

## Stay At home 331

### Chapter 331: Father is the Best!

"I'll cook some breakfast; you two can go and play together for a bit," Mag said with a smile. He turned toward the kitchen, and thought about how amusing it was that Ugly Duckling had acrophobia. Thankfully, it wasn't a bird. Otherwise, that would be quite a concern.

There were occasionally some customers who came to the restaurant, but they could only sigh with disappointment upon discovering that it wasn't open for business.

The customers were beginning to get a grasp on Mag's personality. He was very easygoing and benevolent, but the restaurant rules he'd established were set in stone. No one could break those rules, or they would be placed on Mag's dreaded blacklist.

After a simple breakfast, it was already 9am. The sun had risen to the ideal point, and the conditions were perfect for kite-flying.

"Let's go fly our kite!" Amy jumped out of the restaurant with Ugly Duckling trailing behind her. Mag emerged last from the restaurant, with the kite held in his hands.

Even discounting its long three-pronged tail, the kite was about as tall as a grown man, and there were specks of shiny silver interspersed with its vibrant purple surface. The color scheme was very exuberant, making it appear as if it really did have feathers.

The kite was huge, but also very light, just as if it were completely weightless. Its frame was very rigid yet supple, and it felt as if the kite would fly into the sky as soon as Mag tossed it into the air. He was very happy with the level of quality, and he almost praised the system for it.

However, he couldn't bring himself to do so. The system would become so inflated if he were to praise it that it would float into the sky before the kite did.

"Wow, what a beautiful kite! Is little Amy going kite-flying with Mag?" Xixi was feeding Black Coal and Green Pea at the entrance of the magic potion shop, and her eyes lit up at the sight of the large purple kite.

"I sure am! Father made the kite for me. Big Sister Xixi, do you want to come with us?" Amy was very proud of her father.

Xixi took a glance at the magic potion shop before shaking her head with a smile. "I really want to go kite-flying as well, but I still have to work, so I won't be able to come today. Have fun with your father."

"Alright, then." Amy nodded before turning toward Black Coal and Green Pea as she asked, "Green Pea, Black Coal, do you guys want to come?"

"No!" Black Coal immediately refused. It was looking at Amy with a hint of horror in its eyes.

"I don't want to go, either." Green Pea also shook its head. It used its red beak to smooth down its soft green feathers, and said, "I can fly on my own, so I don't like to fly kites."

“Don’t worry, Black Coal, I won’t use you as an experimental subject for my flames of extreme frost anymore,” Amy consoled.

However, before Black Coal could heave a sigh of relief, she continued seriously, “I’ll wait until Master Turtle teaches me a second spell.”

“The honorable... no, the lowly Fama Odin Ben is sorry! Please forgive me. I’ll do whatever you say, so please don’t use that ice to freeze me again. It was so cold!” Black Coal’s pitiable eyes were already shimmering with a film of tears as it pleaded with Amy.

Amy looked at Black Coal, and contemplated momentarily before nodding in response. “Alright, I won’t freeze you next time, then.”

“Thank you! From now on, Little Black is your most loyal servant. You can tell me to do anything.” Black Coal was so elated that his voice was trembling slightly.

“Then...” Amy looked down at Ugly Duckling, which was just preparing to pounce on a colorful butterfly.

“Meow~” Ugly Duckling seemed to have sensed Amy’s gaze, and its body immediately stiffened. It was still recovering from the trauma of being frozen solid as well, and it shook its head with all its might.

“What you two are doing is wrong! Whom am I supposed to test out my spells on, then?” Amy pouted with displeasure.

“Amy, you shouldn’t force Ugly Duckling and Black Coal to be your test subjects. No matter what you do, you have to consider other people’s feelings. If they’re your friends, then you shouldn’t force them to do things against their will.” Mag looked at Amy with a serious expression.

“Really?” Amy looked up at Mag with a hint of conflict and confusion in her eyes.

Mag nodded. Using a gentle voice, he explained, “Yes. Ugly Duckling doesn’t want to be frozen by your magic spell, so it’s experiencing fear. That’s a negative emotion; it means that it’s not happy. We should try to make our friends happy, just like how you always try to make Jessica happy.”

At Amy’s age, she had yet to develop a concept of what was right and what was wrong. As such, she required parental guidance to put her on the right track.

“Treat them like I treat Jessica...” Amy’s eyes gradually lit up, and she nodded earnestly as she said, “I understand now, Father.”

“Good girl.” A smile appeared on Mag’s face.

Amy looked at Ugly Duckling with a smile, and said, “Ugly Duckling, I won’t use my flames of extreme frost on you from now on.”

“Meow~” Ugly Duckling was ecstatic, and it rubbed its head against Amy’s leg to express its joy.

“However, Jessica never asks me to hold her, so I won’t hold you again, either. You’re quite big now, so you should learn to walk on your own,” Amy added in a serious voice.

“Meow~” Ugly Duckling’s elated expression immediately disappeared. It looked up at Amy, and raised its two forelegs, trying to beg her to hold it in her arms.

“No. Father told me that I have to treat you like how I treat Jessica. If hold you, then I have to hold Jessica, but she would be too heavy for me to hold her, so it wouldn’t be fair to her.” Amy shook her head, and waved at Xixi before skipping toward the square. At that point, there were already many kites in the sky over the square.

Ugly Duckling was very dejected, and it reluctantly switched its target to Mag.

“My hands are already full, so you’ll have to walk on your own.” Mag shrugged with the kite in one hand and the line reel in the other as he followed along behind Amy. He couldn’t spoil Ugly Duckling too much. What if it grew up to be an obese cat?

“Meow!” Ugly Duckling cried with indignation before trotting along behind the two of them. Its movements appeared slightly labored, but it was still able to keep up.

In the square, there were many parents flying kites with their children. There was a massive circular plaza at the center of the Aden Square, and it was paved with bluestone to create a very level surface. It was perfect for kite-flying.

All of the children were competing to see whose kite was prettier and whose father was flying their kite at the highest altitude.

“Father is the best! Our kite flies the highest, and it’s the largest, and most beautiful one!” A little girl with her hair organized into a bun clapped her little hands together. She was chasing a man in a black jumpsuit, and her little face was alight with excitement.

### **Chapter 332: Rising Into the Air!**

There were several dozens of kites flying in the sky, most of which were small rhomboid kites. Those that were flying at an altitude of about three to five meters were already considered to be quite impressive.

However, there was a large black kite among them that had reached an altitude of nearly 10 meters, so it was very eye-catching.

“Careful, Yaya, I’m going to fly the kite even higher!” Daniel wore a proud smile on his face; he felt his pride very inflated by the envious glances directed toward him. Thus, he quickened his pace, and the line in his hand continued to unravel. The large black kite in the sky rose several meters further, leaving all of the other kites in the dust.

*I’m going to recover my glorious image in Yaya’s heart!* Daniel thought to himself. Last time he had brought Yaya out for a fun time together, they encountered a little girl with intricate little braids, and Yaya burst into tears as she wanted to have her hair braided in the same manner. It took him an entire day to console her back then.

Thus, he had spent a lot of time and effort on crafting that kite. He used a line that was meant for fishing nets, and sure enough, it ensured that the kite was able to maintain a stable flight at a high altitude. As such, he was thrust under the limelight, and received his daughter’s admiration.

“Wow, that black kite is flying so high! Father, I want our kite to fly that high, no, even higher than that one!”

“Father, why is our kite so small? Look at their kite; it’s so big, and it flies so high. I also want a kite that big.”

“Waaah, I want! I want it! I want a kite that big too!”

Many of the little kids in the square were very envious of that high-flying black kite, and some of them had already burst into tears.

“Alright, daddy will buy one for you, don’t cry...” All of the parents looked at the black kite in the sky and heaved resigned sighs. At the same time, they were feeling quite angry. All of them were out to have a good time with their children, but that black kite had completely ruined their attempts to keep their children happy.

Daniel’s smile grew even more pronounced as he listened to the sound of the crying children. *Yes, yes, yes! This is the feeling I’m looking for!*

“Wow, look, Father! That black kite is so awesome! It’s flying higher than all of the other kites.” Amy rushed over to the plaza, and looked up at the kites flying in the sky. She then turned to Mag with excitement and anticipation in her eyes, and asked, “Will our kite fly higher than theirs?”

Daniel subconsciously glanced at Amy upon hearing her voice, upon which his eyes immediately widened in shock. *Isn’t that the pretty little girl with the braids from last time?!*

A hint of foreboding welled up in his heart. His gaze then fell on Mag, and his footsteps came to an abrupt halt as he caught sight of the massive purple kite in his hand.

*What the f\*ck?! How can a kite be that beautiful?! And it’s so massive too! Plus... Why is it him again?! Why is it always him and his daughter!!* Daniel felt as if his heart had been plunged into a glacial pit upon seeing them. Was he going to be outdone again?

“Father, why aren’t you running? Our kite is about to fall.” Yaya looked up at the black kite in the sky with a concerned expression, and then turned to Daniel with a puzzled look.

“Oh, I’ll start running right away!” Daniel looked up, only to discover that their kite was indeed losing altitude, and he immediately began running again. After a while, the kite gradually rose again.

*Hmph, maybe it’s just a useless piece of trash that merely looks good. No matter how beautiful it is, it won’t matter if it can’t fly,* Daniel thought to himself. How could someone possibly be good at everything? Such a person simply didn’t exist.

“Wow, Mommy, look! That kite is even bigger and more beautiful than the black kite.”

“Yeah, it’s so beautiful. Daddy, I want it, I want it!”

“Such a big kite must be able to fly really high, even higher than the black one. I’m so envious.”

All the little kids soon took notice of the kite in Mag’s hand, and all of them aimed envious glance at Amy while exerting pressure on their parents to get them the same one.

All of the parents were even more depressed upon seeing the kite in Mag's hand. Daniel's kite had beaten everyone else in altitude, but at the very least it was ugly. They could still console their children by convincing them that their kite looked better.

However, that kite would absolutely crush everyone else's in a beauty contest—their kites looked like flying pieces of trash in comparison.

*I hope it can't fly at all!*

All of the parents prayed in their hearts. If the kite were that beautiful, *and* it could fly high as well, then they would probably get disowned by their children.

"Of course it can, and it'll fly even higher and better than theirs." Mag looked up at the black kite, which was hanging at an altitude of over ten meters. He could easily reach that altitude with a normal kite in his previous life, let alone the custom-made kite that the system had crafted. If he couldn't beat such a crude kite, then he would be a disgrace to the system.

He could sense the hostility in the eyes of the other parents, but he couldn't do anything about that. He prioritized Amy's happiness over the happiness of their children. As for how the parents were going to console their children, that was not something he had to consider.

"Let's fly our kite! It's going to fly higher than everyone else's!" Amy clapped her little hands with joy. She was also feeling quite elated at the sight of the admiring gazes from the other little kids. Her father was the best, and the other little kids were all very envious of her.

"Alright, then. Help hold the kite for me." Mag handed a corner of the kite to Amy for her to hold, and unwound a few meters of the line. He determined from which direction the wind was blowing before turning to Amy with a smile as he said, "1, 2, 3... Let's go!"

He quickly rushed forward a couple of steps, and the kite immediately rose against the wind.

"It's flying!" Amy cried with joy. She also began to run behind Mag. She looked up at the climbing purple phoenix kite, and her eyes grew brighter and brighter as her face lit up with happiness.

"The big kite is flying!"

"It's so beautiful!"

The little kids in the square were all staring at the massive kite rising into the sky. Their mouths were wide agape, and their eyes were filled with envy.

The large kite rose into the air, and its lifelike purple feathers shimmered under the sun, while its colorful tail flapped in the wind. It was as if a real purple phoenix had spread its wings and taken to the skies. It passed one kite, two kites, countless other kites, and showed no signs of stopping as it approached the black kite that was flying at the highest altitude...

### **Chapter 333: The Loneliness of Invincibility**

"H... H... Holy f\*ck!"

“Where’s the justice?!”

Daniel looked on with wide eyes as the purple kite passed the kites flying at roughly five meters virtually in the blink of an eye. It then continued to rise, passing his own black kite, and it looked as if it were going to rise into infinity and beyond.

“That’s so awesome...”

The little ones looked on with astonishment from down below. They were asking their fathers to overtake the black kite, but they had been completely conquered by the large purple kite—so much so that they couldn’t even muster up any thoughts of trying to outdo it.

“Waaah, Father, our kite has been overtaken. It’s not the highest one, and that kite is prettier than ours, and bigger than ours, and flies higher than ours. Our kite isn’t even good anymore.” Yaya burst into tears as she looked at the purple phoenix kite. She’d been happy and beaming just a moment ago, but that seemed like a distant memory of the past.

“Don’t cry, Yaya, Father will run a bit faster, and our kite will definitely be able to go higher!” Daniel hurriedly consoled Yaya as he accelerated. The fishing line in his hand unfurled relentlessly as their black kite pursued the big purple kite. With that new injection of pace, their kite managed to catch up, and momentarily appeared to be keeping pace with the purple one.

“I believe in you, Father!” Yaya stopped crying, and clenched her little fists as she provided words of encouragement.

“Go, Father! Make it fly higher! Make it fly the highest among all kites!!!” Amy yelled happily as she ran along behind Mag. Even though she wasn’t trying to be better than all of the other little kids, there was always a competitive side to children her age, so she obviously didn’t want to settle for second best.

“Alright.” Mag took a glance at Daniel, and was struck by a sense of nostalgia. He then looked at the girl beside him with her hair organized into a bun, and he suddenly recalled who they were. She was the little girl who had burst into tears at the sight of Amy’s hair.

Daniel was drenched in sweat as he ran with all his might, glowering at Mag with a hostile expression, and Mag suddenly felt a little apologetic toward him. He had already hurt him once, and it appeared that he was doing so again.

However, Mag certainly wasn’t going to concede and let him win. After all, his daughter was still cheering him on from behind, so as a father, he couldn’t let anyone beat their duo.

“Even though we were hurt by that black kite earlier, I really hope that it can win. If the purple kite comes out on top, then we’ll be in a lot of trouble.”

“Yeah, the purple kite is way too beautiful. I wonder if he bought it or made it himself. It would be good if he bought it as that would mean that we could buy one for our kids as well, but if he made it, then we’re screwed.”

All of the parents were staring nervously at the two kites. Even though they weren’t the ones in the competition, the result was still very important to them as it would decide how much torture they

would have to withstand later. Where were they going to find a large and beautiful kite that could also fly really high?

“Wow, look! That kite is so pretty, and it’s flying so high!”

“I know, right? I thought it was a really beautiful bird that had just flown over the Aden Square.”

“The black kite beside it is a little ugly, but it’s also flying quite high. It looks like they’re competing with one another.”

The two kites flew higher and higher, attracting the attention of many people outside the square. If a homemade kite could fly to an altitude of three to five meters, it was already considered to be very impressive. A kite made by a skilled craftsman could fly a bit higher, but due to limited materials, there still weren’t all that many that could fly over ten meters in the air.

However, those two kites had both exceeded an altitude of ten meters, and they were still rising. All of the onlookers were both surprised, and filled with a hint of anticipation. They wanted to see which kite could fly higher, and as a result, many people stopped to watch the impromptu contest.

Daniel was reinvigorated by the attention that was being afforded to him. He had expended extensive time and effort in crafting the kite, and he had only just created a scintillating image of himself in Yaya’s heart. As such, he couldn’t give up no matter what. He was almost sprinting, and the line in his hand was about to run out.

Compared to the scrambling Daniel, Mag appeared to be a lot more relaxed and graceful. He had run a few steps to get the kite into the air, but after that, he had merely used the line to make some minor adjustments to the kite in accordance with the direction that the wind was blowing from. Even so, the purple phoenix was still rising very quickly and elegantly.

Amy clapped her little hands together with excitement, and yelled, “Wow, Father is so awesome! Our purple phoenix is the best! Make it fly higher!”

It was her first time flying a kite, and she had always been very envious when seeing other children fly kites with their parents. Now, her father had taken her kite-flying, and their kite was more beautiful, larger, and flew higher than everyone else’s.

However, there was still a black kite that was persevering, and flying at almost the same altitude as the purple phoenix. That made Amy a little nervous. That black kite appeared to be very competitive as well.

Yaya clapped her little hands, and yelled loudly, “Go, Father! Go, Father!”

She looked on at the two competing kites with an anxious expression.

*That kite is pretty impressive, but if that’s the extent of what it can do, then it won’t be enough.* Mag glanced at the black kite just as a gust of wind blew forth. Thus, he loosened his grip on the line, allowing it to unfurl quickly, and purple phoenix immediately accelerated in its climb. The black kite was left in the dust as Mag’s line was quickly released. 15 meters, 20 meters, 25 meters... It was as if the kite had no upper limit.

“How... How could this be?!” Daniel was completely incredulous at the sight of the purple kite which had almost instantaneously left his far behind.

“Snap!”

Right at that moment, the taut line in Daniel’s hand suddenly snapped in the middle. The black kite was like a bird that had been shot out of the sky, and it came crashing down before plummeting into a bush.

Daniel stared blankly at the snapped line in his hand, while a burst of wistful sighs erupted throughout the square.

Amy threw her arms around Mag’s leg as she yelled, “Our kite is the highest one! Father is the best!”

Mag stopped the kite line from unfurling any further, and picked Amy up from the ground with a smile on his face. Her beaming smile and adoring eyes instilled within him a sense of profound satisfaction. The purple phoenix flew alone in the sky, appearing quite lonely in its invincible reign.

“Waaah... Our kite snapped. It’s not the highest one, and it can’t fly anymore...” Yaya faltered momentarily before bursting into tears again.

Daniel hurried over, and gently wiped the tears from her face as he consoled, “Don’t cry, Yaya, I’ll connect the line, and it’ll be able to fly again...”

Yaya pouted as looked up at the big purple kite in the sky, and she said, “But... But... Yaya wants a beautiful kite like that one. It’s so pretty, and large, and can fly so high...”

#### **Chapter 334: Bro, Do You Have Something Against Me?**

“That’s...” Daniel’s expression immediately stiffened upon hearing that. He’d been afraid that the conversation would head down this path. He’d thought that he would be able to somehow distract Yaya, but her focus still fell on that beautiful purple kite.

“I want that kite! I want that big kite!”

“The big kite is so fun! The little kite isn’t fun! I want that one!”

“Father, didn’t you say before we came here that our kite would fly the highest? It’s not flying high at all now. Waaah, you’re a liar.”

Yaya was not the only child who was throwing a tantrum following the contest between the two kites; all of the other little kids also followed suit. The large purple kite in the sky was a completely different beast compared to the other kites below it, and the little kids could only throw tantrums at their parents to exert pressure upon them.

“Don’t cry, father will make you a bigger and better one when we get back.”

“Hush now, I’ll ask that man where he bought his kite from, and we’ll buy one as well.”

All of the parents consoled their children while aiming hostile glances at Mag. He had ruined everyone’s fun! With his kite flying so high in the sky, none of the kids were satisfied with their own kites anymore.

Amy was quite perplexed at the sight of the sobbing children, and she asked, “Father, why are they all crying?”



“Perhaps because their kites aren’t flying high enough, so they want to play with ours.” Mag shrugged as he held Amy with one arm. He tugged on the line in his hand, and the purple phoenix did a somersault in the sky. Its colorful tail further enhanced the effect that the maneuver created, putting on a truly stunning spectacle.

“Woah!!! That was so awesome!!!”

Cries of amazement erupted from the little kids around them before they broke down into even louder sobs.

“Stop crying, everyone. I know that my father’s kite is super beautiful, and flies super high, so if you want to play with it...” Amy looked at the little kids with an earnest expression, and consoled, “Then you can watch me play with it.”

The kids had just stopped crying, and were listening intently to what Amy was about to say when they began to cry with even greater ferocity.

“I want to play with it! I want it!”

“She has such a beautiful kite; why don’t I have one? Waah...”

“...” Mag was quite amused. Amy sure was a kid-slayer. Her words were far more scathing to the children than watching him flaunt their purple phoenix kite, but at the same time, there was nothing wrong with what she was saying.

“Father, why are they still crying? Didn’t I allow them to watch me fly the kite?” Amy was very perplexed as she turned toward Mag. Back when she didn’t have a kite to fly, she felt very content just from watching others fly their kites.

“That’s because everyone is possessive in nature. They always want better things for themselves, which is why when they see a kite that’s better than theirs, they want to take it for themselves. However, the kite doesn’t belong to them, so they can only cry,” Mag explained with a smile. Possessiveness was a natural trait, and Mag wasn’t using it as a derogatory term; it was simply an objective truth. However, the main cause behind the children’s anguish was actually their parents.

There was a little elf girl standing right beside them, and she was also quite envious, but she stood obediently beside her father, and didn’t cry or scream like the other kids did. That was the difference between good parenting and bad parenting.

“I see. Then after we’re done, we should let them play with the kite as well. That way, they won’t cry anymore, right?” Amy asked with a thoughtful expression.

“If you’re willing to do that, then it should work.” Mag nodded with a smile. He was quite glad to see the kindness in Amy’s heart.

“Then, can I fly the kite?” Amy looked up at the kite flying high in the sky with anticipation in her eyes.

“Of course. Just hold onto this line, and tug on it gently. I’ll carry you and run around so the kite can continue to fly higher.” Mag handed the line to Amy, and ignored all of the kids. Even after handing over the line to Amy, he still grasped the section of the line just below her hand. The force that such a big kite

could generate in flight was quite considerable, so if he were to let Amy hold onto it on her own, she could get injured.

“When I say release, you let go, alright?” Mag instructed with a smile. He then ran a few steps against the wind with Amy in his arms, and directed her to release the line. Thus, more of the line was unraveled, and the purple phoenix flew higher and higher into the sky.

“This is so fun! I love kite-flying.” Peals of crisp laughter escaped Amy’s lips, and reverberated throughout the square. Ugly Duckling followed along behind the two of them, and occasionally looked up at the kite before swiping its claws at it as if it wanted to fly or grab the kite down.

The little kids looked on with envy; they gradually forgot their despair, and their sobs petered out. All of them began to stare at the kite with rapt attention, wondering just how high it could fly.

The parents finally heaved a sigh of relief. When little kids began crying, they could go on and on for an eternity, especially when they wanted something. Unless something more interesting was presented to them to divert their attention, there was no way to console them. Who would have thought that they would stop crying on their own?

Daniel was looking at Mag with a resentful expression. He had come prepared, but Mag still managed to outdo him. Yaya had stopped crying as well, but whenever he saw the envious look on her face, he would feel quite disgruntled.

Mag and Amy played with the kite for a long time. He wasn’t an avid kite-flyer in his past life, but he had friends who were professional competitive kite-flyers, and he had learned many tricks from them. The kite that the system had crafted for him was already over the professional quality standard, so if he wanted to, he could easily get it up to altitudes of 100 to 200 meters.

However, flying it that high would make it rather difficult to bring it back down later, so he stopped at an altitude of roughly 30 meters. Everyone could still get a clear view of it from that height, so it was more aesthetically pleasing anyway.

“Alright, let’s take a rest, and drink some water.” Mag placed Amy on the ground, and pulled out a small thermos cup from his bag. He poured a cup of water for Amy, and wiped the sweat off her forehead with his handkerchief.

“Alright.” Amy held the cup of water in both hands; her face was lit with a blissful smile. She was really, really happy today.

Daniel strode over to him with a solemn expression, and asked, “Can I have a word, brother?”

“Hmm?” Mag looked up at Daniel with a confused expression, and asked, “Do you need something?”

Daniel was a swordsman, but Mag wasn’t sensing any enmity from him, so he wasn’t overly concerned.

“Brother, do you have something against me? Why are you and your daughter always trying to knock me down a notch? Look at my little girl; she’s bawling her eyes out. Do you think it was easy for me to spend close to 20 days to make that kite?” Daniel’s expression immediately crumpled as he complained, “Anyway, I just want to ask if you’re selling that kite?”

**Chapter 335: God of Cookery Upgrade Wheel Activate!**

“I’m... not selling the kite.” Mag shook his head, and smiled at the resentful Daniel as he said, “But if your little girl wants to play with it, then we can lend it to her. We’re pretty much done with it anyway.”

“Yeah, little sister, you can play with it for a bit. I’m already tired.” Amy drank all of the water from her cup before waving at Yaya.

“Can I really play with it, big sister?” Yaya looked at Amy with a slightly incredulous expression.

“Of course. But it’s still mine, so I’m only borrowing it to you.” Amy nodded with an earnest expression before reminding Yaya of the kite’s ownership rights.

“Thank you, big sister!” Yaya was overjoyed as she spread open her little arms, and said, “Father, I want you to hold me as well! I want to fly the big beautiful kite!”

“Alright, I’m coming.” Daniel picked Yaya up, and turned to Mag with a grateful look as he said, “Thank you so much, brother.”

“No need to thank me. What’s important is that the children are happy.” Mag passed the line reel to Daniel, and a hint of warmth flowed through his heart at the sight of Amy’s benevolent smile.

Mag, Amy, and Ugly Duckling played together in the square for an entire morning. Even though they had loaned their kite out to the other little kids, Amy was very happy to play with the other children, and the sound of their laughter brought smiles to all of the parents’ faces.

“He’s a good person, after all. Even though he made all the kids cry, he’s now making them all laugh.”

“Indeed. His daughter is quite a generous girl as well. If it were my child, she definitely wouldn’t let anyone else touch her kite.”

The parents that were familiar with each other discussed among themselves in quiet voices, and all of them wore smiles on their faces as they looked at Mag.

“Alright, time to go back and eat.” After noon struck, Mag recovered the kite with a smile. It had cost him 598 copper coins, after all, and he was not generous enough to give away it for free. Amy bade farewell to the new friends that she had made before heading back to the restaurant with Mag.

Mag took a glance at the rankings as they passed by the magic screens, and discovered the braised chicken and rice and roujiamo were still at 29th and 30th place, respectively, while the tofu puddings had continued to advance, with the sweet tofu pudding taking out the 43rd spot, while the savory version came in at 44th.

*We weren’t open for business today, so those rankings will definitely fall. If I want to maintain the spots in the top 30, then I’ll have to increase the portions of braised chicken and rice and roujiamo served. I’m pretty much already at the limit of the roujiamo production capacity, but I could make an extra pot of braised chicken and rice.* Mag withdrew his gaze from the rankings board. His target was only for one dish to make it into the top 30 anyway, so it wouldn’t be a bad idea to provide more of that dish during the voting period.

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As expected, the next day, Mamy Restaurant's rankings had fallen. The braised chicken and rice and roujiamo had fallen to 38th and 39th place, respectively, and the other three dishes also weren't doing as well as before.

"29! Boss, our rotisserie finally made it to number 29!" An excited voice suddenly erupted among the crowd as the employee looked at Ricky with elation etched on his face.

"29! It really is 29! I've been dreaming about this 29 for so long! Hahaha! That Mamy Restaurant or whatever must have been shut down! Their fraudulent actions must have been exposed, leading to their being wiped from the rankings!" Ricky chortled like a madman. However, his guffaws came to an abrupt halt as his laughter aggravated his injuries, causing him to grimace with pain, but the excitement on his face was still plain to see.

"Tsk, that's only because Mag takes a day's break once every six days. Otherwise, you think you can make it into the top 30?"

"Exactly! Mamy Restaurant wasn't wiped from the rankings. Even after closing for business for one day, they've still taken the 38th and 39th spots. They'll be sure to overtake you again tomorrow."

Harrison and Gjerj pursed their lips, turning to leave.

"How... How could this be?" Ricky's smile immediately froze on his face. He turned toward the second magic screen, and an incredulous look appeared on his face as his gaze settled on the 38th and 39th dish.

He had thought that after filing the report to the Chamber of Conference, that restaurant would have been removed from the rankings for sure. However, its ranking had only slipped as they had taken a holiday.

*Business is booming for them, so unless the boss is retarded, there's no way that he would just take a break for no reason. Those two must have been lying to me. He must have run out of money, and was unable to buy those rankings, which is why the dishes slid down the rankings board. That must be the case!* Ricky consoled himself as he muttered bitterly, "Seeing as they've already slid down, there's no way they can get back up again. Let's see how you're going to exceed me now!"

...

Mag was already mentally prepared for a drop in the rankings, so when Yabemiya rushed in in the morning with a frantic expression and told him about the rankings, he was actually a little surprised that the two dishes didn't drop out of the top 40. He swindled an earthenware pot from the system, and prepared to cook three pots of braised chicken and rice that day.

*I can't give up on the Haagen-Dazs ice cream recipe, but it looks like I'll be completing the wheel mission two days in advance. I'm looking forward to seeing what I'll get.* An expectant smile appeared on Mag's face as he looked at the countdown in his mind.

...

Just as Mag had expected, after adding a new earthenware pot, the supply of braised chicken and rice increased by close to a third. Thus, on the third day, the braised chicken and rice managed to claim the 29th spot on the rankings again, successfully forcing Ricky's Rotisserie down to 30.

The roujiamo's ranking also enjoyed a steady rise, arriving at number 32, so it was only a matter of time before it cracked the top 30 again. In comparison, the Ricky's Rotisserie ranked 30th was quite pitiable. There were even many people who were beginning to speculate when it would be forced out of the top 30 again.

...

"Arrrgh! I'm so mad! My rotisserie was forced down a spot again. Your Chamber of Commerce must give me an explanation!" Ricky stormed the Chamber of Commerce with a thunderous expression.

A worker put on a professional smile, and replied, "My apologies, Mr. Ricky. Secretary Mars is very busy today, and does not have time to attend to you. I'll relay your message to him, so you don't need to worry. Your ranking is still in the top 30, and our Chamber of Commerce will ensure that every board member is satisfied."

Ricky opened his mouth to say something, but he thought about it, and closed his mouth again. He nodded, and said, "Alright, then. I trust that the Chamber of Commerce will have my back."

...

That night, Mag had just locked the restaurant door when the system's voice sounded in his mind. "Ding! Congratulations on completing the tofu pudding mission! The reward for the mission's completion is a chance to win a prize from the God of Cookery lucky draw. You have already unlocked the God of Cookery upgrade wheel; would you like to draw a prize tonight?"

### **Chapter 336: Spicy Grilled Fish!**

"Of course!" Mag immediately replied. He had been looking forward to this upgrade wheel for a long time. Amy had asked him a few times during the past few days about when she would be able to taste the super delicious food, and he could only placate her with ambiguous answers. Whether he could fulfill his promise or not would depend on the spin of this wheel!

Just as Mag's voice fell, a large wheel appeared, upon which there were seven even sections. Those sections were: +0.5 strength, high-quality wine fermentation method, secret black pepper steak recipe... better luck next time, spicy grilled fish recipe.

The most attractive of those available prizes was naturally the +0.5 strength point. After all, that was something that could directly contribute to an increase in power and combat prowess.

However, Mag still wanted the spicy grilled fish recipe the most. Grilled fish was one of his favorite foods, and whenever he visited Sichuan or Chongqing, he would always eat many meals of spicy grilled fish, the spicier, the better.

Amy also wanted to eat fish, so that was the most sought-after prize for him on that wheel.

At the very center of the wheel was the number “1” which most likely indicated that he only had one chance to spin the wheel. Mag took a glance at Amy, who was about to fall asleep with her head resting on the counter, and hesitated momentarily before making his way over to her. He held her in his arms, and scaled the steps with a smile as he said, “Amy, you can’t sleep before you brush your teeth and wash your face. We have to be nice and clean before we go to bed.”

After tucking Amy and Ugly Duckling in, Mag planted a kiss on Amy’s forehead before lying down in his own bed. He looked at the large wheel with a serious expression, and asked, “System, are you sure you can’t remove the ‘better luck next time’ from the wheel?”

“Any statistical game is made more interesting and stimulating with a dud option. In order to make your path to becoming a God of Cookery more interesting, the system insists on retaining the ‘better luck next time’ option. At the same time, I swear upon my integrity and moral principles that the lucky draw will be fair,” the system replied in a serious voice.

“Can you swear on something else instead?” Mag wasn’t convinced that the system had any integrity or moral principles.

“Please do not doubt the system’s integrity and moral principles!” The system’s voice rose a few octaves.

*How do I doubt something that doesn’t exist?* Mag pursed his lips.

“Rest assured, the system will not participate in this lucky draw activity. If you do not trust the system, then you can use a physical wheel to conduct the lucky draw.” The system chose to concede.

“Oh, right. I forgot that I bought a physical wheel.” Mag’s eyes lit up upon hearing that. A lucky draw opportunity was quite difficult to come by. In order to prevent the shameless system from intentionally making the wheel land on the “better luck next time” prize, it was much better to be safe than sorry.

Thus, Mag dragged out the wheel that he had purchased from the system from the neighboring room. The wheel was identical to the one in his mind, with seven sections upon which were inscribed different options.

“You only have one opportunity, and no test spins. After you spin the wheel, you must accept the result regardless of what it lands on. I wish you good luck.” The system’s sincere voice sounded.

“Alright.” Mag looked at the large wheel, and he could feel his heart rate accelerating. He took a deep breath before grabbing onto the wheel, and gave it a good spin.

The wheel began to rotate at a high speed; the pointer clacked over and over again as it came into contact with the spokes on the edge of the wheel. Mag stared at the pointer with an intense unblinking gaze. The wheel gradually began to decelerate; when it was close to stopping near the “better luck next time” prize, Mag felt his heart skip a beat. If it were to stop there... He was about to tear his hair out by the roots.

However, in the final moment, the wheel mustered up the tiny shred of gas it had left, and ticked over to the next section.

“Spicy grilled fish!” Mag exclaimed before immediately clamping his hands over his mouth. He shot a glance toward the other room as elation shimmered in his eyes.

“Congratulations, you have received the spicy grilled fish recipe. The prize is ready to be claimed at any time. You can enter the test field for the God of Cookery to practice your new dish.” The system’s voice was tinged with a hint of disappointment.

Mag was in a very good mood as he saw the grilled fish experience bag appear in his mind, but he pursed his lips, and asked, “System, you were hoping that I would land on ‘better luck next time’, right?”

“Please do not doubt the system’s goodwill!” the system retorted in a serious voice.

“Alright, alright, I’m in a good mood today, so I won’t argue with you.” Mag put the large wheel away before making his way toward the room. Seeing as he had already received the experience bag, and it wasn’t very late yet, he naturally had to learn how to cook this delicious spicy grilled fish so he could make it for Amy the next day.

After lying back down on his bed, Mag immediately opened the golden experience bag. Countless strings of information flowed into his mind. Making a delicious spicy grilled fish was quite an in-depth skill.

The spicy grilled fish was a similar dish to Wanzhou grilled fish in that it involved grilling before braising. However, there weren’t that many ingredients, and the main focus was placed on the natural flavor of the fish. The degree of spiciness could be moderated in accordance with the customer’s wishes. There were four levels, consisting of mildly spicy, medium spice, super spicy, and insanely spicy. Due to the fact that it was a *spicy* grilled fish, there was no option without any spiciness.

For Mag, the medium spice level was the most suitable. In reality, in Sichuan dishes, medium spice was already very spicy. Those who could eat dishes at the super spicy level were truly brave warriors. As for the insanely spicy level, Mag didn’t know who would be able to stomach that. Perhaps only truly insane people would be able to eat dishes at that level.

After going through the recipe in his mind, he had already perfectly integrated the information into his mind. If it weren’t for the fact that he knew that the memories had been planted into his mind by the system, he could easily mistake himself for a master spicy grilled fish chef in his past life.

Mag pushed open the door to the test field for the God of Cookery, and murmured to himself, “Looks like cooking a good spicy grilled fish really isn’t an easy task.”

A white light flashed, and Mag appeared in a completely sealed-off kitchen. He had already completely digested the memories surrounding the spicy grilled fish, and made them his own. All that was left for him to do was to utilize the cooking method that had been planted into his mind to cook a delicious spicy grilled fish.

“Let’s look at the ingredients first.” Mag strode over to the fridge, and found that there was a new fish tank beside the shrimps, within which there were seven large fish swimming and thriving.

There was some disparity between the sizes of the fish. The smallest one was about 20 centimeters long, while the largest was about half a meter in length. The fish were a little like grass carp, with long streamlined bodies, except they had dense small scales that shimmered with a beautiful iridescent light, making them appear as if they were saltwater fish.

“System, what fish is this? Isn’t grass carp or snakehead fish usually used for spicy grilled fish?” Mag was quite curious as he inspected the fish.

### **Chapter 337: How About This Time, System?**

“Those are iridescent scale grass carp. Grass carp are freshwater fish with many small fishbones, which makes it rather annoying to consume. Those small fishbones are thin bone spikes formed from the bone structures between muscle tissues, and they’re most commonly found in low-grade bony fish. There are no highly evolved fish species that share this trait.

“As such, I cross-bred crocein croaker with grass carp, then selectively nurtured their offspring with favorable traits, finally producing the iridescent scale grass carp, which has the best traits all-round. This type of fish has the texture of grass carp and the delicious taste of crocein croaker. At the same time, it doesn’t have the small annoying fishbones that grass carp have, and can live in the ocean. I cordoned off an area in the Staro Sea to breed them as free-range fish, and after several generations, I’ve created a fish farm of considerable scale that can satisfy your cooking needs.” The system was very proud of what it had done.

“System, you intentionally made me draw the spicy grilled fish recipe, right?” Mag’s expression became more and more peculiar as he listened to the system’s in-depth explanation.

“Nonsense! What kind of system do you take more for?” the system refuted in a serious voice.

“If I didn’t cook any grilled fish, then wouldn’t all your efforts to breed the iridescent scale grass carp be in vain?” Mag asked. The system was addicted to farming, and harbored an overzealous love for money. Both of those were traits that he couldn’t understand.

“You don’t need to worry about that. All you need to focus on is to quickly improve your power so you can advance toward the glorious goal of becoming the God of Cookery!” the system said in a serious voice.

“Alright, just don’t go bankrupt.” Mag raised an eyebrow as he scanned through the new condiments on the cooking bench. Chili oil, ground pepper powder, wild pepper... Everything was prepared.

In contrast with the common Sichuan-style grilled fish, the grilled fish recipe provided by the system included almost no other ingredients, and focused heavily on the fish.

Mag approved of this type of cooking. The worst grilled fish dishes that he had eaten were all ones where the restaurants had overdone it with the condiments, thereby overwhelming the flavor of the fish, and ruining the dining experience.

The dish was grilled fish, not grilled condiments.

“Simmer the old oil... kill the fish, and marinate, then grill, and braise...” Mag murmured to himself as he pulled a large wok out from a cabinet. When cooking Wanzhou grilled fish, one of the most important and complex steps was to simmer the old oil.



Even though the system had shortened this process from six hours to one hour, he still had to constantly stir the oil in the wok while simultaneously adjusting the flame temperature to produce a good batch of old oil.

*Aside from the large workload, and the boring nature of the task, it shouldn't be too difficult, right?* Mag lit a fire before placing the large wok onto the cooking bench. He then poured the oil into the wok, and used a large ladle with a long handle to stir the oil in accordance with the method planted in his memory.

"Fail!"

"No!"

"You're so stupid!"

Mag failed 10 times just preparing the old oil alone.

"Why so strict...?" Mag couldn't help but grumble. He tipped out the oil in his wok as he adopted a serious expression, and curbed his lackadaisical attitude. He couldn't afford to waste so much time even before touching a fish. He still had to wake up early to run the restaurant the next day.

"Ding! Congratulations, you have simmered old oil to a satisfactory standard!" the system notified.

Mag looked at the bubbling oil in the large wok, and a smile appeared on his face. There really were no easy times when cooking. Only by completing each and every step with impeccable focus could he create the most delicious dishes.

He picked up a landing net, but fell silent as he looked at the iridescent scale grass carp that were happily swimming in the fish tank. It wasn't because they were too adorable, and he simply couldn't bear to kill them. It was just that killing a fish was a really alien activity to him.

Even though he had the best fish-killing methods in his mind, he was still very uncomfortable when he thought about grabbing its slimy body, and then slicing open its stomach with his knife.

*I have to do this! If I can't even kill a fish, then I might as well give up on cooking the spicy grilled fish. Amy is still waiting to taste my dish.* After staring at the fish tank for a long time, a determined expression slowly appeared in Mag's eyes. He picked the smallest grass carp, and grabbed its slimy and stick body, upon which he was immediately struck by the impulse to throw it away. However, before he could do so, the wild iridescent scale grass carp slipped out of his hand, and landed back in the fish tank, sending water splattering all over his face.

*Even you dare to pick on me? I'm going to kill you!* Mag wiped the water from his face as a hint of rage welled up in his heart. He picked up that same iridescent scale grass carp again, and slapped it on the head with the flat side of his cleaver, upon which it was immediately knocked out.

After killing the fish, he removed its internal organs before slicing grooves into its flesh, and applying the marinating condiments.

The oven was a new appliance that had been added to the kitchen, and it made it easier for him grill fish in large batches. Also, he didn't have to frequently flip the grilled fish, so it wouldn't interfere with his preparation of other dishes.

After grilling the fish to a half-cooked state in the oven, he pulled it out, and applied a layer of old oil onto its body. It was then grilled to about 90% done, upon which a second layer of old oil was applied, along with some cumin powder. After grilling for a short while longer, the fish was placed on a stainless steel dish over a bed of chopped onion.

After that, the sauce, ginger, garlic, bean paste... All of the ingredients and condiments were placed into the wok in a set order. Thus, a fiery red sauce was produced; it was poured over the grilled fish, and allowed to sit so its flesh could absorb the sauce.

In another wok, the wild peppers and dried chili were fried together, sending a delicious spicy scent wafting through the air. That, too, was poured over the grilled fish, along with a pinch of chopped green onions, and the red and green presented a bright contrast.

After finishing the dish, even Mag couldn't help but swallow his drool. The familiar scent was already superior to all of the spicy grilled fish dishes he had sampled in the past.

"Not up to standard!" The system's cold voice sounded.

Mag had just picked up a pair of chopsticks, preparing to have a taste, and his hand faltered upon hearing that. He knew that there was no way he would succeed on his first try, but after receiving that blow from the system, he suddenly lost the urge to taste the dish.

"Alright, then I'll keep trying." Mag put down his chopsticks, and strode over to the fish tanks. He repeated those monotonous tasks over and over again, improving throughout the process.

One grilled fish dish after another was produced, only to be rejected by the system over and over again. However, Mag didn't utter as much as a single word of complaint. Instead, he became more and more painstaking and diligent, trying to perfect every single step.

"How about this time, system?" Mag poured the fried wild pepper and dried chili over the grilled fish, creating a sizzling sound. Chopped green onions were sprinkled on top, and a delicious scent wafted through the air.

### **Chapter 338: Sword God Test Field**

The time on the wall told Mag that 52 days had already passed. He had lost count of how many grilled fish dishes he had prepared long ago. All he knew was that in the beginning, even catching and killing the smallest iridescent scale grass carp was a slight struggle for him, but now, he could pull out the biggest iridescent scale grass carp in the tank, then stun, kill, and clean it within 15 seconds.

Mag felt like even the fish salesmen at the market probably weren't as fast as him.

As Mag awaited the final judgment from the system, he was very calm. He had been rejected countless times already, and if rejection came again, then he would just have to keep going.

He could only blame himself for being too picky in his past life, stating all of those meticulous conditions, and shooting himself in the foot. The grilled fish he had sampled were all widely accepted to be the best on offer, but he still made additional demands. Those demands were now coming back to haunt him.

*If I'm going to make it, then I'm going to make it as perfect as possible. Otherwise, I would be bringing shame to the restaurant,* Mag thought to himself, and a smile appeared on his face. Even though cooking in the test field for the God of Cookery was extremely boring and monotonous, it was all worth it when he saw the elated smiles on the faces of Amy and his customers after they tasted his dishes.

“According to the criteria proposed by you in the past:

“1. The fish skin must be crispy, yet not burned. The flesh of the fish must be as soft as tofu, but can't fall apart. Tick!

“2. The soup must be oily but not greasy, and has to be spicy, yet it can't sting the nose with its scent. Tick!

“3. The taste of the fish must be alluring and pronounced, but not overpowered by other ingredients or condiments. Tick!

“You have satisfied all three conditions. Congratulations, you have mastered the spicy grilled fish! At the same time, you have unlocked the right to purchase all ingredients related to the spicy grilled fish, as well as the right to use all of the kitchenware required to cook the dish.”

The system's voice carried a hint of encouragement.

“Looks like I'm pretty talented at cooking grilled fish.” A smile appeared on Mag's face. He looked at the spicy grilled fish that was simmering in oily red soup, and couldn't help but swallow. All that was left to do was to place it over an alcohol stove, and the delicious spicy grilled fish dish would be ready to be served.

“Would you like to taste the grilled fish? If not, you may leave the test field for the God of Cookery now,” the system asked.

Mag shook his head with a smile, and said, “I'll pass this time. I'll taste it together with Amy next time. But, system, can I stay here for a while? There's still a few hours left until morning, so just get my sword in here, and let me practice in the test field for the God of Cookery.”

He had hatched this plot a long time ago. He could only practice an hour per night as he had to take into consideration his stamina, recovery ability, as well as a series of other limiting factors.

However, none of those were concerns in the test field for the God of Cookery. He could practice day and night, without having to worry about not getting enough. As such, he could practice for several dozen days without any sleep, thereby allowing him to perfectly master the most powerful sword forms that he could unleash in his current condition.

Thus, the test field for the God of Cookery would have a second name: the Sword God test field!

“The test field for the God of Cookery was made so that you can master cooking methods as quickly as possible. It won't be very appropriate if you do something other than cooking here.” The system was a little conflicted.

“How is it inappropriate? I'm only here to practice my swordsmanship. It's not like there's anyone else here. You gave me 365 days, and I managed to complete the mission in advance through my hard work.

As such, it's very appropriate that the rest of that time is free for me to use as I please, right?" Mag asked in a serious voice.

"But manifesting your longsword here will expend additional power. If you want to practice here, the space will have to expand as well, so..." The system's voice trailed off halfway, but the meaning it was trying to convey was already quite clear.

Mag pursed his lips, and said, "So how much money do you want?"

"Eh? How did you know what I was going to say?" The system was quite surprised.

"Hehe, am I supposed to act like an idiot and ask 'system, are there some restrictions?'" That would make me look retarded." Mag rolled his eyes. Everyone knew what the system wanted.

The system fell silent for a while as if it were carefully mulling things over, and replied, "I'll collect 10 gold coins per session."

"I'm fine with that price, but I'll need a room that's about 10 square meters big." Mag nodded. That price was a little cheaper than he had anticipated.

When traveling, some people chose to save money by taking the bus, which was cheaper but more time-consuming, while others chose to fly on planes in order to save time at the expense of a greater monetary cost.

Poor people spent time to save money, while rich people spent money to save time. That was a commonplace phenomenon.

Spending 10 gold coins would allow him to practice without sleeping for several dozens of days. Mag felt like that was a good deal.

He was close to being a tycoon now, so he could afford to purchase time with money.

"Deal!" the system replied quickly. A white light flashed from the kitchen around Mag, upon which everything disappeared. A sealed-off room about ten square meters in size took its place, and a longsword appeared in Mag's hand—it was his sword.

*Alright, then I'll reach perfect mastery in all of the sword forms that I can use before getting out of here. This is quite a good way to improve.* Mag held the longsword in his hand, and felt that its weight, balance, and appearance were identical to his longsword in the real world.

Within the sealed room, he practiced his sword forms over and over again as if he were an inexhaustible automaton.

...

At the main branch of the Aden Square Catering Association, within the largest conference chamber.

The most important figures in the association gathered together, all of them with grave expressions on their faces.

Robert sat in the middle, and also wore a dark expression. A piece of paper had already been crumpled into a ball in his hand without his even realizing it.

“Alright, then it’s decided. This restaurant’s actions have already completely disrupted the order of the ongoing Aden Square food competition, resulting in complaints from many other restaurants. Today is already the eighth day, and in two days, the final rankings will be decided. We can’t allow our Aden Square food competition to lose credibility in the hearts of the customers.” The fatso sitting at the head of the table appeared as if he were at least 150 kg, and he adopted a serious expression as he said, “Thus, we’ll be removing that restaurant from the rankings board tomorrow morning. After that, we’ll investigate the abnormal rankings he had managed to secure, then announce the results of our investigation as well as the punishment delivered.”

“What the president is saying is that we can’t allow one bad apple to spoil the entire bunch. This restaurant has completely disregarded the rules, so it has to be permanently removed from the rankings board.”

“Exactly. How can a restaurant that has been open for less than a month attempt to break into the top 20? If they’re to succeed, our Catering Association’s reputation would be swept to the ground.”

Everyone present immediately expressed their approval for that decision.

A faint smile appeared on Warren’s face. He had just received 100 dragon coins, all to take care of such a small restaurant. Young Master Cyril sure was generous. However, seeing as he had already taken the money, he naturally had to do his bidding so that Cyril would still be willing to pay him next time.

Right at that moment, Robert turned to Warren with a serious expression, and said, “President, I visited that restaurant on the first day the rankings were released, and conducted an investigation. There were no issues with customer satisfaction, service, food, and prices. so I don’t think we should remove Mamy Restaurant from the rankings board.”

### **Chapter 339: Promises And Guarantees**

Warren’s smile immediately froze on his face upon hearing that. The entire conference chamber also fell silent, and peculiar expressions appeared on everyone’s faces.

Robert was a little special in that he had been sent from the city lord’s castle, so his position was slightly different from that of the other vice presidents.

However, his personality was too unyielding and straightforward, so President Warren did not like him. As such, he was figuratively marooned, so his position in the Catering Association was a little awkward.

There was another fatso by the name of Tonis sitting beside Warren. He looked at Robert with a hint of mockery on his face as he said, “Vice President Robert, I know you like to conduct your own investigations at various restaurants, but I don’t agree with what you’re saying. This restaurant has only been open for a month, so even if we were to set aside how they managed to garner such a large customer base, I had a look at prices of their dishes, and even the cheapest one costs 200 copper coins, while the most expensive one costs 800. Even high-class restaurants wouldn’t dare to charge such high prices; how could it be reasonable for a small restaurant like them to charge these prices?”

As Warren’s right-hand man, as well as a vice president of the association, he was also quite disdainful toward Robert.

“That’s right. With such high prices and essentially zero promotion, how could they’ve gathered such a large customer base in such a short time?” Theo also chimed in. All of those vice presidents had been developed by President Warren, and had been living good life under his reign. They also received considerable bonuses from time to time, and they were thoroughly enjoying their role.

However, the stubborn Robert was a constant thorn in their side, so everyone was forced to refrain slightly from engaging in shady dealings. Thus, he was a public enemy in the first place, so everyone immediately sided with Warren against him.

Robert had come from the city lord’s castle, but the Catering Association wasn’t an official organization anyway. For him to be sent to the Catering Association most likely indicated that he was failing in his job at the city lord’s castle, so he wasn’t an important figure in their eyes.

Robert adopted a calm expression, and responded, “That restaurant was able to accumulate such a large customer base in less than a month as their food is extremely delicious. I feel like their prices are justified as I tasted their most expensive menu item, the braised chicken and rice, as well as their most controversial dish, the tofu pudding. Those two dishes were more delicious than anything I had ever had, and I felt that they were well worth the price.”

During the past few days, Mamy Restaurant’s dishes climbed steadily up the rankings. The braised chicken and rice was already at number 21, and after tallying up today’s votes, it should be able to break into the top 20 with no issues.

Robert had predicted that Mamy Restaurant’s meteoric rise would irk those in the Catering Association, but he didn’t think that these guys would make a snap judgment without any evidence and remove Mamy Restaurant from the rankings.

Robert was fuming internally at their unjust actions, but could only repress his rage. In this place, he was a lone warrior with no support.

Mamy Restaurant was an exceptional restaurant. Such an establishment deserved to be respected and promoted. It should be developed into a main attraction of the Aden Square, not removed from the rankings board just because it was interfering with some people’s profits.

“I do approve of and endorse Vice President Robert’s endeavors to conduct personal investigations at restaurants, but your words are very subjective, and are not enough to convince me. I only trust evidence, and believe in statistics and facts.” Warren’s small eyes narrowed further into slits, and he shook his head at Robert as he said, “From what I can currently see, there is an issue with this restaurant. I don’t know why Vice President Robert insists on standing up for it.”

“President Warren, I believe this is a restaurant with a lot of potential, and in the near future, it could become the most famous restaurant in the Aden Square. I am saying all this based on the delicious food that I had there, not to stand up for them.

“It’s ironic that President Warren is talking about facts and evidence when the decision you arrived at was made based on nothing but personal subjective judgment. You accuse me of standing up for Mamy Restaurant, but what you’re doing is standing up for restaurants who harbor resentment for Mamy Restaurant. If you insist on removing the restaurant from the rankings board, then I will be reporting this matter to the city lord for him to make a decision.” Robert rose to his feet and glowered at Warren.

The conference chamber fell into silence again. Tonis and Theo also both shut their mouths. Robert had brought up the city lord, so it would be unwise for them to interject any further.

“Heh, there’s no need for you to report this matter to the city lord; I will do so on my own. If our Catering Association is not good enough for an important figure like you, then I suggest the city lord transfers you elsewhere.” Warren chuckled coldly, and his expression was also extremely cold.

“Without instruction from the city lord himself, I won’t leave the Catering Association. President Warren, I hope you still remember the promises and guarantees you had made back when you took over from the former president.” Robert turned, and stormed out of the room.

Warren looked at Robert’s departing figure, and a memory was suddenly evoked in his mind. He recalled all the way back, when an elderly man with white hair had held tightly onto his hands in front of a few dilapidated tables, and vehemently described his vision for the future of the Catering Association. He then passed a set of keys to Warren in an extremely careful manner, making him the owner of the place. On that day, he had said many things, and also promised many things...

Tonis disrupted his train of thought, and asked, “President, what should we do?”

“We’ll naturally be following the normal procedure. Tonis, come with me to the Mamy Restaurant tomorrow. We must take an evidence-based approach, so we’ll go and collect some evidence.” Warren smiled as he got up to leave.

“Alright.” Tonis hurriedly nodded.

Everyone departed, and Warren entered another room with a balding middle-aged fatso.

“Stanley, go and tell Young Master Cyril that Mamy Restaurant won’t be on the rankings board tomorrow. On top of that, it will never make it onto the rankings board again.” Warren picked up a crystal glass, and poured some wine for himself. He swirled the vibrant red wine before bringing the glass to his lips and taking a sip.

“Yes, President.” Stanley hurriedly nodded before quickly departing.

Warren took another sip of wine, and looked at the swirling wine in the glass as he murmured to himself, “It’s just a small restaurant. As long as you’re in the Aden Square, I can decide your fate. Nothing is more important to a restaurant than their reputation.”

...

In Cyril’s mansion.

Cyril raised his glass to Stanley with a smile on his face, and proposed a toast. “Well done. Thank you for your efforts, Board Member Stanley and President Warren. I believe that under the protection of the Catering Association, the Aden Square food competition will continue to thrive. Here’s to us, cheers.”

“To us.” Stanley hurriedly raised his glass with a fawning smile. He had benefited greatly from the deal that had just taken place, and was actually hoping for more restaurants like Mamy Restaurant to appear so he could continue to take more bribes.

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*We should be able to break into the top 20 on the rankings board today, right?* The next morning, Mag opened his eyes, and got out of bed. He looked at his two hands, and a smile appeared on his face.

### **Chapter 340: Mag, Your Restaurant Exploded!**

Mag didn't look any different from before, but only he was aware of the transformation his body had undertaken. After practicing for 70 sleepless days in the test field for the God of Cookery, he had already mastered all of the sword forms that he was capable of using, and completely perfected them.

Those sword forms were deeply ingrained in his memory in the first place, so his body held a certain degree of muscle memory. All he did was to awaken that muscle memory, and achieve true mastery.

Now, he had done it.

Mag clenched his fist, and repressed the urge to grab his sword, and examine the fruits of his labor. If he were to encounter that 3rd-tier bronze wild boar again, even if he couldn't defeat it outright, he was confident that he would be able to evade its attacks with ease, and be better equipped to harm it.

He looked at his bedside alarm clock, which told him that it was 5am on the dot. Amy and Ugly Duckling were still sleeping, and she wore a sweet smile on her little face as if she were having a good dream.

*Spicy grilled fish is a little too oily for breakfast. I'll wait until noon to cook it. After that, I'll release the dish at night.* A smile also appeared on Mag's face at the sight of Amy's adorable little face. He was looking forward to her reaction when she ate the fish. It would be very interesting to see.

After brushing his teeth and washing his face, Mag made his way into the kitchen. There was a new large oven in the corner, within which eight fish could be grilled at the same time. The tank for the shrimp had been divided into two, and one of the sections housed iridescent scale grass carp, which were swimming around joyfully.

*Looks like the system hasn't enforced some sort of ingredient-gathering mission. Otherwise, I wouldn't even know where to find carp that's being bred in the sea.* Mag then checked through the condiments to ascertain that all of the required spicy grilled fish condiments were there, upon which he heaved a sigh of relief.

*After two days, the food competition mission will also be complete. Amy would really like Haagen-Dazs ice cream, right? Icy and sweet foods are usually irresistible to children,* Mag thought to himself as he massaged a ball of dough. After increasing the supply of braised chicken and rice, it enjoyed a steady climb up the rankings board. On the day prior, it had already reached 21, while roujiamo also re-entered the top 30, settling at number 29.

As such, Mag wasn't concerned in the slightest about the food competition mission. Furthermore, his next rest day coincided with the final day that the rankings were released, so it wouldn't negatively affect his rankings.

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"I bet Mamy Restaurant will break into the top 20 today!"



“Of course it will! Even though that’s already a great ranking, I feel like Mamy Restaurant’s five dishes should dominate the top five.”

“I’m so angry about the savory tofu pudding. After Mag discouraged us from giving one another five-star ratings, it’s been stuck at 66 to 67 for ages. It’s all Mag’s fault for supplying so little every day. One portion isn’t anywhere near enough.”

There were already many people gathered in front of the magic screens, waiting for the rankings boards to be broadcast. Quite a few of them were Mamy Restaurant customers, and they grouped together to chat. Checking out the rankings before going to Mamy Restaurant for breakfast had already become a ritual of sorts for many of them.

*Hehe, you won’t see him on the rankings board today. My rotisserie can finally return to the 29th spot!* Ricky stood off to the side with a sinister smile on his face. He had already received insider information that Mamy Restaurant would be removed from the rankings, and everything would fall into place as it should.

The ranking boards were updated at 7am sharp, and as the red text appeared, everyone began to scour the screens with their eyes.

Even after eight days, the rankings hadn’t really changed all that much, so most of the restaurant owners weren’t expecting anything spectacular.

“Ricky’s Rotisserie is number 29!” Ricky yelled with excitement. Even though he had already received news beforehand, he was still unable to repress his joy when the ranking was truly disclosed.

“Our restaurant advanced five ranks!”

“My restaurant also went up four ranks. Could it be because business was really good yesterday?”

“Our restaurant made it into the top 100! Yes! We’ll definitely get bonuses this month!”

Many restaurant owners’ eyes lit up. In particular, those who were just outside the top 100 shot up five places, and squeezed their way into the top 100, making them feel as if they had won the lottery.

“Why can’t I see the braised chicken and rice? It’s not even in the top 30.”

“Not just the braised chicken and rice, the roujiamo, tofu puddings, and Yangzhou fried rice have all disappeared from the rankings board!”

“How could this be? All five dishes were still on the rankings board yesterday. Have they been removed?”

“It looks like they really have been removed! How could they do that? It’s already really infuriating that such delicious dishes haven’t dominated the top five; now, they’ve disappeared from the rankings board altogether!”

All of the Mamy Restaurant customers erupted into an enraged frenzy. They had invested a lot of time and emotions into the five Mamy Restaurant dishes, and they found it simply unacceptable that the five dishes had been removed from the rankings.

“Oi, what’s wrong with your rankings board!! Where did Mamy Restaurant go? The braised chicken and rice was still at number 21 yesterday!”

“Even if you’re going to remove it from the rankings board, your Catering Association should provide an explanation.”

“You pride yourselves on fairness, but you’ve just removed the best restaurant in the entire Aden Square from your rankings board for no reason! Have you no shame?”

The Catering Association employees were immediately surrounded by furious customers, who were interrogating them with a vengeance. There were even people from the Gray Temple and city lord’s castle among them, and the Catering Association workers were sweating profusely as they tried to answer the barbed questions aimed at them.

*How is this restaurant so powerful?* That was the first question that appeared in their minds.

During the past few days, they were actually quite excited to see Mamy restaurant gallop up the rankings board as a black horse. Whenever they heard customers insult the Aden Square food competition for being fixed, they would feel quite ashamed. As employees of the Catering Association, they had naturally all heard about the shady dealings that were going on. However, even Vice President Robert couldn’t do anything, so what could they do about it?

“I’m sorry for your distress; a detailed report will be delivered soon. Thank you for your understanding.” The employees could only put on professional smiles and repeat that same sentence over and over again, but in their hearts, they were also quite disgruntled by the removal of Mamy Restaurant from the rankings.

Rood looked at all of the infuriated customers, and he turned to Arvin as he said, “I’ve worked at the Catering Association for over two decades, and I’ve never seen any customers that are so loyal and fervent toward a restaurant. To think that even such a restaurant was removed from the rankings board; it looks like the Aden Square food competition is going to lose all credibility soon.”

Arvin nodded, and replied, “Indeed; the savory tofu pudding is so delicious.”

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Amy pushed her little bike out from behind the counter, and turned to Mag with an expectant look as she asked, “Father, will I really be able to eat the rainbow fish when I come back at noon?”

“Of course. When have I ever lied to you?” Mag nodded with a smile. He pushed open the door with one hand while guiding the bike out the door with his other hand.

“Mag, your restaurant has exploded!” Mag was immediately greeted by a frantic voice when he walked out the door.