

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

Chapter 8: Give Me Seconds, Father

The fried rice fresh out of the wok was still steaming, and the aroma of eggs and green onions tickled Amy's nose, so she couldn't help but take a deep sniff and look at the fried rice before her with shining eyes.

Each rice grain was coated with golden eggs as if they were shining. Moreover, not only golden color, there was also green, red, white... various colors were mixed together. Amy couldn't refrain from swallowing saliva. She looked up at Mag and asked in surprise, "Father, did you unhook the rainbow and cook it?"

"What?" Mag had just sat down opposite her and got surprised by her words. He took a look at the multicolored fried rice—it did seem like a shattered rainbow. Childishness was indeed the most interesting thing in the world. Mag nodded, smiling. "Yes, this is rainbow fried rice. Go on and try it, Amy."

"No, Father has to taste it first, and then I'll eat." Amy shook her head and spooned a full spoon of fried rice, and, a bit strenuously, handed it to Mag.

"You can eat first, Amy. Father is not hungry. I'll make some more later." Mag shook his head, smiling.

"No, Father woke up so early to make breakfast for Amy, so you must be hungrier than me." Amy pouted. She held the spoon up, and it shook a little bit because she had only a little strength, but she had no intention at all to take it back.

"Well, then, I'll eat one spoon of it first." Mag smiled and ate the rice on the spoon. With the delicious fried rice down his mouth, a warm feeling filled up his heart. His little girl had secretly swallowed her saliva several times already, but still she insisted that he should eat first.

It felt so good to be cared about.

"Then I'll start eating now." Amy happily took back her spoon, spooned another spoonful, and looked at the rice solemnly. "I'm sorry, rainbow, but I have to eat you now."

Mag smiled involuntarily—the little thing was so innocent. He rested his chin in one hand and looked at Amy, full of expectation and a little nervous.

He thought this fried rice was very delicious; still, it was a kind of food from the earth, after all, and was totally different from this world's cuisine. He was not sure whether Amy would like it, or whether she would get used to this taste.

No sooner had she put the rice in her mouth than her eyes brightened. The little pointy ears half-covered by her silver hair moved a little bit. The tender rice was coated by delicious eggs, tender shrimp, salty ham, sweet tree mushrooms, and crisp winter bamboo shoots—all the delicious tastes were perfectly mixed in this one spoonful of rice. The texture was so smooth, and the strong and sweet flavor melted in her mouth. It was just too good to put into words.

Compared to this fried rice, she felt the pancake, which had been her favorite, was like a stone. It had become nothing to her, and maybe she wouldn't eat it anymore.

After the first spoonful, she couldn't refrain from taking the second; one spoonful after another, she just couldn't stop her hands, never feeling happier than now.

"The rainbow fried rice is so good. Father is so amazing..." Amy didn't forget to mumble this when she got a chance, though her eyes were fixed on the plate the whole time. She kept on stuffing herself after that, and didn't intend to stop halfway and take a breather at all.

"Slow down. Take your time," said Mag. He stood up, went to pour a glass of water, and put it beside her. Looking at the adorable shaking of his girl's little pointy ears, Mag smiled contentedly. Amy's reaction said everything—she was very satisfied with this fried rice. The dull and dry repeated practice that he had done in the test field paid off in the best way possible at this very moment. Merely watching her eating made it all worthwhile.

Guess I'll fall in love with cooking soon enough, Mag said to himself. Looking at the little thing eating made him feel such a strong sense of achievement. She was eating so greedily that he felt a little hungry too.

When she had eaten it all, Amy held the plate with both hands and licked it; even the last bit of shrimp meat was not spared. She put the plate down and said with a lot of expectation, "Give me seconds, Father. Amy wants to eat more rainbow fried rice. It's so delicious."

"Seconds?" Mag was a little surprised, and took a look at the empty plate. The amount he had given her was a portion for an adult, and Amy had not only eaten everything, but also wanted more.

"Yes, Amy wants more." Amy nodded, blinked her eyes, and looked at Mag, full of expectation. However, on second thought, she looked to the kitchen with a little hesitation, and said, "But Father didn't eat yet. Do we have enough rice? Amy doesn't have to eat more."

“Sure, we have a lot of rice. And Amy’s fried rice was eaten a mouthful by Father. That must be why Amy’s still hungry. I’ll go make some more and eat it with Amy, Okay?” Mag rubbed Amy’s hair, smiling. The little thing was always thinking about him, so considerate.

Mag searched in his memory and found out that Amy could eat two bowls of food like an adult even though she was only four; besides, it was the first time that she had had such delicious fried rice, so it was quite understandable that she would want seconds. Still, Mag didn’t want her to be stuffed—it was just early morning, so he decided to give her a half bowl of rice or so.

“Okay. Father’s cooking is so good today.” Amy looked at Mag as she clapped her hands, eyes full of adoration.

Mag stood up, cleared the table, and prepared to go to the kitchen.

Then, the system’s voice sounded suddenly. “The bonus of using ingredients for free is over. From now on, for every ingredient system supplied, you have to pay first before using it. The following is the price list. Please check.”

“Pay?” Mag was taken aback, and suddenly recalled that when he’d been in the test field, doing his mission, the system had indeed mentioned something about the right to buy ingredients. However, at that time, he’d been too focused on the fried rice to mind that. He had thought the ingredients were supplied for free by the system, and hadn’t expected to pay for them.

Mag calmed down and looked at the price list, but his eyes immediately opened wide from shock. “Holy sh*t! System, there must be some problem with the price.”

“The price has no problem,” answered the system calmly.

“The shrimp cost 50 copper coins each—I can live with that, but you want one copper for one green pea ... are you ripping me off?” Mag raised an eyebrow. On the list, it said:

Ingredients Needed for the Yangzhou Fried Rice

Shrimp: 50 copper coins each—needs two;

Eggs: 30 copper coins each—needs two;

Ham: 40 copper coins apiece;

Tree mushrooms: 30 copper coins for each cap;

Winter bamboo shoots: 30 copper coins apiece;

Rice: 30 copper coins per each bowl;

Green peas: 1 copper coin per each grain—needs five;

Green onions: 1 copper coin for each—needs one;

Total: 296 copper coins.

“The cost of ingredients of one plate of Yangzhou fried rice can buy me 296 pancakes!”
Mag was speechless. *How can I do business with such expensive ingredients?!*

Thank you for reading on