

Culinary 661

Chapter 661: Yue Liyue: This stir-fry is truly delicious! Lin Ji's regular customers are tempted _3

"Brother Xu, Teacher Cui and I would each like a portion of fried noodles. Yue Liyue said they are really tasty, so we want to give them a try."

Geng Lele had originally planned to joke and call him 'Grandpa Lin' again.

But then she thought if she called Lin Xu 'Grandpa', Professor Cui would have to start calling him 'Uncle Lin'. She decided against it to avoid any awkwardness with her teacher.

"Alright, I'll get on it."

Lin Xu replied, then looked at Shen Baobao and asked, "How's it coming along?"

"I'm leaning towards getting a Continental, but to make sure it suits my taste, I picked several other coupes of the same class to try out... It's such a hassle. It would be so much easier if it were like shopping at the supermarket."

If that's what she finds troublesome, then what wouldn't be?

Lin Xu said with a smile, "No worries, take your time. We're not in a rush."

He then went back to the kitchen to continue making the fried noodles.

Downstairs, Ren Jie finished up his plate of fried noodles.

Besides the fried noodles, the table also held beef sandwiches in sesame buns and Tiger Skin Chicken Feet—dishes he had tried once before and couldn't forget. Everything was extremely delicious.

"Little cop, what's the best meal you've ever had?"

Seeing Ren Jie enjoy the food, Chen Yan felt a sense of pride.

Although she hadn't made it herself, it was her relative's restaurant, after all. The more popular the food, the happier she felt.

This question indeed stumped Ren Jie for a moment.

He thought for a bit and said, "Last winter, we were trying to catch a car theft gang in one swoop. We staked out in the suburbs until over five in the morning before we finally caught them. Back at the police station, after the handover, the canteen made a big pot of Tomato Egg Noodles. We devoured it noisily... That was the best meal I've ever had."

He had been out in the cold for nearly a whole night and involved in the arrest. Afterward, he was cold and hungry, and a bowl of Tomato Egg Noodles was enough to dispel all the cold and fatigue.

Chen Yan hadn't experienced these things, so she couldn't quite relate.

She just sighed in agreement, "Life at the police station must be tough..."

The police station?

Ren Jie was taken aback. I was talking about the detective squad, not the police station.

However, a few days ago, while reviewing case files at the police station, he had noticed the conditions there were indeed worse than at the detective squad. So, he nodded and said, "Indeed, it's quite tough. It's a common issue at the grassroots level."

He didn't mind that they weren't quite on the same wavelength. He finished his Sour Plum Soup in one gulp, wiped his mouth with a napkin, and stood up, saying, "I have to be on duty tonight, so I'll head back now. I'll come find you for a meal again when I'm free."

As Chen Yan was still reflecting on the hardships of life at the police station, she saw him ready to leave and offered, "How about I give you a ride?"

This little cop has it too tough. If I keep up this act, I'll just be teasing him. I should probably come clean on the drive and clear up this misunderstanding.

Upon hearing this, Ren Jie couldn't help but chuckle, "Aren't you afraid Lin Ji will fire you for skipping work like this? Besides, it's not that far. Why drive? A stroll back will be good for my digestion."

He initially wanted to say, 'You're just a junior kitchen hand, what car would you have?' But on second thought, he held back. She's all alone working in Beijing, which is hard enough. Now that she's showing a little bit of vanity, it's better not to burst her bubble.

Life at the detective squad was heavy and mundane. Occasionally coming over to chat with the junior kitchen hand and taste some of the restaurant's off-menu dishes felt pretty good.

After paying with his card at the front desk, Ren Jie ruffled Dundun's head, "Hello Dundun, we've got police dogs at our station. Want to go make some friends?"

Dundun gave him a disdainful look. Have you ever seen a cat become friends with a dog? A cat that befriends dogs—is that even a proper cat?

After swiping his card, Ren Jie patted Dundun a couple more times, then said goodbye to Shu Yun and Chen Yan before heading out.

Only when his handsome silhouette disappeared from the doorway did Shu Yun nudge Chen Yan with her elbow, "Are you addicted to this cosplay? Planning on playing Cinderella forever?"

Chen Yan replied in distress, "I was actually about to confess to him just now, but he wasn't cooperating, so I didn't bring it up again."

"You're being so melodramatic, just tell him! Don't come crying on my shoulder if he finds some millionaire and kicks you—a ten-millionaire who enjoys playing Cinderella—to the curb. My shoulder won't be available for your tears then."

"Pfft, as if I'd want it. It'd be too lumpy for comfort anyway."

Outside the store, as Ren Jie was unlocking a shared electric scooter with his phone to head back to the station, he received a WeChat message from his mom, "Xiao Jie, are you free this weekend? Your Aunt Wang's niece returned from her studies in California last month. If you're not too busy, how about meeting her for a coffee and a chat? Just give it a try."

Reading this message, the image of someone in a chef's uniform involuntarily flashed through Ren Jie's mind.

He replied, "National Day is coming up, and the station needs to sort out policing arrangements for the holiday. I probably won't have any time before then. Mom, please stop trying to set up blind dates for me. It's better not to arrange things if I can't make it, so people don't say we're being impolite."

After sending the reply, he straddled the electric scooter, put on the helmet that was attached to the handlebars, and, in a cheerful mood, maneuvered around the parking spaces in front of the shop to turn onto the road. Just then, he saw that white Porsche 911 again.

Hmm, it's parked quite properly this time.

Ren Jie nodded with satisfaction and continued on his way.

In the evening, after work, Lin Xu checked his task progress and was surprised to find they had sold over thirty servings of fried noodles that night.

They were all requested by regular customers. It seems the company's promotion was spot on.

Since that was the case, he decided that the next morning he would have the company's team shoot a video of him making fried noodles, so customers could experience the charm of this method of stir-frying fresh noodles.

「The next morning.」

Once the video of the fried noodles was uploaded, netizens went crazy.

"Damn! It's **that** kind of fried noodles! I gotta apply for an out-of-office pass right away. I'll say I'm meeting a client. Can't miss out on these fried noodles for lunch!"

"Haha, I'm telling my manager the same thing right now. 'Going out to see a client' is such a versatile excuse."

"Last time I wanted to get my hair permed, I used this excuse. When I got back, I told my supervisor I went with a client to get it done, and he even praised me for doing the right thing."

"The fried noodles from my hometown were made just like this when I was a kid. It's a shame I can't find them anymore."

"'Hometown Fried Noodles'—that name is perfect! It makes me really want to go back home for a visit."

"I'm scrambling for high-speed train tickets right now! No matter what, I have to go home this National Day and taste those hometown delicacies I've been dreaming about."

"..."

In the Spring Breeze Vegetable Market, a chubby Mr. Hu, his belly protruding, strode over to Uncle Shen's stall, "Lin Ji is serving fried noodles for lunch today—the kind we used to eat when we were young. Want to go try it together?"

"I watched that video. Even if I don't sell a single pound of these vegetables, I have to go taste it at noon and see if it's the old flavor I remember."

「In the shop.」

Lin Xu was still unaware that his fried noodles had become an internet sensation.

He was currently fiddling with a pile of pebbles his senior brother had brought over, planning to use these stones to prepare a dish...

Chapter 662: A Supreme Delicacy Made of Stone - Stone Cooked Chrysanthemum!

"Cooking with pebbles? Could they explode?"

In the kitchen, Zhuang Yizhou and others gathered around the stones, occasionally fiddling with them, their eyes filled with curiosity.

It wasn't that no one had seen food cooked with stones before. The stone-cooked bread common in many Northern regions was made by baking dough on heated pebbles.

There were also sugar-roasted chestnuts, which were cooked by baking them amidst hot pebbles.

Additionally, dishes like stone pot rice and stone-slab grilled meat were also closely related to stones.

But in all these cases, the stones were used as tools or containers, not directly as an ingredient to cook a dish.

Yet, when Head Chef Xie had come earlier, he explicitly said these pebbles would be heated and used for cooking.

What if these heated pebbles shattered?

During the summer heat, you often hear about rocks in some places cracking from the sun. So, if you heat these pebbles directly, wouldn't the chances of them shattering be even higher?

Lin Xu also found it rather surprising.

Logically, as the head chef of Fishing Platform, my senior brother wouldn't stoop to such gimmicks. What's gotten into him today?

Just moments ago, Xie Baomin had come over with a bag of pebbles. He mentioned they were for cooking lunch and then left in a hurry, instantly piquing everyone's curiosity.

"Boss, where did Head Chef Xie go?"

"He went to his child's boarding school to deliver some clothes. As for how these stones will specifically be used, we'll find out when he arrives at noon. Che Zai, wash the stones later. We'll discuss the cooking once my senior brother gets here."

They were serving fried noodles today, so it was going to be busy.

Since last night, the company had been rolling out a widespread promotional campaign.

After all, they needed to sell one thousand portions in three days. Furthermore, at least three hundred customers had to choose fried noodles for two consecutive meals. This requirement made Lin Xu pay extra attention to the lunchtime preparation for the fried noodles.

The pastry department had even cleared a workstation specifically for making hand-pulled noodles, where Niu Chuan and two other chefs were continuously rolling out dough.

Meanwhile, in the stir-frying area, several burners had been specially set aside for the fried noodles.

This time, for the fried noodles, Lin Xu planned to challenge himself by managing four burners single-handedly.

Yes, previously, when making hand-pulled noodles, he could prepare dough for over a dozen bowls at a time. After rolling them out, he would cook them directly. The high sales when the restaurant first opened were due to the advantage of batch production.

This time, with the fried noodles, to avoid the system flagging it as cheating, I plan to make them all myself and push my physical limits.

I've been sidetracked with various things lately, not focusing on my main work. It's time to re-experience that feeling from when the restaurant first opened, when I was so busy I barely had a moment's rest.

To save time on making the fried noodles, Lin Xu had the kitchen assistants start preparing the sliced meat and side vegetables for them.

The plan was to stir-fry the ingredients and prepare the sauce first.

This way, when it was time to actually make the fried noodles, he could focus solely on pan-frying the noodles themselves.

This would save the time usually spent on stir-frying the aromatics, cooking the other ingredients, and preparing the sauce—effectively cutting the total preparation time by about half.

And during the actual cooking process, Lin Xu could also manage his time efficiently.

For instance, once the noodles were pan-fried and the sauce and other ingredients were added, he could hand them over to the kitchen assistants to manage. Whether it was simmering or plating, Lin Xu wouldn't need to be involved further.

Using this method, Lin Xu felt that managing four burners would be perfectly fine.

Actually, for a dish like freshly stir-fried noodles, the main difficulties lay in controlling the heat when pan-frying the noodles and judging the right amount of sauce to add. If these two points were handled well, the noodles wouldn't turn out badly.

Lin Xu would handle the key steps, leaving the rest to the kitchen assistants. This would not only increase the output of fried noodles but also maximize the utilization of kitchen manpower.

As he was making arrangements, Wei Qian came over.

"Can you handle it all by yourself? Don't overwork yourself, or the boss lady will be upset."

Lin Xu replied with a smile, "It's fine. I haven't been very busy since before the Mid-Autumn Festival. It's time to get moving, so I don't get rusty."

"Will you be able to manage during peak hours?"

"I should be able to. One wok can make four or five servings of fried noodles. With four burners going at full tilt, I estimate I can keep up with customer demand."

Seeing Lin Xu wasn't joking, Wei Qian told the kitchen assistants, "The boss is planning to go all out today! Everyone, be sharp and learn well by watching him."

In the past, in restaurant kitchens, only apprentices had the privilege of assisting the chefs closely. Kitchen assistants couldn't even dream of getting near.

Some large restaurants still follow this rule today.

However, Lin Ji wasn't so rigid or dogmatic. As long as you were eager to work hard and improve, the chefs in the kitchen, including Lin Xu himself, would enthusiastically explain the essentials and techniques of cooking, holding nothing back.

Once all the ingredients were ready, Lin Xu set up a large wok and began to stir-fry the sliced meat, preparing the side vegetables and sauce needed for the fried noodles ahead of time.

While he was busy, Wei Qian and Zhu Yong also started making the hot and sour soup, which would accompany the fried noodles, in a large stockpot.

Based on feedback from the previous night's customers, eating fried noodles without any soup felt a bit dry and could get a little rich towards the end.

Therefore, a bowl of hot and sour soup was needed to cut through the richness and stimulate the appetite.

Because the hot and sour soup contained vinegar and pepper, it not only cut through richness but also acted as an appetizer, making it the perfect accompaniment for dishes like fried noodles and fried pancakes.

By ten-thirty in the morning, Lin Xu had already prepared the ingredients and sauce for two hundred servings of fried noodles.

He had originally planned for only one hundred servings, but after seeing the online comments and activity, he felt that one hundred might not be enough.

The customers' enthusiasm was simply overwhelming.

Some had called in sick, others had lied about meeting clients, and some had even dragged their company leaders along for the ride.

Chapter 663: A Supreme Delicacy Made of Stone - Stone Cooked Chrysanthemum! [Please Subscribe]_2

In order to enjoy delicious hometown fried noodles at noon, they really used every trick in the book.

"Let's get ready for lunch. Lunchtime might be a tough battle, so everyone try to eat a bit more. Don't start getting hungry halfway through."

The fried noodles for today's lunch were made by Wei Qian.

He made a large potful, which looked like braised noodles, but once the staff had a bowl and tasted it, they found it was even better than braised noodles.

While everyone was eating, Xie Baomin arrived at the restaurant.

All eyes turned to him, curious about how those stones were used.

"You all want to learn, right? Then come on, I'll show you."

Xie Baomin wasn't secretive either. Seeing everyone's interest, and even their curiosity, he took the initiative to invite everyone to the kitchen to learn together.

"These pebbles were picked up from a stream during my last trip to West Mountain. After bringing them back, I cleaned them many times over and have used them a few times—they are really quite practical."

The reason he brought the stones over was that his wife, Su Peipei, happened to be visiting Haidian Middle School today for an exchange.

Haidian Middle School was just a step away from here, so he planned to have lunch at the restaurant and take the opportunity to experience the bustling scene at Lin Ji's Food during the lunch rush.

Since his wife was coming for a meal, he naturally had to be more diligent.

Xie Baomin brought the stones over to make a dish that his wife had recently become addicted to, and at the same time, to teach Lin Xu the stone cooking technique.

Well, in the absence of the master, it was his duty as the senior apprentice to conduct the lesson. This was the only way to fulfill the master's instructions before he left and to improve his junior apprentice's culinary skills. Only with a good foundation in cooking could one learn the master's more advanced dishes.

"Do you have Chrysanthemum? The tender ones?"

Entering the kitchen, Xie Baomin started giving out instructions.

The dish he was preparing today was called Stone Cooked Chrysanthemum, which involved cooking the Chrysanthemum with stones. It tasted fresh and savory, leaving a long-lasting flavor, and was exceptional whether served with rice or alcohol.

Soon, a basket of clean Chrysanthemum was brought over by Che Zai.

Xie Baomin looked at them, casually pinched off a few stems that were a bit old, and then said, "Find a clean ceramic bowl, one that can be heated on the stove."

Is it starting now?

Zhu Yong quickly brought over a white porcelain bowl used for making soup.

Xie Baomin inspected it and nodded, saying, "Good. This dish must be made with pure ceramic; otherwise, it's likely to crack."

He wiped the inside and outside of the bowl dry with kitchen paper, then placed it on the stove and began to heat it on low heat.

Next, he set up a wok on another burner, filled it with water, and started blanching the stones.

"When cooking with stones, be sure to choose ones that are fairly fine in texture, not too large—just slightly smaller than an egg. If there are white pebbles available, choose the white ones."

Wei Qian, curious, asked, "Why choose white, Chef Xie? Is it because white can withstand higher temperatures?"

"No, it's just prettier."

Those around him let out a collective sigh. They had assumed some crucial technique was involved. However, white stones did indeed add an aesthetic boost when cooking.

Lin Xu felt this dish might be worth learning; it could possibly become a popular item on the menu at the restaurant.

Besides the unique and attractive stone cooking technique, the most important aspect was that the ingredient was the healthy and highly beneficial Chrysanthemum.

In ancient times, Chrysanthemum was a tribute food, only available in the imperial palace.

Thus, this dish was also known as Emperor's Vegetable.

Modern cultivation techniques have made the texture of Chrysanthemum tenderer and the flavor better, while cooking methods have also seen new breakthroughs. The Stone Cooked Chrysanthemum that Xie Baomin was preparing today was an innovative way to cook Chrysanthemum.

"Before using stones for cooking, they must be blanched every time because next they will be put into a wok of hot oil for heating. Therefore, the stones must be clean; otherwise, they will give the hot oil in the wok a burnt taste."

Oh?

They're going to fry the stones in the wok?

This dish was really challenging everyone's understanding.

There was no prep work and no seasoning. The process started with heating a ceramic bowl, then blanching stones, followed by frying them.

This was seemingly breaking all norms and rules of kitchen cooking procedures.

Xie Baomin was not one to go into much explanation. Instead, he stood quietly by the stove, waiting for the water in the wok to boil.

The scene looked quite comical. It was as if they were preparing a meat dish—starting with blanching and then frying—but using stones instead.

And the blanching was quite particular.

Everyone watched as Xie Baomin actually skimmed the scum off the water.

After the water boiled, he simmered the stones for a few more minutes to ensure they were clean, then poured them out to drain.

He washed out the wok, dried it, and then poured some used oil into it—the kind that had already been used a few times for frying other things.

This used oil, also known as waste oil, is not directly suitable for cooking but can be used to fry salted fish or to fry ingredients with strong odors like pork kidneys, making use of the otherwise discarded oil.

After pouring this waste oil into the wok, he heated it to medium-high.

Although he was frying stones, the oil temperature couldn't be too high, to avoid a temperature difference so great it would cause the stones to crack.

At this point, there was still moisture on the surface of the stones, so when they were put into the hot oil, it caused the oil to bubble vigorously.

Xie Baomin didn't mind and turned around to take the Chrysanthemum from the workbench, shook off the excess water, and then placed them in a stainless steel bowl to start marinating.

The chefs watching nearby unconsciously crowded closer. They all knew the most critical step of the dish was approaching, so it was essential to watch carefully.

Xie Baomin smiled and said,

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"You don't need to come so close. This seasoning is very simple; everyone will understand once I explain it."

Delicious dishes don't require complex seasoning. Sometimes, simple seasoning can have unexpected effects.

Xie Baomin took the small spoon used for seasoning and added a small spoonful of salt, a small spoonful of sugar, half a spoonful of Flavoring, and half a spoonful of Chicken Powder into the basin in order.

After adding those, he switched to a small soup spoon, drizzled in half a spoonful of Scallion Oil, one spoonful of Steamed Fish Sauce, and then scooped in two spoonfuls of minced garlic sauce.

"That's it. Not too troublesome, right?"

Xie Baomin put a disposable glove on his right hand and then reached into the basin to start mixing.

While mixing, he explained the key points to everyone, "You must mix the seasonings thoroughly, ensuring the sauce coats every stalk of chrysanthemum, as the taste of the finished dish relies on it. Oh, and remember to wear gloves when mixing. Don't go bare-handed, because after stirring this much, the spiciness of the garlic sauce can make the spaces under your nails sting."

Lin Xu had originally thought his senior brother wore gloves just to be meticulous. He hadn't expected it was to prevent the garlic sauce from stinging under his nails.

The chrysanthemum was quite tender. While being mixed, it already seemed to be collapsing and releasing its juices.

This must be why Senior Brother didn't add the seasoning at the very beginning, right?

After mixing the chrysanthemum, the stones in the pot had been fried until they were dry and no longer crackled. The oil temperature must have reached at least eighty percent hot by then.

Xie Baomin propped the strainer over the container for used oil, and he poured the oil from the basin straight into it. The stones were filtered out, and the hot oil went directly into the container.

On the stove next to him, the temperature of the ceramic basin had also risen.

Xie Baomin placed his hand over the rim of the basin to gauge the heat and said, "In this dish, both the basin and the stones require high heat. The stones have to be fried until they are eighty percent hot before they can be poured out to drain the oil. Furthermore, the temperature of the ceramic basin must exceed 200 degrees Celsius."

This dish isn't cooked in a pot. All the heat comes from the ceramic basin and the stones, so they need to be heated sufficiently.

A heat-resistant wooden tray was placed on the workbench. Then, using tongs, the heated ceramic basin was carried over and placed on the wooden tray. The oil-drained stones were then poured in.

After this, Xie Baomin used chopsticks to quickly transfer all the marinated chrysanthemum into the basin.

The moment it went in, the sizzling sounds were incessant. The chrysanthemum was roasted by the high temperature of the stones and ceramic basin, emitting a fragrant aroma.

After all the chrysanthemum was added, the lid was placed on the basin to begin stewing.

Just when everyone thought the dish was finished, Xie Baomin suddenly asked, "Do you have Brandy?"

Brandy? Were they planning on opening a bottle to celebrate?

Wei Qian thought for a moment, opened a cabinet in the corner, and indeed fumbled out a bottle of Brandy.

"Before the Mid-Autumn Festival, Old Huang came to deliver seasonings and gave us a case of Brandy. He said many restaurant kitchens are using it and suggested we try it too. Since we don't use it in our dishes, I just stuffed it in the cabinet."

As he spoke, he tore off the seal around the bottle's neck, loosened the cap, and casually passed it to Xie Baomin.

Xie Baomin took it, unscrewed the cap, and sniffed lightly, "Hmm, this Brandy is decent. Old Huang, that son of a gun, really has some good stuff. We'll have to get some from Old Dai next time."

After saying that, he took the wine bottle and poured a bit of Brandy over the lid of the basin.

By then, steam was continuously emerging from the gap between the basin and its lid. Once the Brandy was added, the steam, previously full of the scent of chrysanthemum and garlic, suddenly carried a strong aroma of liquor.

Xie Baomin put down the bottle, then immediately took a kitchen lighter and touched it to the Brandy on the lid of the basin.

The Brandy was quickly set ablaze, and beautiful flames rose from the basin.

"Damn, that's beautiful!"

"This smell of liquor is really fragrant!"

"Exactly, really fragrant."

"I never thought Brandy could be used like this."

"The head chef finally doesn't have to worry about how to deal with that case of Brandy."

The flames lasted for less than a minute before being extinguished by the steam continuously wafting from the basin.

Xie Baomin said, "You can only serve the dish after the flames go out. Never carry a flaming basin to the table; that's too dangerous. Wait five minutes after the flames go out, and only then open it to enjoy."

Lin Xu looked at the electronic clock hanging on the wall and silently started timing.

Upon hearing that it would take five minutes before they could eat, Zhuang Yizhou asked, "Since we can only eat after five minutes, when would be the best time to serve the dish?"

Xie Baomin smiled and said, "Obviously, serve it immediately. After placing it on the table, customers will feel an anticipation similar to waiting for instant noodles. By the time they eat, their anticipation will be at its peak, and everything will taste delicious."

He finished speaking and then explained the precautions for this cooking method. For instance, the basin gets extremely hot, so all customers are prohibited from touching it, including the lid, to prevent burns. Additionally, when lifting the lid, care must be taken to angle it away from customers, as condensation on the lid can drip into the hot basin and splatter, potentially splashing them.

Lin Xu listened carefully. The more he listened, the more he felt it was suitable for introducing in his restaurant. The restaurant's selection of vegetable dishes wasn't extensive, and there were even fewer that could be considered signature dishes. If they could add this Stone Cooked Chrysanthemum, the variety of vegetable dishes would be much enhanced.

At that moment, Xie Baomin, holding a towel, was ready to open the lid of the basin.

Lin Xu took the opportunity to use a Cooking Learning Card.

"Learning target: Xie Baomin, current Skill: Stone Cooked Chrysanthemum Cooking Technique. Would you like to learn now?"

"Learn!"

A flash of golden light crossed his mind, followed once again by the system's notification sound:

"One Cooking Learning Card consumed, acquired Perfect Level Cooking Technique—Stone Cooked Chrysanthemum. Congratulations to the host."

The sound was heard just as Xie Baomin was lifting the lid of the basin.

Chapter 665: A Supreme Delicacy Made of Stone - Stone Cooked Chrysanthemum! _4

A rich, savory aroma wafted from the basin.

The scent was intense, mingled with the fragrance of minced garlic and a faint hint of Brandy.

This was the lingering aroma of the Brandy; unexpectedly, it created such a wonderful fragrance when mixed into the dish.

Xie Baomin said, "Everyone, try this and see how it tastes. If anyone hasn't learned it, I'll make it again later so you can watch."

At that moment, Su Peipei hadn't arrived yet. He was doing this round purely to demonstrate the stone cooking technique to Lin Xu.

Nobody stood on ceremony. They all picked up their chopsticks and started eating the Chrysanthemum from the basin.

The Chrysanthemum was fragrant and savory, and quite hot; you could easily burn yourself if you weren't careful.

The leaves were soft and tender, carrying the rich aroma of garlic and oil, while the stems were crisp, tender, and refreshing, revealing a hint of sweetness when eaten.

The umami, fragrance, saltiness, and garlic flavor... these tastes mingled with the tender Chrysanthemum, making it simply irresistible.

I had always thought Boiled Chinese Broccoli was one of the most appetizing vegetable dishes, but compared to this garlic-laden Chrysanthemum, even Boiled Chinese Broccoli had to concede defeat.

This Stone Cooked Chrysanthemum dish seemed tailor-made as a perfect rice accompaniment for those who don't like meat.

It was novel, delicious, and a perfect accompaniment to rice.

"Delicious, so delicious!"

"Boss, when are we introducing this new dish in the restaurant?"

Introducing it as a new dish was certainly possible, even right away. However, Lin Xu was busy making fried noodles for the next couple of days and couldn't attend to the Chrysanthemum. Therefore, this dish had to be postponed.

However, continuing like this definitely wasn't a long-term solution.

It was time for another round of training sessions to pass on the dishes he knew, letting the staff help share the workload.

Yes, a qualified boss must know how to be a hands-off manager.

It was almost eleven o'clock now.

Everyone had finished admiring the Stone Cooked Chrysanthemum and hurried outside to continue their meal, lest customers arrive early and they lose their own mealtime.

Inside the kitchen.

After everyone had left, Xie Baomin pulled Lin Xu aside and whispered, "Junior Brother, could you ask Old Huang for some more Moringa Seeds for me when you get a chance?"

Damn... that was so much! It's only been a few days, how is it all gone already?

Xie Baomin said with exasperation, "The stash from last time was all taken by my brother-in-law. He's so literal-minded. As soon as I said I didn't need them, he shoved them all into his bag. Even when I hinted they were for a friend, he didn't take them out... I always say, the Mid-Autumn Festival is not the time to host relatives at home..."

Lin Xu chuckled, not expecting his Senior Brother to have had such an experience.

After a moment, he said, "Old Huang mentioned last time that he bought some Maca. I'll ask for some for you then."

Sigh, Old Huang will probably misunderstand again.

But for his Senior Brother's sake, this was the only way... How did he end up with such a literal-minded brother-in-law?

While the two martial brothers were chatting, outside the store, Su Peipei and a man in a tracksuit approached from the direction of Haidian Middle School.

This man bore some resemblance to Su Peipei, though he looked younger.

Judging by his tracksuit, he was probably a PE teacher.

"Sis, is this the restaurant run by my brother-in-law's Junior Brother? It's quite grand!"

"Be polite when you meet Junior Brother Lin later. He's a big boss, and his father-in-law is a billionaire."

"Don't worry, Sis. I, Da Chun, am not an idiot..."

Chapter 666: Turns Out the Senior Brother's Nemesis is His Brother-in-law! Junior Brother, Have You Ever Had Shengjian Chrysanthemum?

"Senior Brother, your younger brother-in-law should be younger than you, right? Does he need Moringa Seeds?"

In the kitchen, Lin Xu, holding a bowl, was eating fried noodles while chatting leisurely with Xie Baomin. Occasionally, he picked at the Stone Cooked Chrysanthemum with his chopsticks. It had to be said, eating it this way was truly appetizing. It was a pity that when everyone had tried it earlier, they had already eaten more than half, leaving only a tiny bit of Chrysanthemum in the ceramic basin, which disappeared in a few bites.

Xie Baomin planned to eat with Su Peipei, so he wasn't having fried noodles at the moment. Instead, he was slowly sipping a bowl of hot and sour soup. When Lin Xu mentioned Moringa Seeds, the executive chef of Fishing Platform immediately became indignant.

"Need them my ass!" he fumed. "He's only in his thirties and as strong as a young bull. After graduating from the sports institute, he became a PE teacher at your sister-in-law's school. Have you ever seen anyone who works out needing Moringa Seeds?"

Well... actually, there are. Hadn't Tiantian heard just the other day that Moringa Seeds help replenish vitality and planned for Wei Qian to have some?

"Then what does he want the Moringa Seeds for?"

"He saw some male teachers in their forties and fifties at the school taking them. Since he didn't have any himself, he felt it was embarrassing, so he just grabbed all of mine."

TSK TSK TSK... What kind of thought process is this? Do you know how many people who take Moringa Seeds envy those who don't need them? Besides, they're most likely just a placebo. If there's something genuinely wrong with your body, it's better to get checked at a top-tier hospital to find out the actual problem. Eating things blindly will ultimately only harm yourself. There have been far too many news reports in the past two years about people damaging their liver and kidneys from indiscriminately eating various things. Yet, many people still don't learn their lesson.

Lin Xu finished picking the remaining Chrysanthemum from the basin. Xie Baomin then took the basin to the sink, poured out the stones, washed them carefully, and then cleaned the basin as well. While he was busy, he said, "You have to clean these stones thoroughly every time after use. Don't leave any vegetable scraps or sauce on them; otherwise, when you heat them for frying again, it's far too easy for them to cause violent splattering."

Lin Xu nodded. He had just acquired the Skill, and after studying it carefully, he knew this was indeed very important.

Xie Baomin continued, "Apart from Chrysanthemum, other vegetables and meats can be cooked this way too. But no matter what you're cooking, remember to use a smaller quantity of ingredients. Don't use too much, because if they're piled too high, they won't cook through properly and might give you an upset stomach."

"I'll remember that, Senior Brother." Lin Xu replied, planning to try making Stone Cooked Fish Slices once these busy few days were over.

While the two senior and junior brothers were chatting, Chezai walked in from outside. "Chef Xie," he said, "there's someone outside looking for you. It seems to be your wife."

Upon hearing this, Xie Baomin quickly wiped his hands with the towel by the sink and strode outside. Lin Xu also followed with his bowl. Since his senior brother's wife had arrived, it was only right and proper to greet her.

Outside, he saw his senior brother's wife, Su Peipei. However, Su Peipei wasn't alone; with her was a burly man in sportswear, probably in his thirties. Judging by his attire and build, he must be Senior Brother's younger brother-in-law, right?

"Hello, Sister-in-law."

"Hello, Junior Brother Lin. This is my younger brother, Su Yuchun. Big Spring, this is your brother-in-law's junior martial brother, Boss Lin."

Big Spring? What a... rustic name.

Lin Xu set down his bowl and proactively shook his hand. "Hello, Brother Spring, welcome to our restaurant. Just tell us what you'd like to eat. We might not have much else, but we definitely have plenty of food."

Su Peipei said with a smile, "We skipped lunch at Haidian Middle School today specifically to come and try your cooking, Boss Lin."

As soon as she finished speaking, Big Spring glanced at the fried noodles in Lin Xu's bowl and asked, "These fried noodles look good. May I try some?"

These words immediately made Xie Baomin give Lin Xu a wry smile. See? That's just how blunt he is; he doesn't even know the meaning of polite. He had originally come over to cook a couple of his signature dishes, but who would have thought his brother-in-law would take a fancy to the fried noodles here, wasting all that carefully cultivated cooking enthusiasm.

Lin Xu, however, didn't think it was a big deal. He called over to Chezai, "Go get a large bowl of fried noodles; make it a generous portion."

The staff meal for lunch today was fried noodles. They had prepared a huge basin of it, so there was more than enough for everyone to eat their fill.

Seeing her brother getting fried noodles, Su Peipei said to Xie Baomin, "In that case, don't bother with anything else. Let's all just have fried noodles. Everyone says the staff meals at Lin Ji are much better than the dishes sold to customers, so let's try them today."

"Alright, I'll go get two more bowls then."

Before long, all the fried noodles were served. Big Spring thanked Chezai, who handed him the fried noodles. He picked up a mouthful with his chopsticks, tried it, and his eyes immediately lit up. "Wow," he exclaimed, "these noodles are really delicious! Much better than the steamed noodles from our school cafeteria... Brother-in-law, when you have time, you should really learn a thing or two from him. Look at this craftsmanship!"

Xie Baomin, who was in the middle of serving more noodles, was instantly exasperated, his expression darkening.

Lin Xu watched this scene, secretly delighted. So, the seemingly indomitable Senior Brother had a nemesis after all! It was a pity the other chefs from Fishing Platform weren't here. If they had seen this, they would have been absolutely ecstatic, practically bursting with celebratory cheers.

Su Peipei laughed helplessly and said, "Just eat your noodles... Honestly, you talk so much."

Xie Baomin brought over two bowls of noodles, handed one to Su Peipei, then tried his own bowl of fried noodles. He found them indeed quite interesting.

"Were these pan-fried first and then simmered in meat broth? They taste good." As someone who had been cooking for half his life, he figured out the method with just one bite.

Wei Qian brought over a dish of small pickles and another of spicy cabbage, smiling as he said,

Chapter 667: Turns Out the Senior Brother's Nemesis is His Brother-in-law! Junior Brother, Have You Ever Had Shengjian Chrysanthemum? _2

"I made the fried noodles today, so please feel free to offer any advice, Chef Xie."

Xie Baomin didn't stand on ceremony and immediately said, "Use a gentler flame when frying the noodles so they become more thoroughly cooked, and make sure to drain the grease properly afterward—too much oil can make them greasy. Also, the meat slices could do with a bit more frying."

Previously, Lin Xu had seen Wei Qian's fried noodles, which were of Excellent Level.

The taste of Excellent Level fried noodles was already great. With a bit more attention to detail, they could basically reach Superior.

Wei Qian said gratefully, "Thank you for the advice. I'll pay attention to that in the future."

Xie Baomin smiled. "There's no real trick to it, just practice."

No sooner had he finished speaking than Dachun asked with some surprise, "Brother-in-law, you can make these fried noodles too?"

"Sure, they're not that difficult."

"Then next time I come to your house, can you make a big pot? I really can't get used to those fancy dishes you make; things like lobster don't fill me up at all. A big pot of fried noodles is much better."

Xie Baomin: ??????

He actually expects a next time? In his dreams! He can forget about ever setting foot in my house again! Remembering that not a single Moringa Seed had been left, Chef Xie felt his heart bleed.

Dachun's bowl of noodles quickly hit bottom.

Cheerfully, Chezai served him another bowl.

But that bowl didn't last long either.

For those who came from a sports school, whether or not their physical strength was remarkable, their appetite was at least significantly higher than that of an ordinary person—and by quite a margin.

Dachun polished off three bowls of noodles in a row, so much that he started to feel a bit embarrassed.

Lin Xu said with a smile, "Don't be shy, Chezai, bring him a small basin."

Watching him eat bowl after bowl, one really got the feeling of watching a live food stream. No, this is much better than watching those food streams. They're all fake nowadays—they eat and then spit it out, or induce vomiting after eating. It's a complete waste of food and downright fraudulent. Seeing Dachun still looking so eager for more, Lin Xu figured he'd probably need at least another small basin. I used to think Panda could eat a lot, but compared to Dachun, Panda is just a lightweight. As for the employees, Song Tiantian had eaten the most noodles in the store that morning; she'd had three big bowls, but Dachun, having consumed the same amount, was only half full.

It wasn't long before Chezai came over with a small basin of noodles and said, "You eat this first, and if it's not enough, I'll get more."

Dachun smiled sheepishly. "This is about right, about right..."

After a couple of bites of fried noodles, he gave Wei Qian a thumbs up. "This chef's skills are really good; the food is both delicious and filling. Back at the sports school, I could easily eat three small basins. But not anymore—now, three small basins would stuff me."

My goodness! I thought three small basins would be too much for him, but it turns out Dachun could finish them, though he'd be stuffed. What an appetite! Back in the day, an average family probably couldn't afford to feed him, right?

Curiously, Lin Xu asked, "Dachun, have you ever considered doing live streaming?"

Dachun shook his head. "I'm not good at talking, I don't have any special talents, and I've heard that you can lose money by singing the wrong song on a live stream. I can't afford that with my salary as a physical education teacher..."

Su Peipei said, "Someone once approached Dachun about doing food streams, but we turned it down. Firstly, we were worried it might negatively affect his image as a teacher. Secondly, food streaming isn't

a sustainable career. Eating too much can lead to health problems, or you end up faking it, which is worse than just having an honest job."

For locals in Beijing, as long as they owned a house, daily living expenses weren't too high; ordinary wage-earners could live quite comfortably.

The pressure for non-locals drifting in Beijing came mainly from housing costs.

I had originally planned to recruit another streamer for Su Peipei's company. But on second thought, Dachun has a proper job, and food streaming has such a bad reputation now because of all the fakes. It's better not to. I don't want to lead him into a trap. However, when we shoot a promotional video for the store, I could give Dachun some screen time. With the way he eats, even people who aren't hungry would feel the urge to grab a bite after watching him for a bit.

While everyone was watching the live food show, Shen Baobao came in for lunch.

She hadn't had much appetite in the morning and had only had a small bowl of Pumpkin Soup. She was already starving well before noon and, remembering she had to deliver a meal to her dad, arrived at the store early.

Seeing everyone gathered around a man in sportswear, watching him eat, she too joined in.

But watching Dachun wolf down the fried noodles made her already empty stomach grow even hungrier.

"Xu Bao, I'm hungry..."

"I'll make you fried noodles right away."

"I promised to bring a large serving for my dad too, so please make a little extra. And don't forget the garlic; I want to make sure Dad eats his fill."

Lin Xu stood up and went to the kitchen to start making the fried noodles.

Once he started, he didn't stop, because just as he got busy, the first batch of customers arrived.

As the customers came in, they began ordering fried noodles without a word. The employees, who had been standing around watching Dachun's amazing eating, quickly dispersed and returned to their posts, officially entering work mode.

Soon after, Shen Baobao finished her fried noodles and left with the packed food for her father. The customers in the store finally got their hands on the fried noodles that had been hyped since the night before.

Uncle Shen, who had hurried over from the market, picked up a mouthful of noodles with his chopsticks and put them into his mouth. A look of delighted surprise instantly spread across his face. "It really is the fried noodles I ate when I was young! This method of first frying then simmering gives the noodles a bit of a crispy texture. It's a shame this technique has disappeared from Beijing over the years."

The nostalgic Mr. Hu, who came with him, also said with emotion, "Lin Xu's place is really good. From now on, whenever I want to eat traditional old dishes like this, I'll come here."

Chapter 668: The Nemesis of Senior Brother Turns Out to Be Junior Brother-in-law! Junior Brother, Have You Ever Had Shengjian Chrysanthemum? _3

"Yes, let's eat here."

Not far from them, Yue Liyue and his friends were also wolfing down fried noodles.

"We haven't had two meals in a row since the new store opened, but these fried noodles... I could eat them for two more meals without getting tired of them."

"Truly delicious. I'm definitely having them again this afternoon."

"Me too. I'm going to keep eating this afternoon. I'll eat my fill first."

"..."

Under the Lin Ji's Food topic, the discussion about fried noodles was also quite lively.

Especially after the first batch of customers posted photos, short videos, and their tasting experiences, discussions about Hometown Fried Noodles even trended.

Many people from other places who couldn't get Lin Ji's Hometown Fried Noodles started listing similar local dishes from their own hometowns.

Netizens from the Jiangnan Region reminisced about their hometown's stir-fried rice cakes, those from the Chaoshan Region missed stir-fried kway teow, and netizens from the Yun Gui Region had a special fondness for Stir-fried Rice Noodles.

There were also various stir-fried rice vermicelli, hufen, and fried rice dishes from other southern regions.

As for the north, there were various stir-fried noodles and stir-fried pancakes, as well as hand-grabbed rice, stir-fried dough drops, and other delicacies.

In the hearts of netizens from different regions, there was always one dry-fried dish they dreamed of—be it noodles, pancakes, rice, or rice noodles.

For many who were away from home, the dishes from their hometowns not only satisfied their hunger but also consoled the indelible homesickness in their hearts.

「In the kitchen.」

After the initial chaos, Lin Xu had adapted well to operating four stoves. He only needed to pan-fry the noodles and then pour in the braising liquid and vegetables; the rest was handled by the assistant chefs. This efficiency ensured a steady supply of fried noodles. Even during peak hours, customers didn't have to wait too long.

In the kitchen, Xie Baomin, having just seen off his wife and brother-in-law, hadn't left. Instead, he was instructing Wei Qian on how to be a good head chef. A head chef must not only assign tasks and control dish quality but also focus on staff's technical training and psychological well-being. Such experience was invaluable to Wei Qian, the newly promoted head chef. He nodded repeatedly, firmly committing Xie Baomin's words to memory.

After the lunch rush, Lin Xu, feeling a bit tired, picked up a bowl of Sour Plum Soup and drank it all in one gulp. He hadn't been this busy since the new store opened. However, this feeling of cooking seriously without thinking about anything else was quite refreshing.

I should experience this more often when I have free time, he thought. That way, I can more directly grasp the essence of cooking and the joy of creating delicious food.

After sitting and resting for a while, Lin Xu felt that the fried noodles he had eaten had been completely digested.

He asked Chezai, "Is there any rice left?"

Having made fried noodles for over two hours, Lin Xu now just wanted to change things up and eat something different.

"There's rice, Boss. But there aren't many dishes left; the braised meat and other toppings are all sold out. What would you like to eat? Should I have someone make something?"

Hearing that the boss was tired and wanted to eat, Zhu Yong and Zhuang Yizhou were ready to work overtime and prepare another dish. Just as they were about to get busy, Xie Baomin, who had been instructing Wei Qian by word and example, said, "You all don't need to bother, I'll do it. We were so busy at lunch, everyone must be exhausted. Take a break. Dinner service will be another tough battle."

Then he said to Lin Xu, "I taught you Stone Cooked Chrysanthemum earlier. Now I'll teach you another chrysanthemum dish that's perfect with rice and can be made in one minute—Shengjian Chrysanthemum."

Shengjian Chrysanthemum?

Although Lin Xu had been in the catering industry for quite some time, he had never heard of this dish before.

Shengjian... Is it made like Shengjian Buns?

Xie Baomin didn't say much. He just filled a small basket with chrysanthemum greens and started cooking. He pinched off the tough stems of the chrysanthemum greens, then laid them out neatly one by one.

"If you buy the bundled kind, just cut off the lower half of the tough roots, place them neatly in water, and rinse," Xie Baomin instructed. "The neater you arrange the chrysanthemum greens, the better the dish will look."

After preparing the chrysanthemum greens, Xie Baomin chopped some scallion, ginger, and garlic mince, sliced a handful of millet chilies into rings, and grabbed a handful of dried shrimp. With that, the ingredients were ready. After placing them separately on a plate, he took a mixing bowl and started to prepare the sauce. One tablespoon of Steamed Fish Sauce, one tablespoon of Light Soy Sauce, one teaspoon of oyster sauce, then one teaspoon of white sugar, and an equal amount of water. He mixed it all well.

Seeing that everyone was watching, Xie Baomin explained, "Steamed Fish Sauce, Light Soy Sauce, oyster sauce, and dried shrimp are all salty, so there's no need to add extra salt."

After stirring the sauce, he set it aside for later use.

He placed a wok on the stove and heated it. He then added cooking oil to coat the wok, poured it out, then added a little more fresh oil. Into this, he poured the scallion, ginger, and garlic mince, along with the millet chilies, and stir-fried them. He stir-fried them until aromatic, then added the dried shrimp and continued to stir-fry.

As soon as the dried shrimp were added, a delightful, savory aroma wafted from the wok. Everyone couldn't help but sniff the air; the delicious scent was truly irresistible. Lin Xu, who was already a bit hungry, now felt even hungrier.

Once the dried shrimp were fragrant and crisp from stir-frying, he neatly placed the chrysanthemum greens into the wok. He patted them a few times with the back of a spoon, spreading them into a flat, round cake in the wok. This helped them cook more easily and allowed the oil at the bottom of the wok to pan-fry them more effectively. While pan-frying, he constantly shook the wok, both to prevent sticking and to ensure the chrysanthemum greens heated evenly and cooked more quickly.

Once the chrysanthemum greens had wilted, he flipped them over with a practiced toss of the wok.

"The trickiest part of this dish is probably the wok toss," he said. "If you're not confident, you can invert it onto a plate to flip it, or use a wok spatula. Both work. There's no need to force the wok toss and risk scattering the chrysanthemum greens everywhere."

As soon as he said this, everyone laughed. When they were apprentices, they had all, more or less, messed up the wok toss.

After flipping, the scallions, ginger, garlic, red chilies, and dried shrimp that were at the bottom of the wok were now on top. Xie Baomin took the prepared sauce and poured it around the edge of the wok. After simmering for about thirty seconds, when the aroma of the sauce wafted from the wok, he lifted the wok and, holding it close to a long platter, neatly poured the still-orderly chrysanthemum greens onto it. Finally, he drizzled the remaining sauce from the wok over the greens, and the dish was complete.

The dish was topped with the fragrant, crispy dried shrimp, rich in savory flavor, while the chrysanthemum greens exuded their unique, fresh aroma.

Lin Xu didn't stand on ceremony and started to eat with a bowl of rice. The chrysanthemum greens were cooked perfectly, just past raw, retaining a crisp and tender texture. They were bathed in a fragrant, spicy sauce bursting with rich, savory flavor.

It was indescribably delicious. Paired with the rice, it was simply exquisite.

The Stone Cooked Chrysanthemum from before lunch had left a deep impression on Lin Xu. He hadn't expected that now Xie Baomin would make another dish, Shengjian Chrysanthemum.

Why has Senior Brother suddenly become so fixated on chrysanthemum greens? Lin Xu wondered. Could this stuff also strengthen the loins and invigorate the kidneys?

As Lin Xu was wondering about this, Xie Baomin murmured from the side, "I made a plate of it at home last time, and before I could even get a taste, Da Chun devoured it all. He said all the male teachers at his school love chrysanthemum greens, so I thought I'd experiment and see if it really has that kind of effect."

Lin Xu: ?????

You're really grasping at straws, aren't you...

Chapter 669: Mission Accomplished, Reward Received! Qin Wei's Specialty Minced Meat with Glass Noodles!

"Family, have you tried Lin Ji's Hometown Fried Noodles yet?"

Late at night, in the Lin Ji's Food discussion threads, people were still talking about this inherently popular dish. Whether the noodles were delicious or not was beside the point; the word "hometown" in the name alone was enough to tantalize.

Blind Taxi Driver: I did, and it was really tasty. While I was eating at Lin Ji's restaurant, I even got a long-distance fare to the airport. I hit the jackpot.

You Can't Be Blown Away By The Wind: Is the poster above really a taxi driver?

Invisible Chicken Wings: A ride-share. I've been in his car before. He started recommending Lin Ji's Food before my seatbelt was even buckled—I ended up giving him some recommendations in return.

Liang Mountain Good Drought: That's like a pyramid scheme leader meeting a top micro-merchant.

Bobo Not Happy: Seriously, Yanjing City is so big, and there are so many ride-shares. It's amazing that you two managed to run into each other. If there's an idiom to describe this, it should be... what was it again?

Meow Meow Sect High Priest: Birds of a feather flock together!

Bobo Not Happy: ?????

Liang Mountain Good Drought: ?????

Invisible Chicken Wings: ???????

Not all netizens were as joyfully absurd as Lele and her friends. Some were sharing their grievances, their mood relatively gloomy.

A netizen called "I'm Qiao Family's Second Young Master" lamented in a post:

"This evening, I finally got to try Lin Ji's Food's Hometown Fried Noodles. The moment I tasted it, I suddenly missed home and hastily bought a high-speed train ticket for National Day to go back. I then messaged my mom to tell her I missed her, but the reply I got was: 'Are you running short on living expenses?' I... I was instantly shattered, family!"

No sooner had the post been made than netizens flocked to laugh at (scratch that) comfort him.

"No need to ask—definitely her own flesh and blood."

"What's there to be shattered about? If you said you were bringing a girlfriend home, her attitude would definitely be different."

"Wow, that's wisdom from experience, poster above!"

"Learned something new—I'm going to tell my parents I'm bringing a girlfriend home."

"You should be cautious with that kind of attempt. Otherwise, your family will clean the house spotless, buy tons of food and drinks, and then you'll end up coming home alone... You'll be facing double the nagging, double the disdain, double the complaints, and double the disappointment."

"Sounds like the poster above has a story!"

"Share it with us and give everyone a laugh!"

"..."

In bed, Shen Baobao rested her head on Lin Xu's arm, finding the netizens' goofy comments hilarious.

"Xu Bao, during past National Day or Labor Day holidays, did you ever use the excuse of bringing a girlfriend home to scam some good food and drinks from your family?"

Lin Xu took a bite of an apple, chewing as he spoke, "No. Besides, back then, the whole family was busy managing the scenic area. We didn't have time for anything else."

He finished the apple in a couple of bites, then got out of bed with the core in hand. "I'm off to brush my teeth. Let's sleep early tonight; we have to be busy again tomorrow."

"Alright, my hardworking Xu Bao," she said.

"It's just earning money—what's so hard about it?" he replied.

「For the following two days」

Lin Xu was busy making fried noodles.

During this busy period, he also made sure to redeem a training and coaching mission from the system, upgrading Wei Qian's fried noodles Technique to the Superior Level.

In these two days, sales of the fried noodles successfully broke one thousand. The number of customers who ate the fried noodles for two consecutive meals far exceeded three hundred. In fact, quite a few people came to the restaurant to eat fried noodles three times in a row.

The side mission and the Trial Task were successfully completed.

The Perfect Level recipe for Hot and Sour Pork Tripe Soup was now officially his.

「In the small kitchen」

Lin Xu was busy filming a video on how to make fried noodles.

The popularity of the fried noodles had been skyrocketing over the past two days, leading to many videos featuring old-fashioned fried noodle recipes appearing on short video platforms. To prevent others from freely capitalizing on its popularity, Dou Wenjing suggested Lin Xu film one too.

And so, during a break in his busy morning schedule, Lin Xu managed to find the time to film the preparation of this dish.

"The method for making fried noodles isn't difficult," Lin Xu explained as he dished the freshly cooked noodles onto a plate. "The main challenges are preventing the noodles from sticking during frying and correctly adding the broth. I've already covered these techniques in previous videos, so anyone who doesn't understand can watch those."

The fried noodles were glossy and rich, mixed with celery, onions, slices of pork belly, and other ingredients, looking incredibly tempting.

He carried the plate outside, where lights and a camera were already set up at a booth. Lin Xu placed the plate on an automatic rotating display stand on the booth table for the photographer to capture close-up shots.

After the video close-ups were done, Lin Xu held up the plate again to take a cover photo.

Once these were completed, he sat down at the booth. After waiting for the cameraman to focus the lens, he began filming the tasting segment.

After just a couple of bites, the cameraman remarked, "Boss, you don't look like you're enjoying it enough. It lacks the usual excitement you have when eating delicious food. You seem a bit forced."

Lin Xu gave a wry smile. "I've been eating nothing but fried noodles for the past two days; I've had a bit too much..."

He stood up and reviewed his expression in the recent recording. It did seem a bit forced. So, he got a few cloves of garlic and re-filmed the tasting segment.

With the addition of garlic, this time his eating looked fine.

Still, it would be better to film videos in the afternoon in the future, he thought. That way, I'll eat more naturally and avoid awkward takes.

After filming, Lin Xu said to Dou Wenjing, "Once it's edited, just post it. No need to wait for the usual late-night 'food temptation' post."

"Got it, Boss... Oh, by the way, the TV station also wants you to do a segment on fried noodles. Do you have time in the next few days?"

A TV station? Lin Xu thought. Zeng Xiaoqi probably just wants to eat them herself, doesn't she?

Lin Xu replied, "I don't have time to go there in the next couple of days. If Xiaoqi wants some, just tell her to come to the store. We don't charge her anyway, so there's no need to beat around the bush."

Chapter 670: Task Completed, Reward Received! Qin Wei's Specialty Minced Meat and Glass Noodles!_2

Dou Wenjing couldn't help but laugh.

The boss had guessed correctly; Zeng Xiaoqi really did want to eat fried noodles herself, so she'd had the crew call and ask under the pretext of official business.

"I'll tell Zeng Xiaoqi about this later," Dou Wenjing thought with amusement. Heh, that Zeng Xiaoqi—Miss '34B'—her little scheme has been ruthlessly uncovered by my brilliant and valiant boss! She wanted to eat fried noodles but was worried that coming to the shop herself would break their group's diet pact. So, she used the excuse of filming a video to get the boss to make fried noodles, planning to feast on them at the TV station. All that talk about filming a video was just to satisfy her own cravings. HUMPH. What a crafty vixen! No wonder her chest is small; all the development went to her brain!

Lin Xu said, "By the way, tell Sister Xiaoqi that I'll arrange for Wei Qian, Zhu Yong, and Zhuang Yizhou to shoot some episodes later, so have the TV station get ready for filming."

"Okay!"

After Dou Wenjing left with her crew, just as Lin Xu was about to return to the kitchen, Shu Yun tiptoed upstairs and whispered, "Boss, can we please not have fried noodles for lunch today? Several of the waitstaff said they're getting sick of it. Let's change it up for lunch, shall we?"

After the training tasks were assigned, Wei Qian needed to make one hundred servings of fried noodles. This effectively turned the staff into guinea pigs for the head chef. They had fried noodles for lunch, fried noodles for dinner, and even yesterday morning, they had some fried noodles to go with their millet porridge—it was sheer madness. However, it was precisely because of this intensive practice that he completed the training task ahead of schedule.

Now, hearing Shu Yun's plea, Lin Xu smiled and said, "For lunch today, we'll eat rice. If the stones ordered online arrive early, we'll have Stone Cooked Chrysanthemum. If they come late, we'll make something else. In any case, we're having rice for lunch today, not fried noodles."

A look of delighted surprise immediately spread across Shu Yun's face. "Thanks, Boss! I'll go and tell them right away."

Oh, thank goodness! Finally, no more fried noodles!

Actually, everyone at the restaurant genuinely liked fried noodles. But no matter how much they liked them, eating them for several days in a row was too much. They had reached the point where even their burps tasted like fried noodles. Today, they were finally going to have rice, which was a very welcome change.

Xie Baomin had made Stone Cooked Chrysanthemum twice before and had wanted to keep the stones, but Lin Xu had refused. Those stones were only enough for one serving, far too few to be useful. And since he was too lazy to go out and collect stones himself, he had ordered a batch of volcanic stones online. These were smoother, black pebbles, reportedly more resistant to high temperatures. They were also uniform in size and more attractive than ordinary collected pebbles. To prevent any shortage, Lin Xu ordered enough for about ten servings. That way, the restaurant wouldn't have to worry about running out of stones when serving Stone Cooked Chrysanthemum.

Once back in the kitchen, Lin Xu said to Qin Wei, "Master Qin, why don't you make some sweet potato noodles with minced meat for lunch? Everyone's gotten a bit tired of fried noodles and would like some rice for a change of taste."

Apart from the sweet potato noodles with minced meat, the other dishes depended on when the delivery arrived. If it arrived early, they would make Stone Cooked Chrysanthemum. If not, they'd opt for hand-torn cabbage. Regardless, lunch today would be sweet potato noodles with minced meat, accompanied by a vegetable side dish to go with the rice. This combination of meat and vegetables would ensure a balanced meal. The autumn season was quite dry, so it was important to eat more greens to replenish vitamins; otherwise, one's skin could slowly become chapped.

Upon hearing he was to make sweet potato noodles with minced meat, Qin Wei wordlessly went to the storeroom and fetched an entire bag of dried sweet potato noodles. He began soaking the noodles in fresh water. Since it was still a while before noon, Qin Wei opted for cold water. If one were in a hurry, the noodles could be soaked in warm water to speed up the softening process.

Around ten in the morning, Qin Wei took out a piece of pork belly and meticulously chopped it into mince the size of pomegranate seeds. After chopping, he set it aside for later use. He then crushed some garlic and chopped it finely. For the sweet potato noodles with minced meat to be flavorful and delicious, a generous amount of minced garlic was essential. There had to be enough so that a little could be sprinkled on top when the dish was served, ensuring a sufficiently rich garlic aroma.

Next, he chopped some green onions and bird's eye chilies, and spooned two dollops of Doubanjiang onto the cutting board, chopping it finely. Similar to preparing Mapo Tofu, the Doubanjiang for sweet potato noodles with minced meat also needed to be finely chopped. This method not only helped to release the fragrance and Red Oil more quickly and effectively but also prevented diners from biting into chili skins or whole broad beans from the paste. Lastly, he cut a few slices of ginger. These slices needed to be as large as possible, making them easy to pick out of the dish later, which contributed to a more enjoyable eating experience.

With all the preparations complete, he removed the softened noodles from the basin, placed them on the cutting board, and cut them into sections about twenty centimeters long, making them easier to pick up with chopsticks.

While he was doing all this, Lin Xu, who had finished his own tasks, came over, intending to seriously learn how to make this dish.

"Is minced meat with sweet potato noodles hard to make, Master Qin?"

"N-not... not hard. J-just... be careful... when adding water... th-that's... all..." Qin Wei stammered, sounding as if he'd used up his quota of words for the day.

Lin Xu actually wanted to encourage him to speak more. The less one talks, the less nimble their tongue becomes. Think about those people who are always on voice chat while gaming—they're so fluent when they curse people out! It's all from practice, isn't it?

With everything set, Qin Wei started the cooking process.

He heated the wok, then oiled it twice to ensure the bottom wouldn't stick. Once the oil was hot, he added the chopped minced meat. He tossed the wok a few times to spread the meat evenly and quickly separate the pieces using the high heat of the oil. The minced meat needed to be thoroughly separated,

not clumped together like little meatballs. Clumping would affect not only the appearance and texture but also could lead to it being undercooked.