

The Mightiest Little Peasant Chapter 288

“What? So he’s that bastard?” At the next table, Han Lei slammed the table and stood up.

His fists were clenched and he looked angry.

‘So that’s the Tang bastard that hit my sister and caused her to be locked up for half a month.’

One needed to know that his sister had been spoiled since young. She had never been beaten by anyone before, much less being locked up in jail for half a month.

He almost could not restrain himself. He wanted to beat up that guy now.

“Calm down, Brother! Don’t be rash!” Han Lu said softly.

“How can I calm down? That’s the bastard that beat you up!” Han Lei said angrily.

“What? So that’s him?” The other two people also exclaimed. They looked at Tang Hao with hostility.

“Brother, don’t forget what Daddy told us,” Han Lu said.

Han Lei’s fists were clenched tighter and tighter. The urge to beat up that guy was rising.

He knew that the guy had someone powerful backing him. There were rumors that he was related to Vice Governor He.

He was not afraid of that. However, his father was, and he had repeatedly reminded his children to not cross Tang Hao again.

“Dammit, isn’t he just a windfall tycoon?” He slammed the table again as he sat down.

Then, he grinned mockingly as though he thought of something funny.

Tang Hao might have a powerful background, but he was nonetheless someone from a village. He was not well-educated or well-versed in etiquette. No wonder that cheap woman Han Yutong was together with him.

‘President Ling must be blind to have dinner with that person.’

Ling Wei furrowed her brows when she heard the commotion from the next table.

‘Looks like the Han family siblings have a deep-seated grudge with Tang Hao!’

“I’m sorry. I didn’t expect that we would bump into them here,” she said apologetically.

She had chosen to bring him to Imperial Kitchen because she wanted to treat him to a nice dinner. She did not expect to have an unhappy encounter there.

“It’s fine. I’ll just pretend that I didn’t see them!” Tang Hao shook his head and said.

Soon, dinner was finally served. Several waitstaff brought the dishes over in a single file. There were seven waitstaff in total.

The people at the tables around them exclaimed in surprise when they saw the dishes.

“Huaiyang cuisine! That must be Master Chef Ding!” (TN: Huaiyang Cuisine is the cuisine of central-eastern China, near the river and coastal regions, and is one of the four major cuisine types of China. The taste of the dishes is generally not spicy and is more delicate than the other major cuisine types.)

“What lucky diners they are to have a taste of Master Chef Ding’s handiwork!”

The other people looked at them enviously.

Even Ling Wei also looked quite excited.

“Tang Hao, Master Chef Ding is the best chef here. He is a master of Huaiyang cuisine, and is undoubtedly the best chef in Province Z,” she explained.

“Over here, if it’s Huaiyang cuisine, then it has to be Master Chef Ding. We’re lucky because Master Chef only cooks for one table every day.” Ling Wei sounded ecstatic.

“Dammit, why is that bastard always so lucky?” Han Lei cursed softly with an indignant expression on his face.

The dishes soon arrived at the table. There were six vegetable and meat dishes and one soup.

Tang Hao briefly scanned across the dishes and gently nodded in approval.

He could see that the dishes were meticulously prepared. The presentation was pleasing to the eye, and the delicate smell piqued his appetite.

Squirrel-shaped Chinese perch, minced tofu soup, stewed pork balls with crab meat vermicelli... those were the mainstays of Huaiyang cuisine.

Especially the minced tofu soup. Each strand of tofu was as thin as a thread. That was a testament to Master Chef Ding's extraordinary knife skills.

"Let's eat!"

Ling Wei picked up a piece of fish with her chopsticks.

"Oh, this is so delicious! No wonder Master Chef Ding is the best chef in the province!" Ling Wei was pleasantly surprised by the taste of the fish.

Tang Hao also tried some of the fish.

Then, he furrowed his brows.

"Why?" Ling Wei asked, "Is it not delicious?"

Tang Hao shook his head. "No, it's not bad!"

The fish was indeed delicious, but he was expecting more from the best chef in the province. There was a lot of room for improvement.

'So this is the level of the top chef in Province Z?' Tang Hao thought, a little disappointed.

Ling Wei was a little dejected when she saw how he reacted.

They heard someone grunt from the next table. Then, Han Lei's voice was heard.

"Hah! How boastful can you be? It's your luck to be able to eat Master Chef Ding's dishes, yet you look so reluctant. Did you say that it was only 'not bad'? I think there must be something wrong with your taste buds."

His voice was loud and the entire restaurant heard it.

Everyone looked at Tang Hao's table with indignation burning in their eyes.

In their eyes, Master Chef Ding could be considered the God of Cookery. All his dishes were rare delicacies, and everyone who tasted them had nothing but praise for his culinary skills.

That kid, however, only said that his dishes were 'not bad'. That was an insult toward Master Chef Ding.

"There must be something wrong with that kid's taste buds!"

"It's a waste that Master Chef Ding's food is served to that table!"

Everyone talked among themselves.

Ling Wei was feeling a little awkward. She did not expect the situation to take such a turn. She glared angrily at Han Lei.

Han Lei, however, did not stop his mockery. "That's someone from a mountain village for you. He doesn't know how to appreciate Huaiyang cuisine. Master Chef Ding has wasted his time and effort. You'd better get lost from this place right now."

“That’s enough, Han Lei! It’s none of your business whether he likes it!” Ling Wei said sternly. She could not hold back her anger anymore.

“None of my business? He is insulting Master Chef Ding,” Han Lei said with a smirk.

“You...” Ling Wei glared at him.

“Why, is there something wrong?”

A low, deep voice was heard from the kitchen. Then, a tall figure came out. He was a man in his fifties dressed in a chef’s uniform. His face was thin and his skin was dark.

“Master Chef Ding!”

The restaurant immediately became noisy. Everyone stood up as a gesture of respect.

“Please sit down!” Master Chef Ding smiled and gestured at everyone.

Han Lei pointed at Tang Hao. “Master Chef Ding! This guy here is insulting you!”

Master Chef Ding was surprised.

It was his first time encountering this situation.

“How is he insulting me?” He furrowed his brows.

“He says that your food doesn’t taste good!” Han Lei said.

Master Chef Ding was surprised again.

Then, his expression sank.

Ever since he had become famous, no one had ever said that his cooking did not taste good. Everyone heaped him with praises, and he was confident of making his customers happy. There was no reason that his dishes would not taste good.

‘Don’t tell me that guy is deliberately causing a scene!’

He walked over to Tang Hao’s table and said, “Sir, can you tell me why my dish doesn’t taste good?”

“I didn’t say that it doesn’t taste good. I said that it was not bad. That guy jumped on me and said that I’m insulting you.”

Master Chef Ding’s expression softened a little. It was not an insult after all.

However, he was not quite happy that his dishes were only ‘not bad’.