

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

Chapter 4: A Small Promise

Mag turned on the tap and gulped down a lot of water. Then, holding onto the edge of the sink with both hands, he took a breath and felt alive again. He'd been already thirsty when he woke up, and instead of drinking some water, he ate that pancake, so he almost choked to death. His throat was still burning even now.

If it were his previous life, he would have written a denunciation thousands of words long and forced shut the restaurant for good. How could anyone eat this?!

Before he knew it, Amy had already come to him. "Father, are you all right?" Amy asked worriedly, tugging at the corner of his clothes.

"Yes. Father's okay. Just choked a little." Mag looked down at Amy immediately, reached out to stroke her hair, and put a smile back on his face again. Being worried about and relied on like this warmed his heart, and his resentment towards the pancake abated a lot.

He was just a normal father now, and didn't want to go through the things that he did in his previous life. He didn't want to travel again.

Letting out a breath, Amy seemed to have relaxed a lot, and then she reproached him with a grim look. "Father, you should eat slowly. Pancakes are good, but you can't rush. Eat bit by bit, and then you won't choke."

"Yes, Amy's right." Mag nodded earnestly as he looked into Amy's eyes. Then, the little one went back to her seat contentedly.

Mag didn't go out at once, but took a close look at the kitchen.

The kitchen was shaped like a strip and had an area of 10 square meters or so—it was fairly spacious. On the cooking bench were four built-in gas stoves, and there was also a silver side-suction range hood and a big four-door refrigerator.

This was a very professional modern kitchen, but most space was still vacant. There was only one wide Chinese chef's knife on the knife block, and the likes of pots and pans were nowhere to be found.

“System, did you forget to arrange the appliances and kitchenware when decorating? The fridge is also empty.” Mag closed the empty fridge. His idea of cooking something random fell through.

“The host has no right to use those appliances now,” the system answered. “When missions are completed, they will be unlocked one by one. For now, only the necessary ingredients for the recipes that the host has learned will be provided, and they have to be bought first to use.”

Mag froze for an instant, but he had no choice. *The system really goes out of its way to make me learn to cook... it seems like there is no way to get something else to eat today, and the system said the ingredients need to be bought, so could it be that it will supply all the necessary ingredients?*

Mag did a lap around the kitchen, and when he was certain there was nothing to eat here, he could do nothing but pour two bowls of plain boiled water and walk out. It looked like completing missions sooner was very necessary, or all of this was wasted here.

Besides, after trying that horrible pancake, he couldn't wait to eat Yangzhou fried rice. Whether giving Amy a chance to try the delicious food from the earth or conquering this world with the Yangzhou fried rice, it was an interesting idea.

Mag went through his predecessor's memories again. Because the war among species lasted for a thousand years, the human food here was a bit like English cuisine, whose cooking methods were simple and crude—boiling and baking.

No seasoning was added during cooking. People would just sprinkle some salt or pepper before eating based on their taste. It was just for appeasing hunger and balancing nutrition. After all, in the times of war, one couldn't ask too much.

Although the cooking here had undergone certain development through a hundred years of peace, those cooks' mind were so bigoted that even if they had tried to improve, their recipes were still too simple, and few cooking methods and dishes that were refreshingly impressive had ever appeared.

Even the food-loving humans were this lame in cooking, to say nothing of other species. Elves basically lived on various wild fruits from nature, dwarves ate more randomly—anything cooked would do, and demons and orcs even ate their prey alive...

Mag curled his lip. *It's like an uncultivated land of gourmet food, waiting for me to cultivate it.* Looking at Amy gobbling down the pancake with two hands, a gentle smile appeared on his face. He had little interest in great causes like bringing the food culture to the masses, but he wanted Amy to eat actual good things and have a comfortable life, so learning to cook was not too hard to accept for him.

Mag was really hungry, so he had to soak the pancake in the water and wait for it to soften before eating. He could barely swallow it.

Amy's teeth were very good, and the pancake cracked merrily in her mouth. She finished it in just a little while, and then she picked up the bowl, drank a mouthful of water, and gave a content burp. Watching Mag eating the pancake mush with chopsticks, she smiled happily. "Father, the pancake is very tasty, right?"

Mag shook his head, lightly touched Amy's cute little nose with his hand, and smiled. "I won't say it's very tasty, Amy. It's just something that can barely appease our hunger. Someday, I'll make you the Manchu Han Imperial Feast[1.Manchu Han Imperial Feast consisted of at least 108 unique dishes from the Manchu and Han Chinese culture during the Qing Dynasty.], just for you. You can eat as much as you can."

"Manchu Han Imperial Feast? Is it really tastier than the pancake?" Amy's eyes were shining with excitement, but then she seemed a little worried as she looked at Mag. *The food Father has made before tasted weird. Is Father really able to make something much much better than the pancake?*

"Sure!" Mag nodded earnestly. "And Manchu Han Imperial Feast is not one dish; it consists of 108 dishes of various exotic food from mountains and seas. It can last you three days in a row." He could guess what was in her mind—apparently, the pancake was the best thing in her eyes. His predecessor's cooking skills were as disappointing as his, and must have left a bad impression on her.

"108 dishes of various exotic food from mountains and seas?" Amy counted on her fingers, trying to picture the table full of better things than pancakes; moreover, it could last three days! Her eyes became brighter and brighter, and her face was happy with a smile. She jumped off the chair, looked at Mag, and cried out happily, "Wow! Amy wants to have the Manchu Han Imperial Feast! Make me the Manchu Han Imperial Feast, Father! Amy wants it now!"

"Um..." Looking at Amy's eyes full of anticipation, Mag felt a little embarrassed—he couldn't even make the Yangzhou fried rice now. However, he had the God of Cookery Cultivation System on him, so the Manchu Han Imperial Feast would be nothing to him in the future. Still, he felt like he had bragged a little too soon as he watched his little girl's eager face.

"Of course Father also wants to make it for Amy, but our restaurant is not open yet," said Mag apologetically, stroking Amy's hair. "There are no ingredients in the kitchen, so I couldn't make so many good things."

"Well..." Amy was a little disappointed, but quickly raised her head again. She took hold of Mag's big hand, patted it on the back, and said soothingly, "It's all right, Father. The food you cooked before was good too. When Amy grows up a little, I can go make

money and buy a lot of good things for Father to let you make the Manchu Han Imperial Feast.”

Suddenly, Mag felt a little saddened as he looked at Amy’s earnest face. He sniffed and then shook his head with a smile. “Father is different than before now. Making money to support our family is naturally my responsibility, and I’ll make the Manchu Han Imperial Feast for you as I said. It’s our little agreement. I promise.” Then he held out his little finger.

Amy looked up at Mag and blinked her eyes. *It seems today’s Father really is different. His image seems to have become bigger and kinder.* She looked at that little finger, held out her own to intertwine with her father’s, and then said happily, “Okay. Amy’s sure Father can do it.”

Thank you for reading on