

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

Chapter 15: Owner, Give Me A Plate Of Yangzhou Fried Rice!

Mag shook his head smilingly, and replied calmly, "It's not wrong. It's simply that we have just opened, so we don't have many different dishes, but more will be available later."

Mobai shook his head. "I didn't mean the number of dishes; it's the price. This Yangzhou fried rice costs 600 copper coins each? Do you use giant dragon meat to make it?" he said, pointing at the line of words on the menu a little irritated.

He had thought that the decorations were great and that the innkeeper was also not bad, but hadn't expected that they wanted to rip him off. Such small words they were; if he hadn't seen clearly and had ordered directly, he would have spent 600 on nothing.

In Fryer Tavern, 600 copper coins could buy him a large plate of roasted meat and two flagons of wine, and fill up his wineskin when he left. His good feelings towards Mag just now vanished immediately. *Humans are indeed the best at disguising themselves and the most devious.*

"Sorry, we don't use dragon meat. But the price is not wrong. I think this Yangzhou fried rice is worth this price and then some more. You're free to make your decision, sir," replied Mag, neither humble nor arrogant, but he didn't explain too much.

Mag had expected that certain customers would question the price, but he had absolute confidence in his Yangzhou fried rice. It was not worth 600? If it hadn't been for the 1,000 plates' mission, he would have set the price at 6,000 copper coins. This was a plate of Yangzhou fried rice made from the precious rice which was watered by the Spring of Life, and included various rare ingredients, with a cooking skill that people in this world could only look up to.

Mobai stared at Mag and suppressed his anger. *Humans are indeed devious. They can remain such calm while spouting such lies.* This restaurant's style was indeed very good, but he valued the taste the most when eating. The appearance of the restaurant was not as important.

He couldn't figure out what this Yangzhou fried rice was at all with just these four words. *What is Yangzhou? Can rice be fried?* He had tried every restaurant in Chaos City in the past few decades, but he had never heard of this dish.

Mobai stared at Mag for a long while, but Mag was very calm the whole time, and didn't show any guilt or impatience, looking as if he was waiting for him to decide.

He had run his forge for dozens of years and seen all sorts of people, but few had the same mentality like Mag, and none of them were nobodies. He couldn't help wondering, *Maybe this Yangzhou fried rice has some special taste and is truly worth 600?* He hesitated for a moment, and then asked, "You said the price is not wrong, but can you guarantee that this Yangzhou fried rice tastes good?"

Mag shook his head. "Good or not, it has a lot to do with personal preference. So, sorry, I cannot guarantee that." Even the best food could be found distasteful by certain people. Mag sighed silently as he looked at Mobai's irritated face. *Looks like the first customer will not stay... probably.*

"What?!" Mobai got even more irritated. *Other restaurants would go to great lengths to boast about their dishes, but look at him—he said he can't guarantee the taste. He can't even guarantee his food will be good! Looks like he is most probably a liar. If later I said it tasted bad, maybe he would argue it was my personal problem. This human is so devious. Guess I'll pass.*

At this moment, Amy, who was watching them talking all this time, looked up at Mag and pouted. "Father, Amy's hungry." Then she glanced at Mobai with some dislike. *This dwarf grandpa is taking so long. The rainbow fried rice is so delicious, but he still hasn't made up his mind. Father would have made one by now.*

Mobai was just about to stand up and leave when Amy glanced at him. He was too embarrassed by her disdainful look to stand up. The look on the little girl's face was saying so blatantly that he had taken up her eating time.

"Right, I'll make the Yangzhou fried rice for you, Amy." Mag smiled and stroked his little girl's head. Then he looked at Mobai. "You can take your time, sir. Please let me know when you have made up your mind." After saying that, Mag turned around and went into the kitchen to start cooking.

Amy went back to sit on the long-legged chair behind the counter again. She rested her chin in her hands, blinked her eyes, and said innocently, "The rainbow fried rice is really very good. Amy loves it very much. Are you sure you don't want one, grandpa?"

She's... so cute! Mobai felt that, at this instant, his heart which had been steeled a thousand times like the iron melted a little. He almost shouted out, "Of course! Give me one!"

However, he thought of his questioning and irritating face just now. If he decided to eat the fried rice just because of her words, he would lose face, so he refrained from making that decision with great effort, crossed his arms before his chest, and answered in a cool voice, "I'll think about it and decide later."

“Okay, either way, you’ll fall in love with that taste in a while.” Amy shrugged as if having seen through everything. She turned her head away from Mobai and looked to the kitchen with great expectation.

“I won’t fall in love with some Yangzhou fried rice,” murmured Mobai, all tsundere. He felt he had been despised again. He had been despised by the same little girl twice in one day, but looking at her cute little face, he could do nothing but forgive her.

I’ll wait and see whether that Yangzhou fried rice is really that good, or if this little thing has been corrupted by that human, thought Mobai. Now he didn’t rush to leave, but sat there patiently.

Having practiced tens of thousands of times in the test field and twice in real life, Mag had only used 10 minutes to cook a plate of Yangzhou fried rice.

When he went out with the plate, Mag glanced at Mobai, who was still sitting there, with some surprise. He thought this grumpy customer had already left.

Amy jumped off the chair, stared fixedly at the plate of rice on Mag’s hand, and clapped her little hands happily. “It smells so good. Father is so amazing!”

That is the so-called Yangzhou fried rice? It doesn’t look very special. It looks good, but I can see no meat in it; it won’t be very satisfying. Mobai had some expectation before, but he felt a little disappointed suddenly as he looked at that fried rice.

Mag put the fried rice on the table opposite Mobai, and, smiling, he said to Amy, “Wash your hands first, and then eat.”

“Okay.” Amy trotted into the kitchen, stepped on a little stool, and washed her hands; then she trotted back to the table again. She climbed onto the chair, brought herself close to the plate, and took a deep sniff; immediately, her big blue eyes became even brighter.

At this moment, the aroma of the fried rice found its way to Mobai’s table. He couldn’t help but take a sniff, and then his eyes widened immediately. He looked at the fried rice before Amy, not believing his nose. *This aroma, how can it be so enticing?*

“Amy will start eating now,” said Amy, holding a spoon in her hand. Then she brought a spoonful of rice to her mouth and chewed merrily, her face full of happiness from enjoying the good food. One spoonful after another, she didn’t want to stop, her body shaking slightly all the while.

“Gulp...” Mobai heard the sound of himself swallowing his saliva. Unhesitatingly, he looked to Mag who was standing near. “Owner, give me a plate of Yangzhou fried rice!”

Thank you for reading on

