

My Seven Sisters Are All Tycoons Chapter 9 - Song Dynasty National Banquet

C9 Song Dynasty National Banquet

Despite Hwa Yunqi being a culinary heavyweight, she couldn't help but chuckle at the thought of Hwa Feng cooking.

"Feng, let Sixth Sister handle it. Don't cause trouble!"

It was clear that the sisters had their doubts.

But today, he'd prove his prowess right before their eyes!

"Initiate selection of prize!"

Opting for the Chinese Special Grade One Chef Skills!

"Congratulations, you've acquired the Chinese Special Grade One Chef Skills. Your culinary expertise is both exquisite and awe-inspiring."

Suddenly, a myriad of cooking techniques filled his mind, flawlessly presenting even the most complex dishes from the Tang and Song dynasties.

Bingo!

"Sisters, just sit back and relax!"

Seeing Hwa Feng's unwavering confidence, Hwa Lianxi let out a resigned smile and told the others, "Let him have at it."

Hwa Yunqi was too fond of her precious brother to let him toil in the kitchen.

She followed him closely into the kitchen.

Now, only Hwa Yunqi's soothing presence filled the spacious kitchen.

With her back to Hwa Feng, she started to gather ingredients, ready to cook.

"Sixth Sister, I've got this."

Hwa Feng leaned in close, his chin resting on her shoulder, his voice a gentle whisper.

Perhaps it was the closeness, but Hwa Yunqi stiffened up like she'd been shocked.

Frozen in her stance, she didn't budge.

Hwa Feng encircled her tender arms and gently ushered her out of the kitchen.

"Just be careful not to burn yourself, Feng!"

Hwa Yunqi called out from outside the kitchen, concern in her voice.

"Got it!"

Hwa Feng responded with a chuckle, reassuring Hwa Yunqi.

Half an hour later.

Hwa Feng and five stunning women were seated around the outdoor dining table.

The butler served up a succession of sumptuous dishes from the kitchen.

Hwa Xiyu's eyes widened at the sight of the feast. "Feng, you didn't cook this, did you?"

Hwa Jiajia tucked her curls behind her ear and sampled a bit of foie gras, savoring the taste.

She nodded, amazed. "Everyone, try this. It's really good."

Accustomed to the international culinary scene, Hwa Yunqi, seeing the unanimous approval, finally reached for her chopsticks.

After sampling the dish, she stared at Hwa Feng in astonishment and inquired, "Feng, this tastes like the long-lost Songjiang Floral Dew from the Song Dynasty. How on earth did you...?"

"Sixth Sister, I picked it up from a book. Maybe in the future, we can explore recipes together," Feng offered.

Hwa Yunqi nodded softly, adding, "This dish was served at the Song Dynasty's imperial banquets. My team has tried to recreate it for ages without success."

Her admission earned Hwa Feng admiring thumbs-ups from everyone.

"Who would've thought, Feng? Not only are you a talented singer, but your culinary skills are impressive too."

Hwa Jiajia took her time enjoying the black swan cake, then mentioned, "I'll get in touch with the director of 'Thirteen Piercing Swords' to give us a bit more spotlight."

"Thanks, Second Sister."

Hwa Feng slid a white swan-shaped dessert towards Hwa Jiajia.

With a chuckle, Hwa Jiajia remarked, "The sweets are tempting, but I've got to watch my figure. Better to indulge just a little."

The sisters were light eaters; they would only nibble, even on the most delectable dishes.

Moreover, Hwa Jiajia was on a tight schedule for a film shoot, and Hwa Lianxi had a pile of company matters to attend to, prompting them to leave the villa posthaste after the meal.

Hwa Gege, busy with university life, had her hands full with assignments, social events, dance, and oil painting classes.

Upon hearing that Hwa Xiyou was heading to a cocktail party, the two set off together for a day of facials and shopping.

Eventually, only Hwa Yunqi and Hwa Feng remained at the dining table.

"Feng, any plans for the evening?" she asked, cradling a wine glass in her delicate arm, swirling it lightly.

"Feeling a bit worn out today. I'm planning a short swim before turning in early."

"Right, you need to stay rested for 'Idol Producer.'"

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At 10 p.m. by the swimming pool, Hwa Feng finished a few laps and took a seat at the pool's edge to unwind.

Auntie Xu kept a watchful eye nearby. As he emerged from the water, she quickly approached with a glass of orange juice.

"Have the sisters returned yet?"

Auntie Xu responded, "Only Sixth Sister is around."

"Oh, go ahead and get some rest. I'm going to swim a little longer."

I wonder what Sixth Sister is up to.

Hwa Feng glanced back at the villa.

The villa was ablaze with lights.

Yet, Sixth Sister's room remained dark.

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Where could Sixth Sister have gone?

Finishing his orange juice, Hwa Feng plunged back into the pool.

His physique was lean and pale, gliding through the azure water like a graceful silver dragon.

Suddenly, Hwa Feng spotted a slender silhouette approaching.

It was Sixth Sister, Hwa Yunqi.

Emerging from the water, Hwa Feng swept the droplets from his face.

Hwa Yunqi donned a red bikini, her alabaster skin gleaming, smooth and firm under the lights.

"Feng, I'd like to swim for a bit too."

Hwa Yunqi descended the steps into the pool, her silky black hair clinging to her chest, undulating with her movements.

"Splash... Splash..."

Her butterfly stroke was exceptionally graceful, bringing her to Hwa Feng's side in seconds.

Hwa Feng was captivated by the sight before him.

She was the spitting image of a mermaid from a movie!

"Why did you stop swimming?"

Hwa Yunqi's hair and arms grazed Hwa Feng's waistline in a swift motion.

"Sixth Sister, wait up!"