

Stay At home 641

Chapter 641 May I Challenge You to a Cooking Contest?

Gloria stood at the top of the staircase and looked down at everyone's flabbergasted expressions. She felt very excited, but also quite nervous.

Then, she discovered Mag in the crowd.

She was like a lost ship that had suddenly discovered the lighthouse in the darkness; her nerves were instantly eased.

A relaxed smile appeared on her face, and she raised her chin slightly as she grabbed onto the skirt of her dress before making her way down the stairs in a graceful and composed manner.

"T... T... This is impossible!" Cyril was struggling to comprehend what he was seeing. In his memory, Gloria had always been a quiet sniveling little girl who had to wear her veil even during meals. When did she become such a confident woman?

Furthermore, the composure that she was displaying struck him with the illusion that he was seeing a second Scheer.

He had once thought her to be a mere joke, yet she had suddenly proven herself to be more than a worthy adversary. The abrupt sense of urgency and pressure that crashed down on him was making it difficult for him to breathe.

If this dress came from her own clothing shop, then she really is an interesting rival. Even I want a red version of the same dress. A smile appeared on Scheer's face as she looked at Gloria, but she was appraising her with the expression of a hunter surveying her prey.

"It's Big Sister!" Mickey yelled excitedly as he waved vehemently at Gloria.

"It really is her; that's our daughter." A delighted expression appeared on Debra's face as she looked at Gloria's smile. However, tears suddenly welled up in her eyes, and she covered her mouth as a sound caught somewhere between sobbing and laughter escaped her lips.

"Alright, both of our kids are smiling; why are you crying?" Lance wrapped an arm around her shoulder and gently held her in his arms, but tears had also welled up in his eyes.

A rare smile appeared on Jeffree's stern face, but he quickly wiped it away.

"President, is that Professor Lance's daughter?" Michael asked with a smile.

"Indeed, she is." Jeffree nodded in response.

"She's certainly a lot more good-looking than Professor Lance. She must take after her mother. Perhaps she'll be the next Scheer," Michael said with a smile.

"She can't compare to that girl from the Buffett Family." Jeffree shook his head in response.

“If you ask me, you should learn from Old Man Ian from time to time. Look at him; all he does is fish every day, and he’s living his best life. Are you planning to work yourself into your grave?” Michael chuckled.

“Well, you know my situation. My son can’t be entrusted with any significant duties yet. If I retire, the Moreton Family is going to fall.” Jeffree shook his head in response and his expression remained unchanged.

Michael merely smiled and didn’t say anything else.

Everyone’s attention had been drawn to Gloria. Women wanted to know where they could buy such a beautiful dress, while men simply couldn’t bear to look away from such a stunning beauty.

As Gloria took her first step into the banquet hall, the music also began to play at the exact same moment. Everyone was curious who was going to be her dance partner for the night.

All of the men were adjusting their clothes, trying to make themselves appear more gentlemanly. Some of them extended invitations to Gloria, including the young master of the deputy city lord’s family, as well as the young master from the family of Rodu’s ambassador, Ryan, but all of them were turned down with a smile.

“Mr. Mag, may I have this dance?”

Gloria made her way over to Mag with a smile, but her hands were trembling slightly.

“What?! Young Mistress Gloria is inviting that man to dance with her?”

“Oh my God! Who is this man? Is he a prince of the Roth Empire?”

“This man’s luck is infuriatingly good!”

“Is there anything special about him aside from his looks?”

The crowd had erupted into an uproar. All of the men were feeling extremely envious and even resentful in some cases, while the women were beginning to contemplate deeper questions.

“I don’t know how to dance.” Mag touched his nose using one finger with a slightly awkward expression. He had danced during similar occasions in his past life, but he had no idea how people danced in this world. Alex’s memories didn’t contain any information about this, either.

All of the men instantly heaved a collective sigh of relief.

“I can teach you,” Gloria offered as a blush appeared on her face.

“Go, Father!” Amy encouraged while raising her little fists.

“I’ll look after Amy for you,” Luna offered with a smile. However, she was struck by an indescribable sense of loss in the knowledge that Mag was going to dance with someone else.

This man is quite a hindrance. Should I get rid of him? Camilla, who held her black cat in her arms, looked at Mag with furrowed brows.

“Alright, I’ll be in your care, then.” Mag smiled as he extended his right hand toward Gloria.

If he wanted to mingle with the upper class, he had to learn how to dance. Seeing as such a beautiful woman was willing to teach him, there was naturally no reason for him to refuse.

He really liked watching men glower at him with envy, unable to do anything to him.

Gloria looked down at her hands and hesitated momentarily before placing her left hand in Mag's hand.

His large warm hand was like a furnace, and the scorching heat made her blush even further. She took a step closer to Mag with her head slightly lowered, and quietly said, "Please rest your hand on my back."

"Alright." Mag's expression was gentle and composed. He wasn't flustered just because he was holding such an exquisite beauty in his arms. He did as he was told, laying his hand over the small of Gloria's back. However, his hand hovered about an inch away, without actually making contact with her skin.

Gloria looked up at Mag with a slightly surprised expression. She was internally praising Mag for his gentlemanly conduct, but at the same time, she was also a little disappointed.

Slow and soothing music began to play as the guests began to dance in the banquet hall.

Gloria guided Mag, starting from the most basic dancing steps. They slowly got into a rhythm, and before long, they were already dancing smoothly to the music.

It's quite similar to modern ballroom dancing. There are only a few steps that are a little different, but after mastering those, this won't be difficult at all, Mag thought to himself. It had only been less than 20 minutes since his crash course in dancing had begun, and he was already able to lead Gloria.

As he sensed the envious or vicious glances being aimed at him, Mag's dancing became more and more joyful.

At the conclusion of the song, Gloria was panting slightly with a hand pressed over her chest. She looked at Mag in disbelief, and asked, "Mr. Mag, have you really never danced before?"

Everyone was also looking at Mag with disbelief in their eyes. All of them were certain that Mag had intentionally taken advantage of Gloria.

"It is indeed my first time. Perhaps this is what they call talent." Mag shrugged in response.

"Shameless!"

The same word flashed through everyone's hearts at the same time.

However, Gloria had clearly been convinced, and she looked at Mag with admiration in her eyes as she said, "You really are a genius."

Mag was suddenly feeling a little sheepish.

At this moment, a voice suddenly sounded from behind him. "You're Mr. Mag from Mamy Restaurant, right? May I challenge you to a cooking contest?"

Chapter 642 Are You Serious About Beef?

Mag turned around, discovering a middle-aged man in a chef's suit.

He was of medium build, with his short black hair combed in an impeccable manner. He appeared to be around 40 years of age, and had quite a benevolent appearance. Even while issuing the challenge, he was still looking at Mag with a polite smile on his face.

"That's Head Chef Beate of Ducas Restaurant, right?"

"The head chef of Ducas Restaurant is challenging Mag to a cooking contest? Surely he's going to get turned down."

"I feel like this is the perfect time for the head chef to take the stage! That guy deserves to be taught a lesson for laying his hands on Young Mistress Gloria!"

Many people began to discuss quietly among themselves upon seeing this, while many men were taking pleasure in seeing the difficult situation Mag had found himself in.

He's a chef as well? Camilla turned to Mag with a hint of surprise on her face. The black cat in her arms stuck out its head and glanced in the direction of Amy and Ugly Duckling, upon which it immediately ducked its head again.

Gloria was looking at Mag with a concerned expression on her face. She had always been of the opinion that Mag's cooking skills were unmatched, but Head Chef Beate was the most renowned chef in the entire Chaos City. He was the man who ensured that Ducas Restaurant constantly occupied the number one spot on the Aden Square food competition rankings board.

Scheer swirled the red wine in her glass and appraised Mag with a smile. She then cast a furtive glance toward Gloria as she speculated what the relationship between the two was. She was also quite curious to see how Mag was going to respond to Beate's challenge.

"Father, are you going to be win another big house?" Amy's eyes lit up with anticipation as she looked at Mag.

"Are you that confident that Boss Mag is going to win? He's facing the head chef of Ducas Restaurant; there's no way the owner of Ricky's Rotisserie can compare to him," Vivian said with a smile.

"Then who do you think will win, Big Sister Vivian?" Amy asked.

Vivian thought about this carefully before replying, "Boss Mag."

"You two..." Luna shook her head with an amused expression. At the same time, she was also looking at Mag with a hint of concern in her eyes.

It seemed as if no one thought that Mag would refuse the challenge.

"You're the head chef responsible for tonight's banquet?" Mag asked.

"Indeed, I am Head Chef Beate of Ducas Restaurant, and I am responsible for tonight's banquet." Beate nodded in confirmation.

"My apologies, but I'm here today as a guest, so I have to refuse your challenge." Mag spread his hands open with a smile.

He was not interested in a cooking contest without any worthwhile stakes.

Furthermore, it was rather strange that the head chef of Ducas Restaurant would challenge him out of the blue. It was very likely that he had been prompted by someone else to challenge him, and Mag didn't want to play into the hands of the instigator.

He had just purchased a high-quality suit from the system, and it would be a shame if he were to get any stains on it.

Right at this moment, the system's voice suddenly sounded. "Ding! New mission: accept this challenge and defeat the opponent! After the mission is completed, you will receive an opportunity to spin the God of Cookery upgrade wheel. If you fail the mission, you will lose 10,000 gold coins as a punishment."

"Holy f*ck! Can't you release your missions in a more timely manner? I just turned the guy down and you're releasing this type of mission? Are you trying to make me swallow my words?" Mag raised his eyebrows, clearly not expecting the system to pull such a sneaky trick on him.

"The system has complete autonomy over the release of the missions. You cannot state any requirements with regard to these missions," the system replied calmly.

"Fine, you win." Mag rolled his eyes.

"He turned him down?"

"Why are you so surprised? Is there a better chef than Head Chef Beate in Chaos City?"

"Don't underestimate Boss Mag. His food is extremely delicious."

The guests were all discussing among themselves. They had thought that they would be treated to a good show, but it appeared that Mag didn't want to accept Beate's challenge.

"Looks like the banquet tonight is going to be very interesting," Michael mused with a smile.

"Head Chef Beate has taken notice of that bold announcement that Mr. Mag made a while back. It looks like he couldn't help himself and decided to issue a challenge," the owner of Ducas Restaurant, Spatch, said with a smile. As a vice-president of the Chamber of Commerce, he had a spot in the VIP area.

"Competition is a good thing for both the Chamber of Commerce and the Aden Square," Jeffree remarked with an indifferent expression.

Beate looked at Mag with a hint of surprise on his face. He turned to glance at the VIP area, and Spatch nodded at him from afar. After receiving that signal, the smile on his face faded as he put on a serious expression, and continued, "I heard that you said you were going to revolutionize the concept of delicious cuisine in this world. I want to know if your so-called redefinition is correct."

"I'm going to use my food to redefine the concept of delicious cuisine in this world. That is what I believe to be correct." Mag looked back at Beate with a calm expression. It appeared that he had indeed been spurred on by someone else to challenge him.

However, seeing as the mission had been released and this head chef wasn't planning to back down without a fight, Mag was doing away with pleasantries as well.

“What if someone expresses doubt toward your methods?” A hint of anger appeared in Beate’s eyes. There had never been a chef who had dared to utter such arrogant words to him.

“I’m confident that I would be able to silence them with my cooking,” Mag replied with a smile.

“You’re not going to silence me with just your words.” Beate shook his head.

Mag undid his shirt’s topmost button. Smiling, he asked, “Ricky offered his rotisserie as the stakes for our showdown; what have you prepared for me today, Head Chef Beate?”

“I...” Beate’s expression stiffened upon hearing that. He was the head chef of Ducas Restaurant, but the restaurant didn’t belong to him, nor did he have a restaurant under his own name that he could offer.

“Boss Mag, if you’d like to add some stakes to the contest, then I can offer the storefront next to Ricky’s Rotisserie as a prize if you win.” Spatch rose to his feet with a smile, and introduced himself. “Nice to meet you, I’m Spatch, the owner of Ducas Restaurant.”

“Alright, then I’ll bet Ricky’s Rotisserie as my part of the stakes.” Mag nodded at Spatch before turning back to Beate as he said, “What would you like our cooking contest to comprise of?”

“I heard that Mr. Mag is extremely proficient in cooking roast beef. I recently invented a new dish, and the main ingredient in that dish is also beef. I propose we compete with beef as the main ingredient for our dishes. You may use all of the kitchenware that I’ve brought with me, which includes a roasting rack,” Beate proposed.

“Are you serious about beef?” Mag raised an eyebrow. This head chef sure was confident. He clearly knew that Ricky had been defeated by none other than his roast beef kebabs, yet he was still proposing a challenge with beef as the main ingredient. However, unbeknownst to him, roast beef kebabs wasn’t the only beef dish that Mag could cook now.

“Do you have any objections, Mr. Mag?” Beate asked.

“Of course not.” Mag shook his head with a smile, and said, “However, seeing as we have so many guests present, I propose we let them be the judges of our cooking contest.”

Chapter 643 Magic Stove? Spherical Rotational High-Pressure Cooker?

Many important figures were in attendance at the mid-year banquet held by the Chamber of Commerce. As such, it wouldn’t be a difficult task to pick a few neutral judges among them.

Hence, a judging panel was soon assembled, consisting of City Lord Michael, President Jeffree, Scheer, Camilla, and the Roth Empire ambassador, Cayrols. Mag nodded with satisfaction at the sight of this judging panel.

None of them were professional chefs or food critics, but their neutrality could be ensured. It would be very difficult to find a more extravagant judging panel for a cooking contest in Chaos City.

Two portable cooking benches had already been positioned at the center of the banquet hall. On those benches were all types of utensils, kitchenware, and condiments. Beate was already standing in front of the cooking bench on the left.

“Who would have thought that we’d be able to witness a cooking contest at the banquet tonight? And to think that one of the competitors would be Head Chef Beate of Ducas Restaurant; I sure am glad I decided to come tonight!”

“I didn’t think that this Mag would actually dare to accept the challenge. If he loses, he’s going to have to cough up an entire store!”

All of the customers began to discuss spiritedly among themselves. They were very much looking forward to this prestigious cooking contest.

“I think Boss Mag should cook grilled fish. As soon as the delicious spicy grilled fish is presented to the judging panel, his victory will be ensured!” Vivian had her arms crossed with a serious expression on her face.

“I think all of Mag’s dishes are very delicious, but in a cooking contest like this, it’ll be easier to compare and judge the dishes if they use the same main ingredient.” Luna was holding Amy’s little hand with a slightly nervous look on her face.

“Mr. Mag is definitely going to win!” Gloria also wore a rather tense expression. She had absolute confidence in Mag’s food, but she still couldn’t help but be nervous.

“Go, Father! Go!” Amy was cheering Mag on with her little hand raised aloft. She was the only one who wasn’t nervous at all.

It may not hit the spot like fresh blood, but Beate’s food is still quite good. This guy doesn’t even look like a chef; will he really be able to make anything delicious? Camilla was appraising Mag with a skeptical look.

This contest may transform the entire gastronomic industry in the Aden Square. I wonder what the wily old fox is going to do. Scheer took a glance at the expressionless Jeffree before turning to Mag with a grim expression. However, a smile quickly returned to her face upon seeing Mag’s relaxed and carefree expression.

What an arrogant fool! How dare you accept Beate’s Challenge? I’m going to ensure your reputation is swept to the ground tonight! Cyril was looking at Mag with a cold sneer, feeling as if he could already predict the results of the contest.

“Mr. Mag, if you require any more kitchenware or condiments, you can tell me now and I’ll get my people to prepare them,” Beate offered.

“That’s alright, I won’t be making my roast beef kebabs today. I wanted to try out a new dish I invented just recently, and all I’ll need for that dish is a frying pan.” Mag shook his head as he turned his attention to one half of a freshly slaughtered cow hanging from a rack beside him.

This was a superb Ironhide Bull, and the blood that was still dripping from the carcass was a sufficient indication of its freshness. It was going to be perfect for steak.

“A new dish?” Beate looked at Mag with a meaningful expression. This young man seemed to be even more arrogant than he had imagined

“That’s alright. I wonder if your new dish or my new dish will be more to the liking of the judging panel,” Mag said with a smile.

“We’ll see,” Beate replied with a serious expression.

“Alright, let’s begin, then.” Mag’s expression was still very relaxed.

“Sure.” Beate turned round and grabbed onto the hilt of a long and thin blade on his knife rack.

The sharp blade sliced through the beef, and a portion of lean beef without any fat soon appeared on his chopping board. The knife had cut through the beef so quickly that it was almost too fast for the eyes to follow. After a few precise and confident strokes, the beef had already been sliced into cubes of a uniform size.

“Such exceptional cutting skills!”

The spectators couldn’t help but exclaim.

Mag also nodded upon seeing this. Such exemplary knife skills really were befitting of a chef of Beate’s status. However, he wasn’t in a hurry to begin his own cooking.

After cubing the beef, Beate set his knife aside and took the lid off the heavy spherical pot beside him. The walls of the pot were three inches thick, and had almost entirely sunk into the cooking bench, leaving only the lid exposed on top.

Beate placed all of the beef in the black pot before tossing in many types of condiments all at once. He then brought out a bamboo tube before taking off its lid, upon which the aroma of wine intermingled with the fresh scent of bamboo wafted through the air.

“Is that wine brewed in bamboo? It’s so fragrant!” Everyone’s eyes lit up with incredulity as they looked at the bamboo tube in Beate’s hand.

Who would have thought bamboo wine exists even in this world? Mag was also appraising the wine container in Beate’s hand with a hint of surprise on his face.

Beate slowly tipped over the bamboo tube in his hand, upon which faint golden elixir-like wine poured into the black pot, emitting an even richer aroma.

“That’s exceptional wine! Looks like the season for bamboo wine is upon us again.” Michael inhaled deeply as his eyes lit up.

“Using bamboo wine to cook beef; as expected, Head Chef Beate’s creativity is unmatched. Looks like Ducas Restaurant is going to add another iconic dish to its menu,” Ambassador Cayrols praised.

“What’s bamboo wine? It certainly smells quite good.” Camilla nodded in agreement.

A moderate amount of bamboo wine was poured into the black pot before Beate replaced the lid on the bamboo tube. He then pulled out another wooden barrel and poured some water into the pot before putting the lid on the pot, turning a few times to completely seal it in place.

The spherical black pot was almost entirely under the cooking bench, with only its curved lid visible from above.

Beate pressed a yellow button nearby, and the entire cooking bench suddenly began to tremor. A few streaks of crimson fire suddenly erupted around the black pot as a scorching aura emanated through the air. The black pot then rose into the air as if propelled by some sort of mysterious power before beginning to rapidly rotate.

“Holy f*ck! You can do that? A magic stove and a spherical rotational high-pressure cooker?” Mag’s eyes widened with shock.

He had thought that his cooking utensils were already super high-tech, but who would have thought that Beate would bring out magic kitchenware? This was like using hacks!

“System, get me a bottle of black pepper powder!” Mag was initially planning to observe how Beate was going to cook his dish, but he didn’t think that his opponent would employ such high-tech equipment. It would be bad if he completed his dish too long after his opponent.

“Black pepper powder, 10 gold coins per bottle,” the system replied calmly.

Chapter 644 System, You Bastard!

“Huh? 10 gold coins for one bottle of black pepper powder? Are you trying to rob me?” Mag raised an eyebrow upon hearing that. He suddenly developed a feeling that the system had an ulterior motive for releasing that mission.

“Nonsense! Am I that kind of system?”

The system had clearly been enraged by Mag’s accusations as it retorted, “This black pepper is produced on Cicilan Island in the Demon Islands. This island only has an area of 1,000 square meters, and less than half of that area is suitable for planting black pepper. The system had to selectively breed Cambodian Kampot pepper to create the more exceptional Kampot number two.

“The special climate on Cicilan Island and its mineral-rich soil gives the black pepper a unique flavor, which can significantly improve the taste of a dish. Furthermore, this black pepper is known as black gold, and in this world, pepper is worth far more than gold. 10 gold coins per bottle is already a bargain!”

Mag was slightly more able to accept this price after hearing the system’s description. It was only normal for exceptional ingredients to be extremely expensive. In any case, he would just have to pass on these costs to his customers. However, he was still a little curious as he asked, “There’s even black pepper in this world?”

“Black pepper is a luxury food item in this world. It can only thrive in extremely limited conditions, and is very inconvenient to transport; therefore, wild black pepper is extremely expensive on the market. Even some high-grade restaurants may not be able to get much black pepper per year,” the system replied.

“System, how about we just sell black pepper? This is an extremely profitable business endeavor!” Mag’s eyes lit up. The rarer an item was, the more expensive it became. Most importantly, there seemed to be quite a large market for this item.

“You have to constantly remember who you are! As a candidate to become the God of Cookery, don’t you feel ashamed to be thinking about selling ingredients for a living?” the system wailed.

“Oh yeah? Well, you’re supposed to be a food system; are you proud of selling me all of that other random crap?” Mag rolled his eyes before glancing at Beate, who was flying through his cooking process, and he realized that he didn’t have any more time to waste on bickering with the system. As such, he urged, “Alright, that’s enough, I’ll get a bottle of black pepper. Make sure to deliver it directly into my pocket so no one sees it.”

“Ding! 10 gold coins have been deducted! A bottle of black pepper powder has been delivered.”

Mag looked down at the bulge that had suddenly appeared in his crotch with a thunderous expression, and roared internally, “System, you bastard! I said in my pocket, not down my pants!”

“Sorry, the delivery was a little off,” the system apologized.

Mag felt his crotch go cold, following which his pocket bulged instead; only then did his expression ease slightly. Thankfully, no one had noticed that. Otherwise, he would’ve definitely been labeled as a freak.

He pulled out the small bottle of black pepper powder from his pocket and placed it on the bench. After that, he made sure that he had all of the ingredients he required before taking off his black suit and handing it over to one of the waiters nearby. He then unbuttoned his sleeves and rolled them up before grabbing a flat knife from the rack.

“What is that guy doing? Head Chef Beate is almost done, and he hasn’t even started yet.”

“It feels like he’s not even a chef. Can he really make any good food?”

The guests began to discuss quietly among themselves, and most of them weren’t optimistic about Mag’s chances.

“Heh, he must be petrified.” Cyril looked at Mag with a cold sneer on his face. The way that the contest was progressing was outside his expectations, but he was naturally quite happy to see Mag struggling.

“Alright, time to display some true skills.”

A deriding sneer appeared on Mag’s face as he listened to criticism aimed at him. He made his way over to the cow carcass and sliced his knife through the beef on the cow’s back. In the blink of an eye, six portions of rib-eye beef identical in thickness had appeared on the chopping board, set up in exactly two rows. Upon closer inspection, everyone noticed that even the shape of the portions of beef was completely identical.

“Wow! What amazing cutting skills!”

“I didn’t even see what he did! That’s rib-eye beef, right? The size and shape are all completely the same!”

The guests’ eyes lit up in unison. Mag’s extraordinary cutting skills had completely altered their first impression of him.

“Not bad; looks like he has a good foundation.” Beate also nodded to himself with approval as he looked at Mag.

Mag was still quite young, and his restaurant was also only in its infancy. He had a few dishes that were rather renowned, but in Beate's eyes, the customers were surely exaggerating in their praise of his food.

In order to become an outstanding chef, an accumulation of practice was imperative. Talent was very important, but hard work and dedication as well as sufficient practical experience were also crucial.

Perhaps Mag satisfied the criteria of talent and hard work, but Beate thought that he would be unable to perfectly gauge his customers' flavor preferences without sufficient practical experience. Beate was cooking a new dish he had just invented, and he was confident that he would be able to win this cooking contest with it.

This was only a new dish, yet it had been taste-tested on a small scale, and the feedback had been excellent. It was his most prized creation second only to his roast pig.

Mag put down his knife, and wasn't in a hurry to continue cooking. Instead, he made his way over to the judging panel and stopped in front of Scheer with a smile as he asked, "Would I be able to get a glass of red wine brewed by the Buffett Family's winery?"

"Are you planning to have a drink before you begin cooking?" Scheer asked with a dainty smile.

"Beate is using top-grade bamboo wine to cook his beef, and after thinking about it, only Young Mistress Scheer's wine can outstrip the wine he's using. As such, I'm requesting a glass of wine for cooking purposes," Mag replied with a smile.

"I've never tasted beef cooked with red wine before. As expected, you really are an interesting chef, Mr. Mag." Scheer's smile widened at the indirect compliment Mag had delivered regarding her family's winery. She gestured to a waiter who was holding a bottle of red wine, and asked him to pour a glass for Mag.

"Thank you." Mag accepted the glass of wine before returning to his cooking bench. He pulled off the knife from the rack again, and began to tenderize the beef with the flat of the blade. After that, he placed the beef onto dishes and used the red wine to marinate it.

The high-grade Ironhide Bull rib-eye beef was vibrant and succulent, and after the superb red wine was applied, the rich aroma of wine wafted through the air, making the hue of the beef even more appealing at the same time.

"Wine with beef, in conjunction with the faint metallic tang of blood; it smells so good!" Camilla took a whiff of the aroma wafting toward her, and her eyes abruptly lit up.

"Crack!"

A crisp crack sounded from Beate's end as the lid of his spherical pot was removed, sending a rich aroma spilling forth in all directions!

Chapter 645 Perhaps I Should Go Out More

The red magic flames had already been adjusted to low heat, and the black pot was placed back at the same spot. Its curved lid had been removed, and a rich aroma wafted forth, making all of the guests' eyes light up with amazement.

“It smells so good!” Amy inhaled deeply, and her eyes were glittering with praise as she stared at Beate’s black pot.

“Head Chef Beate is almost done, yet Boss Mag has only just begun. This is really bad!” Vivian was quite concerned.

“It’s alright, Father is super awesome, so we don’t have to worry at all.” Amy’s expression was filled with confidence, and held not even the slightest hint of concern.

“I feel like just this aroma of beef and bamboo wine is intoxicating me!”

“Indeed, this aroma is really unique. I think the dish will be extremely delicious!”

“As expected of Head Chef Beate. This may well become one of Ducas Restaurant’s signature dishes!”

All of the guests were full of praise for Beate’s dish, having already been completely won over by this amazing aroma.

The aroma of the wine is indeed quite good, but the rank odor inherent in the beef has not been taken care of. That’s why beef should be stewed in hot water. However, using bamboo wine to stew beef and creating such a delicious aroma is a testament to Beate’s creativity and cooking skills. Looks like I can’t just write off the top chefs in this world. Mag looked on with a grim expression at Beate, who was adding all types of secondary ingredients into the pot.

In the past, he had severely criticized the standard of food in this world, but it appeared that his criticism had been overly harsh.

In this world, there were still some chefs with brilliant skills and an innovative mindset.

They were the true pillar of the gastronomic industry in this world.

Chaos City wasn’t renowned all over the Norland Continent for its food. Instead, Rodu was known as the city of delicious cuisine, and other races also had their own unique cuisine.

Perhaps I should go out more when I get the chance. I should taste the cuisine all over the world and perhaps learn some cooking techniques and methods that are unique to this world, Mag thought to himself. The magic pot that Beate was using had struck him with a lot of inspiration. Even with the kitchenware provided by the system, it was very difficult for him to stew beef in such a short time. That black pot was truly a piece of cutting-edge technology.

Furthermore, the ingredients of this world were naturally different from those on Earth.

Normal ingredients wouldn’t be a problem, but if the tough flesh of some high-tier magic beasts were cooked in a normal pot, it most likely wouldn’t become tender even after three consecutive days of cooking, let alone be made into a delicious dish.

Right at this moment, the system’s voice sounded. “Magic pressure cooker, 1,000 gold coins each. Buy now to receive a magic stove and three magic recharges for free!”

Mag raised an eyebrow and heaved a resigned sigh. “System, you really aren’t willing to pass up any opportunity to make money.”

“The system is dedicated to providing the best ingredients and kitchenware. Rest assured, as long as enough money is given, there’s nothing that the system can’t make. Furthermore, anything produced by the system is guaranteed to be superior to all other competing products on the market!” The system sent through a smiling emoji.

“You sure are humble.” Mag pursed his lips as he poured some oil into the frying pan. At the same time, he placed some chopped capsicum and brocolli into a boiling pot of water.

The frying pan was very large, and could easily be used to cook six steaks at once.

The design of the magic stove was slightly similar to that of a gas stove. After turning the stove on, the flame could be adjusted. The energy source consisted of three Scorching Fire Crystals.

These crystals were found beneath molten lava, and contained an extremely high amount of fire element. After being refined in a magic spell formation, it would become a controllable source of energy to be used in magic stoves.

This was the first time that Mag was using a magic stove. Aside from the fact that it took some time for him to get used to the heat settings on the stove, everything else went without a hitch.

As Beate added more ingredients and condiments into the pot, the aroma of beef became richer and more alluring. He was using a long-handled ladle to stir the contents of the black pot, and as the steam rose up into the air, everyone’s attention was drawn to his cooking bench. Many people were already gulping down their drool.

A pleased smile appeared on Spatch’s face as he nodded to himself. He took a glance at Mag, and his smile became even more vibrant.

Securing a storefront with such ease was naturally something worthy of joy. Furthermore, the reputation and influence of Ducas Restaurant would also be enhanced following a victory here; it was killing several birds with one stone!

As for the instruction that the president had given him, he would also be able to complete it to perfection.

In Chaos City, Ducas Restaurant stood at the pinnacle of the gastronomic industry.

No one had been able to overtake them in several decades, and no one would be able to outstrip them in the future, either.

Mr. Mag, will you be able to turn the tables? Scheer took a glance at Spatch, and some things were already apparent to her.

However, if Mag couldn’t even win a cooking contest like this, then there was no way that he would be able to break Ducas Restaurant’s reign of supremacy in Chaos City. As such, there would be no point in cooperating with him.

Business was business, after all, and she never made unprofitable investments.

Just as everyone was eagerly awaiting the completion of Beate’s dish, Mag had only just begun to prepare his secondary ingredients before placing all six pieces of steak into the frying pan.

“Sizzle-“

The beef that had been marinated with wine was placed into the scorching hot frying pan, emitting a delightful sizzling sound.

The rich aroma of wine immediately spilled forth. It was like a sharp sword in conjunction with the aroma of the beef, piercing straight through the aroma of the stewed beef.

“This aroma is so unique!”

The guests closest to Mag were the first to react, and their eyes lit up as they looked at the steaks on Mag’s frying pan with incredulity in their eyes.

“The large chunks of steak don’t look very appetizing, but this aroma is so alluring!”

“As expected, the red wine from the Buffett Family’s winery is very exquisite. The wine that Young Mistress Scheer drinks is the best of the best; using it to cook beef would surely create a delectable flavor.”

The guests began to discuss quietly among themselves, developing a certain degree of interest in Mag’s beef dish.

Mag placed another, smaller, frying pan onto another stovetop before tossing in a block of butter along with some other condiments. He poured in a small portion of the black pepper powder in the bottle, and then poured in a large bowl of water as he began to cook the black pepper broth.

“Head Chef Beate is already done!” someone exclaimed.

Everyone turned toward Beate upon hearing this, just in time to see Beate ladling beef into a series of small bowls with decorative edges. The tender beef and golden potatoes were all embroiled in rich golden broth, creating an extremely appetizing combination.

“I’m finished.” Beate put down his ladle and turned in Mag’s direction.

Two waiters hurried forward, and carefully carried a bowl of stewed beef to each of the five judges.

This one’s medium; it should be perfect for Mistress Bartoli, Beate thought to himself as they placed the first steak on a plate.

Chapter 646 Torn Clothes!

In the freshly stewed potatoes and beef, the dark brown cubes of beef had been cooked to an extremely tender state, yet still retained their shape and structural integrity. The golden potatoes had also been sliced into cubes, and a layer of thick golden broth had been drizzled over them. The rich aroma of the dish wafted through the air, and the eyes of the five judges lit up in unison.

“It looks really delicious! I really want to know how that beef was made.”

“Head Chef Beate’s cooking skills are beyond reproach. I can tell just from this aroma that this is going to be one of the Ducas Restaurant’s future signature dishes.”

“I’m going to visit Ducas Restaurant tomorrow. I wonder if they’re going to release this as a new dish.”

The guests all looked on with sparkling eyes. Many of them were regular customers of Ducas Restaurant, so prices that were expensive to normal people were still quite acceptable in their eyes.

The flavor of the beef has been perfectly retained, yet it’s only become richer following the cooking process. This is the first time I’ve seen beef and potatoes stewed together; I wonder what kind of surprise Head Chef Beate is going to offer. Michael was the first one to pick up his chopsticks. He tasted a piece of potato first.

The soft potato was covered in decadent beef broth, and the more he chewed, the more delicious the flavor became. This was a brand-new spin on the age-old ingredient of potatoes, and his eyes immediately lit up.

He then had a piece of beef. The beef was so soft and tender that he was almost unable to pick it up with his chopsticks. It melted in his mouth, sending the flavor of beef and bamboo wine washing over his palate. The refreshing fragrance of bamboo had been perfectly absorbed by the beef, which slid down his throat, leaving a wonderful aftertaste in his mouth.

“The beef is tender and refreshing, and the idea to incorporate bamboo wine into this dish is a stroke of genius. The two flavors complement each other perfectly; this is an exceptional dish!” Michael nodded with satisfaction as he had another piece of beef.

Michael’s review sent a small stir running through the guests present. After all, it was an honor to be praised by the city lord.

A smile appeared on Beate’s face. He heard praise like this on a daily basis, but the compliment seemed to hold more meaning when it was paid by the city lord.

Beate turned to look at Mag, who was still carefully frying his steaks, and his expression completely relaxed. The cooking method that Mag was employing was very special. At the very least, Beate had never seen beef cooked in such a manner. This showed that he wasn’t lying; this was indeed a new dish that he had only recently invented.

However, without an extensive period of marination, there was no way that any flavor could’ve seeped into the steaks, so how could it possibly taste good?

Jeffree picked up a small piece of beef with his chopsticks before chewing on it a few times. His expression remained unchanged as he nodded, and said, “Hmm, not bad.”

“As expected of the head chef of Ducas Restaurant, this is the first time I’ve ever tasted such delicious beef. Even in Rodu, there are very few chefs who can compare to your genius.” Cayrols had a piece of beef and turned to Beate with words of praise. At the same time, he thought to himself, It’s going to be His Majesty’s 60th birthday in a few days. Prince Josh has been searching for a present for his Majesty; perhaps I can get Beate to make a trip to Rodu and cook some delicious cuisine for His Majesty...

Scheer put down her chopsticks before dabbing at her lips with her handkerchief. She nodded, and said, “The freshness and richness of the beef were retained, yet all of its undesirable flavors have been masked by the fragrance of the wine. This is indeed a very special dish. In my opinion, this dish can rank among the top three of all of Ducas Restaurant’s dishes.”

Meanwhile, Camilla only had a small mouthful of beef before putting down her chopsticks, upon which her brows furrowed, and she said, "It's not like we don't have teeth; why did you make the beef so soft? And what is this bamboo wine? The flavor is horrendous."

"Even the strict president said the dish is not bad; looks like Head Chef Beate is going to win tonight for sure."

"I expected this to be the result from the very beginning."

"Looks like Mistress Bartoli doesn't like the bamboo wine. Even so, it's still four votes to one; Head Chef Beate will still come out on top."

"That might not be the case. Perhaps Mistress Bartoli will prefer Head Chef Beate's dish over that guy's dish."

After tasting the dish, all five judges gave their own reviews, triggering a heated discussion among the guests present. In many people's eyes, there was no doubt that Beate was going to secure a landslide victory.

"Looks like this one's in the bag," Spatch murmured to himself as he took a sip of wine. He was still the absolute authority in Chaos City's gastronomic industry.

Right at this moment, Mag's voice sounded. "I'm finished as well."

Everyone turned in Mag's direction in unison. There were six plates positioned in front of his frying pan, each of which was carrying a piece of beef. Capsicum and spinach were used to embellish the dish, and a rich gray sauce had been poured over the beef.

"This aroma is so unique! Did he use some sort of special condiment?"

"I can smell it too. If I'm not mistaken, that should be the aroma of black pepper!"

"Black pepper? You mean that condiment that's known as black gold?"

"Black pepper is indeed more expensive than gold. Last time, our chef managed to get some, and it cost him 10 dragon coins. However, that delicious flavor really makes the price worth *it*."

The aroma of black pepper proliferated through the air, and the people who had tasted black pepper before quickly managed to identify this unique scent.

"Black pepper?" Beate looked at the steaks in front of Mag with his brows slightly furrowed in surprise. "I've never heard of anyone using black pepper to cook beef. I only use it to give my roast pig an extra kick. Where did he even manage to get black pepper?"

"Please give that portion to Mistress Bartoli, then give the other four to the four judges. Don't forget to pair the dishes with knives and forks." Mag delivered a series of instructions to the waiters nearby before picking up the final plate and pointing toward Amy as he said, "Please get me a knife and a fork, and give this plate to that little girl over there."

Even in a cooking contest, he still hasn't forgotten to cook for his daughter. This man is a really good father! Luna thought to herself as many people turned to look at Amy.

“Wow, Father made some for me too!” Amy’s eyes immediately lit up at the sight of the waiter walking toward her.

“This is steak. The proper way to eat it is to slice it into small pieces using your knife, then stab it with your fork and dip it in some sauce before eating,” Mag introduced with a smile.

“How could you use such exceptional red wine to cook beef? What a waste!” Camilla looked at Mag before absentmindedly doing as she was instructed and placing a piece of steak into her mouth.

“This flavor!” Camilla’s eyes abruptly widened.

“Rip!”

The collar of her sexy tight-fitting dress immediately tore open!

Chapter 647 I Can Eat It For You to Hear

Her clothes tore open!

A slightly peculiar expression appeared on Mag’s face at the sight of Camilla’s wardrobe malfunction, but he certainly wasn’t going to look away from such a stunning view.

The sliver of her cleavage that had already been revealed in the first place was further lengthened downward. The torn collar didn’t actually expose much of anything that shouldn’t have been exposed, but the visual stimulus coupled with the auditory stimulus of her clothes tearing open still drew a lot of attention.

However, that black cat suddenly raised its head, obscuring her cleavage as it looked around at all the men with a menacing light in its green eyes.

Meanwhile, Camilla seemed to have been completely unaware of her wardrobe malfunction. She was carefully savoring her steak as she looked down at her plate with an incredulous expression.

The beef was tinged with bloody fibers, and the faint metallic tang of blood came wafting toward her as if the steak hadn’t been fully cooked.

However, it was exactly this half-cooked portion of beef that was proving to be completely irresistible to her.

Even though the beef wasn’t fully cooked, its usual rank odor had completely disappeared. The juices within the beef intermingled with red wine spilled into her mouth, creating a perfect flavor combination that she simply couldn’t get enough of.

However, what was even more astonishing to her was the sauce. The seemingly mundane and nondescript gray sauce seemed to possess some type of magical power as it wreaked havoc within her mouth.

The flavors of the condiments in the sauce layered on top of one another, and among those flavors, there was an especially unique and spicy flavor. That condiment stood at the pinnacle of all of the

condiments, and in the instant that it spilled onto her palate, she felt as if there were a tiny fairy dancing around the tip of her tongue.

The beef clashed with the mildly spicy sauce, and the unique condiment tore through the beef's defenses, causing the two to combine perfectly and elevating the flavor of the steak to a whole new level.

As she gently chewed on the beef, Camilla felt as if she were sitting in a bathtub that was filled with red wine. The velvet-smooth red wine gently washed over her body, while a scorching sensation flowed down her throat before traveling toward her chest. The warm sensation made her want to moan with pleasure.

Camilla swallowed the mouthful of beef, and despite her best efforts, a faint moan still escaped her lips. She looked at the steak in front of her with sparkling eyes, and praised, "Delicious! Incredibly delicious! Only red wine of this caliber is worthy of such delicious beef!"

She then quickly delivered another morsel of beef into her mouth with her fork, and a completely intoxicated look appeared on her face. She simply couldn't stop!

"Gulp~"

The sound of drool being swallowed rang out among the crowd. However, it was unknown whether the guests were salivating over Camilla's steak or over Camilla herself.

Is it really that delicious? Even her clothes have torn open. Scheer glanced at Camilla before looking down at her steak with a hesitant expression. She picked up her knife and fork in a graceful manner before delivering a morsel of steak into her mouth. At the same time, she intentionally laid her hand over the collar of her dress.

"Rip!"

The faint sound of tearing cloth rang out again. Scheer's collar split apart right beneath her hand, revealing a small sliver of fair skin that captivated the onlookers' imagination.

However, Scheer seemed to be completely oblivious to this herself. Her eyes slowly closed as she carefully savored the delicious flavor wreaking havoc in her mouth.

Scheer wasn't an avid drinker, but she would always have a small glass of premium wine brewed in her family's winery before she went to bed every night. Not only could it improve her sleep, it also had a positive cosmetic effect.

As such, she was very familiar with the flavor of this red wine.

If the stewed beef that Beate had made using bamboo wine had struck her as something unique, then steak cooked using the red wine she had provided could only be referred to as a wildly pleasant surprise.

There wasn't a large quantity of wine in the beef, but it was just enough to eradicate the beef's rank odor while perfectly preserving the freshness of the beef itself. The beef wasn't completely cooked, but there was no metallic tang to suggest the presence of blood in the dish, and the texture was very soft and delightful.

In contrast with the tenderness of Beate's beef dish, this was a completely different yet still mesmerizing texture. The flavor of the beef combined perfectly with the flavor of the wine and sauce, creating a storm of deliciousness for her tastebuds to enjoy.

The flavor of black pepper was not something alien to Scheer. It was an extremely expensive condiment, yet price was not an issue for her family, and the family chef would often incorporate it into some of his dishes.

However, in comparison with Mag's usage of black pepper, her family chef's usage of the condiment was like the work of a maladroit student. He was completely unable to capture the flavor of the condiment as Mag did.

The succulent and juicy steak gave her a completely different culinary experience compared to the roast beef kebabs she had tasted, but it was still extremely delicious.

Of course, what was even more incredible to Scheer was the scorching sensation she felt in her chest, which struck her with the false impression that her chest was growing.

"This is one of the most delicious beef dishes I've ever had. The only one that can compare to it is the roast beef kebab, which is another one of Mr. Mag's dishes." Scheer slowly opened her eyes as she adjusted her collar in a nondescript manner. She turned to Mag with an expression of genuine praise before continuing to enjoy her steak. If possible, no woman would object to gaining a bit bigger in that area.

"Boss Mag, you really are full of surprises! The flavor of this beef is simply extraordinary! It's so good that I simply can't stop." Michael gave a hearty laugh before quickly chomping down another mouthful of steak while nodding with a content and blissful expression.

How could anyone in this world make such delicious beef?! Surely no one can resist the allure of his cooking! In comparison, the beef that Beate cooked is trash! This Mag's cooking skills are absolutely incredible! Cayrols stared at the steak in front of him with an incredulous look. He abruptly looked up at Mag, and his eyes lit up as he thought to himself, He's the one I'm truly looking for! If he could travel to Rodu and cook a steak like this for His Majesty, both Prince Josh and His Majesty will be very pleased with me. Once Prince Josh inherits the throne...

Jeffree's eyes also lit up slightly after he ate a mouthful of beef. However, he wasn't in a hurry to give his review. Instead, he had another mouthful of beef before nodding as he said, "Hmm, fantastic."

"H-how could this be?!" Spatch's body swayed, and he had to support himself using the pillar nearby to avoid collapsing.

It wasn't that he couldn't afford to lose a storefront, but the dent in Ducas Restaurant's reputation was going to be much more severe a consequence.

Was Ducas Restaurant still the number one restaurant in the Aden Square?

"Is there such a massive disparity between us?" Beate murmured to himself as he looked at the judges with a dejected expression.

"Amy, does the beef taste good?"

“Big Sister Vivian, I can eat it for you to hear,” a tender voice replied.

Chapter 648 Hence, I Choose Mr. Mag

“Even Mistress Bartoli and Young Mistress Scheer can’t stop eating; just how delicious is this steak?”

“Even the president only gave a review after eating two mouthfuls, right? He clearly prefers this steak over Head Chef Beate’s stewed beef.”

“The city lord is also full of praise for this dish! I suddenly really want to go dine at Boss Mag’s restaurant!”

The guests discussed quietly among themselves with undisguised curiosity and anticipation on their faces. The special aroma of beef combined with black pepper made one salivate uncontrollably.

Many people had turned toward Amy, who had placed her plate on a stool, and was eating her steak in a rather maladroit manner. Despite the slight difficulty she was experiencing with her knife and fork, her expression was filled with bliss.

She stabbed her fork into a morsel of beef before putting it into her little mouth and chewing happily. Her little face was alight with a blissful smile, and there was still a trace of sauce hanging from the corner of her lips. The way she was eating the dish made the steak appear even more irresistible.

“Little Amy, don’t think I won’t bash you just because you’re adorable! If you get on my bad side, I’m super fierce!” Vivian looked at Amy with a grumpy expression. Never would she have thought that she would be messed with by a little girl someday.

“Really?” Anna looked at Vivian with a pitiable expression before handing her fork over to Luna as she said, “Teacher Luna, Big Sister Vivian is growling at me. I’ll give my beef to you, and we won’t be friends with her anymore.”

“Why are you acting like a child?” Luna looked at Vivian with an exasperated smile on her face. She then patted Amy’s head, and said, “That’s alright, Amy, you can have the steak.”

“But I AM a child!” Vivian harrumphed. She glanced at the steak on Amy’s plate, and murmured to herself, “I don’t even want that steak! Look at what happened to the other women when they tasted their steaks; Boss Mag must’ve spiked it with something!”

“Then, would you like to try it, Big Sister Vivian?” Amy offered her fork to Vivian instead.

The steak was covered in alluring juices and exuding a delectable aroma. Just the sight of it was making Vivian salivate. She clenched her fists and tightly and grappled with an internal conflict for a long while before making up her mind. She grabbed the fork with a grave expression, and said, “I have to taste-test it for Luna, even if he did spike the beef with something strange!”

Vivian ate the piece of the steak on her fork as Amy looked on with an expectant expression, while Luna wore a speechless look on her face.

Oh! This flavor!

Vivian felt as if she had been thrown into a large wine cellar, where she was surrounded by wooden barrels that were filled with red wine. She was then quickly taken to a vast grassland, straddling a wild cow's back as it carried her rapidly into the distance. Gusts of violent winds swept up incessantly over the grassland, rushing toward her and her cow steed.

"Rip!"

Even though she was already mentally prepared, Vivian still felt as if her clothes had been torn as a result of the flavor's explosion.

That was a completely uncontrollable feeling. Thankfully, she was wearing a coat which obscured her chest, thereby obscuring her sensitive regions.

"This beef is so delicious! The texture and freshness are incredible, and the flavors of the red wine and the sauce create an unrivaled culinary experience!"

Vivian opened her eyes; her cheeks were slightly flushed, perhaps due to excitement, or perhaps due to the rich red wine used in the dish.

"You knew what was going to happen, yet you still couldn't help yourself." Luna shook her head in a resigned manner as she took off her silk scarf before draping it over Vivian's shoulders. She then turned her gaze toward Mag, and a smile appeared on her face. It appeared that there was nothing he couldn't do.

Gloria also heaved a sigh of relief as she looked on from nearby. There was a faint smile on Mag's face, and he appeared to always be confident and assured regardless of the situation, just as if everything was progressing as he had envisioned. This confident persona instilled everyone around him with a sense of calming reassurance.

I hope I can also become a confident and outstanding person like Mr. Mag someday, Gloria thought to herself as she slowly clenched her fists.

"Ding!"

The sound of fork striking plate rang out.

Camilla looked down at her empty plate with a dumbstruck expression. Before she knew it, the entire plateful of steak and vibrant secondary ingredients had ended up in her stomach, without even as much as a single trace left.

Furthermore, even after eating so much, she was still left craving more.

This guy's cooking skills are far superior to Beate's. Also, he's got quite a nice figure and that mustache of his is pretty sexy... Most importantly, if I could eat such a delicious steak first thing every morning, that would surely be an amazing experience, right? Camilla looked at Mag and licked her vibrant red lips.

Crap! This is the feeling of love! Camilla's expression suddenly stiffened. She glanced at Mag with a conflicted look on her face before shaking her head as she thought to herself, People of different genders absolutely cannot fall in love with each other! I refuse to develop an interest in any man!

Camilla then turned to appraise Gloria, and her eyes lit up again as she nodded with satisfaction. It wasn't a waste of time coming to this banquet after all...

Scheer also put down her knife and fork as she dabbed at her lips with her handkerchief. She turned her gaze toward Mag with a smile in her eyes.

Looks like the gastronomic industry of Chaos City is going to be overhauled. Mr. Mag, you've given me an even bigger surprise than I expected, Scheer thought to herself, and her smile widened as she took a glance at Jeffree.

As Jeffree also put down his knife and fork, there was still half a steak left on his plate. However, anyone who was familiar with him knew that this already indicated he was very pleased with the dish. The only reason he was leaving half the steak behind was his extreme self-enforced food intake restrictions.

After wiping his hands and lips with a wet towel handed to him by a nearby waiter, Jeffree turned to look at Mag with a contemplative look in his eyes.

"Seeing as everyone's finished eating, let me announce my decision. Beate's dish is very good, but Boss Mag's dish is more spectacular in my opinion. Hence, I choose Boss Mag." Michael put down his knife and fork with a smile on his face.

"Head Chef Beate's stewed beef is tender and delicious, and created a brand-new way to eat potatoes. His creativity is extremely commendable, but on this occasion, I must choose Mr. Mag." Cayrols pointed a finger in Mag's direction.

Chapter 649 I Said Something So Embarrassing

"Head Chef Beate's dish is very delicious, but in comparison, I prefer Mr. Mag's steak. Hence, I choose Mr. Mag," Scheer said with a smile.

"I choose him! This is how beef should be cooked." Camilla was looking at Mag with shimmering eyes.

Four of the judges had already given their decisions, and everyone turned their attention to Jeffree. His decision wouldn't alter the result of this cooking contest, but he was the president of the Chamber of Commerce, and his vote bore a lot of weight.

Spatch clenched his fists tightly as he stared intently at Jeffree. As long as Jeffree sided with him, then he hadn't actually lost.

Mag was also looking at Jeffree. This perpetually expressionless old man reminded him of his father in his past.

Sly old foxes like them who had been toiling in the business world their entire lives were very difficult to deal with as you could never tell what they were thinking.

Furthermore, this old man had singlehandedly founded the Chamber of Commerce and made it into the colossus that it was today.

If Mag wanted to abolish the policies in the Chamber of Commerce that were discriminative toward half-breed beings, then the simplest way would be to get this old man to resign from the role of president, and then convince his successor to get rid of those policies.

Jeffree didn't pay any heed to the countless eyes that were aimed at him. His expression remained calm and collected as he said, "In this contest, the steak cooked by Mr. Mag of Mamy Restaurant was more delicious than the beef cooked by Head Chef Beate of Ducas Restaurant, so I cast my vote to Mr. Mag."

"Mr. Mag won on an unanimous vote!"

"Never in my wildest dreams could I have predicted this result! I can't believe there's someone capable of securing an unanimous-votes victory against Head Chef Beate in a cooking contest!"

"I have a feeling this Mamy Restaurant is going to absolutely blow up in popularity in Chaos City!"

"Just who is this Mag? It feels like he suddenly jumped out of nowhere and tipped the entire gastronomic industry in Chaos City on its head!"

In the aftermath of the cooking contest, a massive stir immediately ran through the crowd. Watching this cooking contest had been like sitting on a rollercoaster ride, and aside from the small proportion of guests who had dined at Mamy Restaurant before, no one present anticipated such a result.

As opposed to focusing on the result of this cooking contest, all of the guests were more interested in Mag himself.

From the very beginning, he had received special attention from Young Mistress Scheer and the city lord. Furthermore, he had just crushed Head Chef Beate in a cooking contest in a landslide victory, firmly landing in the limelight.

Most of the guests present were exceptional businessmen in Chaos City, and their business sense told them that a rising star like Mag was definitely someone they should get acquainted with.

"H-how could this be?" Cyril looked at the triumphant Mag and the dejected Beate with a stunned expression. Things had progressed completely contrary to his expectations. He had already prepared in his head a script for the tirade of insults that he was going to deliver to Mag, but he didn't get a chance to utter any of them.

He had thought that Mag would make himself a laughingstock tonight, losing a valuable storefront in the process.

However, what actually transpired was that Ducas Restaurant and Beate had both become his stepping stones, propelling him to even higher levels of renown and popularity.

Only I deserve to receive such widespread attention and admiration! Cyril's fists were tightly clenched and he gritted his teeth, looking as if he wanted to eat Mag alive.

Is the president... giving up on Ducas Restaurant? Spatch's body swayed as he was sent into a complete panic.

Some new up-and-coming restaurants would pop up in the Aden Square every single year. Among them, there was no lack of restaurants that offered good food and a decent dining environment. However,

none of them could stand the test of time. All of them either closed down or gradually fell into obscurity, and none of them could pose a substantial threat to Ducas Restaurant.

However, Spatch could sense a hint of danger and pressure from Mag.

This was a young yet calm opponent.

Furthermore, this opponent was extremely proficient at his craft, and seemed to have strong ties with many important figures.

Even the president, who had always firmly stood behind Ducas Restaurant, was no longer throwing his support behind them.

That was the most bitter pill to swallow for him.

“Thank you.” Mag nodded before turning to the depressed Beate as he said in a genuine voice, “You are undoubtedly an outstanding chef.”

Beate raised his downcast head upon hearing that, and a new light seemed to have been ignited in his eyes. He looked at Mag and opened his mouth as if he were going to say something.

However, before he could say anything, Mag crossed his arms with a smile, and said, “Of course, there’s still a large gap between you and me. I’m the one who’s going to redefine the concept of delicious cuisine in this world, and today, I’m refining the concept of how beef should be cooked.”

Beate’s words immediately got stuck in his throat, and he looked at Mag with his mouth slightly agape like a floundering fish, unsure how to respond to that.

The entire banquet hall fell silent. All of the guests were looking at Mag and Beate with peculiar expressions. They felt like Mag’s words were a little arrogant, but those words were beyond reproach considering they had been spoken by Mag.

Beate was the one who had issued the challenge, and Mag had merely reiterated his vision.

“System, I said something so embarrassing already; that should be enough to complete the bonus mission, right?” Mag said internally. “Also, are you sure it’s a good idea for me to be drawing hatred and resentment to myself like this? What if the resentment from these chefs exceeds a certain threshold, and I get transmigrated back to my original world?”

“Don’t worry, something like that definitely won’t happen,” the system promised. “In your current situation, there’s no way that you’ll get a second opportunity to transmigrate. Instead, you’ll get struck by lightning instead. If worse comes to worst, I can plead with God to decrease the voltage on the lightning strike.”

“Will that make any difference?”

“Not really; you’ll die either way.”

“Piss off!”

Mag’s expression darkened. As expected, this system wasn’t reliable at all.

“Ding! Congratulations on securing victory in the cooking contest; you will receive one opportunity to spin the God of Cookery upgrade wheel!

“Ding! Congratulations on completing the bonus mission to draw more hatred to yourself; you will receive the opportunity to spin the God of Cookery upgrade wheel!”

The system’s voice sounded.

“Mr. Mag, you are indeed a genius, and it’s a good thing for chefs all over Chaos City that a target like you exists for us to strive for.” Beate took a deep breath and looked at Mag with a serious expression as he said, “However, I firmly believe that your way of cooking beef is not the only right way. I hope I’ll have another opportunity to compete with you in a cooking contest in the future.”

“I can wait for you.” Mag nodded with a hint of a smile in his eyes. This was the pride that a true chef should possess.

“Father won! Father is the best!”

Amy raised her knife and fork high above her head with an elated look on her little face.

Her adorable display drew smiles from many of the guests around her. None of the defective qualities present in half-breed beings seemed to be present in her, and they were beginning to wonder whether their prejudice against half-breed beings was actually correct or not.

Scheer made her way over to Mag with an elegant smile on her face, and asked, “Mr. Mag, I’d like to have a chat with you. Do you have some time on your hands at the moment?”

Chapter 650 Red Rose and White Rose

The spectacular cooking contest provided quite an interesting interlude for the banquet. With City Lord Michael and President Jeffree present, Spatch naturally wouldn’t be able to go back on his word and refuse to hand over the promised storefront to Mag.

Aside from earning himself a storefront, Mag had also become renowned among the upper-class circles of Chaos City.

As such, there was no doubt that he was the biggest winner to emerge from this banquet.

All of the businessmen that wanted to make Mag’s acquaintance could only look on from the sidelines upon seeing him being approached by Scheer.

Compared to the beautiful and wealthy Young Mistress Scheer, portly middle-aged men like them were clearly far less attractive.

However, that didn’t put an end to the discussions being held about Mag. The annual mid-year banquet gathered all of the most exceptional businessmen in Chaos City, and many significant deals were struck at the banquet per year. As such, there were countless opportunities lurking behind such an event.

Men were scrambling for opportunities to boast about their earnings for the first half the year, while women gathered together in small circles, showing off their jewelry and attire, and talking about how

expensive the items were or what strings they had to pull in order to obtain those items, drawing envious glances from the other women in their circle in the process.

Those were conversation topics that were always in fashion among women, particularly women like them who only needed to think about how to spend money every day.

“Ms. Gloria’s dress is so beautiful! It complements your figure and skin tone perfectly.”

“Indeed. She looks like a goddess who has just come down from the heavens. If I could get a dress like that custom-made for myself, my husband definitely wouldn’t be able to take his eyes off me.”

“I wonder which designer in Chaos City could’ve designed such a beautiful dress. Why have I not heard anything about them?”

Of course, many of the women had their attention focused on Gloria. She was like a celestial maiden who had just walked out from a painting, and her gorgeous blue dress had become a popular topic of conversation.

Gloria hailed from a noble background, and every female guest present was itching to find out the origins of her dress. They wanted nothing better than to directly ask her whom the dress had been designed by so they could get one custom-made for themselves before anyone else could.

Gloria had her hands folded over her lower abdomen, and she was feeling rather nervous. However, she wore a faint smile on her face this entire time and conversed in a calm and refined manner with the noblewomen around her.

“Ms. Gloria, your dress is so beautiful. I hope you don’t mind if I ask which master designer it was made by?” a woman wearing thick makeup asked with a smile.

Following her question, the chatter around them grew noticeably quieter. All of the women were peeling their ears and holding their breaths in fear that they would miss Gloria’s answer and miss out on such a beautiful dress as a result.

Gloria’s eyes lit up slightly, and she could feel her heartbeat accelerating. Everything she had done today was leading up to this moment.

Her plan to arrive late at the banquet had been very successful, and now, these noblewomen had developed a keen interest in her dress.

Gloria glanced at a nearby booth and composed herself internally. A confident smile appeared on her face, and she shook her head as she replied, “This dress wasn’t made by any master designer. Instead, it was made by the Blue Suede clothing shop that I run.”

“So it’s her own clothing store?”

“Does that mean Ms. Gloria designed the dress herself?”

“In that case, would she be willing to sell such a beautiful dress?”

“Any woman would want to keep such a beautiful dress exclusively to themselves, right?”

All of the women immediately burst into conversation upon hearing this. They were hoping to find out which designer had made the dress before contacting them at the first possible opportunity, but they didn't think that this dress would have been made by Gloria's own clothing store.

"This dress is one of the products that our store is selling, and we're currently in the process of producing a limited range," Gloria said with a smile.

All of the women's eyes lit up in unison upon hearing this. This was fantastic news for them. Anything that could be bought with money was well within their reach.

"However, our store doesn't offer custom-made clothing. Instead, we made our clothing in a series of different set sizes, and every dress of this style produced will be of a different color, so you won't have to worry about someone wearing the same dress at an event that you're going to attend," Gloria continued.

"If we can't get it custom-made... then what if it doesn't fit?"

"Only one of each color? But won't it be awkward even if we end up wearing a dress of the same style as someone else during an event?"

"Ms. Gloria's shop sure is unique. She's completely doing away with the old conventions established by tailors and seamstresses."

All of the women began discussing quietly among themselves again.

"Ms. Gloria, where is your shop located? I would love to visit it tomorrow morning," one of the women asked with a smile.

All of the other women also turned to Gloria, awaiting her response.

"Blue Suede is the eighth shop from the entrance of the Aden Square. It should be quite easy to find if you look out for our sign," Gloria replied with a smile.

"Alright, I'll be sure to head over there tomorrow morning," the woman promised with a smile.

"Big Sister, you have to wait for me tomorrow! We'll go together," one of the other women urged.

The rest of the group didn't say anything, but their expressions certainly didn't suggest lack of interest. Instead, they were contemplating how they would be able to secure such a beautiful dress before everyone else.

Gloria still maintained a faint smile on her face, seemingly unaffected by the enthusiasm of the women around her. At the same time, her hands, which were tightly folded over her lower abdomen, gradually relaxed.

At this moment, in one of the VIP booths, Mag gently swirled the wine in his crystal glass, and was slightly entranced by the sight of rich translucent liquid. It was a pity that such exceptional wine couldn't be enjoyed in a goblet. Crystal glasses were more valuable, but they lacked the grace and exuberance of goblets.

“Mr. Mag, have you considered my proposal from last time?” Scheer took a sip of red wine as she sat across from Mag. The wine made the color of her lips even more vibrant, creating quite an alluring sight in the dim yellow light.

“Sorry, Young Mistress Scheer, but I have no intention of joining the Chamber of Commerce, as some of its policies go against my morals and ethical code.” Mag placed his glass onto the table and shook his head in response.

She really was beautiful, just like a vibrant red rose, but she was a rose with thorns.

In comparison, Mag preferred the thornless white rose that was Gloria.