

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

Chapter 17: Owner, I'd Like One More Plate Please

Mag went into the kitchen. The rice he had put in the cooker before was just ready; he scooped out some and put it into a bowl to let it cool a little, then used his credit account to buy the ingredients for one plate of fried rice, and started to prepare the second one.

As to the purchasing limit, Mag would not consider it right now. His mission of selling 1,000 plates was no easy task at all. However, if his restaurant became very popular in the future, the purchasing limit was a pretty good strategy to show respect to customers in order for more people to have the chance to eat good food.

As for the system's recommendation, he believed the system was trying to set him up and that it most likely wanted to make him half-disabled again.

"System's suggestions are all for you to go far on the path of the God of Cookery," said the system suddenly.

Mag raised an eyebrow. He hadn't expected that the system had read his mind, but it also made it easier for him. He asked, "System, in order for me to go far, I'd like to make a suggestion too."

"Please," answered the system.

"I think you should sell the ingredients for half the price," said Mag solemnly.

"The ingredients supplied by the system are all from—"

"I feel the same about your suggestion." Mag cut the conversation short before the system even finished its sentence.

"..." An ellipsis went across Mag's head.

Mag curled his upper lip slightly and went back to processing the ingredients.

He had been famous for his vicious tongue back in the day. He had never lost once when facing a band of people who criticized him; he had no fans whatsoever. Talking back to the system was like taking candy from a baby to him.

Mobai was sitting there, feeling the changes in his body. After finishing the whole plate, the warm feeling was starting to fade, but the feeling that his weariness was relieved

didn't vanish, but still remained. It was so real. He clenched his fist and felt almost the same as when he woke up in the morning, very energetic.

Mobai quickly did the math in his mind. *This should have the same effect as a half bottle of middle-grade recovery potion, and it has no side effect of making me feel near the end of my strength. The price of a bottle of middle-grade recovery potion is 20 gold coins, and I have to use one bottle every day. But two plates of this delicious Yangzhou fried rice only cost me 12; besides, it has a much better effect. From this point of view, it's absolutely worth the money.* The result brightened his eyes.

To forge a weapon, he had to wield that heavy hammer which weighed nearly 100 jin more than 10,000 times. High rewards meant hard work and great skills.

Mobai was not nearly as resilient these years as when he was young. In order to do his job, he had to drink a bottle of middle-grade recovery potion, which tasted very awful, every noon.

However, he had grown dependent on this thing, and because he had used it for a long time, he had already felt that his body was being eaten away. At this rate, he could only maintain his accuracy for five years at most.

The day he lost his accuracy, the reputation that he had built in this Chaos City in the past few decades would be gone too.

While he had saved a lot of money from forging weapons—a weapon could fetch at least 1,000 gold coins—he was very clear that the money he had saved was not nearly enough for what he wanted to do. Five years was not enough; he needed to work very hard every day for at least 10 years to earn that money.

This Yangzhou fried rice was like a silver lining on a cloud for him. He had found an opportunity all of a sudden.

I'll try another plate. If its recovery effect is really good, then I'll eat here every day! It had pained him a little to spend this much money on the fried rice, but compared to that awful potion that made him want to throw up, if this amazing Yangzhou fried rice which only cost him a little more than half of the former had the same recovery effect, then it clearly was not a difficult choice he faced.

Amy had just finished eating her plate of rice. She licked her lips, looked at Mobai, and said smilingly, "Dwarf grandpa, didn't you say just now you wouldn't fall in love with its taste?" Her face was so pure and innocent.

Mobai's old face reddened from Amy's stare. He feigned coughing several times, and said, "I was just testing the owner to see if he was confident in his skills or not. I'm surprised that he has no confidence even with such good cooking skills, so I am helping him boost his confidence now."

“Really?” Amy looked at Mobai, a little dubious.

Mobai nodded solemnly. “Sure. I’m not the kind of person who judges the food distasteful before eating.” His tone was a little proud.

“I hope so.” Amy gave Mobai an unhappy glance, slipped off the chair, and went into the kitchen with her plate.

“I... I...” Mobai felt like he had been despised again. It seemed like she had seen through everything with that unhappy glance.

When he heard Mobai’s tsundere words being refuted by Amy easily, to the extent that the dwarf had nothing to say in reply, Mag couldn’t refrain from smiling.

She’s really talented. That’s my girl all right. Her vicious attribute only needs to be developed a little, and with her cute little face, she could criticize them to such an extent that they would even doubt themselves but couldn’t get angry. This feeling is wickedly cool.

“If you want some more, I’ll cook more for my lunch and give you some,” said Mag smilingly, taking the plate from Amy and putting it aside.

“Father, you’re the best!” Amy looked up at Mag, her little face full of adoration. Her father had been like a changed person since she woke up yesterday, so kind and gentle.

Looking at the father and daughter in the kitchen from outside, Mobai froze, and went into a trance for a moment. He saw a scene in which a little boy was looking up adoringly at a man who was wielding a heavy hammer in front of a stove. He hadn’t seen him for so many years, and didn’t know how he was doing. He felt he owed him a lot.

Mag nodded, smiling. “Go and sit outside. Father has to cook for the customer.”

“Okay,” answered Amy obediently. She went out of the kitchen, climbed onto the long-legged chair behind the counter, and looked at Mobai with her chin in her hands. “Don’t worry, dwarf grandpa, your fried rice will be ready very soon. Just wait a little longer.”

Mobai, who had just snapped out of his reverie, nodded. “Okay.” He looked at Amy and for once slightly smiled.

Mag put down the plate before Mobai and smiled. “Your fried rice, sir.”

Mobai nodded. “Okay.” Watching the fried rice exquisite like art, he brought one spoonful to his mouth with great expectation. Its taste was as magical as before, and

the warm feeling arose in his body again as he swallowed it, nourishing every part of his body.

It's indeed effective! And much better than the middle-grade recovery potion! Mobai's eyes were filled with a pleasant surprise.

Maybe it was because the first plate had already relieved a lot of weariness he had, but he felt the second one was not only soothing his weariness, but was also nourishing his muscles that had been worn year in and year out. Certain parts of his muscles were always aching like hell on rainy days, but he felt very comfortable right now, though this nourishment was subtle; it was as if a pair of warm hands were massaging his body.

Without even finishing it, Mobai suddenly lifted his head to look at Mag. "Owner, I'd like one more plate please." There was some respect in his eyes.

Thank you for reading on