

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

Chapter 2: A Little Dream And A Purpose

Come on! Mag thought. I just randomly wrote something; the words might have been mean and vicious, and dozens of restaurants might have been shut down, but do you really have to go out of your way to make me a cook?!

The thought of being supervised by a system to learn to cook made Mag quite depressed. *Being able to cook something regular is one thing, but becoming the God of Cookery is totally another!*

God of Cookery? Are you freaking kidding me?! Mag was enraged.

“Father, are you feeling alright?” Amy asked worriedly while reaching out with her hand to touch Mag’s face. She had a feeling that today’s father was different than usual, but couldn’t tell what had changed.

The warm touch on his face brought Mag back. He tried his best to calm down, and managed a weak smile, and then he searched in his memory and fumbled in his pockets. He found the last two copper coins, and put them in Amy’s little hand. “Amy, go buy two pancakes. We don’t cook tonight.”

“Really? Amy loves pancakes!” Amy smiled in surprise immediately. Holding the two coins, she crawled to Mag to kiss his face, and then got out of bed, putting on her shoes, and ran happily on her short legs towards the door.

Somehow, Mag’s heart ached a little as he watched Amy disappear at the door. Pancakes were made from coarse grain, and sold at one copper each. The last few years, they barely had enough to get by from Mag Alex’s miscellaneous work at the guild, so pancakes were such a luxury that Mag only bought one for Amy during festivals.

Amy was very good and smart, so even though she loved pancakes, she never asked for them herself.

The system just came out of nowhere and now just disappeared? Mag thought.

Leaning on his arms, Mag struggled to get up from his bed, and dragged himself in the straw shoes on the ground towards an old, broken bronze mirror. He took a look at his reflection.

His skin was a little yellow from long-time malnutrition and sunburn, but his face was almost the same as his previous self's. Only the long brown hair curling behind his head and the whiskers all over his face made him look a bit messy.

What a waste of a good figure! Mag thought. He would scare little kids with this look. How could he live with such a cute little girl with this face?

After that incident, his predecessor almost gave up. If it were not for Amy, he might have ended his glorious life on that night three years ago.

The little girl sure has suffered a lot with you. Leave it to me to make it up to her! Mag clenched his fist, but felt little strength.

One couldn't derive much strength from the once broken limbs. Mag felt like a useless man—he could barely clench his fists.

Moreover, in the house, there was almost nothing but bare walls—only one bed with one small cloth blanket for Amy when she went to bed.

Let alone the God of Cookery, with the last two coins gone, tomorrow's food was still a problem. It seemed like the key to all of this fell on that system.

Just now, the neutral voice of the system started again. "The system has issued the first mission: own a restaurant. The host needs only supply the land, and system will decorate and coordinate the whole restaurant based on host's chosen style. The time limit is three days. Success will be rewarded, and failing the mission will be punished."

Own a restaurant? Mag froze for an instant, but when he heard the words after that, he smiled happily, suddenly thinking this system wasn't that bad after all.

His predecessor might have had a bad life, but the good thing might be having bought this two-story house first thing when he got to Chaos City. To be sure, the house was very old and located at a far corner of the Aden Square, but it was all his.

Moreover, though it was isolated, the first floor was a decent place to open a store, and there were people who had wanted to rent it but got turned down by that stubborn knight. Otherwise, how could the pancake that cost one copper each become a luxury for them?

Mag walked slowly down with his hand leaning on the wall. The wooden floor creaked from oldness, and some stairs were already broken—it was totally a ramshackle building.

At long last, Mag reached downstairs, gasping heavily. This body was indeed so weak. In the old days, he could tear orcs apart with his bare hands, but now, he had to rest

after only a few steps. Now Mag understood somewhat why he would have given up. If it had been him, he might not have had the strength to go on, either.

“System, after completing the mission, is there a reward to recover my health?” Mag asked in his mind, clenching his fist subconsciously.

“Not for now,” the system replied emotionlessly.

Not for now? Does that mean there might be one in the future? Mag’s eyes brightened. If he had to keep on living like this, he wasn’t sure how long he could last, but if he could recover somehow... even if not as strong as the once formidable chief knight, he was satisfied to be a normal person.

In his previous life, he had money, women, power... everything. He was born in a position others couldn’t reach their whole life, so for a long time after he turned 30, he thought about life, and wanted to know exactly what he wanted from it, but he didn’t find it.

At that time, commenting on food and restaurants was his favorite activity. He was a little picky and addicted to vicious criticism, but it was just a win by words as he felt emptier when he looked at those comments afterwards.

Now, everything was different. He got a cute daughter, and lived at the bottom. Whether it was for his recovery or for giving his daughter a better life, he had to try his best and work long and hard to learn to cook and open a restaurant.

Having cleared up his dream and purpose all of a sudden, Mag suddenly felt alive again.

Noble lords are stomping their feet while waiting in the long line; elves are stuffing kebabs, paying no mind to their manners; giant dragons are sitting around a hot pot, strainers in their hands; demons are eating nice-looking dango... Mag pictured this visual in his head, finding it more interesting all of a sudden.

The first floor had a lot of room, and by removing the half wall in the middle, more than 80 square meters was available. On the floor were some boards and stuff; on the backside was a kitchen, dark and plain.

He’d rather leave this place unused than rent it out! No wonder he had no money... Mag shook his head, not understanding him. One sowed, and another reaped. At least his first mission’s requirement was met, so he immediately said in his mind, “I provide this land for the restaurant.”

“The system has confirmed that this house belongs to the host, and this position is fit to be a restaurant. Mission is complete. Please choose the decoration style.”

As the system replied, a row of 3D pictures suddenly appeared in Mag's head—classic Chinese style, countryside style, western style... As long as it existed in real life, he could find it there. Mag was overwhelmed by so many pictures.

Since it was those cooks' resentment that made me come here, the dishes I have to learn to cook must be from them. I mainly went to Chinese restaurants, but also a lot of western ones and various well-known restaurants on the Web, but I'm not sure how many more will appear. Mag didn't rush to decision.

After a careful analysis, Mag thought that it can't be a certain style; otherwise, he can't serve steak with fork and knife in a quaint Chinese restaurant, which would have absolutely triggered his vicious criticism before.

A simple and cozy one which could accommodate more people was the best option. He was already looking forward to seeing the sight of a restaurant full of customers.

This is it!

A restaurant that had some classic European style caught Mag's eyes. Its overall color was near brown, with beautiful drawings everywhere and a grand European chandelier hanging in the middle. The tables were the simplest brown log ones for four, oblong in shape; beside the tables were matching wooden chairs with no armrests. Before the counter lay a long adjoining table, which could fit 16 chairs easily. Without doubt, it could accommodate many people comfortably.

On the inside, a semi-open kitchen stood behind the counter; through the kitchen glass, one could see everything from inside, but the glass was just high enough to keep the customers from peeping at the cooking bench.

Its overall design was quaint and grand, capable of accommodating any cooking style. Even stuffing kebabs and bragging here were not out of character.

"Perfect!" Mag nodded in satisfaction, and was ready to decide, but then, he thought of a problem. "System, does the reconstruction include the second floor?"

Thank you for reading on