

The Miracle Doctor's Two-Faced Toddler - Chapter 19 - His Taste

Chapter 19: His Taste

The manager of the Jadeite Pavilion could no longer move. It was not that he did not want to, but he could not.

The moment the man appeared, his body seemed to be nailed by an invisible pressure. It was unclear what had frightened him. He only knew that he had lived for more than half of his life and had never made a mistake like tonight.

To be able to make such a valuable “young master” become his servant... To be precise, even one of his servants was as valuable as a young master of an aristocratic family. Who exactly was this man?

The shopkeeper of the Jadeite Pavilion looked at the man again. The man was wearing a silver fox cloak, which looked like a dazzling white light in the night.

The shopkeeper of the Jadeite Pavilion quickly lowered his gaze. Even if his eyesight wasn't good enough, his survival instincts were still there. His instincts told him that if he wanted to live, he should stop staring at the man in front of him.

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“Master.”

Another carriage drove over. This carriage was much smaller and was still inconspicuous. However, the shopkeeper of the Jadeite Pavilion did not dare to underestimate the other party anymore.

A man in his forties jumped down from the carriage. He called the man “Master” and was presumably his servant. However, compared to the young and handsome servants, his appearance was too shabby.

Yet, he was the only one who could speak to the man.

The middle-aged man replied, "I've asked around. There aren't any other restaurants nearby. Master hasn't eaten anything all day, so just make do with it."

At this moment, Shopkeeper Zhou of White Jade Restaurant also noticed the commotion on the street. Looking at the situation, he knew that an esteemed guest had come, but he did not have the courage to go up and welcome him. He just stared at him, praying that he would come to their restaurant.

However, he was disappointed. The man lifted his foot and walked towards the Jadeite Pavilion.

Shopkeeper Zhao of the Jadeite Pavilion straightened his back in an instant and gave a proud look to his opponent. He had long heard that the White Jade Restaurant had found someone to buy high-grade refined salt, but so what? In terms of the food and drinks in Lotus Flower Town, his Jadeite Pavilion was still the best!

The group entered the most elegant room in the Jadeite Pavilion. It was not that Shopkeeper Zhao was praising himself, but this room was built by the most famous craftsmen in the Capital. The tables and chairs were made of superior yellow pear wood, and precious stones were laid out in the most fashionable jewelry and jade. Even the calligraphy and paintings on the walls were all made by a great master of the dynasty. Even if the prince came, he would definitely take a look.

Unexpectedly, the man did not even lift his eyelids as he walked into the room and sat down.

Shopkeeper Zhao wanted to follow, but the middle-aged man lowered the bead curtain. The man's figure was blocked by the bead curtain.

Shopkeeper Zhao was embarrassed.

The middle-aged man said, "What good dishes do you have here? Bring them all up."

Upon hearing that they are wanted to order everything, Shopkeeper Zhao happily left.

As he was an honored guest, Shopkeeper Zhao invited the treasure of the store—Chef Liu.

Head Chef Liu cooked the streaky pork with pickled bamboo shoots with his secret recipe and stir-fried a plate of crab roe that could pass off as real. Other than that, he also stir-fried a few court dishes that looked, smelled, and tasted good. He steamed his best osmanthus glutinous rice lotus root.

Chef Liu was very confident in his culinary skills. After all, this was a dish that the Emperor had eaten before. How could ordinary people have such good taste?

Unexpectedly, the moment the dishes were served, the middle-aged man carried them out.

The middle-aged man said in disdain, “This is your specialty?”

Shopkeeper Zhao was stunned. “T-this is all made by our Chef Liu. He used to be an imperial chef!”

“Change to a chef who isn’t an imperial chef!” The middle-aged man said bluntly.

Head Chef Liu was being looked down upon? Shopkeeper Zhao was completely baffled, but he still did as he was told. However, when he presented a table full of new dishes, it was once again rejected.

Shopkeeper Zhao was in a terrible fix. “Mister, what kind of food does your young master want to eat? Why don’t you tell us? We’ll cook it accordingly!”

The middle-aged man did not answer him. Instead, he glanced at the White Jade Restaurant and said calmly, “Go and invite his chef over.”

Shopkeeper Zhao: “This...”

The middle-aged man glared at him coldly, and Shopkeeper Zhao felt his scalp go numb.

It was Chef Lu from the White Jade Restaurant who came. After Chef Lu had seen the dishes made by the Jadeite Pavilion for the guests, he had a rough idea of what to do. When he returned to the White Jade Restaurant, he did not make any complicated dishes but only made a pot of winter carp soup.

The winter bamboo shoots and crucian carp were not bought from the market, but from the little girl selling salt.

The ingredients were very fresh, and the winter bamboo shoots were so tender that water could drip from them. The carp was so fat that it could be fried into a paste. The pot of soup was cooked into a rich milky white color, and there was no extra seasoning. Only a few grains of snowflake salt were sprinkled, and the umami of the fish soup was completely drawn out.

The fish soup was presented to the man. The man's tired eyebrows relaxed slightly when he smelled the fragrance of fish and bamboo shoots.

The middle-aged man did not expect the man to react to this pot of fish soup. His eyes immediately lit up. "This soup smells fresh and looks even fresher. I wonder how it tastes." With that, the middle-aged man scooped a spoonful and tasted it for the man. "Fresh! So fresh! It's even fresher than the fish soup in our manor!"

There were no fancy condiments, and the taste of the ingredients remained the same. There was the clear sweetness of bamboo shoots and the salty freshness of the fish meat, but there was not a trace of bitterness in the mouth. It seemed that they had used rare tribute salt.

The middle-aged man wasn't concerned about how a small restaurant could use the tribute salt that wasn't circulated among the common people. He waited for a while, and after confirming that the soup wasn't poisonous, he scooped a bowl for the man. "Master, have a taste."

The man tasted it.

"How is it?" The middle-aged man asked expectantly.

The man dropped the ladle. "No taste."

The middle-aged man sighed.

To be honest, this fish soup was really good, but Young Master wasn't picky. If he said that it has no taste, then it meant that he really didn't taste it. Young Master's body was weak when he was young, and he practically grew up soaked in a medicine pot. Perhaps he had eaten too much medicine, but when he tried other things, he gradually couldn't taste it anymore.

Three meals that everyone enjoyed was a very painful thing for the Young Master.