

Culinary 92

Chapter 92: Spy Within Mission: Impossible! Super Easy Sunny-Side-Up Eggs Recipe!

"Sweet and Sour Fried Eggs? Is that good to eat?"

The moment food was mentioned, Little Yueyue, who had been sulking, instantly perked up.

Lin Xu replied with a smile:

"It shouldn't taste bad."

After all, he'd mastered the Superior Technique.

No matter how bad it is, how bad could it really be?

He was chatting with Shen Jiayue on his phone when he saw the Bentley bro from lunch come into the shop again.

"Hey, chatting with your girlfriend?"

Shen Guofu greeted Lin Xu with a smile, then turned to Song Tiantian and said:

"Give me ten chicken feet, a portion of Ginger Lotus Root, a portion of Crispy Meat, a portion of Alcoholic Peanuts, two sour plum drinks, all to go."

Song Tiantian quickly tapped out the order:

"That's 176 total."

Shen Guofu paid with his phone, then happily picked up Dundun, who was sleeping on the register:

"Little Dundun, I came to see you again! Have you been a good kitty this afternoon?"

Lin Xu hadn't expected this dude to be a cat lover, too, so he laughed and said:

"You like cats too, bro?"

"Actually, not really, but your cat is just too lovable. Plus, he's got such a special connection with me and my wife. Look how obedient he is in my arms..."

As he said that, Lin Xu finally noticed Dundun snuggled up in Bentley Bro's arms like a little angel, with his head resting on the guy's shoulder.

What's up with this little guy?

Normally, the cat only allowed limited touching from customers—a couple of head pats at most. Try to hold him, and he'd make his escape instantly.

Ever since he'd been adopted, Dundun had only let people like Lin Xu, Shen, and Song Tiantian hold him.

But now, Dundun had zero complaints in Bentley Bro's arms.

This made Lin Xu really curious. Was this little guy secretly a gold-digger cat?

Just as he was muttering to himself, the kitchen printed out the next order.

Lin Xu got up and went to the kitchen to get to work.

He fired up the stove, heated the oil, then dropped the Crispy Meat Bentley Bro ordered into the oil for a second fry, so it'd be extra crispy and delicious.

Half an hour later.

Inside the West Fourth Ring Villa.

The Shen family's dinner was starting.

Shen Jiayue looked at the food on the table, scrunching her nose and asking Shen Guofu:

"Dad, are we going bankrupt? If we are, I'm transferring my savings out before the bank freezes my account."

Shen Guofu: "..."

At first he'd thought it was a bit much to make his daughter eat like a peasant.

But now...

Millet porridge and mixed grain buns still felt like a feast!

He didn't answer his daughter. Instead he picked up his bowl of millet porridge, blew on it and took a small sip, then picked up a strand of soy-marinated radish and popped it in his mouth:

"Mmm, tastes just like when I was a kid. Pairing it with pickles—absolute gourmet heaven."

After that, he looked at Shen Jiayue and said:

"Hurry up and eat, sweetie. Back when I lived with your grandparents in the old compound, only on really good days could we eat like this. Most of the time, we couldn't even be this extravagant."

Shen Jiayue took a bite of the mixed grain bun.

Didn't taste bad, but definitely didn't taste good either.

But with Mom and Dad both eating it...

She could only bite the bullet and keep eating, dreaming of tomorrow's sweet and sour fried eggs as she chewed.

Xu-bao says it'll be tasty, so it's gotta be amazing, right?

Shen Guofu finished his bowl of millet porridge in a few gulps.

Just as he put the bowl down, he started rubbing his neck:

"Honey, my neck's acting up again. Hurry up and give me a massage... Ugh, it really hurts."

Han Shuzhen put down her chopsticks and said:

"Then don't just stand here, go lie down in the bedroom."

The couple headed upstairs together.

As they walked out of the dining room, they didn't forget to remind their daughter:

"Yueyue, eat while it's hot. Don't wait for us, your dad's neck might need a long rub."

"Oh..."

Shen Jiayue nodded, still chewing her mixed grain bun with a reluctant face.

In the elevator.

Shen Guofu looked smugly at Han Shuzhen and asked:

"How was it, honey? My acting skills are pretty good, huh?"

"Hurry and press the elevator button, or the sour plum drinks will get warm..."

The couple headed upstairs to enjoy their goodies.

Back in the dining room, the once-wronged Shen Jiayue flashed a sly grin too.

She put down her mixed grain bun, skipped into the kitchen, and sweetly called out to Auntie Liu, who was having dinner with the other two nannies:

"Auntie Liu~~~~"

Auntie Liu immediately pointed to the cupboard beside her.

Shen Jiayue opened it up.

Ha!

There was a plate of braised chicken wings inside.

"Thank you, Auntie Liu! I'll send you a red envelope later!"

"No need, no need. You're still growing, those coarse grains aren't nutritious. Hurry up and eat, I'll go keep watch at the dining room door."

While the Shen family's very own Mission: Impossible was underway, Lin Ji's Food was about to hit its evening rush.

"Xinhua-ge, six sour plum drinks, three portions of chicken feet—six pieces, five pieces, ten pieces each; Boss, four nori egg drop soups, two spicy poached beef, one bowl of noodles with braised eggplant and pork sauce; Chuang-ge, two rice with braised pork bowls, one tomato and egg rice..."

Che Zai, order slips in hand, called out the orders to the other chefs in the kitchen.

As soon as he finished, he began plating the cold dishes according to the order list.

Honestly, four cooks in the kitchen ought to be enough, but once business picked up, everyone had to pull double duty.

This hectic pace kept up until after 8 p.m.

Only then did things finally calm down.

When the last guest had been sent off,

everyone tidied up a bit and headed home.

The next morning.

Once Lin Xu finished prepping the shop, he got started on the sweet and sour fried eggs he'd promised Shen Jiayue.

This was an innovative dish. Because it tasted good and was nutritious, it was really popular. Plenty of restaurants had it on their menus.

There are two ways to make it: the standard way and the shortcut.

The standard way is to poach eggs in water first, then coat them in batter and deep fry until crisp and golden. Pour on the sweet and sour sauce, and you're done.

This was the approach favored by Lin Xu's sugar and vinegar technique.

But poaching eggs is a pain, so Lin Xu decided to take the easy route.

He cleaned the wok, put it on the heat, added a scoop of cold oil to swirl around, poured it out once it was hot, put the wok back on, and drizzled in a bit of peanut oil.

Then, he cracked an egg right into the middle of the pan.

With the hot oil, the egg quickly set into the classic poached egg shape.

He pushed that egg aside with the spatula and cracked another into the pan.

He did this six times until he had enough eggs—enough for Shen Jiayue—then threw in a handful of chopped red chili peppers.

The chili rings upped the heat, making the dish more savory and appetizing.

Once the peppers were fragrant, he added a ladle of sweet and sour sauce, and tossed everything together in the pan.

When the eggs were fully coated in sauce—

Out they went and onto the plate.

The moment the dish was done,

his senior Xie Baomin suddenly walked in.

"Hey junior, what are you cooking up now?"

"Just making sweet and sour fried eggs for Little Yue. Want to be the taste tester, senior?"

Xie Baomin glanced at it:

"You really should poach the eggs then fry them. The texture's way better that way."

Lin Xu gave a sheepish smile:

"I think poaching eggs is a hassle, and they're easy to break. Frying is just so much simpler."

"Hassle?"

Xie Baomin rolled up his sleeves and said:

"Bro, looks like your basics need some work! Tell you what, let me teach you this ultra-easy poached egg trick. If you've got hands, you can do it."

Is it really that easy?

Lin Xu was all ears...