma was actually leading against 'Buddha jumps over the wall' now. Hence, tastewise, the sour beef bone broth was still very formidable.

"Oh dear, Boss' 'Buddha jumps over the wall' is actually falling behind," Yabemiya nervously said.

"I suspect they are playing us," Babla guessed, holding her chin.

Elizabeth shook her head, and said, "Given their status, they don't have to do things like that."

Everyone from the restaurant who initially thought they could rest easy after presenting the 'Buddha jumps over the wall' began to get nervous now.

People's gazes landed on Michael and Scheer. The decision now lay with the two of them.

Michael was already enjoying himself. A mouthful of soup followed by a mouthful of meat. His expression was so animated and full of enjoyment that the audience couldn't help gulping.

"I didn't expect City Lord Michael to have a natural talent for mukbang¹." Abraham chuckled.

"Uncle, who do you think is going to win this duel?" Vanessa asked nervously.

“‘Buddha jumps over the wall’ is the most scrumptious soup that I’ve ever tasted, and I believe it is a pinnacle that can’t be surpassed. But everyone’s taste is different, that’s why Principal Novan chose the sour beef bone broth. As for what City Lord Michael and Miss Scheer would choose, I really have no idea at all.” Abraham shook his head with a smile, and lamented, “This really is a battle of the titans. I’ve never seen such an exciting culinary duel before.”

Vanessa nodded. “Indeed, it is. Two of my favorite chefs are actually having a duel on the spot right now. It indeed is a match that lives up to my expectations, but the outcome is making me so nervous.”

Michael finished half the bowl of ‘Buddha jumps over the wall’ within a short time, and he couldn’t bear to put down his spoon. He said to Harris, “The sour beef bone broth should’ve been the tastiest soup on the Norland Continent for the past 30 over years, and it has never been surpassed. It has always maintained its original taste, moving toward perfection with minute changes. By now, it is, without a doubt, an astonishingly delicious soup.

“Therefore, I choose ‘Buddha jumps over the wall’.”

The audience who thought the city lord was going to announce Harris as the winner were shocked by his sudden change.

“2:2. It’s a tie!”

Everyone looked nervous. Some were even wiping their sweat away.

Nobody could expect a culinary duel could make them so nervous.

Everyone’s gazes landed on Scheer. Now, her last vote would decide the final result of this duel.

Scheer furrowed her brows slightly with a slight headache. How did the right to decide come back to her again? She suddenly regretted that she didn’t quickly take a bite and declare her choice so she wouldn’t be in a predicament now.

However, she swiftly adjusted her attitude. After all, this was a regular competition, and concerned the honor of the two chefs and perhaps even their seniority.

Be it Harris or Mag, they were both chefs that she respected. She had to remove all subjective factors, and make an objective judgment on these two dishes.

Getting rid of the distractions, her gaze landed on that bowl of ‘Buddha jumps over the wall’. There were all kinds of ingredients in the brown soup. Even though they had been simmering in the urn for a long time, they still managed to maintain their shape.

Whiffs of the scent made her eyes light up. Seafood, mushrooms, meat... there were so many aromas that she couldn’t distinctively differentiate what they were, but this didn’t stop her from immersing herself in this feeling of abundant layers.

Different from the simple taste of the sour beef bone broth, ‘Buddha jumps over the wall’ was an extremely exquisite hodgepodge. The careful use of the ingredients and perfect heat made all the ingredients stick to their own territory and achieve the extreme freshness before they were intertwined together in an amazing way to create that special and beautiful taste.

"I will taste the soup first." Scheer picked up the spoon to taste the brown soup. She blew at it gently before putting it into her mouth.

The tasty soup slowly seeped through her taste buds gently like a feather caressing them, and nourished them like the spring rain.

Abruptly, it felt like the sudden thunder in spring.

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 her tongue. The abundant layers seemed to be playing a mesmerizing ensemble on the tip of her tongue.

"This incredible taste! It's simply awe-inspiring." Scheer couldn't help praising after swallowing the soup.

Looking at the semi-transparent shark fins floating in the soup, she couldn't resist scooping one up curiously. The soup had given her a huge surprise, so she wondered how this shark fin would fare.

Slurp.

The slippery shark fin glided into her mouth instantly. The shark fin that had absorbed all the broth had a very amazing texture and wonderful taste. It was soft and tender, yet had a very rich meaty aroma. Before she could chew, it glided down her throat, and she swallowed it.

"Ah..."

Scheer touched her throat with a weird expression. This odd texture.

Chapter 1488: It Is Also Known As... Hair-Growing Soup

Scheer couldn't even savor the shark fin before it glided down her throat. However, that smooth taste went all the way down from her throat to her stomach, giving her a very amazing experience. She couldn't help but smile.

Watching Scheer eat was an enjoyment to the audience. At the same time, it was also a torture.

Given her status, many ordinary people had heard about her, but they couldn't interact with her normally.

However, when it came to enjoying good food, their perceptions were the same. The pleasure and enjoyment made people watching her smile too.

Amazing shark fin, Scheer said in her heart before scooping up a piece of chicken with her spoon.

The ordinary-looking chicken became light brown after it was soaked by the soup. It looked very appetizing, and she popped it into her mouth.

She bit down on the chicken gently, and it wasn't mushy as she thought it would be. Instead, it was perfectly soft and tender. What was even more unbelievable was the rich meaty taste that followed shortly after.

It wasn't just the taste of chicken. The fragrance of the wine, seafood, mushrooms, and all the different aromas of different meats had merged together and seeped into the chicken. All the ingredients' tastes

were integrated into 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.

Different from the shark fin which she couldn't savor, the chicken's scrumptiousness continued to agitate the taste buds while she chewed. It brought her an amazing reverie.

Scheer only felt her scalp start to get numb. This was really incredible. How did Mag make the chicken taste so incredible? It wasn't heavy, and there were layers of tastes. It totally subverted her impression of chicken.

It was elevated after it was soaked by the soup. It gained an unparalleled scrumptiousness!

It was a taste that made people crazy!

The aroma remained in her mouth for a long time after she swallowed the chicken. Scheer controlled her urge to continue eating, and put down her spoon gracefully. She sincerely said, "Master Harris' sour beef bone broth brought a sense of warmth and bliss in winter, and hope to people too. It has an irreplaceable status in the world of soups.

"Meanwhile, Mr. Mag's 'Buddha jumps over the wall' let me experience an unparalleled scrumptiousness. The soup's scrumptiousness is shocking, and the ingredients in the soup are so delicious that I was immersed in it."

Scheer paused to look at Mag and Harris with hesitation on her face.

"Whom is she going to choose?"

The audience also held their breath, and looked at Scheer nervously.

Although Mag was smiling, in actuality, he felt a little panicked. If he lost, then many of his plans would be aborted, and he had to consider how to handle this master that appeared out of the blue.

As for Harris, he was also smiling, but his slightly turned up pinky revealed that he wasn't as calm as he looked now.

Mamy Restaurant's employees and Harris' disciples were the most nervous now.

Yabemiya clenched her hands at her heart, and sincerely said, "Please... Please don't lose. Or else, I will have to return to the street to pick up rubbish again..."

"Go for it, Mr. Mag!" Gina was also pressing her hands together. If Mr. Mag had to go wander around the continent with that master, then she would also have to follow him on their travels. Otherwise, Lantide would lose all its hope.

As for Harris' disciples, they all looked very nervous. After all, if their master lost, they would be gaining a 30-year-old grandmaster—who was even younger than their oldest senior disciple—out of the blue.

Scheer pressed her lips together silently for a moment before saying, "This is a very difficult decision that has to be made. After careful and comprehensive consideration, my choice is Mr. Mag's 'Buddha jumps over the wall'."

"We won!!!"

Everyone from Mamy Restaurant cheered instantly.

“It’s over for us now...”

Harris’ disciples were all looking at one another with a crestfallen expression. They didn’t know how to respond at that moment.

“The Invincible God of Cookery’s undefeated record had been terminated!”

“Boss Mag’s ‘Buddha jumps over the wall’ is indeed better. This is a victory that belongs to Mamy Restaurant!”

“Boss Mag has gained a lot by showing off his skills and gaining a new disciple.”

The audience erupted in a commotion too. Scheer’s choice meant this duel was over.

Mag had won this soup duel, and won the overall duel with a 2:1 total score too.

The Mamy Restaurant’s regulars went into a jubilation, and applause resounded.

The great honor made them exhilarated and proud to be associated with the restaurant.

“This is a duel with great significance. Perhaps it would be deemed the end of an era and the beginning of another. One has to know that in the past 30 years, Harris was the representative of the challenging chefs, and has remained at the pinnacle of the chefs’ world with an undefeated record till now. Boss Mag will most probably become the new legend because he is still very young,” Vanessa said agitatedly with an excited gleam in her eyes. She didn’t expect she could witness this duel with her own eyes, and even play a small role in it.

“Yes. He is already standing at a very high position at such a young age. I wonder what achievements he can reach in the future.” Abraham nodded as he looked at Mag with admiration too.

Harris watched this scene with a smile. Although he had never felt that he had a burden as the Invincible God of Cookery, and the duels weren’t to prove himself, but to achieve improvement and elevation through dueling with other chefs and advance to greater culinary heights, he still felt a little sad when he truly lost and the cheers weren’t for him.

You couldn’t take defeat too well, isn’t it? Harris laughed at himself in his heart.

Mag was watching Harris, who had a lonely smile, with a complicated look in his eyes.

There wasn’t too much joy, and he didn’t believe he had truly defeated him with his culinary arts, either.

Harris was a true chef with comprehensive techniques and a chef’s heart that continued to pursue greater levels of delicacies.

If he hadn’t had the experience input from countless chefs and the test field for the God of Cookery where he could enjoy limitless practice, and if it hadn’t been ‘Buddha jumps over the wall’ that he had presented, he still could’ve been the one who would have lost the duel.

He was merely a chef who had only learned a few dishes now. He was very far from being a true chef who could create all kinds of scrumptious dishes at will with his imagination.

However, he had indeed won this duel eventually, and what he had to consider now was how to gracefully remind Harris that he had lost and should call him dadd— master.

“Harris, aren’t you going to try this ‘Buddha jumps over the wall’ for yourself? Isn’t growing hair the most powerful effect of this soup? It is also known as... Hair-Growing Soup.” Michael chuckled at Harris.

Chapter 1489: This Wasn’t Just Medicine, It Was A Wonder Drug!

“Hair-Growing Soup?” Harris was shocked. He moved his eyeballs, and then a glow appeared in them as he shockingly said, “You’re saying, after drinking this soup, my soft and beautiful hair will be able to regrow, restoring my handsome looks again?”

“The hair can regrow, but if you are talking about restoring your handsome looks, you have to have been handsome once in the first place,” Michael mumbled.

“That’s not important.” Harris turned his head, and locked his gaze onto the urn of ‘Buddha jumps over the wall’ next to Mag. He rushed forward to Mag, and asked, “Young friend, does your ‘Buddha jumps over the wall’ really have hair-growing effects?”

“In practice, this is indeed the case.” Mag nodded. “Till now, ‘Buddha jumps over the wall’ has resolved the problem of balding for many young and middle-aged men.”

“Really!” Harris’ voice grew sharper. With glowing eyes, he asked Mag, “Then, could I please have one bowl of it?”

“This...” Mag murmured as he looked at the expectant Harris with a hesitant expression.

“Didn’t we just agree to call the other party ‘master’ if we lost?” Harris clasped his fists at his chest at Mag in salutation, and said, “I’m willing to admit my defeat, Master!”

“It’s over. It’s really over now.” The senior who was digging his nose earlier slumped into the junior’s arms.

“Senior, you have to brace yourself. Master already decided to acknowledge him, what else can we do?” the junior consoled him as he lowered him to the ground slowly.

“Huh?”

Mag was at a loss for a reply as he looked at Harris who had just called him master.

“Ding! Congratulations, Host. You’ve won the culinary duel and gained a disciple successfully. Mission accomplished!

“Reward received: ‘Talented Teacher Point’ +1 and the ability ‘Midas Touch’.”

Right then, the system’s voice appeared in Mag’s mind, and a cool sensation exploded in Mag’s mind as if his spirit was being elevated. At the same time, a glowing golden skill chest appeared.

Mag’s eyes lit up as he felt he had just gained something, but he wasn’t able to explain what it was. He smiled at Harris. “You’re being too polite, my disciple.”

“Huh?”

Both Harris and Mag were stunned at the same time.

Hey? Why did I react to that so naturally? Mag's expression was slightly awkward.

Why did he react to that so naturally? Perhaps he has been secretly practicing for many times? Harris was complaining in his heart too.

“Come, come. Master has nothing nice to give you. This bowl of ‘Buddha jumps over the wall’ will be considered as my gift to you.” Mag picked up a big bowl, filled it up with ‘Buddha jumps over the wall’, and gave the bowl to Harris with a loving smile.

He had roughly guessed that the so-called “Talented Teacher Point” was for him to adapt to this “master” role quickly.

Harris, who was about to refute him, swallowed his words after he saw that bowl of ‘Buddha jumps over the wall’. He received that bowl carefully, and said, “Thank you, Master.”

Everyone was stunned by this sudden turn of events.

At first, they were still lamenting the end of the Invincible God of Cookery’s era, and were excited about the rise of the new God of Cookery. They didn’t expect these two to get into their new respective roles so quickly, and they were already demonstrating their affectionate bond in front of them.

“What’s the situation now? Did the experts all have such high stress tolerance?”

“I have long heard that Master Harris didn’t care about fame and fortune. I thought it was mainly boasting, but looking at it now, it’s most probably true.”

“I suspect they’re playing us.”

This made many people at a loss for how to express their emotions.

“Then, should we call him great master or grandmaster?”

“No matter what we call him, I still feel very weird.”

“It’s fine. Even Master can say it, why should we be bothered by it?”

Harris’ disciples conducted a short conversation among themselves.

“Your disciple’s disciple greets you, Grandmaster.” Chapman went forward and bowed.

Mag chuckled. “Don’t stand on ceremony, don’t stand on ceremony. Grandmaster didn’t prepare any gifts for you, so come here, everyone. You will each have a bowl of ‘Buddha jumps over the wall’. Take it as a welcoming present from me.”

Harris’ disciples all had an awkward expression, but since their master had already acknowledged this grandmaster, they all had to go over awkwardly.

Of course, everyone was still feeling a little indignant and curious. They wanted to try the soup that had defeated the sour beef bone broth that their master was most proud of.

Harris had already brought the big bowl to a long table, and then sat down. He arranged his clothes before picking up the spoon.

The aroma rose up together with the steam. It was even more distinct and rich than what he smelled from a distance, but that exquisite balance was still maintained.

As a chef, he naturally had his pride, otherwise he wouldn't have made so many dishes that satisfied himself.

He also wanted to find out what the soup that was deemed better than sour beef bone broth tasted like.

The white spoon scooped up a spoonful of thick soup. Although the soup was still brown, it was still bright and clear. There also weren't any ingredient shreds, and to achieve that with so many ingredients added in, Mag had to have a very strong understanding and control of the ingredients.

After blowing on it gently, Harris fed the soup into his mouth.

All kinds of tastes blossomed on the tip of his tongue, and each one of them quickly transformed into an actual object in his mind. Abalone, shiitake mushroom, chicken, shark's fin, pigeon's egg... His mind almost became a zoological and botanical paradise!

The rich meaty aroma was infused into this mouthful of soup, but it was meaty yet not greasy at all.

The amazing taste tickled the taste buds like a graceful maiden who knew all kinds of different things, and could bring along all kinds of surprises at any time.

The rising generation is to be reckoned with. Harris lamented gently in his heart. This exquisite taste had indeed surpassed the sour beef bone broth by miles. No matter if it was the combination of the ingredients, the control of heat, or that amazing cooking method, they had all made him feel innovative and powerful.

He willingly admitted his defeat in today's duel.

However, it also let him gain some new directions for culinary thoughts and methods. The collision of different ingredients might perhaps create an astonishing delicacy.

The soup glided around the mouth for a brief moment before it glided down his throat, and transformed into a warm current that spread toward his limbs.

Meanwhile, a current of hot air suddenly rose up straight toward the top of his head.

Harris only felt his head vibrate for a second, and then began to get warm. His scalp started to feel numb as if ants were crawling on it, or as if it was a desert that had been barren for many years, and grass was suddenly trying to burst out of its soil.

A-am I growing hair now? Harris was feeling the sensation of something trying to burst out on his scalp with widened eyes. This wasn't just medicine, it was a wonder drug!

Chapter 1490: This Boss Was Really Too Crazy?!

“The Invincible God of Cookery lost to Mamy Restaurant’s Boss Mag 2:1!”

The news rapidly spread around all the gambling dens in Chaos City, and triggered a commotion.

There weren’t many big events happening in Chaos City recently, so many people had bet on this duel. It naturally caused quite a commotion when the result was revealed.

The Invincible God of Cookery was very famous, and had never lost a duel before, and thus many people bet on him. They didn’t expect he would lose to the underdog who was the boss of Mamy Restaurant.

However, the gambling dens’ bosses, who usually made a killing when the underdog won, were all pulling a long face this time.

“Sigh. Why was there a weirdo who actually bet 30,000,000 on the Mamy Restaurant’s boss? I’m losing my pants this time.” A bald boss sighed miserably.

Although the odds had been lowered when this bet entered the gambling dens, they would still have to pay out 60,000,000 with the triple real-time odds then.

Even though they had received plenty of bets on the duel today, regardless of how they added the sums together, they couldn’t reach 60,000,000. They still had to lose an additional 30,000,000.

“Boss, do you think that they were faking a duel to play us?” a small fry prompted.

“That’s right. Or else, how could it be so coincident that someone actually bet 30,000,000 just before that? This is the first time our casino has ever seen such a big bet,” someone chimed in.

The bald boss pondered with furrowed brows before nodding. “There’s really such a possibility. I want to see who dares to play such a stunt on me. I’m going to break his legs!”

Similar events were taking place at all the gambling dens in Chaos City. Different from the usual gamblers who had lost their bets, the gambling dens’ bosses were all thinking about how to pay up that giant bet.

Harris was already sweating profusely after finishing the whole bowl of ‘Buddha jumps over the wall’. His face was flushing, and steam was emerging from the top of his head. He was looking rather unlike an expert.

However, he already couldn’t care about his image of an expert. He quickly reached out to touch the top of his head.

His wet head felt as if he had just washed his hair, and his remaining hair was stuck to his scalp. What surprised him was that he could feel some short fine hair on his originally as smooth as an egg scalp.

“They really grow out!!!” Harris had an expression of disbelief. His smooth and beautiful hair had been falling out regularly since 30 years ago. First from the top, and then it spread to the rim until it spread all over the entire head.

As a man who thought he was the most handsome man in the culinary world, of course Harris couldn’t accept that fact.

He had also tried many formulas during his travels around Norland Continent all these years, but apart from accelerating the speed of the hair loss, he couldn't find any methods that could successfully stop it. So, don't even talk about regrowing hair.

He didn't expect that his hair would really grow out after drinking this bowl of 'Buddha jumps over the wall'. He could hardly control his excitement.

"How's the taste?" Mag smilingly asked. He had already regained his composure from the over-the-top situation and reined himself in. After all, given Harris' resume and age, Mag didn't have the confidence to behave like his master.

"Master, if you had said you had such a miracle drug, there would've been no need for us to duel. I would've just acknowledged you as my master straight away." Harris was looking at Mag with an aggrieved expression as if he was blaming Mag for hiding something precious from him.

Mag shrugged to imply his helplessness.

"Thank you for attending our duel today, everyone. I, Harris, admit my defeat wholeheartedly and acknowledge Boss Mag of Mamy Restaurant as my master," Harris loudly addressed the crowd gathered around.

"You let me win, so I don't dare to call myself your master. I still have plenty to learn from you." Mag also stopped smiling, and clasped his fists together at Harris in a salute.

After a moment of silence at the entrance area, a round of enthusiastic applause broke out.

People were looking at Harris and Mag with respect in their eyes.

These two were real chefs who valued each other.

The result didn't seem to be so important anymore. How could their culinary skills simply be judged by one duel?

"Boss Mag, I think it's almost time for lunch now. Why don't we go in and have our lunch together?" Michael smilingly said after glancing at the clock at the side. It was already 11am.

"I've long heard that the Mamy Restaurant's tofu pudding has already become the beauty holy grail of Chaos City's women. I wonder if I will be able to try it today?" Scheer was also looking at Mag smilingly.

Robert continued, "Speaking of it, I haven't been to Mamy Restaurant for some time too. I heard that many new products were released recently, so I have to try them out."

The audience who were about to disperse halted after hearing that. They were really a little hungry after watching an exciting duel and food-tasting test. Mamy Restaurant was indeed a good choice for lunch, so why shouldn't they stay to try out the delicacies made by the local chef who defeated the Invincible God of Cookery.

Given the judges' status, they would be welcomed with the highest honor anywhere they went. They deserved to request a lunch after putting aside their affairs to come as judges here today. This request was very reasonable.

Mag smiled at everyone. "Thank you for making a trip here today. You indeed should have your lunch here. However, it's still some time before the restaurant starts its operation, and we need to do some preparation before we start our service. If all of you don't mind, you may line up and wait in line. The restaurant will start its operation at 11.30am sharp."

"He actually refused to let the judges have their lunches in advance?"

People who didn't know the restaurant's rules were staring at Mag in a shock. There was actually a person who would reject City Lord Michael, Scheer Buffett, Jeffree, Novan, and Robert and ask them to line up for lunch?

This boss was really too crazy?!

"Boss Mag is indeed still Boss Mag."

The restaurant's regulars all had a knowing expression. Even the Lord of Fire and the Lord of Ice were lining up at the restaurant's entrance every day.

"It is a very reasonable request. Then, we will wait for a while." Michael smiled and took the lead to walk over to the restaurant's entrance. He stood in front of the door, and became the first in line.

As a father who had to occasionally accompany his daughter to eat the spicy grilled fish at the restaurant, he knew the restaurant's rules very well, and agreed that such rules gave them a convenient and comfortable dining experience.

"Good food is worth waiting for." Scheer also went over, and stood a meter behind Michael.

"It's rare that I got a chance to stand so close to the start of the line. Seems like I've made the right decision to come today." Robert went to stand behind Scheer smilingly.

"If I remember correctly, we can have two lines." Principal Novan chuckled as he stood next to Michael.

Jeffree got up, and was about to leave, but Harris stopped him and chuckled. "Don't run, Jeffree. We haven't seen each other for years. Come on, let's go try out my master's skills, and we can have a couple of drinks together."