

## Stay At home 561

### Chapter 561 Is He Revolutionizing Roast Meats?

The Black Skipping Mountain Goat had been cleaned, and was placed into a roasting area that was obscured by wooden boards. All of the employees from Ricky's Rotisserie had retreated off to the side. This was a contest between the two chefs. From the smoke rising from behind the wooden boards, everyone could see that Ricky had already begun roasting

Everyone then turned to look at Mag. He hadn't covered up his roasting rack, but he wasn't using it, either. Instead, he set the cubes of beef aside after rubbing them with a bunch of unidentifiable condiments. At present, he was stirring together a bunch of condiments with a serious expression as if he were creating some type of sauce.

"What's the owner of Mamy Restaurant doing? Why hasn't he started roasting meat yet?"

"I know, right? He looks to be mixing something, but as far as I know, roasting meat doesn't require all that many condiments. Is it really a wise choice to spend so much time on this?"

"That's where you're wrong. Boss Mag is a genius, and he lives to revolutionize cooking. All seemingly unreasonable occurrences make sense when applied to him. Otherwise, how else do you think he created so many delicious dishes? I can tell from his focused expression that this step must be very important."

As time passed, the aroma of roast meat was already wafting through the air from Ricky's oven. However, Mag was still busy mixing condiments together, striking everyone with a sense of confusion. However, most of Mamy Restaurant's regular customers were still full of confidence. They had an almost blind trust in Mag's cooking skills.

"He seems to be mixing some type of sauce, but isn't the texture what's important in roast meat? Condiments can only work as secondary instruments, and they should be as light as possible. Only then can the original flavor of the roast meat be fully captured." Shire was very perplexed as he looked at Mag. As a chef who had owned a rotisserie for over 20 years, he thought that he had quite an extensive understanding of roast meats. As such, he was unable to comprehend what Mag was doing. In his opinion, it was clearly not very smart to waste so much time on such a trivial procedure in such an important contest.

During cooking contests, most chefs would strive to finish their dishes first in order to prevent the judges from forming preconceptions after tasting the opponent's dish before theirs.

Mag had sliced his beef into cubes so they should cook more easily than Ricky's whole goat. However, he hadn't even started the fire yet, and was instead wasting a lot of time on condiments. That was very foolish in a cooking contest like this.

I hope this guy won't waste a high-class ingredient like Ironhide Bull beef. Otherwise, I'm going to leave him a scathing review! Febid thought to himself.

"Takes the board away." Half an hour later, Ricky's voice sounded from within the makeshift capsules created by the wooden boards. The employees of Ricky's Rotisserie immediately rushed forward to remove the wooden boards, thereby revealing the large black oven within.

Ricky was standing in front of the oven with sweat pouring down his face, slowly rotating the goat over the flames. The goat was already golden brown in color, and a rich, fragrant aroma wafted through the air following the removal of the boards.

“It smells so good! I feel like I’d be able to eat that entire thing!”

The spectators’ eyes lit up as they were all attracted by the aroma of the roast meat.

That fatso’s cooking skills seem to have improved, and that oven is also quite interesting. To think that it can cook a whole goat to such a degree in just half an hour; the whole thing should be ready in less than another half an hour. Febid was slightly surprised as he looked at Ricky. He then looked at Mag, who still appeared to be wasting time, and he couldn’t help but shake his head. Had he already given up?

A smug smile appeared on Ricky’s face as he heard the chatter around him. He wiped at the sweat on his forehead with a cloth and turned to check on Mag. His expression faltered slightly at the sight of what Mag was doing, but a mocking smile then appeared on his face. It appeared that Mag had just been bluffing after all. He clearly didn’t have a clue how to roast meat, so the contest was already decided.

After putting down the third bowl of sauce, a smile also appeared on Mag’s face. Even though this was a contest, he already had a blueprint that he was going to abide by in his heart. He was going to take this opportunity to promote his new dish and advertise all three flavors at once.

He looked at the smug smile on Ricky’s face and his maladroit oven, and raised his eyebrows slightly. He had wasted a lot of time mixing together the sauces, so it appeared that he had to make haste.

He picked up a bamboo skewer that was about 30 centimeters long from the basket beside him, and began to skewer the cubes of meat. Each skewer carried three cubes of beef, each of which were separated by about two centimeters. Soon, an entire plate had been filled with a stack of kebabs.

“What’s Boss Mag doing? Why is he skewering the beef? Is he revolutionizing roast meats?”

“He must be! This is the first time I’ve seen roast meat kebabs; will it taste good?”

“There are only three cubes of meat per kebab; that’s not a lot. I prefer the roast goat in comparison. It smells so good; I’m going to visit Ricky’s Rotisserie to taste it for myself tomorrow.”

“There’s not much time left for Boss Mag; can he finish at around the same time as Boss Ricky? It’ll be detrimental to him if he finishes too late.”

Everyone began to appraise Mag with curiosity. His method of roasting meat was completely different from the traditional one, and some people were already growing quite concerned.

“Father will win for sure!” Amy sat on her little stool with a confident expression as she held Ugly Duckling in her arms.

“Please, Boss, you have to win.” Yabemiya had her fists clenched with a nervous look on her face.

“Amy, toss a little fireball over here to ignite these coals.” Mag waved his hand toward Amy as he finished skewering his kebabs. Starting a fire was a very time-consuming procedure, so he decided to take a shortcut. After all, it would be bad if he ended up being too slow and all of the judges were already full.

“Alright.” Amy nodded as she tossed a small fireball into the roasting oven. The black coals immediately turned red-hot as a result.

“That’s enough.” Mag snapped his fingers, and Amy immediately cut off her flame output. The coals in the oven had been incinerated to just the right extent, and there was a faint aroma of pinewood wafting through the air.

“Nice party trick! I’m already finished, yet you’re only just starting! Let me see how you’re going to compete with me!” Ricky applied a layer of oil to his goat and rotated it a few more cycles again. He then slowly pulled out the roasting rack, revealing a whole roast goat with golden crispy skin.

### **Chapter 562 It’s Over For the Owner of Mamy Restaurant**

The light of the evening sun shone upon the roast goat, applying a golden sheen to it. The rich aroma of roast meat wafted through the air in all directions, and all of the 1,000 or so bystanders gulped in unison.

“That smells so good! This is the first time I’ve heard of such amazing roast goat in the Aden Square. This aroma is already comparable to Ducas Restaurant’s roast pig. I feel like I’ve been missing out on a delicious and inexpensive delicacy.”

“Indeed. I’m definitely going to Ricky’s Rotisserie and ordering this dish tomorrow.”

“Boss Ricky is already done, but Boss Mag has only just begun; how are they supposed to compete with each other? I feel like the judges will get full on the roast lamb alone.”

A stir immediately began to run through the crowd. Some people had already decided that they were going to visit Ricky’s Rotisserie for their roast goat, while others were expressing concern for Mag, who had fallen far behind in the race.

“Could it be that Boss Mag really is roasting meat for the first time? His movements don’t look very proficient, and he took so long just to mix condiments together.” Harrison’s confidence in Mag was wavering for the first time.

All of Mamy Restaurant’s regular customers had also gradually fallen silent. The stakes on this contest included the ownership rights and recipes from both restaurants. If Mag were to lose, then Mamy Restaurant would cease to exist in Chaos City. They didn’t believe for a second that Ricky would be able to cook such delicious food after taking over from Mag.

“Come on... Go faster, Boss...” Yabemiya’s fists were tightly clenched as she looked at Mag with a tense expression. Meanwhile, Mag was still slowly tending to the kebabs over the fire as if he didn’t have a care in the world. She had never seen that oven in the kitchen before, so this brand-new piece of kitchenware had most likely just been created by Mag, which would indicate that this was his first time cooking this dish. Meanwhile, Ricky was a vastly experienced roast meat chef. No matter how much confidence she had in Mag, she still couldn’t help but feel nervous.

In contrast, Amy wasn’t nervous in the slightest. Both she and Ugly Duckling were staring intently at the kebabs on the rack, blinking and gulping with extraordinary synchronicity.

Is he merely confident or overly arrogant? I can't tell what this man is thinking. Mag was still focused on roasting his kebabs, and had seemingly been completely unaffected by Ricky's progress, striking Scheer with a sense of confusion. His eyes didn't stray away from the roasting rack even for a single moment, and he didn't appear to be exercising any urgency at all.

Fatso Ricky's whole roast goat seems to be a little different from how it was in the past. Has he made improvements to it? Febid was looking at Ricky with a hint of surprise on his face. He took a whiff of the aroma of roast meat wafting through the air, and couldn't help but nod with approval.

I've worked for three years on this refined version of my secret sauce that has been passed down for generations, and it's the first time I've revealed it to the public! Your loss is inevitable. I didn't think so many spectators would turn up today; this is a perfect opportunity to advertise my rotisserie. Even without claiming any rankings on the Aden Square food competition, my business will still experience a resurgence! Ricky's smile grew wider with confidence as he heard the words of praise being directed at him.

He picked up a sharp knife and sliced through the goat's succulent skin, slicing off five ribs which he placed into five separate dishes. He then also sliced off five portions of meat from the goat's hind legs, and also placed them onto the dishes before indicating for his employee to carry them out.

The five plates of roast lamb were placed in front of the five judges, drawing the attention of all of the spectators. Everyone gradually grew silent as they eagerly awaited the reactions of the judging panel. All of the spectators present were foodies, and even if they couldn't taste the dish, they could hear the reviews given by these professionals and use that as reference to decide which restaurants they should dine at in the future.

"This goat rib has a golden brown hue and smells delightful. It is a superb roast meat." Shire nodded as he looked at the rib on his plate. His restaurant mainly specialized in roast beef, but both of them were roast meat chefs, so he could understand just what level of cooking skills had to be achieved in order to cook such an exemplary roast meat. There was no way such a perfect whole roast goat could be cooked without several decades of practice.

A smile appeared on Ricky's face upon hearing that. Praise from a fellow roast meat chef was music to his ears.

The professor sliced off a portion of the rib and placed it into his mouth, upon which his eyes immediately lit up. After chewing carefully, he praised, "Hmm! This roast goat has very crispy yet extremely tender flesh. The flavor is amazing, and the tender mutton melts in the mouth. It's absolutely irresistible. What's even more amazing is the sauce; it's different from what I've had at Ricky's Rotisserie in the past. It's rich yet not greasy, and preserves the flavor of the meat to the maximal extent, but enhances it and leaves a delicious aftertaste."

Many people in the crowd immediately began to gulp upon hearing that. As expected of a food critic that could make people drool with his reviews alone, the professor really was earning his keep.

Ricky's smile grew even wider. There were already two votes in the bag for him.

"Ricky's Rotisserie has had three generations of owners, and each one had named the restaurant after their first name as if they're afraid that people don't know which fatso is running the place. However,

what's really surprising is that the flavor of the roast mutton, which has remained the same for several decades, has been improved by Fatso Ricky. Even though it's only a slight change in the sauce, considering Barkly Family Rotisserie has always exercised a policy erring toward the side of caution, it's still an extraordinary change to me. This roast lamb is not bad." Febid gave his review with a nod after tasting a portion of the lamb rib.

Ricky's expression darkened upon hearing that. If it weren't for the second part of the review, Ricky would have most likely snapped right there and then. Even when this bastard was offering praise, he was still so annoying. However, it appeared that Febid's vote was also in the bag.

"Even Febid has praised the roast mutton; it must really be quite good!"

"I'm starting to drool now."

"Three of the judges have already expressed their approval of the roast goat. If the other two also arrive at the same conclusion, then I feel like it's over for the owner of Mamy Restaurant."

Another stir began to run through the crowd. The scales of victory were quickly tilting in Ricky's favor as everyone turned to Scheer.

Scheer sliced off a small piece of leg meat in a graceful manner before preparing to eat it.

"Sizzle"

Right at that moment, a sizzling sound erupted, and a rich, fragrant aroma wafted through the air from Mag's roasting rack. The aroma seemed to possess some sort of magic power as it squirmed its way into everyone's nostrils.

"That smells so good! Is that Boss Mag's roast meat? It's incredible!"

Another stir ran through the entire crowd. This aroma was even more entrancing than that of Ricky's whole roast goat, causing the spectators to salivate uncontrollably.

Everyone turned their attention to Mag, who was applying sauces to the kebabs on the roasting rack in a calm and unhurried manner.

"I'm more interested in his beef kebabs now." Scheer put down her fork and turned her attention to Mag.

### **Chapter 563 Boss is... so Awesome!**

The explosions of delightful aroma wafted through the air, jerking everyone awake from the trance that Ricky's whole roast goat had placed them under before dragging them into an even more delicious abyss.

"What an incredible aroma! The smell of the Ironhide Bull beef has been captured to the very maximal extent, but what's even more amazing is the scent intermingled with the aroma of the beef. It's like a bunch of condiments that are creating an incredibly harmonious combination, taking the aroma of the roast meat to another level altogether! I've never encountered roast beef with such a fantastic aroma. Could it be that this can all be attributed to the sauces that he was mixing earlier?" Febid's eyes widened with incredulity as he stared at the kebabs in Mag's hands.

Beef was his favorite food, particularly rare ingredients like Ironhide Bull beef. That ingredient wasn't even available in any dish on Ducas Restaurant's menu, and only VIPs could reserve it. Febid had essentially been relegated to their blacklist already, so he naturally never had the pleasure of eating such a delectable ingredient.

However, the kebabs in Mag's hands had completely caught his interest, even to the extent that he had forgotten to deliver his customary insults before launching into a string of praise.

"It's all roast meat, but why does his roast meat have such a pronounced aroma? The Ironhide Bull beef is a high-class ingredient, but its advantage mostly lies in its tender texture. As such, the key here must be the sauce that he's applying to the kebabs. The most time-consuming procedure in the cooking process thus far has been creating those sauces, and I can now see why. The application of the sauces has completely enhanced the aroma of the beef, and it has turned all of my preconceived notions of roast meats on its head." The professor was also genuinely amazed. He had also been quite skeptical of Mag's decision to spend so much time on mixing condiments earlier, but it appeared that he wasn't wasting time, after all.

"As expected, Boss Mag was born to revolutionize cooking. The entire Aden Square is very fortunate to be able to witness the rise of such an extraordinary chef. I believe it won't be long before the overall standard of food in the Aden Square will be taken to a higher level." Robert hadn't said anything this entire time, but he finally broke his silence as he looked at Mag and nodded with a smile on his face.

"I can tell from this aroma alone that I would have already lost if it had been me competing against Mr. Mag." Shire inhaled the rich aroma of roast meat wafting through the air and heaved a forlorn sigh. As a seasoned chef with over two decades of experience, he knew his own limitations.

"Young Mistress Scheer refrained from tasting the mutton? She sure is straightforward."

"I can't believe Febid didn't hurl any insults and only delivered praise. Is he going to write his first positive food review ever?"

The fact that Scheer had refrained from tasting Ricky's roast mutton, in conjunction with the praise from the judges and the intoxicating aroma wafting through the air, had set the entire scene alight. Everyone was looking at Mag's kebabs. This man had shown them a completely brand-new way to cook roast meat.

"Boss is... so awesome!" Yabemiya was looking at Mag with reverence and admiration on her face. She had initially been a little concerned, but all of her worries had been erased upon catching a whiff of that rich, delicious aroma. Such a decadent beef kebab could only have been cooked by Mag. He had spent so long on the sauces only because he was striving for perfection as he always did.

"It really does smell even better than the kebabs from the lunch. As expected, Father didn't lie to me. I really want to eat it..." Amy wore an expectant look as she stared at the kebabs on the roasting rack with wide eyes. Ugly Duckling was also stretching its neck as far forward as it could, just as if it were preparing to pounce on the kebabs.

Ricky had thought that the victory was in the bag, but his expression had completely darkened. His roast mutton had been shunned by Scheer, and the three judges who had expressed their support for him had

all switched sides. They had given Mag praise that exceeded the compliments afforded to his dish, and it was all because of his kebabs' aroma alone.

This guy must have put something indescribable into his kebabs. Otherwise, how could roast meat exude such an aroma? Ricky was feeling quite flustered, and all of his confidence had been crushed. The aroma didn't tell the full story, but he was still feeling extremely threatened. From Mag's proficiency in applying the sauces to his kebabs, Ricky could tell that he was not some noob who was roasting meat for the first time. The information that he had gathered was all completely incorrect, and he might well have dug a hole for himself by suggesting such a high-stakes contest.

All of the employees from Ricky's Rotisserie had also lost their confidence. If Ricky were to lose, then they could possibly become unemployed. That was not good news for them.

"No! It doesn't matter if it smells good, the taste is what really matters. Just because he added a lot of condiments, it doesn't mean it'll taste good." Ricky was trying to inject confidence and morale into both himself and his employees.

Meanwhile, Mag's expression remained completely calm as he focused his attention entirely on the kebabs in his hands. He picked up a second brush, and began to apply sauce to the second cube of beef on all of the kebabs.

He was very pleased with the flavor of the sauce. It was clearly richer than the simplified version that he had made for lunch, and all three had been made with resounding success.

Mag applied the sauces to all of the kebabs on the rack before flipping them a few times so the sauce could soak into the meat. He then placed two kebabs each into the five plates, leaving three in his hand. He turned to Yabemiya and smiled as he said, "Miya, carry these over to the judges."

"Yes." Miya nodded before carrying the plates over to the judges. Meanwhile, Mag gave Amy two of the kebabs and placed the last one in Ugly Duckling's little bowl.

"He's saving a few for his daughter and her kitten; what a good father. I'm really jealous."

"I want to be his pet kitten."

Everyone turned their attention to Yabemiya as she made her way toward the judging panel. There were also a lot of people looking at Amy and Ugly Duckling. The first ones to taste the kebabs were not the five judges, but these two adorable little fellas instead.

"Meow-" Ugly Duckling gave a joyful cry before tucking into its meal. It bit down on half of a cube of beef and chewed happily with its eyes narrowed into slits, clearly basking in bliss and enjoyment.

"Thank you, Father." Amy inspected the kebab in her hand, only to find that the three cubes of beef were all slightly different in color. The marbling in the beef had melted over the flames, coating the beef like transparent crystal, which created a beautiful visual display.

Amy took a whiff of the kebab with her intricate little nose, upon which her bright blue eyes immediately lit up. She bit off half a cube of beef, and began to chew happily while swaying her little head from side to side with a joyful expression. After swallowing her first mouthful of meat, she licked the sauce around her lips and put on a sweet smile.

“Gulp-“

The collective gulp from the spectators was a lot more pronounced this time...

“Does she have to make it look so alluring? I feel like this restaurant owner is recruiting external assistance.”

“I feel like my heart is about to melt. I really want a daughter all of a sudden.”

“Her smile is so adorable! You guys can have the kebabs; I just want to steal the owner’s daughter!”

### **Chapter 564 It’s a Pity You Didn’t Become an Artist**

Before the judges had even tasted the kebabs, everyone was already salivating incessantly at the sight of Amy enjoying hers. If the word “adorable” had to be epitomized in the form of a single person, Amy was clearly the ideal candidate.

The beef kebabs were already exuding a heavenly smell, and they were made to look even more delicious by her. Her sweet and adorable smile—coupled with her blissful expression—made it look as if the kebabs were the most delicious food in this world.

“That must be the new dish Boss Mag was procuring ingredients for, right? As expected, Boss Mag always gives us a surprise after his ingredient-procurement trips. I’m going to come here first thing tomorrow morning to taste this delicious kebab!”

“I wonder if Boss Mag will open his restaurant for the dinner service tonight. I don’t think I can even hold on for an entire night after watching Amy eat her kebab.”

“There’s no way that could happen. Boss Mag is a very principled man; if he says he’s taking the day off, then he’s definitely taking the entire day off, so don’t even think about tasting his food tonight.”

All of Mamy Restaurant’s regular customers were completely at ease now. They were beginning to look forward to this new dish appearing on Mamy Restaurant’s menu.

As for the people who were only hearing about Mamy Restaurant for the first time, they were also developing an interest in this restaurant. The little girl was clearly having the time of her life. But, they still wanted to hear the reviews from the judging panel to see who would emerge victorious in the end.

The five plates of kebabs were placed in front of the five judges before Yabemiya made her way back to Mag. Mag whispered something in her ear, and she faltered momentarily before entering the restaurant with a quick nod.

Mag looked on at the judges with a smile, quietly awaiting their reviews. He was still somewhat excited given that this was the first time his food would be reviewed by a panel of professionals, two of whom used to be his colleagues.

In contrast, Ricky wore an extremely grim expression, and his hands were balled up into tight fists behind his back. Cold sweat was already pouring down his face. If he had known that Mag was so proficient at cooking roast meat, he would’ve never issued this challenge. Even if he wanted to draw some popularity to his rotisserie, at least he would have refrained from stating the final two conditions of the contest. If he were to lose his recipes and his restaurant, he would have nothing left.



There was a plate of roast mutton and a plate of freshly roasted kebabs sitting in front of each of the judges. Three of the five judges had already tasted the roast mutton and expressed praise for the dish, with only Scheer and Robert yet to taste it.

Robert sliced off a piece of mutton rib and leg before consuming them one after the other. He nodded, and said, "The mutton rib is very crispy and fragrant, with just the right amount of sauce and condiments applied as well as perfect control over the timing and heat of the fire. This is an exceptional mutton rib. The leg is very tender and juicy, with a smooth texture, and its natural flavor has been brought out very well by the cooking process. When roasting an entire goat, it's very difficult to cook all parts of the body just right, yet you have managed to do just that here. This is undoubtedly a very successful roast goat."

Scheer looked at Robert and contemplated momentarily before also placing a morsel of goat leg into her mouth. She chewed on the meat for a moment before nodding with a smile as she said, "Hmm, this mutton leg is indeed very delicious. The skin's crispy while the meat is very tender and delicious. It's even better than Ducas Restaurant's roast mutton; of course, their specialty dish is their roast pig."

Ricky and his employees were feeling better after hearing those remarks. At the very least, they had received positive reviews from all five judges. However, none of them had tasted Mag's kebabs yet, so the end result was still a mystery.

"Let me taste this beef kebab first." Febid had picked up his knife and fork, but then caught sight of Amy eating the cubes of meat straight off the skewer. He hesitated momentarily before following suit, putting down his knife and fork and picking up a kebab in his hand.

The aroma of roast meat came wafting toward him, and the glittering and translucent beads of oil hung like crystals off the surface of the beef. The sauce had been applied very smoothly and evenly, giving the roast meat a faint oily hue that made it all the more appealing

However, what was perplexing to Febid was that all three cubes of beef were slightly different in color. He didn't know whether that was due to an error in sauce application or fallacies in controlling the flames. In any case, on the surface, that appeared to be a factor that warranted a point deduction.

"To think that you can make roast beef of three different colors on the same skewer; it's a pity you didn't become an artist." Febid turned to Mag with his lips pursed in mockery. The roast beef did smell very good, but he had to uphold his harsh and sharp-tongued image, one that he had forged his career relying upon.

Febid's words drew a chorus of laughter from the spectators. Those who liked to read Febid's food reviews didn't necessarily read them for food suggestions. Instead, they were looking forward more to seeing him criticize the dishes he tasted in his customary vicious manner. His reviews would often draw laughter as opposed to salivation from its readers.

"Controlling the flames in the oven is a basic skill in roasting meat." A hint of elation immediately appeared on Ricky's face at the sight of the kebab in Febid's hand. No matter how good the roast meat smelled, it would be a failed end product if the kebab was unevenly cooked.

Everyone's expressions became even more intrigued upon hearing that. However, to them, the color of kebab didn't matter. What was important was whether it tasted good or not.

Mag remained silent with a confident smile on his face. The different colors were not a result of uneven roasting temperatures. However, his food would speak in his stead, so there was no need for him to explain anything.

Febid was preparing for retaliation from Mag, and was rather disappointed to see him remain silent instead. The aroma of the kebab squirmed incessantly into his nose, and the most pronounced smell was that of garlic. He had never seen anyone use garlic as a condiment when cooking beef in the past. He couldn't imagine what kind of flavor combination that would result in, and became even more displeased with the kebab. He had been thoroughly looking forward to tasting it when he had first caught a whiff of its irresistible aroma, but now that it was sitting in his hand, his appetite had instead tapered off a little.

I should try it anyway. I hope he didn't ruin such a superb cut of Ironhide Bull beef, Febid thought to himself as he bit off the first cube of beef on the kebab.

"This flavor... It's absolutely incredible!"

Febid's stern expression immediately lit up. As the cube of beef entered his mouth, the flavors of its slightly charred surface and the garlic sauce immediately melted in his mouth. He normally wasn't a fan of garlic due to its overwhelming taste, but it somehow presented a very mellow and delicious flavor in the kebab. As he began chewing, the tender beef immediately fell apart in his mouth, sending an even stronger burst of meaty aroma coursing over his taste buds. He simply couldn't top eating after taking the first bite.

"This beef is simply too delicious; I almost bit my own tongue! It's absolutely incredible to think that there exists a person in this world who can make beef taste so delicious." Febid was filled with genuine praise and amazement. He bit off the second cube of beef, upon which his eyes immediately widened. After chewing and swallowing, a stunned look appeared on his face as he exclaimed, "The second cube of beef has a completely different flavor than the first cube, but it's just as irresistible!"

### **Chapter 565 A Threefold Surprise**

"I can't believe Febid is praising this dish as 'delicious'! The best compliment I've ever seen him give any dish is 'not bad'. This is incredible!"

"Most importantly, did he just say that the two cubes of beef are completely different in flavor? Being able to make one delicious flavor of roast meat is already praiseworthy, but this owner was able to make two delicious flavors of roast beef on one kebab! He must be an amazing chef."

"It's three types. Did you forget what I said about the three cubes of beef all being different in color? That's clearly because they're three different flavors rather than due to lack of control over the flames."

Febid's words sent the crowd into an uproar. Everyone wore expressions of surprise and excitement as they looked on eagerly.

"I'm looking forward to tasting this dish now." Scheer looked at the intricate roast beef kebab before her and picked up her knife to slice off half a cube of beef. The blade of the knife sliced easily into the beef like a hot knife through butter, but the beef wasn't sticking to the blade at all. The heavenly meaty aroma wafted toward her, and her eyes lit up with anticipation.

In her eyes, Ironhide Bull beef was just an ordinary ingredient. She would often eat higher-tier magic beasts for all three meals of her day. However, this tiny piece of beef on her fork was evoking an unprecedentedly strong reaction within her. There seemed to be a voice in her mind screeching madly, "Eat it! Eat it!"

Scheer picked up her fork and slipped the piece of beef into her sexy little mouth in an elegant and refined manner. As soon as the beef settled on her tongue, her eyebrows perked up, and her expression lit up even more.

The mouthwatering sauce on the surface of the beef and the juices of the meat flowing in her mouth instantly awakened her taste buds. She only had to chew lightly to provoke an explosion of meaty juices within her mouth, which combined with the sauce and condiments to create an incredible flavor. She felt as if a fireball had exploded in her mouth, transforming into countless smaller fireballs that were stimulating her palate.

The more Scheer chewed the meat, the more entranced she became in its flavor. She couldn't help but chew more quickly, completely unable to stop until she swallowed the piece of beef. Even then, there was still an unforgettable aftertaste lingering in her mouth.

Scheer didn't say anything. Instead, she picked up the beef kebab on her plate and bit off the remaining half of the first cube of beef. She closed her eyes and chewed carefully as a blissful smile appeared on her face. In the face of such a delicious dish, she had completely thrown her image of a graceful and refined gentlewoman out the window.

"This flavor is unbelievable. This is the most delicious dish I've ever had. Even Ducas Restaurant's roast pig doesn't hold a candle to this flavor." Scheer was full of praise as she bit off half of the second cube of beef. This time, the garlic flavor had disappeared, and was replaced by a rich barbecue tang, which was a bit heavier in flavor. After devouring the second cube of beef, its delectable aroma was still lingering in her mouth as she attacked the third cube of meat.

"Young Mistress Scheer gave such a glowing review! She said that Ricky's roast mutton is better than Ducas Restaurant's, but it's only an ordinary dish on their menu. The roast pig is Ducas Restaurant's signature dish, and is the number one on the Aden Square food competition ranking board!"

"I can't take this anymore. My stomach is about to shrivel up and die. Why do I have to be put through this kind of torture?"

"It's over for Ricky's Rotisserie. All five of the judges have been completely enthralled by the kebabs!"

Scheer's review sent another stir running through the crowd. Her review had completely exceeded everyone's expectations.

Ducas Restaurant's roast pig was an extremely renowned dish which had to be reserved 15 days in advance. Even then, it was very expensive, and the average person would not be able to afford it without expending a significant chunk of their savings. However, the dish that was seen as the holy grail of all dishes in the Aden Square had been proclaimed as incomparable to Mag's roast meat, and that review was being given by Young Mistress Scheer from the Buffett Family of all people. Her words held a lot more credibility as she had undoubtedly tasted Ducas Restaurant's roast pig on many occasions, thereby making her review hold more weight than Febid's.

Ricky's face had turned completely pale, and his hands were trembling behind his back, but he was forcing himself to remain calm.

In contrast, morale had fallen to an all-time low among the employees of Ricky's Rotisserie. All of them had their hands balled up in tight fists with dejected expressions on their faces. They could already sense the impending shadow of career instability in the near future.

Meanwhile, Robert had already bit off the third cube of beef on his kebab. An expression of surprise and joy immediately appeared on his face as he did so. This kebab was filled with an intrusive spicy flavor, making him feel as if there were tiny fireballs exploding on his taste buds. The oil and juices within the meat then worked to fuel the flames, instantly igniting his entire palate.

After tasting the garlic and barbeque-flavored cubes of roast beef, Robert actually wasn't looking forward to the third cube of beef all that much anymore. No matter how delicious something was, the feeling of surprise and amazement would inevitably fade when tasting it for the third time.

However, his preconceived notion was completely shattered as the third cube of beef entered his mouth. The stimulating spicy flavor was only just the beginning. After igniting his taste buds, the delicious aroma hidden beneath the spicy facade began to exude its unique charisma.

In contrast with normal spicy dishes that only focused on stimulating the tongue in an almost unbearable manner, the spicy flavor in this cube of beef wasn't as difficult to handle. Instead, it complemented the original flavor of the beef, taking it to a higher level. After swallowing the cube of beef, Robert felt as if his entire stomach had been warmed up, and he couldn't help but praise, "The three cubes of beef have given me a threefold surprise. The garlic flavor is delicious and refreshing, the barbeque flavor is rich and unforgettable, while the spicy flavor is irresistibly stimulating. All three cubes of beef come from the same kebab, but they present completely different flavor experiences, all of which are incredible in their own way."

Robert turned to Mag with a hint of admiration in his eyes. Such a man could only be described as a genius. Not only had he created the perfect roast meat, the sequence of the three cubes of beef further highlighted his wisdom. If he were to place the spicy-flavored roast beef first, the remaining two cubes of beef would inevitably pale in comparison.

"Phew--"

The other four judges put down the bamboo skewers in their hands at the same time and heaved a sigh of contentment. Scheer stuck out her tongue in a rare display which reminded everyone of the fact that she was still a very young woman rather than a seasoned female tycoon. However, she then quickly covered her mouth with her hand.

The professor remained silent for a while before heaving a long sigh. "I don't even know what to say anymore. I've been stunned on three separate consecutive occasions by this tiny kebab. I've never experienced anything like this before. When I calm down after getting home, I'm going to reflect on this feeling and write a review that will hopefully do this amazing dish justice."

"This roast meat is far beyond anything I could ever make." Shire's review was very simple, and he wore a slightly dejected expression as he delivered it.

The entire crowd had fallen completely silent. It appeared that the result was now obvious, but they still wanted to hear the final verdict being delivered by the judges.

Mag turned to the five judges with a calm expression, and prompted, "Judges, please announce your final decisions. Pick a victor between the roast mutton and the roast beef."

### **Chapter 566 Ding! New Mission...**

Everyone turned to stare at the five judges, awaiting the declaration of the final result.

Ricky's breathing had accelerated drastically. He could decipher the choices of the five judges from their words, but he was still hoping for a miracle. He had made that sauce after three years of hard work and countless failures, all in an effort to improve the flavor of his rotisserie's roast meat, which had remained the same for decades. It was an endeavor that required an extensive amount of courage and wisdom.

He couldn't lose. This restaurant had been passed down in three generations of his Barkly Family. If he were to lose it to someone else, how could he continue to live on in this world?

Amy was already joyfully tucking in to her second kebab. She was not in the slightest concerned about the final verdict. In her eyes, there was no one who could possibly beat her father, so it was clear that he would emerge victorious.

"I choose the roast beef kebab made by the owner of Mamy Restaurant." Scheer wiped the corners of her lips with a handkerchief in an elegant manner. She turned to Mag with a smile on her face, and said, "Your dish was very delicious. If possible, I would like to invite you to our Buffett Manor to cook your delicious kebabs for me again."

"Thank you for the invitation, Young Mistress Scheer. It would be an honor for me to go to the Buffett Manor, but if you'd like to have my kebabs, I'd have to ask you to come to our restaurant. I have to cook at my restaurant on most days, and on my days off, I prioritize rest." Mag refused Scheer's invitation with a smile. He wasn't going to offer onsite cooking services no matter how much Scheer offered to pay him. Furthermore, he was planning on negotiating an important deal with her, and if he were hired to roast kebabs for her, it would automatically place him in a position of inferiority. That was strictly taboo when it came to business negotiations.

Scheer glanced at Mag with a hint of surprise on her face. He was the first chef to have rejected an invitation from her. All of the countless other chefs-who would die for an opportunity to cook at the Buffett Manor would probably be howling to the heavens if they were to hear about this. He really was an interesting man. Scheer nodded, and said, "Alright, looks like Boss Mag is a man who has a very good work-life balance. If you have some time on your day off this week, you can take your adorable little daughter with you to visit our Buffett Manor."

"I would be honored." Mag nodded in response. However, he didn't appear all that overjoyed, looking as if he were simply accepting an invitation from a normal friend. In his past life, he had visited many lavish manors. Come to think of it, his own house was one as well, so this really wasn't something for him to be happy about.

Everyone turned to Mag with envious looks on their faces. The first invitation Scheer had extended to him was an invitation to cook for them, thereby suggesting an employer-employee relationship. However, the second invitation that she had extended was on a much more level basis: as equal friends.

Mag was really impressive to have befriended this legendary young mistress of the Buffett Family on their first meeting. The Buffett Manor was not a place that anyone could visit as they pleased. As one of the wealthiest families on the entire Norland Continent, just the money that slipped through their fingers was enough to make an average person go insane.

Ricky's face paled even further, but he forcibly suppressed the urge to say anything.

"Do you even need to ask? This roast beef kebab has completely exceeded the limits of my imagination. Such delicious roast meat has never appeared on the Norland Continent before, and I highly doubt it will ever be beaten in the future. I choose the roast beef kebab." Febid announced his verdict as he looked at Mag with a complex expression. He had completely shattered his own image with his unrelenting praise toward Mag's dish, but he simply couldn't find anything to complain about.

If he had to criticize something, then it would have to be the fact that there were only three cubes of meat on each kebab; it was simply not enough!

Ricky's expression changed again, and he turned uneasily toward the remaining three judges.

The employees from Ricky's Rotisserie were also beginning to panic. Was the worst-case scenario going to eventuate, after all? In that case, what could they do?

All of the spectators also turned to the remaining three judges. Mag would secure victory as long as one of them voted for him.

"Flavor, texture, aroma... Boss Mag's roast beef kebab is superior in all of those aspects. That's why I also choose the roast beef kebab." Robert glanced at Ricky with a wistful expression. If it weren't for his shady manipulation of the Aden Square food competition ranking board, his improved whole roast goat could've reinstated Ricky's Rotisserie back into the top 30.

"Boss Ricky's whole roast goat has indeed improved significantly, but Boss Mag's roast beef is nothing short of perfection. I choose the roast beef kebab." The professor was also looking at Ricky with a sympathetic expression as he delivered his verdict.

"I choose the roast beef kebab." Shire heaved a faint sigh as he looked at Ricky with a defeated expression. Ducas Restaurant's roast pig was once the insurmountable summit for all rotisseries in the Aden Square. However, Mamy Restaurant's roast beef kebabs would undoubtedly rise beyond that standard, creating an even more insurmountable peak that would make all rotisserie owners like him lose all motivation.

"Mamy Restaurant has emerged victorious through an unanimous vote!"

A cry of elation erupted from the silent crowd, which instantly set off a chain reaction, igniting all of the spectators at once. This result was something that everyone had anticipated, but it was still a thrilling experience to witness such an amazing outdoor cooking contest. Furthermore, everyone had initially thought that Ricky would emerge victorious, but Mag had staged a flawless comeback with his perfect

roast beef kebabs, thus earning all five votes. The entire process was an emotional rollercoaster of exhilaration.

“Thank you.” Mag nodded with a calm smile. The result was only to be expected, but he was still happy to have received all five votes as well as such glowing reviews.

“Th... Th... That’s impossible.” Ricky’s portly figure swayed as if he were going to collapse at any moment. His face had been completely drained of all color. Not even a single one of the five judges had supported him. If he were to lose like this, then Ricky’s Rotisserie would no longer belong to him.

Mag looked at Ricky with a calm expression as he said, “All five judges have delivered their verdicts. I’ve won.”

“No! This isn’t possible! You must have bribed all of these people in advance!” Ricky shook his head as he rushed over to the panel of judges. He grabbed the second untouched roast beef kebab from Febid’s plate and bit off the first cube of beef.

“This flavor... How is this possible?!” Ricky’s eyes immediately widened. The delicious sauce and succulent beef wreaked havoc in his mouth, creating an unforgettable culinary experience. The reviews delivered by the five judges hadn’t even come close to doing the dish justice.

Ricky’s legs gave out under him, and he sat onto the ground. It was as if all of the energy and soul in his body had been drained away, leaving only a dejected empty shell.

Febid immediately rose to his feet and wrenched the kebab from Ricky’s hand. He looked at the spot where the first cube of beef once was, and roared, “Ricky, you fat slob! Why are you stealing my kebab?!”

At the same time, a voice sounded in Mag’s mind. “Ding! New mission...”

### **Chapter 567 Wow! Boss is So Bold!**

“How could this be... How could there be someone in this world who can cook such delicious roast meat... This can’t happen... I can’t lose; our Barkly Family has been running rotisseries for over 10 generations, starting from our first rotisserie in Rodu. The rotisserie here in Chaos City has been passed down for three generations; I can’t lose it someone else... Waaah, why did I have to make this bet? I lost the restaurant and all of our secret recipes; my father’s going to be furious... I wanted to secure a top 20 ranking on the Aden Square food competition before he passes away...”

Ricky was sprawled on the ground and all of his clothes were drenched in cold sweat. Even the ground below him was wet with his sweat. His body trembled as he wept like a dejected child, drawing sympathy from the bystanders.

The chatter in the crowd gradually began to die down. The contest was over, but no one was in a hurry to leave. A bet had been made between Mag and Ricky, and everyone wanted to see how Mag was going to handle the situation.

Despite the pitiable display that Ricky was putting on, none of Mamy Restaurant’s regular customers felt sorry for him at all. This guy had been causing a ruckus in front of Mamy Restaurant for an entire day,

hurling all sorts of insults about Mag's supposed cowardice. He had come up with all of the conditions for the bet, so everything was entirely his fault.

Mag had crushed him in the contest, garnering a unanimous vote from the judging panel, giving Ricky everything that he deserved.

Of course, not everyone was sticking around just to see what would become of Ricky. There were a lot more people who were interested in the uncooked kebabs on the table. They were wondering if Boss Mag would be in such a good mood following his victory that he would cook some kebabs for everyone. Watching Amy and the judges eat the kebabs had been nothing short of torture for them, and they were dying to sink their teeth into a kebab for themselves.

Meanwhile, Mag's expression was growing a little peculiar as he looked at the new mission that the system had just released. He was rather hesitant about making an attempt to complete the mission, and he grumbled internally, "System, are you trying to make enemies for me here? I'm just trying to mind my own business and get stronger slowly and steadily; can't you let me do that?"

"As a candidate to become the God of Cookery, you must have a vision to challenge the world with your cooking skills and conquer the world with your food. The system expressed a high degree of disdain for your cowardly mindset. The mission is being released so you can improve the rate at which your cooking skills progress." The system's voice sounded implacable.

"I'm a father now, all that's important is that my child grows up to be exceptional. What would be the point in me drawing so much attention to myself?"

The system harrumphed in response. "The system is already very exceptional, so you don't need to worry about that. All you have to concern yourself with is self-improvement."

"Hmm?" Mag raised an eyebrow with a peculiar look as he said, "I'm referring to Amy; why are you volunteering to become my child?"

"@¥%...&\*#¥..." A string of jumbled syllables sounded in Mag's mind, followed by a series of indecipherable binary codes. After a while, the system finally recovered before spitting through gritted teeth, "Complete the mission within three minutes or mission failure will result. Your punishment will be a deduction of 0.75 of a strength point."

"What?! That's way too harsh!" Mag yelled internally. That punishment would mean that all of his efforts for the day would have been wasted. He then asked, "What's the reward for mission completion?"

"Half of half of a strength point," the system replied.

"You should've said that earlier." Mag's eyes lit up upon hearing that. With an additional 0.25 of a strength point, he would have one entire strength for the day. He didn't think that the system was capable of such generosity.

"The result of the contest has already been decided. The five judges gave fair verdict, and everyone gathered here can act as witnesses. I'll be delivering our signed agreement to the city lord's castle shortly so they can process it. I hope you'll abide by our agreement and not take anything from the restaurant." Mag was very calm and placid as he turned to Ricky. A businessman wouldn't give up on



profits just over a few tears, not to mention the fact that those tears were being shed by a man who'd fully intended to take everything from him.

"Boss Mag, I'll kowtow to you and call you daddy! Please, just don't take my rotisserie away. I've learned from my mistakes, and I'll never repeat them again. I'm your son from now on; you can tell me to do whatever you want, just please, I beg of you, don't take my rotisserie from me..." Ricky shuddered as he fell to his knees and attempted to wrap his arms around Mag's leg as he sobbed.

"I told you I don't want Amy to have a strange little brother like you, so I'll be taking your rotisserie today no matter what." Mag took a step back with a cold expression of disdain on his face as he continued, "I don't want your recipes, either. If you still have any semblance of pride as a chef left, then stand up and walk away. A good chef will definitely be able to make a living in this world."

Ricky's expression faltered upon hearing that, and as he looked up at Mag, a hint of light seemed to have returned in his eyes.

"Of course, even if you go back and refine your whole roast goat for 100 years, it still won't be as delicious as my roast meat." Mag looked down at Ricky before casting his gaze around at the bystanders. He smiled, and said, "I'm here to revolutionize the concept of delicious cuisine in this world. If you want to challenge me, then go right ahead, but make sure you offer high enough stakes to make it worth my while."

"Wow! Boss Mag is so bold!"

"It's a little arrogant, but why am I so entranced by him?"

"This is a challenge to all chefs in the world! I feel like cooking contests like this one are going to become regular occurrence from now on."

The entire crowd was in an uproar as they stared at Mag. This man was confident to the point of arrogance, but no one could bring themselves to detest him for it.

"Revolutionizing the concept of delicious cuisine in this world; that's quite a grand vision. I hope you can achieve that goal someday." A meaningful smile appeared on Robert's face as he looked at Mag.

A man like this won't be easy to control, but our Buffett Family's forte lies in collaboration. Becoming a legend isn't easy, nor is it easy to become a legendary chef. Thankfully, our Buffett Family loves to support people with lofty ambitions. Scheer also wore a smile on her face as she aimed an appreciative gaze toward Mag. He had managed to earn a restaurant in an afternoon. Not only was he a brilliant chef, he was also a shrewd businessman.

The light that had just appeared in Ricky's eyes was instantly snuffed out. He was helped onto a horse-drawn carriage by a few of his employees, and quickly departed from the scene, leaving behind only a few employees who were waiting for the oven to cool, even though they didn't even know whether it would be necessary to take the oven back to the rotisserie.

Following the conclusion of the contest, the judges couldn't help but pick up the remaining kebabs on their respective plates. How could they leave such an extraordinary delicacy behind? Febid rolled his eyes at Ricky's horse-drawn carriage and mumbled something unintelligible before picking up his kebab, which was missing one of the three cubes of meat.

Right at that moment, the door to Mamy Restaurant opened again, and Yabemiya emerged from within. She was holding a platter with her left hand, upon which were five glasses of translucent golden beer.

### **Chapter 568 The Perfect Combination!**

“What’s that?”

“It looks like some sort of alcoholic beverage. I can smell the fragrance of barley; could it be barley wine? But how could barley wine be so clear and translucent?”

Everyone parted to open up a path for Yabemiya as they looked at her platter with curious expressions. Within the large transparent crystal glasses, golden liquid made up about two-thirds of its contents, while a pristine white layer of bubbles made up the rest. There were also a few ice cubes floating in the liquid in each glass.

The faint aroma of barley wine wafted through the air, and the eyes of those standing closest to Yabemiya immediately lit up. Compared to the bitter aroma of normal barley wine, the aroma of this beverage gave one a more refreshing sensation, just as if they were basking in a cool sea breeze on a hot summer’s day.

“We won,” Mag informed Yabemiya with a smile. He looked at the elated smile that blossomed on her face and pointed at the judges as he said, “Give the judges a taste of our beer.”

“Yes.” Yabemiya nodded joyfully with a wide smile on her face. She had been told to prepare five glasses of this so-called beer at the most critical juncture, and was overjoyed to receive such fantastic news upon her return. Mag had won, Mamy Restaurant’s ownership rights remained with him, and she would be able to continue working here.

Yabemiya placed a glass of beer in front of each of five judges before stepping off to the side.

The five judges had just finished their kebabs, and the same spicy flavor was wreaking havoc in their mouths. They looked at the translucent beverage placed in front of them before turning to Mag with inquisitive eyes.

Mag stepped forward and smiled as he explained, “This is beer with ice cubes. It’s the first beverage that my restaurant will be releasing in conjunction with the release of my kebabs. If you’re all done with the kebabs, you can perhaps have a taste of this beer.”

“Beer? What’s that? Why have I never heard of it?”

“I don’t know, either. Wouldn’t adding ice cubes dilute the beverage? No one would ruin a good alcoholic beverage like this.”

“Is Boss Mag planning to revolutionize the concept of alcoholic beverages in this world as well? Is he trying to drive everyone else out of business?”

Everyone discussed spiritedly among themselves as they appraised the translucent golden alcoholic beverage with curiosity in their eyes.

All of the judges were also looking at the glasses of beer. The large crystal glasses were clean and transparent; it was difficult to imagine that someone would carve such exceptional crystals into alcohol glasses. Furthermore, there were five of them at once, which seemed like an outrageous waste.

There aren't even any pretty designs carved into the glass. It feels like the crystals really have gone to waste. Scheer glanced at the glass before her attention was drawn to the beer within. The golden beer was transparent and bright, with no impurities whatsoever. Aside from the scent of barley, there was also a peculiar fragrant aroma coming from the beer.

This was an elegant yet reserved aroma that wasn't even close to overwhelming. Instead, it was only faintly detectable, and it wasn't the aroma of barley, nor was it a floral aroma. It was not intrusive at all, but somehow seemed to reach directly into one's heart. The imagery evoked was like stumbling in the forest upon a little kitten, which stuck out its head and gave a timid meow. However, right as you began to make your way toward it to hold it in your arms, it would squirm into the bushes. As you turned to leave, it would employ the same tactic by meowing after you again as if it were playing a game of hide-and-seek.

Scheer wasn't a fan of alcoholic beverages. She would only drink the finest wines from the Buffett Family winery, from which even the Roth Empire's royal family would order batches of wine every year for His Majesty's consumption. Of course, the wine that she had was of a superior standard compared to the batches offered to the royal family.

However, she was somehow developing an interest in the glass of beer before her. She had never seen an alcoholic beverage with so many bubbles before. It was as if the top third of the glass had been filled with snow, upon which floated three ice cubes, creating an interesting spectacle.

After a brief hesitation, Scheer picked up the glass and took a small sip of beer. The golden beer slid down her throat, and its refreshing flavor immediately made her eyes light up. The beer was smooth and reinvigorating, but did not lack body. It was like ice water produced from melting glacial ice flowing down a snowy mountain. The scorching spicy sensation brought about by the final cube of beef on the kebab was instantly soothed. It was almost as if she could hear a sizzling sound as the figurative fire was put out, following which her soul seemingly began to rise out of her body.

The beer also carried with it a smooth bitter tang, but there was no bitter aftertaste, and the drinker was drawn into drinking another large mouthful instead.

"Pheh..."

Scheer exhaled as she stuck out her pink tongue to lick the white bubbles hanging on her upper lip. She carefully savored the aftertaste of the beer in her mouth, only to find that it wasn't very rich nor flavorful. However, it was somehow able to appeal to her more than the wines that had been stored in the cellar of her family's winery for several centuries.

She took another larger sip of beer, and a trail of the golden liquid slowly flowed down from the corner of her lips, and then continued down her proud and regal neck. Many of the men in the crowd looked on with scorching eyes, gulping involuntarily as they took in her beauty.

Meanwhile, Febid had already thrown his head back and was chugging down his beer with glee. The beer in his glass was disappearing at a rate discernible to the naked eye, and he downed the entire glass

of beer in one go. He placed the crystal glass back down onto the table, leaving only three ice cubes and a layer of bubbles behind.

“Burp-” Febid let loose a long belch, completely unaware of the fact that his carefully maintained mustache had been buried under a layer of white froth. His eyes were alight with elation as he exclaimed, “This beer is incredibly refreshing; it was made to complement this roast meat. Together, they make a perfect combination! Its texture is very smooth and refreshing, while its flavor is slightly bitter yet not astringent. It’s completely doused the scorching sensation in my mouth left behind by the kebab, and it’s left me wanting more!”

“This is indeed an exceptional alcoholic beverage. It has the fragrance of barley wine, but isn’t as bitter and astringent. The smooth bitterness lends the beer an extra dimension without leaving behind any undesired aftertaste. I feel like I could drink this forever!” The professor had also finished an entire glass of beer, and was full of glowing praise.

“I agree. I rarely ever drink at all, yet even I’m stunned by how refreshing and delicious this beer is. It’s not anywhere near as difficult to swallow as other alcoholic beverages; this is indeed a very special brew.” Robert nodded in agreement as he took another small sip of his beer.

“This beer is fantastic. Drinking it while eating kebabs would undoubtedly be an amazing experience.” Shire turned to Mag with a smile, and asked, “Boss Mag, have you thought about selling this beer in the market on its own?”

“I don’t have any plans to do that at the moment. This beer is brewed by hand, and the production quantity may not even be enough just for the customers of my restaurant alone.” Mag shook his head with a smile. With such glowing praise from the five judges, Mag had no doubt that his beer would prove to be a hit even in this world.

“I’m getting thirsty just from looking at this beer. Is it really that delicious?”

“Clearly it is. Even Young Mistress Scheer seems to really like it. The Buffett Family’s winery is one of the 10 largest wineries on the entire Norland Continent. Any alcoholic beverage that catches her fancy is sure to be quite exceptional.”

“Kebabs and beer; it’s a match made in heaven!”

### **Chapter 569 But... I Still Want to Have More Roast Meat**

“Ding! Congratulations on completing the mission of issuing a challenge to all chefs in the world. Your reward of half of half of a strength point has already been delivered. You have now accumulated an entire strength point; would you like to use it now?” the system asked.

“No,” Mag immediately refused. He did not want to be electrocuted in public.

At the conclusion of the contest, the number of spectators had swelled to close to 2,000. This was undoubtedly a superb PR stunt for Mamy Restaurant, and would earn it a lot of popularity and renown.

“Boss, get me another 10 roast beef kebabs and a glass of beer.” Febid was finding it difficult to take his eyes off the kebab-roasting rack.

"If possible, I'd also like two kebabs and a glass of beer," Scheer chimed in with a smile. She was normally meticulous to a fault with her daily caloric intake, but she wanted to make an exception for the extraordinarily delicious kebab-and-beer combo.

"I wouldn't mind having some more kebabs and beer, either." The professor chuckled.

"Boss Mag, why don't you just open the restaurant for a dinner service tonight? Even if you only sell roast beef kebabs and beer, that would be fine. Our stomachs have been getting tortured this entire time, and we'd all love to taste your new products," Harrison yelled from within the crowd, drawing extensive support from the surrounding bystanders. Everyone was eager to taste such a delicious roast meat kebab, even if the price was going to be quite expensive.

Furthermore, with so many people around, there was no way that the restaurant owner wouldn't open for business. He was clearly using this cooking contest as an advertising tool to attract more customers, so he definitely wouldn't turn so many customers away.

Mag looked around at the countless pairs of expectant eyes and shook his head with a smile as he said, "My apologies, but the remaining beef kebabs are dinner for myself, my daughter, and my employees, so I won't be selling them. If you would like to taste the kebabs, you can come back tomorrow during normal business hours."

"He turned down Young Mistress Scheer and Febid!"

"Why? What did I do to deserve this torture..."

"Sigh, looks like I'll have to come over bright and early to line up tomorrow. I can already envision the long line in front of the restaurant entrance tomorrow."

"Well, considering even Young Mistress Scheer was rejected, I don't feel so bad now. I'll just have to come back tomorrow, I guess."

A burst of whining rang out from the crowd upon hearing Mag's polite yet firm rejection. There were also many people who were surprised by the fact that he had turned down Scheer, particularly when she was only requesting two more kebabs.

"Alright, then it looks like I'll also have to come back to taste these delicious beef kebabs another time."

A hint of surprise also flashed through Scheer's eyes. Mag was the first man to have ever rejected her twice. However, there was no displeasure on her face as she rose to her feet and smiled as she said, "Thank you for your hospitality, Mr. Mag. I look forward to seeing you revolutionize more delicious cuisine."

"You're quite welcome." Mag nodded in response. He took a glance at her elegant departing figure before expressing his gratitude to the other four judges. He also turned down Febid's request for another glass of beer in a completely non-negotiable manner.

"Boss Mag, you just earned yourself a new restaurant. Are you going to move Mamy Restaurant over there or open another branch? If I recall correctly, Ricky's Rotisserie is several times larger than Mamy Restaurant." Harrison squeezed his way through the crowd toward Mag with a curious look in his eyes. Many of the other bystanders who were preparing to leave also paused to hear his answer. Mamy

Restaurant was indeed too small. Many of the customers could already envision the pain of not being able to secure a seat at the restaurant.

“I’m not particularly sure about what I’m going to do with that restaurant, but Mamy Restaurant isn’t going anywhere, at least not for the immediate future.” Mag shook his head with a smile.

Harrison nodded and chuckled as he said, “Alright, then I’ll be hoping for a new branch of Mamy Restaurant to open up soon. That way, we won’t have to wait so long for a seat.”

Mag only offered a smile, and did not reply. It was true that he hadn’t decided on what he was going to do with Ricky’s Rotisserie yet.

“Go home, everyone. Mamy Restaurant will be releasing three flavors of roast beef kebabs and beer tomorrow. Each kebab will consist of five cubes of beef, and I welcome everyone to give it a taste,” Mag announced loudly.

“Five cubes! So generous!”

“I’ll be sure to come here bright and early tomorrow morning. Boss Mag, you’d better not make this dish unavailable in the morning like you did with your grilled fish!”

“Let’s go find something to eat. I’m about to starve to death.”

Mag’s words created another stir in the crowd as everyone departed. The lawn in front of the restaurant had been completely flattened, creating a rather miserable sight.

“Father is so awesome!” Amy looked up at Mag with admiration in her eyes. However, she then pouted as she said, “But... I still want to have more roast meat.”

“Meow-“Ugly Duckling chimed in as it rubbed its head against Mag’s foot.

“Alright, Father will make some for you.” Mag felt as if his heart were about to melt as he looked at these two adorable angels. He turned to Yabemiya, who was packing away the empty glasses, and said, “Don’t worry about that, Miya. Just get the tables back where they were, then come and have some dinner with me and Amy.”

“Alright!” A sweet smile appeared on Yabemiya’s face. She was also curious just how delicious the kebabs were. After all, even a customer as esteemed as Young Mistress Scheer had been asking for seconds.

“That bastard is way too stingy!” Febid looked back at Mag from nearby, and stomped his foot with frustration. However, his body sagged like a deflating balloon as his gaze fell on the roasting rack. He wore a conflicted and distressed look on his face as he murmured to himself, “How could such delicious roast beef exist? It’s much more delicious than anything I could’ve ever imagined. If it weren’t for the fact that I tasted it for myself, I wouldn’t be able to believe that such amazing food could exist. What am I going to write in my food review? I can’t think of any criticism at all!”

The crowd dispersed, and peace and quiet returned to Mamy Restaurant. It was getting quite late, and the stars and moon had appeared in the night sky. The four lamps in each corner of the outdoor dining area lit up, basking the entrance of the restaurant in a warm and comforting glow. Yabemiya and Amy

sat at the table with their chins resting in their hands, looking with anticipation as Mag roasted kebabs for them. The aroma of beef wafted through the air, making their stomachs growl involuntarily.

Mag suddenly turned back, and said, "By the way, Amy, Miya, I'm going to hold a moon festival celebration at our restaurant tomorrow, so we need to make some preparations after the meal."

### **Chapter 570 Ding! Please Close Your Eyes**

"Now that I think about it, I haven't been to Chaos City for three years. I wonder if Alex is doing well with his little daughter." Outside Chaos City, there was a line of carriages slowly approaching. A young man looked up at the large plaque above the city gates with a concerned look on his face.

Under the moonlight, his face was a very ordinary one. If it weren't for the scar at the corner of his eyes, his would be a set of completely unremarkable and forgettable features.

"That bastard is way too stubborn; he didn't accept a single copper coin from me. How is he going to live in Chaos City without any money? I'll go visit him tomorrow after I finish running my errands. It's been three years already, so surely those people have given up..." The young man was speaking absentmindedly to himself as the horse-drawn carriage progressed into the city.

However, elsewhere further away, there was a knight clad in black who was also slowly approaching Chaos City...

At the entrance of Mamy Restaurant

"Moon festival celebration?" Amy and Yabemiya were both looking at Mag with surprised expressions.

"Oh! Father, are you going to make mooncakes for me?" Amy looked up at Mag with anticipation in her eyes.

"That's right. I'll be making mooncakes for everyone tomorrow." Mag nodded with a smile. He then turned to the puzzled Yabemiya, and provided some context to explain the situation.

"So it's a festival celebrated by people from your hometown. Reunion really is a wonderful thing, isn't it?" Yabemiya's eyes lit up before quickly falling into dejection as she forced a smile onto her face.

Mag turned to Yabemiya with a warm comforting smile, and said, "I hope everyone can taste the sweetness of reunion, and I also hope that those who can't reunite with their loved ones can derive warmth from the celebration."

"Thank you, Boss." Yabemiya looked into Mag's eyes and nodded with gratitude.

"Alright, have a taste of the beef kebabs." Mag placed the kebabs in his hands onto plates and put the plates onto the table. The three types of beef kebabs had been placed into three separate piles. There was no need to include all three flavors on each kebab given that he wasn't trying to appeal to any judges anymore.

"Boss, would you like me to get a beer?" Miya asked. It seemed that everyone had been a fan of that special beer that Mag had brewed.

“That would be great, Miya. We won a restaurant today, so we should celebrate the occasion. Don’t forget to add ice.” Mag nodded with a smile.

“Hmm... I also want some delicious beer...” Amy mumbled through a mouthful of beef.

“You’re too young for beer, Amy. Miya is also too young to drink beer. You can only drink it when you grow up.” Mag shook his head with a serious expression. If her mother were to see that he had raised their child to be a young alcoholic, she would most likely kill him.

“Alright then.” Amy was slightly disappointed, but she still nodded obediently at the sight of Mag’s serious expression. She continued to nibble on her kebab, upon which a joyful smile soon returned to her face.

A smile also appeared on Mag’s face upon seeing that. For a little foodie like her, all was well as long as she had delicious food to eat.

After a short while, Yabemiya emerged from the restaurant with a glass of ice-cold beer, which she placed in front of Mag before taking a seat herself.

“Thank you for your hard work today. Have some kebabs,” Mag offered with a smile. He picked up a spicy kebab and took a bite, basking in the delicious flavor that flourished in his mouth. The tenderness of the beef was something no other types of beef could compare to. The kebab was far better than any that he had eaten in his past life; it really did live up to all of his lofty standards.

He swallowed the beef, which left a scorching sensation trailing all the way down his throat. He then chugged down a large mouthful of beer, and was completely reinvigorated by the refreshing icy cold sensation that followed.

Kebabs and beer really were a match made in heaven.

The rest of the beef was all devoured by the three of them plus Ugly Duckling. All of them sat around with bulging stomachs, but the same expression of bliss lingered on their faces.

Amy cast a spell to lower the temperature of the oven, which was then carried back into the kitchen by Yabemiya. Then, they began to decorate the restaurant in accordance with Mag’s instructions to prepare for the upcoming celebration. Only after doing that did Yabemiya bid farewell to Mag and Amy. She had to get up early for work the next day, so she had to go home to rest.

“Have a safe trip home.” Mag bade farewell to Miya before turning off the lights outside the restaurant. He also removed the hiatus slip from the door and carefully placed it back into a drawer to use it at a later date.

“Father, the restaurant looks so pretty now. Are we going to invite a lot of customers tomorrow?” Amy asked with sparkling eyes. There were all types of vibrant and colorful streamers hanging in the restaurant, creating a very joyful atmosphere.

“That’s right, all of the customers we invite tomorrow will join our celebrations, regardless of whether we know them or not. As long as they want to come, they’ll be invited.” Mag nodded with a smile. Even if he couldn’t make this entire alternate world celebrate the moon festival, he would try his best to extend the scope of the festival’s influence to the entire Mamy Restaurant customer base.



“Then I’m going to invite Jessica, Daphne, Big Sister Xixi, Big Bear... Everyone!” Amy was giddy with excitement. She then asked, “Do we have to perform something? Like Spring is Here? Or Summer is Here?”

“Well... If you want to, you certainly can.” Mag nodded with a smile. He was very embarrassed by his lackluster naming skills.

After tucking Amy into bed, Mag took a warm bath before lying down on his bed. He looked at the golden experience bag and strength point in his mind, and fell deep in thought.

He took a glance at Amy, and finally made up his mind. He gritted his teeth, and said, “I want to upgrade, system! Top me up with the strength point!”

“Would you like to implement two separate upgrades or use the entire strength point in one go?” the system asked.

“What do you think? Of course I want to get this over with in one go!” Mag scoffed.

“Alright. This process will create quite a loud commotion, so please find an open area with no one around first,” the system cautioned.

Mag took a glance at the sound asleep Amy before making his way onto the balcony. He stood at the center of the balcony and nodded as he said, “I’m ready, system.’

“Ding! Please close your eyes and brace yourself for a lightning strike.”

The system notification sounded.

“Hah?”

Mag’s eyes widened as he looked up into the sky, just in time to see a blinding flash descending from above.