

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

Chapter 16: Owner, Give Me Seconds!

Mobai felt a little embarrassed after saying that. He had questioned the dish's taste in every possible way, and now he was asking for it on his own initiative. This turn of events was pretty awkward.

Mobai took a look at Amy, who was stuffing herself, and said to himself, *Because she was eating so happily, for a moment, I couldn't refrain from saying those words...* He brought back his head that had been craning forward, and again said in a cool voice, "I don't really want it, but I think I have to show some respect to the little girl, so I'll try and have one plate."

Mag nodded. "All right. Please wait a moment." Of course he wouldn't say too much at this moment, but he couldn't refrain from smiling when he turned around. *His tsundere tone is really amusing.*

"Dwarf grandpa, this rainbow fried rice is really very good." Amy swallowed down the rice in her mouth, took another spoonful, and added, "Look, it's very beautiful, right? Don't you feel like eating it very badly?"

Looking at the golden egg-coated rice on the spoon, which was mixed with various ingredients, and the sky-clear eyes of the little girl who was still holding her spoon, Mobai nodded subconsciously.

Amy nodded. "Then watch me eat it." She opened her mouth to eat the whole spoonful, and as she chewed, she said merrily, "Yummy, yummy."

"..." Mobai's mouth opened and closed. Watching the little girl opposite who was again completely immersed in her fried rice, for a moment, he felt like saying a lot of things, but just couldn't make the words come out.

If opposite him were a man, his heavy hammer would have already landed on his head. Yet, watching the little thing eating happily, he couldn't get angry at all.

Instead, he felt... that she was pretty cute?

Mobai was already hungry after a whole morning's hammering, and now, he felt even hungrier as he watched the little girl eating happily. If his senses had been gone, he would have gone and robbed her of some rice.

After a short while, Mag put the rice for two in the cooker and walked out with a plate of Yangzhou fried rice. He softly put down the plate in front of Mobai, and said smilingly, "Your Yangzhou fried rice is ready, sir."

Mobai was totally attracted to the rice before him. The strong aroma of the chopped green onions and eggs tickled his nose, and his saliva was starting to be secreted. He had never smelled such an enticing aroma from any food before.

The rice grains were separated clearly and coated with a layer of golden eggs; on the surface was a little oil, as if shining in the lamplight. The colorful ingredients that had been chopped into the size of the rice grains had mixed with the rice to form a lively and bright color. So many ingredients, and they were cooked together with oil directly. There was no pepper or salt beside the plate; perhaps it was already seasoned? Mobai's concept of eating was completely torn apart.

Mag was standing there, observing, calm on the outside, but also a little expectant and nervous on the inside. While Amy liked the fried rice very much, her previous favorite food was that pancake, so her opinion could only be used as reference.

However, technically, Mobai was his first customer, so his reaction and feedback were more important. Based on them, he could more or less figure out whether they liked the Yangzhou fried rice here or not.

What's this cooking method? Will it be good? Mobai was a little dubious, but driven by the pleasant smell, he couldn't refrain from holding the spoon and bringing a spoonful to his mouth. He chewed several times.

The eggs almost melted down once inside his mouth; the grain-sized winter bamboo shoots and green peas were crisp and tasty; the egg-coated rice was so sweet after being finely chewed; the soft and tender ham was well mixed with the rice, and he seemed to have tasted shrimp in it. He could taste all the different tastes in this one mouthful, and he felt warm all over when he had swallowed it, with the pleasant smell of rice still lingering in his mouth.

Mobai's eyes brightened immediately.

Delicious! This is so delicious! How can anything in this world be so delicious?!

Mobai wasn't able to think about anything else. He couldn't help but bring another spoonful to his mouth, and then he simply held the plate with one hand and gripped the spoon with the other; one mouthful after another, he just couldn't stop his hand!

600 copper coins was expensive? No, with food this good, 1,000 was not nearly expensive to him.

The roasted meat in the Fryer Tavern was so coarse and plain compared to this rice. Perhaps he wouldn't be able to tolerate that burnt taste that he had put up with before from now on.

It was as if this fried rice was elaborately made by a cooking master. He had tried all the different food on the Norland Continent in the past few hundred years, but it was the first time that he had eaten something as good as this.

He had put all his suspicions towards Mag and the contempt in his mind from before behind him. Face and stuff like that were nothing before such great food.

Moreover, much to Mobai's surprise, after this fried rice, he felt that warm feeling was not a delusion, but very real. He felt very relaxed and comfortable all over as if something were nourishing his body. The weariness from waving the heavy hammer for a whole morning seemed to be assuaged and relieved quickly.

It was like he had drunk a bottle of recovery potion, except that this recovery was gentler and more comfortable, from inside to outside, and it didn't make him feel more exhausted after its effect wore out like the recovery potion, which made him think of the elves' holy spring: the Spring of Life.

"Dwarf grandpa, the rainbow fried rice is very good, right?" Amy giggled happily. Watching Mobai eating ceaselessly, she said, "Amy told you you'd fall in love with its taste."

Mag stood there, smiling. Mobai's reaction had said everything. Even he couldn't resist the good taste of this Yangzhou fried rice, so Mag had no worry at all about whether his restaurant would be popular or not. This was a rather good start.

"Yes. I've fallen in love with this taste." Mobai put down the plate and looked at Mag. "Owner, give me seconds. It's really very good."

At this moment, the voice of the system sounded all of a sudden. "System recommends you apply the limited purchasing strategy. It would highly raise customer expectations and stickiness."

Mag was taken by surprise. He responded by asking, "System, aren't you only responsible for selling ingredients?"

"System is mainly responsible for supervising you learning cooking skills and supplying necessary ingredients," stressed the system, appearing a little unhappy with Mag's remarks.

"Well then, you'd better do your job and sell the ingredients. This is my restaurant; you want me to apply limited purchasing strategy instead of making money—are you taking

me for a fool? I've got the mission to complete!" Mag curled his lip. He wished someone would eat 100 plates.

Thank you for reading on