

ALMIGHTY GENIUS

Chapter 15 - 14 Secret Soup Dumpling Recipe (Incomplete)_1

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"Don't worry, I have a plan..."

Qin Fang just nodded lightly, "We should hurry up and clean up the tables. We still need to do business tonight..."

Having calmed Tang Feifei down for the time being, the two of them tidied up the messy tables and chairs. As for the broken dishes, Qin Fang felt a twinge of pain but there was no other choice.

Sister Pan saw that Qin Fang and the others were fine, so she called out to him and went home first.

The business was mediocre that night. Around eight o'clock, Qin Fang's noodle stall closed early. Of course, this was after he made sure Tang Feifei got on a taxi home. Then he returned to his rental place, pushing his small cart.

However, no sooner had Qin Fang returned with his stuff than he secretly left the house and returned to the plaza outside Nanmen Market, where his stall was located.

Qin Fang sat on the flowerbed, watching the stalls in front with a cold gaze, and quickly located Chen Pangzi, who was behind him and in the midst of doing business.

Qin Fang's noodle stall hadn't done much business that night, and Chen Pangzi's was not doing very well either. However, Qin Fang's closing had allowed him to earn a bit more. At a time when he should have been busy, Qin Fang just sat for a while and saw Chen Pangzi answer a phone call and become visibly agitated, although unfortunately Qin Fang was too far away to see Chen Pangzi's expression or demeanor.

"Yo, Xiao Qin, why are you back again?"

Having sat by the flowerbed for a bit, Qin Fang felt it was necessary to contact Chen Pangzi. So he headed over to the food stalls, and a snack stall owner who was fairly familiar with Qin Fang asked him in surprise.

This stall was selling baozi, steamed buns, dumplings, and wontons, and Qin Fang now stood beside the steaming baskets, coincidentally just as a fresh batch of soup dumplings was ready, so he casually ordered a basket.

"Don't even mention it, Uncle Fang. I just got back and wanted to sleep, but I was hungry again. I don't have anything left at my place, I can't even cook a bowl of noodles without ingredients, so I came over to have a bite..."

Qin Fang was chatting jovially with the stall owner surnamed Fang. Since their stall was just one stall away from Chen Pangzi's noodle stall, when there weren't many customers around, Chen Pangzi could hear their conversation, and his face immediately changed.

Qin Fang caught this scene from the corner of his eye, but he didn't make any move. Instead, he sat down and waited for the baozi to arrive, choosing to sit in a spot where he was directly facing Chen Pangzi, so all he had to do was raise his head to see him.

"Fresh and delicious soup dumplings, consumption can increase Life Points by one, energy restoration by 7%, and happiness level by +4%."

When the baozi arrived, Qin Fang picked one up with his chopsticks, but was immediately taken aback. He noticed that this soup dumpling also had attributes, roughly similar to those of his bowl of noodles, but with an additional happiness level increase of +4%.

"What the heck is happiness level?"

Qin Fang was truly baffled, but unfortunately, he could only slowly explore this mystery by himself, as no one could give him the answers.

Nevertheless, what Qin Fang cared about more was that a single soup dumpling could actually increase Life Points by one. Looking back at the three large bowls of ramen he had eaten earlier, the first two were to restore Life

Points. If he had known earlier, he would have just bought seven soup dumplings and been done with it.

Clearly, in terms of increasing Life Points, soup dumplings offered a much better value for money than Qin Fang's ramen, not to mention the addition of the mysterious happiness level.

Slurp~~

Qin Fang bit into the soup dumpling, and instantly, a fragrant juice flowed out, the aroma so refreshing that it brought great pleasure to both body and mind.

"So delicious!"

Ever since Qin Fang had learned to make ramen, his culinary skills had improved steadily, and he had been eating his own ramen for nearly every meal. Although he was almost sick of it by now, he had to admit that his ramen was truly exceptional.

However, purely in terms of deliciousness, Boss Fang's soup dumplings were clearly superior. Qin Fang felt inferior.

"Xiao Qin, how is it? What do you think of my secret soup dumplings? Give me some feedback..."

Qin Fang, who already had a hearty appetite, found the small basket of just six dumplings quickly disappear as he blinked, and by then Boss Fang had walked over with a hearty laugh and asked.

"Uncle Fang, to tell you the truth, these dumplings—are amazing!"

Qin Fang certainly did not skimp on his praise, enthusiastically giving Boss Fang a thumbs-up.

"Of course... this is our Fang Family's ancestral secret recipe! Let me tell you, the dough for these dumplings isn't ordinary dough. It contains... And the filling is even more special, with a lot of medicinal herbs added, such as Panax notoginseng and Angelica... If it weren't for the recipe passed down through generations, our Fang Family's soup dumplings wouldn't be as delicious as they are!"

Perhaps because Qin Fang's business had been too good in the past, he was always busy, closing up shop on time every day, and he was hardly familiar with the other snack vendors nearby, at most occasionally exchanging greetings.

This was indeed the first time Qin Fang had discovered that Uncle Fang, who looked thin and scared of his wife, was such a talkative person, even revealing the special features of his family's secret soup dumplings.

Of course, both he and Qin Fang understood that even knowing these ingredients, making the same dumplings was not an easy task, not to mention that this was a secret technique, not something an ordinary person could learn. Qin Fang himself felt the same!

But...

"Acquired the method for making secret soup dumplings (incomplete)!"

As Qin Fang listened to Uncle Fang's incessant praises about the secret soup dumplings of his family, a sentence suddenly popped into his mind, startling Qin Fang.

He was already somewhat used to such sudden thoughts appearing in his mind.

But when the thought was about this, and Qin Fang quickly checked the "method for making secret soup dumplings (incomplete)", which detailed all the ingredients Uncle Fang had mentioned, along with some basic methods of making them.

"Method for making secret soup dumplings (incomplete), an incomplete method for making secret soup dumplings, which can be perfected through increased proficiency."

Looking at the annotation that couldn't be simpler, it nevertheless explained a lot of things. The method was marked with "incomplete," indicating that it was not the true original secret technique, but a rough production concept based on Uncle Fang's verbal description.

Still, having these instructions was like having a blueprint. Once you learned "how to make dumplings," you could then attempt to craft these secret soup dumplings. With increasing proficiency, it would be uncertain whether Qin Fang would deduce the recipe on his own, or if a more complete method would be automatically provided.

Thinking about this, Qin Fang couldn't help but feel a bit guilty towards Uncle Fang, who was still talking nonstop. He had, after all, learned the man's craft secretly, yet the other party was none the wiser.

"Sigh, in a few days, I won't be setting up a stall anymore, so even if I obtain the most perfect method for making the secret soup dumplings, I won't be stealing Uncle Fang's business..."

That's what Qin Fang thought, considering it the only compensation he could offer Uncle Fang for now.