

A Stay-at-home Dad's Restaurant In An Alternate World –

Chapter 14: Owner, Your Menu Must Be Wrong

Mamy Restaurant? Where did it come from? Mobai stood outside the restaurant, a heavy black hammer about his height slung on his shoulder. Sweat was dripping onto his half-bare reddish black chest from his gray beard, and his face that had been baked into the same color by the stove was full of doubts.

When he saw it yesterday noon, it was just a shabby wooden house, in which lived a father and his daughter. The man was a cripple that could barely walk, and had never spoken with him; the little girl was always wearing a gray hat, but she looked very cute. Sometimes, she would squat outside his forge and watch him hammer arms.

However, after only one night, that ramshackle wooden house had changed completely. It had become a very beautiful two-storied house, and the whole front wall of the first floor was even replaced by a sheet of transparent crystal glass. The beautiful decoration of the restaurant could be seen from outside. For a moment, Mobai did not understand what had happened.

Even on this whole Aden Square, no restaurant could be found that was more beautiful than this one. After all, that transparent crystal glass was so thin and bright that every table inside looked very clean and comfortable; the translucent crystal chandelier was even more exquisite than the one in the palace.

Maybe that human cripple is actually a very powerful magic caster? He conjured up this restaurant overnight and decided to cook all of a sudden? Stroking his beard, Mobai shook his head. *The mind of cunning humans is certainly not easy to understand. But, since it's near, I may as well try it; if it's good, then I won't have to eat far.*

He was certain that this restaurant was owned by the same father and daughter because he had already seen the absent-minded little girl sitting behind the counter through the transparent crystal glass. She looked more adorable today without her hat.

Mobai pushed the door open, heavy hammer in his hand. The ringing of the bells on the door startled him; when he looked up and saw the two small bells hanging on the door, he laughed at himself and walked inside.

The inside looked even cleaner and more comfortable than when he looked from outside. Grand though the decoration seemed, the brownish gray background made him feel very comfortable. He didn't feel dazzled; instead, he felt a little relaxed somehow.

Mobai lowered his head and took a look at his clothing, which had many holes in it due to the sparks, and his boots, which had thick dust on them, and then he looked at the clean and shining floor; he hesitated for a while.

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Amy's eyes suddenly brightened when she was leaning on the counter waiting for her lunch. After she saw who had entered, she turned her head and shouted towards the kitchen excitedly, "Father, we have a customer! Next-door dwarf grandpa!"

Mag had just readied the ingredients and was about to cook when he heard the ringing of the bells and Amy's voice. He looked to the door, a little surprised. The door was opened, and in came an old dwarf with a heavy black hammer on his shoulder. He had short hair and long gray whiskers all over his face; his half-bare chest showed his strong muscles; his arms were as thick as the thighs of normal people; lastly, he was wearing hole-covered clothes made from animal hide, with a worn cowhide wineskin at his wrist.

This was the first time Mag had seen a real dwarf. He was more or less as tall as Mag's waist. Because of his strong muscles, he looked a little cubic, like a box.

He was the owner of the next-door forge, a dwarf blacksmith named Mobai, and he was among the few blacksmiths in Chaos City. Dwarves had a long life; he should be more than 200 years old, but was still as strong and healthy as ever. His predecessor had closely observed the nearby owners and the people who were always wandering around this place. Although he might not know their names, he had a general idea of who they were.

This was his first customer, so naturally, Mag was pretty happy and expectant. He dried off his hands with a towel, went out of the kitchen, and looked at Mobai who stood hesitating at the door. When he glimpsed the grayish black cowhide boots on his feet, Mag had known what to do. He didn't walk towards him to welcome him; instead, he stood by the counter, stroked Amy's head to signal her to be quiet, and said smilingly, "Welcome, would you like something to eat?"

Mobai looked at Mag and felt a little surprised. The man who had been hunchbacked and in shabby clothes was now wearing a decent suit. He was still lean, but standing straight, he had a temperament that was totally different than before. Human males were a little womanish in his eyes; he disliked them, especially those who were lean.

However, standing there, this man looked like a sharp sword out of its sheath despite his lean figure; he didn't look womanish at all. He was no ordinary man.

Moreover, the smile on his face that was a little warm hid a lot of that sharpness. This kind of contrast created a vague distance, which made Mobai, who came here for the first time, feel rather comfortable.

The little girl standing beside him was wearing no hat today. She was in a black dress, and her face was full of excitement and anticipation, being even more lovely than before.

Mobai couldn't figure out what had happened to this man overnight. It was like he had been reborn. He couldn't help but wonder what this human male was selling in his restaurant, and whether the food here could match the decoration.

Mobai stopped hesitating, nodded his head, and walked inside with his heavy hammer. He drew a chair to sit on, put the hammer on the floor, and looked at Mag. Then, he said, "Yes, I'd like something to eat. What do you have here?"

"There's a menu on your table; you can have a look first, sir," answered Mag, pointing at the menu on his table.

"Menu?" Mobai picked up the menu casually. On touching the cover with his callus-covered rough hands, he was taken by a little surprise. This kind of smooth texture meant the cover was definitely made from the best bison hide. A piece of bison hide like this one could fetch as much as one dragon coin. It was so extravagant to put such an expensive menu on every table. Even the Fryer Tavern, which had the best business on the Aden Square, was only using normal cowhide covers.

This made Mobai feel even more expectant. With a restaurant so grandly decorated, and a menu so extravagant, he imagined the dishes here had to be rich. He liked good food the most... other than drinks. It had to be said that humans might be weak, but in terms of cuisine, other species were definitely no match for them.

Mobai opened up the cover and looked at it with great expectation, only to be rooted to the spot.

Such a big menu, yet it was complete blank!

No, not completely blank. On the top left-hand corner, Mobai saw a line of small words. He narrowed his eyes slightly and read out in a low voice, "Yangzhou fried rice—600 copper coins each."

"600 copper coins?!" Mobai froze for a moment. He blinked and thought that his eyes might have been dazzled from staring by the stove too long in the morning. He brought the menu closer and took another look, and on it, it still said: Yangzhou fried rice—600 copper coins each.

Mobai put the menu down and looked at Mag, face full of doubts. "Owner, your menu must be wrong."

Thank you for reading on

