

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

### Chapter 18: Okay, Dwarf Grandpa Mobai

Mag was really taken aback. While the Yangzhou fried rice was good, one plate's volume was not small. Two plates were more than enough even for those who could eat a lot. Maybe dwarves were built with a larger stomach?

Mag had his doubts, but didn't show anything on his face. He nodded. "Okay, please wait a moment." He picked up the empty plate from the table and went into the kitchen.

Mobai was eating the fried rice, one spoonful after another, with his head lowered. The more he ate, the happier he felt. He hadn't expected that such delicious food would have a better recovery effect than the middle-grade potion. At this rate, he felt that maybe it could even restore his condition to his prime and that he could work another dozens of years.

"Wow, dwarf grandpa, you're amazing. You could eat three plates!" Amy opened her mouth slightly and looked at Mobai with some envy and adoration.

Mobai lifted his head and took a look at Amy. For the first time, the little girl wasn't looking down on him with a disdainful look. He even felt a little flattered, and sat up straighter unconsciously. He ate another mouthful, and said, "This kind of fried rice, three plates are nothing to me. I could eat four!"

"Really? You could eat four plates?" Amy's adoring look was more obvious, and her eyes were starting to shine.

Mobai hesitated for a moment, but looking at Amy's adoring eyes, he couldn't refrain from nodding. "Of... of course."

Immediately, Amy turned around and shouted towards the kitchen, "Father, dwarf grandpa said he could eat four. Make him another one, or he won't eat his fill!"

"Wait..."

Mobai looked at Amy, her face full of an innocent smile. Somehow, he felt that something was wrong.

After hearing Amy's words, Mag turned to look at Mobai. "Is that so, sir?" He was very calm on the outside, but on the inside, he was already laughing. If he hadn't known

Amy's character, perhaps even he would have suspected a little that Amy was a scheming girl.

"Well..." Mobai was a little embarrassed. While he could eat more compared to normal people, he felt more or less full after two plates of fried rice; three plates were definitely enough for him, and the fourth one would probably make him feel a little too stuffed.

"Dwarf grandpa, you told me you could eat four plates, so Amy will not like you if you go back on your words," said Amy earnestly, her chin in her hands.

Mobai wanted to slap himself. *Why did I brag about that without thinking?* It wouldn't pose a problem if she were someone else, but watching the expectant and earnest face of the little girl, he just didn't want to lose face. After hesitating for a while, he clenched his teeth and looked at Mag. "Yes, give me one more."

"Wow, you said it. Dwarf grandpa is so amazing!" Amy clapped her little hands happily, her face full of an earnest smile.

Mobai consoled himself in his mind, *To hell with it! I rarely eat something as good as this, so it's a kind of happiness even if I'm too stuffed.* Besides, looking at the bright smile and adoring eyes on Amy's face, he suddenly felt his vanity had been greatly satisfied; one more plate of fried rice was really nothing to him now.

Mag nodded. "Right, please wait a moment." He started to rinse the rice and make the third plate of fried rice; then, he turned around to look at Amy's back, eyes full of love. It was all thanks to her that his first customer stayed and ordered four plates of Yangzhou fried rice.

Mag served the two plates one by one, and Amy watched Mobai finish them with fixed eyes.

Mobai gave a contented burp as he put down the spoon. With four plates of Yangzhou fried rice down, he felt warm all over and not as stuffed as he had thought. A feeling of contentment arose from the bottom of his heart. He felt as if his life had been fulfilled at this moment.

Mag stood there and saw the food he had made eaten by someone happily until nothing was left on the plate. A sense of achievement arose in his heart, and he felt very happy too. *Turns out being a cook is not that bad.*

Before Mobai knew it, Amy was already at his table. She held out her hand as she looked up at Mobai, and then she said solemnly, "Dwarf grandpa, if you have had enough, please pay. It's... 2,400 copper coins."

"Okay, but I don't have that many copper coins. I'll give you 24 gold coins," said Mobai smilingly. He fumbled out a purse from his clothes.

“Gold coins?” Amy froze for an instant, and then she turned to look at Mag. “Father, 24 gold coins and 2,400 copper coins, which is more?”

Mag looked at Amy and smiled. “They are the same. One gold coin is worth 100 copper coins.” He was surprised that she knew how to do the four-digit addition, but it seemed she didn’t know how to convert the coins.

“I see...” Amy nodded thoughtfully.

“There you go! 24 gold coins.” Mobai carefully put a handful of gold coins onto Amy’s little hands, and they formed a pile.

“Wow, they’re so beautiful!” Amy’s eyes brightened completely. Cradling the coins carefully, she walked slowly to a table, put them down, and counted one by one.

Mobai tore his eyes away from Amy, picked up his hammer, and stood up to look at Mag. “Your Yangzhou fried rice is very good. I didn’t get your name.”

“Mag,” answered Mag smilingly. *This customer has a tsundere attribute and a fiery temper, but in fact, he’s fairly easy to get along with and very straightforward.*

Mobai glanced at Mag with a little surprise. Very few people didn’t say their surname when introducing themselves, but a lot of people in this Chaos City were concealing who they were because of various reasons—he being one of them—so he didn’t really take it to heart. He nodded, smiling. “Then I’ll call you Mag. I’m Mobai; you can call me Old Mo. I’ll eat here again.”

Mag smilingly nodded. “Right. See you around then.”

When Mobai was about to turn around and leave, he stopped and looked at Amy. “Little girl, call me Grandpa Mobai, not dwarf grandpa.”

“Okay, dwarf grandpa Mobai,” answered Amy without even lifting her head. She was too absorbed in counting the gold coins.

“Naughty girl...” Mobai shook his head, turned around, and walked out. The little thing could always make him speechless, but when he stopped to consider it, she was always right; besides, she was so adorable—there was simply nothing he could do about her.

Mag cleared the table and looked at Amy, who was counting the coins over and over again, her eyes shining. It looked like she not only liked good food, but she liked money too. A little chowhound and miser—it was hard to think of her as anything but a cute little thing. Mag went into the kitchen with the dishes and started to prepare lunch for himself.

A moment later, Mag went out with a plate of Yangzhou fried rice and saw Amy, who had been counting the coins in high spirits just now, bent over the table with dull eyes. She heard Mag come, looked up at him with a sad little face, and said, "Father, Amy is useless. I couldn't even collect money for you. I couldn't be of any help, right?"

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