

## Stay At home 1701

### Chapter 1701: The Evil Dragon Spins

"I'm so happy today! I had so much good food, and I even got to ride on a horse. It's so much fun!" Anna was beaming as she shook Shirley's hand.

"Yes. It was an interesting day," Shirley looked down at Anna and smiled.

"Big Sister Shirley. You look so pretty when you smile," Anna said seriously as she looked at Shirley's face.

Ever since Shirley came back, she always had a hint of sorrow in her eyes. Anna hadn't even seen her smile before.

Shirley was a little stunned. She suddenly realized that she had been giving off negative energy unknowingly ever since she returned to Chaos City. It had to have affected Anna. She looked at Anna, and apologetically said, "I'm sorry, Anna."

"It's alright. I just hope that you can smile more, like just now," Anna said with a smile and a shake of her head.

"Mm-hmm. I will." Shirley nodded with a smile. It was as though Anna's smile had completely gotten rid of all the haze that had been gathering inside her.

Shirley might be unable to forget her hatred, but if she allowed it to take over her life, that would be the most unfortunate thing ever.

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"Wow..."

"Look, I can do the evil dragon spin..."

A gold and a silver giant dragon were spinning in the air where Miya's laughter came from.

"This is the most useless skill in a battle. Instead, it will expose your weak points to your opponents," Elizabeth commented coldly.

"Oh." Miya changed back to the normal flying position beside Elizabeth. After that, she excitedly asked, "When can I start learning battle skills? Can I also make hail fall easily with a flap of my wings just like you?"

"No, you can't." Elizabeth shook her head.

"What about frozen magic?"

"No."

"Alright..." Miya felt dejected. She said in despair, "Looks like I'm really not talented..."

“It’s not about talent.” Elizabeth suddenly picked up speed, and then turned to face Miya. She looked into Miya’s eyes, and said, “You’re Rankster’s daughter. You have pure blood, and are also super talented.”

“Then why can’t I learn them?” Miya asked with bewilderment.

“You have the Golden Dragon blood, and it’s not suitable for you to learn the Frost Dragon Tribe’s magic. However, you can learn the Golden Dragon Tribe’s power spell and become the superpower that rules the sky.” Elizabeth shook her head, and said, “Therefore, if you want to become stronger, you have to accept the help of the Golden Dragon Tribe.”

“But... aren’t I a frost dragon? Father is a frost dragon, and you are a frost dragon...” Miya was a little puzzled.

“Our grandmother is a golden dragon, so maybe that’s why you’ve inherited the golden dragon blood. On top of that, it’s the purest royal blood,” Elizabeth said.

“So the things that those golden dragons said were true? If I wanted to become stronger, I would have to return to Golden Dragon Island?” Yabemiya frowned. She wanted to become stronger so that she could protect her older sister and the people from the restaurant, but she couldn’t bear to leave everyone.

“This is not up to me to decide.” Elizabeth shook her head slightly. The Frost Dragon Tribe and the Golden Dragon Tribe weren’t really on good terms. A few hundred years ago, the two tribes were even at war with each other because of their grandparents.

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Rodu, in the Magus Tower.

“Sir, the preparation for the Magic Caster Tournament is almost complete. We’ve also sent out all the invitations. This would be a grander and more exciting Magic Caster Tournament.” Brent looked at Richard excitedly. The triennial Magic Caster Tournament was currently the most important event for the Magus Tower. The president had appointed him to organize it, which showed how important he was to the president. Therefore, he had to put extra effort into it.

Richard looked up, and asked Brent, “Is Krassu’s attendance confirmed?”

Although he really hated that fellow, His Majesty even brought up Krassu’s attendance to him today when he went to the palace. He had already promised His Majesty that he would ensure Krassu’s presence at the Magic Caster Tournament.

“I believe he will definitely come, but he is a very egoistic old fellow. He even signed his disciple up, and it’s even for the youth category. I want to see how things are going to end then,” Brent said with a mocking smile.

“Isn’t his disciple only four?” Richard said with a frown. He had seen the little fellow personally previously. Although she was way stronger than normal four-year-olds, she would only be trashed if she joined the official tournament.

“Exactly. He’s courting his own death. This time, he’s definitely going to tarnish both his and Urien’s reputation,” Brent said with a nod and a chuckle.

“Interesting.” Richard smiled. Since he didn’t have a chance to defeat Krassu, he could still have his disciple defeat Krassu’s disciple. That seemed rather good.

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Mag cooked a large pot of mutton soup, and waited for it to come to a boil before letting it simmer over a small fire. After that, he went upstairs to shower and sleep.

The mutton soup had to simmer overnight.

Besides, if he only sold the mutton soup in the morning, it would not be that fresh in the afternoon.

Mag had decided to launch the mutton soup early the next morning to comfort the customers.

After a shower, Mag lay on the bed excitedly as he clicked open the mutton kebab experience bag in his head.

After the hands-on experience at night, Mag acknowledged that he was still far from being a good mutton kebab chef. He was an experience bag away.

The information surged into his brain. A good mutton kebab had to start from choosing the mutton and bamboo skewer, proceeding to how the mutton was cut and marinated and all the other procedures. Every step wasn’t as simple as he thought.

The simple way of roasting used by the grassland’s people was not suitable for every scenario. After all, not everyone was able to experience sitting under the azure blue sky and enjoying the fresh scent of the grass as the wind blew past while eating the roast mutton kebab with original taste.

“If I launched two new dishes in a day, they probably wouldn’t say anything, right?” Mag kicked open the door to the test field for the God of Cookery, and walked in with resolution.

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“Father, you have to believe me. There isn’t a single chef in the entire Chaos City who can cook mutton. As long as we open a mutton restaurant in Aden Square, we will definitely make big bucks,” a young orc who was carrying a large wok on his back said with certainty to a tall orc beside him.

“Chaos City is a place where different races intermingle. It’s a place where many hidden talents are at. It’s not as simple as you think.” The tall orc shook his head with a smile. He looked at the shops at Aden Square. There weren’t many restaurants open early in the morning. Along the way, they saw many shops selling wraps. Most of the restaurants sold beef and pork. It was indeed true that there wasn’t a single mutton restaurant to be seen.

## **Chapter 1702: Father-And-Son Orcs**

Leiden and Moore, the father and son, came from the Twilight Forest. Their tribe made a living with shepherding, and it was a small tribe that was slowly facing a decline.

There weren't enough grass patches in the forest to begin with, and after the big tribes forcefully claimed territories, their tribe's last remaining grass patch was also occupied. Leiden did not want to herd for others, so he brought Moore to Chaos City.

Chaos City was a good place. Leiden had already heard people say that this was a place full of opportunities. As long as one was willing to put in some effort, they would not go hungry.

That was the truth. After half a month of their arrival, the father-and-son duo had not only earned money for their meals, they even managed to save up 1000 copper coins by moving goods for others and sleeping in communal bunk beds.

However, that was not a long-term plan. There would be one day where Leiden would no longer be able to do manual labor, and Moore would still have to get married, so Leiden could not depend on Moore to support him when he was old. Therefore, the father-and-son duo did not rush to the factory this morning. Instead, they came to Aden Square, which was said to be the busiest area of Chaos City, to take a look if they could find any opportunities.

Aden Square was huge. There were all kinds of shops lined up along the crescent-shaped square.

There were tons of restaurants, and even tailors and cloth shops could be seen everywhere. There were drunkards staggering out of bars from time to time as women in chiffon dresses closed the doors behind them with a look of disdain.

This scene made the Father-and-Son duo, who didn't have the chance to go out a lot, a little stunned.

Leiden, who had been shepherding for his whole life, had no other abilities other than having strength.

However, after seeing the rows of restaurants, Moore came up with an idea: open a mutton restaurant.

Leiden had been interacting with sheep for the whole of his life. In the tribe, they did not sell their sheep. The most they did was barter the sheep with passing merchants for some salt, but the majority of the sheep were their food.

He was not really good at anything, but he was pretty skilled at roasting mutton.

He could make roasted mutton and stewed mutton, and come up with different new things with simple techniques to make mutton. In the past, he made so many children cry because they wanted to eat the mutton he made so badly.

However, he had never thought that he could earn money from roasting mutton.

"We haven't seen any mutton restaurants on the way. Could it be that the people from Chaos City don't like mutton?" Leiden said with a frown.

"How is that possible? Mutton is divine. How could anyone not like it?" Moore thought for a while, and seriously said, "I think it must be because no one could make mutton well. If they tried the mutton you made, they would definitely fall in love with mutton."

Leiden shook his head. He did not lose his rationale because of Moore's words. Opening a restaurant required a large sum of money. They did not have the capital right now.

Besides, even if they wanted to open a mutton restaurant, they had to at least know that there were people who loved eating mutton in Chaos City first before they could know if this business was viable.

Although Leiden did not have much knowledge, he was not a fool.

The father-and-son duo arrived at the other corner of Aden Square unknowingly. Moore suddenly pointed to the front, and asked, "Father, look, what are all those people in front lining up for?"

"It's so early in the morning, and the weather is so cold. What are they lining up for? Are they waiting to start work?" Leiden was also a little shocked with that long line.

"Let's go take a look. Since there are so many people lining up, the pay for this job might be pretty good," Moore said with a smile as he moved forward quickly.

"That made sense." Leiden took a few quick steps forward and caught up with Moore. They could think about doing business again slowly, but they first had to work hard to earn sufficient capital.

However, when Leiden and Moore got closer, they were stunned.

Those people lining up were all dressed to the nines. They looked even richer than the bosses they had seen for the past few days. These people weren't paid workers at all.

"Look, Father, this is a restaurant." Moore looked at Mamy Restaurant in shock.

This restaurant was incredibly posh. It had a wall made completely out of crystals. It was even more lavish than any of the restaurants he had seen before.

"Yeah. So it's a restaurant." Leiden was also slightly shocked. This restaurant that could make so many bosses line up here early in the morning had to be incredible. They probably wouldn't be able to afford a meal here even if they emptied their pockets. Leiden tugged Moore's hand and brought him away.

"Boss Mag is going to launch mutton soup in the morning and mutton kebab in the afternoon. Two new dishes in a day. That's not like him at all."

"Exactly. Besides, mutton had such a strong odor. I can't take it."

"You could eat tripe fine. What is mutton? Boss Mag's culinary skill is at the level of a god."

"Since you put it that way, I'm getting more interested in the mutton soup."

The customers' discussion made Leiden and his son stop in their tracks.

They exchanged glances before turning their heads back to look at the entrance of the restaurant. On the entrance, there was a small blackboard with two rows of words.

Moore, who was a little literate, read, "New product for this morning: mutton soup; new product for this afternoon: mutton kebab."

It was two rows of very simple words, but they made Leiden's and Moore's eyes light up.

"Father, look, I told you there would be people who like mutton. This is a restaurant that is popular with so many big bosses. They're selling mutton too," Moore told Leiden excitedly.

Leiden was also a little excited. However, he calmed down quickly, and softly said, "It's only a new launch. It might not be popular with everyone."

"Let's line up and try it too. We can also see the customers' reactions to it." Moore also lowered his voice, but there was still an excitement in his gaze.

"But..." Leiden fell silent. He looked at the posh setup of the restaurant. This kind of restaurant was not one they could set foot in.

"If the food's too expensive, we can just take a look before coming out. If we don't sit, we won't even dirty their chairs." Moore could tell what Leiden was worried about. "I think the people in Chaos City are quite nice."

"Alright. Let's line up at the back too." Leiden made the decision, and went to the end of the line with Moore.

They had yet to find a permanent place to stay after coming over, and Leiden was a little embarrassed to go to someone else's restaurant to check it out. However, he really had no choice. He had little skill and not much money. If he wasn't sure, he wouldn't dare to make a rash decision.

"Welcome to Mamy Restaurant." The restaurant's door opened slowly. A young man dressed in a white chef's uniform walked out with a few pretty ladies as they welcomed the customers at the door with a smile.

"This is the restaurant owner? He looks so young." Leiden was a little shocked to see the young man.

### **Chapter 1703: Boss, Take A Seat Here**

The customers greeted the young man warmly. They should be regulars of the restaurant. There were others who even asked about the mutton kebab and mutton soup.

That young man could also call out the customers' names or nicknames correctly, but he was still mysterious about the new launches.

Leiden and Moore followed the line towards the entrance of the restaurant while being shocked at the young man.

"Welcome." Mag nodded at them with a warm smile. His gaze paused on the young boy with a pot on his back.

"Hi." Leiden quickly nodded back with Moore. He was about to step foot into the restaurant, but stopped to shuffle his feet outside before making his way in.

Mag looked at the two for a while. He could tell from their tattered clothes that they were not wealthy. This young boy had a pot on his back and a short knife hung on his waist. This meant that out of the two, one of them could cook.

The omniscient door notified him that this father-and-son duo was no simple orcs.

Perhaps they'd just arrived at Chaos City, and didn't know the prices of Mamy Restaurant, so they came in by mistake.

There were many customers like that every day. Most of them would find an excuse to leave after taking a look at the menu.

Mag did not look down on them. There were way more ordinary people in this world. Spending 200 copper coins on a bowl of tofu pudding was a very lavish thing to most.

Leiden and Moore found a table near the entrance. It was more convenient to leave from there. They stood by the table and hesitated to sit.

Their clothes weren't very dirty, since they would usually take their shirts off when they worked and put their shirts back on after they were done.

However, this table and chairs were all as clean as a clear mirror. Not a trace of dust could be seen on the surface. If they were to sit, they would definitely cause a lot of dust to settle on the furniture, and the service staff would have to clean them again.

"Please take a seat and browse through the menu first. Someone will come over to take your order." Gina walked over to them, and placed the menu down in front of them.

It was the first time Moore had seen such a beautiful lady with such a lovely voice. His face flushed red, and he quickly looked down, afraid to even look at Gina. He tugged on Leiden's sleeve and sat down.

"How could we." Leiden was a little uneasy. He looked up and saw that Gina had already walked towards the kitchen.

"W-we'll take a look at the menu first." Moore was also a little nervous and uneasy. However, since they had already taken their seats, they could not possibly stand up and leave right away. They still wanted to see if the customers liked the mutton soup.

"Alright." Leiden nodded. Since they'd already taken a seat, they'd just take a look at the menu first.

"Sirs, there aren't any more seats. Can we share a table with you?" A voice sounded from beside them.

Leiden looked up and met a plump, smiling face. The person who asked was a man dressed in a beautiful robe, wearing a large gemstone on his finger. Beside him was another man of a similar size and wearing an equally beautiful robe. It was obvious that the two of them were bosses. Leiden quickly pulled Moore up, and nervously said, "Boss, take a seat here."

"Hey, hey, hey." Harrison and Gjerj were flustered the moment Leiden and his son stood up, and quickly reached out to stop them.

"Please, don't. If you don't want to share the table, we can just wait. If you let us have the table, Boss Mag might think that we snatched the seat. That's really embarrassing." Harrison didn't know whether to laugh or to cry. It had to be their first time here at Mamy Restaurant, so they did not really understand the table-sharing rule.

"Yeah. There aren't a lot of tables in Mamy Restaurant, but there are quite a lot of customers. That's why the boss made the table-sharing rule. As long as there are empty seats, we can share the table and eat together. We're not trying to snatch the table. We just want to share the table," Gjerj explained with a smile. They did not want to end up on Boss Mag's blacklist because of a ridiculous misunderstanding.

After hearing their explanation, and seeing the two bosses appear even more nervous than he was, Leiden felt a little strange. He didn't expect bosses who were willing to share a table with them to exist. He thought for a while and sat back down with Moore uneasily. He shifted their luggage over to his side and nodded as he said, "Take a seat."

"Alright." Harrison and Gjerj smiled as they took their seats.

"Judging from your accent, you don't sound like a local. Did you just arrive at Chaos City?" Harrison asked curiously after sitting down.

"Mm-hmm. Just recently." Leiden nodded and felt a little uncomfortable.

"Then you guys came to the right place. Mamy Restaurant is the best restaurant in Chaos City. The food here can't be found anywhere else," Harrison said with a smile.

"Okay." Leiden nodded. He put his hands under the table and rubbed them together, not knowing how to reply.

Gjerj glanced at the father-and-son, and changed the topic. "Boss Mag stood us up for a day and launched two new products. How amazing. We have to try this mutton soup, and see how Boss Mag made it turn out."

"I've tried roast mutton before. There's a restaurant opened by shepherds selling roast mutton in the city's west. It's not bad. But as for mutton soup, I really wonder how Boss Mag would get rid of that rank odor. The smell isn't really friendly," Harrison said with a smile.

"If Boss Mag wasn't even capable of that, he wouldn't launch the mutton soup. Aren't you even confident in that?" Gjerj commented without a hint of worry.

Leiden and his son pricked their ears as they listened to the conversation carefully. They were increasingly curious about Boss Mag. How good did his culinary skills have to be for this bunch of big bosses to line up early in the winter morning?

Moore flipped the menu open. The moment he saw the prices at the side, he could not help but take in a breath of cold air.

Leiden glanced over and his eyes widened immediately. The number of zeros on the menu made his vision blur. Even the cheapest tofu pudding was priced at 200 copper coins.

A bowl of mutton soup cost 500 copper coins, and the mutton kebab, which was not available in the morning, was sold at 100 copper coins for a skewer.

Leiden quickly did a mental calculation. He had 1,000 copper coins in his pocket. That was not even enough for him and Moore to order two sets of Yangzhou fried rice.

Moore looked up from the menu and swallowed hard. He suddenly regretted pulling his father into this restaurant. Now, he had landed them in such an awkward situation.

Just then, Miya came over to their table with a smile, and asked, "May I have your order please?"



“Er...” Leiden stared at the menu as beads of perspiration started forming on his forehead. He hesitated for a while before saying, “We’ll... get a sweet tofu pudding.”

“Alright. One sweet tofu pudding. Please hold on.” Miya nodded with a smile before turning to look at Harrison and Gjerj.

Harrison glanced at Leiden and his son with a smile before saying, “We’ll have four bowls of mutton soup, and give me a set of Yangzhou fried rice too. I think that would go very well together.”

“I’ll have a savory tofu pudding and youtiao,” Gjerj added.

“Alright. Please hold on for a while.” Miya nodded with a smile, and turned to walk towards the next table.

#### **Chapter 1704: I Have A Friend Who Wants To Know...**

As the new product for this morning, the mutton soup had garnered a lot of attention from the customers.

However, eating mutton was not something in trend in Chaos City. Most people could not stand the rank odor, much less have it in soup, which was the most difficult cooking method to get rid of the smell.

However, Mag was a miracle worker who made them enjoy pig’s stomach, tripe, and duck intestine. Therefore, most people ordered a bowl of mutton soup to try. There were also many who weren’t in a rush to order the new dish. They wanted to look at the mutton soup others had ordered before deciding.

“Hehe, Bro, judging from the way you walk, you must have done a lot of naughty things last night, right?” Randy asked Vicennio with a sly smile.

“Don’t even talk about it. Every day, I can only walk out of the room with the help of the wall. It’s not something I can talk about,” Vicennio said with a sigh.

“Life is tough.” Randy laughed.

“Yeah. When can I see the end to these days? I have to walk down every street to collect rent one by one every day, and the moment I reach home, I will be pulled to bed. Money is just a figure. I feel that my life is very empty.” Vicennio looked up melancholically.

Randy’s smile froze. He looked at Vicennio’s face, and felt like giving him a punch. He hesitated for a while, and softly said, “Bro, I have a friend who wants to find a rich woman like your wife. Where can he find one?”

Vicennio looked at Randy, and seriously said, “Bro, let me give your friend some advice. Young people should work hard and create things for themselves. Don’t be like me. I can only lie aimlessly on a pile of money. I’ve lost my goals and my soul. A life like this is not happy at all.”

“It’s alright. He doesn’t need a soul or any goals. Besides, he’s very happy, and he could also make the older sisters happy with him.” Randy waved his hand to dismiss Vicennio’s advice, and looked at him with anticipation as he said, “Just tell me where to look for rich older sisters like your wife.”

Vicennio looked at Randy questioningly, and asked, "That friend of yours that you are referring to... isn't you, right?"

Randy's face flushed red. He didn't expect to be found out. Could he have expressed his intentions too obviously?

However, Randy's mind was set after meeting Vicennio's gaze. He openly said, "That's right. I don't want to work hard. I want to lead a life of collecting rent every day and returning home at night to roll in the deep. Isn't such a life the final goal for working hard?"

Vicennio looked at Randy silently for a while before saying, "But Bro, your body... I don't think you would meet the requirements of my wife's friends."

Randy raised his brow. He looked at the thin Vicennio, and then at himself.

Although Randy was also thin, at least he had more energy and spirit compared to Vicennio. He couldn't tell where he was lacking.

"Don't look at me right now. Back then, I was a hunk with eight packs, and could go up to seven times a night. I was so muscular I was equivalent to two of you," Vicennio lamented with a melancholic expression.

Randy's eyes opened wide. He sized Vicennio up again. Why couldn't he tell that Vicennio used to be a muscular hunk? What happened to him over the past two years?

Vicennio patted Randy's shoulder, and sincerely said, "Bro, you should just work hard. With your stature, I presume you won't even be able to last half a month."

"Alright, Bro. I will tell that to my friend." Randy swallowed as he nodded.

He thought of the lady boss during that rainy night. Compared to those young ladies, she really didn't seem like the type that could be easily satisfied every day.

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"Your mutton soup, please enjoy." Miya walked over with a tray, and placed four bowls of mutton soup and the dipping sauce on Harrison's table before turning to walk towards the kitchen.

The mutton soup was milky white, and there was half a bowl of mutton in the soup. There was fresh green coriander sprinkled on top, and the moment the bowls were placed on the table, the rich fragrance of the mutton soup surged over together with the steam.

"Smells fantastic!" Harrison could not help but praise when he smelled the fragrance of the mutton. He was already growing impatient as he watched the table next to theirs drink the soup.

"Yes. It doesn't have the rank odor at all, only a very rich fragrance of the bone soup. Boss Mag is really incredible," Gjerj complimented.

Meanwhile, Leiden's and Moore's eyes also widened when they saw the mutton soup before them, and they could not help but swallow their saliva.

“How exactly is this mutton soup made? How can the color look so good? It doesn’t even have a tiny bit of impurity in it. How can the mutton be kept so perfect after it was used to make such a rich soup?” Leiden exclaimed to himself. This mutton soup was beyond his understanding even though he spent his entire life with mutton. He also admitted that he could not even make a bowl of soup like that, and could not remove the rank odor of mutton so well. It was only fragrant, not gamey.

Moore was a little dazed. He thought that his father’s mutton was the best in the world, and even the mutton soup his father made was better than others. However, this exquisite bowl of mutton soup proved otherwise.

“Your mutton soup.” Leiden quickly regained his senses. He quickly shifted the two bowls of mutton soup that were placed in front of them back to Harrison’s side. That beautiful lady had to have served them to the wrong person.

“I ordered it specially for you. Good things got to be shared.” Harrison pushed the two bowls of mutton soup back to the two orcs with a chuckle, and said, “This is an unspoken rule in Mamy Restaurant. The person who requested to share a table must treat the other party to a dish. Boss Mag launched the new mutton soup today. It’s such a cold day, and a bowl of warm soup is just right to warm up your body.”

“This... is too expensive. We can’t accept it.” Leiden pushed the two bowls of mutton soup back to Harrison. One bowl of mutton soup cost 500 copper coins. They didn’t even know each other. How could he just accept such a gift?

Moore swallowed his saliva at the side. However, he did not say anything, as his father was right. They could not accept it.

“The mutton soup’s already served. It’s such a waste not to eat it. Look, we can’t have two bowls of soup each, right?” Harrison held Leiden’s hand with a smile, and said, “Bro, I think we’re rather fated to meet. When we share tables again next time, you can treat me to something else.”

Leiden looked at Harrison’s kind smile and hesitated for a while. He decided not to reject further, and embarrassedly said, “Then we will accept your kind offer, sir. When we come here again next time and have money with us, we’ll treat you.”

“That’s a promise.” Harrison snapped his finger, and quickly scooped up a spoonful of milky white mutton soup. He blew on it a little before putting it into his mouth.

### **Chapter 1705: Old Shepherd**

When the piping hot mutton soup entered his mouth, Harrison felt his sleepy taste buds wake up with a start. However, before he could feel the pain from the scald, the freshness of the soup took over, and launched his taste buds into a hysterical state.

What kind of divine taste was that?!

Was that really mutton soup?

He only tasted the sweet freshness of mutton, and there was no rank odor at all.

The rich bone soup was clear and pure. Even with all the bone marrow infused within the soup, it was not thick and sticky.

When he swallowed the soup, Harrison felt the warmth travel down from his throat and into his stomach.

“Ooh...”

Harrison could not control his fat from jiggling. The chill from lining up outside was completely dispelled with that shudder.

He had a few more mouthfuls of soup, and could feel the warmth travel from his stomach all the way to the rest of his body, making him feel warm and fuzzy inside.

“This soup is comparable to the ‘Buddha jumps over the wall’. If we’re talking about soup for the morning, the former has an edge.” Harrison could not help but look towards the kitchen in awe. “Boss Mag is Boss Mag indeed. Even his mutton soup is delicious.”

“This soup is not bad indeed. The ‘Buddha jumps over the wall’ is too much in the morning, but the mutton soup is perfect.” Gjerj nodded. After that, he picked up a piece of thinly sliced mutton with his chopsticks.

The mutton wasn’t exactly very enticing appearance-wise. After it was taken out from the soup, its scent was not that rich. However, one could not expect too much from it, since it was used to make soup. After all, the taste of the soup was the top priority.

“Is this small dish for the mutton? Just like for the roast duck. However, this dip is spicy,” Harrison said as he looked at the little dish by the side. He could smell the faint scent of spiciness coming from it.

“Let me give it a try.” Gjerj dipped the mutton in the dry dip, and the soft slice of meat was immediately covered with the spices. The sesame, crushed peanuts, and bright red chili powder injected a soul into the plain mutton, making it look exceptionally enticing.

“Wow, this dip is invincible,” Gjerj praised. After that, he quickly put the mutton into his mouth.

The fragrant and spicy dip, together with the soft and fresh mutton, brought a huge surprise to his taste buds and teeth.

The crushed roasted peanuts and sesame exploded in his mouth together with the different spices to give off an inexplicable fragrance. At the same time, the spiciness made the eating experience even more thrilling.

“This is the best mutton I’ve ever had,” Gjerj praised with a thumbs-up.

“Is it really that good?”

Leiden and Moore heard the two’s compliments for the mutton soup, and could not help but question it. However, the scent from the mutton soup was too enticing, and they could not resist picking up their spoons and chopsticks.

Leiden scooped up a spoonful of soup first. In order to make soup milky white, it would take at least three hours of simmering, and in those three hours, one had to constantly add wood to the fire. That was no easy feat at all.

Even for the sheep that he reared, the mutton would inevitably disintegrate and become impurities in the soup after simmering for three hours. However, this soup was very pure, so it was apparent that the cook used not the meat, but the bone to make the broth.

Just as Harrison said, this soup was fresh and did not have a hint of rank odor. On top of that, the freshness of mutton was brought out even more.

Leiden did not know how the chef had managed to do that. He had thought of various ways to remove the rank odor, but only managed to reduce it a little. He was unable to completely get rid of the odor unless he used a very strong spice to suppress the scent. He would never be able to replicate such a refreshing smell.

After thinking for a while, and not being able to figure anything out from the soup, he put the spoonful of soup into his mouth.

The mutton soup was fresh and sweet, and this spoonful of soup was the epitome of that.

To an old shepherd who had spent his entire life rearing goats, cooking mutton, and eating mutton, this freshness was even more prominent.

The moment he drank the soup, he understood that the quality of this mutton was way better than that of those sheep he had reared.

Even if he were to chop up an entire sheep of his to make one bowl of mutton soup, he would still be far from getting this freshness.

It was not about how rich the freshness was. He long understood that soups that were too rich could easily feel greasy.

The freshness in this soup belonged to another tier of freshness. It came from the ingredient.

He did not know what sheep it was, but having no rank odor at all might have something to do with the animal itself.

However, no matter what sheep it was, the freshness of this soup was indeed something he would never be able to match up to.

It was fresh yet not gamey, rich yet not greasy, and thick yet not sticky. Just these three points alone would require a very good control over the fire used to make this mutton soup. A slight mistake, and this bowl of mutton soup would not be so perfect.

Leiden knew very well how capable he was in making mutton. However, he was a little guilty right now. His skills could only be described as amateurish when compared to this bowl of mutton soup.

“This mutton soup is delicious.” Moore had already gulped down several mouthfuls. His face was shining as though it was the best mutton soup he had ever had!

The moment he had this thought, Moore froze. He turned to look at his father, who was in deep thought, and seemed to have guessed something.

His father's mutton was indeed the best in their tribe. However, this chef from Chaos City was really incredible. If they could make mutton so delicious, Leiden and Moore would not dare to open a mutton restaurant.

Moore put his spoon down, and picked up a piece of mutton with his chopsticks candidly. He had already come to terms with things. This chef was able to make all these big bosses line up early in the morning, so he would naturally not be someone a shepherd from a small tribe could compare to. Moore thought that he should change his attitude and taste this mutton soup with a mentality to learn.

After cooking mutton in the soup for so long, most of the smell of the meat had already infused into the soup. Although the soup was fresh and delicious, the mutton would probably be tasteless if it was eaten just like that.

Therefore, the chef served it with spicy powder dip.

Leiden did not find that unique. When they had roast mutton, they would usually sprinkle some salt if they found that it was too bland. That was not much different from the spicy powder dip.

He watched Gjerj eat the mutton just now, so he followed suit, and dipped the mutton in the red dipping powder. The mutton immediately looked very enticing with the layer of powder on it. After that, he put the mutton straight into his mouth.

*Hot!!!*

Leiden's face flushed red almost immediately. He felt as though a fire had lit up in his mouth, and his tongue was so numb it had lost all sensation.

"Your first time having chili? Chew on it to release the aroma," Harrison said with a smile. He was way worse than this when he first tried the insanely spicy.

Leiden quickly chewed upon hearing that. The fresh mutton soup squirted out, and that indeed reduced the spiciness significantly. After chewing, the crushed peanuts and sesame's aroma exploded in his mouth immediately. Coupled with the soft and tender mutton, Leiden felt as though the more he chewed, the more fragrant it got.

### **Chapter 1706: Tell Me, What Is Your Dream?**

The mutton soup had completely won Leiden and Moore over.

For the father-and-son duo who had been eating the cheapest wafers from roadside stalls ever since they came to Chaos City from the Twilight Forest, this bowl of soup made them truly feel the essence of a large city.

As much as they were surprised, they also could not help but feel a little dispirited.

It seemed that their thought of opening a mutton restaurant would never be realized. They could already feel the distance and how much they were lacking.

This thought made both of them sigh.

Harrison glanced at the dispirited father-and-son, then at the goat-skin clothes on them, and smilingly asked, "What do you do for a living? I see that you're both wearing sheep-skin clothes. Are you selling sheep?"

"Sheep-skin clothes are warm. Even I have one," Gjerj said with a smile.

Leiden hesitated for a while, and replied with a forceful smile, "We used to be shepherds, but a while ago, our shepherding grassland was taken over by another tribe. Therefore, we came to Chaos City. As of now, we have been working for others to earn money."

"Our dream is to open a mutton restaurant. But..." Moore motioned to the mutton soup in front of him, and regretfully said, "Father doesn't make mutton as good as this."

"I see." Harrison thought for a while, smiled, and quickly replied, "If you use Boss Mag as a standard on whether you should open a restaurant, then none of the other restaurants in Chaos City should open."

"Exactly. Boss Mag is the top chef of Chaos City. He was even declared the best chef by the king of the Roth Empire at the royal banquet. How many chefs on the Norland Continent would dare to say that they can cook better?" Gjerj replied with a smile.

"Er..." Leiden and Moore were stunned. They didn't expect the owner of this restaurant to be so formidable.

"However, if you want to open a mutton restaurant, you must have a certain level of skill. Mutton reeks with a strong rank odor. If you don't do it well, not many will like it," Harrison reminded them. Before this, he had tried various ways of eating mutton.

Leiden pondered. Before coming to Chaos City, he had never minded the rank odor of mutton. They'd lived and stayed with sheep all their lives. During winter, they even lay on the sheep for warmth. Even if Moore minded the rank odor, he only used some simple methods to get rid of the smell. However, he didn't know if that would meet the expectations of Chaos City.

"The child was just spouting nonsense. We've just arrived here, and have not decided whether to open a shop or not." Leiden shook his head with a smile. He had already given up inside.

He was simply an honest shepherd. He wouldn't know anything about business or opening a restaurant. He didn't have enough money in his pocket to rent a place to stay. What means would he have to open a mutton restaurant? He couldn't even afford a goat.

"Ding! New mission: Leiden and his son's dream!

"Please aid Leiden and his son in fulfilling their dream. You'll receive a mystery reward!"

The system's voice suddenly rang in Mag's head

"Hm?" Mag, who was busy cooking in the kitchen, was stunned. Frowning, he said, "Leiden and his son's dream? System, do you think I am a fairy godmother?"

"It is the job of the candidate for the God of Cookery to bring your customers a happy dining experience and spread the culinary methods of creating delicacies."

“What has that got to do with helping people fulfill their dreams? Do I have to run to them and say: tell me, what is your dream? Do you think I am dying to become famous?”

“You’ll have a chance of getting strength from the mystery reward.”

“Ahem... er, where’s my leather shorts?” Mag looked out of the shop. He swept a glance across the customers, and finally stopped at the orcs sitting near the entrance.

He remembered that they were called Leiden and Moore. When he was greeting the customers at the door, he scanned their details, and knew why the system targeted them and chose them as the lucky consumers.

However, Mag did not mind, since it was for his strength. He already could not wait to hold them back and ask them for their dream to help them realize it.

That was right. He was a very helpful person.

Since he was going to ask them for his dream, he would have to help them fulfill it. Otherwise, what was the point of asking? To earn some tears?

When the entire world knew your dream, it would be very embarrassing if you were unable to push on.

“What did the orcs sitting at the entrance order?” Mag asked Miya when she came in.

“A sweet tofu pudding. However, Harrison ordered two bowls of mutton soup for them,” Miya replied.

“Mm-hmm.” Mag nodded. He could tell that they were probably not very well-off. Maybe their dream had something to do with money. Mag could satisfy any of their requests as long as they were within 1,000,000 copper coins.

He was that confident since he had the money.

However, the two of them only ordered one sweet tofu pudding. Although Harrison also ordered a bowl of mutton soup each for them, Mag still had to keep a close eye on them in case he couldn’t find them after they left. That would be awkward.

“Bro, I wasn’t trying to discourage you. I think it’s completely fine for you to give it a go. Boss Mag is paving the way for mutton. All the dishes he makes will quickly become a series of restaurants. If you could come up with your style of mutton, you would definitely be able to make it in Chaos City’s food and beverage industry,” Harrison quickly added on seeing that Leiden appeared to have given up. He was afraid his words might scare a good chef away.

“Yes. There are a lot of people in Chaos City who don’t really like mutton right now. However, no one had duck intestine and tripe in the past as well. These two things have increased in price over this period of time,” Gjerj added.

Upon hearing the two’s words, Leiden was a little moved. All of a sudden, he didn’t know how to reply.

“Although my father’s mutton isn’t as good as this mutton soup, it’s definitely the best in our tribe. He not only knows how to make roast mutton, but he could also even make mutton stew. His mutton stew is superb,” Moore said with a nod, his face was full of pride.



“Mutton stew.” Harrison’s and Gjerj’s eyes lit up.

“I see that you guys have a pot. Why don’t we do this? After breakfast, we’ll buy half a sheep and you, bro, can make us some mutton stew to try. We’ll buy the sheep and if we like it, you can leave the mutton restaurant to me,” Harrison said with a pat on his chest.

“Count me in. It’s right to have dreams. I’ll support your dream.” Gjerj also patted his chest.

“This...” Leiden looked at the both of them with agitation and gratitude.

“That’s set. We’ll set off after breakfast,” Harrison said with a pat on Leiden’s shoulder. At that moment, his fried rice and Gjerj’s youtiao were served. Next, he ordered a plate of Yangzhou fried rice each for Leiden and his son.

### **Chapter 1707: Stewed Mutton Full Of Dreams**

When Mag saw Leiden and his son finished their food and got up to leave with Harrison as they left, he put down his spatula and walked over, prepared to stop them to talk about their dreams, and, while they were at it, help them fulfill their dreams as well.

“I think they went to buy mutton. I overheard Harrison saying that he wanted to try the orc’s stewed mutton when I walked past,” Miya said when she walked in with the plates. She seemed to have realized that Mag was paying attention to the father-and-son duo.

“Mutton stew?” Mag was slightly stunned, and missed the best chance to go out to stop them. Now, it would seem a little strange for him to leave the entire restaurant full of customers to chase them.

However, since Harrison had already formed a connection with the father-and-son, Mag would not have to worry about not being able to find them.

Harrison would come over to eat every day, basically three meals a day.

“Mm-hmm.” Miya nodded. He looked at Mag curiously, and asked, “What’s wrong, Boss? Is there something wrong with them?”

“Nothing. I’m just a little curious.” Mag shook his head with a smile. He seemed to have appeared overly concerned, so he picked up his spatula and continued cooking.

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Harrison brought Leiden and his son onto his horse-drawn carriage, and they went straight to the market. Thereafter, they chose half a sheep, and Leiden picked some other ingredients and spices. They discussed the location at which they would make the stew, and decided on Harrison’s factory.

There was an empty space in front of his factory’s entrance. He would usually use that space to store his goods, but because the winter storm had caused roads to be blocked, this period happened to be the low season. Therefore, the space in front of his factory was now empty. It was the perfect place to build the stone stove Leiden required.

When they arrived, they alighted. Harrison got the orcs guarding the door to get some wood from the canteen, and help Leiden set up the stone stove.

“Bro, is this okay?” Harrison asked with a smile as he rubbed his hands together.

“Yes.” Leiden nodded with a smile.

“Alright. Then you can begin. This place belongs to me, so you can do whatever you want,” Harrison said with a smile.

Leiden retrieved the pot he tied on their luggage and placed it on the stove. He ignited a flame and shoveled a potful of snow to melt. In the meantime, he started to cut the mutton on another side.

He quickly chopped up the half of the sheep, and used snow to rub and wash away the blood on the meat.

When the melted snow in the pot started boiling, Leiden threw the meat into the pot, followed by the other spices he bought. After that, he rummaged through his luggage for a tree branch, and sliced two tiny pieces into the pot. Finally, he put the lid on the pot and let it simmer.

“That’s it?” Harrison looked at Leiden in shock. It seemed a little too simple.

“It does seem to be the case.” Gjerj nodded slightly. For someone like him who would occasionally drop by the kitchen to watch the cook, stews seemed to just be throwing all sorts of things into the pot and closing the lid after.

“It will take about two hours for the stew to be ready. Sirs, if you are tired or bored, you can return to the horse-drawn carriage. My son and I can stay here to keep watch,” Leiden said awkwardly.

“Alright. Then I’ll walk around the factory and come out for the mutton later.” Harrison nodded, and brought Gjerj along into the factory.

“Do you think it’s good?” Harrison asked Gjerj softly after they entered the factory.

“It’s hard to say. Some say that cooking is a meticulous job, while others say cooking is something simple.” Gjerj shook his head.

“That’s Boss Mag. He could come up with a delicacy as complicated as the ‘Buddha jumps over the wall’, and at the same time, he also let us experience the idiot-proof cooking with the hot pot.” Harrison rolled his eyes with a smile, and said, “But I am looking forward to the taste of this mutton stew.”

“But why would you suddenly want to help them open a mutton restaurant?” Gjerj looked at Harrison curiously. He knew that although his friend was kind, he would usually just stop at treating them to a bowl of mutton soup.

“Dream. It’s such a simple word, but I’ve not heard anyone say it in a long time. It’s as though we are not fit to have dreams the moment we grow up. That’s so puzzling.” Harrison shook his head and laughed.

“Who doesn’t have dreams? They are just carefully kept inside our hearts. Didn’t you aspire to become a writer back then? Is your handwritten autobiography still under your pillow?”

“No way.” Harrison blushed. He hastened his pace, and said, “It’s just a small thing to me, but to them, it might be their livelihood. If they do have what it takes to move me, what’s wrong with helping them?”

“I like that,” Gjerj replied with a smile.

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“Father, would they really open a mutton restaurant for us?” Moore rubbed his hands and looked at Leiden excitedly.

Leiden threw the wood he had into the fire, and looked at Moore as he solemnly said, “Moore, you have to always remember this. There is no free lunch in this world. If our mutton doesn’t please the two bosses, they will not help us open the mutton restaurant. Besides, that’s really too much to ask for.”

“Mm-hmm.” Moore nodded. He smiled, and continued, “Father, you make delicious mutton. It won’t be a problem at all.”

“I hope so.” Leiden looked at the dancing flames, and a similar flame was reflected in his eyes.

Two hours passed by very quickly. The fragrance escaped the constraints of the lid and wafted around.

“Smells good.” Harrison walked out of the factory. When he smelled the fragrance, his eyes lit up, and he picked up speed.

“Yeah. The fragrance of the meat is quite rich.” Gjerj’s eyes also lit up. It was a little beyond his expectations.

When he heard the praises, Leiden was a little relieved. However, he was not completely relaxed. He only lifted the lid when the two arrived.

A rich mutton fragrance wafted over together with the steam. There was some gravy, and the mutton gleamed with a beautiful red, increasing one’s appetite.

However, the moment Harrison and Gjerj approached, they frowned a little at the same time.

“Sirs, the mutton stew is ready. Please have a try.” Leiden put some mutton into two ceramic bowls, and passed them to Harrison and Gjerj expectantly.

“Alright, we’ll give it a try.” Harrison received the bowl with a smile. He used a pair of chopsticks made from sticks to pick up a piece of mutton. The meat was cut into the size of a baby’s fist, which was really big compared to the mutton in the mutton soup they had earlier in the morning. The color was really enticing, but the only problem was the rank odor that hid within the fragrance.

Harrison took a bite of the mutton. The meat was soft yet not mushy, which made for a very interesting texture. There were various spices added to the stew to bring out the flavor of the mutton. It was way better than any mutton stew he’d had before.

However...

The rank odor lingered around just like a curse. Even though he was trying very hard to force himself to ignore the smell, Harrison was unable to immerse himself in the mutton dish.

Gjerj had roughly the same expression. For a professional chowhound, a slight imperfection could be neglected, but a smell that could affect the whole eating experience like this was very difficult to ignore.

The two finished the mutton in their bowls.

“Sirs, how was it? Is it good enough to open a mutton restaurant?” Moore asked the two expectantly. Since the two bosses had finished the mutton in their bowls, it had to mean that they really liked his father’s mutton too.

Leiden was expectant with a hint of nervousness.

“The mutton is pretty good. It’s tastier than all the mutton stews I’ve had before. The color of the meat is really good, and the texture of the mutton is also great. The spices go together very well, and it was not too strong a taste, allowing the tastiness of the meat to be fully brought out. However...” Harrison looked at the two expectant men, and picked his words carefully. “The rank odor was not very well-treated. That would take off some points from the strength of the mutton. At this standard, even if you had a mutton restaurant, it would be hard to get customers in.”

“How could it be...” Moore’s face fell instantly. He looked at the piping hot mutton in disbelief.

“I’m sorry. I’m still not good enough,” Leiden quickly apologized, although he was also a little disappointed.

“I’m sorry. I say what’s on my mind, and I have to say what should be said.” Harrison felt a little bad, but he had no choice.

“Why don’t we ask Boss Mag?” Gjerj suggested.

### **Chapter 1708: Boss Mag, You Really Know How To Enjoy Yourself**

Gjerj and Harrison claimed to be gourmets, but only at the eating level. It would be difficult for them to give Leiden tips on how to remove the rank odor in the mutton stew to make it Chaos City’s favorite food.

Upon hearing Gjerj’s words, Harrison’s eyes lit up. He clapped his hands together, and said, “Right, let’s look for Boss Mag!”

“Boss Mag?” Leiden was puzzled. He suddenly recalled the restaurant they went to in the morning, and asked, “Could it be the owner of the restaurant we went to in the morning?”

“Yes, he’s the owner of Mamy Restaurant.” Harrison nodded his head.

“But he sells mutton. How is it possible that he would tell us his secret? Wouldn’t we be snatching his business?” Moore commented dejectedly. He was not at all agreeable to Harrison and Gjerj’s suggestion.

“It won’t be very nice to go over and ask him for his methods.” Leiden shook his head as well. They initially had the idea of opening a mutton restaurant when they saw that the mutton sold well there. It would be shameless of them to go up and ask for the recipe.

“Young friend. Mamy Restaurant is no mutton restaurant. It’s a paradise, a food paradise!” Harrison rolled his eyes at Moore as though the latter had insulted the sacred land in his heart. “Also, Boss Mag would not need to worry about his business being snatched. Don’t you know how many customers line up outside the restaurant but aren’t able to get a seat? Even if a mutton restaurant were to open beside Mamy Restaurant, the line for his 500-copper-coin mutton soup would still be full. That taste and that standard are not something anyone could replicate completely.”

“Boss Mag is a really good person. Besides, we aren’t asking him for his recipe. We’re just going to ask him for tips on how to get rid of the rank odor on mutton. I believe he would be willing to give you one or two pointers,” Gjerj said with a smile. “Back then, when my wife had some implications in her pregnancy, Boss Mag specially made soup for more than a month for me to bring back home, and that helped my wife give birth to my daughter smoothly.”

Leiden and Moore were dumbfounded. They did not expect that restaurant owner to have done such things.

“But... we aren’t even close to him. Wouldn’t it be very abrupt for us to just look for him?” Leiden was still rather hesitant.

“He once had a culinary duel with Chef Harris, and after he won, I heard that he really kept his word and took Harris in as his disciple. On top of that, he even taught him how to make the husband and wife lung slice. Do you think there’s more to doubt about Boss Mag’s character if he’s so generous to his competitor?” Gjerj asked.

“Then he must be a very magnanimous person,” Leiden exclaimed. If he were in Mag’s shoes, he might not be able to do that.

“Let’s go.” Put some mutton into a bowl, and bring it over to Boss Mag. Let someone more professional do the assessing so that he can give some professional advice.” Harrison took out a new bowl, and placed some mutton inside before putting the bowl into a thermal lunch box which was in the horse-drawn carriage. Afterward, he called out to Leiden and Moore, and they went straight to Mamy Restaurant.

On the other side, Mag was sitting at the window, enjoying his afternoon break with a pot of tea and a book.

Because of the sudden mission he received in the morning, he was currently thinking about how he could get the orcs’ contact info from Harrison without sounding weird.

Ding!

Just then, the doorbell rang.

Mag looked back, and saw Harrison and Gjerj standing outside the door with the orcs.

“Speaking of the devil.” Mag’s eyes lit up. He placed his book down on the table, and got up to open the door with a smile.

“Apologies, Boss Mag. Are we interrupting your break?” Harrison looked at Mag apologetically.

If it was during the normal days, Mag indeed disliked people disturbing him at non-operating hours.

However, Harrison brought the orcs over to Mag just as the latter was thinking about how to look for them, and that saved him a lot of trouble. Mag quickly smiled, and said, “It’s alright. Is there anything I can help you with?”

Although they were already right before him, he still had to maintain calm. Everything had to go through its proper process. If someone suddenly became overly nice, something had to be up.

“It’s like this. We enjoyed ourselves with this Brother Leiden here during breakfast today, and found out that he’s an old shepherd. He is really skilled at making stew mutton, and he and his son have a dream of opening a mutton restaurant. So, we wanted to do our best to help them achieve their dream, and told them to make us a pot of stewed mutton to try.

“I have to admit, he is really good. The only problem is that Gjerj and I both feel that there is some room for improvement. However, both of us only know how to eat, and we can’t come up with anything substantial to help them. So we were thinking of letting you try the mutton, and perhaps you can give him some tips.” Harrison brought out the lunch box with the mutton.

“I see.” Mag pondered. So this father-and-son duo wanted to open a mutton restaurant. At the same time, he was secretly glad that there were some flaws in the mutton that Harrison and Gjerj weren’t satisfied with. Otherwise, his mission would be intercepted by these two kind brothers.

“In that case, come on in first,” Mag said.

Everyone entered, and Mag poured them each a cup of tea.

“Boss Mag, you really know how to enjoy yourself,” Harrison complimented when he saw the teapot and book.

Boss Mag was a special person indeed. He could whip up delicious food, and was like a god in the kitchen, but gave off the aura of a learned scholar. No wonder all those ladies were so smitten with him.

“It’s just a cup of tea.” Mag received the lunch box from Harrison, and opened its lid. A strong mutton fragrance wafted over with the steam.

The lunch box could retain heat fairly well, so the mutton was still warm. The fragrance was very strong, but so was the rank odor.

Mag had asked Rena to teach him about some of the spices in this world, so he could immediately tell what were the spices added in the mutton.

However, there was one very foreign fragrance. It smelled a little like pine, but Mag did not know of the existence of such spice as far as he could remember.

He had to admit that these spices were indeed very suitable for mutton stew as they could bring out the fragrance of the mutton.

However, it was a pity that none of the spices could actually do anything about the rank odor.

The rank odor was preserved completely, and after the long hours of simmering, it was more prominent.

Mag poked the mutton gently with his chopsticks, and the latter could easily poke through the mutton without the meat falling apart. There was a very good balance achieved.

He picked up a piece of mutton, and looked at it carefully. The mutton was a bright red, and it looked very appetizing.

After that, Mag took a bite.

“Eurgh...”

He spat it out.

### **Chapter 1709: Sharing Is Pretty Interesting Too**

Mag always thought that he had come to accept more kinds of food since he arrived in this world, and could already get used to the shock of food from different aspects, accepting their pros and cons.

However...

He seemed to have overestimated himself.

Therefore, when he put that mutton into his mouth, he could not control himself, and spat it out when that rank odor assailed him.

The restaurant fell into dead silence all of a sudden.

Harrison and Gjerj glared wide-eyed with shock and a little awkwardness.

Leiden's face flushed red. He lowered his head, and did not know where to put his hands.

Meanwhile, Moore clenched his fists as he glared at Mag.

Mag felt awkward too. That was a little beyond his expectations. That should not have happened.

If it had been in his previous life, he would have walked out straight away should any restaurant serve him this kind of mutton.

But he could not do it right now. He was in his own restaurant.

And this mutton was brought to him especially so that he could give them some pointers knowing their inadequacies. The scenario was slightly different.

"Ah, er..." Mag put the half-eaten meat between his chopsticks back into the bowl, and wiped his mouth with a tissue. He had already regained his composure. He looked at Leiden, and straightforwardly said, "It's indeed a very terrible mutton stew."

Harrison and Gjerj looked at each other nervously, and suddenly questioned their decision to bring the orcs over to Boss Mag.

Leiden saw that Mag had a sincere look, and was not mocking him. He nodded, and said, "Yes, compared to the mutton you make, this is terrible."

"You don't have to compare it with me. I made mutton soup, while you made mutton stew. They are two completely different dishes." Mag shook his head with a smile, and said, "However, even for mutton stew, if the rank odor is so strong, I doubt anyone could accept it except for those with a very extreme taste preference."

"How could that be? Father's mutton is very good..." Moore said indignantly as his eyes turned red. Even if this fellow was a very impressive chef, how could he spit out previous mutton just like that?

"Moore, you have to respect the person who's teaching you and giving you pointers," Leiden said seriously as he glared at Moore.

“Yes.” Moore’s expression changed. He quickly lowered his gaze and stood aside.

“The child’s ignorant. Please, go ahead,” Leiden said apologetically.

“It’s alright. My actions were a little rude too.” Mag shook his head. When he saw that Leiden was indeed very sincere in learning, he said, “The people in Chaos City usually go for lighter tastes. Although people from different races gather here, after hundreds of years of interacting with each other, their tastes have morphed to become slightly lighter. In this case, the spicy hot pot might be able to pique their interest, but the strong smell like the rank odor would not work. It belongs to the kind that people would shun.

“There’s not much problem with the control of fire and choice of spices in your mutton stew, but you did not consciously try to get rid of the rank odor. That caused the fragrance and odor to mix together.

“The rank odor has already been infused into the meat. I really don’t know how to get rid of it,” Leiden answered honestly.

“Harrison, I would have to trouble you to buy the spices and half of the sheep you bought in the morning. On top of that, could you help me get half a kg of ginger and half a kg of orange peels?” Mag asked Harrison.

“Right away.” Harrison left immediately, and came back with the ingredients within 15 minutes.

“It’s actually not difficult to get rid of the rank odor, but most people don’t know the way. Let me show you.” Mag brought the half of a sheep into the kitchen, and Leiden followed behind.

“Thank you.” Leiden did not think that Mag would actually be willing to do a live demonstration.

Leiden’s and Moore’s eyes lit up as they stood at the door of the kitchen, looking at the wide space glimmer as light was reflected on the metal furniture. Compared to their clay pot and stone stove, this place was heaven.

“Getting rid of the rank odor is a process on its own. You cannot start thinking of a way after the mutton goes into the pot. It starts from when you prepare the meat.” Mag pulled out his cleaver, and chopped the mutton into pieces similar in size to Leiden’s mutton before putting them into a huge basin to wash.

“The first step is to chop the mutton up and use clean water to wash the blood away completely. The blood would make the rank odor stronger.” Mag poured the basin of water away, and filled it up again for three rounds until the water poured out was clean.

“At this time, we shouldn’t be eager to drop the meat into the pot. First, cut some ginger and pour some alcohol in to marinate the mutton. This step helps to remove the rank odor to a certain extent as well,” Mag said while he continued his demonstration.

“Alcohol? Any kind of alcohol?” Leiden asked. Although he was not knowledgeable about ginger as well, the alcohol available in the market was more of a problem to him.

Mag thought for a while, and said, “Sheep-milk-based alcohol would definitely not do. The usual fruit wines won’t do, either. You have to look for cooking alcohol. Such alcohols have the best results in removing rank odor,”



“Food alcohol is quite disgusting, but I know where to get it. You can leave this to me,” Harrison said from outside.

During the marination, Mag filled the large pot at the side with water, but he was not in a rush to turn the fire up first.

“Can you cook it right now?” Leiden asked.

“No. We have to wait for the meat to marinate for around 15 minutes before putting it into the cold water.” Mag shook his head. Around 15 minutes later, he placed the marinated meat into the pot, and threw a few slices of ginger in before turning the fire on.

“Rinsing the meat in water is a necessary step. It can force out the impurities and blood in the meat, therefore getting rid of the rank odor. Adding ginger and alcohol had the same effect as marinating the meat,” Mag explained as he started to scoop up the impurities floating in the water. “You have to get rid of all these impurities. This is an equally important step.”

Leiden watched quietly at the side as he memorized everything Mag did.

After scooping up all the impurities, when there weren't impurities surfacing anymore, Mag closed the fire. After that, he took the mutton out of the pot, and poured out the entire pot of mutton soup.

“You're going to pour away this pot of rich mutton soup?” Leiden could not help but feel pity for the soup.

“This first pot is filled with rank odor. If we don't pour it away, we won't be able to get rid of the smell completely,” Mag said calmly. He used clear water to wash the mutton once more before picking up a piece of mutton to pass to Leiden. “Smell this. What changes do you smell?”

Leiden received the mutton. He wanted to see what was different in the mutton after Mag had done all those steps.

He put the meat to his nose and took a whiff. He was stunned.

The strong rank odor of the mutton was actually almost completely gone. Instead, there was actually a hint of refreshing smell, making the fragrance of the mutton even stronger.

“The rank odor is really gone!” Leiden was so shocked he did not know what to say. Those steps that Mag did were not difficult, and they were probably just a little complicated, but he did not expect the rank odor could be gotten rid of so cleanly.

“Boss Mag is Boss Mag indeed.” Harrison and Gjerj smiled.

“That's... impressive.” Moore's face was flushed red. He didn't think that Mag would be so impressive.

“This is the pre-preparation. After this, we can follow your original steps for your mutton stew. Then, add some dried orange peel into the stew.” Mag placed the ready mutton into a bamboo basket, and passed it to Leiden. “I have to get ready for lunchtime soon, and I have limited space. You can complete the rest yourself. Taste it after you're done, and if you have any questions, you can look for me again.”

“I am really grateful to you.” Leiden received the mutton and bowed deeply to Mag.

“You’re welcome. I believe that you can present mutton to the people in Chaos City in a different way and bring them a delicious eating experience,” Mag said with a smile. “I will go over to try it myself if you open the restaurant. You can also come to me if you face any difficulties with your opening.”

“Thank you. Thank you.”

Leiden thanked Mag time and again with Moore before leaving with Harrison.

“Sharing is pretty interesting too.” Mag sat back down by the window, and watched Harrison’s horse-drawn carriage drive off with a smile.

### **Chapter 1710: If This Mutton Stew Isn’t Popular, I’ll Eat Sh\*t On A Handstand!**

“The rank odor of the mutton is really gone, and the mutton fragrance is richer. Although it hasn’t officially undergone cooking, I am already completely okay with the smell,” Harrison praised in the horse-drawn carriage as he held the mutton.

“Boss Mag is Boss Mag indeed. His magnanimity is really something normal chefs can’t compare to,” Gjerj lamented. Not everyone could share their experiences so selflessly with others.

“He is a good person and an impressive chef.” Leiden nodded his head. His respect and admiration for Mag could not be described with words.

“Brother Leiden. Let’s go back to my place and redo this pot of mutton, should we?” Harrison said with anticipation.

“Alright.” Leiden nodded. He was also looking forward to the taste of mutton with the rank odor gone.

The horse-drawn carriage pulled over in front of Harrison’s factory. Everyone got off and scrubbed the pot clean. After that, Leiden and his son started to prepare the mutton with their method. However, on top of their original recipe, they added some dried orange peel into the pot.

This time, Harrison and Gjerj did not go into the factory. Instead, they brought out two chairs and sat by the fire as they waited for the mutton to cook in the pot.

After around two hours, Leiden took a whiff of the smell and nodded. After that, he extinguished the fire, and lifted the pot lid.

A rich mutton fragrance rose with the steam and diffused everywhere.

“What’s that smell?!”

Harrison and Gjerj stood up subconsciously as they looked into the pot.

The rich fragrance of the meat was exceptionally enticing, and this time, there wasn’t even a hint of rank odor. It was purely the fragrance of meat.

The meat’s fragrance was even more prominent with all the spices added, and had more layers to it, making one salivate.

“It smells so good.” Moore also swallowed his saliva. He once thought that the mutton stew his father made was already the best, and no one could make mutton stew better than that.

However, now that the rank odor was gone, he realized the quality of his father's mutton stew had really increased by leaps and bounds.

"I already can't wait to try." Harrison picked up his bowl, and used his chopsticks to fish out a piece of meat from the pot.

The color of the mutton was a little darker than before. The bright red meat was gleaming because of the layer of oil coating on it. The lines and texture on the mutton's surface were very clear, and even the long hours of simmering did not make the meat disintegrate.

Harrison took a bite, and his eyes lit up.

The texture of the mutton was still as good. It was soft yet not mushy, and tender yet not dry. The meat could be bitten into easily, and the gravy exploded in his mouth the moment he bit into the meat.

Suddenly, his taste buds all went into a frenzy.

Delicious!

This was the ultimate delicacy!

The natural spices had heightened the freshness of the mutton, and gave it many layers of flavors.

Within these spices, there was also a hint of refreshingness from the orange peel.

This was not a strong taste, but it made the mutton refreshing, giving it a different feel.

Compared to the mutton that required the taste buds to differentiate between the delectable taste and the rank odor at the same time, this mutton was the best mutton stew that Harrison had ever tried. Even the mutton in Boss Mag's mutton soup might not be as flavorful as this without the dipping sauce.

Harrison closed his eyes and chewed on the mutton carefully before swallowing it. After a while, he opened his eyes, looked at the other three, who had faces of anticipation, and gave a thumbs-up as he said, "If this mutton stew isn't popular, I'll eat sh\*t on a handstand!"

"Hehe, it looks like things are looking up for the mutton restaurant," Gjerj said with a smile. He put a piece of mutton into his mouth as well.

"Mmm..."

Although the mutton was still a little scalding, Gjerj could not bear to spit out the meat in his mouth.

The flavors wreaked havoc in his mouth, and Gjerj closed his eyes subconsciously and smiled as he indulged in the joy that the mutton brought.

"The mutton is very fresh and delicious after the rank odor was removed. There was only that tiny bit of rank odor left. It should've been removed by the dried orange peel. I can't even sense any of the rank odor. If we hadn't been the ones who bought the sheep, I would have suspected that Boss Mag swapped the meat." Gjerj licked his lips with a smile, and said, "Is there any rice? I think I can finish three bowls of rice with this mutton stew."

“Go to the canteen to check if there’s any rice and bring us a pot,” Harrison told the coachman. The latter acknowledged, and quickly walked into the factory building.

Leiden looked at Harrison and Gjerj, who seemed like they could not get enough of the stew, and smiled. This time, the two bosses were really satisfied.

“Bro, you guys should try it too. This mutton is really completely different.” Harrison stuffed a pair of chopsticks each into Leiden’s and Moore’s hands.

“It’s superb!” Moore tried a piece, and almost chewed his tongue out. The rich fragrance of the mutton and the delectable taste lingering in his mouth caught him by surprise.

They were both mutton stews, but this one was way better and more delicious than the one his father made in the past.

The rank odor, which he had neglected in the past, came back to his memories like rat poop, becoming intolerable.

Leiden took a bite of the mutton, and was deep in thought for a very long time.

“Bro, what’s wrong?” Harrison asked with concern seeing that Leiden was not talking.

“Nothing. I just felt a little bad.” Leiden shook his head. “In the past, I always thought that I made the best mutton in the tribe, but now I understand that I was just consoling myself. Only a chef like Boss Mag could be considered a chef.”

“Then you’re wrong. It’s already very impressive for a chef to be able to do one dish well. An all-rounded chef like Boss Mag is a talent that’s hard to come by. Comparing yourself to him would only make it hard for yourself.” Harrison shook his head with a smile, and said with a pat on his chest, “I can guarantee that if we joined hands to open a restaurant, this mutton stew would definitely become popular.”

“I... don’t think I can.” Leiden was still unconfident.

“Both of us have faith in your skills, and also in our mouths. Just with this pot of mutton stew, if you can guarantee its quality, both of us will split the cost in half and open a mutton restaurant with you. You can take half of the shares, and we’ll share the other half.” Gjerj patted his chest confidently and looked at Harrison. “You’re fine with that, right?”

“You’re thinking exactly what I was thinking. You don’t have to worry about opening the restaurant. Just leave it to us. All you need to do is strengthen your culinary skills over this period of time, and ensure that every pot of mutton tastes the same. Then, we can open right away,” Harrison said with a nod and a smile.

“Father, I think this works. If both of us were to save up for the mutton restaurant, God knows when we’d be able to open it,” Moore persuaded seeing that Leiden was still hesitant.

Leiden looked at the three encouraging gazes, and hesitated for a while. In the end, he nodded, and said, “Sure. We’ll do as the two bosses have said, but I can’t take half of the shares of the restaurant. This mutton stew could become this good because of Boss Mag’s recipe. I’ll have to split at least half of my half with him.”

