

From Sidekick to Bigshot

Chapter 12: Jian Yiling's Cooking

This morning, when Jian Yuncheng didn't get up, Jian Yiling felt that there was a problem. After waiting a while, she pushed open Jian Yuncheng's door.

Seeing that Jian Yuncheng was still sleeping, Jian Yiling went up to the bed and touched his forehead.

Then she knew that he had a fever.

Jian Yuncheng knew that he had a fever. If he didn't want to go to the hospital, he must take the medicine.

Jian Yuncheng hadn't reached out yet, but that pair of soft white hands brought the medicine to his mouth.

Jian Yuncheng opened his mouth and held the medicine in his mouth.

Immediately, Jian Yiling passed a cup of warm water to his mouth. He could drink it by slightly lowering his head.

By drinking the warm water, Jian Yuncheng ate the medicine.

When the effect of the drug hit, Jian Yuncheng was swept away by his sleepiness.

During that period of time, Jian Yuncheng always felt that there was someone around him. However, that person didn't disturb him and remained very quiet.

However, he could feel that she changed the towel on his forehead every so often.

Unconsciously, half a day had passed. Jian Yuncheng felt a lot better when he woke up again.

And the first thing he saw when he opened his eyes was Jian Yiling. She was sitting there quietly next to his bed and holding a book.

She appeared to be very quiet and lovable as she silently guarded his bedside.

Sensing that he woke up, Jian Yiling stood up.

She then left the room.

Jian Yuncheng hesitated for a moment.

Not long after, Jian Yiling came back. She held a steaming bowl of scallop porridge in her hands.

Jian Yiling placed the scallop porridge on Jian Yuncheng's bedside table and then looked at him with her pair of bright eyes...

Was she supervising him to eat porridge?

Jian Yuncheng glanced at the scallop porridge. It smelled and looked great. It made him feel like he had an appetite.

He realized that he was indeed hungry. He hadn't eaten anything from the morning till now.

Jian Yuncheng picked up the bowl of porridge and couldn't stop after taking the first bite.

This bowl of porridge was incredibly delicious. He didn't know whether it was because he was super hungry or not. He managed to get such an exquisite taste from such a simple bowl of scallop porridge.

When Jian Yuncheng was eating the porridge, Jian Yiling once again left the room.

She came back after a bit.

This time she carried a tray. On the tray, there were eight small bowls. Each of the bowls contained a small piece of an exquisite breakfast.

A plate of fried salmon; a plate of stir-fried carrot and cloud-ear fungus with burdock; a plate of marinated white radish; a soft-boiled egg; a bowl of fish and tofu soup; a bowl of tamagoyaki; one piece of tuna sushi and a small fruit bowl.

Each dish looked extremely exquisite and delicious.

Jian Yuncheng had originally felt that he was full after eating that bowl of porridge, but after seeing all this food, he immediately had an appetite again.

And so, all of the eight dishes were also eaten.

After eating, Jian Yuncheng instantly felt that he full of energy again.

All of the bowls were clean and there was nothing left over.

Jian Yiling took the bowls away once again.

Jian Yiling wasn't good at speaking. However, she was good at expressing herself with action.

When Jian Yuncheng saw his sister acting gentle and refined, unconsciously, his anger towards her dissipated a lot.

Afterward, Jian Yuncheng opened his computer. He had slept for half a day so he had a lot to catch up on.

When he was dealing with his work, Jian Yuncheng would occasionally think of the breakfast he ate just then. He didn't know when Aunt An had learned to make Japanese style breakfast. It was delicious.

Jian Yuncheng thought that when Yunnao came back from the hospital, he should get Aunt An to make him the same dishes.

However, Jian Yuncheng did not know that today, Aunt An had asked for leave. Aunt Mo had also gone to the hospital to help out Wen Nuan. So there was only him and Jian Yiling at home.