

Chapter 2380 The Defeated Yann

Yann was still nervous, but the CAUMP dieticians' affirmation showered a wave of relief on him.

He is truly the head dietician of my Cunninghams Family.

After Urain and the others finished gargling their mouths, Matthew's cooking was also served.

Urain first sniffed. The previous orchid fragrance had disappeared, and even the basic rice fragrance was faint and imperceptible.

He nodded in satisfaction. After reaching a certain level of dietary food mastery, the difference between an A-grade and S-grade dietician was the skill of maintaining the essence of the nutrients in the food. So, its fragrance alone could not be the determining factor.

"Cleansing Porridge. Gentlemen, please." Matthew lifted the lid, and the mixture of orchid fragrance with rice wafted everyone's nose, attracting the attention of the judges.

"I can see why he is the new Holy Doctor. His technique for preserving fragrance is quite clever. If he focuses on cultivation for a while, he may not be far from becoming an S-grade dietician. Matthew, are you considering changing your spouse?"

Urain's hand, which was filling the bowl with porridge, trembled at Excalibur's question. These old men are lazy and free-spirited. They have no sense of propriety.

Urain coughed, drawing Excalibur's attention. "Let's have a private talk later."

After saying this quietly, he began to taste Matthew's porridge with solemnity.

As soon as they took a spoonful of it, the strong fragrance of rice and the refreshing fragrance of orchids instantly filled their noses. Warmth channeled through every part of their bodies.

Exhaling a breath of impurities, Excalibur felt himself being relieved from exhaustion.

Matthew noticed their surprised gazes and smiled lightly. "You have traveled a long way. Please take this as a token of my appreciation."

Urain nodded in satisfaction. "Not bad. You're a thoughtful one. It has visual, fragrance, and taste. The herbal ingredients are mild yet effective."

Cleansing Porridge was indeed the most suitable food for relieving fatigue for these old people, who traveled from their hometown to Bainbridge.

The other judges praised him.

"The little Holy Doctor's culinary skills are impressive. I haven't had such delicious rice porridge in years."

"Give me another serving."

"I thought of coming to Bainbridge to relax, but I didn't expect such a big surprise. I'll have another serving too."

Matthew could only make that much of a portion with that pot, yet the twelve people finished it by having two bowls of porridge each.

Despite that, they smacked their lips as they wanted more. That alone has proven a lot. Urain noticed everyone's earnestness and stood up.

"Matthew wins the match." His words were concise and to the point.

Yann's eyes widened, and anger surged in him. These old bastards are definitely just sucking up to Matthew Larson. What? The S-grade dieticians of Cathay? They're just empty names. They're licking his boots just because Matthew is the Holy Doctor.

The more he thought about it, the angrier Yann became. He roared, "I refuse to accept defeat!"

The attention of the whole venue was drawn to him.

Urain furrowed his brows directly. "What do you refuse to accept? Speak up."

It was the first time someone questioned his decision.

By the time Yann calmed down, he realized how impulsive he was acting. However, what had been said couldn't be unsaid. Thus, he could only apologize stiffly. "Sorry, sir. I apologize for my rudeness."

He couldn't afford to offend the top dietician, but his apology received only a cold snort from the dietician.

At the same time, Matthew's gaze fell on Yann.