

Stay At home 151

Chapter 151: We, The Burning Legion, Will Make Sure Of That!

In a swamp, Sargeraz carefully pushed aside the grass. "There," he said excitedly in a low voice, pointing at a three-meter-long snake with green eyes. "That's a Green-eyed Magical Snake. Its core is worth 20 roujiamos."

"20?!" Kil and Monde panted, their eyes shining with excitement. One was holding a sack, and the other had an iron rod in his hand.

This swamp was called the Black Swamp, and was about 10 miles south of Chaos City. It belonged to giant dragons. The Silent Mountains, Dark Abyss, and Valley of Thorns were all not far from here. Different types of magical beasts were living in these places. Rare herbs and animals could also be found here.

There weren't many dragons, and most of them lived on their island. They didn't deign to come to these dangerous places. They were using them as their natural defensive barrier. No one could cross it without powerful strength and a flying mount.

In time, this area had become a paradise for adventurers. They could find quests concerning this area every day in the Chaos Guild.

There were difficult quests and easy quests. Naturally, difficult ones came with great rewards. A certain golden dragon's head could be worth 100 million copper coins, while finding some herbs and cooking ingredients could only get an adventurer 10. Easy quests were always much less dangerous, and were often done by less powerful adventurers.

"Boss, 20 roujiamos plus 12 in this bag, and we don't have to worry about tonight and tomorrow's food!" Monde said with a smile, carrying a heavy bag with care.

Deep in the Black Swamp, poisonous black fog was floating. No one dared to venture into this place without proper protection.

Sargeraz and his two companions were now being protected by a layer of red flames over their bodies. The fog couldn't reach them.

"Don't take your eyes off it. If it goes into the ground, then you can say goodbye to your roujiamos," Sargeraz said seriously. "You two go around the back. I'll heat up the ground to block its escape route, and then summon lava meteorites on it. You wait for the right moment to catch it with the sack. Do not kill it. It's worth 30 roujiamos alive."

"It's as easy as that?" Monde asked, scratching his bald head.

"Yes. Its weapon is its eyes. If you stare into its eyes for three seconds, it will cast an illusion on you. That's why we have brought a sack. Don't worry. It's not poisonous," Sargeraz said, patting Monde on the head. "Go. After we catch this one, we'll try to find that Green Shadow Wolf I failed to catch last time. Its fur is worth 100 roujiamos."

“Yes, Boss!” Kil and Monde said excitedly. They stayed low and crept towards the snake.

They were warriors and born hunters. They never made a sound.

The snake was still resting there, unaware of the approaching danger. The three lava demons exchanged a glance and nodded.

Sargeras put both hands on the ground. His hands went up in flames, and the flames went into the ground and rushed towards the snake. The ground seemed to be on fire immediately.

Feeling the heat from the ground, the snake raised its head, startled. Then, it saw Sargeras and flicked its tongue menacingly at him, about to leave.

“Appear! Lava meteorites!” Then, the air above them became red. Several burning stones the size of a head dropped from the air and landed before the snake, blocking its way.

“Now!” Sargeras roared, charging towards the snake. “For roujiamo!”

“For roujiamo!” Kil and Monde echoed. There were only three of them, but their cry was loud and inspiring.

The snake tried to find an opportunity to strike back as it was dodging stones.

But, before it could find one, its vision got cut off by the sack, and then it was knocked unconscious.

Monde tied off the sack quickly. “Boss, we did it!” he said to Sargeras excitedly.

“Yes,” Sargeras replied with a smile, nodding. “We’re invincible!”

“For roujiamo!” Monde said with a big smile, holding up the sack.

“When our Burning Legion becomes much stronger, maybe we can kill that golden dragon. It will provide us with years of roujiamos,” Kil said, expectant.

“I will make sure of that,” Sargeras said. “We, the Burning Legion will make sure of that!”

They walked off together, talking about roujiamo.

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Is this really that good? The six restaurateurs were staring at the roujiamo in their hands. The pleasant aroma of meat made them swallow despite themselves. The back of the elf girl on the bag caught their attention.

They were startled. *Not only did he hire a half-dragon as a waitress, but he is using his daughter, a half-elf, as his trademark?*

Andrew picked up his roujiamo, and took a bite.

Chapter 152: Most Delicious Food At The Aden Square

The other restaurateurs were all looking at Andrew. He handled pork every day, so they were all waiting to hear what he had to say.

Andrew chewed on the food slowly. The outside of the bread was crunchy, but the inside was soft and had just the right amount of chewiness and sweetness.

Also, the gravy seeping into the bread enriched its taste.

This gravy is made from... pork? Andrew wondered.

He didn't understand. He had been slaughtering pigs for over 20 years. He knew the difference in taste among different parts of pork, but he had never tasted such different gravy.

This gravy had a strong aroma of meat. The spices had brought out the meat flavor. He could feel his taste buds screaming in delight.

After he bit into the meat, it was so soft that it melted in his mouth.

Just amazing!

Andrew's eyes went wide. He had thought the streaky pork would be too greasy, but he had clearly been wrong.

Tasty juice seeped out. He swallowed. He felt warm, and then hot. He could feel his blood rushing and his heart thumping.

"Ah..."

Andrew couldn't help but let out a cry of delight. His body fat started shaking... not as violently as that of Harrison and his friends, though. After all, he had more muscles than fat.

"Well?" the other restaurateurs asked. Andrew's reaction was too extreme. They would have thought that he was a fake customer hired by the owner if they hadn't come here together.

"It's good," Andrew said simply, not taking his eyes away from the roujiamo. The taste still lingered in his mouth. He took another large bite, savoring the delicious food. His blood was rushing like river rapids.

This is no ordinary pork! Andrew thought with iron certainty. *But what does it matter?*

One bite after another, he was wolfing down his roujiamo quickly.

The other restaurateurs were gaping at Andrew. They could see he liked the food so much that he wouldn't even spare the time to talk about it with them.

"Is it really that good?" Bishop muttered, bringing the roujiamo to his mouth.

His green onion bing was the most delicious flatbread at the Aden Square, or so he thought. It was a pity his bing didn't make it into the top 100 most delicious food at the Aden Square during the last competition, but his business was always good. He could sell more than 1000 green onion bings every day.

Bishop's eyes widened after he chewed several times.

How can bread taste this good?!

He had thought that bread shouldn't be eaten with meat, but the soft, sweet bread went perfectly with the delicious meat. One completed the other.

His green onion bing completely lost in taste department.

The thought that he might never be able to make something this delicious made him despair.

He felt very frustrated, yet still he gave a cry in delight after he swallowed.

The rushing blood made him feel young again. He didn't know what it was in the roujiamo that made him feel this way.

He had invented this green onion bing based on pancake.

His three sons learned from him all these years, and had already mastered the dish.

However, whenever they wanted to try something new, he was always there to stop them, with curses or his fist. Making green onion bing was the only thing his first and second son had on their minds now.

Maybe it's time I step down and let them do whatever they want, Bishop thought, looking at the roujiamo in his hand. He had to admit that the customer was right when he said his bing didn't stand a chance against this thing.

His green onion bing was much cheaper, though. That was a good selling point.

But, he didn't consider this roujiamo expensive. If he could make something this good, with such a magical effect, he would have it priced at 400 or even 600 copper coins.

"It's very good," Bishop said, and then got back to enjoying his food. A smile crept up onto his face.

Seeing that Bishop was already totally lost in the food, the other restaurateurs couldn't wait any longer.

"Ah..."

They let out a cry at almost the same time. They couldn't hide their surprise. They had thought Andrew and Bishop were too easily impressed, but now they knew it had been a spontaneous reaction on their part.

"I've never eaten anything half as good as this before!" Bernice exclaimed.

Miles nodded. "The owner must be a genius. I'll bet that one of the top 10 most delicious foods will have to be replaced by this half a month later at the competition," he said excitedly, looking at Mag in the kitchen.

Chapter 153: Five Stars In All Aspects?

"You can totally say that again!" Bernice said, nodding. "I think it will even make it into the top 5!" She was a little abashed with the embarrassing sound she'd just made, but her companions were too immersed in the food to mind her.

She was a cook herself, but she had to admit she was completely impressed by this roujiamo. Now she found it worth the price.

She couldn't even figure out how to make bread this soft, chewy, and crunchy at the same time.

Why is he using streaky pork? she wondered.

And how did he make the meat so flavorful yet not greasy at all?

It's a genius idea to eat bread with meat!

What spices did he use?

These restaurateurs had so many questions on their minds.

Miles shook his head. "It has a top 5 taste, no doubt, or even top 3," he said, smiling. "But the number of customers and their comments also matter in the competition. This place is not big enough. He needs to get more customers eating here if he wants to make it into the top 5."

"Miles has a point here, but I think this food may set new records in many aspects," Andrew said, putting down the empty bag slowly. "No dish having over 1,000 comments has got five stars in all aspects for a long time, I think." He smiled. "It's been so long since I last ate something this good. Waitress, I'd like another roujiamo, please."

"I want another one too," Bishop said to Yabemiya.

"Sure. Please wait a sec," the young waitress replied with a smile, eyes shining with joy and pride. *Nobody can resist Mag's food, not even other cooks.*

Amy gave a big smile. "I knew they would love it." She pinched Ugly Duckling's cheeks, drawing it back before it fell off her laps.

Mag shook his head with a smile as he turned to glance at his counterparts. *I never realized my food would bring about so much debate. Top 10 most delicious foods? Five stars in all aspects? Why do they care so much about this?*

"It's nearly impossible to score five stars in all aspects. Different folks like different foods," said Bishop.

"Yes. Customers are very difficult to satisfy these days," Bernice said. "They look for good dining experience, which I don't think they can get here, since humans, dwarves, and orcs have to eat together. He can't get five stars in this aspect."

"Mag's roujiamo is indeed the best. Even Bernice is speaking highly of it," a voice said.

"You and she should try Mag's Yangzhou fried rice. That's the best food I've ever had," another voice said.

"These restaurateurs are not so proud now, are they?" a third voice said.

Some customers were chatting in a low voice.

The six restaurateurs overheard them, but they could do nothing but listen quietly. An embarrassed look crept onto their faces.

“Do you like Father’s roujiamo, Mrs. Flower Apron?” Amy asked.

Smiling, Bernice nodded. “Yes, it’s very tasty.”

“Father’s rainbow fried rice is also very tasty. I’m sure you’ll like it too.”

By then, Yabemiya had walked out of the kitchen with two plates of Yangzhou fried rice. She put down one plate before Andrew and one before Bernice. “Your Yangzhou fried rice, please enjoy,” she said.

Bernice’s eyes widened. The pleasant smell of eggs and other ingredients mixed together and tickled her nose. Each rice grain had been perfectly coated by golden eggs.

She counted six different ingredients besides eggs and rice. Every ingredient had been chopped into the same size as the rice grain. It did look like a rainbow in a way.

So many different ingredients, yet it looked so harmonious. Talk about fineness!

“His cutting skills must be really good if he can chop the shrimp so evenly,” Bernice said. She spooned some into her mouth, and chewed a few times. Despite herself, she then closed her eyes.

The spiciness of the eggs and the taste of other ingredients melded together, yet each flavor remained so distinct.

After she swallowed, she felt a warm current flowing all over her body, calming her down and soothing her.

A smile touched her lips. Roujiamo could make her blood pump, but she liked this fried rice better as it was nice and peaceful.

“Good food makes you happy,” Bernice said as she opened her eyes. She took another bite, and then another...

Chapter 154: I’m Just A Cook

Bernice’s blissful look intrigued Andrew. He spooned some rice into his mouth.

The other restaurateurs swallowed as they watched Bernice gobbling down her food.

Bernice was very picky about what she ate. She didn’t like anything too greasy. From the look of it, she liked this fried rice better than roujiamo.

They turned to look at Andrew, waiting for his comments.

Andrew’s blood was still pumping from eating a roujiamo. He felt as if he had grown in strength.

How could this be possible? Probably it’s just my imagination.

Andrew’s face lit up as he chewed on the rice. He had never expected so many ingredients cooked together would taste so good.

The savory ham, sweet shrimp, crisp winter bamboo shoots... Every taste was so distinctive, yet they blended perfectly together to create such a nice texture.

After he swallowed, it turned into a warm current, assuaging his weariness. It was so comfortable that he felt like closing his eyes.

Then his eyes opened suddenly, staring at the Yangzhou fried rice before him. *The food here has special effect? It's not my imagination at all!*

Andrew clenched his fist. A smile touched the corners of his mouth. *I can feel it. My strength has grown!*

"What's wrong, Andrew?" Miles asked curiously.

"Can't you feel it? The roujiamo has made my strength grow a little." Then he pointed at the fried rice. "And this is good for relieving fatigue. Isn't it magical?"

The others were taken by surprise. They had felt the change in their bodies after they ate their roujiamo, but they hadn't realized what had changed until now.

"Ting!"

The spoon clattered on the empty plate. Bernice licked her lips with a blissful smile. "I'm afraid one of the top 3 most delicious foods will have to be replaced by this. I've never eaten anything as good as this fried rice here."

"I like roujiamo better. The meat is unbelievable. This Yangzhou fried rice is also very delicious, though," Andrew said, smiling. He brought another spoonful of rice into his mouth and felt happy as his weariness went away.

"Thanks to you, I can't wait to try this Yangzhou fried rice," Miles said with a smile.

Soon, the fried rice they had ordered came, and they dug in immediately.

Mag came out of the kitchen with a box of fried rice, and handed it to Vicennio.

Vicennio looked much better now. "Your Yangzhou fried rice is really amazing," he said, excited, giving Mag a thumbs-up. He felt like himself again.

Those pills he had taken had done more harm than good to his body.

Thankfully, this Yangzhou fried rice had revived him. He felt alive again. He would eat another plate if his stomach weren't already full.

Mag took the coins in his hand and smiled. "Come back soon."

"I definitely will." Then he made for the door with his Yangzhou fried rice.

Smiling, Mag shook his head. *Poor guy.*

"I'll tell you the place for teaching when I come for dinner in the evening, Mag," Krassu said as he paid his check.

Mag nodded with a smile. "Thank you." The old man was Amy's master now, and he had almost become the elf princess's master, so he had to show the respect he deserved.

The looks on their faces would be amusing if they found out that their disciple was the elf princess's daughter.

"Bye, Amy," Krassu said to Amy.

"Bye, Master Half-beard," Amy replied, waving her hand.

Urien paid his check and left too.

Do I need to teach her swordplay? Mag thought as he watched Krassu and Urien leave. He couldn't lift a heavy sword now, but he still knew all the skills.

"Could you bring us the check, please?" Andrew said to Mag.

Amy slipped down the chair, and trotted up to them. "Do you pay separately or together?" Apparently, she was already very good at doing this.

"Separately, little cashier," Bernice said, putting nine gold coins in Amy's little hand. She stroked Amy's hair and smiled. "I'll bring you a flower apron next time I come here."

Amy nodded happily. "Thank you, Mrs. Flower Apron."

The other restaurateurs paid their checks, and walked towards the door.

Miles stopped when he walked past Mag. "You're a real genius, Mag. You may bring a revolution to the gastronomic world," he said seriously.

The other customers turned to look at Mag. They all shared his view. Mag had truly overturned their concept of good food.

"I'm just a cook."

Chapter 155: What Do You Want, Boy?

The restaurant fell silent. They were all regarding Mag thoughtfully.

Cooks were ordinary, but restaurants couldn't do without them.

Most cooks didn't like to be referred to as cooks when they also happened to be a restaurateur. They considered themselves much more than cooks.

But not Mag. Even when his food was marvelous, his restaurant was stylish, and his business was great, he still called himself a cook.

His modesty humbled his counterparts and won admiration of many customers.

No wonder he can cook such incredible food. He knows what he and his purpose in life are. He's a formidable opponent, Miles thought with approval.

Andrew and the other restaurateurs nodded at Mag, thoughtful. Then they left.

I just used a line from one of Stephen Chow's 1 films, but why do I get the feeling that I have inspired them? Mag thought happily, and walked towards the kitchen.

Those restaurateurs hadn't asked anything about his recipes, his methods of cooking, or the spices he used. They had shown their respect and understanding.

Yet, they might still learn a thing or two since they were cooks, and not just common customers.

I don't care what they have learned or haven't learned, Mag thought, and started cooking again.

"I'm looking forward to eating the tofu pudding in the evening," said Andreas.

"Me too. But which do you prefer, sweet or savory?" Moyoshi asked.

"The sweet one, of course," Andreas said. "What about you?"

"I prefer the savory one," Moyoshi said reluctantly. Then the two friends fell silent.

"Don't worry, bro. We won't fight over which one is better," Andreas said awkwardly. Krassu and Urien had fought in the morning over the flavors of the tofu pudding. No one knew what would happen when Mag started selling it this evening.

But, Andreas and Moyoshi grew up together. They were too close to fight over such a triviality.

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Krassu was walking towards the exit of the square when Brandli trotted up to him, nervous and uneasy. "Lord Krassu."

Krassu stopped, and turned to look. He saw the emblem on his front, which was a gray sword and a gray shield. "You're with the Gray Temple. What do you want, boy?"

For a moment, Brandli froze. He was over 70; nobody had called him "boy" for a very long time.

Then he remembered Krassu was more than 120 years old. He listened to his legends growing up.

Even his master had been an avid fan of Krassu when he was young; only, he had had no talent to become a melee magic caster. After he got beaten by a low-tier knight, he forsook melee magic, and became a ranged magic caster.

Few magic casters were good at melee magic, and Krassu was the best of them.

And Amy had just become his one and only disciple. That was something big in the magic community.

Krassu was not in a good shape these years. Many magic casters had worried that his magic might die with him.

Urien, the Lord of Ice, had also taken Amy on as his disciple. Who could have thought?

Some magic casters might become uneasy when they learned the news. No one could imagine how powerful their disciple would become.

After a dozen years, she would be able to wield both fire and ice magic, and fight up close as well as from a distance. Nobody would dare stand in her way.

Krassu's face was expressionless, yet somehow Brandli could feel his power. "Lord Krassu, I'm Brandli. I want to welcome you to Chaos City on behalf of the Gray Temple," he said with respect. "We would have received you more formally if we had known of your arrival earlier."

"Never mind. I didn't tell the Gray Temple when I came here. I hope the little incident this morning didn't cause too much trouble for you. You were there, weren't you? Have you reported it to your superiors?"

Brandli was taken aback. He had never thought that Krassu had already noticed him in the morning, and that he was not nearly as kind as when he talked to Amy. He shook his head hurriedly. "No, my lord. The fight between you and Lord Urien is always a welcome sight as long as nobody gets hurt. I feel very privileged to have witnessed your fight in the morning, and I'm here to welcome you, my lord. If you need anything, just tell me."

Chapter 156: A Dragon Masseuse

Krassu snorted. "You don't really want to see us fight in your city, do you?"

Brandli pulled a wry face. Their fight in the city would be totally disastrous.

"Rest assured, we won't fight again, for now," said the old man. "Also, I have a servant, I don't need you. I plan on living in this city. You're too old to run errands for me, but maybe you can help me find a magic room."

"The Gray Temple has just set up several magic rooms one or two years ago," Brandli said, smiling.

He had wanted to say he wasn't that old, but thought better of it. Clearly, Krassu didn't want to be watched by him. He had to inform the top brass that the Lord of Fire had decided to settle in Chaos City, which was not good news for them, since Urien lived here too.

Krassu shook his head. "No. The Gray Temple is too far from here. It's not convenient for my disciple."

"There're many magic casters in Chaos City, but I can't just commandeer their magic rooms..." Brandli said hesitantly.

"The Chaos School teaches magic too, if my memory serves me right. Can't you find a magic room for me there?"

"I'm really sorry, Lord Krassu, but my hands are tied," Brandli said with an apologetic smile. He wasn't a teacher in the Chaos School, and even if he was, he had no right to let Krassu use a magic room.

First, he had to report to his superiors. Then, after they decided that the old man using a magic room would not affect the Chaos School too much, they would have to make an official request to the principal, who would determine whether the old man got to use his magic room or not.

It would take at least two days, but Brandli had overheard him saying he was going to find a magic room in the afternoon. *Chaos School is out of the question*, he thought.

“You just need to take me to the principal. I’ll take care of the rest.” Krassu started walking towards the exit with a smile. “I haven’t seen Novan for years,” the old man murmured to himself.

Brandli’s eyes went wide as he watched Krassu’s back. *He knows Novan?* The principal of the Chaos School was a powerful 10th-tier magic caster.

Novan might be the least pleasant man Brandli had ever met. Even the Lord of the Gray Temple and the Lord of Chaos City had to treat him with more respect.

Brandli gritted his teeth and kept up with Krassu. “God help me,” he murmured.

...

Mag breathed a sigh of relief when the last customer was gone. He stretched his stiff shoulders and smiled as he had got 632 customers as of now. He only needed two or three days to finish this mission.

Amy trotted over to Mag. “Let me pound your back, Father,” she said with caring eyes. But, since she was too short and wasn’t strong enough, her pounding wasn’t helping much.

Nonetheless, her effort warmed Mag’s heart. *Only my own daughter cares about me.*

“Boss, I can massage your shoulders if you want. I... I’m stronger than Amy,” Yabemiya said, abashed, fingers intertwining nervously behind her back.

“You know how to massage shoulders?”

Amy pulled back her hands, panting. She was already tired. “Sister Miya, help me...”

The young waitress nodded. “I know some. I massaged my mother’s shoulders when I was little. She had to work all day crouching on the ground and washing dishes.” The thought of her mother made her eyes moist.

“I’ll leave my shoulders to you then,” Mag said with a smile. He leaned back on the chair and closed his eyes. “Try not to break my bones.”

Yabemiya giggled. She shook her head. “Don’t worry, Boss. I won’t.”

Mag nodded, smiling. “Thank you.”

Yabemiya got around back, and hesitated a moment before placing her hands on his shoulders. She seemed a little nervous, her face flushed red, her hands shaking.

“I’ll get some rest. Don’t mind me,” Mag said. His breath slowed and evened out as if he had fallen asleep.

Yabemiya nodded. “Yes, Boss.” She took several deep breaths, and her nervousness was largely gone. She started massaging his neck, shoulders, and arms.

As her hands moved around his neck, Mag almost moaned in comfort.

I’ve found myself a dragon masseuse, Mag thought happily to himself.

Chapter 157: Make Sure Each Person Can Only Buy Up To One Bowl For Each Meal

The young waitress turned out to be a great masseuse. She had stronger hands. Mag's weariness faded, and he truly fell asleep this time.

After some time, Mag woke up, only to find it was already 2:30 PM. He had a blanket on himself, and so did Amy, who was sleeping on the table with Ugly Duckling asleep on her laps.

Smiling, Mag shook his head. *I have really fallen asleep.* He rose to his feet and stretched, feeling great.

Dishes clattered in the kitchen. The floor was reflectively clean. Everything was neat and tidy.

It seemed she was almost done. Mag put the blanket on the chair, and made for the kitchen.

It would be a pity to let her talent in massage go to waste, Mag thought to himself.

To be sure, Yangzhou fried rice could relieve his fatigue, but he didn't want to eat it every day. Her massage worked as well as Yangzhou fried rice.

"Miya, I have a little job for you," Mag said as Yabemiya carefully removed the dishes from the dishwasher. "The payment is a free dinner, same as lunch."

Yabemiya turned around, surprised. She liked the food here very much. She was already extremely grateful to her boss for the free lunches. After all, she couldn't afford to eat in this restaurant.

Tantalizing as the food was, she shook her head. "I'll do the job, but you don't need to pay me anything. You have already given me too much."

"It's not included in your job description, so it's only fair that I pay you extra," said Mag. *She's such a nice girl.*

Besides massaging his shoulders, Mag was very happy with her work. She could work as much as three people. He couldn't bear the sight of her eating pancakes for dinner anymore.

"But..."

"I haven't told you what this little job is," Mag interrupted. He looked at her curious eyes and smiled. "You see, we're quite busy. I get tired sometimes, so would you please massage my shoulders when we're closed?"

She had thought Mag would ask her to help in the kitchen. She shook her head immediately. "No. I mean, it's not something that will take a lot of time and effort. Just tell me when you feel tired. You don't need to pay me to do that."

"I'll take that as a yes then." Mag smiled, and added, "We have sweet tofu pudding tonight."

Yabemiya swallowed despite herself. Looking at Mag's kind eyes, she hesitated a moment before nodding. "Thank you, Boss. I'll work harder!" she said formally.

"That's the spirit!" Seeing that she had already finished cleaning everything, he said, "Get some rest. You can dance with Amy when she wakes up."

"I can help in the kitchen. Just tell me what I need to do." She felt more uncomfortable watching her boss toiling in the kitchen while she sat around now that he had offered her free dinners. She decided she had to work harder.

"You are not allowed to teach what you have learned to others, otherwise you will be punished by losing 0.5 of your strength!" the system said gravely.

Mag raised an eyebrow. "I work my a*s off every day!" He had been tempted to take her up on the offer, but the system put a damper on him right away.

"You're just a rookie cook. You've only mastered three dishes. You don't have what it takes to be a teacher."

"The people here are crazy about my roujiamo and Yangzhou fried rice, and the tofu pudding has led to a fight between two 10th-tier magic casters. You call me a rookie cook?!"

"And are you saying I can teach others how to cook when I have mastered more dishes?" asked Mag.

"Upgrade the restaurant first, and then you'll know the answer to your question."

The system was using every way possible to try to talk him into upgrading the restaurant. "No. You can keep the answer to yourself," replied Mag.

The last thing he wanted was getting his strength weakened. "Thank you, Miya, but I can handle it," he said to his waitress.

He wasn't very confident that she could be of much help, since his work needed a lot of skills and experience.

Yabemiya nodded, and didn't insist. She had pretty much figured out how he was. "Okay. Please tell me when you need me to do anything."

"I will." Mag put on the apron. He would sell tofu pudding tonight, so he had more preparations to make.

"New mission: make sure each person can only buy up to one bowl of tofu pudding each meal for 10 consecutive days. You will be given a shot at the lucky draw after you complete the mission."

Chapter 158: You Must Be Out Of Your Mind

For a moment, Mag froze. He had never expected the system would limit the sale of tofu pudding.

Why would it do such a thing? It doesn't make sense.

Mag frowned. "I don't think it's a good idea. It may ruin the reputation I've been trying to build," he said. "And what's this lucky draw thing?"

"It's a thoughtful decision that I've made. The lucky draw spinner is specifically designed to stimulate your enthusiasm. After you finish your mission, you may get a chance at the lucky draw spinner with wonderful prizes: cake recipe, ice cream recipe, wine recipe, strength, etc."

Mag's eyes lit up. *Amy would love ice cream. No child can say no to it.*

The wine recipe was also tempting. He wasn't an alcoholic, but it wouldn't hurt to drink a little before bed.

The most exciting prize was strength, of course. In a few days, he would be able to procure 10,000 gold coins to buy 0.5 strength and become as strong as a normal man.

If he could get another 0.5 strength from this mission, he would be strong enough to wield a sword. With the skills in his head, he might be able to protect himself.

"The prizes are somewhat acceptable," Mag said coolly. "But why don't you change the mission to, like, selling 1,000 bowls of tofu pudding?"

"Let me explain it to you, young man. Many people will feel depressed if they don't get what they come here for, especially after waiting for a long time."

Mag fell silent. He had noticed this problem too. He could serve his customers Yangzhou fried rice whenever they ordered during opening hours.

However, the same thing could not be said about roujiamo. He wasn't able to prepare enough dough to make roujiamos for everybody. Some customers had to go back empty-bellied and disappointed.

There was one customer who had never got to eat one roujiamo even though he had come every day for three days. He couldn't come early because of his work. Mag felt so sorry every time he saw him leave with sorrowful eyes.

He could prepare over 200 bread loaves for each meal, and that would be enough for everyone who wanted to eat roujiamo if they were limited to one roujiamo each.

But, people like Harrison and Sargeras needed a lot more than one. It would be a torture to allow them one each meal.

The system continued, "The soybeans are planted in rich soil in the depths of the Twilight Forest owned by orcs, high in protein.

"They get as much as 14 hours of sunlight every day. No pesticides are used. Nanobots take care of all the pests. The protein content in these soybeans is five times higher than in normal ones. Rich in vitamins and minerals, they're very beneficial for the skin. But, too much protein may be too difficult for some people to digest."

"This tofu pudding is five times more nutritious?" Mag asked, surprised.

"4.5 times, to be exact."

"Then why didn't you stop me when I gave Amy and the kitten each two bowls to eat?" Mag said, suddenly feeling anxious.

"Don't worry. Two bowls aren't too much. Besides, they are growing. They need more protein."

Mag sighed with relief. *This stingy system is pretty reliable when it needs to be*, he thought to himself. "I should be able to buy the strength in two days. How much is next 0.5 strength?"

“50,000 gold coins.”

Mag was taken aback. “You must be out of your mind!” It had taken him almost half a month to save 10,000 gold coins. He needed more than a month to procure 50,000 even if he cut back on spending.

The second 0.5 strength was five times more expensive than the first, which meant the third would be even more expensive. His business was good, but not good enough for him to improve his strength in the short term.

“I never recommended you buy it,” the system said. “You need to focus on your mission, not on making money. Certain things are expected of you if you want to become the God of Cookery. You have a high chance of improving your strength by completing missions, and it’s the only proper way.”

“Is it?” said Mag, incredulous.

“Yes. But I can always sell you if you really want to buy it.”

Mag curled his upper lip. “I knew it.” He thought a moment as he looked at the shining mission in his head and nodded. “I accept this mission. But, I don’t want to see the wine recipe on the lucky wheel.”

Chapter 159: Big Sister! Big Sister!

“Stop reading that book, Luna. It would be a pity for such a pretty girl to become a bookworm.” A girl in a blue dress snatched the book from the hands of Luna, who was sitting on a bench in a pavilion in some garden. She smiled. “Tell me something interesting. Living in the castle is so boring.”

She looked to be around 18, with a pretty oval face and beautifully arched eyebrows. She wore her hair in a neat ponytail, baring her forehead.

“Give it back, Vivian. I’m almost finished,” Luna said with a smile, looking up at the young lady.

Vivian hid the book behind her back and shook her head. “No. I’ll keep it for you until you come see me next time.”

“If you give me back my book, I promise I’ll come here on my next rest day.” Luna held out her hand.

Vivian slapped this hand, and said, “As if I would believe you. You said the same thing last time, but it has been half a month since you last came here.” She put the book on a stone stool and sat on it. There were several benches around the sides of the round-roofed pavilion. In the middle was a stone table with four stone stools. Two plates, on which were some fruits, were on the table.

“Sorry. A child was sick last weekend. I tended to her for two days,” Luna said, taking a look at her book.

“Is she okay now?” Vivian peeled a mandarin and handed half to Luna. She then brought a segment to her own mouth.

Luna gave a shake of her head. “She died.” She lowered her sad eyes, depressed.

Vivian's hand froze. She felt sorry for her friend as she watched her staring at the mandarin in her hand. She held a segment of mandarin orange before Luna's mouth and smiled. "Maybe it was a release for her. I'm sure she was happy to have you by her side during her last days."

"Thank you, Vivian. I feel much better now." Luna smiled, and opened her mouth to eat the mandarin. "Mmm! So sweet and juicy!"

"Taking care of children is no job for a lady. You should enjoy your days in peace and comfort in Rodu," Vivian said. "Take care of yourself, or I'll write to tell your grandfather on you." *Mandarins have been on the market for weeks, but I don't think she has even bought one, and she likes mandarins the most! She must have spent all her money on the children again.*

Luna smiled. "He's over 70 years old. Don't trouble him with a mandarin orange." She poked her forehead with her finger. Apparently, she was in a good mood now. "Don't worry. I'll take care of myself. I have more money this month. Oh, I do have something interesting to tell you about, or rather, someone."

"Ouch." Luna's poke sent her leaning back. "Someone? A man? You have found your Prince Charming?" Vivian's eyes were shining with curiosity.

"No!" Luna said quickly, abashed. She found Mag mysterious and unusual, but she had never thought about marrying him. *Amy's mother may come home yet, and she must be a very beautiful elf.*

"Are you blushing? My God! I guessed right!" Vivian leaned forward, staring at Luna.

"I'm not, and you guessed wrong. He owns a restaurant. His daughter is one of my students." Luna poked her forehead again.

"So he's married," Vivian said disappointedly. "Then it would be wise not to get too attached to him. The Chaos School might have to let you go because of your little affair."

"Don't worry. I'm already married to the school," Luna said, smiling.

Vivian shook her head. "Trust me, you don't want to die alone. What's so interesting about him?"

"He cooks delicious food."

Vivian's face lit up immediately. "Really? How delicious? As delicious as the roast suckling pig in the Fryer Tavern?"

"I... Why don't you go find out yourself?" Luna decided to keep her in suspense. "It's at the far end of the Aden Square. The name is Mamy Restaurant. I'll have dinner there tonight."

Vivian rose quickly to her feet. "You know I've been grounded and that I have a banquet to attend tonight. Why do you torture me like that? You bad girl!"

Luna giggled.

Vivian joined her laughter.

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“Father, we are going to the restaurant where you eat every day?” asked Parmer. He was in a black riding jacket, brown riding pants, and black leather boots, sitting on a white pony in a stud farm. He was looking at Gjergj, surprise written all over his face.

On another white pony sat a boy around three years old, who wore his hair in a mushroom bowl. He was holding tight onto the saddle. He paused three seconds before he realized what was going to happen. “Rainbow fried rice! Rainbow fried rice!” he cried happily, waving his little hands.

Smiling, Gjergj nodded. “Yes. The owner there has a very pretty little girl. I think she’s younger than you, and older than Parbor. I’m sure you’ll like her.” He looked at his two sons, eyes full of love.

“Really? A cute little sister?” Parmer said excitedly.

Parbor paused three seconds again. “Big sister! Big sister!” he exclaimed, waving his hands.

Chapter 160: Come Back To Bed, Honey

The sun was setting. Outside the Geya Hotel, Sally was collecting sheets. She felt good as she smelled soap on them. “Boss, can I leave? I won’t come back for dinner,” she said to a woman sitting in a chair at the door, where she was embroidering a big golden bird.

The woman seemed to be in her forties and thin. She wore her black hair in a simple bun with a silver hairpin. She was plain-looking, but seemed very benign. She put down her work and looked up at Sally with a smile. “Sure. Don’t stay out too late.”

Sally smiled back. “I won’t.” She took the sheets inside, walked out of the door, and nodded at her boss. She took a look at her work and left.

She didn’t get paid very much, but her boss was very good to her. She had provided her with food and accommodation for free. The food was bland, but she liked it bland. She liked Yangzhou fried rice much better, though.

“I will only eat a plate. I can earn the money in a month.” Sally held tight onto her purse and quickened her pace.

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“I owe you one, Novan. But I really have to go now. I have had enough to drink,” Krassu said, waving his hand at the gate of the Chaos School.

“We haven’t seen each other for, I think, more than 10 years,” said a man in a black-and-white robe. “I will take you to the Fryer’s tonight. Their roast suckling pig is unbelievable. I’m sure you haven’t eaten anything that good in Rodu.”

The man looked around 40, his hair parted neatly to the side. His square face was screaming authority, his cheeks red from drinking.

"I don't want no suckling pig. I'm going to eat tofu pudding tonight. Now that's an unbelievable dish!" Krassu was a little drunk, but he could still remember the taste of the tofu pudding he had had in the morning.

"Tofu pudding ¹ ? Like pig brains and monkey brains?" Novan asked. "I thought you didn't like that kind of stuff."

Krassu shook his head. "No. It's not real brains. It tastes a thousand times better!" said the old man, smiling. "You're already 80, Novan, but there's still so much for you to learn."

Brandli and the administrator of the Chaos School were startled. They gazed at Krassu with a strange look on their faces.

Nobody dared talk to the principal like that, not even the Lord of Chaos City or the Lord of the Gray Temple. Once, the principal had fought with the Lord of the Gray Temple over some business concerning the school. Their fight had ended up leaving a big hole in the roof of the Gray Temple, which had taken over a month to repair. In the end, it was the Lord of the Gray Temple who had compromised.

But now, their principal didn't seem angry at all.

"Yes," Novan said, smiling. "We should be able to drink together more often since you're living here now. Maybe I should go with you to try that unbelievable tofu pudding tonight."

Krassu nodded. "All right. He has other dishes, also amazing. Besides, the owner is my beloved disciple's father! Come on. We have to hurry. The waiting line is growing as we speak."

"Sir, the Lord of Chaos City has extended you an invitation to dine in his castle..." the administrator said hurriedly, looking worried.

"Oh, I almost forgot. I won't be able to try that tofu pudding tonight, Krassu. But, you didn't make his daughter your disciple to get free food, did you?" The banquet was actually a get-together of the top brass in the Gray Temple, the castle of Chaos City, and the Chaos School. They held one every month to strengthen communication and cooperation. His presence was needed since he was the leader of the Chaos School.

"Do I look like a scrounger to you? Enough chit-chat. I really have to go." The old man turned around, and made for the Aden Square. "Even his daughter's meals are paid by me!" he muttered to himself as he walked.

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"Come back to bed, honey!" a voice said seductively in a luxurious room.

"Please, baby, I can't... I'll go get dinner for you!" Vicennio scurried out of the house. He placed a hand on the wall to support himself as he walked, tired and disheveled. The sun made him squint. "Why is she not tired at all?! That's not fair!"

On the bed, a voluptuous woman was leaning on her pillow. Part of her breasts was showing through the quilt. Her skin was soft and shiny, face still red. She looked at the door with bedroom eyes and smiled. "My husband can last longer in bed now..."

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“Boss, why are we leaving? We have found the Flaming Raven’s nest. It will fly back come dark. It’s worth five roujiamos,” Kil said as Sargeris strode.

Monde didn’t understand, either. He was holding two sacks in his hands. Their first quest had certainly paid off.

“What are we working so hard for?” Sargeris asked, without stopping.

“For roujiamo!” answered Kil and Monde.

Sargeris nodded. “Exactly. The restaurant is about to open. We will cash in these animals, take a bath, and then go to that restaurant. Do you want the owner to tell us they have sold out of roujiamo when we get there?”

“No!” Kil and Monde said nervously. They picked up their pace.

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The customers won’t be very happy tonight. Mag looked at the menu in his hand, which read: “Tofu pudding (sweet/savory), 200 copper coins each. Please note: one person can only buy up to one bowl for each meal.”

There was noise coming from the outside.