

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

### Chapter 7: Love Breakfast

Mag cleaned up the bathroom, took a look at Amy, who was still in her sleep, and then he put the little dress, pantyhose, and her white shoes on one side of the bed. When picturing a very cute Amy in this dress, Mag couldn't help smiling happily. On his way out, he took a set of wash supplies for children, opened the door, and went downstairs softly.

Mag couldn't be more familiar with this kitchen. The cooking bench, which contained no kitchenware last night, was now equipped with everything he needed to make Yangzhou fried rice. He opened the fridge and found all the necessary ingredients inside, and in the glass tank beside the fridge, shrimp were swimming merrily.

"About time I showed my true cooking skills and made Amy a love breakfast." Mag washed his hands and began to rinse the rice.

"Father?" Not long after, on the second floor, Amy turned over in her sleepiness, but didn't feel her father's body nearby as usual. She opened her heavy-lidded eyes, sat up, looked at the unfamiliar room, and froze for a long time. Then she remembered that this was the new house her father had conjured up last night; but, her father on the big bed was nowhere to be found now, so she got a little worried, and holding the small rails, she tried to get up.

However, just halfway through, she got attracted by the black dress on the side of the bed. Her eyes lit up, and she picked up the little dress with a pleasant surprise and rubbed it against her face—it felt very soft and smooth. She murmured happily, "Father must have conjured up this dress for me! It's so pretty. Amy loves it."

Mag didn't know that his little girl had woken up. He put the rice in the rice cooker, which had very high power, and the rice was ready in a short while. Then, he removed it from the cooker—the rice grains were clearly separated even though they were just cooked, all glittering and translucent, and had a pleasant aroma.

Mag couldn't help but murmur, "What is this rice? I think I could eat two bowls of it even if it was just plain rice." The shrimp were very good too; even if they were simply boiled in water, perhaps the taste would still be very delicious.

Mag took the needed amount of each ingredient for a bowl of Yangzhou fried rice and washed them clean. His face became very serious the instant he held the kitchen knife.

This was what he had learned in the test field. Cooking needed absolute devotion—it was an attitude that every cook should have.

Mag wielded the Chinese chef's knife skillfully. Whether it was the crisp and young winter bamboo shoot or the hard-shell shrimp, they were all starting to become even grains to be used later. After tens of thousands of times of practicing cutting, he had become very skilled.

Of course, no cook had the luxury of practicing his cutting skills on these things.

Mag poured some oil into the wok, and then added every ingredient in the proper order. A strong aroma pervaded the whole kitchen, went out of the door, and found its way through the unclosed door to the stairs, and then into the bedroom, whose door was left ajar.

Sitting on the bed, Amy was giggling in the new dress that she had changed into by herself with great effort. It was the first time that she wore such a pretty dress; it was so comfortable, and softly touched her body as if she were dressed in a cloud—fluffy, yet warm.

Then Amy smelled that aroma, and her big blue eyes that had been a little drowsy before immediately brightened. She took a deep sniff, and said, "Mmm, what a good smell! Perhaps Father is making something delicious?"

Having no time to wear the pantyhose that looked like long socks in her eyes, Amy quickly climbed off her bed, put on her white shoes, and ran towards the door on her short legs.

When Amy opened up the door, the aroma became even stronger. She swallowed her saliva, while her little tummy began crying out. She had never smelled this kind of aroma before. Even the smell from the roast goose restaurant on the side of the square was not even half as good as this one. Her steps became even lighter when she went downstairs; she wished she could fly into the kitchen and see what her father was making.

Amy walked into the kitchen. "It smells so good. Father, what are you making—" Before she could finish her words, she saw Mag's back in a plain and simple chef's suit with black and white stripes on it, and she found that his long curly hair and whiskers were gone. Amy was stunned speechless; her blue eyes were wide open and filled with surprise. *It's ... Father?*

Mag heard some noise, and looked to the door with a little surprise. "Amy is already awake?"

His little girl had changed into the black Gothic dress and was wearing a pair of white shoes with little pink butterflies on them. After a night's sleep, an ahoge<sup>1</sup> had appeared

among her smooth silver hair; her surprised face and slightly open mouth were so cute and lovely. It looked like she was shocked by his current look. Mag smiled, and said, "Why, just a night's sleep and you don't recognize Father anymore?"

Amy blinked her eyes, and cried out happily, "It's really Father!"

*Father's long curly hair has become short and good-looking, the bristling whiskers are gone, his clothes have become clean and neat, and the smile on his face is so warm and pleasant. More importantly, Father seems to have become taller, like a giant; his straight back looks like a big tree.*

"Father seems to have become taller—as tall as a big tree, and better-looking. So handsome." Amy came close to Mag happily.

"I'm taller?" Mag lowered his head, and took a look at himself. *Maybe it's because I have straightened my hunched back and changed into fit and stiff clothes. That must be why I look taller. Sure, becoming better-looking makes me happier. And, as I have expected, little girls love neat and clean mature men.*

Soon, the little girl was attracted by the wok that Mag was working with. She stood on tips of her toes to try to look inside while asking in surprise, "But Father, what's in the wok? Why does it smell so good, and even better than the roast goose? Amy is hungry..."

"This is Yangzhou fried rice. We'll be eating this for breakfast. Over there is a pink toothbrush and a cup. Amy, go brush your teeth and wash your face. When you finish, breakfast will also be ready. Okay?" said Mag, smiling. He tried to make his voice softer. In his previous life, he'd been condescendingly cold to others, and never smiled when speaking. Now, he was trying to adapt himself to being a gentle and kind father. He wanted to give Amy the best life he could.

"Okay." Amy nodded obediently, and took another look into the wok before walking towards the toothbrush and cup unwillingly. Then, she brushed her teeth for the first time under the guidance of Mag.

Mag cooked the rice carefully. When it was done, he turned off the gas, and removed the rice from the wok—a plate of bright-colored Yangzhou fried rice was ready.

Amy had just brushed her teeth, and ran to Mag quickly. Watching the Yangzhou fried rice with different colors mixed together, her eyes brightened immediately. "Wow, it's so pretty! Father is so amazing!" she praised him earnestly.

"Yes. I agree." Mag nodded. He couldn't help smiling, feeling an overwhelming sense of achievement.

Amy leaned forward to take in the smell, and then couldn't refrain from swallowing her saliva. She looked up at Mag and pouted. "It smells so good, Father. Amy wants to eat Yang... Yangzhou fried rice."

Looking at Amy acting like a spoiled child, Mag's heart nearly melted. He wanted very badly to say, "it's all yours!", but he held back his words. He wiped the foam off the corner of her mouth and shook his head. "Not now. You have to wash your hands first before eating from now on."

"Then let's hurry, Father." Amy took Mag's hand and dragged him towards the sink.

Mag raised an eyebrow—it seemed something was wrong. He got disliked by the little thing.

After Amy had washed her hands, Mag took the fried rice to the table that they used yesterday. Amy was already waiting on her seat, her hand holding a small spoon, and eyes looking at the plate of fried rice in Mag's hand full of expectation ever since he'd walked out of that door.

Mag put down the plate and smiled as he stroked his little girl's head. "Go ahead and eat now."

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