

## Big Shot 701

Chapter 701: Foreigners Think the Little Ancestor is So Immortal!

At this moment, the socialites, who just wanted to witness the source of the aroma, were stunned at the entrance of "Shihuijian".

They were ultimately a step too late.

In a short time, Shihuijian went from being deserted to bustling, with the queue at the door forming multiple loops.

And the socialites wanted to get in, but there was no way to cut the line, which made them quite anxious.

Alexander, the foreigner, leveraged his tall stature to extend his neck and got a clear view of the scene inside the restaurant, reporting to the girls:

"Inside there are carved octagonal tables and round stools, everyone is eating happily in a circle! The key thing is there are many dishes, most of which I've never seen before!"

"Mr. Ambassador, did you see Miss Zhou and Miss Bai?"

"Hmm, I saw a girl in a white dress... she looks like an angel, sitting there with a demeanor that's, in your Empire's language, calm and serene! Yes, that's the vibe, absolutely ethereal!"

Angel...

Ethereal...

What a choice of words by Alexander.

"That's Miss Xi." The socialites felt intensely regretful at this moment.

They should have insisted on following Miss Xi and Miss Bai when they saw them earlier, instead of believing Gu Shiyin's claim that foie gras and escargot could allure Miss Xi.

The fact is that the feast on Miss Xi's side was far superior to Fang Yumei's offerings!

There were a total of 108 different dishes, each one unique, and even Alexander, the international gourmet, had never seen them before, showing how rare they were.

At Fang Yumei's, it was just the usual few types of Western meats, and greens were just salad.

Western cuisine is simply a naïve little brother compared to traditional Empire Chinese cuisine!

How did they ever think before that eating Chinese food was rustic, and eating Western food was the upper class's high-society way of socializing?

Someone glanced at the clique of socialites, seemingly self-consoling: "Miss Gu said in the group that we should all go back, after all, French cuisine has ceremony, these Chinese places are everywhere, you can eat anytime, even the home cooks can whip it up easily..."

But before the sentence was finished.

There was another commotion from the diners ahead!

"All Lotus Banquet!"

"Aside from the 108-course banquet, there's a full All Lotus Banquet too?"

"Did you see, the head chef this time seems to be Miss Bai He, who just studied abroad, and it's said today is her birthday."

"It's rare to see someone who studied overseas but still cares about traditional Empire culinary culture, and is making Chinese food instead of Western. Just for this, I'm her fan now!"

"Ah ah ah when can it be our turn, I'm almost fainting from hunger at the door, begging Miss Bai to spare a lotus flower to munch on..."

The socialites were shocked hearing the guests talk about Bai He.

What, even Bai He, who returned from abroad, can cook traditional Empire dishes?

The All Lotus Banquet, just hearing about it makes one's mouth water, doesn't it?

They just hate that they were blocked outside by the crowd, unable to taste anything!

No one cared about Gu Shiyin's persuasive words in the socialite group anymore, everyone was eagerly watching the front of the line, wondering when it would be their turn to enter.

But there were too many guests pouring in, almost emptying out Famo Mansion, and the floor below was swarming with more people joining the excitement.

With no choice, they simply called Bai He for help: "Miss Bai, please open a back door, we really want to come in and taste your All Lotus Banquet..."

Bai He got the call, pursed her lips, and looked obediently at Zuzi for instructions: "Ancestor Master, should we let them in?"

Chapter 702: Eight or Nine out of Ten Brothers in the World Stink!

Xi Zuzi spoke slowly and calmly, her red lips curling slightly: "Xiao He, do you want the Bai Family to acknowledge that you are also a girl who doesn't yield to men, can stand on her own, and has a reputation in the world?"

Bai He was stunned, a bit confused for a moment.

How does Ancestor Master know her feelings so well?

She just doesn't like that her family keeps calling her a pampered girl, saying she doesn't do proper work or achieve anything.

But she can't prove she's capable of doing something right, after all, what she loves like driving, cooking, are all things the Bai Family thinks are trivial.

She's even been laughed at by her brothers for her aspirations, asking if she wanted to be a driver or a chef?

It's really infuriating!

Bai He's big eyes sparkled, nodding vigorously: "I do, I do, Ancestor Master, you read my mind."

Xi Zuzi smiled sweetly: "If that's the case, Xiao He, don't rush to agree with them."

Beside her, Miss Zhou was peeling a glutinous rice dumpling wrapped in a lotus leaf and raised her hand: "Agreed, let them cool down for a bit, huh! Who told them to hesitate, not coming with me earlier? Our All Lotus Banquet is not something they can eat whenever they want!"

Xi Zuzi smiled without speaking, and Bai He clutched her phone: "I understand, Ancestor Master."

She directly put her phone on silent, ignoring any calls from notable ladies.

After a while.

The socialites who were frantically calling her finally quieted down, but unexpectedly, her brother Bai Fei called.

Bai He hesitated for a moment, her big eyes flickering as she looked at Xi Zuzi, seeking permission to answer the call.

Xi Zuzi nodded with a smile.

Next to her, Xi Rubao was a bit nervous, worried that Bai Fei might come over if the matchmaking went wrong.

Moreover, she secretly noticed that Mr. Bo was holding her sister's hand tighter.

Mr. Bo probably doesn't want Mr. Bai to come either, right?

Why did my sister agree then?

Just as she was feeling anxious, unexpectedly, Bai Fei was asking Bai He: "Little sister, I heard you're doing some Baihe Banquet to celebrate your birthday?"

Bai He pouted: "It's the All Lotus Banquet."

"Oh, oh, Baihe Banquet, right? Just now, several buddies called begging me to get their sisters a way in, hey why didn't you let them in?"

So he was here as a spokesperson.

Bai He replied irritably: "No way!"

Bai Fei's attitude was really good: "Little sister, how about doing it for your brother and give them a chance? They're really my closest buddies, dearie, they almost kowtowed to me on WeChat to pass the message..."

Bai He was even more unfriendly: "Ha ha, now they think about kowtowing, did they forget when they laughed at me wanting to be a chef?"

"What? Little sister, you personally cooked for the Baihe Banquet? Wow, my little sister, you're amazing!"

Bai He's lips twitched: "It's not Baihe Banquet, it's All Lotus Banquet, how many times do I have to say it. And, today is my birthday; you're not thinking about my gift, but about your playboy friends? Stupid brother!"

Bai Fei: "...Hey, hey, don't hang up!"

Bai He looked coyly at Xi Zuzi: "Ancestor Master, look at my stupid brother, he's so excessive."

Xi Zuzi seemed thoughtful, her eyes narrowed slightly as if recalling some very distant memory: "Indeed, brothers of the world, nine out of ten are stupid brothers..."

Bao Gucheng was holding her small hand, gently rubbing it in his palm, and suddenly paused at these words.

Why did it feel like her words had some implication?

Was she being playful or annoyed?

Which brother made her inadvertently show such a spoiled and teasing demeanor?

Xi Chansha? Xi Langyue? Or that Gu Jingyan?

Chapter 703: The Little Ancestor is Incredibly Insightful, and Especially Fond of Twists

Bao Gucheng's mental alarms were blaring, while Bai He was overwhelmed with phone calls.

Even though she hung up on Bai Fei, soon Mr. Bai, Mrs. Bai, and even all sorts of relatives from the Bai Family called, "concerned" about the All Lotus Banquet.

The conversation always ended with a casual, "Xiao He, just a little face, could you maybe let that kid in to have a taste?"

So they're all trying to pull strings!

Bai He was both amused and exasperated.

Most speechless was the family group chat; usually lifeless except for the elders posting garish pictures and links about wellness and stocks, offering no real useful information.

But now!

Today, because of the All Lotus Banquet, she became the hot gossip in the family group chat.

"Xiao He is amazing! I heard all the who's who of the entire Empire are inquiring about how to get an invitation to the All Lotus Banquet for their children!"

"That's right! I heard the restaurant where she's the head chef has surpassed even the renowned Famo Mansion, taking over their clientele. It's incredible!"

"This studying abroad didn't go to waste for He, huh, she's become a big shot in French cuisine?"

"What are you talking about? Xiao He is doing Chinese cuisine, the kind passed down by the Ancestors. Why else is it so hard to get a spot?"

"Oh wow, she's really promoting traditional Empire culinary culture, not bad at all."

"Not bad, my foot. I'm her father, and she doesn't even give me face, not letting my old friend's granddaughter in. This stubborn girl, wonder if she'll ever come home to cook for me to taste!"

Mr. Bai complained outwardly, but his subsequent emojis betrayed his inner delight (silly grin.jpg)

He even sneakily sent Bai He a private message: "He girl, isn't it tiring to cook so many dishes? Why didn't you tell your dad you'd show your cooking skills today? Do you think your old man can't handle passing you ginger and garlic?"

As Bai He watched, her eyes turned red.

Her dad had been the most opposed to her cooking before, not just because it was not a proper job, but also because he didn't want her stuck in the kitchen, spending her life taking care of a husband.

But if she made a name in the culinary world, it would be different.

Who says a woman good at cooking is only meant to serve her husband?

Studying culinary arts itself is meaningful, relaxing, and fulfilling, and making it a career is even better.

She couldn't help but look up at Zuzi, suddenly understanding the deeper significance of Zuzi preventing those socialites from coming in earlier, her eyes full of gratitude.

"Ancestor Master, my family's attitude really softened. My dad scolds me, but he's starting to think about eating my food and wondering if I'm exhausted. If not for so many pleading today, he might never have realized his daughter could help him earn a bit of face."

Zuzi smiled sweetly, "Humph." As if she'd foreseen all this would happen clearly and thoroughly.

Beside her, Miss Zhou couldn't help but praise, "Miss Zuzi is indeed clever. Let them hit a wall once so hard that they learn, thinking Western cuisine is so grand and can dominate. When our Empire cuisine

lines up, it'll scare them stiff. Today, after everyone finishes eating with not a crumb left, we can have them come in to admire the empty plates..."

But who knew.

Before her praises were finished.

Zuzi slowly parted her lips, "Not good, how will they help spread Xiao He's culinary skills widely if they're starved?"

"Ah, but if we let them in now, wouldn't we be slapping ourselves in the face?"

"No." Little Ancestor was calm and composed, "If they come in, they need to meet one condition."

"What condition?"

Chapter 704: The Conditions for Entry! Mr. Bo's Presence Cannot Be Ignored!

The crowd watched Zuzi curiously and excitedly, ready to see what conditions she would set for the line of socialites.

"Is she going to make them swear on the spot never to go to Famo Mansion again?"

"Or make them post on social media and get 100 likes before they can enter!"

"I think they should perform a dog bark on the spot... cough cough, never mind, it's too difficult for girls to bark like a dog, maybe they can meow a few times instead!"

Everyone was expressing their opinions, making Zuzi chuckle: "Ah, you guys are so naughty, I hadn't thought of these ideas..."

Bai He asked, "Ancestor Master, so what's your idea?"

Zuzi glanced at Bao Gucheng beside her, seeking his opinion: "Hmm, Xiao Cheng, what's your thought?"

The man looked up slowly, and said leisurely, "First, confiscate their phones."

Everyone: "... Confiscating them right away, Mr. Bo, how rude!

Then, they heard him continue in an unhurried manner: "Make each of them recite a poem related to 'lotus' from the Empire's classics, if they can recite it fluently, then consider letting them in."

Everyone was completely taken aback!

Whoa, Mr. Bo is unexpectedly meticulous!

Everyone had been focusing on little Zuzi, almost forgetting about this silent but undeniably present man behind her.

One sentence from him is worth a hundred of theirs.

Indeed.

Zuzi smirked slightly, quite interested in this condition: "Ah, let's do as Xiao Cheng said."

Bai He immediately went to implement it.

Soon, a chorus of delicate groans sounded from outside:

"Why didn't I study hard and memorize poems at school, now I can't think of a single line!"

"I only remember one line: 'The young lotus just shows its tips, while dragonflies have already perched'..."

"Haha, you're too late, Miss Huangfu got in with that one!"

"Oh no, what's related to lotus, let me check online..."

"Haha, did you forget your phone's already confiscated?"

"Ah ah ah what should I do now?"

"I've got it! I've got it! Fish play among the lotus leaves, fish play east of the lotus leaves!"

"Come on, can't you think of something less elementary, don't be so mainstream!"

"Forget it, even elementary school kids can memorize more than us, boo hoo hoo..."

Amongst the wailing regrets of having been taught Chinese by a P.E. teacher, Xing Yue stepped forward, having just exited the elevator, gracefully breaking through the crowd.

First, she handed Bai He a delicate little gift box: "Lotus Girl, a birthday gift."

Then, with a smile in her eyes, she said, "Wind blowing the cattails by the small pond, post-rain the courtyard is full of lotus fragrance. Lotus Girl, I wish you to live the life you love, peaceful and at ease, following your own heart."

The crowd sighed in admiration: "...Miss Xing's poem is so atmospheric, no wonder she used to be a history teacher, the cultural depth is simply different."

Bai He was overjoyed: "Miss Xing, your birthday blessing is the second best I've received today! Thank you!"

And the best one?

Of course, it was the All Lotus Banquet recipe gifted to her by Ancestor Master.

Just as Xing Yue was about to go in, Bai He made a motion to block the tall man in sunglasses behind her: "Hey, big guy, you haven't recited a poem yet!"

"Ah, him, he's my bodyguard, can we let it slide?"

"Haha, Sister Xing, I was just kidding."

Bai He stuck out her tongue.

Xing Yue's bodyguard sticks with her like a shadow, of course, she can't go in alone without him.

Bai He had just stepped aside, unexpectedly, Yu Han spoke up softly—

Chapter 705: Mr. Bo Discusses Poetry, Making Faces Flush and Hearts Race!

"A lotus, once bloomed...still graceful."

Yu Han recited each word.

His gaze naturally fell on Xing Yue.

It seemed as if he was consulting Xing Yue to see if he had recited the line correctly.

But on closer look, it was as if he was projecting the image of that graceful lotus blooming in his heart.

The socialites were almost in tears: "Oh my gosh, even a bodyguard has more cultural knowledge than us! Quick girls, think, are there any other lotus poems? I'm going crazy..."

Inside the restaurant.

Xi Rubao, witnessing this scene, almost burst into laughter: "Mr. Bo's question seemed simple, but who knew it's a challenge of the century, stumping so many, hahaha!"

Bai He teased her: "Stop laughing, darling. Can you come up with even half a line?"

Xi Rubao lifted her chin, quickly responded: "Do not venture deep among lotus plants, for deep among lotuses are mandarin ducks!"

"Hahaha! Good one, very down-to-earth!" Everyone was in stitches.

Miss Zhou joined in the fun: "When mist darkens willows, clouds drift over the moon, and where dewdrops flip on lotuses, fireflies drift in the water."

"Oh, this one is nice," Xing Yue led the applause.

Zuzi lazily clapped her hands: "Very good."

Suddenly feeling playful, she raised her neck and asked Bao Gucheng: "Xiao Cheng, do you have a good poem too?"

Bao Gucheng loosely hugged her with his long arms, his eyes deep: "The painted boat rows into the depths of the flowers..."

Depths of the flowers?

Zuzi fluttered her big eyes.

The man's Adam's apple rolled slightly, then he continued: "...fragrance spreads in the golden goblet, the misty rain faint, a piece of music, returning in drunkenness."

Xi Rubao: "Wow, sounds so beautiful!"

Bai He was puzzled: "Are we sure this is about lotuses? Not other flowers?"

Xing Yue smiled: "It's Ouyang Xiu, a famous phrase for viewing lotuses after drinking."

"Who is Ouyang Xiu?" Zuzi asked curiously.

Everyone: "..."

Zuzi's perfect scores in all subjects of college entrance exams really weren't due to sleepy examiners?

Only Bao Gucheng patiently said: "Well, he was a boy who loved to drink. Just like you, he prefers to be sober when everyone else is drunk."

Zuzi propped up her chin: "Xiao Cheng, it's so interesting to hear you talk about poems. Is there more?"

"Yes." Bao Gucheng, with modest expression and cool tone, said, "Plucking lotuses and playing with their beads, unable to make them into a circle."

Zuzi was more confused: "I don't understand, Xiao Cheng."

Xing Yue, Bai He and the others: "...". Who could have guessed that Mr. Bo, seemingly rough, could casually recite unfamiliar poems!

Only Yu Han's gaze swept over Bao Gucheng before quickly withdrawing.

"It's okay if you don't understand, I'll explain to you slowly in the future," Bao Gucheng said gently, tucking a strand of hair that slipped by her ear.

Bai He couldn't help but wish to become a seven-foot man, to replace Mr. Bo in taking care of her Ancestor Master!

After this round of poetry challenge, only five socialites could skip the line and enter the restaurant early.

One has to admit, rarity drives up value.

The remaining socialites, with insufficient poetry reserves, after retrieving their phones, immediately pounded their chests, searched the internet for lotus poems, and then tearfully updated their friend circles—

"If you don't work hard in youth, indeed you'll regret it in old age!"

"Without studying elementary school language properly, growing up you don't even qualify to have a meal!"

"Ah ah ah, I must memorize all Complete Tang Poems and Complete Song Poems, swear to eat the full-scale All Lotus Banquet! And 108 flowing seats!"

Information in the friend circles spread rapidly.

Soon, the upper circle of the capital was abuzz about Shi Huijian and Bai He hosting an exclusive culinary banquet today!

Major media and gossip tabloids from the capital quickly sent journalists for live interviews and photoshoots.

However, because of the unexpectedly large crowds, they couldn't squeeze in and had to use long poles to hold up cameras, barely managing to capture a few images of the restaurant's rich and exotic dishes.

Chapter 706: Bao Gucheng's Little Fairy

Shihui Jian and Bai He suddenly became a hit.

"The Return of the White, Rich, Beautiful Chef Showcases the Stunning All Lotus Banquet!"

"Near-bankrupt Chinese Restaurant Unleashes the Lost Art of the 108 Dish Feast!"

These massive headlines presented one remarkable dish after another to online users, quickly sparking deep reflections on the traditional cuisine of the Empire and heated debates comparing Chinese and Western food.

The online trend, which had always been biased towards glorifying Western cuisine, finally began to shift towards traditional Chinese cuisine.

The line at Shihui Jian's entrance, after hours, finally reached Ambassador Alexander and the rest of the socialites.

They took their seats at the square table, their stomachs long growling with hunger, and at the sight of the sumptuous 108 Dish Feast and the refreshing All Lotus Banquet, their eyes popped.

Nobody wasted words or bothered with formalities, they just dug in!

Even Alexander, eager to taste the rare Empire delicacy, had mastered the technique of using chopsticks. He deftly picked up the marinated goose feet, grabbing three paws with a swift motion while others managed just one.

"Mr. Ambassador, can you get used to it?" Miss Zhou sipped her digestion-aiding Lotus Leaf Tea and couldn't help but ask.

"Uh... defi-nitely!"

His somewhat clumsy Chinese fully conveyed the indescribable amazement and admiration of a foreigner who, unbelievably, could try 108 unheard-of delicacies in one meal.

"And how does it compare to French cuisine?" Bai He straightforwardly posed the ungracious soul-searching question.

The surrounding diners suddenly fell silent.

Xi Rubao nudged Bai He, whispering, "Sister Bai, you're too straightforward. This question is like asking someone if they'd save their wife or their mom if they both fell into the water."

Instead, Xi Zuzi looked at the foreigner with a smile, seemingly very interested in the answer.

Alexander took a sip of lotus-infused rice wine and replied cheerfully, "As the French ambassador, I should naturally praise my country's cuisine. In fact, as an ambassador, I must and can only answer that French cuisine is the number one in the world."

The crowd sighed collectively, thinking about how the foreigner eats with us but then turns his back with that statement.

But who would have thought.

The next second.

Alexander chuckled and said, "However! As an individual, disregarding identity, nationality, skin color, race... just as a plain human being, I must say, today's meal is the most delicious I've ever tasted! I have traveled to many different countries and tasted world cuisines; my taste buds should speak with

authority. I want to say, the Empire truly lives up to being the land of ancient culture; its culinary arts and national heritage are just as splendidly enduring. I'm thoroughly impressed!"

Everyone never expected that this ambassador was such an honest and charming person.

The dull atmosphere was instantly broken, applause rang out, and Bai He personally raised her glass to toast Alexander, winking: "Mr. Ambassador, you should use 'but' instead of 'however' for expressing a contrast, haha!"

Alexander also smiled slightly, "Ah yes, thank you for the guidance!"

Xi Zuzi chuckled.

Everyone joined in the laughter.

Except for two men who remained calm and composed, unsmiling throughout.

One was Yu Han, standing behind Xing Yue.

The other was naturally Bao Gucheng.

He glanced at the little woman beside him out of the corner of his eye, for some reason, Alexander's phrases "however," "guidance," which didn't quite fit the Chinese language, reminded him inexplicably of how he first met Xi Zuzi.

She also likes to say phrases that don't match everyday habits.

Such as... big bird, steed, smell, Dual Cultivation.

That guy Bai Fei is quite annoying, but he said one thing that was right—she's like a little fairy descending from the sky...

Chapter 707: The Little Ancestor Loves to Look After, Those Who Follow the Good Advice

Does this world really have fairies?

If you asked before, Bao Gucheng would absolutely scoff at the idea, thinking how could it be possible?

However, his little woman really accomplished many things with a fairy-like flair.

Today, with just a casual hint from her, Zhou Youjian's restaurant went from the brink of closure to a bustling business; Bai He, once a privileged girl not trusted by her family, successfully transformed into a renowned beauty chef.

At this moment.

Zhou Youjian stood rubbing his hands in front of the dining table, overflowing with gratitude toward Zuzi, as endless as the waters of the East Sea:

"Miss Xi, there is hope for us, there is hope for our traditional Chinese cuisine. Just now, several old colleagues called me, wanting to learn the method of the 108 table banquet and also join in the revival of the Empire's traditional dishes. But I didn't dare agree lightly and wanted to consult you first!"

After all, the lost part of the recipes was given by Zuzi. Although he is a person eager to share, he must respect Zuzi's opinion.

Zuzi, with lazy eyes, raised her hand: "It's okay to teach them, but you must first ensure their character. Only those who can consistently do three good deeds a day are qualified to inherit the ancestors' recipes."

Zhou Youjian was taken aback.

Then he awkwardly said, "Miss Xi, I feel ashamed before you; I used to be so busy running around and managing the restaurant that I really didn't have much time to do good deeds..."

Zuzi's red lips curved lightly: "No way, Xiao Jian, haven't you always supported over thirty children in their studies?"

Beside him, Zhou Yingjun was surprised: "Dad, do you have so many illegitimate children outside?!"

Zhou Youjian's face flushed: "Nonsense. They are all orphans."

"But Dad, why didn't I know about this? You even said that when I got into the art college, I had to study part-time to pay my own tuition. So all your money went to support other people's children?"

The son, knowing the truth, was almost in tears!

Zhou Youjian awkwardly said: "Ahem, that's different. You were over eighteen when you went to college; independence is expected. How small are those kids? Without anyone's help, what if they go down the wrong path? If they can study well and have a skill in the future, society will have fewer tragedies... What, punk, are you not happy with that?"

He insisted on supporting impoverished students to study even when his restaurant was almost bankrupt and he could scarcely pay the rent. If his son couldn't understand this, then he raised him in vain!

Now it was Zhou Yingjun's turn to blush: "No, I just didn't expect it. I'm definitely not unhappy. Teacher Cao Yu always reminds us in his broadcasts to practice three good deeds daily to change fate, and I've been following Teacher Cao Yu for a long time now. I just didn't expect you, Dad, to be doing good deeds in silence too..."

Zhou Youjian looked at Zuzi with a bit of excitement: "Miss Xi, even my son didn't know about this. I only did it as something within my ability, but you knew, I'm so surprised..."

Zuzi smiled slightly: "The ancestors love to look after those who are naturally kind."

Otherwise, how could anyone inherit the ancestors' recipes?

It was, of course, the Divine Sense that observed Zhou Youjian, discovered his integrity, kindness, and diligence, and thus casually gave him the recipes.

The group beside them also listened, their hearts surging with emotion.

It is always said that honest people who do good deeds often suffer losses, and it's rare to see good people get rewarded.

But Zhou Youjian's good fortune today was truly unheard of.

To have such positive results from doing good deeds opened everyone's eyes!

As everyone was in awe, suddenly a series of screams came from the next restaurant—

What's happened over at Famo Mansion?

Chapter 708: Warning from Gourmet Jade Chopsticks! The Smell is Foul!

Famo Mansion.

As the guests departed one after another, the hall was left with trays of foie gras and snails, abandoned like worn-out shoes.

Upstairs, several socialites friendly with Gu Shiyin stayed behind to assist her in maintaining appearances.

But clearly, their minds weren't on it; each couldn't help but look outside:

"I heard Bai He is quite impressive now; everyone important in town is begging her for a chance to cut in line at that affordable Jian Restaurant!"

"Yeah, and what's more frustrating is, I heard Mr. Bo gave a poetry and prose question, and whoever can answer it gets let in early. It's just so amusing."

"Forget it, forget it, we promised Shiyin to support Chef Fang, we can't go back on our word..."

The group withdrew their gaze; these words seemed to comfort Gu Shiyin, but in her ears, it was a slap in the face.

If she had known earlier, she wouldn't have accompanied Bai He for matchmaking, let alone help her with styling and designing clothes. As a result, Bai He has clung onto Bao Gucheng's influential leg, gaining fame and taking away her guests!

Clearly, she was the one who made Bai He successful!

The thought of Bao Gucheng personally setting questions for Bai He made her even more sour. If she were present, she could have answered any question Mr. Bo posed. Her vast knowledge and Mr. Bo's extensive erudition would have been the perfect match.

Suppressing a bellyful of resentment, Gu Shiyin forced a smile: "Those people, they just rush to queue for the novelty. It's just a Chinese restaurant, what can be so great about the dishes? Haven't we had enough Chinese food after over twenty years?"

The remaining few awkwardly laughed: "That's true, but..."

But deep down, they really wanted to try it!

Gu Shiyin added, "How foolish to line up eagerly. Chef Fang's authentic French cuisine is worth waiting for, and we're VIPs; every best part of each dish is reserved for us. Here, this cheese-baked snail truly beautifies the skin, and increases collagen so fast, it's even better than cosmetic treatments..."

Anyway, it will make you gain weight, and being overweight means more collagen, doesn't it?

The remaining few picked up their knives and forks, striving to suppress their longing for Bai He's side, when suddenly they heard a scream from the kitchen.

"30 people, how is it over 30 again, ahhh already more than 80 have left, this is disastrous!"

Fang Yumei was breaking down in the kitchen.

The mechanical and ruthless voice of the Gourmet Jade Chopsticks was about to explode her mind: "Your dishes have been abandoned by over 30 people again; you will suffer the consequences of further obesity, as well as the punishment of dish spoilage and decay. If more than 100 people abandon your dishes, you will lose the blessing of this Jade Chopsticks!"

Blessing?

Is this really a blessing? This is nothing but a death warrant.

Fang Yumei grabbed her hair in the kitchen, watching helplessly as her belly expanded once more. The freshly made XXXXL chef's uniform burst at the seams around the waist, only the apron around her neck barely covering the front while the fat at the back was fully exposed.

The old chefs in the kitchen, whom Fang Yumei had mocked and looked down on for more than half a month, shook their heads: "Chef Fang, how many snails has she sneaked to eat to get this fat?"

"Scram! I didn't sneak any!... Ugh!"

As Fang Yumei held up a spatula, protesting, a stench caused her to retch uncontrollably.

How could it be so smelly?

The old chefs also collectively turned to look at the oven in front of her.

Inside was a freshly baked dish of cheese snails, ready to be served to the guests.

At this moment, however, it was emitting a strong... stench!

"Ugh!"

"Ugh!"

"Ugh!"

The old chefs couldn't help but start retching as well.

Chapter 709: Ancestor's Method to Resist the Stench

The bad smell quickly spread upstairs to the private rooms.

The remaining socialites covered their noses: "Ugh, what is that smell..."

Gu Shiyin's face changed, thinking to herself that something was wrong, Gourmet Jade Chopsticks must have backfired, Fang Yumei that useless wastrel!

She just wanted to smooth things over with a few words.

But the few remaining socialites beside her all suddenly stood up and pointed at the snails on the table: "Oh my god, it's stinky... these snails are rotten and they're still serving them to us, are they trying to poison us! Ladies, this isn't collagen, it's botulinum toxin!"

The plates of snails, originally baked golden and fragrant with cheese, were now oozing a yellow-green pus and mucus, as if stored in a non-compliant refrigerator for eight hundred years...

The situation was beyond salvage, no matter how Gu Shiyin tried to remedy it.

The few remaining socialites more or less fled as if for their lives.

Passing through the hall, the increasing stench intensified their screams: "Oh my god, help, the poison gas is going to kill me...!"

They staggered out, only to be overtaken by a hefty figure running even faster, pushing them aside, crashing into the crowd desperately trying to get to the door:

"My chopsticks, my chopsticks, you can't run away! You haven't yet made me famous all over the world, haven't made me radiantly beautiful, haven't made Lord Yu fall head over heels for me... Stand still!"

The socialites shuddered.

Wasn't that Chef Fang?

Was Chef Fang cooking to seduce Lord Yu?

Goodness, just look at that piggish appearance, doesn't she look in the mirror?

"What's she chasing?"

"Looks like a pair of chopsticks?"

"Is she crazy? Can chopsticks grow legs and run away? How did I even believe her food was good? I must have been blinded by lard..."

"Well, wasn't it because Shiyin recommended her?"

The socialites held their noses, supporting each other as they walked out, not forgetting to glance back at the private room where Gu Shiyin was.

They truly suffered today just to give Gu Shiyin face!

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The stench continued to spread.

The people queued at the door of Shihuijian Restaurant could faintly smell it too.

But thinking that they'd soon get to enjoy the 108-dish feast and the All Lotus Banquet, they were really reluctant to leave.

Bai He stood on tiptoe looking at the commotion outside and listened to the screams, puzzled: "What's going on at Famo Mansion, causing such a ruckus?"

Xing Yue, holding the phone loaded with news from Yu Han, read to everyone: "Chef Fang of Famo Mansion used rotten ingredients in cooking and was arrested by the Health Department for investigation; during the arrest, she kept crazily mumbling about her chopsticks... Is Fang Yumei out of her mind, still obsessing over some chopsticks, it's hilarious."

Bai He suddenly realized: "No wonder I could smell a hint of bad odor, goodness, it's bad enough she ruined the food, but the smell drifting here is so annoying... Ancestor Master, what should we do?"

Zuzi smiled lazily: "Xiao He, boil some lotus leaf water and sprinkle it around."

Bai He smacked her forehead: "Of course, we bought lots of lotus leaves today!"

Soon, the refreshing scent of lotus leaf water wafted out from Shihuijian Restaurant, finally making the customers in line feel rejuvenated.

The lotus leaf water seemed to possess a magical power, effectively blocking the stench from the neighboring restaurant, as if an invisible, distinctly separated border had been drawn between the two establishments.

One step over was a stinking hell, while a step back was a fragrant paradise.

Chapter 710: The Ancestor is Terrible at Naming! Mr. Bo is a Crazy Wife Protector!

Several debutantes beside Gu Shiyin finally crossed the "Chu River and Han Boundary" and reached the entrance of the Shihuijian, with the fragrance of lotus leaves in the air, almost moved to tears:

"I've never been so nauseated in my life, I swear I'll never eat escargot foie gras again, boo!"

"Ha! Swearing is worthless for humans!" A pair of chopsticks quietly rolled over from under their feet and smirked...

Inside the Shihuijian Restaurant.

Bai He and Zhou Youjian raised their glasses in celebration: "Let's do as Little Ancestor suggested, I'll come and cook for you on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, and we'll split fifty-fifty!"

"Great, great, with Miss Bai joining, our Shihuijian is sure to be more prosperous, I couldn't ask for more!"

Bai He glanced sideways: "However, Brother Zhou, can you slightly modify the restaurant name? I feel this name... is really a bit rustic. Of course, your cooking isn't rustic at all, it's delicious and elegant, just the restaurant name... sigh, it's really hard to describe."

Xing Yue and others nodded: "That's right, especially since it appeared on today's full-network news, the name Shihuijian really makes people laugh."

Zhou Youjian: "Ahem, my father named it, it used to be even more rustic, just called 'Affordable Restaurant'. Because I was born, he added the word 'Jian'."

Zhou Yingjun raised his hand: "My family is notoriously bad at naming, just look at my name. Miss Bai, why don't you help us come up with a new one?"

Bai He couldn't think of a suitable one for the moment, after all, it was a Chinese restaurant, so it couldn't be too trendy; it should preferably have some cultural depth and lasting meaning.

She turned to seek help from Zuzi: "Ancestor Master, please grant a name!"

Zuzi rested her chin in her hand and thought for a moment: "Hmm, Ancestor isn't very good at this either, let me ponder a bit. For our traditional Chinese cuisine restaurant... how about calling it South Heavenly Gate? Lao Jun Pavilion? Moon Palace? Turquoise Pool? Ah, Turquoise Pool sounds not bad, makes Ancestor think of the peach flavor from The Queen Mother of the West..."

Everyone: "..."

Little Ancestor, you're not just "not very good," you're outright bad at naming too.

Seeing everyone silently grumbling about Zuzi's names, Bao Gucheng's face darkened slightly, and he said coolly: "If you want elegance and classicism, Zuixian Building and Yanxian Building are both suitable."

Everyone's eyes lit up, clapping in admiration: "Mr. Bo came up with a great name!"

It's not that they were flattering him, but these two names were indeed quite reliable.

Even Bai He, who was secretly competing with Bao Gucheng, had to admit: "Great names!"

Who would've expected.

Bao Gucheng then said: "However, these classical names lack distinct features, and don't leave a deep impression. Any of the hundred Chinese restaurants on the street could use this name."

Everyone: "..."

Mr. Bo, don't undermine your own ideas like that.

While everyone was trying to figure out what Bao Gucheng meant.

A man's voice suddenly broke the silence: "Therefore, I still think that Turquoise Pool, Moon Palace, Lao Jun Pavilion, and South Heavenly Gate are more unique and full of celestial charm."

Everyone was so shocked their eyes almost popped out: "..."

These were exactly the unreliable names Little Ancestor just thought of.

Oh my, Mr. Bo is subtly bringing back the ideas for his student.

Mr. Bo, your ability to brazenly say nonsense is unparalleled!

Zuzi heard this, smiled brightly, and raised her chin: "Xiao Cheng, do you really think Ancestor's names sound good?"

Bao Gucheng, with a straight face: "Yes, what you thought of is all very nice."

Zuzi was delighted: "Then shall we call it Turquoise Pool? How about everyone?"

Everyone: "...Good!"

It's slightly more reliable than Moon Palace and South Heavenly Gate.

Although it's quite easy for people to mistake it for a bathhouse.

Never mind, never mind, the main thing is the name is bestowed by Little Ancestor, bringing celestial grace and good fortune!