

## Stay At home 721

### Chapter 721 I'm Feeling a Little Too Flattered...

Amy was looking Mag with a rather urgent expression. How could he have said something like that? What if Irina became displeased with him?

Irina wore an amused smile on her face upon hearing Mag's response, but there was a dangerous glint in her eyes.

Mag could sense a frosty aura surging toward him, and he was struck by the urge to slap himself across the face. How could he have allowed himself to fall into such an obvious trap. He forced a smile onto his face, and said, "What I meant was, I'm not displeased with you, Princess; I'm naturally very honored that someone of your status would treat Amy so well. I'm simply displeased with myself. I have to trouble a princess like you to hold Amy for me while a man like me is carrying Ugly Duckling."

"Is that really the case?" Irina looked into Mag's eyes.

"Of course." Mag nodded with a firm and resolute expression.

Alex never lied to me in the past. I feel like he's changed a little, but he shouldn't be lying to me. With that in mind, Irina withdrew her gaze, and continued onward with Amy in her arms as she said, "I'm hungry; let's go eat."

"Phew..." Mag heaved a faint sigh of relief, feeling as if he had just dodged a bullet.

"Go, Father!" Amy mouthed at Mag silently as she clenched her little fist to cheer him on.

Mag nodded as he composed himself before striding forward with Ugly Duckling in his arms. He had to uphold his image as a courageous father in Amy's heart, so he couldn't back down no matter what!

After passing through an alleyway, the three of them were greeted by the side of a wide and bustling street.

There were two- and three-story-tall western-style buildings lining the entire streets, mostly grayish-yellow in color. All of them had round dome roofs, and consisted of clean and simplistic lines.

There was a series of small stalls lining the street, and chefs from all over the continent were showing off their cooking skills. This was a very lively crowded street.

The aromas of all types of delicious foods could be detected in the air, making it feel as if one were wading through a river of delicious cuisine.

This street is not inferior to the commercial food streets in modern times. Mag couldn't help but praise it internally as he looked at the dense crowd making their way along the street.

However, there was a clear disparity between the customers who were visiting the small streetside stalls and the customers dining at the restaurants.

The former wore rather simple and crude attire, suggesting that they were most likely normal citizens, while those who fell in the latter category were dressed in much more lavish attire, and used horse-drawn carriages as transportation devices rather than traveling on foot.

The prices of the dishes at the restaurants dictated its targeted demographic, so Mag didn't think too much of this. After all, it would be a lot more expensive to enjoy a meal at Mamy Restaurant compared to purchasing some food from a street vendor.

However, this was the case throughout almost the entire street, and there were even restaurants with bold signs prohibiting the entry of normal citizens. That observation brought a frown to Mag's face.

The Roth Empire's political system was similar to that of medieval England. However, the king of the Roth Empire had established a centralization policy after founding the empire, giving the nobles usage rights over their territory, but not ownership rights. This was a system that was similar to the one employed by China during the Sui and Tang dynasties.

In doing so, the king held absolute power over the entire empire, and could ensure that his policies and orders were carried out to perfection.

However, there was also a major flaw to this system: even though nobles didn't have ownership rights over their territories, they were still upper-class citizens of the empire, thereby possessing many special privileges that completely set them apart from commoners.

The bold signs on those restaurants prohibiting the entry of common citizens were only the smallest tip of the iceberg. In the eyes of the nobles, common citizens were inferior beings whom they could do with as they pleased.

I should rip off those signs and ram them in the faces of the owners of those restaurants! Mag looked at one such sign that was plastered in front of a restaurant by the name of Cary's Rotisserie, and he unconsciously clenched his fists.

Compared to this city, he much preferred Chaos City. At the very least, there was hope for equality there one day.

"What should we eat?" Irina asked in an offhand manner.

"I think..." Mag withdrew his gaze as he began to look around with a contemplative expression.

"Let's go to this rotisserie." Irina strode over to Cary's Rotisserie with Amy in her arms.

"..." Mag looked on with a rather speechless expression. It turned out that she had only been asking a rhetorical question. He hurriedly followed along behind her, but he pointed at the sign on the door of the rotisserie as he shrugged, and said, "I'm just a normal citizen, not a noble."

"I really hate this differentiation, but as long as you're with me, I'll make sure that you're treated like nobility," Irina replied confidently.

Is this... what it feels like to be a sugar baby? Mag's eyes widened.

He repressed the urge to go along with Irina's arrangements as he shook his head, and said, "I have no intention of becoming nobility. The prices I charge at my restaurant are most likely higher than the ones being charged by this rotisserie, but I've never set any restrictions on who can dine at my restaurant."

"Rip."

After looking at Mag for a while, Irina tore the sign of the door and tossed it aside. "How about now?"

I'm feeling a little too flattered... Mag looked at the sign on the ground, then at the calm expression on Irina's face, and he was temporarily at a loss for words.

Irina's actions naturally attracted a lot of attention from the passersby on the streets.

The beautiful and regal Irina was absolutely stunning while the half-elf little girl in her arms was incredibly adorable. The two of them made the perfect duo, and the onlookers were simply unable to look away.

Everyone then turned their attention to Mag, who was holding Ugly Duckling in his arms, and their expressions immediately darkened.

"What a lucky bastard! He's a man, yet he's holding a kitten; spineless pretty boy!"

"Look at how gorgeous that little girl is! If it weren't for his beautiful wife, how could he possibly have such an adorable daughter?"

"She's way out of his league! She must be as blind as she's beautiful!"

Mag was struck by an indescribable sense of satisfaction upon hearing those jealous words. These people were just like the pathetic keyboard warriors of the present generation, insulting celebrities and people who were more successful than them by typing up one jealous comment after another.

The more these people resented him, the more satisfied he felt. He loved seeing them grit their teeth in fury, unable to do anything to him.

Luck was not an attainable skill, so no matter how jealous they were, they could only concede that they weren't as lucky as him.

Right at this moment, a brawny man holding a large meat cleaver rushed out of the restaurant as he roared, "Who dares to rip the sign off my rotisserie?"

## **Chapter 722 Impromptu Mission**

Cary's Rotisserie was quite renowned as the number one rotisserie on the Renhe Food Street.

It was said that the true owner of this restaurant was a high and mighty duke. Furthermore, the restaurant only granted entry to nobles, keeping out all normal citizens.

Even so, they still received countless customers every day, all of whom were flocking to the rotisserie to taste their vastly renowned teppanyaki.

Here in Rodu, there were nobles everywhere. As such, it was no wonder that Cary's Rotisserie had such a large customer base.

Ike stood at the entrance of the restaurant with his meat cleaver in his hand, looking around from side to side with a menacing expression. As the head chef of Cary's Rotisserie, he regarded it to be a personal insult for someone to tear off the sign on their front door.

However, he faltered slightly upon catching sight of Irina. This elf was simply far too beautiful, and judging by her airs, he could tell that she was definitely no ordinary elf.

Ever since the conclusion of the war among species, the elven race and the human race had lived in harmony. There had never been any wars on their joint borders; in fact, the guard towers set up on those borders were simply there for show, with no actual soldiers stationed in those towers.

Even though marriages between humans and elves were still frowned upon, such interspecies marriages did exist, even among the nobility of the Roth Empire.

Of course, the most renowned of such relationships was naturally the one between General Alex and Princess Irina.

Any man who can marry such a beautiful elf must be extremely powerful! With that in mind, Ike turned his attention to Mag.

However, Mag was only wearing a simple black robe, and didn't appear to have an ounce of nobility about him. Ike's brows furrowed as he thought to himself, Is this guy the coach driver? No matter how I look at it, there's no way that a man like him could father such an adorable child.

Well, this is kind of awkward. Mag glanced at the sign down on the ground, and then up at the menacing Ike.

There were so many bystanders around as well; if Irina were to reveal her identity, Mag could guarantee that a piece of news would spread the very next day, speculating about how Irina had had an extramarital affair and even birthed a child with another man.

People always liked to hear stories about the legendary elven princess, so this piece of news would most likely spread like wildfire. If such rumors were to spread into the ears of his enemies, he would definitely arouse a lot of suspicion.

Right at this moment, the system's voice suddenly sounded in Mag's mind. "Ding! New impromptu mission: please set up a stall and make the most popular stall on this entire street within half a day! Reward for mission success: one stinky tofu recipe! Punishment for mission failure: one strength point will be deducted!"

"What are you trying to do, System?! Can't you see that I have enough on my plate already? And do you think it's easy to become the street vendor king here?" Mag raised his eyebrows. He hadn't even thought of a way to resolve this situation, yet the system was burdening him with this random mission.

He was actually quite fond of streetside food stalls. He had visited many streetside kebab stalls in his past life, and he found them to be quite inexpensive and enjoyable places to dine at as long as the ingredients used were clean and the flavor of the kebabs was satisfactory.

However, it was very difficult to survive as a streetside vendor unless one had some tricks up their sleeves.

This was the most lavish food street in the entirety of Rodu, and all of the stores here appeared to be doing quite well. The stall rental fees were most likely downright astronomical here, so a stall would close down in a matter of days unless they could generate a considerable amount of revenue every day.

Mag didn't have a stall, nor did he have any kitchenware with him. The system was clearly trying to screw him over by releasing a mission like this!

"You're a candidate to become the God of Cookery; how can you shoulder such a heavy burden if you can't even overcome such minor difficulties? You can do it! Embark on your journey to become the God of Cookery by becoming the street vendor king here first!" the system encouraged.

"Let me ask one more time; who tore off sign on my restaurant's door?" Ike yelled in a loud voice, but his gaze had already settled on Mag.

"That guy's not planning to make that beautiful elf shoulder the blame, is he?"

All of the bystanders were looking at the dazed Mag with discontent in their hearts.

Irina looked directly into Ike's eyes, and said, "It was me, Iri—"

"I really think that the sign you put up is very insulting to common citizens like us. As a commoner and also a chef, I think that good food should only be bought using money, not using one's status." Mag cut off Irina as he took a whiff of the aroma wafting forth from Cary's Rotisserie. His brows furrowed as he scoffed, "And you're proclaiming that your mediocre roast meat is fit only for nobles? Who gave you the audacity and confidence to say that?"

Irina turned to Mag with a rather surprised expression. The Alex that she knew never spoke in this manner before. However, she quickly realized that he was only cutting her off so she wouldn't blurt out her own name.

"So he's not a couple with that beautiful elf? I suddenly don't think he's all that bad now."

"I fully agree with what he said! Every time I walk past this rotisserie, I get the urge to rip off that stupid sign! I don't want to eat roast meat cooked by such a conceited snob!"

"I didn't think that he'd be a chef as well. However, Cary's Rotisserie is quite renowned in Rodu, yet this man is calling their roast meat mediocre. I wonder if he can cook anything better."

All of the bystanders' impressions of Mag were suddenly completely flipped on their heads. They had thought that he was just a pretty boy hiding behind his beautiful wife, but he was standing up for himself, and the words that he had spoken garnered much support from all of the common citizens nearby.

There was a roast meat street vendor beside Cary's Rotisserie, and its heavily bearded owner, Sinclair, was looking at Mag with a pair of glowing eyes. "He's right! This restaurant is constantly looking down on everyone; what gives them the right to do that?"

He had been renting this stall for about half a month to date, hoping to build a career for himself with his cooking skills. However, the roast meat that had won him much praise back in his hometown had drawn almost no customers here on the Renhe Food Street, and he was constantly being insulted and bullied by the head chef and employees of Cary's Rotisserie.

All of them were extremely haughty, thinking that they were high and mighty and beyond reproach just because the owner of their restaurant was a duke.

Ike was enraged to the point of laughter as he pointed at Mag with his cleaver, and said, "You little bastard! How dare you speak like that about Cary's Rotisserie? Even Duke Abraham has praised my roast meat; who the hell do you think you are?!"

"We'll let the customers decide whether your roast meat is good or not." Mag's expression was very calm as he turned his attention to the roast meat stall outside Cary's Rotisserie. He turned to Sinclair with a smile, and asked, "Hi there, I'd like to borrow your stall for half a day in order to redefine the meaning of delicious cuisine on this food street, would you be able to do me that favor?"

### **Chapter 723 One Silver Coin Per Cube**

"You're saying Krassu came to Rodu, and his disciple defeated Kola?"

"Not only that, but Irina also appeared in the Magus Tower and assaulted Brent?"

Within a unicorn-drawn carriage that was slowly exiting the royal palace, Josh was looking at a magic caster sitting across from him with furrowed brows.

The magic caster nodded respectfully, and replied, "Indeed, Your Highness. Those two events are perhaps unrelated, but the president is more concerned about whether Princess Irina is going to attack members of the Magus Tower again. If so, they'll be forced to retaliate."

Josh's expression remained calm as he said, "I'll pay Irina a personal visit, so tell the president to rest assured. As for Krassu, if the president can set aside their bad blood and convince Krassu to stand with me, then that would naturally be fantastic news. His disciple is currently living at my manor, so I'll try to pull some strings behind the scenes. Please also issue an apology to the president on my behalf."

"Alright, I'll inform the president of this." The black-robed magic caster nodded before disembarking from the carriage.

Following his departure, the carriage continued onward, and Josh furrowed his brows as he murmured to himself, "Was it merely a coincidence that both of them appeared there at the same time? It's also incredible that a four-year-old little girl was able to defeat Kola. She's a freakish talent that may not even be seen once in 1,000 years. If Mag isn't Alex, then whose daughter could she be?"

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Within the booth of a restaurant, Quine appeared beside Sean, and asked, "Your Highness, we've lost contact with the two Cheetahs we deployed to follow them. Should we deploy more?"

Sean shook his head, and replied, "There's no need for that. No one can spy on Krassu unless he allows them to. If we deploy more Cheetahs to tail him, we'll only risk irking him, and who knows what that madman could do?"

Quine continued, "I just sent out some subordinates to go through the information we have on Krassu, and they informed me that Krassu took a four-year-old half-elf girl as his disciple two months ago. The father of his disciple is the owner of a restaurant known as Mamy Restaurant. There's also been some news from the Magus Tower that Krassu visited the tower with his disciple, and she crushed Richard's disciple. Brent was also severely injured in a mysterious surprise attack in the Magus Tower at around the same time."

Sean strode over to the window with a smile on his face as he said, “Sean is asking the father of Krassu’s disciple to cook for His Highness during his birthday banquet, yet Krassu humiliated the Magus Tower with his disciple. If I’m not mistaken, the one who attacked Brent in the Magus Tower was most likely Irina. After that, Krassu and Irina were both riding on the same carriage from the second prince’s manor. Does this mean that Josh is trying to teach the Magus Tower a lesson?”

“Could it be... that there’s already a rift in the relationship between Josh and Magus Tower?” A surprised look appeared on Quine’s face.

Sean shook his head, and said, “If someone else did these things, then that would indeed be a possibility. However, there’s no way that Krassu and Irina would allow themselves to be used by Josh. As such, I’m sure that all of this came as a surprise to Josh himself. Nonetheless, this is a good thing for us. If we can use the spies we have in the Magus Tower to sow the seed of doubt in Richard’s heart by suggesting that Josh was behind all this, then the relationship between Josh and the Magus Tower will inevitably deteriorate.”

“I’ll organize that right away.” Quine bowed respectfully before departing from the booth.

Sean picked up the cup of wine on the table and downed its contents in one go before murmuring to himself, “Regardless of whether you’re Alex or not, perhaps we’ve become comrades again on this occasion.”

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In the face of Mag’s request, Sinclair nodded almost without any hesitation. “Of course! You can use all of my ingredients and kitchenware, and there’s no need for you to pay me any rent; all you have to do is pay me for the costs of the ingredients you use. If you need, I can give you a hand as well.”

It took three seconds for Sinclair to take off his apron and hand it over to Mag while also thrusting a boning knife into his hands. This stall owner was much more hospitable and eager to help than Mag had expected. As such, Mag smiled, and said, “Thank you. If possible, I’ll require your help in taking payments. I’ll pay you twice the average wage rate received by restaurant cashiers in this area.”

“I’d be glad to be of service, sir,” Sinclair replied with a smile before putting on an apron that had the word “cashier” stitched onto its front.

Sinclair could sense the question in Mag’s eyes, and he gave a slightly awkward smile as he explained, “I thought that business for my stall would be really good, so I prepared a cashier apron, but I haven’t even had a chance to use it yet.”

“I’m glad you’re well prepared.” Mag nodded with a smile. This temporary employee was quite amusing.

Ike looked at Mag with a derisive sneer as he said, “What do you think you’re going to prove with this run-down stall? No one with any amount of self-respect would eat anything from a roadside stall like yours! An inferior chef like you is only worthy to cook at roadside stalls for inferior citizens for the rest of your life!”

“No one becomes nobler just from eating roast meat.” Mag looked at Ike with a calm expression, and proposed, “How about we make a bet? In half a day, we’ll see if my roadside stall receives more customers, or your self-proclaimed noble rotisserie does. If you lose, then you can never plaster a

discriminatory sign like this on your restaurant's door ever again, and if I lose, you can do with me as you please."

"You have yourself a deal!" Ike was already brainstorming countless ways to punish Mag.

His restaurant was the best rotisserie on the Renhe Food Street, catering to over 1,000 customers per day, yet this man was trying to challenge him with such a pitiful little roadside stall; it was an absolute joke! However, he had to accept this challenge in order to uphold the reputation of his rotisserie.

Of course, he was even more eager to stomp this obnoxious man into the ground.

Mag nodded, and said, "Alright, let's begin, then. You can get an employee of your restaurant to keep a tally of the number of customers visiting my stall; I'll do the same for your restaurant."

"I look forward to seeing you cry." Ike harrumphed coldly before re-entering his rotisserie. A few moments later, an employee emerged from the rotisserie, looking at Mag and Sinclair with a derisive sneer on his face.

Sinclair approached Mag, and whispered, "Aren't you getting ahead of yourself here, sir? If you want to run away now, I can cover for you."

"We're going to be super busy soon, so I hope you're good with counting numbers." Mag patted Sinclair on the shoulder with a smile as he said, "By the way, can you get me a pen and some paper?"

"Sure; I just bought some for my daughter earlier today." Sinclair rummaged around in his little carriage before producing a stack of paper and a feather quill.

"Thank you." Mag accepted the paper, dipped the quill in some ink, and wrote a makeshift sign for himself, which he plastered onto the front of the trolley.

"Mamy Restaurant's temporary rotisserie stand in Rodu; selling roast beef for one silver coin per cube."

### **Chapter 724 Only One Per Person!**

"He's trying to compete with Cary's Rotisserie using a stall that barely gets any business? He must be dreaming!"

"Could it be that he was hired by the owner of this stall to promote his failing business?"

"You know what? That's actually kind of plausible! Otherwise, what kind of idiot would do something like this?"

"I agree with what this guy said earlier, but he's completely out of his depth here."

"He's selling roast beef for one silver coin per cube? Since when was beef sold in cubes?"

"Mamy Restaurant? Why have I never heard of this restaurant? Could it be that he was actually hired to promote that restaurant?"

All of the bystanders nearby were discussing quietly among themselves as they looked at Mag's makeshift sign. It was quite clear that no one was optimistic about his chances.

Alex is going to sell roast beef? Will it be edible?

Irina looked on with a skeptical expression as Mag sprang into action. Alex was even able to stomach her cooking, and he ate virtually everything aside from raw meat.

However, he was now renting this stall and making a bet against such a successful rotisserie!

“Big Sister Irina, Father’s setting up a stall! Let’s be his first customers! Father’s roast beef kebabs are super delicious!” Amy’s eyes lit up as he jumped down from Irina’s arms. She then latched onto Irina’s hand and dragged her over to the outdoor tables and chairs nearby. At the same time, she was amazed by her father’s wisdom: if Big Sister Irina were to taste his food, there was no way that she wouldn’t fall in love with him!

“I won’t die from eating this, will I?” Irina wore a skeptical look on her face. After all, Alex was even capable of eating the horrendous roast chickens she had cooked.

“Of course not!” Amy shook her head with a firm expression. “Father’s cooking really is super delicious!”

“Alright, I trust you, Xiao Mi.” Irina smiled as she patted Amy’s head and took a seat beside her.

Sinclair looked at the newly erected sign with a confused look as he asked, “Is this correct, Boss Mag? You’re selling beef in cubes?”

“That’s right; a cube is about this big.” Mag drew a circle with his index finger and thumb before continuing to tally up Sinclair’s ingredients.

There were two large slabs of normal rib-eye beef which were relatively fresh. They appeared to have come from a freshly slaughtered cow from this morning, and they were sitting on a bed of ice cubes.

A charcoal oven was being used along with a long rectangular roasting rack, beside which were beef steaks that were each sliced to around the size of a human hand. That was most likely the roast meat that Sinclair was selling.

As for condiments...

Mag only managed to find some salt.

Seriously? He doesn’t even have any oil? It’s no wonder his business is so bad! Mag grumbled internally. He was using extremely lean rib-eye beef as well, so the texture would be extremely coarse and hard without any oil.

“System, I’m not asking for anything else other than a bottle of cumin powder and a bottle of black pepper powder.” Mag closed the condiments box with a speechless expression.

“You should try and complete this mission on your o—”

“If you won’t sell it to me, then I’ll get Sinclair to go out and buy me some for twice the price,” Mag interjected calmly.

“The system is more than happy to be of service! One bottle of cumin powder and one bottle of black pepper powder have already been delivered for twice the original price!” the system immediately replied in a joyful voice.

“What?! Did I agree to pay twice the normal price?” Mag raised his eyebrows.

“I’ll get Sinclair to go out and buy me some for twice the price. I’ll get Sinclair to go out and buy me some for twice...” A voice recording began to play on an infinite loop in Mag’s mind.

“The system is happy to offer you the most exceptional service!” the system said with an accompanying emoji of a fake professional smile.

“Fine! You win!” Mag heaved an exasperated sigh. There was nothing he could do when the system was being so shameless.

“Are you sure you want cubes of this size?” Sinclair was holding what he thought to be a downright tiny cube of beef in his hand with an incredulous look on his face. How could anyone possibly be willing to purchase such a minuscule bite-sized cube of beef for an entire silver coin? Sinclair himself was selling entire steaks for 20 copper coins!

Mag turned to Sinclair, and replied, “That’s right. If you have some time on your hands, would you be able to buy a barrel of top-grade vegetable seed oil and 10 handfuls of toothpicks for me?”

“Toothpicks? Are you worried that customers will get beef fibers stuck between their teeth? If so, you can rest assured; according to my experience, there are very few customers who will ask for toothpicks, so we have more than enough already.” Sinclair shook his head with a smile.

“No, the toothpicks will be used to skewer meat.” Mag turned to Sinclair with a serious expression, and said, “Time is ticking, Boss Sinclair. If you wish to be my employee for half a day, then I hope you can ask fewer questions. Otherwise, I’ll choose someone more efficient instead.”

Mag suddenly really missed Yabemiya and Sally, who talked very little yet did lots of work. This Sinclair was indeed quite warm and hospitable, but he was too talkative, which made him a bad employee.

Sinclair looked at Mag’s serious expression and hesitated momentarily. Even though he still had a million more questions to ask, he refrained from doing so as he nodded, and said, “Alright, I’ll do as you say, Boss Mag.”

He then immediately rushed away to purchase the oil and toothpicks.

The fact that he was renting this stall to Mag free of charge was already an admission that his business had failed. However, he wasn’t willing to just give up without leaving behind some mementos. At the very least, he wanted to see Ike lose this bet before he left. As such, he simply had to trust that this Boss Mag was the real deal and support him in every way that he could.

Mag pulled out the two bottles of condiments from the cabinet on Sinclair’s cart. Mag no longer trusted the system to teleport things into his pockets anymore. Irina was still looking on from the sidelines, and he didn’t want her to think that he was some kind of deranged pervert.

Mag turned to Irina and Amy with a smile as he said, “Looks like we’ll have to eat my roast meat for lunch today.”

“That’s alright, I can eat Father’s roast meat 10,000 times without getting sick of it!” Amy encouraged as she raised her little hands into the air.

Irina looked at Mag with a serious expression, and said, "I hope I can still live to eat at the next restaurant."

"I think you'll like it," Mag replied with a smile before turning back to the slabs of beef. It appeared that Alex's cooking skills were even worse than he had imagined.

All of the beef was sliced into cubes with side lengths of two centimeters, and the two large slabs yielded over 1,000 cubes in total. Mag then placed all of the cubes of beef into a massive pot before purchasing some condiments to use as a marinade.

Due to the limitations on time and ingredients, Mag wouldn't be able to cook roast beef of the same caliber as the kebabs sold at his restaurant, but one silver coin per cube was still a massive bargain. His target was to sell all of the cubes of beef he had in one afternoon.

"Oh, I almost forgot!" Mag suddenly slapped his forehead as he sheepishly wrote another short line of text on his makeshift sign.

"Only one cube per person!"

### **Chapter 725 An Interesting Soul and a Thick Beard**

Half an hour later, Mag was happily fooling around with Amy and Ugly Duckling, seemingly having already completely forgotten about the bet he'd made.

Irina wore a serious expression as she examined Mag, who was drawing peals of joyful laughter from Amy.

This man was completely different from the Alex in her memories. It felt as if there were countless secrets surrounding him, and she couldn't help but wonder just what could've happened to him in the past three years. How could he have changed so drastically during the three years they'd been apart?

Most importantly, was his cooking really edible?

A series of questions popped up in Irina's mind as she surveyed Mag with curiosity in her heart.

In the past, Alex didn't know how to tell interesting stories, he didn't know how to make faces to amuse their daughter, and he certainly didn't know how to cook.

This was a very strange feeling; he was clearly one of the most important people in her life, yet she felt as if she were looking at a complete stranger.

Getting to know him again was going to be quite an interesting experience.

Mag wasn't in a hurry, but Sinclair was running around like a headless chicken. If it weren't for the fact that Mag had warned him not to ask any questions, he would definitely be asking him whether he was giving up on this bet already!

Mag's cutting skills had greatly impressed him. To be able to dice large slabs of beef into over 1,000 cubes of identical size in such a short time really was an extraordinary skill.

However, he was very perplexed by the sight of Mag drowning the beef in so many different condiments. How could roast beef be cooked with so many different condiments? Wouldn't that completely drown out the flavor of the beef itself?

Furthermore, he was also very distressed by the sign that had been plastered onto the cart.

Not only was he selling his roast beef in cubes, he had imposed a purchase limit of one cube per person!

One cube wasn't even enough for a mouthful!

Many of the bystanders had begun to leave. There were some curious customers who approached Mag to inquire about his sign, only to be politely turned away by Mag with the excuse that his stall wasn't open for business yet.

Who would stay in the middle of such a busy street just to wait for a single cube of beef?

The only subjects that could attract the attention of the passersby on the streets were Amy and Irina.

News of this bet had already spread through most of the stalls on the Renhe Food Street, but there wasn't much support for Mag. Instead, many vendors were afraid that Mag was just a troublemaker who would negatively affect their businesses.

In the kitchen of Cary's Rotisserie, Ike was listening to the report being delivered to him by his employee with a cold smile on his face. "You can play with your daughter all you want now, but I'll teach you a lesson to remember at close of business!"

Another fat chef in the kitchen held up a rolling pin, and chimed in, "Head Chef, can I join you?"

"Sure. Anyone who wants to come with me can beat that obnoxious bastard to your heart's content!" Ike announced, drawing a chorus of cheers from the other chefs in the kitchen.

Meanwhile, Sinclair was feeling very flustered outside, and as his eyes darted around in his urgency, he suddenly caught sight of the watch on Mag's wrist. He was very surprised to see that Mag was able to afford such a small and intricate magic clock, and his eyes lit up as he enquired, "Boss Mag, can you tell me the time?"

"It's about to hit 12 pm soon. The meat has been marinating for about half an hour, and that should be enough time already." Mag glanced at his watch before making his way over to the stall while repressing the amusement in his heart. It was quite clear that Sinclair wasn't actually asking for the time, but was instead euphemistically reminding Mag to get to work. Half an hour wasn't enough time to marinate the beef, but it would be too late to start if he delayed any longer.

"Go, Boss Mag, I believe in you!" Sinclair raised his fists like a cheerleader as he offered words of encouragement.

"Boss Sinclair, please don't ever do that again." Mag shook his head with a slightly disgusted expression.

"Go, Father, I believe in you!" Amy cheered in her mellow voice as she raised her fist into the air.

"See? That's how it's done." Mag turned to Amy with a warm smile. As expected, Amy was much more suited to cheer him on.

“Everyone picks beautiful looks over my beautiful soul.” Sinclair sighed with a hurt expression.

“Beautiful looks are pleasant to behold, while your beautiful soul sits in the body of a heavily bearded man. It’s not a difficult choice to pick one over the other,” Mag said in a calm voice as he added some coal into the charcoal oven.

“Boss Mag, you’re so cruel!” Sinclair pouted as he clasped a hand over his heart.

“Please don’t ever do that again, either.”

Sinclair put on a serious expression as he said, “I’m entrusting my stall to you; I hope you won’t disappoint me.”

“You’re running a failing business, so you really should be thanking me for repurchasing your beef and paying you twice the wage rate for being a cashier for today,” Mag retorted with a shrug.

“Boss Mag...”

“Please stop putting on these weird expressions, and please stop talking to me.” Mag was suddenly struck by the feeling that Sinclair should’ve pursued a career in acting rather than selling roast meat.

“Alright.” Sinclair immediately adopted a blank facade as he stood beside his cart.

After silencing Sinclair, Mag was finally able to focus his attention on cooking. He placed a hand over the charcoal oven to test the temperature before placing cubes of beef onto the roasting rack.

The cubes of beef immediately began to emit a sizzling sound as soon as they came into contact with the scorching roasting rack.

Mag applied a layer of oil to the cubes of beef using a brush held in his left hand, and its aroma soon began to waft through the air.

“Is he finally making a start? Look at those tiny cubes; he’s selling them for one silver coin per cube? Why doesn’t he just go rob a bank if he’s so desperate for money?”

“I’ve seen beef cooked in slabs, steaks, and even whole calves roasted at once, but I’ve never seen beef sold in cubes. Most importantly, he’s only selling one cube per person?”

“The roast beef from Cary’s Rotisserie is truly delicious, and their restaurant is constantly being frequented by nobles. Even dukes are not an uncommon sight in their rotisserie; how is a roadside stall going to compete?”

All of the bystanders and stall owners nearby immediately burst into spirited discussions.

Can you really cook delicious roast beef like this? Sinclair was looking at Mag with a skeptical expression. He wanted to raise that question on multiple occasions, but he suppressed the urge to do so. In any case, no one was a fan of the roast beef that he made, so he had no right to express doubts about Mag’s cooking.

“Make sure to draw line per customer; I’ll be watching.” Mag handed over a stack of paper and a pen to the employee from Cary’s Rotisserie, who was on the verge of falling asleep.

“Is there any need for that? It’s not like you’ll be getting any customers anyway,” the employee scoffed with a derisive sneer.

Mag slapped the stack of paper directly into his face as he smiled, and said, “Make sure you don’t miscount.”

“You!!” The employee had been completely slapped awake, and he was glowering at Mag with a furious expression as he held a hand to his cheek.

Even though he’s changed quite a bit, his personality appears to be much the same. Irina slowly put down the chair in her hands.

“This is a bet between me and your boss, so you’d better do as you’re told.” Mag pursed his lips as he picked up his bottles of cumin powder and black pepper powder. I was saving your life there, you idiot! If that chair had landed on your head, you’d end up as dead as that Black Berserker Rhino from earlier today!

I’ll return that slap with interest when you lose! The employee gritted his teeth as he clenched his hands tightly around the pen and paper Mag had thrust at him.

The aroma of the sizzling beef on the roasting rack was really beginning to spread now.

The cumin and black pepper powders were like the perfect catalysts, elevating the aroma of the beef to the next level. All of a sudden, an aroma that had been merely pleasant a moment ago suddenly became downright irresistible!

What’s that smell?!

Everyone around the roast beef stall turned their attention toward Mag almost at the exact same time!

### **Chapter 726 Do These Women Want to Die?**

In order to stand out among the countless stalls on this food street, a unique and irresistible aroma was clearly imperative as the passersby on the street would always notice the aroma of the food being sold first.

To the people of Rodu, roast meat wasn’t some rare delicacy. However, the aroma of Mag’s roast meat had attracted the attention of everyone in the general vicinity.

This was not what ordinary roast meat smelt like!

It was difficult to imagine just what kind of roast meat could be emitting such a delectable aroma. Even the aroma of the roast beef from Cary’s Rotisserie couldn’t come close to comparing with this.

Everyone unconsciously craned their neck as they cast their eyes toward Mag’s stall, trying to determine what he had added to his roast beef.

He’s using the same beef I use, but why is the aroma so vastly different? This is incredible! Sinclair looked on with wide incredulous eyes at the sight of the sizzling cubes of beef on the roasting rack.

He had thought that he was quite skilled in the art of roast meat. However, he was struck by a sense of inferiority as he looked at the roast beef that Mag was cooking.

The employee from Cary's Rotisserie gulped, but he pursed his lips as he murmured to himself, "It may smell good, but there's no way that it'll taste anywhere near as good as Head Chef Ike's roast meat. Besides, how could a roadside stall like this possibly get as many customers as our rotisserie?"

"That smells so good! Is it really roast meat that he's cooking?" Irina took a whiff of the delightful aroma in the air, upon which her eyes immediately lit up. She stared at Mag with awe and wonder in her eyes as she murmured to herself, "Could it be that he really learned how to cook?"

"Father is really super good at cooking. If you become Father's wife, you'll be able to taste his cooking every day," Amy tempted with a wide smile.

An exasperated smile appeared on Irina's face as she scoffed, "Do you introduce every beautiful big sister you see to your father as a candidate to become his wife?"

Amy shook her head with a serious expression, and replied, "No way. I think you're the only one that's right for Father. I've never introduced any other big sisters to Father before."

"Really?" Irina was a little skeptical.

"Really." Amy nodded with nothing but straightforward honesty in her large blue eyes.

"Then what about your mother? Did your father ever tell you about her?" Irina asked in a quiet voice.

"Father says Mother is living on the moon. Every night, when I see the moon, it's just like seeing Mother." Amy pointed up at the sky before turning to Irina with a smile as she said, "I think that my mother must be super beautiful, just like you, Big Sister Irina. Father is too lonely by himself, so I wanted to introduce you to him. Father really is a super good man."

"And you're a really good daughter." Irina gently stroked Amy's silver hair. She was very touched that Amy could be so thoughtful at such a young age, and she gently said, "Your mother must be very beautiful, and she'll be very happy to see that you're all grown up. She'll be able to come and find you soon."

Amy's eyes immediately lit up with surprise and elation as she asked, "Really? Do you know my mother, Big Sister Irina?"

"I do. Your mother is the most beautiful elf in the entire elven race, so of course I know her. She's also the most powerful elf as well; there aren't many people in this city that could defeat her," Irina replied with a proud expression.

"Wow! Mother's so awesome!" Amy's eyes were glittering with awe and admiration.

"She sure is, and she'll come to find you sooner or later." Irina nodded with a smile as she turned her gaze toward Mag, and said, "That's why you have to keep an eye on your father, and make sure that no other women approach him with ulterior motives. Otherwise, when your mother comes back, she'll beat him to death!"

"Is she that scary? Father may not be able to beat Mother..." Amy's eyes widened as if she had realized just how important this matter was. She nodded earnestly, and said, "Alright, I'll look after Father and chase away all of the other women with ulterior motives!"

“Good girl.” Irina nodded with a content expression.

“But Big Sister Irina, what is an ulterior motive?” Amy asked with a perplexed look.

“It’s...” Irina looked at Amy, and was temporarily at a loss for how to define this concept.

“Is it the type of women who say stuff like ‘Boss Mag, I want to bear your children!’ or ‘Boss Mag, I want to marry you!’ or ‘Boss Mag, I’ll warm your bed for you if you give me another bowl of tofu pudding!’?” Amy asked.

“Hmm? Are they really saying that?” Irina narrowed her eyes as a dangerous aura began to seep out of her body. The situation appeared to be worse than she had imagined.

Do these women want to die?!

“You should blast these women with fireballs to teach them what shame is!” Irina clenched her fists.

“But if I do that, I’ll have to burn a lot of people to death every day, and Father won’t be happy with me.” Amy looked down at her little hands with a conflicted expression.

Is he really that popular with women? Irina turned to Mag with a skeptical look.

He now had a completely unfamiliar face with softer lines compared to Alex’s angular features. The sight of him concentrating on roast beef struck her with a momentary sense of entrancement.

He looked a lot like Alex during sword practice. However, he was dedicating his focus and concentration to cooking instead.

She could no longer sense powerful energy fluctuations from his body. In fact, he appeared to be rather feeble.

However, she was already extremely glad that he was able to recover to this extent after being completely disabled and having all of his meridians severed.

Let me protect you from now on, Alex, Irina thought to herself as her eyes glazed over.

Mag carried a plate of roast meat over to them and placed it in front of Irina with a smile. “Here’s some freshly roasted beef; have some and tell me what you think.”

The cubes of beef were still sizzling with oil, and the aromas of beef, black pepper, and cumin were flowing relentlessly into her nostrils. Each and every one of the cubes of beef had toothpicks protruding from them, and the entire plate was filled with such cubes of beef.

“It smells so good! I wonder what it tastes like.”

“It does look very delicious, but I still feel like it’s too expensive to charge a silver coin for just a small cube.”

“That’s true. Now that I think about it, his prices are no cheaper than the prices being charged at Cary’s Rotisserie.”

All of the bystanders were discussing quietly among themselves as they stared at Amy and Irina.

“I’m digging in!” Amy picked up a toothpick and blew on the cube of beef on the end several times before placing it into her mouth. Her eyes immediately lit up as she chewed with glee, and her body and head were swaying from side to side as a blissful look appeared on her face. Before long, she had already finished her first cube of beef.

### **Chapter 727 Why is it so Lively Here Today?**

Amy wore a joyful expression as she swallowed her mouthful of beef. After doing that, she stuck out her little pink tongue and licked the sauce from around her lips as a sweet smile illuminated her adorable little face.

Alright, let me risk my life to taste Alex’s roast meat.

Irina steeled herself as she glanced at the smiling Mag, and then picked up a toothpick for herself. The delectable aroma of roast beef became even more pronounced as she brought the cube of meat closer to her nose. Upon closer inspection, she could tell that the sauce had been applied in a very even layer, while the surface of the cube of beef was glistening faintly with oil, making it appear extremely alluring. She blew gently on the cube of beef before taking a bite.

“This flavor... It’s absolutely incredible!”

Irina’s expression immediately lit up. As soon as the beef entered her mouth, its slightly charred surface melted over her palate along with the garlic-flavored sauce. She normally detested garlic for its sharp and overwhelming flavor, but the flavor of this garlic sauce was very mellow and delicious.

As she carefully chewed into the meat, it immediately fell apart in her mouth, releasing even more potent flavors of beef and garlic. She felt as if her tastebuds were rejoicing from the extraordinary flavor, and she was simply unable to stop eating!

This beef is far too delicious; I almost bit my own tongue! I can’t believe anyone in this world is capable of cooking such amazing roast beef! It’s even more astonishing that this was cooked by Alex!!! Irina’s eyes were shimmering with a multitude of emotions as she stared at Mag.

However, her gaze didn’t linger on him for long, as she simply couldn’t keep her eyes away from the plate of beef sitting before her. She picked up another toothpick and closed her eyes as she placed the cube of beef on the end into her mouth, basking in the flavor explosion that was wreaking havoc over her palate. A sweet and blissful smile that mirrored Amy’s appeared on her face.

“Gulp~”

The collective gulp from the spectators was very pronounced...

“Do they have to eat in such an alluring manner? I feel like this stall owner is cheating!”

“I feel like my heart is about to melt. I really want a daughter all of a sudden!”

“Her smile is so adorable! You guys can have the kebabs; I just want to steal the owner’s daughter!”

“Even that beautiful elf looks like she’s really enjoying that beef; I have to taste one for myself! Boss, please get me a cube of beef!”

All of the bystanders were extremely tempted to taste Mag's beef for themselves at the sight of Amy and Irina's blissful expressions.

Sinclair gulped as he looked at the cubes of beef placed in front of Amy and Irina. He was very curious about just how delicious Mag's roast beef was.

"You can have some too, but get ready to start taking payments after that." Mag handed a small plate with five cubes of beef on it to Sinclair.

"Thank you, Boss Mag." Sinclair accepted the plate with glee.

"Gulp."

A pronounced gulp escaped from the mouth of the employee from Cary's Rotisserie, but he quickly turned away with an awkward look on his face.

"If you really want to eat one, you can pay for one," Mag reminded in a thoughtful manner.

"Hmph!" The employee turned around so that his back was facing Mag, and his shoulders were trembling with rage.

"Oh! This flavor is incredible! I can't believe roast beef can be this delicious! My roast beef is absolute trash in comparison! If I had tasted such delicious roast beef earlier, I would've never brought shame on myself by setting up a roast beef stall!"

Sinclair had tears pouring down his face as he chewed on a mouthful of beef.

His emotional range only further verified the notion that he was much more suited to a career in acting than in cooking. Mag shook his head as he turned around, hoping that customers wouldn't be put off by the sight of a heavily bearded man sobbing beside his roast beef stall.

The reactions of Irina and Amy were simply far too tempting, and many of the customers who weren't interested in tasting Mag's beef were changing their minds.

One silver coin wasn't a very steep price. Even though it was rather strange that he was selling beef in cubes and limiting purchases to one cube per person, this still didn't detract from the fact that his roast beef really did look delicious.

"Boss, get me a cube of roast beef!"

"I'll also get one, Boss."

Mag placed a new batch of beef cubes onto the roasting rack while calling the sobbing Sinclair over to take payments.

"Coming!" Sinclair set the empty plate in his hand aside and wiped away his tears with his apron. He immediately put on a smile and began to work as Mag's cashier.

In the beginning, he had been rather skeptical of Mag, but after tasting his roast meat, Sinclair was full of confidence.

If roast beef that was this delicious couldn't beat Cary's Rotisserie, then the customers were clearly the problem.

I feel so satisfied right now! Irina's heart was filled with bliss as she looked down at her empty plate and savored the lingering flavor in her mouth.

Could it be that he's been studying cooking for the past three years? Does that mean he really hates my cooking, so he decided to learn how to cook for himself? Irina narrowed her eyes in contemplation before shaking her head. No way; he told me that himself that my cooking is really delicious. I'm still quite a gifted chef.

"Big Sister Irina, Father's roast beef is super delicious, right?" Amy turned to Irina with a proud smile on her little face.

"It really is." Irina nodded, and she also wore a proud look on her face. My man is naturally good at everything.

The first batch of roast beef for the customers was soon ready. All of them were still sizzling as they were handed directly to the customer with toothpicks acting as a handle. As such, there was no need to organize seating or packaging, and the serving process was extremely fast and efficient.

"Oh, it's so hot! But it really is extremely delicious!"

"I've never had such delicious food before! This is amazing!"

"I haven't ever had roast beef from Cary's Rotisserie before, but there's no way that it can be better than this."

"Boss, give me 10 more cubes!"

"I also want 10 more cubes!"

All of the customers who had just purchased cubes of beef immediately returned and asked for more.

"My apologies, but my roast beef is limited to one cube per person." Mag stopped Sinclair just as he was about to accept payments from repeat customers. He smiled, and said, "Due to our bet with Cary's Rotisserie today, we'll only be selling one cube of roast beef per person."

"Boss, I only want one more! Just one more! Please, you can't be so cruel! I can eat 100 cubes of this beef easily! How can you give me a taste, but deny me when I ask for more?" a portly customer begged with a grief-stricken look.

"If you sell one more cube of beef to all of us, we'll all support you," another customer chimed in.

"How about we sell them another one, Boss Mag?" Sinclair was also siding with the customers. He had never had so many customers visiting his stall before, and he felt as if he were on cloud nine.

"My apologies, but rules are rules. Please don't keep the customers behind you from making their orders." Mag shook his head with a firm smile on his face.

Right at this moment, a lavish horse-drawn carriage stopped nearby, and a middle-aged man in a set of lavish robes disembarked with a surprised look on his face. "Why is it so lively here today?"

## Chapter 728 Duke Abraham!

“What? That’s impossible!”

After hearing the restaurant employee’s report, Ike was in complete disbelief, and his loud yell startled many of the customers in the rotisserie.

“You’re telling me that people are lining up to buy his roast meat?”

The employee nodded uneasily as he replied, “Yes. He’s only selling one cube per customer, but there are still many customers wanting to buy his roast meat, and those who have already tasted his beef are begging him for more.”

All of the chefs in the kitchen became rather nervous upon hearing this. They were placing the honor of Cary’s Rotisserie on this bet; if they couldn’t even beat a roadside stall, what right did they have to call themselves the number one rotisserie of Rodu?

Ike contemplated the situation momentarily before shaking his head with a confident look. “Don’t worry, the customers aren’t idiots; they’ll know that they’ve fallen for a trap soon. How can roast beef cooked by a roadside chef be worth one silver coin per cube? We’re the largest rotisserie in Rodu, so there’s no way that he’ll be able to compete with us.”

All of the chefs’ eyes lit up upon hearing this. Ike was right; how could one man compare to an entire kitchen of chefs when it came to a contest of most customers served?

...

Word of Mag’s roast meat soon spread throughout the entire Renhe Food Street, attracting many customers to the scene.

However, the restriction of one cube per person was an extremely torturous one for all of the customers.

Some customers were still trying to convince the owner of the stall to change his policy, but most of the customers had already given up. However, none of them strayed far from the stall, and there were even some who were advertising Mag’s roast meat in his stead.

They weren’t doing this because they had been touched by Mag’s food and were trying to spread this joy to the rest of the food street; they were instead simply trying to derive a twisted sense of pleasure from watching others suffer due to Mag’s one cube per person policy.

They had already fallen into this trap, so they could only cheer themselves up by luring more people into the trap with them.

In the face of the countless requests for extra cubes of beef, Mag’s response remained firm and consistent, not making any exceptions for anyone.

Sinclair wasn’t planning to try and persuade Mag anymore. Instead, he was beginning to support Mag’s policy. He had initially been worried that Mag’s cold and aloof attitude would result in a loss of

customers, but looking at the massive line gathered in front of the stall, it was quite apparent that his concerns were completely unwarranted. In fact, Mag's policy was only working to bring more customers to the stall with the limited amount of beef they had.

The feeling of dominating the food street was an extremely exhilarating one, and even Sinclair was getting swept up by the occasion, though he wasn't the one cooking.

Meanwhile, the employee from Cary's Rotisserie was completely dumbstruck. He was drawing one line after another with his feather quill in his hand, and he was barely able to believe his own eyes. His hand was throbbing slightly from drawing so many lines, but there were still relentless waves of customers flocking to the stall.

We're not going to lose, are we? Even the rotisserie employee was losing confidence.

The middle-aged man in lavish robes disembarked from his horse-drawn carriage and looked on with a curious expression. "What's that stall selling? Why does it have such a long line of customers?"

"I'll go have a look, Duke," a man who appeared to be a butler replied before quickly making his way over to Mag's stall. After a while, he squeezed his way out of the crowd again and smoothed out his slightly disheveled clothes as he respectfully informed, "Duke, that stall is selling roast beef, and they're selling it in cubes. One cube costs one silver coin, and each person is only allowed to purchase a single cube."

"He's selling beef in cubes and each person can only have one? I've never heard of anything like that before!" A bewildered look appeared on the man's face. He looked at the massive crowd gathered around the roast meat stall, and smiled as he said, "Judging from how eager these customers are, the roast beef here must be very delicious. Why don't we go and have a taste, Ken?"

"Duke, someone of your status shouldn't be eating at a roadside stall..." began the butler who was being referred to as Ken with a reluctant expression.

"I don't care where I eat, all I care about is that I want to eat roast beef today. The roast beef from Cary's Rotisserie isn't bad, but perhaps this roadside stall will give me a pleasant surprise." The duke walked straight into the crowd despite Ken's objections.

"Duke..." Ken and another guard with a saber strapped to his waist walked on either side of the man, trying to disperse the crowd in order to create a path for the duke.

"We're here to eat, so we're normal customers, just like everyone else." The duke shook his head to stop his butler before joining the end of the line.

The customers nearby were all quite surprised to see this duke in lavish robes. Nobles normally wouldn't ever stoop as low as to dine at roadside stalls with commoners, as that was seen by them to be a personal insult. However, this duke appeared to be quite amicable, and didn't possess the snobbish demeanor that most nobles exhibited.

This aroma really is quite alluring. The duke's eyes lit up with anticipation as he inhaled the aroma wafting through the air.

The line slowly progressed forward, and the praise coming from all of the customers who had already tasted the beef made everyone else in the line even more eager to sink their teeth into Mag's roast meat.

Finally, it was the duke's turn, and he smiled as he said, "Boss, please get me a cube of beef."

"Sure." Mag quickly stabbed a toothpick into a cube of beef on the roasting rack before handing it to the duke.

The employee from Cary's Rotisserie scribbled another line onto the paper in a mechanical manner. However, after catching sight of this customer, his eyes widened as he exclaimed, "Duke Abraham?!"

"We pay our respects to Duke Abraham."

All of the customers nearby were alerted to this man's identity upon hearing the employee's cry of surprise, and they hurriedly extended respectful salutes to this Duke Abraham.

"Even Duke Abraham is coming to this streetside stall for roast beef; could it be that the owner is actually a renowned chef?"

"Duke Abraham is a very important man. If he wants to eat more than one cube of beef, surely there's no way that Boss Mag can refuse him."

"You're right! This is a duke, after all. If the owner turns him down, he probably won't live past today!"

"Does that mean we'll also all get a chance to have a second cube of beef?"

All of the customers were discussing quietly among themselves with excitement etched on their faces.

The employee standing at the entrance of Cary's Rotisserie hurriedly ran into the restaurant to report this news.

So it's Duke Abraham. Mag looked up with a slightly surprised expression upon hearing this. Mag had some recollection of this duke from Alex's memories.

Duke Abraham smiled at everyone before opening his mouth to take a bite out of his cube of roast beef.

## **Chapter 729 I've Won A Stay-at-home Dad's**

Among the 10 great dukes of the Roth Empire, Abraham wasn't the most powerful one, but he was most definitely the one who had tried out the most types of cuisine.

He could've accepted a vast territory to rule over outside of Rodu, but he insisted on staying in the capital as he couldn't bear to be away from all of the delicious cuisine here.

No other place could match the food capital in his heart.

As such, he had been secretly given the nickname, Duke Foodie. However, he wasn't insulted by this title at all. Instead, he saw it as a badge of honor.

There was nothing as important as delicious cuisine in this world, so he saw nothing wrong with making it his lifelong pursuit.

As soon as he chewed the cube of roast beef Mag had handed to him, he felt as if he had found the true meaning of life. This was what he had been searching tirelessly for.

After chewing into the tender beef, the delicious juices of the meat spread through his mouth, stirring his taste buds into a wild frenzy. A unique aroma then slowly proliferated over his palate; that was the flavor of black pepper, and it elevated the flavor of the beef to a whole new level.

Even though it had only taken him mere seconds to devour the tiny cube of beef, he felt as if an entire century had already passed. It had been a very long time since he had tasted something so delicious that it made him forget about everything else.

“This is absolutely incredible! I don’t have the words to describe just how delicious this roast meat is!”

Abraham gave Mag a thumbs-up as awe and wonder flashed through his eyes.

To him, a chef capable of cooking delicious food was like a skilled craftsman; they were just as worthy of praise and respect.

“Please give me 10 more cubes of beef, Boss,” Abraham requested eagerly.

“It’s finally here!”

All of the customers’ eyes lit up. Mag had just turned down everyone else, so no one had managed to get a second cube of beef from him. However, the one making the request now was Duke Abraham; was Mag going to make an exception?

“Father doesn’t ever make exceptions,” Amy murmured to herself as she shook her little head.

Irina turned her gaze toward Mag, and she thought to herself, Is he still just as stubborn as ever?

“My apologies, Duke Abraham, but each person can only purchase one cube of beef.” Mag shook his head with a firm smile. He wasn’t going to change the rules he’d established for anyone.

“He turned down Duke Abraham!”

All of the customers were completely dumbstruck. They didn’t think that a roadside vendor would turn down a high and mighty duke!

He really is just as stubborn as ever. A faint smile appeared on Irina’s face.

“Boss Mag, this is Duke Abraham! He’s a Duke, for heaven’s sake!” Sinclair tugged on Mag’s sleeve with an urgent expression as sweat poured down his face. Was Mag not afraid of being beheaded for his insolence?

Ken looked at Mag with a stern expression, and said, “Do you know whom you’re speaking to? How dare you bring up your rules when you’re speaking with Duke Abraham!”

“My rules weren’t established for Duke Abraham, nor will they be changed for Duke Abraham. The reason I made this rule is because I have a running bet with Cary’s Rotisserie, so I hope you may forgive me.” Mag’s expression remained calm and collected.

“Ken.” Abraham raised his hand toward Ken with an expression of disapproval before turning to Mag with a smile as he asked, “I don’t know what kind of bet you have with Cary’s Rotisserie, but if you can’t sell me 10 more cubes of beef, can you at least sell me one more?”

This duke was quite pleasant and amicable, which was quite uncharacteristic of a noble, so Mag decided to explain the situation to him.

After hearing Mag’s account, Abraham nodded with an approving look. He glanced at Cary’s Rotisserie before turning back to Mag with a smile as he said, “I see. I really agree with your opinion; it would be a tragedy if even food was split up into a hierarchical system. After all, there are many roadside stalls that sell exceptional food. Seeing as you have a bet with Cary’s Rotisserie, then it wouldn’t be right for me to insist that you make an exception.”

Abraham then pointed at Ken and his personal guard as he asked, “However, these two can buy a cube of beef each, right?”

“They’ve lined up to get to this point, so of course they can.” Mag nodded with a smile.

Thus, Abraham departed with two more cubes of roast beef and a content expression on his face. An avid foodie like him was always able to find a way.

Ken hurried along behind Abraham with a rather perplexed look, and asked, “Duke, weren’t you going to dine at Cary’s Rotisserie today?”

“Why? Do they have roast meat that’s even more delicious than this?” Abraham smiled as he answered Ken’s question with one of his own.

“Er...” Ken didn’t know how to respond to that.

“It doesn’t matter what dish it is; once you’ve tasted the best, you can never settle for second best again.” Abraham looked at the two cubes of roast beef in his hands, and sighed. “Looks like I won’t ever be able to develop an interest in any other restaurant’s roast beef again.”

“Thank heavens Duke Abraham is a reasonable man.” Sinclair wiped the cold sweat off his forehead, feeling as if his heart were about to jump out of his mouth. He took a glance at Mag to gauge his reaction, only to discover that he was as cool as a cucumber.

“So the owner only established this rule because he made a bet with Cary’s Rotisserie; everything makes sense now.”

“Even Duke Abraham chose to abide by his rules; we have no hope.”

“Yes, but Duke Abraham also showed us a loophole in the system! I’m going to pay people to line up for cubes of beef for me!”

All of the customers wore rather complex expressions. They were hoping that Duke Abraham would play the antagonist and force Mag to change his rules, thereby giving everyone else a chance. However, they didn't think that Duke Abraham would be so benevolent.

However, the vast majority of bystanders were all commoners, and they had always been opposed to the signs plastered outside the noble-exclusive restaurants. As such, they were very supportive of what Mag was doing, and no one caused any more trouble for him.

"So you're saying Duke Abraham was very pleased with that man's roast meat, and he left right after eating it."

Ike's expression had darkened considerably as he heard the report being delivered by the rotisserie employee.

Duke Abraham was one of their most esteemed customers, as well as one of their most regular customers. He was a major driving force behind the popularity of the rotisserie as many royals had been drawn to this restaurant by him.

However, Duke Abraham had immediately left after eating some roast meat from a roadside stall without even entering Cary's Rotisserie, and that was unacceptable to Ike.

The employee continued, "Also, Roark just told me that the stall has already served 135 customers, and the line in front of the stall is only continuing to grow..."

"They've served over 100 customers in less than an hour. At this rate, they're going to catch up to the rate of customers being served at our rotisserie!"

All of the previously confident chefs were now growing very concerned.

Ike forced himself to calm down as he waved a hand, and said, "Let's speed up in our cooking and strive to serve as many customers as we can during peak hours!"

A massive long line had gathered outside Cary's Rotisserie, extending almost as far as the eyes could see, creating a spectacle that drew the attention of many passersby on the food street. What was even more surprising to them was the fact that this line wasn't extending out of Cary's Rotisserie. Instead, everyone was lining up in front of a small roadside stall!

Irina and Amy made a trip along the entire food street, and they came back just in time to see Mag handing off the final cube of beef to a customer.

"My apologies, everyone, but we've sold all of the beef that we have for today." Mag extended an apology toward the customers in the line, and then glanced down at his watch before turning to the employee from Cary's Rotisserie as he announced, "It's already 5 pm; I've won."

### **Chapter 730 Shut Up!**

All of the customers who had yet to taste Mag's roast meat groaned in unison. However, they gradually fell silent upon hearing Mag's confident declaration.

The bet between Mag and Cary's Rotisserie was already common knowledge to almost everyone on the food street.

It was already quite astounding that such an obscure roadside stall would dare to challenge the most renowned rotisserie on the food street, and everyone was even more astonished to hear that even Duke Abraham had visited the stall. Not only that, but he left without entering Cary's Rotisserie after tasting Mag's roast beef, which was a clear indication of who he thought cooked better roast beef.

Now, Mag was declaring his victory, and everyone turned toward the employee from Cary's Rotisserie in unison.

The employee was panicking slightly from having so many people looking at him, and he stuttered, "Y-y-you don't know how many customers our rotisserie served, so how can you say you won? You're spouting nonsense!"

Right at this moment, Ike emerged from Cary's Rotisserie with a triumphant and arrogant look on his face. "Hmph, how dare a lowly chef like you make such a bold declaration? Our rotisserie served a total of 735 customers this afternoon! How can you even imagine to compete with us?"

The peak dinner hours hadn't even arrived yet, but Cary's Rotisserie was already packed to the rafters. There was no way that a roadside stall could compare with them.

"Head Chef!" The employee immediately fled to Ike's side. He regained his confidence, and also turned to Mag with a smug look on his face.

"735? As expected, Cary's Rotisserie really is the best rotisserie on the food street!"

All of the roadside vendors wore expressions of awe and envy. They couldn't serve 700 customers even if they were to run their stands for an entire day without rest.

"Is Boss Mag going to lose?"

All of the previously confident customers turned to Mag with concern in their eyes.

"Father has never lost before." Amy's expression was completely devoid of concern.

Irina nodded in agreement. He's my man, so there's no way he could possibly lose!

Mag turned to Ike with a calm smile, and said, "You actually served 736 customers if you count that baby that came with his parents. However, I sold a total of 1472 cubes of beef today, and each person is only permitted to have one cube of beef, so I served 1472 customers—exactly twice the number of customers you served."

The entire scene fell completely silent as everyone gawked at Mag in disbelief.

"H-how is that even possible?! He served 1472 customers in less than five hours? That has to be some kind of record!" a roadside vendor exclaimed with an alarmed expression.

Meanwhile, elated smiles appeared on all of the customers' faces. They had all contributed to the final figure of 1472, so they were also a part of this bet, and Mag's victory struck them with a sense of achievement and vindication.

Ike's triumphant smile immediately stiffened as he glared at Mag, and yelled! "No! That's impossible! You're only one person; how could you have served so many customers in five hours? You're lying!"

Mag pointed to the rotisserie employee with a calm expression, and said, "I asked him to draw a line for every customer that bought a cube of beef from me. If you don't believe me, you can count the lines on his sheet of paper."

Everyone turned toward the sheet of paper in the employee's hand in unison. Sure enough, it really was filled with countless small lines, and everyone internally praised Mag for his resourcefulness. Now, Ike had no choice but to admit his defeat.

Ike looked at the sheet of paper. He obviously wasn't actually going to count every single line, but he could already tell that there were definitely more than 1,000 lines drawn there, so his expression immediately darkened.

"H... Head Chef..." The employee's voice was trembling, and he was on the verge of tears. The sheet of paper in his hand was like a hot potato that he wanted to toss out, but he was afraid that doing so would result in dire consequences, so he could only hold onto it as if he were holding a ticking time bomb.

"Give me that!" Ike strode forward and grabbed the sheet of paper before ripping it into shreds and tossing it onto the ground. He then turned to Mag with a cold smile as he scoffed, "How are you going to prove that you served over 1,000 guests now? Are you going to get these commoners to serve as your witnesses?"

"A lowly chef like you is only worthy to serve your putrid roast meat to these lowly commoners! I can stomp you into the ground with ease! You'll never guess who's actually the one standing behind Cary's Rotisserie!" A wild and arrogant smile appeared on Ike's face as he waved a hand to summon a bunch of weapon-brandishing chefs and employees. "Beat the crap out of him!"

"How dare you try to hurt Father!" Amy glowered at the people charging toward Mag as she picked up the little chair she had been sitting on.

Irina had also picked up an adult-sized chair, and she glared at these people as she said, "These people should all die!"

"Is this enough proof for you?"

Right at this moment, a calm voice sounded from within the crowd as the shreds of paper that had been hurled onto the ground flew into the air before reverting back to their original form.

The crowd parted to allow a tall and thin man in black robes to stride forward. He extended a hand and the sheet of paper fluttered into his grasp, looking as if it were in perfect condition and had never been torn before.

"What powerful spatial magic!" someone exclaimed from upstairs.

"It's Grandpa Principal!" Amy was ecstatic as she placed her little chair back onto the ground and adopted a harmless expression.

Irina also tossed her chair to the side as she pursed her lips, and murmured to herself, "Looks like Old Man Novan is just as much of a show-off as ever."

All of the bystanders immediately backed away even further. It was quite clear that this was a powerful magic caster.

Mag was rather surprised to see Novan here, but he still greeted, "Hello there, Principal Novan."

All of the people from Cary's Rotisserie also faltered upon seeing this. They could stomp a streetside vendor into the ground with ease, but they didn't dare to offend a powerful magic caster.

Ike glanced at the Magus Tower crest emblazoned on Novan's robes, and he mustered up his courage as he threatened in a cold voice, "W-who are you? This has nothing to do with you, so you'd better back off! This is Rodu and there are people here that you can't afford to mess with."

Right at this moment, a cold voice sounded. "Shut up! Do you know that the man you're speaking to is the most powerful spatial magic caster on the entire Norland Continent, and that the chef you just insulted will be cooking for His Majesty during his birthday banquet?"