

A Stay-at-home Dad's Restaurant In An Alternate World - Chapter 1 - Little Loli In My House

Chapter 1: Little Loli In My House

"Father... Father..."

Mag Shen heard a crisp and childish voice seemingly calling to him. He moved his fingers, and suddenly caught something very tender; his desire to survive exploded in a sudden outburst, and he quickly sat up and opened his eyes, only to be rooted to the spot.

What is this place? he thought to himself.

Am I saved, or have I transmigrated to another world?

Mag Shen could still remember that he was catching the king crab in his own yacht just a moment ago, for which purpose he had gone to the trouble of dragging the chef of Imperial Restaurant with him. Who would have thought that, sitting at the stern, he would get thrown right into the sea by a huge wave instead of catching any crab? In his disorientation, he heard women cry and water splash, and then everything lapsed into silence.

When he came to, he found himself in a room that was rather European in style, holding the hand of a silver-haired little girl about four or five years old.

Before he even got a chance to speak, numerous messages flooded into his head, blocking all his sensation of the outside world. It was so very similar to the moment when he drowned.

In his previous life, Mag Shen was somewhat of a famous rich second generation, but he preferred to call himself a gourmet, and had no interest whatsoever in inheriting family business; instead, he was much more interested in tasting all the famous food around the world and writing comments in his microblog on every gourmet restaurant he tried. Because of his incisive, vicious comments and his extravagance to try almost all the Michelin restaurants, he had secured tens of millions of fans in just two or three years.

He believed his comments were authentic and fair, though mainly focusing on the flaws, with his words being exaggerated; still, he was always receiving thousands of messages cursing him, condemning him to drown in the sea or be a cook for his whole next life, which made him pretty upset.

Come to think of it, the drowning this time... could it be a dream come true for them? God, can you be any meaner to me? he thought.

Before he could think further, he got attracted by those messages. There he saw another dramatic life, tough yet fascinating. He was certain that he had traveled to another world, and that his soul had possessed the body of a disheartened knight, who could no longer lift his own heavy sword.

Part of those messages and emotions were beginning to slowly fuse with him, and he could do nothing but accept it.

This was a fantasy land where giant dragons, demons, orcs, elves, dwarves, humans, and many others lived together.

A hundred years ago, all the species on the Norland Continent signed an armistice, putting an end to the war among all species that lasted for a thousand years. Therefore, all of them got a chance to rest and recover in their respective lands.

However, a thousand-year-long conflict could not be settled once and for all with just a piece of paper; regional conflicts continued, but were normally kept to the border areas as if secretly agreed upon. No large-scale war among different species was waged.

The man Mag Shen possessed was known as Mag Alex. The Alex Family was a glorious family, existing on this continent for hundreds of years, during which they were guarding the borders for humans all along, having not even once let orcs come near the borders.

However, three hundred years ago, their fortress was breached by a force of orcs and demons allied together. The whole family was almost wiped out. The once glorious Alex Family had fallen ever since, and only several small branches survived. By the time of Mag Alex, he was the only heir.

But Mag Alex had shown his exceptional skills since he'd joined the army. His strong body and military skills helped him earn his leaders' high regard, gain a lot of honor and glory, and become the youngest Griffin Rider in just a few years. He was the hottest young man in the whole empire, known as the successor of the empire's commander and the man to restore the Alex Family's glory.

Had it not been for the dark night three years ago, he would have been a man standing on the top of the whole continent.

That night, elves, demons and human magic casters attacked him together. They ruined his hands that once held a sword, cut his Achilles tendons, and left a barely one-year-old baby with him.

It was his child, born for him by an elf princess. The irreconcilable hatred between species resulted in him being betrayed by his most trusted friend; he had fallen to the bottom.

His broken limbs were barely cured by his old friend, but couldn't hold a sword anymore. He'd changed his face and carried his child to the Chaos City to start from scratch there—a father and a daughter trying to make a living together.

Their days were very hard, and to make matters worse, a little cold put an end to this knight's miserable life. He died with regret, but his death provided a chance for Mag Shen to travel to this world.

The sad end of a hero made Mag Shen sigh with emotion. However, he didn't feel the knight's obsession with seeking vengeance; instead, he felt a lot of worry about how his daughter would survive.

Rest assured and be at peace. I won't avenge you, but I'll take good care of your little girl. Mag Shen made a promise in his mind, and then all the messages suddenly vanished like a receding tide, along with the last trace of obsession.

He was still Mag Shen, only that Mag Alex's whole memory stayed, and so did part of his emotions.

I guess I'll use the name 'Mag' from now on, Mag Shen thought.

When he woke up again, his eyes became clearer, and fits of feebleness pervaded his whole body.

"What's wrong, Father?" The little girl still had her hand held by him, tension all over her small face.

Mag's eyes softened a little. The little girl kneeling down beside his bed had long silver hair hanging down loosely on her shoulder, a pair of clear and beautiful blue eyes, half-covered little pointy ears, and soft skin which she got from her elf mother. Her clothes made from cotton and linen were old and gray, but she was very cute and adorable, making you want to kiss her.

This was Mag Alex's daughter, Amy, and she was his daughter now.

Mag hadn't got married in his previous life, let alone had any children, so he had no idea how to get along with them. However, he had got the whole memory from his predecessor, and watching Amy's nervous little face, he felt like he was looking at his own child. The impulse to want to be intimate with her made his heart race. In the previous life, his parents were too busy doing business to care about him, which made him expect... expect the feeling of being a father.

“I... I’m okay, Amy. Don’t worry.”

Clumsily, he stroked her hair with his hand, his voice a little hoarse.

Her smooth hair had a pleasant touch, and touched his heart—she was *his* daughter! The subtle sense of father-daughter bond was very fascinating.

“Okay. I’m glad you’re okay.” Rubbing Mag’s hand with her hair and slightly narrowing her eyes like a cute kitten, Amy pouted like a spoiled child. “But, Father, Amy is hungry. Make something good for me.”

Mag felt like his heart was going to be melted by her cuteness, and he was ready to get the stars from the sky for her, but cooking was really a headache for him.

He sure had had a lot of good things to eat, but speaking of cooking, he had never even touched the kitchen knife. He tried to find something useful in his predecessor’s memory, only to find out that his predecessor’s menu was so lame that he didn’t even want to try. He was thinking about eating out.

Then, suddenly, a neutral voice sounded in his head. “God of Cookery Cultivation System, start!”

Mag was taken aback. *What the heck?* he thought. *God of Cookery Cultivation System? How did this thing wind up in my head? Maybe it has something to do with this transmigration?*

The neutral voice continued, “In the previous life, the host had recklessly ruined a lot of restaurants’ years, or even nearly a hundred years, of reputation, accumulating too much resentment from the cooks, so the God upstairs devised this God of Cookery Cultivation System to supervise the host to learn culinary skills in this world so as to make the host the God of Cookery. Since the host has little talent in cooking, the system will issue missions irregularly to assist the host. While completing missions will be rewarded, failing them will be met with punishment.”

Listening to the voice in his head, Mag froze for a long while before realizing what had happened. *Damn! You must be kidding!* he thought. *I have traveled to this world just because my comments were too vicious for those restaurants? And because of that, you’ve brought me here to start afresh, and even went to the trouble of devising a God of Cookery Cultivation System to help me cook?*

He remembered the message that he received the most in his previous life: Hope you become a cook in the next life!

Suddenly, an expression flew across his mind: everything gets a return...

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