

## Stay At home 1911

### Chapter 1911: A Hard Blow

Mylo was currently suspecting that Randy was the top salesperson for this restaurant. Ever since they started conversing, they had already fallen into his trap.

He was able to pinpoint Garlan's insecurity due to his baldness, and by enforcing the pain brought about by the baldness together with evidence from the scene and the herd effect, he made Garlan lose his rationale as a learned person.

10,000 copper coins. That was almost half of Garlan's monthly salary. Even during gatherings in Rodu, they would rarely spend more than 10,000 copper coins. However, he was about to order a 10,000-copper-coin 'Buddha jumps over the wall.'

"All these years, you have been troubled by your receding hairline. You've tried many things, and the hair loss problem is not an illness. It's a disability. You can't cure it." Mylo decided to give it his last shot.

"That's a rather interesting perspective you have." Randy smiled. "However, even if it is a disability, Boss Mag can cure it for you with a bowl of soup."

Mylo glanced at Randy, and thought to himself that he had met his match.

"Yes! If my hair can grow back, and I can let my wife see the man I was 20 years ago, it will be very interesting." Garlan slammed the table with assertion.

Mylo did not speak further. After all, Garlan was the chief editor of *Perfect Food*. He had his assets, so what would that little amount of money mean in comparison to his hair?

If there was no effect, they would have one more material to write on. Randy would not be able to run away from his false advertising.

"Shocking! Food Critic From *Meatatarianism* Actually Pitched An Anti-Hair-Loss Product For A Restaurant!"

Such a title would definitely have a spot as the hottest article in next month's *Perfect Food*.

To be honest, Mylo was a little disappointed ever since he started lining up.

He had been loading himself up with ammunition, but the moment he arrived at Mamy Restaurant, he realized that he actually had nothing to critique?!

As an expert in nitpicking, he had a pair of sharp eyes made for finding imperfections and a mouth that could form the most hurtful sentences with the simplest words.

However, he actually found a restaurant that he could not say anything bad or bitter about. Even his tone became gentler due to the environment and the rules.

*These are just fleeting things. We'll find out whether the food is the real deal when they are served.* Mylo ordered his food, and sat with his arms crossed, waiting quietly for the food to be served.

He ordered simple dishes. There were meat and vegetables, and they were dishes that Randy and Derrick had written about in *Meatatarianism* and *Vegetarianism*.

Since Mylo was here to nitpick, as a professional, he could not be haphazard about it. That was not his style. He would attack with accuracy. That was his unique point.

While he was waiting for the dishes to be served, Mylo turned quietly to look at the kitchen. However, he was stunned.

From his position, he could see the interior of the kitchen clearly through the glass window.

It was a different kind of clean and bright from the kitchens he had seen before. The large space was around half the size of the dining hall, and he could see a part of the kitchen counter.

At this moment, Mag was just like a general in the army. The pots on the stove were his men, and the spatula in his hand was like his weapon.

He maneuvered between several pots on the stove, cooking different food at the same time, and even had the time to flip hundreds of kebab sticks on the grill while brushing oil and sauces on them.

It was really over the top.

In other restaurants, there would be several main chefs in the kitchen with their own apprentices and helpers. It made the entire kitchen hot and stuffy, and they were not very efficient, either.

However, Mag could cover all cooking-related jobs, including the plating and decoration. Yet, he gave off the sense that he was moving very swiftly and smoothly. It even seemed as though he could work fine with two more pots.

As for efficiency.

Mylo, who was sitting by the kitchen door, could already see the dishes float past him one by one before landing in front of the customers who ordered them.

"It seems like Miss Babla has returned. It's your first time seeing a spatial magic caster serve dishes, right?" Randy asked with a smile.

"It is my first time." Mylo nodded. He made a rough evaluation inside. This serving speed was incredible. For a mid-scale restaurant, such a serving speed would require a highly efficient kitchen to keep up with the operations.

Meanwhile, in this kitchen, there was only one person... cooking leisurely.

"This owner... is a freak, right?" Mylo swallowed his saliva. He had already defeated all the other chefs in the world simply with how he operated so leisurely.

"Boss Mag is actually chilling already. Two days ago, he set up a stall at the Delicacy Extravaganza. There were thousands in the line, and he was the only one cooking. While cooking, I thought I only saw flashes of his hands. He was 10 times faster than the stall next to him with only less than 20 customers," Randy said with a smile as he turned to look into the kitchen.

“Isn’t that a little too casual? You can’t put your heart and soul into the food you’re making this way,” Garlan dissed.

Randy chuckled. “I think that this has more heart and soul compared to those chefs doing their repetitive actions dryly. His ease and relaxation show that he has confidence in his culinary skills. On top of that, you can tell from Boss Mag’s concentration that he is enjoying and is also passionate about what he is doing.”

Garlan cocked his brow. A writer indeed. He was actually stumped for words, and could only turn to look towards Mylo for help.

“Yeah. I haven’t seen such an attitude towards cooking in a very long time.” However, Mylo nodded in agreement, and was looking at Mag with admiration.

“...” Garlan.

They were here to nitpick and expose the lies of *Meatatarianism* and *Vegetarianism*. However, it seemed that Mylo was not in the right mind?

Although his style was giving a hard blow online and acting meek offline, he usually would not give praise.

“Here is your food. Please enjoy.” The dishes started floating out from the kitchen, and landed gently in front of them while a sweet voice sounded in their ears.

Although they had already seen how the spatial magic caster served the dishes, Mylo and Garlan were still shocked. The thought of the rare and mysterious spatial magic caster serving them made them feel a strange sort of exhilaration.

However, Mylo was quickly attracted to the dishes in front of him.

On the long plate before him was a fish that was split open in the middle. A bright red sauce was drizzled on top of the fish. The sauce seeped perfectly into the meat through the crosscuts.

The enticing fragrance of the fish wafted out together with the rising steam. That made Mylo swallow his saliva. That smell was... really too enticing.

Garlan had almost the same expression. However, he said softly, “I don’t think we ordered fish?”

“This is not fish. This is eggplant with garlic sauce,” Randy said with a smile after taking a glance.

“This is eggplant with garlic sauce?!” Mylo and Garlan were stunned. They took a closer look, and found out that it was indeed not fish on the plate. Instead, it was an eggplant that was cut into a fish’s shape and fried till golden brown. If one did not look carefully, they would definitely think it was a fish.

That knife skills and craft could turn an ordinary eggplant into something completely different.

### **Chapter 1912: I Think That We’ve Already Failed**

Because of an article written by Derrick, the eggplant with garlic sauce had raised quite a commotion in the culinary world. There were even chefs from Rodu who tried to replicate the dish based on Derrick’s

description, but the eggplant they made tasted weird. There were very few chefs who could make the soft purple eggplant stay in the shape of a fish.

There were a few trials that Mylo even took part in. It was practically impossible to make the eggplant with garlic sauce without fish. Therefore, he always thought that Derrick had exaggerated in his description.

However, the eggplant with garlic sauce presented right in front of him actually used its outer appearance and smell to completely deceive his eyes, giving him a tight slap in the face.

On top of that, a string of words appeared in his mind, and they were the exact words Derrick used in his description.

He had to say that Derrick's descriptions were very simple. He merely recorded the appearance and smell of the eggplant with garlic sauce as it was, but that precisely brought about the strong image that allowed the readers to see the dish right in front of their eyes.

Mylo and Garlan exchanged glances. They saw a hint of awkwardness in each other's eyes.

The appearance was just as described. As for the taste, they would have to try it to know whether it was as magical as it was described.

"Come, let's give it a taste." Mylo picked up his chopsticks, and pinched a piece of eggplant before putting it into his mouth.

The soft eggplant melted in his mouth almost immediately. The sourness, spiciness, sweetness, and savoriness exploded almost at the same time, bringing his taste buds to life.

Ah, what a beautiful feeling!

Every flavor was so outstanding, yet they blended so well with each other. It was just like a gentle trap leading one in step by step.

There was no fish at all in the eggplant with garlic sauce, and it was not even made with fish soup, but it had a taste that even surpassed fish.

How incredible!

This was actually a vegetarian dish?!

After the wild feast experienced by his taste buds, Mylo swallowed the eggplant. There were still remnants of its fragrance lingering in his mouth, making him want to go for more.

"I can't believe that someone could actually make eggplant taste so good. This culinary skill and creativity are to behold," Mylo exclaimed as he looked at the eggplant with garlic sauce in shock.

Trying this eggplant with garlic sauce after reading Derrick's article did not disappoint Mylo at all. Instead, it made him even more surprised.

The words were insufficient to describe the beauty of this dish. Maybe it could be said that everyone who tried this dish would have their own unique experience. This eggplant with garlic sauce had brought Mylo an exceptional surprise.

However, the thought of their motive here made Mylo appear rather awkward.

They came with the intention of exposing the lies behind Mamy Restaurant, Randy, and Derrick.

However, right now... he had fallen in love as well.

“Hm???” Garlan was even more shocked than Mylo.

When he was in Rodu, Mylo and Garlan would always go out for meals. They knew each other for more than a decade, but Garlan had never heard Mylo praise any dishes, much less seen him be shocked by them.

Garlan picked up a piece of eggplant with a complicated feeling, and put it into his mouth. After that, his eyes lit up, and the change of his expression was just as animated as Mylo’s.

After swallowing the eggplant, Garlan ate a mouthful of rice before nodding, and exclaiming, “This eggplant is really delicious!”

“It’s not just delicious. It even goes very well with rice.” Mylo nodded as he ate a mouthful of eggplant and a mouthful of rice with relish.

“Don’t stuff yourselves with the eggplant with garlic sauce. The red braised pork is great too.” Randy could not help reminding them as a meatatarian.

Upon hearing that, Mylo and Garlan shifted their gaze onto the red braised pork that was the hottest topic of the previous week’s *Meatatarianism*.

The pork belly that had evenly distributed fat and lean meat was cut into long square pieces. The fatty meat and lean meat were glistening with a red glow, but it did not seem greasy at all. Instead, it was very enticing.

Mylo had a special fondness for meat too. However, he did not really like pork because of its rank odor and greasiness that was a result of poor handling by chefs. On top of that, it was very difficult to separate the lean and fatty meat in pork belly, and therefore it was the worst part of pork.

However, pork belly had to be the chosen ingredient for red braised pork. On top of that, it was not specially treated, and was only cut into long strips. Even the pork skin was not removed.

Therefore, initially, Mylo scoffed at Randy’s article on the red braised pork. It was as though the entire world had not eaten pork before.

However, just as it was, the pork which he would usually find greasy suddenly looked very enticing at this moment.

“Let me give it a try.” Mylo picked up a piece of red braised pork. From the texture he felt from the chopsticks, the pork belly was very tender, and when he brought the meat closer, he could see that the pork skin looked very chewy and translucent. The rich fragrance of the meat wafted into his nose.

The meat’s fragrance was unique and rich. There were many spices added to the dish, but they all blended harmoniously together. Mylo actually could not smell any rank odor at all. There was only the rich fragrance of the meat.

*What spices did this chef use?* Mylo thought to himself. After that, he put the meat into his mouth and took a bite.

The tender pork melted almost immediately in his mouth. The lean meat was chewy and not dry. The pork skin was soft and sticky.

He bit softly into the meat, and the sweet and fragrant sauce seeped out from the meat. At this moment, the beauty of the pork was brought out to the fullest. It was fatty but not greasy, fragrant, and tender.

Mylo raised his brows. The satisfaction that exploded in his mouth was incredible, and it was written all over his face.

There was no rank odor.

There was no greasiness.

There was only the deliciousness that made one fall deeper into it!

*Is this really pork? Why does it taste different from the pork I've had before?! This taste is crazy!* Mylo swallowed the red braised pork. He could still taste the lingering fragrance in his mouth as he started to question his life.

If the eggplant with garlic sauce gave him a surprise, this red braised pork gave him a completely different perception.

It gave him a change in perception of what he knew and what he experienced.

Mylo knew that he had already lost after eating only a piece of red braised pork.

They had lost thoroughly.

There was no problem with Randy's article. If he had to say something about it, it would be that the tone of the article was too calm and restrained.

His article could not fully present the deliciousness of the red braised pork. It was not too much to call a chef that could turn a piece of pork belly into such delicious food a genius.

Mylo turned to look at Mag, who was operating in the kitchen suavely, with admiration.

Such a chef was probably a chef with real craftsmanship.

He opened the kitchen up so that everyone could see how the food that was served to them was made. Amidst the fire, oil, and smoke, his uniform was not stained at all. He used the most elegant way to make the most delicious food.

"I think that we've already failed," Mylo told Garlan with a complex expression.

### **Chapter 1913: The Smell Of Money**

Garlan, who also tried a piece of red braised pork, also had mixed feelings.

They came with high aspirations to expose all the lies, and had discussed all the possible methods that could have been employed. They had even thought of the title of the article, and were hoping that *Perfect Food* would be able to rise up once again with this exposé, becoming the universe's best gourmet magazine by trampling on *Vegetarianism* and *Meatatarianism*.

However, after they arrived at Mamy Restaurant, everything was completely different from what they had expected.

The eggplant with garlic sauce that surpassed fish without fish really existed, and the red braised pork made with greasy pork belly was indeed so delicious it made one fall deeply in love with it.

As an experienced chief editor of a gourmet magazine, Garlan was not any worse than Mylo when it came to identifying delicacies. He even had a wider exposure to delicacies.

Mamy Restaurant was indeed the most unique restaurant he had met in his entire career, or to be exact, his entire life.

If one was not trying to find trouble on purpose, no one would be able to find anything to nitpick.

Was the red braised pork not fragrant enough? Or was the eggplant with garlic sauce not good enough to go with rice?

A comfortable dining environment, harmonious atmosphere, beautiful service staff, gentle service, and spatial magic caster to serve your dishes... They were things that a normal restaurant might not be able to do even one of, yet Mamy Restaurant did them all.

Why would one find trouble with such a restaurant, unless it was going against one's conscience?

Mylo was right. In terms of their motivations when they set off, they had failed. Utterly failed.

"It's impossible to fail. It's the biggest success to have tried such delicious food." Garlan quickly smiled and winked at Mylo.

Mylo was slightly stunned. After that, he quickly understood. Since they had come all the way here, and had failed to expose the lies, why not look at it in a different way, and think of it as seeking out a new restaurant?

For a person who lived on words, such flexibility was basic.

A change in thoughts made Mylo's attitude change completely.

At first, he came in thinking of ways to nitpick and find fault. Now, he just had to enjoy the delicacies and dig out points that Derrick and Randy had failed to write about and recreate the articles.

Of course, his goal was not to copy others, but to write a review.

He already had the rough idea in his head. Although the gimmick might not be a greater hit than an exposé, he could still ride on the wave led by *Meatatarianism* and *Vegetarianism*, and add his personal uniqueness to come up with quite a good article.

"Hi, your 'Buddha jumps over the wall.'" Not long later, Yabemiya walked over with a small pot, and placed it gently in front of Garlan.

There was a cover over the pot, which gave it a level of mysteriousness.

“Thank you,” Garlan thanked, and put his chopsticks down. He wiped his mouth, and looked at the little pot in front of him sincerely.

Balding was a very serious topic, and right now, in front of him was probably the perfect solution to his problem. He had to be respectful.

Mylo also put down his chopsticks. He looked at the simple and thick little pot expectantly as well. This dish was not written about by Derrick or Randy.

After taking in a deep breath, Garlan opened up the cover on the small pot.

Steam rose, and a rich meaty fragrance wafted out.

Mylo took a good sniff. The most striking smell was the smell of seafood. The meaty fragrance was equally rich. The smell of wild fungus toned down the smell of the former two, and there was even a faint scent of alcohol.

The layers of smell were very obvious. It was a combination of various ingredients and smells, making it difficult for one to really figure out what this dish was, and at the same time made one very curious about what it was.

Gulp.

Mylo could not help but swallow his saliva. It was very difficult to imagine that this fragrance actually came from a pot of soup.

Disregarding whether it actually had the effect of curing baldness, the smell alone also made Mylo want to give it a try. He wanted to find out for himself what exactly this soup tasted like, how many ingredients were hidden inside, and how this combination of tastes blended together.

When the steam had dispersed, the soup in the pot was revealed.

In the rich soup, there were various ingredients including abalone, chicken, shark’s fins... They were very obviously soft and tender, but still maintained their original shape. They did not disintegrate over the long hours of stewing.

The soup was rich but not murky, and looked really enticing.

“Just smelling it made me feel as though my hair was going to rush out of my scalp.” Garlan swallowed his saliva. He had already picked up his spoon impatiently to scoop up a spoonful of the brownish soup. He put the spoon to his mouth, and blew on it before drinking the soup.

The fresh soup submerged his taste buds slowly. The freshness of seafood and richness of meat... The tastes of various ingredients slowly unveiled, blooming into astounding goodness at the tip of his tongue.

The meaty fragrance was rich and not greasy, making one go for one mouthful after another.



The soup trickled down Garlan's throat slowly and into his stomach, turning into a surge of warmth that rose up, gathering at the top of his head, and making his scalp tingle a little. Beads of perspiration formed on Garlan's head.

"There's really something?!" Garlan said, shocked and surprised. Although hair did not grow out immediately, he felt as though something was about to sprout out from the top of his head, and that was a very real feeling.

"What's the taste like?" Mylo had already swallowed his saliva several times secretly.

"It's the taste of money." Garlan nodded seriously. After that, he scooped up another spoonful of soup, and put it into his mouth. He closed his eyes to enjoy the delicious soup flowing through his teeth.

This pot of soup had changed his perception of soups.

He thought that a soup could only be a caefare on the dining table. It was used either as an appetizer before a meal or as a filler after a meal.

However, this 'Buddha jumps over the wall' had such an imposing aura that all the other dishes paled in comparison.

He could identify several ingredients in the pot.

The extremely fresh seafood justified the price of the dish. On top of that, there were various rare delicacies too. 10,000 copper coins for a serving of 'Buddha jumps over the wall' for these ingredients alone would have way surpassed all the other restaurants in Rodu that marked up their prices with gimmicks.

Not to mention that the goodness of the 'Buddha jumps over the wall' was something the dishes served in those restaurants could not compare to.

"Can I give it a try?" Mylo could not hold himself back. He picked up his chopsticks, and stared hungrily at the ingredients.

"This is medicine. You can't just try it." Garlan picked the small pot up, and shifted it closer to himself.

"I'll just give it a try. Just one mouthful." Mylo's gaze shifted with the 'Buddha jumps over the wall.'

"Not even a mouthful. Whether or not my hair can grow out depends on this small pot of 'Buddha jumps over the wall.' Look, I already feel something on my head." Garlan used his left hand to protect the little pot without budging.

"Miser." Mylo looked at Garlan, who was sweating buckets, and did not know if he really felt something on his head. He could only grudgingly pick up a piece of red braised pork, and put it into his mouth.

*Mm-hm. The red braised pork is really delicious.*

After drinking a few big mouthfuls of soup, Garlan picked up a translucent shark fin. The tender shark fin almost slid right into his mouth, and after being submerged in the soup, it had a very wonderful and magical taste. It seemed like he was biting on nothing, and its mysteriousness made it such a joy to eat.

Chapter 1914: Sticking To Being A Gigolo

The pot of 'Buddha jumps over the wall' was finished without a drop left. Garlan took out the towel that he brought along with him all the time, and wiped his bald head clean as he burped with satisfaction.

Exhilarating!

Garlan thought that this was the best meal he had in two years. This pot of 'Buddha jumps over the wall' was also the best soup he had ever had in his entire lifetime.

"Your... hair really grew out?!" Mylo glanced at Garlan's head as he exclaimed with his eyes wide open.

"Really?" Garlan was stunned. He reached out to feel his head, and felt a furry sensation on his initially bald and smooth head.

Mylo inched closer for a look, nodded, and said, "Some thin hair has sprouted out, and there's quite a lot of it. I think it's working."

Mylo had known Garlan for decades. He watched how his hairline receded and expanded outward. In the end, because he looked like Kappa, Garlan had no choice but to shave his head.

That was an irreversible process. His hair only fell out, and never grew back.

However, right now, new hair actually grew out on his bald head. On top of that, the hair was growing on his crown.

"Stop touching it. If you touch it too much, and it starts falling out, you'll be losing out." Mylo hit Garlan's hand away to stop him from his habitual head-stroking motion. He took a shiny silver spoon, and gave it to Garlan. "Take a look for yourself."

Garlan took the spoon, and positioned it at various angles before finally seeing his bald head and the sprouting hair through the spoon.

"That's hair as fine as baby's hair. Great, fantastic! My bald head is finally coming back to life!" Garlan cried tears of joy. Two streams of tears trickled down his cheeks uncontrollably, making him look like a 60-year-old baby.

Upon hearing that, Mag, who was in the kitchen, looked out and smiled. The happiness of a food critic was just so simple.

"I told you I wasn't lying," Randy said with a smile. He had already finished his Mapo Tofu, two bowls of rice, and two roujiamos. Even the red braised pork was wiped out.

Garlan was overjoyed. He patted Randy on his shoulder, and said, "Bro Randy, you're really my benefactor. If Carl doesn't treat you well in the future, come and look for me. I'll take care of you."

"Hm???" Randy looked at Garlan with bewilderment.

Carl was the chief editor of Meatatarianism, and was also a scary fellow who would rush Randy for his articles, and had even sent Randy a two-meter-long blade.

However, Randy had only just met the two of them, and he did not even mention that he was a food critic. Moreover, how did Garlan know Carl? Why did Garlan even ask him to look for him?

Mylo kicked Garlan under the table, and used his eyes to hint him to watch his words.

Garlan also quickly noticed that he was so happy that he forgot about their identity. He quickly covered things up by smilingly saying, "Aren't you a food critic with Meatatarianism? My house is actually beside Meatatarianism's office building. I would usually see that fatty Carl when I have breakfast.

"That fellow is so stingy. He's no good thing. He loves to rush people for their drafts, so I was worried that you would be pressured by it. If you can't take it anymore, join me as a skin trader."

"I see, so you know Carl too." Randy understood what was going on. After that, with a smile and a shake of his head, he said, "Thanks, Bro, for the kind intention, but I am no longer a full-time food critic. It's just a hobby right now."

"Huh?"

Mylo and Garlan looked at Randy in shock.

Mylo could not help but ask, "Aren't you rising in popularity right now? You're the hottest writer in Meatatarianism, why did you stop writing?"

"Writing is so tiring. It's not stable, and I would be rushed for articles every day, or I would receive blades in my mail. After my racking my brains and coming out with something, they still say that it's too short.

"Whom are they looking down on? Who is short? Tell me, who is short?"

"Even though it is a little short, I can last long. I have been consistently going at it for so many years," Randy said with a sigh.

Upon hearing that, Mylo sighed as well. He could totally understand. Although he might always attack those businesses without mercy, whenever he saw the letterbox stuffed, all he could do was to recycle the letters.

Thankfully, he was rather positive, and managed to pull through the most difficult period by selling blades. Sometimes, he would have fond memories when he saw blades.

"Therefore, now I am collecting rent. There's a woman who keeps pestering me, and she even stuffed a huge key in my hands. She told me to help her collect rent. She would even get angry if I don't collect rent for her." Randy pulled his shirt up to reveal a huge key hanging on his pants. After that, he sighed, and said, "Now, I finally know that the life of rich people is really simple and boring."

"???" Mylo.

"???" Garlan.

"After eating, I'll have to go collect rent, and at night I'll have to go back to hand over the public funds. Goodbye, bros." Randy stood up, settled the bill, and left the two of them behind.

"A proud gigolo. This person is... a talent." Garlan smacked his lips together.

“We can just continue being salty.” Mylo watched as Randy left. He didn’t want to work hard, either.

“Let’s go too. Today is a day with a great harvest. We didn’t come in vain.” Garlan stood up and settled the bill.

“We’re going back just like that?” Mylo asked Garlan after they stepped out of the restaurant.

“Of course not. I still have two days of treatment with the ‘Buddha jumps over the wall.’” Garlan shook his head. He smiled, and said, “This time, we have three days here. It’s such a waste to go back after only one day. Of course we have to deepen our understanding of this restaurant.”

“Is our budget still enough?” Mylo glanced at Garlan.

“You just need to squeeze something out for a budget.” Garlan did not seem to care. “Besides, as long as we can write a super hot article, Boss would definitely expense our meals. Just eat as much as you want.”

“In that case, I agree to work for a few more days. It will be best if we can work from day to night to understand this restaurant completely.” Mylo nodded.

“Are we going back to the hotel now?”

“No, let’s go walk around. I want to have a chat with the owner of the restaurant after Mamy Restaurant ends its operating hours.” Garlan shook his head.

“Chat about?”

Garlan smiled, and said, “Since we can’t find anything to nitpick on this time, it would be best if we can get the backstory of the delicacy. That way, we could set ourselves apart from Meatatarianism and Vegetarianism. Otherwise, we would be no different from those small magazines with no goals. All they do is copy and reap small profits.”

Mylo thought for a while and nodded. Garlan had full control of the content of the articles.

“I think the hot pot looks quite good. Why don’t we give it a try tomorrow?” Mylo’s eyes were quickly attracted to the designated hot pot area next to them. Those demons who ate while blowing fire looked rather funny and interesting.. It seemed like a must to try.

### **Chapter 1915: Are You Trying To Make Us Sleep By Cheating?**

After the busy dinner service, the ladies returned to their dormitory. Mag, who was about to close the door, saw Mylo and Garlan standing outside.

He remembered the two of them had already had their dinner, so they had to be waiting for him.

The two of them were just ordinary folks, so Mag wasn’t in a hurry to close the door.

“Hello, Boss. Can I have a small chat with you?” Garlan came forward and smiled at Mag. “I am the chief editor of the gourmet magazine *Perfect Food*. I am blown away by the dishes you cooked today, and would like to have an exchange with you.

“*Perfect Food?*” Mag frowned a little. He had some impression of this magazine. He had flipped through the top few magazines on the Norland Continent before, and *Perfect Food* was among them.

It wasn't the magazine itself that gave Mag a lasting impression. Instead, it was one of its food critics called Mylo, who used satire to diss all the merchants, that left an impression. He seemed very special in the midst of all the gourmet articles.

Of course, he mainly reminded Mag of his past self.

It was quite a shameful past.

However, compared to Mag, Mylo was slightly less sarcastic.

Mylo was more restrained with his vocabulary. He hadn't reached the level where he could write as he pleased... Anyway, he didn't diss as harshly as Mag had.

Furthermore, Mag was thinking that he should remind him to hold it back a little if he ever got a chance to meet him. After all, these chefs were very vindictive. He might get cursed and end up as a chef in the alternate world.

After all, not everyone was going to be as lucky as him, who ended up with a cute daughter and a beautiful wife after transmigrating to the alternate world. He might be the only person who was that lucky.

“Wait a sec. Mylo?” Mag looked at the tall middle-aged man with a square face standing at the side. The omniscient door prompted his information when he walked in earlier, and his name was Mylo. Could he be that chap?

“Nice to meet you. I am Mylo, a food critic.” Mylo could only force himself to greet Mag when he saw Mag looking at him. He observed Mag's expression's changes closely.

He never had a good reputation among the restaurateurs. That wasn't a secret.

“Hello, I am Mag. It's a pleasure to meet you.” Mag nodded with a smile. He actually felt a familiarity of being in the same occupation from Mylo.

He felt very consoled that someone was finally earning money with a keyboard. What an inclusive world this was.

“Thank you.” Mylo was flattered. He mused to himself inwardly that there was actually a restaurant owner who liked him. What a surprise.

“May I know what's the matter?” Mag asked the two of them. The two little ones were still waiting for him to tell them bedtime stories, so he didn't intend to welcome them in.

Garlan knew Mag had a hard day, so he cut straight to the point. “Perhaps you have no idea about this. Under the promotion of many gourmet magazines, Mamy Restaurant and the dishes you created were adored by the readers all over the world. Mylo and I were impressed by your cooking after tasting your food. We hope we can listen to the stories behind your delicacies whenever you are free. We think this is what the readers would like to know too.”

“Am I already that influential?” Mag looked at Garlan with surprise. He knew some of the restaurant’s regulars were food critics. Randy, who had just got attached to a wealthy lady, was one of them. However, Mag didn’t expect the articles that they wrote to expand Mamy Restaurant’s influence all over the Norland Continent.

“Yes. No one can resist the charm of good food. Your Mamy Restaurant is already deemed a holy land by many people.” Mylo nodded. Although he had always given a snort of contempt to this so-called holy land, he wholeheartedly agreed that Mamy Restaurant should be promoted as a holy land this time.

Mag’s brain spun quickly as he looked at the two of them. Influence meant popularity, and popularity to him were people whom he could turn into fans.

“Since that’s the case, let’s have a chat after tomorrow’s breakfast service. It’s a little late now, and the children need to go to bed,” Mag replied with a smile.

“Alright. We will not disturb your rest then. See you tomorrow,” Garlan quickly said with a smile as he watched the restaurant’s door close slowly. Then, he gave Mylo a high five.

“Order whatever you like tomorrow. The funds are definitely sufficient. We’re right to come here.” Garlan couldn’t conceal his excitement.

“Hehe. I will eat to my heart’s content tomorrow.” Mylo chuckled. He was always good at eating at others’ expense.

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Amy carried Ugly Duckling, which was already asleep, as she sat on barstool, swinging her legs, and asked, “Father, where’s Mother? Isn’t she coming back to sleep tonight?”

Annie was also looking at Mag at the side.

“She has something she needs to do tonight, and will be home later than usual. Little Amy and Annie will go to bed first, alright?” Mag said with a smile.

“Oh, alright.” Amy nodded obediently, and slid off the barstool.

“Let’s go upstairs.” Mag brought the two little ones upstairs, and made them wash up first. Only after the little ones washed up and changed into their pajamas did he begin telling them bedtime stories.

Mag sat on the edge of the bed, and asked the two expectant little ones, “What stories do you want to listen to today?”

Amy raised her hand up, and said, “I want to listen to the prince and princess’ stories.”

Annie nodded too.

“You already know about the prince and princess’ story at such a young age. That won’t do.” Mag rubbed his chin. The princes in the fairy tales usually led a life of luxury and debauchery.

For example, the prince who harbored evil intentions towards the unconscious Snow White. For example, the lecherous prince who was searching all over the country for Cinderella with a slipper. And for example, the heartless and “blind” prince who failed to recognize the Little Mermaid...

He had to impart and establish proper life values for the two little girls from a young age. He couldn't let them wallow in such unbalanced stories.

"We won't be telling prince and princess' stories today. Let's listen to 'The Little Horse Crosses the River' today," Mag said with a smile.

"Alright." Amy nodded, and immediately curiously asked, "Why is the little horse crossing the river?"

"We have to start the story from the stables. A mare and beautiful little foal lived in this stable. One day, the mare told the little foal, 'You are already big enough. Can you help Mom do something?' The little foal pranced around as it answered, 'Why not? I am very happy to help you.' The mare..."

Mag told them the educational yet entertaining story with a gentle voice. The two little ones were also listening very attentively.

"The little foal finally crossed the river. So, the river wasn't as shallow as the old buffalo said, nor was the river as deep as the squirrel said." Mag ended the story.

However, the two little ones were still staring at him without any hint of sleepiness.

The silence persisted for a while.

"And then?" Amy couldn't help asking.

"And... the little horse crossed the river," Mag answered instinctively.

Amy blinked, and said, "So, a little horse crossed the river became a story. Are you trying to make us sleep by cheating?"

"Errrr..." Mag murmured. He found that the little one was getting harder to teach now, so he had to use the tone of a primary school teacher as he said, "Therefore, what is the moral of this story?"

"We have to learn how to swim so that we won't become stories that will be used to make children sleep," Amy said with a serious expression.

### **Chapter 1916: I Came To Fetch My Wife And Put An Arrogant Prick Down At The Same Time**

Late at night, the meeting hall in the city lord's castle was brightly lit, and all the various representatives had a solemn expression.

All of them had already been to that cave together, and seen the remnants of the destroyed seal and the heated battle.

They were already sure that a devil had escaped and disappeared.

Meanwhile, Rankster had to have had a battle with that devil. No one knew what had happened to him, and his body hadn't been found at the cave.

This, without a doubt, was very bad news.

All of them had seen the horrors of the devil. Even the combined efforts of the 10th-tier powerhouses couldn't kill it. If Alex had not set off the tribulation lighting in the Thunderstorm Mountains, and the

formation masters from the Moon Nation had not helped to repair the seal spell formation, that Great Old One would've been terrorizing the continent now.

However, a devil had already broken out of the seal and disappeared now. It was, without a doubt, the most unstable factor on the Norland Continent.

An uncontrollable existence was no doubt the most dangerous.

The memory of the Urba Tribe tragedy was still entrenched in all their minds. Nobody wanted the same tragedy to befall their race and tribe.

Douglas broke the silence by speaking in a low voice. "We need to find it as soon as possible. Otherwise, nobody can rest in peace."

"The problem now is how can we find it?" Irina looked at him. "Rankster belongs to your Frost Dragon tribe, and most probably only he knows where the devil is now."

"Rankster has already been missing for three years. We have no idea where to look for him, either." Douglas shook his head. This matter was already beyond the Frost Dragons' capability.

The representatives were arguing, and they were getting increasingly agitated. However, nobody came out with a feasible solution.

"Arguing is meaningless. The devil's existence has already threatened all the races. The only way that we can prevail when facing such a terrifying and difficult to handle enemy is to put on a united front." Michael broke up the argument in a grave voice.

"What do you suggest, Michael?" Louis asked Michael.

All the representatives looked at Michael, who was the host.

With a severe expression, Michael said, "It's not practical to look all over the continent for a devil that has hidden itself. If it is the other half of the devil in the Thunderstorm Mountains, then it's very possible that it will go to destroy the seal and release that devil.

"I think we should organize a powerful reserve force so that we can handle the devil that can appear at the Thunderstorm Mountains any time.

"At the same time, we should set up another seal spell formation close to that original seal. We can lure that devil into the seal spell formation in case we fail to kill it, and then look for solutions to kill it."

All the representatives nodded thoughtfully after hearing that. Compared to the meaningless arguments, Michael's suggestion was at least very feasible.

"We will need the Moon Nation's formation masters to set up the spell formations if we need to rebuild the seal. Why are they not present?" Sean asked with a frown.

"This is the trial of all the races on the Norland Continent. They are safely tucked away on the moon. They are doing us a favor when they help us, but they are not required to do so. Who do you think you are? How can you so shamelessly expect them to help us?" Irina looked at Sean mockingly with a hint of coldness in her smile.



Sean's face fell, and a hint of displeasure flashed across his face. He coldly snorted. "You should know that this matter concerns the safety of all races too. What's the point of cracking wise?"

Irina looked at Sean, and coldly said, "To me, the Norland Continent's biggest threat now isn't one devil, but your Roth Empire's millions of cavalrists who are ready for battle. I want to ask, would the Roth Empire sign on the peace accord after all the races subdued the devil together?"

The various representatives hushed and shifted their gazes between the two of them.

Alex sliced off one of Josh's ears, and left a declaration of killing him. Alex and Irina's feud with the Roth Empire was already in the open.

Irina and Alex were no nice guys. After Irina came out of her seclusion and Alex reappeared, the people who had been present on that rainy night died one by one.

Now, only the Roth Empire's royal family who had played a leading part in that was left.

Meanwhile, the Roth Empire had already grown into a giant in the past 100 years.

Compared to the scattered tribes of the giant dragons, the Roth Empire was firmly in the grasp of Andre. Be it the 1,000,000 of cavalry troops or the countless magic casters from the Magus Tower, they already had the scale and power that the various races had to be wary of.

The peace meeting would begin in a few days, and Andre's ambition was obvious. If the Norland Continent was to descend into a racial war again, that missing devil was indeed no longer important.

Sean furrowed his brows even tighter. Obviously, he couldn't give a clear answer to this question. Andre didn't give him a clear answer before he came, either.

He knew what Andre wanted: he wanted the entire world to belong to the Roth Empire. He wanted all the races to bow to the Roth Empire, and even become their slaves.

Sean wanted that too.

However, he couldn't say such words now, and Andre wouldn't allow him to give such a stupid answer, either.

"Our Roth Empire is willing to team up with all of you to deal with the devil. This is for the Norland Continent's benefit. As for the peace meeting, we have our requests. We don't decide whether we will sign the peace accord. That is decided by the various races' attitudes," Sean said gravely. He managed to sound calm and steady in the midst of the 10th-tier powerhouses.

"You all are asking for the impossible according to Josh's explanation." Louis jeered mercilessly.

Sean looked at Louis, and calmly said, "The Roth Empire has always been practical. We don't fight an unprepared war, and we don't make requests that can't be fulfilled."

All the various representatives' expressions changed slightly, and they began to look at Sean with a complex gaze. They had to admit that the 100 years of peace had given the Roth Empire unparalleled prosperity and development. This was how it became such a headache now.

"Are you getting carried away, or I can't lift a sword anymore?"

Right then, a mocking voice appeared outside the meeting hall.

Everyone looked towards the door in unison.

The doors of the meeting hall gradually opened to the two sides. A man wearing a black action suit and a mask and carrying a heavy sword slowly walked in.

“Alex!” A glint burst out in Sean’s eyes, and he instinctively clenched his fists.

Meanwhile, the 10th-tier powerhouses surrounding Sean were staring at the door warily, and began to get closer to the prince.

“I came to fetch my wife and put an arrogant prick down at the same time. I don’t think you gentlemen would mind, right?”

There was still a hint of mockery in Mag’s voice.

### **Chapter 1917: You And Me Are Enemies At Most**

They didn’t mind.

Of course they didn’t mind!

If it weren’t because of his status, many of them would have already taught this arrogant prick a lesson.

The arrogant pricks of the Edward Family were indeed all hateful.

However, everything had its vanquisher. They all became cowards whenever they met Alex.

The other representatives still had to take Sean’s identity and their race’s benefits and interests into consideration.

But Alex didn’t have to. He was single and all alone now, and he was the extremely powerful kind of single and alone person. He could do whatever he pleased without any care.

He sliced off Josh’s ear and issued him a death threat, but the Roth Empire didn’t make a single sound.

Therefore, it was perfect timing for Alex to appear when Sean was showing off.

Mag really came here to fetch his wife. He realized that Irina had not returned after putting the two children to bed, so he thought he ought to show his face at such an important moment. Hence, he came to the city lord’s castle.

Bumping into Sean showing off was just pure coincidence. However, since he saw it, of course he had to put him down.

Although Sean did not take part in that rainy night’s assassination, he had to have contributed to the military’s silence. Furthermore, he had been sending people to search for his whereabouts in the past three years. Sean had been worried that Mag hadn’t been completely dead, so he wasn’t a good guy anyway.

Sean, who was targeted by Mag, retracted his fists from the table unnaturally. That pair of eyes was still as dangerous as before, and it even had an additional hint of hostility now.

The current Alex was even more powerful than the Alex before.

After defeating the devil and sealing it, Alex's status had reached an extremely elevated height in the hearts of the people of the Roth Empire, and perhaps even the whole Norland Continent.

"Alex, long time no see." Sean looked at Mag with a smile, as if he had just met a long-lost friend.

"You don't have to pretend to be on familiar terms with me. You and I are enemies at most. Even if I don't kill you today, I won't welcome you with a smile," Mag said with a smirk mercilessly.

Sean's smile froze on his face instantly.

Exhilarating!

All the representatives' expressions softened, with them feeling extremely gratified.

Irina was also looking at Mag smilingly. She didn't expect him to be so good at arguing now. He had to have learned some of it from her.

Even though the powerhouses around Sean looked furious, they didn't dare to say anything.

Sean quickly calmed down, and said to Mag, "You might have some misunderstandings about the past incident, but it isn't convenient for me to elaborate now. Now, our common enemy is the devil. I hope you can put aside the past grievances and work together with us to kill that escaped devil or seal it again."

Mag chuckled. "You might have some misunderstandings about the meaning of 'misunderstanding.' You and I both know very well what happened back then. However, I indeed won't kill you now. I will settle the scores with you slowly after we deal with the devil and the peace meeting."

Sean looked severe after he heard that.

"Alex, since you already came, why not sit down and join in the discussion for a solution? After all, Princess Irina and you discovered that cave. I wonder what you think about it?" Michael said with a smile as he broke up the tense atmosphere.

"Whatever Irina said is what I wanted to say." Mag flicked a glance at Irina before continuing, "I have no idea where to look for it, either. However, building a new seal spell formation as soon as possible is definitely right."

Micheal nodded, and said, "Since this is the case, I will pay a visit to the Moon Nation's princess at Mamy Restaurant tomorrow. I heard that she has already returned to Mamy Restaurant today."

"Since this is the case, you guys continue with the discussion. We'll be going home first." Mag went to Irina, extended his hand out to her, and gently said, "Let's go."

"Mm-hmm." Irina curled her lips, grasped Mag's hand, and walked towards the door.

All the representatives watched them disappear outside the meeting hall with a grievous expression.

Nobody expected to see them show off their love in the midst of such an intense meeting.

Sean heaved a breath of relief inwardly too. He slowly relaxed his tightly clenched fists before leaning back against the back of his chair slowly. Only then did he realize his clothes were already drenched in his sweat.

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After leaving the city lord's castle, Irina looked at Mag smilingly. "Tsk, tsk. You came to fetch your wife?"

"Yes. That's correct." Mag removed his mask and smiled at Irina too, but he didn't let go of her hand.

"Where are the little ones?"

"They have just fallen asleep, so I came to fetch you," Mag said honestly.

"Hmm. You've done well." Irina nodded.

"Are you hungry?" Mag asked gently. "Do you want to eat something?"

"Yes." Irina nodded honestly before she thought seriously, and said, "I want to eat hot pot. I want beef roll, mutton roll, tripe, pig's brain and everything."

"Are we eating hot pot now?"

"Yes. I haven't eaten dinner tonight. The city lord's castle's packet food is horrible." Irina nodded with an innocent gleam in her eyes.

"Alright. I will make it for you shortly." Mag's heart softened, and he agreed with a smile.

Irina sent them back to the restaurant by teleporting.

"You take a seat first, and I will go prepare the hot pot ingredients." Mag poured a glass of warm water to Irina before going into the kitchen.

Mag had kept some of the dinner's bone broth for Irina, but it was perfect to be used as the hot pot's soup base now.

Soon, Mag carried a double-flavored pot out of the kitchen.

Then, he carried another two big trays out. They were filled with all kinds of dishes and a specially mixed dipping sauce.

Irina's taste was relatively lighter, so the red soup base was only mildly spicy. It was specially made for the lady boss. Mag had made it to suit her taste. It was more flavorful than the clear soup, but it wouldn't make her feel uncomfortable.

"Cook the beef roll and mutton roll first before cooking the vegetables in the clear soup..." Irina added the ingredients into the hot pot plate by plate. She didn't forget to remind Mag, "I'll leave the tripe and duck intestine to you."

"Alright. I promise I will make the most delicious tripe and duck intestine for you." Mag picked up his long chopsticks with a smile, and began dipping a duck intestine in the boiling part of the hot pot.

The thinly sliced mutton roll and beef roll were swiftly cooked. Irina dipped them in the dipping sauce before popping them into her mouth.

The thinly sliced mutton cooled down a little in the dipping sauce before it was fed into the mouth. The temperature and texture were perfect.

Irina's face had a satisfied smile as she picked up the beef roll and mutton roll quickly. She made a very soft and happy chewing sound. As long as she was fast enough, the mutton roll and beef roll in the hot pot would not get overcooked.

Mag dipped the cooked duck intestine in the dipping sauce before putting it into Irina's small bowl.

Irina popped that duck intestine into her mouth, and made crunchy chewing sounds. Her pretty brows and eyes curved into crescents as she nodded, and said, "Yummy."

### **Chapter 1918: An Interesting Soul Is Over 150 kg**

"Smells so good~"

A befuddled voice came from the staircase.

Irina and Mag, who were happily eating, froze together, and turned to look at the staircase.

Amy was standing at the staircase, and rubbing her eyes as she looked at them with narrowed eyes.

Ugly Duckling yawned as it missed a step, and came tumbling down the stairs. It bumped its head against a corner of the table. It looked up and meowed at Mag in a daze.

Annie also popped her head out from the back of the staircase, and looked at the steaming hot pot on the table curiously.

Perhaps, the smell was so enticing that Amy got worked up immediately, and angrily said, "Father! Mother! You guys are eating supper behind our backs again! And it's hot pot some more!"

"Errrr..."

There was a hint of embarrassment in Mag's smile.

Irina picked up a piece of fat beef roll, and smilingly said to Amy and Annie, "You two are awake. Do you want to come over and join us?"

"Alright!" A smile appeared on Amy's puffy face immediately as she skipped forward, ate that sliced beef roll, and chewed happily, as if she had already forgotten about being angry. She didn't forget to praise, "The sliced beef is so scrumptious..."

Mag looked at Amy, who was eating happily, with a complex expression. The best way to console a chowhound was indeed to stuff her face with good food. This was faster and easier than any explanation.

"Annie, come and eat something too." Mag waved his hand at Annie.

Annie walked over quietly, and sat down on the chair next to Mag.

“Take it. Dip it in the hotpot yourself. I will go make the dipping sauce for the two of you.” Mag gave her a pair of new chopsticks before getting up to go to the kitchen. He needed to get more ingredients besides making the dipping sauce. Amy had already started eating, and she was as voracious as Irina.

“Father, make my dipping sauce spicier. This hot pot isn’t spicy at all,” Amy said to Mag’s back.

“Alright.” Mag’s voice could be heard from the kitchen. As she was a young contestant who could withstand the insanely spicy taste, this mildly spicy soup was indeed not enough for Amy.

Mag went to grill some crayfish and oysters in the midst of eating the hot pot.

Although it wasn’t healthy to eat supper so late at night, it felt great to eat hot pot and grilled seafood together as a family. How nice.

“I’ll let this pass this time, but you guys have to call me for supper next time.” Amy didn’t forget to remind Mag and Irina seriously after she was done eating and leaving the table.

“Alright, we will definitely call you next time.” Mag nodded with a smile.

“Meow~” Ugly Duckling let go of the crayfish’s claws reluctantly, looked up, and meowed. Count me in.

Ugly Duckling had gotten fatter after obtaining Amy’s approval in the past few days and letting itself go.

Annie had learned Irina’s gracefulness. She stayed quietly at the side after she put down the chopsticks. However, judging from the smile on her lips, she liked this supper very much.

“Alright, you two go upstairs to play for a while first before going to bed. You cannot lie down immediately after eating.” Mag waved his hands, and chased the two little ones upstairs. The playroom could help them digest some of the supper.

Meanwhile, he began to clean up the dining table.

Irina helped Mag clear the table, and casually asked, “What do you plan to do with Sean?”

“We can’t kill him now. We would be sending Josh straight up to the throne if Sean died.” Mag shook his head.

“Then, we will kill both of them together.”

“I’m afraid Andre will immediately start a war that engulfs the entire continent if we kill them both. Furthermore, that war would be hysterical and at all costs.”

“Then, we will kill Andre too.”

Mag chuckled. “You know that the most difficult person to kill in this world is him.”

“That old tortoise...” Irina pursed her lips, but she had to agree with Mag.

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“Young Master, what are you looking for?” an old butler helplessly asked Harrison as he followed behind him, and watched him toss his clothes all over the floor.

"I am looking for my black jacket, the one that made me look slimmer." Harrison poked his head out from the cupboard, and asked the old butler, "Do you know where it is?"

As someone who was going on his first date tomorrow, Harrison was indeed a little nervous.

In order to leave a good impression on Georgina, he had made many requests regarding his image, including his clothes.

However, after trying on many clothes, he was very dissatisfied with his fat image in the mirror. His maid couldn't find the black jacket that he loved the most in the past, so he had to come look for it himself.

"Are you talking about that black jacket that you wore 10 years ago?" the butler asked.

"Yes, yes, yes! Do you know where it is?" Harrison's eyes lit up.

"You have thrown it away nine and a half years ago because it didn't fit you anymore." The old butler shook his head. "You were only 75 kg when you custom-made that jacket. You wouldn't have been able to wear it even if you had kept it until now."

"It's that really so..." Harrison was slightly dejected. So, that handsome young man in his impression wasn't due to that black jacket, but due to the fact that he was thin back then.

"Take a look, this is the one that you custom-made again when you were 125 kg. You might be able to fit in if you squeeze a little." The old butler picked up a black jacket from the pile of clothes on the floor.

"Come, try it out!" Harrison was excited again. With the old butler's help, he forced his gigantic body into this obviously ill-fitting jacket.

"This is a tummy that makes one feel sad." The jacket barely fitted him. Other than the arms that couldn't move, the tightly bound tummy that resembled a pot was especially eye-catching.

"Young Master, wear comfortable clothes to the date. There is no point in making yourself look so disheveled." The butler looked at Harrison. "If the young lady is interested in you, it's definitely not because of your body, but because of your interesting soul."

"That's true." Harrison chuckled, and his expression quickly froze. He looked at the old butler with suspicion, and said, "Why do I feel like you are scolding me?"

"Why would I scold you? I watched you grow up. Let's wear this tomorrow. It will make your soul look even more interesting." The butler took a frock with a little duckling embroidered on the chest from the pile of clothes. "The young ladies like such refreshing styles. Didn't you say that yourself too?"

"Alright. I'll wear this tomorrow." Harrison nodded. He felt that his old butler was rather reliable at times.

"Is my soul really interesting?" Harrison asked the old butler again to confirm when he was about to go out.

"They all say that beautiful bodies look the same, but an interesting soul is over 150 kg. You, by the way, fit that description perfectly." The old butler nodded with a serious expression.

**Chapter 1919: Being A Chef Is Simply My Interest**

Chaos City was a complex city, one that was unique.

The people that came from all the various races constructed this free and equal city under the restraints and guidance of a peculiar set of rules.

The Roth Empire was still continuing to consolidate its feudal dynasty with centralized power. The Wind Forest had lost its free soul, and the elves began to live like humans. The goblins had dug deep caves to prepare for the next racial war. The orc tribes were still keeping to their nomadic traditions. The demons had endless fights for territory. The giant dragons soared in the sky, but they still had the most severe racial suppression.

However, the Chaos City continued to open up and innovate, and it changed from a piece of barren land and a war criminals' prison to a prospering city within 100 years.

Mylo and Garlan got up shortly after dawn. They put on their little bags, and walked on the streets of Chaos City. They looked at the breakfast shops that gradually opened up for business as steam rose up into the air, and saw the blissful smiles on the faces of those people who woke up early.

This was a lively city.

Such liveliness wasn't commonly seen in Rodu.

Those people who lived at the bottom rungs of society would never have any changes in their lives no matter how hard they strived. One would not see the passion and anticipation for life on their faces.

Meanwhile in Chaos City, you could see the smiles on people's faces everywhere.

Even if they were just buying a pancake that cost one copper coin at the roadside, they could make eating it seem so delicious.

The sense of blissfulness was perhaps the most attractive and mesmerizing side of this city.

"I used to think that there was no nice food in this city, so the people here had to be miserable. However, looking at it now, my thinking was narrow-minded." Mylo laughed embarrassedly.

"Yes, if I hadn't come here myself, I would have never expected this city would be so blissful." Garlan nodded in agreement. "Furthermore, there is also a restaurant that all the chowhounds in this world envy and look forward to in this city now."

"I am very curious about Mamy Restaurant's breakfast now," Mylo said with a smile. Today could be a very memorable day in his career. This was the first time that he was going to interview a restaurateur about the stories behind his dishes.

In the past, he usually made up dirty 10,000-word stories for those bosses himself.

Mylo and Garlan were already very early, but they didn't expect some customers were already lining up at the door.

Apart from them, there were also some cleaners who were congregating at the door. They seemed to be waiting for their meals too.



“Did Mamy Restaurant lower its price for breakfast?” Mylo asked the customers lining up in front curiously.

That customer seemed to know what Mylo was thinking, and smilingly explained, “The price on the menu doesn’t change. Boss Mag has been providing breakfast for the cleaners for some time. He let them have a piping hot breakfast after working for a few hours.”

“Oh, I see. Boss Mag is really a good person.” Mylo nodded thoughtfully.

Given Mamy Restaurant’s high prices, providing breakfast for so many cleaners was a big expenditure. What was even more precious was how the preparation work that he had to do before opening for business definitely compressed his rest time.

Soon after, the restaurant’s door opened, and a female staff member carried a huge iron bucket out single-handedly. She began to distribute the congee with pork and century egg to the cleaners orderly.

The heat, together with the aroma of the congee with pork and century egg, spread everywhere.

“It smells so good.” Mylo’s Adam’s apple moved. He looked at the cleaners carrying big bowls of congee with pork and century egg, and mumbled, “I suddenly feel like being a cleaner.”

Garlan gave him a side-glance, and said, “They might not want you.”

Mylo ordered a bowl of congee with pork and century egg for breakfast and one set of youtiao and soybean milk following the advice of a customer sharing the table with him.

The congee with pork and century egg refreshed his image of congee. The century egg—which he didn’t know came from what animal—matched with the pork was actually so delicious. He felt his body warm up after eating a whole bowl of congee.

Meanwhile, the youtiao with soybean milk had subverted all his imagination about breakfast.

The crispy youtiao was so crunchy and aromatic in his mouth. It was better than any fried snacks. It even had a tinge of sweetness, and the more he chewed, the better it tasted.

He then took a sip of the sweet and tasty soybean milk. Its texture was smoother than cow’s milk, and a fragrance lingered in his mouth after he swallowed it.

Of course, this wasn’t the extreme way of eating it.

After soaking the cut youtiao in the soybean milk, he picked up the slightly softened youtiao with the chopsticks, and took a bite.

The soft yet chewy youtiao together with the aromatic sweetness of the soybean milk, be it in terms of texture or taste, were both elevated many times. It became a completely new food.

After drinking the last drop of soybean milk in the bowl, Mylo put down his chopsticks, and praised, “Boss Mag is really a genius to come up with such an exquisite combination.”

“I agree with you on that.” Garlan also put down his bowl while still longing for more.

“No wonder Randy and the others don’t want to leave here. It isn’t because they don’t have any pursuits or ambitions, but because they don’t want to leave after they come. It’s a paradise here.”

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After the breakfast ended, Mylo and Garlan were received by Mag.

Mag poured a cup of tea for Mylo and Garlan each before he smilingly said, “Can this be considered as an interview?”

“Speaking of this, this is the first time that we are conducting an interview with a chef. If you have read our magazine before, you should know that our style concerning food is always a little severe and judgmental,” Garlan also said with a smile.

“So in this case, I should feel honored.”

“No, it’s our honor to be able to get Boss Mag to talk about the stories behind the scrumptious dishes. We’re bowled over by your exquisite culinary skills and innovative and unique thinking,” Garlan quickly added. He didn’t want to give Mag an arrogant impression.

Mag looked at Garlan and smiled. “Before we begin the interview today, can I presumptuously ask about your *Perfect Food*’s influence? For example, the number of subscribers for the new edition?”

Garlan was a little surprised by Mag’s question, but he still quickly smiled, and replied, “*Perfect Food* is the leader of the gourmet magazines. After decades of development, it has become one of the most influential gourmet magazines on the Norland Continent. There are tens of thousands of copies issued every month, and hundreds of thousands of people were affected. It was approximately equal to 1,000,000 readers.

“Even Princess Vanessa of the Roth Empire is our magazine’s faithful reader. She even wrote me a letter before,” Mylo added with a smile.

Mag flicked a glance at Mylo, and mildly said, “She seems to read every gourmet magazine, and she will write to columnists, whom she deems to have a bread and butter issue, to encourage them to persevere.”

“...” Mylo.

Garlan’s gaze shifted all around as he tried very hard not to laugh out loud.

Vanessa said that herself. She had been doing that very frequently in the past few years. She would sometimes give these food critics some money to tide them over through difficult times.

In this world where there was a lack of entertainment, and information couldn’t be shared readily, it was already very good for a gourmet magazine to achieve this standard.

Mag knew that Garlan’s so-called 1,000,000 readers were an exaggeration. However, the sales of tens of thousands copies of magazines were true. This meant that as long as he accepted the interview, this interview would appear in the latest edition bought by those readers.

“What would you like to ask?” Mag poured himself a cup of tea too before leaning back against the chair comfortably.

“Then, can we begin from Mr. Mag’s learning journey? Mr. Mag, you have such extraordinary culinary skills at such a young age, and you continue to create so many delicious dishes. You must have come from a culinary family, and begun learning cooking when you were very young, right?” Garlan asked with a smile.

“No, it isn’t like that.” Mag shook his head, and mildly said, “Being a chef is simply my interest. I didn’t learn culinary skills from anybody, nor was I born in a culinary household. I felt that there was a need to elevate the culinary standard of this world a few months ago, so I opened this restaurant.”

“???” Garlan.

“???” Mylo.

The two of them looked at Mag with a meaningful gaze.

*Wow, bro. You showed off so much that we don’t know how to continue with the conversation.*

They thought that Boss Mag looked very easy-going, so the interview would be conducted in a very relaxed ambiance. They didn’t expect Boss Mag to show all his cards as soon as they sat down.

Mag looked at their expressions, and wondered a little. Did he make things sound too simple?

At the end of the day, Garlan was a professional chief editor. He swiftly realized the way that Mag talked would easily lead to explosive topics, so he continued by asking, “You said you wanted to elevate this world’s culinary standard. What do you mean by that?”

“By letting more people eat real delicious food, and not just make do with ordinary, normal food. By exposing those fake delicious foods and elevating the people’s connoisseurship towards good food. Perhaps, even letting everyone learn one or two dishes that they could cook by themselves.” Mag smiled. “That is my vision and my so-called elevating the culinary standard.”

Mylo’s mouth was slightly agape as he stared at Mag with shock and admiration. This was also what he was hoping for.

“This is really a great and beautiful vision,” Garlan praised sincerely. As a gourmand, he, too, hoped to see that happen one day.

“You have created so many special and delicious foods. Can we ask where you get your inspiration from? We have never heard of most of these foods before, and cannot even imagine they can be cooked in that manner. For example, the beggar’s chicken that is covered in the mud casing and the tofu pudding made from soya beans.”

Mag smiled, and said, “I am simply borrowing from my predecessors, and life is the source of all inspiration. What you don’t know or deem to be nonexistent is simply the limitations of your knowledge.”

**Chapter 1920: Make All Dishes Easy To Make**

Mag was speaking the truth. He didn't want to take all the credit. He simply received recipes that had been refined by generations of his predecessors, learned diligently, and practiced hard.

However, these words sounded even more arrogant to Mylo and Garlan.

Although Mag looked humble on the surface, looking from another angle, he seemed to be mocking those chefs who didn't know how to change.

Garlan looked at Mylo, and wanted to know how Mylo, who was very good at understanding hidden meanings, comprehend these words.

Mylo raised his eyebrows to show that this was indeed rather arrogant. It would definitely make those self-important chefs furious, and make the magazine even more widely discussed.

"I tried your 'Buddha jumps over the wall' yesterday, and its exquisite taste is unforgettable. It even made my hair grow after being bald for over 10 years. May I ask, how do you create such delicious food that can make the hair regrow at the same time? A lot of the seafood in this dish is very hard to come by in Chaos City." Garlan quickly followed by a question that he was very curious about.

Mag flicked a glance at Garlan's head. His originally bald head indeed had fine hair growing out like the forest after a rain. Judging from his experience, Mag nodded slightly. "You will need to eat another two doses and pay attention to rest at the same time so that it can grow properly."

"Yes." Garlan quickly nodded, following the "doctor's orders."

Mag and Garlan looked at each other, and then suddenly something wasn't quite right.

"I'm sorry. It's my occupational hazard." Mag touched his nose awkwardly.

However, Garlan seriously said, "You are really a good doctor."

"As a chef, making delicious food is the most basic requirement. As for what other effects would happen after the taste is achieved, it's already beyond my control." Mag shook his head. "Therefore, I didn't know that 'Buddha jumps over the wall' is able to treat baldness when I was coming up with it. It was a pure surprise when the customers discovered that effect after the dish was released."

Garlan pondered. "Perhaps, this is the giveback of the exquisite taste."

"What an interesting explanation." Mag smiled too.

The interview went on in a relaxed atmosphere. Garlan's questions weren't too tricky, and Mag basically told them all that he knew, so that made both their work easier.

About an hour later, Garlan appreciatively said to Mag, "Thank you for accepting our interview and letting us understand so many stories behind all these delicious foods. I believe even more people will fall in love with Mamy Restaurant and become your fans after this issue's interview."

"You're very welcome." Mag smiled. He actually quite liked sharing his experience of success. It felt like... showing off?

Oh, this description was too vulgar. It should be called sharing happiness.

Garlan asked all that he should ask, and didn't mention a single word about the things he shouldn't. As a gourmet magazine's chief editor, he still had some understanding of chefs.

"When will this article be released?" Mag asked curiously.

"The article will be in the new issue coming out at the end of this month," Garlan replied with a smile.

Actually, the content of the new issue had already been set and even sent to the printing workshop.

However, Garlan changed his mind after this interview. He intended to add this exclusive interview written by Mylo to this new issue, and make it the main selling point.

The *Perfect Food* hadn't been doing well under the combined attack of *Meatatarianism* and *Vegetarianism* for the past few months. This would be their fight to reverse the situation.

Mag nodded, and then changed the topic. "Does your magazine have a column that teaches people how to cook?"

"Huh?"

Both Garlan and Mylo stared at Mag with bewilderment.

"It is a gourmet tutorial column," Mag explained.

Garlan got it. He shook his head, and said, "We don't have it currently. You should know that a recipe is the most important thing to a chef, and they wouldn't share it easily, let alone publish it in a magazine that is so widely read."

Mag nodded his head slightly. Looking from a chef's point of view, this thinking wasn't hard to understand.

However, it was just this fixed-minded thinking that caused the extremely slow innovation speed of delicious food and a standstill for the entire culinary world.

"I would like to have a gourmet tutorial column in your *Perfect Food* magazine," Mag said to Garlan seriously.

"Huh?" Garlan was stunned before revealing an exhilarated expression. He even said in a trembling voice, "Y-you are saying that you want to have a gourmet tutorial column in our *Perfect Food* to teach cooking?"

Mylo also looked at Mag with shock, and couldn't quite believe his ears.

"Yes." Mag nodded. "I will share a simple and easy-to-learn home cooked meal recipe in every issue. The kind that the readers could learn according to the article."

Garlan quickly calculated the benefits that this could bring to *Perfect Food* in his mind. Given Mamy Restaurant's current reputation, if they could undertake its exclusive gourmet tutorial column, *Perfect Food* would become the undisputed leader in the gourmet magazines' world, and completely crush both *Meatatarianism* and *Vegetarianism*.

Garlan said to Mag gravely, "If Mr. Mag has this idea, we at *Perfect Food* will do our very best to cooperate and support in setting up your column. We will also pay you a good author's remuneration."

Mag immediately got straight to the point. "Then let's talk about the exact collaboration details now. Let's not rush to set up the column first. We can decide when to launch the column after this month's issue is released and we see the market's feedback. By then, you can put a notice in this month's issue. It could perhaps achieve an even better result."

"Your suggestion is very good. We will do that." Garlan took out his little notebook, and took that down. Increasing readers' anticipation was what they always did, but this was the first time that they were putting out a notice. However, it sounded very feasible.

Mag discussed with them the gourmet tutorial for another 30 minutes. They basically set all the particulars of their collaboration.

Garlan looked at Mag with anticipation. "Mr. Mag, are you really not willing to sign the exclusive license agreement with us? We will give you the best remuneration and strongest promotion. We promise to maximize your fame and interests."

"Exclusivity means monopoly. My wish is to make all dishes easy to make, and not earn a little remuneration." Mag shook his head with a smile.

"Alright. We respect your wishes." Garlan nodded. Although it was a pity, he didn't harass him.

Smiling, Mylo said, "Boss Mag, if you have any problems with writing, please feel free to write a letter to me. Although I don't dare to say I am an expert at this area, I have at least already written for 10-odd years."

"Alright." Mag nodded with a smile, but he secretly scolded inwardly, *You are my junior when it comes to writing an article.*