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舌尖上的心跳

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The Heartbeat at the Tip of the Tongue - Chapter 01-37

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01

The kiss at the tip of the tongue

There are some things that Lin Ke Song will never believe happened no matter how much you hammer it into her head.

For example, the flow of the whatever Yangtze river reversing or the Halley comet hitting earth... ..

But all these cannot compare to the Jiang Qian Fan in front of her.

The moment his lips touched hers, she felt like the target that was bullseyed by a bullet. She staggered backwards, trying to get a hold on anything she could get her hands on. The pounding in her ears felt like the whole world was overturning.

The tip of his tongue teased her lips open, breaking her contentedness, smashing everything she knew and made her feverish in a split second.

Lin Ke Song couldn't possibly handle this degree of strength. When her legs turned so jelly until she was going to unglamorously plop onto the floor, his arms supported her and pressed her towards himself. His fingers grabbed the nape of her neck so tightly till she could feel like her skull was going to burst.

His encompassing kiss arrogantly swallowed her breath, sneaked through her teeth and in a moment made her feel like she went to heaven and around the world.

All the blood in her was focused on the tip of his tongue.

When his tongue licked her upper lip releasing her, Lin Ke Song looked at him with widened eyes.

Jiang Qian Fan's facial expression didn't even change and said in a monotonous voice, "Clean this place up."

Lin Ke Song tried to read clues from his obsidian eyes, but unfortunately, Jiang Qian Fan's eyes were never windows to the soul. His eyes were only for display. His chiselled features gave nothing away about his emotions being affected.

When he spoke, the tip of his tongue would loom and tantalise others to

insanity.

Until he eased his long legs and walked away with an air of omniscience avoiding all the 'obstacles', did Lin Ke Song look down.

Eggs were in fragments all over the floor.

Different types of spices were spilled.

The bag of flour had split and spilled.

The air was pervaded with all sort of smells mingling together, giving Lin Ke Song a pounding headache.

A few minutes later, her brain successfully started up again. She grinded her teeth and asked the air: "What do you mean 'Clean this place up'?"

What did he just do?

Is this his new invention of bring a person to insanity?

This pervert! PERVERT!

Lin Ke Song squatted and clawed her hair to the state of a bird's nest.

All these started from half a year ago.

It was a night where the smell of super spicy lobster richly permeated the air.

The person sitting opposite Lin Ke Song was Song Yi Ran.

The dim yellow lighting made his eyebrows fainter.

"I have a fantastically good news to tell you."

Song Yi Ran heartlessly smiled, the air between his eyebrows were seething, causing a few people around them to spontaneously look towards him.

Lin Ke Song also heartlessly smiled with him, using her gloved hands to strip the lobsters.

"What happened? Has your family finally gone bankrupt? In the future you won't have any money to treat me to lobsters anymore? Do you have a place to sleep? If you don't, I can let you sleep in my bathroom."

"Your bathroom's so small, there isn't even a bathtub and my long legs can't even straighten in there. Furthermore, there is such a long list of beauties who

are willing to spend the night with me that I can't even write all their names in my notebook, why would I not have a place to sleep?"

Lin Ke Song twitched her mouth, she'll see how fantastic this news of his is. These few years, his fantastic news has only been that he spent all his tuition money but the school's beauty didn't dump him.

"I'm going to New York, to study."

Lin Ke Song's finger cramped up making the lobster's juice shoot out, catching her completely off guard, splashing it onto the person sitting opposite her.

Song Yi Ran shut his eyes, as if he expected something like this was going to happen and knocked on the table.

That action was like he was overcome with a strong urge to hit something.

Lin Ke Song pulled out tissues from her pocket at lightning speed and pressed in on his face, preventing the sauce from dripping onto his BOSS shirt.

Because he was near, this chap's features were clearer, his peachy eyes carried a hint of smile, upsetting the heartbeat of other people.

According to logic, she has already seen this face for so many years, but why when it's so close she still has no control?

From junior high to high school then university, Song Yi Ran has comfortably and consistently been the school's most handsome male. Just casually walk around on the streets and he'd receive a few name cards of talent scouters. Unfortunately, this chap came from a rich family, all he does is think about how to burn his money, otherwise, the entertainment world would have a soaring male god.

At the moment, the male god evilly smirks, raises his hand: "Sir! Another two plates of spicy lobsters! One portion spicy fried razor shells! One plate of smelly mandarin fish! One portion braised snail! Oh, and wrapped quail!"

Lin Ke Song widened her eyes and looked at him: "Wey! Song Yi Ran! Is this the last meal? Are you trying to stuff me to death?"

"Yeap." He put on a nonchalant expression, leaned his body forward, towards Lin Ke Song, "Or... .. you come with me?"

It was like something stirred through her heart's membranes, rushing to overflow the gaps with blood. But she still perfectly suppressed her emotions, "To New York? Why would I go to New York to sell spicy crayfish? Stop joking! I've devoted myself to be at your beck and call for so long, and in the end I'll end up being stuffed to death?" Lin Ke Song fluttered her eyes, the pepper in her stomach suddenly surged up to her throat, and swished about, "Song Yi Ran, are you giving up on being an insect in china and going to America to be studying trash?"

Song Yi Ran smiled without answering, his eyes flickered, not showing any emotions.

Before Lin Ke Song could digest the news, a red sports car stopped next to the stall.

Many who were having supper looked towards the car.

A young pretty long-haired lady waved her hand towards Song Yi Ran: "Honey! I'm here to pick you up! We promised to hang out together tonight!"

The sweet voice made it feel like the air was filled with floating soft cotton candy.

But Lin Ke Song shivered, her skin formed goose bumps so bumpy they were going to fall onto the plates.

"Coming!" Song Yi Ran pulled out a few pieces of Grandfather Mao and handed it to the stall keeper, "Whatever my friend wants to eat, make it for her!"

"No problem!"

Song Yi Ran stood up, giving off an aura like a swan among ugly chickens.

"Wey! Bro, I'm leaving! Talk to you another time!"

Song Yi Ran pulled open the car door, and shared a shared a skillful, intertwining hot kiss with his current girlfriend, Chu Ting.

Chu Ting didn't forget to send Lin Ke Song a provocative look of demonstration.

Ten seconds later, the sports car finally leaves the area, leaving Lin Ke Song to

sit by herself at the table.

She slightly regrets eating too much.

Now she feels like puking.

She purses her lips, not letting tears fall.

Only ghosts would want to be your bro!

Which bro would be like me and carry tissue for you in their pockets? Which bro would be like me and remember your harem of lovers names, phone numbers, personalities and preferences? When you had appendicitis so pain you were sniveling and tearing, which bro would be like me and ride a tricycle to rush you to the hospital?

The only difference is they wear short skirts, I love t-shirts!

They wear high heels, I forever wear sneakers only!

They spray perfume, I use six god's toilet water!

Lin Ke Song's brain starts madly broadcasting Taylor Swift's You Belong With Me, comparing the the scene of the prostitute kissing the male lead in the MV and the scene that just happened in real life.

"Hey, girl, do you want anything else to eat? The cash your friend left behind is too much."

The stall keeper is such an honest person.

"Of course. Give me a portion of fried sugar Osmanthus rice cake, salt and pepper shrimp, deboned chicken... ... pack everything up!"

"Sure ley!"

Shit it, this rascal is going to New York soon, better eat all that I can now!

The red sports car stops in front of a hotel, Song Yi Ran pushes the car door open, straightens his collar, "It's so late, I'm going to sleep, you rest early too."

"What?" The girl in the car has a shocked expression, "Didn't we promise that we'd be together tonight....."

"Chu Ting, what time did we decide to meet?" Song Yi Ran asked, smiling,

resting his arms on the car's door.

“Ten tonight ah.”

“Then what time did you pick me up?”

“Nine twenty-..... I just wanted to see you earlier ma!”

Even though Song Yi Ran is smiling, Chu Ting can feel faintly that this guy is not happy.

Song Yi Ran is the most intelligent kid in school, with exceptional looks and taste, many girls rush to him like eagles. Chu Ting has liked him for a full four years, and he finally responded to her confession, Chu Ting felt like this had been the happiest month of her life.

Song Yi Ran was not like the arrogant rich kids, on the contrary, he was tolerant of her pettiness. This made Chu Ting feel that he really liked her.

Chu Ting shows an expression of being wronged, pulls on his sleeves and starts to act cute, “someone just wanted to spend more time with you ma!”

Song Yi Ran flicked Chu Ting's forehead: “I've already given you a lot of time for us to be together. So every minute of the time that my friend and I have together becomes very precious, do you understand?”

Chu Ting's tears moved a whole round in her eyes, but she managed to control them. This is the first time that Song Yi Ran has said this kind of words.

Does it mean that a non-eye catching average girl is more important than her?

“Sorry ma. If your friend is unhappy, we'll give her a treat next time? I'll apologise to her ma!”

“Then, see you again.”

Song Yi Ran glanced at Chu Ting as if he was looking at a child, put his hands in his pocket and left.

Chu Ting was left stunned, then she angrily hit the steering wheel.

What kind of friend is it ah! More important than the girlfriend?!

That whatever Lin Ke Song, it's not like she had never heard of her before. She had always been Song Yi Ran's lackey! From an ordinary background, a total

country bumpkin! And she brought Song Yi Ran to eat at a roadside stall too! What if Song Yi Ran got an upset stomach!

Song Yi Ran too, seriously, if he wanted to make friends, he should have chosen someone with a background like Chu Ting ah, with that country bumpkin, what would they have in common to talk about!

She just couldn't stand the sight of that Lin Ke Song, so she purposely went to fetch Song Yi Ran earlier..... But, it seems that Song Yi Ran has seen through that?

It can't be, it can't be..... She was so natural, how could he have seen through that?

Song Yi Ran walked into the hotel room, and leisurely laid on the bed, he has a call.

“How are you doing? Mr. Song?”

From the voice, it should be Song Yi Ran's good friend in New York, Kevin An.

“Pretty good, lazing in the hotel, don't have to act dandy around my older brother. He promised to give his biological younger brother a monthly allowance!”

“If your older brother knew you were using the monthly allowance to live carelessly, his facial expression would be brilliant. What about your scheming fourth uncle?”

“He expressed that I'd forever be his dear nephew. Even if I were thrown overseas by older brother, he would always support me like he has always done.”

Song Yi Ran smirked, hiding his lazy smile, adding a few degrees of sharpness.

“Wait till the whole Song Family is emptied by your fourth uncle. When that time comes, your foolish older brother will be squeezed off his seat. Ah, for the previous stocks exchange, our direction and opportunity grabbing timings were handled pretty well, earned twice the original. When will you try your hand at it again, Mr Song?”

Song Yi Ran chuckled: “When the timing's right.”

“Oh, right, when you come to New York, will you be alone?”

Song Yi Ran was silent, after a while he said: “How’s the thing I asked you to do?”

“Of course it’s done. But actually, if you wanted to bring someone along with you, you don’t have to do things in such a big circle.”

“It’s because I don’t have the right to ask her to come with me.” Song Yi Ran stared at the shining ceiling and smiled.

02

Late = kick your brain to pieces

Lin Ke Song carried the large pile of packed food home.

On the way back, her emotions are complicated.

She no longer remembers how she started hanging out and becoming close to a person like Song Yi Ran. According to logic, she and Song Yi Ran are of two different worlds, on two totally different sides.

It seems like it really was from that time when she rode her tricycle to send that chap to the hospital onwards, he would bring her along whenever there was any good food to eat or drinks to drink.

Of course, at the same time, he also intensified her 'enslavement', for example obviously disliking the cafeteria food but still making her queue up for and pack it; for example obviously having pockets, but always stuffing the paper napkins into her pockets; for example obviously only knowing how to use night study period to lie on the table to message beauties, but still wanting her to use her water bottle to reserve a seat for him, making other students who actually want to study not have any place to sit.

All these years have gone by, yet Lin Ke Song realises that her crush for this chap has never stopped before.

"Ai... .. gosh... .. you mean ive always been such a persistant person ah?"

Lin Ke Song could not help praising herself.

From junior high to high school, Lin Ke Song has studied in the city's elite schools. There was much study stress and high amounts of tension. It has to be said the appearance of Song Yi Ran was not only good for the eyes, it also gave Lin Ke Song's spirits a boost. At least he let Lin Ke Song's school life have that little bit of colour.

But, majority of the crushes probably die a natural death right?... .. well at least she herself is one of the majority.

When she thinks like that, Lin Ke Song doesn't feel that depressed.

When Lin Ke Song reached home, she suddenly realised that her parents were sitting in the sofa, without the television switched on, like they were specially waiting for her.

“Dad? Mom? What's happened?”

Lin Ke Song's heart strangely started to feel uneasy.

Can it be that after telling her mom about resigning from her third job yesterday, they have decided to hold a family meeting to criticise her?

“Ke Song ah..... father has an important matter to discuss with you.”

“Oh..... what's the matter?” Lin Ke Song lifted everything to the table top, while constantly thinking of a plan, if dad talks about her resignation, how she should guarantee him about surely finding a job within a month.

“Your uncle is a chef in New York, you know that.”

“En.” Lin Ke Song nodded her head.

Her Dad's younger brother, Lin Feng (remark: not the Lin Feng on TV), and a friend partnered up and opened a small Chinese restaurant in New York. Apparently, the business isn't too bad, and every year the uncle comes back, he seems very proud.

“Your uncle's restaurant is getting busier and he wants us to help him. Didn't you just resign from your job? He wants you to go over to help him.”

“Help with what?” Lin Ke Song could not wrap her head around the situation.

“There are many dishwashers and waiters, but none of them are family. Your uncle is a chef in the kitchen, so he can't keep an eye on them at all. Your aunt passed away early, your cousin is still studying and is unable to offer any help. You go over and be a supervisor, keep an eye on the employees and make sure they do their work properly. It's that simple, the salary your uncle is giving is pretty thick, and includes food and lodging.” From the way her father speaks, it's obvious he hopes she goes.

“That's right, Ke Song, didn't you study hotel management? It's just nice, you can go to your uncle's and gain experience. You can even go sightseeing in

America, open your eyes to the world. Your dad and I think that it's a pretty good idea. Furthermore, your dad and I feel that, if you can get used to that place, you can try to find a suitable institution and get your master's degree there. That way, when you come back to look for a job, maybe you'd stop hitting pillars."

New York.....it's actually New York?

Even though being a 'supervisor' in her uncle's small restaurant and the connection to whatever hotel management is a little farfetched, but she will be able to draw a salary and study, and to Lin Ke Song that has an allure. It's not that she doesn't understand her parents' expectations. Their real intention isn't for her to work at her uncle's but to use this opportunity to get a degree.

Their family has just finished paying up the mortgage loans and are marginally living comfortably, they can pay for her tuition fees but the stress of doing so may become too much. Her parents' intention is to pay for a portion and have the remaining be paid for by the salary that she earns from working at her uncle's.

New York..... that is the city that Song Yi Ran is going to.

Song Yi Ran didn't say how long he was going to be there, it may a year or two, maybe he'll end up staying there permanently.

Lin Ke Song had already mentally prepared herself to withdraw from Song Yi Ran's life, but now there's such an opportunity?

Is this the lottery from heaven or do the heavens want her to continue this kind of "worrying but happy" life with Song Yi Ran?

"Ke Song, there is no need to rush into making a decision, think carefully. If you are okay, your uncle will be your guarantor, and your visa issues should be fine."

"Okay, I'll think about it."

She is unable to sleep, tossing and turning about on her bed all night. All that is in her mind are thoughts of hers and Song Yi Ran's life in New York.

In her dreams, Song Yi Ran wears an ordinary pair of jeans and a t-shirt, walking with her, shoulder to shoulder through Broadway Street, walking slowly

through Times Square, overlooking the statue of liberty, everything was so perfect to the point of unrealism.

Her stomach was bloated to death, Lin Ke Song who had eaten too much had to get up to the bathroom to puke. As expected, sweet dreams are like eating too much, you can force it down, but there won't be a good ending.

The second day, while Lin Ke Song was researching everything related to New York in front of the computer, her phone rang.

Looking at the name on the screen, her steady heartbeat missed a beat.

“Hello? What's up?”

“It's so early and the unemployed young lady is already awake?”

Song Yi Ran's lazy and contended voice is like warm sunshine to Lin Ke Song's ears, her brain's reactions start becoming half a second slower.

“Knowing that I'm unemployed and would want to sleep in, why are you calling to harass me so early in the morning?”

“I'm just worried that you'd eat too much for breakfast and not leave any space for lunch. See you at 12 at Lang Hua Hotel, I'm treating you to lunch oh.”

It seems like Song Yi Ran wants to keep to the plan of feeding her.

If she told him about her possibly going to New York too, wonder what kind of facial expression he'd have?

“Okay ah, see you then. If you're late, I'll kick your brain to pieces.”

“I've always been punctual.”

“Hehe.” Lin Ke Song hangs up the phone.

Song Yi Ran is in fact a very punctual person. Apparently, there has never been a time when he was late for a date with his girlfriends.

But, not for Lin Ke Song. Once, during the period when Avatar was the hottest movie, Lin Ke Song managed to grab two tickets, and made an appointment to watch the movie with Song Yi Ran. This rascal was full of promises, and in the end reached only when the crowd was dispersing. If not for his messy head of hair that made it obvious he rushed here the moment he woke, Lin Ke Song

would have stamped a punch into his handsome face.

It was probably from that time onwards, but no matter what they made an appointment to do, eat, sleep, play games, wait..... it's eat, study, play games, Lin Ke Song would mention to him to not be late.

As she was worried about traffic jams, Lin Ke Song left the house one and a half hours earlier.

When she reached Lang Hua hotel, she let out a breath as she saw the tall and big entrance.

This hotel's décor was traditional and luxuriously elegant, hearsay accounts praised the dishes as first class, many magazine reviews also praise it as worthy of 3 Michelin stars. Those who visit this hotel are naturally people who are important and have face.

Before Lin Ke Song could get to the steps of the hotel, a pristine shiny black Bentley drives up to the front of the hotel.

The revolving door starts moving and a few middle aged men in suits walk out with welcoming stances, their smiles so deep till their faces were creased up.

The hotel's lobby manager and other staff came out to greet too, all with looks of fear and trepidation.

“Ai ya! Mr. Jiang! Welcome welcome!”

“Our Lang Hua Hotel's chairman, Chairman Zhao has been waiting for you since this morning to grace us with your presence!”

Lin Ke Song could not help looking towards their direction, wondering what kind of figure would warrant such a big welcoming parade.

The bald Chairman Zhao personally went up front to open the car door, stucked his butt out while using his hands as protection against the edge of the car roof, as if he's afraid that the person inside would bump himself against the roof.

But that stance..... there is seriously nothing that is more seductive than a doorman in a red starched uniform.....

First, a dark suit pants clothed long leg slid out of the car.

Just by looking at that one leg, Lin Ke Song stroked her chin: not bad ah, a quality specimen of the male species! Wonder what his face looks like!

That so called Mr Jiang bowed his head slightly and got out of the car, stood up and immediately was a head taller than that bald head Chairman Zhao, based on visuals, his height is an estimated 1.85m ah! He slightly straightened his collar, his actions not flamboyant like in a drama, but filled with restrained rigor.

His back was pencil straight, his stature elegant.

Impossible to not praise.

What Lin Ke Song could see was only the profile of the other party, but that sharp as knives chiselled outline of his profile and deep, profound eyes still managed to give Lin Ke Song visual impact.

But the other party had no facial expressions whatsoever, and gave off a look of indifference.

With a gentle toss, whatever he had in his hands, flashed like broken silver light connecting together.

“Thank you.”

His voice was icy cold. To Lin Ke Song, listening to it made all the blood flow in her body seem like it slowed down.

That sentence “Thank you.”, was out of courtesy, not out of sincerity.

When the long thin pole in his hands started tapping the ground rhythmically, Lin Ke Song then realised the other party was blind.

When that Chairman Zhao wanted to hold on to the other party, a young man who alighted from the same car stopped him.

“Chairman Zhao, Mr Jiang can take care of himself.”

What it meant was that Chairman Zhao did not have to take on the stance of helping the Empress Dowager Cixi to help Mr Jiang.

Mr Jiang did not say anything, but in a moment, the welcoming parade had retreated to both sides. After tapping his cane on the revolving door, he quietly waited for two seconds, and when the walking compartment revolved to him, he

confidently stepped inside and went in.

03

One post for every holiday my country is celebrating~ \('▽`)/

Scapegoat + Venting bucket + Punching bag = Bros

Lin Ke Song cocked her head side to side, a cane can be that useful? Isn't he worried that he'd get himself caught by the door?

Even Lin Ke Song who is able to see perfectly would occasionally get caught by the revolving door.

Anyway, Lin Ke Song did not watch the pretty man till she forgot her surroundings. After all, that guy gave off an aura of coolness from his demeanour to his walking style. If you took a second look, your heart would experience a draft of coldness too.

After entering the restaurant, Lin Ke Song realised that Song Yi Ran had booked a small private room. And only after following the qipao wearing elegant waitress into the small private room did she realise how special the room was. It was located at the highest level of the restaurant, three of the walls were glass walls from the floor to the ceiling, with a perfect view of the scenery.

Lin Ke Song rubbed her nose, Song Yi Ran's brains aren't spoiled right?

Is there a need to reserve such a private room just to treat her to a meal?

"This private room is probably really expensive right?"

Even though this question is crudely vulgar, Lin Ke Song decided she had to ask it.

"The reservation fee of the room is ten percent of the food bill."

"....."

As expected, Song Yi Ran is burning his money away.

At this moment, the door was opened again, and sounds of high heels on the floor and cheery chit chatting voices floated by.

Lin Ke Song had a sudden sense of foreboding.

With the appearance of Chu Ting holding onto the arm of Song Yi Ran, Lin Ke Song's stomach started churning like rivers turning and seas inverting.

“Ke Song! You're here so early ah!”

Chu Ting's pretty and sweet voice sounded, gentle and soft yet makes others feel 'pity for her' while sounding feminine.

No wonder Song Yi Ran with his eccentric and carefree personality still hasn't broken up with her.

Lin Ke Song also feels that her thoughts are so fake.

“Yeap. It gets crowded during lunch hour, I was afraid I wouldn't be able to squeeze into the train, so I got here a little earlier.”

“The trains are better. Unlike Yi Ran and I getting stuck on Third Ring Road. Do you know what he said to me?”

This whole time, Chu Ting held onto Lin Ke Song's hands, so affectionately till it made her uncomfortably uneasy all over.

“Oh, what did he say?”

“Haha, he said that if he were late again, Ke Song would kick his brain to pieces!”

Lin Ke Song felt a pounding in her forehead. That was what she said to him, but there wasn't a need to tell other people right?

“So I said, there was no way that would happen. But after hearing him say that, I started getting nervous, afraid that I'd be late. But, I didn't think you'd still get here first ah? Didn't wait long right? You're not angry right?”

Even though it was asked in a joking tone, with an expression of sincerity, no matter how much Lin Ke Song thought and looked at the situation, she somehow felt a little weird in her heart.

“Listen to him saying rubbish, why would I be angry?”

After the three of them sat down, Song Yi Ran passed the duty of ordering food to the two ladies on scene.

And Chu Ting passed the tablet menu to Lin Ke Song.

“Ke Song, whatever you feel like eating, order. Don’t be shy ah! Yesterday Yi Ran wanted to properly tell you about him going overseas to study, but I unexpectedly came earlier and messed up the message. This party apologises to you ah! But listening to Yi Ran, your personality is carefree like a guy’s, you probably won’t be angry with me, right?”

“ah..... Wont.” Lin Ke Song glares at Song Yi Ran.

What rubbish have you sprouted to your girlfriend?

This rascal Song Yi Ran only lazily smiled, as if he was happy to see his ‘bro’ and his girlfriend getting along so harmoniously.

“Then let’s order!”

Lin Ke Song suppressed the simmering gas in her heart. She was originally looking forward to meeting Song Yi Ran to tell him that she could possibly be going to New York too.

But now, she feels as bad as if she had just consumed the faeces of flies.

But Lin Ke Song quickly thought through things. Girlfriends are like flowing water, but bros are like beaten iron ma!

Being fussy about this kind of things with a rascal with pits for brains is totally meaningless.

Consequently, she properly ordered whatever Alaska king crab, sea cucumber soup, truffle foie gras.....

After ordering, Chu Ting and Lin Ke Song chatted a little and the topic geared towards New York.

For example where the city’s name originated from, what well known luxury brands New York offered, New York’s Wall Street ah.....

Lin Ke Song could not even fit half a sentence into the conversation so she altogether took out her phone to surf the net.

Until the shark fins soup was served.

Chu Ting had a very wealthy lady like posture, gently cooling each spoonful, slowly savouring the flavours, all the while not forgetting to keep up

conversation with Song Yi Ran.

“Lang Hua Restaurant’s sea cucumber soup just has such a delicious flavour.”

After Lin Ke Song drank two consecutive large mouthfuls of the sea cucumber soup, she put her spoon down.

“What’s wrong? Ke Song? Is it because you can’t get used to drinking it? Why don’t we change it to a snow clam soup? It’s nourishing and aids beauty, furthermore, it’s sweet, and you’ll probably like it. ”

Chu Ting asked with a face of concern, but why did Lin Ke Song feel it was weird?

“If you don’t want to drink then don’t drink anymore.” Song Yi Ran got up, stretched his arms and pushed the bowl of soup away from Lin Ke Song.

“Wey.....”

The waiter in the private room immediately went up to the table and quickly removed the soup dish.

“And my share too, I don’t want it anymore either.” Song Yi Ran said, “Do you have sour and spicy soup?”

“..... Although we do not have this dish on the menu, but since Mr Song is our VIP, we can get our chef to specially cook it up for you.”

But Chu Ting tugged Song Yi Ran’s sleeve, “Why would this kind of restaurant have sour and spicy soup ah? Don’t make things difficult for people anymore!”

Chu Ting of course knew who Song Yi Ran ordered the sour and spicy soup for, this is totally not giving her any face!

“That’s right ah, there’s no need to drink sour and spicy soup here!” Lin Ke Song was also starting to feel embarrassed.

Song Yi Ran lightly patted Chu Ting’s hand and said smiling: “you have no idea how magical Ke Song’s tongue is. Once when we went to the bistro opposite school for a meal, she ate a couple of mouthfuls and felt the taste was too weird to continue eating anymore. In the end, do you know what happened? That bistro’s owner was arrested for using waste oil to cook.”

“..... But this is a high-class restaurant, they can't possibly use waste oil ah.....”

Lang Hua Restaurant was picked by Chu Ting. When Song Yi Ran said that, it made her feel very awkward ah.

“Actually, it's me, because I've not had sour and spicy soup for a very long time, and I've suddenly got a life taking craving for it.” Song Yi Ran smilingly replied.

Chu Ting could only nod her head.

After a short while, Song Yi Ran's phone rang. He took a look at the number and walked out of the private room.

If Lin Ke Song didn't guess wrong, it's most probably his older brother who called. A rich family's most troublesome problem is nothing more than the internal struggle between siblings. Song Yi Ran suddenly going to America was probably because the older brother forced him to.

“Ke Song, I'm so envious of you ah. Yi Ran cares so much about you.”

“Ah? Does he?” Lin Ke Song hehes in her heart, Chu Ting is probably going to start a showdown with her.

“Of course he does. But, fortunately, he only treats you like a good bro otherwise I'd already be jealous to death.”

Chu Ting smiled sweetly and beautifully, but the goose bumps on Lin Ke Song's arms were raised.

It has begun! It has begun!

This is not the first time that Lin Ke Song has accounted this kind of situation. Wonder what kind of reaction Chu Ting would give if she herself pretended not to understand all the way?

Lin Ke Song started to feel cheeky.

“That's right ah. Back in university, we and a clan of students went out for overnight karaoke. That rascal obviously saw me hogging a sofa to sleep, but he still wanted to squeeze with me. He still said something like if people were good friends, they have to share everything. Share my ass ley! I kicked him away with a foot, hahaha! Good thing Chu Ting, you're broad minded, otherwise, if you

misunderstand, I wouldn't know what to do. Who asked that chap to be so insensitive!"

Chu Ting's facial expression got worse and worse.

Lin Ke Song was guffawing in her heart.

But jokes aside, as the saying goes, it's better to demolish a temple than ruin a marriage. Even though Chu Ting and Song Yi Ran have not yet married, her crush on Song Yi Ran is her own business, and she has never thought about sowing discord between Song Yi Ran and Chu Ting.

But before Lin Ke Song could offer gentle encouragement, Chu Ting could no longer hold back.

"With all due respect, Ke Song. I don't mind that you and Song Yi Ran are friends. Yi Ran who was born with a silver spoon might have been able to find a sense of accomplishment while with you, so he is closer to you, that I can understand. But maybe his many considerate actions have given you some meaningless thoughts, this has no advantage to you and will also cause him worries."

Lin Ke Song has totally collapsed from laughing in her heart. So it seems that Song Yi Ran has found a 'sense of accomplishment' with her?

Then her calling him a social loafer, a brainless rich second generationer, excessive residual male, having so many girlfriends that if he's not careful he'd get some kind of incurable disease, is still able to allow Song Yi Ran to find a sense of accomplishment? As expected, the hole in his brain is quite big!

"Chu Ting, with all due respect too. The most taboo thing in a relationship is suspicion. I've already known Song Yi Ran for ten years. Three years in junior high, three years in high school, four years in college, if we really had anything between us, we'd have been in a relationship long ago. He treats me as a scapegoat, a venting bucket, and a punching bag, I know all his secrets. If I wanted to be with him, I would've already done something way earlier. Don't you think so?"

The corners of Chu Ting's mouth stiffened.

Lin Ke Song thought to herself, she herself had been having a crush on this

chap for ten years and hadn't confessed, as expected she has perseverance.

Ten years to be 'teenage mutant ninja turtles', if there were another ten years, Lin Ke Song would probably gain enlightenment!

Staying friends, that is the safest distance.

Wasn't there a saying that went, 'women are like clothes, bros are like arms'. Actually, she feels really happy that Song Yi Ran treats her as a bro.

She is his hands and feet, how heartless does he have to be to cut off his hands and feet?

Lin Ke Song touched her cup to Chu Ting's.

"I wish you guys harmony for a hundred years, and hope you guys give birth soon ah!" Lin Ke Song said half-jokingly, hoping to warm up the awkward atmosphere.

At this moment, the door opened and Song Yi Ran walked in.

"Who and whom are giving birth early ah?"

"Who else is there?" Lin Ke Song questioned back with a smile.

Chu Ting also put on an embarrassed smile and said: "It's nothing, Ke Song was kidding with me!"

Afterwards, Chu Ting's attitude towards Lin Ke Song was a whole lot better, and there were a lot fewer dark hidden meanings behind her words too.

At the same time, in the most luxurious VIP halls, Jiang Qian Fan was seated at the table with a cold and stern expression that made everyone who was present not know what to say.

04

Or two?

1000 USD = fees for a one day tour?

He has a face that makes people unable to look away.

His features seemed like they were carved with utmost care and carried an air of elegance. Whether it was the height of his brow bone or the curves of the corners of his eyes, they were all perfectly placed.

And his eyes were black as obsidian, which you knew couldn't see, but yet had a profound deepness.

All anyone had to do was have his eyes in sight and you'd have the illusion of being seen through.

“That, Mr Jiang..... our chef will be serving his signature dishes successively, I hope you'd taste the dishes and offer your professional opinion.”

Jiang Qian Fan turned his head slightly and spoke to the special assistant at the side: “Li Yan, describe the dining environment of Lang Hua Restaurant.”

Li Yan leaned slightly towards Jiang Qian Fan, using an objective tone described: “The décor of the restaurant is of a traditional style that is similar to that of the late Qing Dynasty. All the tables and chairs are made of wood. The scenery is near bridges and flowing water that contributes to the ambience. The VIP hall has famous watercolour ink paintings for decorations. The floors are neat and clean, the tables have no dust and are not oily. The waiters here compared to other restaurants seem to have had more professional training. ”

“The serving speed of the dishes?” Jiang Qian Fan's voice had no fluctuations, which made it impossible to discern whether he was satisfied or not with the description that Li Yan had given.

“When we passed the lobby, two thirds of the visitors were already served their main dishes. The other tables had at least appetisers on their tables.”

“Pour me a cup of tea.” Jiang Qian Fan said faintly.

Chairman Zhao was about to go forward, but assistant Li Yan shook his hands at Chairman Zhao, personally got up, touched the teapot to test the temperature, and poured tea for Jiang Qian Fan.

The way he lifted the teapot was that of well-practiced skilful movements, when the tea filled two thirds of the teacup he lifted the teapot away, not a drop was spilled.

Jiang Qian Fan took a sip of the tea.

As dish after dish was being served, Chairman Zhao explained each dish in great detail, every dish's origins, and the specifics of the process of making the dishes.

And as for each dish, Jiang Qian Fan would take only a single mouth.

His chews were leisurely slow, every swallow would make other people nervously swallow with him.

Everyone helplessly looked at him, hoping that he would just give at least a phrase of comment, for example 'tasty' or 'not tasty'.

Until the sea cucumber soup was sent to the front of him.

Chairman Zhao wanted to add on some comments, but Li Yan shook his head at him.

"Chairman Zhao, actually, as long as Mr Jiang has a taste, he would know which ingredients were used, the manner of cooking, and the abilities of the chef."

"..... oh, no wonder all the industry insiders say that Mr Jiang possesses an 'absolute palate'! So that's how it is ah!"

Jiang Qian Fan scooped up a spoonful of sea cucumber soup, and took a mouthful after blowing it cool.

Not even a second later, he lifted up the teacup and spit the soup out.

"What..... What's the matter? Is there something wrong with the soup?" Chairman Zhao anxiously stood up.

The whole entourage were also very nervous.

“If this were my restaurant, I would not serve this kind of soup to the guests.”

“What?” Chairman Zhao was stunned, he said extremely angrily, ““Who cooked this soup? Call that person here!”

In less than three minutes, a chef who looked about 30 years old pressing onto his hat rushed anxiously in.

Chairman Zhao with a face full of rage accused without explanation: “So it’s you ah! Li De Xin! Your teacher still said you were a good seedling, wanted me to definitely recruit to Lang Hua restaurant! Is this how you repay me? This sea cucumber soup was to be made for Mr Jiang, you dare let Mr Jiang unable to swallow the soup!”

The chef named Li De Xin was completely frozen on the spot.

“From this moment on, you have been fired!”

Li De Xin gripped his fist, like he wanted to explain something, but in the end he swallowed his words.

Right when he was about to take off his hat, the Jiang Qian Fan who had been silent spoke.

The slightly cool voice circulated leisurely around the room like cold red wine.

“Your name is Li De Xin?”

“Yes, Mr Jiang.”

“Through this sea cucumber soup dish, you have exemplified your ability to balance flavours and your ability to grasp control of the fire has reached the point of professional perfection. Your culinary skills are excellent, but there are flaws that no matter how good a chef is, they would be unable to cover up. To be able to use inferior ingredients, to raise the soup’s texture and taste up to this kind of standard, it’s very rare.”

“Mr Jiang? You mean.....” Chairman Zhao did not sense any form of rebuke from Jiang Qian Fan’s words towards Li De Xin, even to the point of praise?

“Chairman Zhao, I guess there is a huge problem in the stock management of your restaurant. Among all the ingredient used, the beef, mutton and duck are not the freshest. Of course, the poorest, most inferior quality is still this sea

cucumber, after it has been air flown to your restaurant, the most appropriate method of refrigeration was not used. All these problems, are definitely not allowed in my restaurant. Clearly, our views on restaurant management are different. So, we are also not the best suited business partners.”

Chairman Zhao was totally stunned silly.

Lang Hua Restaurant has had such an outstanding reputation, countless people come to dine, if they have to always use the day's ingredients, there would be too much pressure, additionally in consideration of the costs, some compromise had to be made.

But chairman Zhao did not think that Jiang Qian Fan could actually taste these out? Isn't this being too picky?

He looked towards Jiang Qian Fan's assistant Li Yan, Li Yan could only shake his head with a helpless expression.

At that moment, Jiang Qian Fan had already stood up, straighten his cane and walked towards the exit.

When he passed Li De Xin, he said: “I have a seafood restaurant in Manhattan. If you'd like to test your skills, you know how to get there. There, you will get the freshest ingredients.”

Finished with his words, Jiang Qian Fan walked out, assistant Li Yan hurriedly catching up.

Li De Xin was in total disbelief of what he had just heard.

Jiang Qian Fan is a legend in the Chinese food industry, not only because he became a three Michelin star chef in New York at the age of 18, but even more so because under his management, of the 20 restaurants opened by the Jiang co. in the united states, already six of them had received 2 Michelin stars, three restaurants had received three Michelin stars for three consecutive years, and that seafood restaurant in Manhattan was one of them.

When Li De Xin heard that Chairman Zhao wanted to fire him, he thought that it was the end of his career as a chef. After leaving Lang Hua Restaurant, he's afraid that it would be very difficult to gain a foothold in another restaurant, but Jiang Qian Fan personally extended an olive branch to him?

To Lin Ke Song, this meal ended on a pretty harmonious note.

Before leaving, Song Yi Ran asked whether Lin Ke Song needed a lift home. Lin Ke Song shook her head, saying that she wanted to buy something from the mall.

She has no interest in playing gooseberry.

Song Yi Ran was not in a rush to leave, continuing to stand in front of the restaurant's entrance chatting with Lin Ke Song.

“Hey, about the sea cucumber soup today, what part of it was not tasty?”

“..... Actually, my mom cooked sea cucumber soup before too, I thought it was freshly delicious. But about the sea cucumber soup today, kept feeling it was not fresh.”

At this time, among a crowd, Jiang Qian Fan and his assistant walked out.

And they heard what Lin Ke Song said.

Jiang Qian Fan's steps paused slightly and looked towards Lin Ke Song's direction.

Li Yan turned towards Chairman Zhao who was chasing them and said: “Even your customers are able to taste that there is something wrong with the sea cucumber soup. Chairman Zhao, we are very disappointed with Lang Hua Restaurant.”

Finished with his words, Li Yan brought Jiang Qian Fan to the car and rode away speedily.

When Chairman Zhao turned to throw a raging tantrum like oil being poured on fire at Lin Ke Song, he realised that she had already walked away long ago.

Lin Ke Song carried her bag, actually, she didn't really want to go to the mall, she just didn't want to see Song Yi Ran and Chu Ting being lovey dovey.

In the Bentley that was going the opposite direction, the Jiang Qian Fan who had been consistently silent suddenly spoke up: “Where is the person who was standing at the entrance of Lang Hua Restaurant, the one who could taste the staleness of the sea cucumber soup?”

Li Yan hurriedly looked backwards: “She is walking alone on the pavement, it

seems like she is going to take the subway.”

“I have to ask her something.”

Li Yan was stunned for a moment, immediately, he asked the driver to do a U-turn, to catch up with the girl.

So, about ten plus seconds later, a black Bentley stopped arrogantly next to Lin Ke Song, giving Lin Ke Song a big fright.

She leaned over a little. She realised that the situation wasn't exactly good just now, so she had left the scene in two to three steps. It can't be that the Chairman Zhao has sent some people to beat her up right?

“Was it you who could taste that Lang Hua restaurant's sea cucumber soup wasn't fresh?”

Jiang Qian Fan's voice was icy cold.

Lin Ke Song could not hear a thread of fluctuation in the emotions.

She even wanted to check whether he was breathing, is this chap even alive? Or is he a vampire?

“That's what I felt. I think I do have the right to express my opinion right? Anyway, I didn't post anything on the internet to affect Lang Hua Restaurant's reputation!”

Lin Ke Song hopes that she is making herself look tough. If she had known earlier, she wouldn't have declined Song Yi Ran's invitation to give her a lift.

“You've misunderstood, Miss. Mr Jiang has the same thoughts as you. Because the chef was highly skilled, the staleness of the sea cucumber was handle very well. But you were still able to taste the staleness, that means your sense of taste is not bad.” The Li Yan who was sitting beside Jiang Qian Fan gently explained.

Lin Ke Song silently let out a sigh of relief. As long as it's not people from Lang Hua Restaurant looking for trouble, it's fine.

“Are you from around here?” Jiang Qian Fan spoke again.

His every question sounded like a declaration to Lin Ke Song, slightly putting

pressure on her nerves.

“Yes.”

“Are you familiar with the local snacks?”

After Jiang Qian Fan finished asking, Li Yan beside him let out an expression of surprise.

“I’ll pay you 1000 USD to be my tour guide for the day to bring me around to try the food. If among the foods, any one of them makes me think it’s delicious, I’ll give you another 500 USD as reward. ”

“What?” Lin Ke Song wonders if she’s hearing hallucinations.

Just bring him around to eat and drink for a day would earn her 1000 USD?
This chap doesn’t have a problem right?

05

Granny Wang's stir fried liver

“If you not willing to, forget it.”

When Jiang Qian Fan was about to turn around to return to the car, Lin Ke Song grabbed his arm quick as quick as a fire arrow: “Willing! Willing! 1000USD is in cash or cheque or transfer!”

As the sentence was shouted out, she suddenly felt the she had lowered her not very proud head in the first place in front of money, revealing the dog like nature of slavery that Song Yi Ran used spicy lobsters to enslave her.

But it's 1000USD ah! When converted is more than 6000 renminbi!

If she were to really go to New York, she would definitely have to bring some capital over ah!

One day and 1000USD earned, it's only bringing around Mr Iceberg who has eyes that can't be used to eat and drink only, legitimate income from labour, why would she not want it?

But Jiang Qian Fan creased his brows, and strongly pulled his arm back.

Crap..... was she in too much of a hurry, and had angered the boss?

“This Miss, Mr Jiang does not like others to touch him,” assistant Li Yan reminded.

Lin Ke Song hastily withdrew her hand.

“Additionally, Mr Jiang is a very important figure in the Chinese cuisine industry. Especially his sense of taste. So I hope you won't bring him around to eat things that will affect his health or to places with dirty environments.”

Li Yan's insinuation was extremely obvious.

All of a sudden, Lin Ke Song did not know what to say. Jiang Qian Fan said he wanted to eat something unique, but at the same time those specialities and snacks most probably won't be able to meet Li Yan's requirements ah.

At this time, Jiang Qian Fan straightened his cane.

That movement was extremely elegant, like an ancient swordsman drawing his sword calmly and sharply.

He extended the other end of the cane to Lin Ke Song, indicating that she should hold on to it, and said: "Let's make a move."

"Mr Jiang, Why won't you take the car?"

"There's no need. If we took the car, we wouldn't be able to get anywhere."

"But..... Mr Jiang.....you aren't used to riding taxis ah!"

Li Yan doesn't dare to touch Jiang Qian Fan, but he kept a hold on Lin Ke Song who was leading the way, putting Lin Ke Song in a dilemma.

It seems like this 1000USD is not going to be easy to earn.

And, why would he not be used to riding taxis?

Jiang Qian Fan was silent, not saying a word.

Li Yan could only say to Lin Ke Song: "Where ever you ride the taxi to, you must remember to open the door for Mr Jiang.

Mr Jiang will not touch things that many people have touched before. Also remember, you have to guard the doorframe, you must not let Mr Jiang hurt himself. You have to cushion the seats, Mr Jiang will not sit where many people have sat before! After you sit, you have to wind the windows down, to let the air ventilate! Mr Jiang does not like smoke smells or other odours!"

Lin Ke Song could not restrain her face from showing black lines.

Honestly, this Mr Jiang is not only blind, but he is an obsessive clean freak!

Didn't the saying go, out of sight, out of mind?

What is he so obsessive for?

At this point, Jiang Qian Fan finally speaks.

"I will not ride the subway, public transport or taxi."

Lin Ke Song could only look at the Bentley with shiny eyes, heartily recommending to go by car ba.

But the next sentence spoken by Jiang Qian Fan made Lin Ke Song totally speechless.

“Do you know how to ride a bicycle?”

“Known how to since I was six.”

“Li Yan, go buy a bicycle first. Let her bring me around on a bicycle.”

Lin Ke Song was stunned silly, “What?”

It's not that she has never had others ride pillion before. Once on a school's bike outing, young master Song Yi Ran got ill, and she could only as an ordinary modern woman have him ride pillion for more than two hours, causing her back aches the next day, especially for her legs where she could only lumber around.

“That's too dangerous!” Li Yan opposed again.

“You are my assistant, your job is to satisfy my demands and not constantly oppose my decisions.”

Jiang Qian Fan's voice was cold.

Li Yan's expression did not look good.

“Yes, Mr Jiang.”

Lin Ke Song awkwardly held on to the other end of Jiang Qian Fan's cane while standing on the road.

Many passers-by could not help taking a second look at them. After all, Jiang Qian Fan has such an outstanding appearance with an alienated disposition, and Lin Ke Song feels like she is strolling with a handsome guy..... Ah, it's strolling with an iceberg guy.

Li Yan was more efficient than Lin Ke Song expected. In less than 15 minutes, he bought a bicycle.

Lin Ke Song glanced at the price tag stuck on the bike and almost got a fright, it was as much as two months of her internship salary!

Furthermore, they set out Jiang Qian Fan's personal utensils, paper towels, *etc.* in the front basket.

Li Yan also took a picture of Lin Ke Song's identification, indicating that if

something were to happen to Mr Jiang, he would report her to the police.

To have matters come to this point, Lin Ke Song suddenly felt like she doesn't want to do this kind of work anymore.

As expected, the heavens will not drop free pies.....

Lin Ke Song held on to the bicycle, bit the bullet and said: "You may get on, Mr Jiang."

"En."

Once Jiang Qian Fan was on, Lin Ke Song bit her teeth and pedalled off.

Good thing Song Yi Ran gave her practice, otherwise, how would she be able to have a visually estimated 1.85m big guy ride pillion and while riding look heroically and evilly cool? Wrong..... it's heroically and windily cool.

"What's your name?" Jiang Qian Fan asked from the back.

"Lin Ke Song." Lin Ke Song took a deep breath, the golden master behind has to be treated with care ah, "Mr Jiang do you have any preference for snacks?"

"As long as they are unavailable at fine dining restaurants, it's fine."

With this type of icy cold voice coming from the back, Lin Ke Song feels that her sweaty back from pedalling has chilled in an instant.

Lin Ke Song searched her mind fleetingly quick.

The bike has left the main road, and is heading to some smaller streets.

"Mr Jiang, since it's some commoner's snack, then they definitely won't be as particular as Lang Hua Restaurant. We're only eating for flavour, so we can't expect quality. "

Lin Ke Song had to give Mr Jiang a preventive caution first. It's okay if the food doesn't suit his palate, but if he showed that he was unsatisfied or unhappy on the spot, imagine how awkward the situation would be ah!

"En."

"That..... the place I've picked is what I think is considered one of the cleaner ones. I've eaten here for 20 plus years and I've not had an upset stomach from here before."

“En.”

“It’s just that they are all either roadside stalls or some little shop in the alleys, some shops are even just opposite homes.”

“En.”

Lin Ke Song suddenly feels that she is at a loss for words.

My dear brother, apart from “En”, do you know how to say anything else?

They both ride pillion, but Lin Ke Song suddenly feels that compared to this Mr Jiang, Song Yi Ran is a “moe moe pie”!

“Mr Jiang, may I know what you’re called ah?” Lin Ke Song feels that if she doesn’t even know what the person behind her is named, then she has really let her father down.

“Jiang Qian Fan.”

That was the answer, three words. For example which “Qian”, which “Fan”, there wasn’t even any extra explanation.

Until a few seconds later, Lin Ke Song finally realises that the other party’s name might just be that “Jiang Qian Fan”.

Rivers (Jiang) pass east, as sails (Qian Fan) would too.

This name sounds like the person would have possibilities of changes for the melancholy. But the owner of the name was so indifferent that others have no idea how to get along with him.

Lin Ke Song rode the bike in boredom, and finally reached a roadside stall, an old granny was tending to the mouth of the pot, slowly stirring.

A few foldable tables in front, there were a few young guys and girls slowly eating something, chatting and laughing together.

The air was filled with an aroma that made people salivate unconsciously, Lin Ke Song hadn’t even stopped the bike, and she couldn’t resist swallowing.

She touched a foot to the ground and said: “Mr Jiang, we are here. Granny Wang’s stir fried liver is what I’ve eaten since I was little till adulthood.”

Jiang Qian Fan alighted, and Lin Ke Song realised then that Li Yan had bought a

bike, but he had forgotten to get a lock!

She could only make do with having the bike lean on one side, put a napkin on a foldable chair, invite Jiang Qian Fan to sit down then cover his ear and whisper into his ears: “Because this is a roadside stall, so the bowls and chopsticks are roughly washed then put in boiling water and considered already disinfected. You don’t mind right?”

Jiang Qian Fan moved his face away, obviously unhappy that Lin Ke Song was too close.

“It’s already not bad that they are able to do so.”

Lin Ke Song happily went to look for Granny Wang to order stir fried liver. Even Song Yi Ran with that cunning mouth would shamelessly ask her to pack Granny Wang’s stir fried liver and bring it to school for him. She doesn’t believe that this Mr Jiang would think that Granny Wang’s stir fried liver is not tasty!

Lin Ke Song received the stir fried liver from Granny Wang, and slowly and carefully put it in front of Jiang Qian Fan, “Mr Jiang, it’s a little scalding, be careful.”

She put the spoon at the edge of the bowl, and had actually wanted to guide Jiang Qian Fan’s hand to the spoon, but she remembered that Li Yan said that he did not like others to touch him, so all she could do was to sit quietly at the side.

Jiang Qian Fan bend his head down, the warm steam floated up, carrying along the rich aroma of the stir fried liver.

His eyelashes were very long, his nose bridge high. Under this kind of warm air, his original cold features were softened.

Lin Ke Song felt a great sense of pity. If he could see, he would probably be in accordance to the fantasises of girls of cool tyrant president This is her first time that she has seen someone whose appearance is comparable to that player Song Yi Ran.

When Jiang Qian Fan ate, his movements were restrained and elegant, slow but didn’t give off a pretentious and feminine feel.

On the contrary, Lin Ke Song has to admit, it is really pleasant to the eyes.

When his lips separated, you could catch a glimpse of the tip of his tongue, the moment it touched the spoon, this guy who had a look of indifference gave off an aura of sultry sensuality.

It's just that he only had a bite and he put the spoon down.


“What's the matter? Is it because it tastes bad?”

“Just based on the ingredients, the pig's liver is very fresh, and the pig's intestine was handled very cleanly. After heating the oil, star anise and fennel are added, followed by raw garlic. After frying till golden brown, a suitable amount of bean paste was added, followed by stewed mushroom soup. After merging together, the gravy thickened. Internal organs are originally ingredients that are very difficult to handle, yet this plate of stir fried liver managed to extract the freshest, most delicious flavours from the pig's intestine and liver.”

“So you think that it's delicious?” Lin Ke Song's eyes lit up.

She remembered that Jiang Qian Fan had said before, if she brought him to try foods and he felt that any were delicious, apart from the 1000USD tour fees, there would be an additional 500USD reward!

“For an ordinary roadside stall to be able to make it to this standard, it is indeed rare. But it's far from delicious.”

Lin Ke Song . Where is it not delicious? How is it not delicious la? Why is it not delicious la?

This is totally insulting to Granny Wang's craft of decades ah!



炒肝儿, stir fried liver. Delicious.

Capitalists = being cast away

“Too many mushrooms were used for the mushroom soup. Using a right amount of mushroom soup would enhance the flavours of the pig’s liver and intestines, but if too many were used, it would conceal the essence of this dish.”

After his comment, Jiang Qian Fan was already ready to stand up.

Lin Ke Song looked at the bowl of barely touched stir fried liver, and had a heart ache to death. Every time she packed a packet of stir fried liver to the gluttonous cats at the dorm room, they couldn’t help licking the remnants of the packet. But Jiang Qian Fan only had a single bite, and still had a tone of criticism.

Lin Ke Song did not want Granny Wang to see that was still so much left, so she hurriedly picked up the spoon that Jiang Qian Fan had just used and gobbled down half the bowl in two or three mouthfuls, almost scalding the roof of her mouth.

But Jiang Qian Fan knocked his cane on the surface of the table, and murmured: “Let’s go. To the next place.”

Lin Ke Song randomly wiped her mouth, and thought to herself even if Granny Wang’s stir fried liver doesn’t suit your taste, in such a big city, there has to be a dish that will suit your taste ba!

After holding the bicycle steady, Jiang Qian Fan got on it, and Lin Ke Song thought about the next place to go.

Gradually, they came to an alley. The stone paths under the wheels were no longer whole and neat anymore, couldn’t help being bumpy.

Lin Ke Song waddled a few times. She thought the Mr Jiang sitting behind her would at least grab onto her or at least hold on to the seat, but to the end, he calmly stayed seated with his arms rested on his thighs.

This made Lin Ke Song feel cheeky.

She purposely made “Ahya ahya” sounds, twisting the bicycle as she rode

forward.

But disappointedly, logically, a blind person's sense of balance shouldn't be that good, but Jiang Qian Fan was consistently sitting behind her as steady as Taishan mountain, not a single gasp escaped from him.

"My hearing is very fine, Miss Lin. There are very few people on this road, although the road is not flat but with your capabilities you have the ability to keep your balance."

Jiang Qian Fan's cold voice sounded from the back.

Lin Ke Song's single heart suddenly sank down.

She had only wanted to play a little joke on him, the "tour guide fees" won't be docked right?

"That..... I felt that the atmosphere was a little cold, only wanted to make it livelier.....hehe....."

She had done the same thing to Song Yi Ran before, that chap would shamelessly say what "if die, we die together", then the both of them would laugh heartily.

But when the one riding pillion is changed to Jiang Qian Fan, it might turn to her really seeking death.

"The relationship between us is purely employer and employee, there is no need to make the atmosphere livelier."

Jiang Qian Fan's voice was as monotonous as a robot's with no fluctuations, carrying a cool metallic tone.

Lin Ke Song found that she was actually speechless.

While riding the bicycle, she wondered, just what kind of environment did this Mr Jiang live in. Doesn't he even understand this basic code of conduct? Even if it's an employer and employee relationship, she rode the bicycle so zealously with him riding pillion all over the big streets and little alleys, doesn't she even have the right to say a few sentences of jokes?

Seeing at him ride in such a luxurious car to Lang Hua Restaurant, have the restaurant's chairman personally welcome him, and even have that whatever

assistant Li Yan be so concerned to death about him say that he is a whatever important figure — — most probably a capitalist ba!

All capitalists need to be casted away!

When they reached the end of the alley, at the intersection of the street, Lin Ke Song stopped.

The smell of marinated fried soy on a pan floated by, with a rich soy sauce aroma, Lin Ke Song subconsciously licked her lips.

“Mr Jiang, we’re here. Try the tripe here. Foreigners usually like to go to some famous snack street or business district to have tripe. But those are gimmicks, rather it’s these kind of alleys or streets that make more authentic tripe.”

Apart from recommendations, Lin Ke Song does not feel like saying anything more to him.

As usual, before Jiang Qian Fan sat down, she would first use a napkin to wipe his seat clean, wipe the surface of the tables till there was not a single sign of oil shine.

Lin Ke Song thought in her heart, she hasn’t even gone to her uncle’s yet, and she’s already being a waitress.....

As she bent her body forward, she smelled a refreshing scent coming from Jiang Qian Fan.

It wasn’t the scent of men’s cologne, but of a more natural flavour, like that of a shower gel.

Lin Ke Song couldn’t help getting closer, because in the surrounding rich aromatic smelling cloud of tripe, Jiang Qian Fan’s bodily scent was inexplicably pleasant, and even carried a thread of warmth.

Without her noticing, the tips of hair at the top of her tilted head had swept past Jiang Qian Fan’s chin.

“Are you thinking of showing me friendly gestures?”

The other party’s voice was like a pan of cold water splashing on her from the head down, making Lin Ke Song quickly return to reality.

“Ah, no no! It’s because the edge of the table was a little dirty.”

“But you weren’t cleaning the edges of the table.”

Jiang Qian Fan ruthlessly exposed Lin Ke Song’s lies.

Lin Ke Song was once again speechless.

1000USD for a day’s worth of tour fees, definitely expects the tour guide to have a strong heart.

She remembered Song Yi Ran’s shamelessness, and suddenly pulled on a smiling face: “The scent from Mr Jiang’s body was really good bey. I was just a little curious. Don’t mind me, I didn’t actually touch you.”

Jiang Qian Fan did not open his mouth to speak, this let Lin Ke Song let out a breath.

Because she felt that the moment Jiang Qian Fan opened his mouth, there would definitely be an effect of a cutting blade.

Lin Ke Song ordered a portion of tripe, and silently prayed in her heart that this dish that did not let her feel a little sick of for ten plus years, would let Jiang Qian Fan say a praise of “delicious”.

Lin Ke Song knew that this particular shop wasn’t that particular about the cleanliness and hygiene of the utensils, so she took out the utensils that Li Yan had prepared for Jiang Qian Fan, scooped some tripe and put it in front of Jiang Qian Fan.

This kind of aroma could stimulate saliva secretion better than Granny Wang’s stir fried liver, if it were not due to eating too much at Lang Hua restaurant, and consuming a few large mouthfuls of stir fried liver, for this plate of tripe, Lin Ke Song would only need a minute to cleanly sweep up the whole plate.

Jiang Qian Fan picked up the chopsticks. His slender fingers had a unique beauty, as if anything that were picked by his hands would suddenly become wonderful.

He picked up a piece of tripe, and held it in front of his nose for a short moment, then he sent it into his mouth.

Lin Ke Song’s heart hung in anticipation.

Will he find it delicious? After riding such a big bike all the way to this place, it should be worth it ba?

At that moment, Lin Ke Song subconsciously widened her eyes and stared at Jiang Qian Fan's lips. In the second his lips slightly parted, and gently touched the tip of the food, she suddenly felt like there was something that had ruptured at her ear.

There was no sense of enthusiasm from the attitude of this male when he ate.

But why the moment the food was sent past his lips, Lin Ke Song could feel a sense of dedication and purity?

Is it really because for faces that look pretty, they can be forgiven even if the words are icy cold ?

She silently waited for this male to take a second bite, but he still put his chopsticks down.

“What’s wrong? Is it not good?” Lin Ke Song started to get nervous.

She has great confidence towards Lin's tripe. She has been living in this city for such a long time, only Lin's tripe was perfect.

“It isn't bad. But also can't be considered delicious.”

“.....”

Lin Ke Song was suddenly depressed, only not bad? Then what has she been eating these 20 years?

She can totally confirm now, Song Yi Ran that jerk is easier to serve than this person.

“Why do you think it's not delicious?”

Lin Ke Song feels that even if she dies she still has to know why.....

“This tripe, based on taste only, compared to other professional chefs is no less inferior. The sauce mixed and blended sesame paste, rose fermented bean curd, chives, soy sauce, sugar, sesame oil, chives, parsley, and green onion together. The degree of saltiness is appropriate.”

There's no problem with the sauce, then maybe the problem lies with the

tripe?

“The water that was used to scald the tripe also had Sichuan peppercorn and onions added, for the sake of removing the stink of the tripe. This was very thoughtful, and done well.”

Then what is wrong? Just what are you not satisfied with ah?

“But the chilli oil that was drizzled over the tripe, because the fire was too strong, let the chilli blacken, and combined with the peppercorns, formed a bitter taste.”

His voice was cold and calm, like a guideline, like an insurmountable boundary.

All doubts and dispute have no chance of surfacing in front of him.

“How can it be!”

Lin Ke Song picked up the pair of chopsticks, grabbed a piece and sent it into her mouth, using all her energy and concentration to taste in detail, but she only felt that it was delicious.

But gradually, she too tasted the slightly bitter flavour, that taste of chilli and peppercorn being over fried.

But how would an ordinary person be able to taste that subtle bitter taste? It's to the point that if you don't concentrate on picking the flavour out, you wouldn't be able to taste it ah! Are you sure this isn't being too picky?

Lin Ke Song lifted her gaze to Jiang Qian Fan, and suddenly wondered, how is this chap's tongue configured? This subtle taste and all he needs is one mouth to be aware of it?

“Let's go ba.” Jiang Qian Fan stood up, adjusting his collar.

“Wait..... your cutlery.....”

“You used it before, I'll not use it again.”

Jiang Qian Fan took out his cane, tested out the path, not caring about Lin Ke Song and walked off like that.

Lin Ke Song took a look at the plate of tripe, and prayed in her heart that the owner would not bear a grudge against her for being so wasteful.

Lin Ke Song sighed, resigning to her fate, and went to catch up to Jiang Qian Fan.

She is a little suspicious, is there any food in this world that exists that would make him feel that it's delicious?

Good thing the stalls that Lin Ke Song frequents are not too far apart, otherwise in this big city, just depending on her two legs riding the bike, with a male weighing about 100 jin*, she would have crumbled from exhaustion.

She brought Jiang Qian Fan to try Xu's sweet peas pudding, Jiang Qian Fan only had a bite, commented that it had a good texture, but was too sweet.

Then they tasted the tea soup under the bridge, Jiang Qian Fan still only had a bite, the comment was that it had a delicate texture, and the thickness of the soup was appropriate, but the Osmanthus used in the Osmanthus brine was not fresh enough.

Lin Ke Song did not want to speak anymore, and only said "get on ba", then rode the bicycle into the alley.

In the end, the steamed rice cakes with sweet stuffing, cold pot fish and fried sauce noodles were as Lin Ke Song expected, shot down by Jiang Qian with one sentence.

The sky gradually got darker, originally the 1000USD tour fees made Lin Ke Song feel that she should provide the other party with comprehensive, professional, at the beck and call, painstaking service, but her patience was quickly being spent, and she hadn't even collected a deposit!

She had the urge to point at Jiang Qian Fan's brain and ask: let me say brother, so many dishes, many of them cooked with decades of inherited traditional skills, why when they reach you, are they only worth you having one mouth? Might as well call yourself Jiang Yi Kou (One mouth river) already!



爆肚(exploded stomach), tripe. Might look gross, but it's delicious. Omg, it's so good.

*100 jin = 50kg

07

Hand phone thief = Bald head

But still the person continued sitting on the back seat sat leisurely, that poker face didn't even change.

“Do you have any more places to go?”

The tone Jiang Qian Fan had was not of doubt, but it was a statement.

With this question, Lin Ke Song felt a gaseous fire ball surge from her chest straight to her brain. Really feel like throwing the bike away and shoving him into a sack then trampling him into the crevices.

Ah, right, this chap is blind. Don't even need a sack. A pity the ghost of his assistant took a picture of her ID.

I'm not angry.

I'm not angry.

I'm really not angry.

She even tolerated Song Yi Ran that brainless young master for 10 years, Jiang Qian Fan is only one blind man!

Other people are blind, if they want to be erratic, then be more erratic ba!

“Of course there is. This city is so huge, it's not so easy to eat all the dishes!”

Lin Ke Song remembered that there was a place where the deep fried ginger slices were not bad, of course, she knew it would definitely not be good enough for Jiang Qian Fan's tongue. But she agreed to be his tour guide to taste dishes for a day, as long as time allows them, she will do her best to bring him to all the places that he can eat.

It's just that Lin Ke Song has already become like shrunken eggplants (discouraged, no energy), with her head bowed, with totally no sign of the ambition she had at the start.

The air suddenly had a pungent smell, unknowingly, she had already arrived at

the entrance of her junior high school. At the corner of Lin Ke Song's eye, there was a deep fried smelly tofu stall. She sudden thought of the scene when she ate smelly tofu in front of Song Yi Ran for the first time.

She herself was eating with relish, but that chap was holding his head with a gagging expression.

Lin Ke Song smirked, she was feeling cheeky again.

"Hey, I say, we're here. Try the smelly tofu here!"

"The smelly tofu doesn't seem to be the signature dish here." Jiang Qian Fan's eyebrows corrugated slightly.

Lin Ke Song thought in her heart, now there'll be a show to watch. Grand aunt here will wait for you to vomit.

"This you don't know, of the whole city's high school, who doesn't know this smelly tofu stand? Do you know how many students ride their bicycles here to buy smelly tofu after getting off class? It's not I who said it, but your luck is simply too good. The student crowd has dispersed, there's no need to queue, so good!"

"I'm not eating smelly tofu." Jiang Qian Fan's voice was icy cold, carrying a tone of command.

Lin Ke Song from the start had no intent to persuade him to eat smelly tofu.

To make someone sick, you don't necessarily have to make the person consume the sickening food.

"That's alright, I'll bring you to eat deep fried ginger slices later. It wasn't easy passing by my old junior high school, you let me satisfy my craving ah!"

"You are wasting my time. I paying you 1000USD a day for tour guide fees doesn't include time used to wait for you to eat."

Jiang Qian Fan's voice sounded like it came from a robot, every word so precise it could rival a newscaster's, especially that icy tone, was exceptionally asking for a beating.

Lin Ke Song blinked her eyes, he's even so calculative about just a minute of eating smelly tofu.

As expected, a capitalist is a capitalist!

Squeezing every last bit of value from the labourers.

Lin Ke Song really wanted to lecture him, but Jiang Qian Fan's "waste of time argument" although was simple, had much logic, in that moment, Lin Ke Song had no idea what she should say.

At this time, a person carrying a bag pack, wearing a hat walked pass the both of them, bumped into Jiang Qian Fan, lowered his head and murmured a "sorry", then quickly left.

Lin Ke Song was still looking at Jiang Qian Fan when he suddenly spoke: "The person who had just bumped into me stole my hand phone."

"Ah..... what?"

The topic was changed too suddenly, Lin Ke Song couldn't find the connection between smelly tofu and hand phone.

Two seconds later, Lin Ke Song suddenly realised something, and looked towards the back pack carrying guy gradually blending with the crowd.

"Stay right here and wait for me! Don't go anywhere! I'll go get your phone!"

After saying so, Lin Ke Song u-turned, pedalled strongly, and chased after the guy.

In this whole life of hers the thing she hates most are the third hands (pickpockets)!

Got hands and feet, got the ability to pickpocket a phone then why don't you get a proper job!

Needless to say, during this year's New Year, she went with her parents to see the fireworks show. After the performance ended, her hand phone had flown away!

Lin Ke Song did not yell aloud to "catch the thief" but simmered the surging urge and rushed forward.

When she was about to get to the front of the other party, that rascal suddenly turned around and noticed Lin Ke Song, and immediately started

running madly.

Your two legs are able to outrun my two wheels!

Lin Ke Song bravely chased the guy, the passers-by one after another giving way.

At this time, she started yelling: “Catch the hand phone thief! Catch the hand phone thief! The thief wearing the black leather bag! Everyone help catch him!”

That guy resolutely took off his bag and randomly threw it onto a mailbox at the side.

Lin Ke Song continued yelling: “Catch the hand phone thief! The one wearing the brown beanie!”

That guy stripped off his beanie and stuffed it into his pockets, two or three strands of hair on his forehead swaying back and forth in the wind.

“Hand phone thief! That bald head! Everyone help out!”

Bet you can't suddenly grow hair out!

Two kind hearted uncles held onto the bald head, Lin Ke Song was about to go forward to say thanks, but who knew those two uncles moved the bald head thief behind them.

“I say, this little girl, you said other people stole your hand phone? What is your hand phone like? Can you describe it?”

“It's my friend's phone, I didn't see it clearly.” Lin Ke Song panted.

“Young lady, that's where you are wrong. You clamoured to catch the hand phone thief, but you don't even know what the phone looks like, then you can't differentiate if the phone he has was stolen from you, or was originally his!”

Lin Ke Song finally understood, this few people were in cahoots! But Lin Ke Song isn't easy bait!

During her university days, Song Yi Ran suddenly went bonkers and wanted to learn taekwondo, and had pulled her along. In the end, the chap fished for three days and sunned the net for two (no perseverance) and sat at the side sipping fruit juice, flirting with hot chicks, Lin Ke Song ended up learning a few tricks. In

the end Song Yi Ran's conclusion was: Lin Ke Song was not only his bro, but also his bodyguard!

Lin Ke Song has some confidence in beating the bald head, but with the added two chaps.....she won't overestimate herself.

The passers-by all looked at her with pity.

That bald head smiled a smile, turned and walked into a small alley.

Lin Ke Song won't fight fights that she knows she will lose, just don't believe you won't have a time when you are alone!

She turned the bike around like she was going off, but actually went around to the other end of the alley, patiently waited for the bald head to whistle by. And his companions were still hanging around at the junction of the alley, as if they were wary of Lin Ke Song coming back.

Idiots! Now the far waters can't save the near fire!

Lin Ke Song suddenly sprang out, lifted her leg and kicked the bald head's stomach, the other party almost vomited out.

She grabbed onto his collar, following the momentum, pressed him against the wall, "Where is my phone!"

"You..... you be careful my bros come over....."

Lin Ke Song looked at the other end of the alley through her peripheral vision, those two idiot bros were smoking with their backs to them.

"Why? To wait till your bros look over to see how I bash you up ah!" Lin Ke Song raised her fists, "you believe by the time your bros get over, you'd have become pig's head! Where's the phone!"

"Right..... right here....." baldy was about to touch his pockets.

Lin Ke Song was not that dumb, what if this chap dug a dagger out?

"I'll do it myself!" Lin Ke Song personally retrieved a shiny bright new model phone, it was obvious it wasn't this baldy's style, "is this the phone you stole?"

"Yes..... yes..... I only stole this..... the first one today....."

Lin Ke Song wasn't foolish, she took out her phone and took a picture of the

guy's face, then used a bullying tone and said: "You listen up, if you dare steal phones again, or bring your bros to look for trouble with me, I'll send your photo to the bureau of security!"

"Don't ah! Grand aunt! I won't steal anymore! Won't steal anymore!"

Lin Ke Song hmped and glanced at the entrance of the alley, then raised her arm and looked at the time, there was a cctv camera, just nice it can be used to testify that she was chasing the thief but was ganged up against by the thief and his bros. she doesn't believe that a leopard would change its spots, will definitely pickpocket again. She'll go report to the police later.

Turning around, she pedalled the bike, and Lin Ke Song went back to the school's entrance to look for Jiang Qian Fan.

While riding, she thought about her heroic actions.

Aiya..... the brave one beating up hand phone thieves or whatever, isn't that what a guy should do?

Like this, she isn't gentle like a bird depending on others.

If Chu Ting met with the same situation, she would have long been at the side screaming sharply for Song Yi Ran to get her phone back.

Ah..... no, Song Yi Ran that slave would not go after the phone, he would only say: It's alright, just buy another.....

Furthermore, she was really lucky this time. If the companions were together with bald head, she would have never been able to get the phone back. And if they had noticed her, and rushed back, she herself would have only been able to ride for her life.

Ai, she shouldn't have been so impulsive to get the phone back. Should have brought Jiang Qian Fan to report to the police.

Lin Ke Song was thinking about Jiang Qian Fan sitting at the police station when the front wheel hit a small stone, the wheel tilted, and Lin Ke Song crashed downwards off the bike.

The wheels of the bike continued spinning.

Lin Ke Song's mouth was twisted to the side. The palms of her hands were

burning like fire, lifting them to take a look, a large area of her palms were scraped. She looked up and sighed, strongly stood up, retrieved a napkin and pressed it to the pads of her palms.

When she reached the school's gate, it was already 8.30.

The smelly tofu stand was closing shop. Jiang Qian Fan was nowhere in sight.

Author's note:

Lin Ke Song: I feel that I'm too manly of a woman.....

Fat melon (short form of author's name): You must believe that in this world there is such a person, no matter how manly, how ungentle and careless you are, he will suddenly be attracted to you.

Lin Ke Song: Will there be one?

Jiang Qian Fan: En.

The taste of having a crush = candied haw

Lin Ke Song's heart sank. She didn't even leave for that long ah! Where did he disappear to?

"Boss! That pretty good looking guy, blind guy, he was just standing here, do you know where he went to?"

"Oh, I saw him cross the road, to the other side!"

"He..... crossed the road himself?"

"Yeah."

"Seriously doesn't want his life anymore!" Lin Ke Song hurriedly rode to the other side.

There was a row of stationery shop and whatever other shops opposite. Lin Ke Song searched each shop but still could not find him.

Her back was sweaty with anxiety.

What on earth ah! Didn't she tell him to stay where he was to wait for her! Cross what road by himself! Move around for what!

He's even lost his phone, how to reach him ah!

"Wait right here" doesn't he understand these three words ah!

Lin Ke Song asked all the shops once through, anxiously wondering if she should report to the police, finally, a small shop owner said to her: "The person you're looking for seems to have gone to that whatever Mufeng café!"

Li Ke Song almost knelt in gratitude to the shop owner.

She hurriedly rushed to the café, leaned the bike at the entrance and rushed upstairs in a few steps.

After looking round, she saw a frosty, indifferent and composed as a fridge Mr Jiang sitting near the window.

His always clear and handsome face, intricate to the extent of being unable to

find any flaw in his features, the sunlight slanted, falling on the tip of his nose, surfacing a sense of warmth.

Even with his alienating indifference, it couldn't make people displeased, but gave a sense of mystery.

In front of him was a cup of lemon water.

Jiang Qian Fan picked the cup up, and took a sip, so proper till it was like, in his universe, Lin Ke Song was like air.

That anger of Lin Ke Song ah, was like a rocket about to launch in to the sky.

She sat down in front of Jiang Qian Fan with all her might, suppressing her anger and said: "Didn't I ask you to stay where you were? Why did you end up here?"

Jiang Qian Fan's expression was like he did not think he did anything wrong at all.

"I don't like the smell of smelly tofu."

Lin Ke Song rolled her eyes to heaven, and thought, and I don't like you ah!

"Then what if I can't find you?"

"You will definitely find me."

"Why?"

"For the 1000USD tour guide fees for the day"

Lin Ke Song once again felt like she was stabbed by a knife.

She had worked so hard today, and was still willing to look for him, she really didn't remember the 1000USD tour guide fees for the day.

"Your phone." Lin Ke Song slid his phone across the table.

This chap slowly took a piece of tissue, and wiped the phone. His fingers were very pretty, when he bent his head, it strangely stirred the hearts of others move.

This is the first time Lin Ke Song looked at him from such a close distance.

"Do you want to eat anything from here? Or do you want to eat the deep fried ginger slices?"

Lin Ke Song was quite tired, her voice was a little sickly.

“The coffee here is inferior. Just by smelling the heat, I know that it is bitter and not mellow. The pastry that was served left a faint flour smell, which meant that the pastry was not baked enough. With this kind of standard, I will not eat anything from here.”

Jiang Qian Fan put the phone back into his pocket.

Lin Ke Song pressed her temples, she knew it, this place would not be up to Jiang Qian Fan’s taste. She wanted to throw a tantrum as great as an erupting volcano, but when she caught sight of Jiang Qian Fan’s facial features, she realised that she couldn’t get angry.

He was like the lake between the valleys among the clouds, you can move it as much as you want, but he will always be calm.

“You are angry.” Jiang Qian Fan was still expressionless.

Thank you for knowing that I’m angry.

“I got your phone back with great difficulty. But you weren’t waiting for me at the original spot. If you were me, how’d you feel?”

“I paid you fees for tour guiding, I don’t need you to go after my phone.”

Another stab, right through the heart.

But Lin Ke Song could no longer feel pain.

“Oh, I understand. I won’t chase the next time, let’s go.”

Hope that the moment you get through the door, your phone will be stolen! When you kneel on the floor to get me to get your phone back, I will order lemon water and slowly have a drink!

Lin Ke Song got up, held one end of the cane and brought him down the stairs.

When they reached the bottom of the stairs, Jiang Qian Fan suddenly stopped.

“What’s wrong?”

“You are injured.” Jiang Qian Fan suddenly asked.

Lin Ke Song was thinking can’t you not see? How can you know I’ve scraped my

palms?

“Oh, I fell while I was riding the bike. How did you know?”

Lin Ke Song felt a little wronged. But if it were Song Yi Ran he'll most probably reward her for having her two legs be fine. But this conceited Mr Jiang.....as long as he doesn't give another stab it'll be good.

“I smelled blood.”

Lin Ke Song looked at her palms, he can even smell out this little blood?

She's heard that even though the blind can't see, and the other senses may be more sensitive, but it can't be so sensitive to this standard ba.

“Go to the pharmacy, get it cleaned.”

This was considered the most humane sentence that this chap had said throughout the whole day Lin Ke Song had been with him.

There was a pharmacy nearby, Lin Ke Song bought a bottle of hydrogen peroxide, when she poured it over her palms, her tears swarmed around in her eyes, she caught a glimpse of Jiang Qian Fan at the window.

His expression was distinctive.

The cars lights outside the window flitted past his face row by row, but his eyes never once blinked.

He was obviously a mortal, but he had a condescending aura, like he was not impressed with the things of this earth.

She knows using “pretty” to describe a male is weird.

But the Jiang Qian Fan at that moment, let her have an illusion of indifference and beauty.

Lin Ke Song started imagining, if Jiang Qian Fan could see, what kind of expression would his face hold?

Will it be prouder? Or maybe have a devil-may-care smile like Song Yi Ran?

After pasting the bandage, Lin Ke Song led Jiang Qian Fan on their way.

This city is very crowded, even late at night, there will still be crowds and

noises.

When they reached the deep fried ginger slices shop, the owner was clearing up and getting ready to close shop. Lin Ke Song bought the last portion of deep fried ginger slices.

Jiang Qian Fan bent his head, the night air lifted his hair, the dim light made his profile seem unreal.

As she expected, Jiang Qian Fan had only one bite.

“Appropriate sweetness and sourness, rich fresh ginger flavour. But the smell of the eggs used is too strong, should have used fodder fed chicken eggs rather than eggs from grain fed chicken.”

“But if they used soil eggs, the cost price would be too high for this little stall.”

Lin Ke Song explained.

“En.”

What a rarity, the cold Jiang Qian Fan would agree with her views.

At this time, an aunty carrying candied haws walked by them. The stand had only two sporadic sticks left.

Lin Ke Song felt a sweet and sour taste on her tongue, and almost overflowed with salivation. Her obviously dispirited mood suddenly jumped to joy again.

“You’ve come all the way here, how can you not eat candied haw!”

Lin Ke Song bought only one stick.

Because no matter how delicious she finds a snack, Jiang Qian Fan would only have one mouth.

Lin Ke Song placed the candied haw in front of Jiang Qian Fan, “Be careful, bite sideways, don’t get poked by the bamboo pick.”

Jiang Qian Fan opened his mouth, and Lin Ke Song once again saw the tip of his tongue.

Without knowing why, every time Jiang Qian Fan ate something, as long as she unintentionally sees his tongue, it was like something gently brushing her heart, hooking onto to her thoughts, making the whole world seem like ripples in

waves.

He latched onto the candied haw, did not eat the whole ball but bit down with a “kacha” sound.

The red icing split at his lips, crackling up.

He hadn't held in in his mouth for a second when he raised his eyebrows.

Lin Ke Song saw his expression and laughed in her heart.

“How is it?”

“..... the hawthorn should be peeled, or there'll be too much acidity. The hawthorn fruit's flesh is too sour, the sugar coating too thin, the sweetness and sourness can't be balanced. The quality of the sugar is not good, has too many impurities.”

“So it's not delicious?”

“It's the worst snack among all the foods you have brought me to taste.”

Lin Ke Song smiled, she placed the bicycle at one side of the road, sat on the curb, slowly and leisurely bit into the candied haw. Purposely having a “kacha” sound.

“Have you ever had a crush on someone?” she asked randomly.

Anyway even if he was treated like a god, he wouldn't show a different expression. Why not just do as she likes.

“No.”

The answer was sure and to the point.

His figure looked lonely under the street lights. Lin Ke Song laughed, this is the first time she felt like she was at an advantage in front of Jiang Qian Fan.

At least there are some experience that she has had but he has never felt.

“A crush is like a candied haw. Hugging the person you like is like a sweet coating, but the moment you bite down on it, you will taste the sour and astringent flavours. Especially when you see the person you like always having someone by their side and that “someone” is usually a green tea bitch (women who are ambitious but act innocent), that acidity feels like it's going to emerge

from the eye of the throat. But when you wear jeans, and have a walk with your crush down streets and alleys leisurely, then buy a stick of candied haw. You actually know the sugar coating is too thin, not enough to balance out the acidity. But you still feel that every bead makes you happy, because that person is by your side.”

Jiang Qian Fan stood where he was, not saying a word.

Lin Ke Song guessed that he probably doesn't know what a “green tea bitch” is, and is even more clueless about a “crush”.

But he waited patiently for Lin Ke Song to finish the remaining candied haw.

When it was down to the last bead, Lin Ke Song stood up and went to Jiang Qian Fan, cocked her head and nudged him with her elbow: “Wey! Only one bead left! Do you want another mouth?”

“No need.” An expectedly cold answer.

“Actually, the last two hawthorns are not as sour as the previous ones. Try la, maybe you will find them delicious?”

Lin Ke Song raise the candied haw towards Jiang Qian Fan's lips, Jiang Qian Fan did not straight away reject, only moved his face to the side.

When his features flashed in front of her, it was like her vision was stretched.

This kind of Jiang Qian Fan, has a tempting softness.

Lin Ke Song started feeling cheeky, wanting to see more of Jiang Qian Fan's expression when he was avoiding.

The face that he moved to the side, even his long fair neck, was like a comet racing across the sky, she could only see it, and never capture it.

Lin Ke Song tiptoed and purposely pressed the candied haw to his lips, when he raised his hand to reject, she deliberately said, “Be careful of the bamboo pick!”

Jiang Qian Fan as expected did not push her away, but chose to step back.

“Come on! It's the last bead already! Maybe the previous 1000 candied haws were tart, but this would be different! Not every hawthorn comes from the same

tree!”

“I’m not someone you can play jokes on, Miss Lin.”

Jiang Qian Fan’s tone carried a hint of warning, increasing the pressure of the surrounding air.

“I’m not joking with you. Why can’t you try anticipating the taste of the next hawthorn? You never know, the sweet and sourness may just balance out perfectly.”

Jiang Qian Fan stood where he was, unmoving.

Lin Ke Song watched for a brief moment, then abruptly took back the candied haw.

“If you don’t want to then forget it.”

She crunched on it making sure to make the “kacha” sound, and bit it off.

Oh my ley! The last one was the sourest!

Lin Ke Song threw the pick into the bin, and clapped her hands.

Jiang Qian Fan was still standing where he was, his face expressionless.

Lin Ke Song smirked, showing a face of pride in front of him: “You wanted to take a bite just now right?”

The other party did not reply, his indifferent eyebrows had a sense of passiveness.

“Do you want to know how the last one tasted?”

“No need.” Jiang Qian Fan’s eyes were cool, obviously could not see, but because of the reflections of the street lights, it looked like a burning match in the dark.

“I wasn’t planning to tell you either.” Lin Ke Song reached into her pockets, and walked to the bicycle.

The phone in his pocket started ringing, it was his assistant Li Yan.

Lin Ke Song patted the seat and said: “Let’s go, I’ll send you back to where you stay. Even though a day’s tour isn’t done, I can make up for the rest tomorrow.”

Anyway, her job is to be at home, nothing to do till she can grow mould.

“I have a morning flight.” Jiang Qian Fan said blandly.

“Oh..... but it’s already so late, people will worry about you.”

Lin Ke Song went up on the bike, Jiang Qian Fan followed the sounds and sat down. She’s already not that interested in the 1000USD tour guide fees, because she’s so tired to want to think about anything else.

The night air was a little chilly, blowing against Lin Ke Song’s face.

A touch of sweetness and hawthorn flavour was diffusing in the air.

After they’d ridden past the traffic junction, because the street lights were a little dim, Lin Ke Song couldn’t see very well, the front wheel twisted, the back wheel shook too.

Lin Ke Song tried very hard to maintain her balance, but at that moment, she felt something holding her waist.

The feeling of warm was so clear, like it was holding her heart.

But the other party quickly put down their hands.

Lin Ke Song bent her head, and pursed her lips.

They did not say a word on the way.

Lin Ke Song sent him to a luxury hotel in the heart of the city. At the hotel’s entrance, Li Yan and another foreigner that Lin Ke Song had never seen before seemed like they had waited for a very long time.

“Why are you only back now! Miss Lin, where have you brought Mr Jiang!”

All of a sudden, Lin Ke Song did not know what to say.

But it was the foreigner beside Li Yan who pressed Li Yan’s shoulder, and used English to ask: “Mr Jiang, are you okay?”

“I’m fine.”

Jiang Qian Fan’s English was cool, sounding towards the British pronunciation, making it seem strict and restrained.

Lin Ke Song let out a breath, pushed the bicycle towards Li Yan, “Mr Li, this is

the bike you bought, I'm returning it to its owner now."

Author's note: Did everyone catch that?

Lin Ke Song using the candied haw to taunt Jiang Qian Fan?

Even if you're a bro, knock before entering!

Li Yan seemed like he wanted to say something more to Lin Ke Song, but Jiang Qian Fan said to the foreigner: "Mayer, pay her the tour guide fees of 1000USD."

"Yes, sir." Mayer nodded, turned to Lin Ke Song and said, "Miss, may I know your name?"

"That..... I'm called Lin Ke Song....." Lin Ke Song wondered if the other party was going to pay by cheque or transfer, does she need to write down her account number too?

"Ke Song?" Mayer had an upper lip moustache, wore rimless glasses, had on a very formal western suit, and looked like an old British gentleman. Compared to Li Yan, Mayer was a lot more amiable. Moreover, his mandarin was really good, almost couldn't hear an accent.

"Lin is my surname, my name is Ke Song."

Mayer laughed: "Sounds like *croissant* (T/N: said in english)."

Lin Ke Song laughed, "Ah, croissant (T/N: lit. French styled sheep horn bread)!"

Mayer as expected tore out a cash cheque, and very politely handed it to Lin Ke Song: "Thank you for accompanying Mr Jiang today, cute little bun."

Lin Ke Song blinked, what did he call her?

Cute little bun?

Jiang Qian Fan who had embarked up the hotel's stairs stopped, and turned slightly towards Lin Ke Song's direction.

Even if Lin Ke Song knew that he could not see her, she didn't know why but she had the illusion that the other party was saying "goodbye" to her.

"Goodbye, Mr Jiang."

Lin Ke Song quietly said, walked towards the main road, planning to catch the train home.

Li Yan and Mayer accompanied Jiang Qian Fan into the elevator.

The Jiang Qian Fan who had been silent the whole time suddenly said: “Where is that bicycle?”

“Oh, I was thinking..... how about giving it to the hotel employees?” Li Yan had a puzzled expression, he couldn’t understand why Jiang Qian Fan would ask about the bicycle.

“I want to bring it back to New York.”

Li Yan gaped, it’s only a bicycle, there’s no need to bring it over thousands of miles to New York, and Jiang Qian Fan is blind, he can’t even ride a bike ah!

But Mayer lifted his hand, signalling to Li Yan to not say anything more.

They reached the hotel room, after Li Yan gave a short report, Jiang Qian Fan and Mayer were left in the room.

Mayer slowly brewed a pot of tea, and sat opposite of Jiang Qian Fan.

“Mr Jiang, Li Yan said you wanted to try out the dishes around here, why didn’t you let him accompany you and instead chose a female stranger, and even rode the bicycle?”

“Lang Hua restaurant was not as outstanding as Li Yan had reported, not enough to collaborate with me in China’s region. Today at Lang Hua restaurant, Li Yan was also much more nervous than normal. ”

“So, Mr Jiang, you think Li Yan is hiding something from you?”

“My trust will only be given once. If I had sat in that car, I do not think Li Yan will help me find the thing I really want.”

“But Miss Lin did, right?”

“Yes.”

Right now, Lin Ke Song is sitting in the train totally concussed, when she suddenly woke up, it looks like she has slept for two rounds round the same train route!

Wiping off her saliva, Lin Ke Song hurried off the train.

When she got back home, she took a proper shower, laid on her bed and used

WeChat to send Song Yi Ran a message: It looks like I'm going to New York too.

After sending, she put the phone to silent mode, flipped the blanket around and went to sleep.

The second day at eight in the morning, a black Bentley was on the road in the city district.

The young person in the front row tapped on the car's windows: "It's only eight in the morning, and traffic is already so congested!"

"Even if it's in New York, at eight in the morning, the traffic isn't any better, needless to say China? Stay calm, young man." Mayer comforted.

Cars were congesting at an intersection, it was difficult moving even a few inches every few minutes.

Li Yan who was sitting at the front cautiously looked at the boss's face through the rear-view mirror.

Jiang Qian Fan was still expressionless whether he felt joy or anger, like an ice statue where there were no fluctuations in the facial expressions.

But Li Yan could faintly sense, that Jiang Qian Fan already knew about Chairman Zhao from Lang Hua restaurant asking him to help him with the matter of collaborating with Jiang Qian Fan.

Jiang Qian Fan wanted to taste the local dishes, originally it could all be left in the hands of Li Yan to plan the tasting, there was no need to specially get a bicycle and get the girl to bring him around. Now they were going to be late, even though the traffic was not under Li Yan's control, but he still couldn't help being worried, if they did not get on the plane on time, will Jiang Qian Fan blame it on him?

The morning's air was pretty fresh, Jiang Qian Fan half opened the window, the sunlight fell warmly on half his face.

Suddenly, he spoke up: "Is there someone selling candied haw on the road?"

Li Yan paused, and looked out of the window, seeing only an elderly slowly walking on the sidewalk holding a stand that was poked full of candied haw. If it were anyone else, they would have been shocked at how Jiang Qian Fan could

know even when he couldn't see. But Li Yan has been by his side for almost a year, Jiang Qian Fan's sense of smell was extremely sensitive, as long as the smells were within five metres, he could differentiate them.

"There is someone selling candied haw."

"I want a stick."

Li Yan looked at Mayer, Mayer nodded.

When he got off the car, Li Yan exhaled. He really doesn't understand Jiang Qian Fan anymore.

Tastes on Jiang Qian Fan's tongue will be limitlessly magnified, no matter if it were delicious flavours or distasteful flavours. So Jiang Qian Fan's expectations of food are so high it went into ridiculous standards. Food that may taste pretty good to an average person, to him might be hard to swallow.

And the candied haw, this kind of thing that can't even make an appearance, no matter how Li Yan thinks, he feels that Jiang Qian Fan can't possibly eat it.

But this past two days, Li Yan has understood, as an assistant, what he needs to do is not ask why, but do whatever Jiang Qian Fan asks of him.

After carefully selecting a candied haw that was most pleasing to the eyes, Li Yan gingerly wrapped it up in a paper bag, and sent it into the car.

He was very curious, would Jiang Qian Fan really eat it?

The car finally started moving. Jiang Qian Fan only held the stick of candied haw naturally, didn't look like he had any intention to eat it, couldn't even tell what he was thinking about.

Until they reached the airport, got down the car, Li Yan and the driver moved the luggage, did Jiang Qian Fan pass the candied haw to Mayer.

"Sir? Would you like to bring this back to New York too?"

"This is not the taste I want."

After saying, Jiang Qian Fan took out his cane, and walked forwards.

Li Yan looked at Mayer, and Mayer dumped the candied haw on him.

But he doesn't even know what to do with the candied haw ah? Does Jiang

Qian Fan even want it? It better not be like the bicycle, wait till they've boarded the plane then ask whether the candied haw was air flown to New York!

Lin Ke Song hadn't even woken up, Lin Ke Song was dragged out of bed.

"Why didn't you pick up the phone when I called you? It's already 11 and you're still sleeping? Is this how an unemployed young woman's attitude should be?"

The teasing voice came from above her head downwards. Lin Ke Song opened her eyes and the first thing her eyes were set on were a pair of narrow peach like eyes.

And the mole on the nose that meant that the person was a flirt.

Lin Ke Song jerked awake.

"Wey— -- Song Yi Ran! What are you up to! How.....how can you appear in my room!"

"I was looking for you, your mother opened the door for me, and she went for rehearsals for some red silk dance with the other aunties. Since nine in the morning I have been sitting on your sofa and waited for you till 11 before waking you up, don't you think I've been really loyal?" Song Yi Ran had an expression of naturalness.

"You should have knocked, waited for me to put on my clothes then come in!"

Li Ke Song looked down at herself, and totally was about to lose her mind. She was wearing her father's plaid pyjamas, her head probably looked like a bird's nest. Her image ah! Even though she believes that in front of Song Yi Ran she has no image to talk about.

Song Yi Ran acted and walked out of the room then stood at the door and knocked: "Lin Ke Song, I'm coming in!"

Lin Ke Song rolled her eyes, is there any meaning when it's done like this?

Without waiting for her reply, Song Yi Ran blatantly walked in, "Anyway what you're wearing is pretty neat. First make this clear, what so you mean by this WeChat?"

"It's exactly as it's written ah? You don't understand Chinese?"

Honestly, Lin Ke Song wished that he didn't come all the way here to ask her about this.

Song Yi Ran stared at Lin Ke Song, noticed that she was angry then sincerely asked, "Ke Song, you couldn't have decided to go to New York because you like me and want to be with me right?"

In a split second Lin Ke Song felt like her heart was strongly gripped by something, making her unable to catch her breath.

In that moment, she suddenly realised, there are some personal feelings that are best kept from Song Yi Ran forever.

She smirked, made an expression like a bullying bandit, and hooked her finger under Song Yi Ran's chin: "Pretty lady, this sir just particularly likes you. Don't shy away from me ah! Even if it's New York, this sir will follow you!"

Song Yi Ran immediately put on an act of a little wife, acted shy and laid on the bed, "Aiyo..... don't want ma!"

Lin Ke Song guffawed, attacked upwards, and purposely made the chap's hair as messy as hers.

A messy Song Yi Ran, had a charming smile. That moment, Lin Ke Song really wanted to give him a fierce kiss.

But she held it in.

"Go find your girlfriend ba!"

Lin Ke Song promptly flipped over, and went to the bathroom to wash up.

Her eyes were stinging a little. But she held it in.

She squeezed out toothpaste and started brushing.

Song Yi Ran hugged his arm and leaned against the bathroom's door, that image was totally like a movie poster, Lin Ke Song really did not want to look straight ahead.

"Chu Ting and I have broken up."

"Broken up again?" Lin Ke Song used an expression of incomprehension to look at him, "What's the reason this time?"

“I, Song Yi Ran don’t have friends, you have been my friend for 10 years. Then my girlfriend kept trying to establish her presence in front of you, isn’t this making it hard for me?” Song Yi Ran smiled blandly.

“Come on, stop using me as your shield. It’s most probably because you don’t like her petty tantrums.”

Lin Ke Song wetted her comb, and tamed her bird’s nest.

Song Yi Ran smiled without replying.

“Wey, wanna go opposite to have spicy soup?” Lin Ke Song used the back of her hand to pat Song Yi Ran’s chest.

“Your treat?”

“My treat then my treat!” Lin Ke Song took out a cheque of 1000USD, and shook it in front of Song Yi Ran.

T/N: Sometimes a lot of times there’s an author’s note but it doesn’t add to the story or involve the characters, it’s just the author sharing about what happened that day or feelings about some people they met in real life, so I’ll skip the translation, okay?

10

Liking Song Yi Ran = Wetting the Bed

“Where’d you get it from?” Song Yi Ran curiously grabbed it.

He was so close his eyelashes were about to blind her, Lin Ke Song hurriedly stepped half a step back, and hid herself.

“Any way, I didn’t sell my body or my organs, it was legally obtained! Don’t mind so much!”

Lin Ke Song locked the bathroom’s door, changed her clothes, and went to the street opposite to have spicy soup.

Song Yi Ran did not ask any more about the 1000USD, instead added radish into a bowl while asking her: “you said you might go to New York. What exactly is going on? Are you also going to be studying?”

“Since when was my life as good as yours ah. I’m going over to help at my uncle’s Chinese restaurant. If I manage to gather enough money, I might consider a master’s ba.”

“Oh, then try your best to choose the same school as me ba! Then I’d be able to protect you!”

“Right, it’s more like you wished I were majoring in the same thing as you, so that you’d be able to copy my work! But do you think I should agree to my uncle’s invite?”

“There are so many graduates nowadays. You’re neither pretty nor shapely, and you don’t know how to promote yourself, how is it going to be easy for others to see your inner beauty? If you have the abilities, having a look at the world is a pretty good thing, maybe you’d have a new direction in life. And you helping your uncle out, are earning money, not spending money. You’re still young, if you can’t get used to the place or can’t learn anything there, it’s not too late when you come back. Who knows, when you get there, you’d be more settled, and you’d end up having companies look for you or you firing the companies.”

Song Yi Ran always used a casual tone to talk about things that were of great importance to others.

But Lin Ke Song knows, he is serious.

After the two of them had eaten and drunk their fill, Lin Ke Song went to the bank to convert the cash cheque.

Song Yi Ran thought the premiums were pretty good, and got Lin Ke Song to change the cash into remittance.

When Lin Ke Song was putting the card into her wallet, Song Yi Ran suddenly grabbed onto her wrist.

“What happened to your hand?”

“Ah? This ah? Nothing! I accidentally fell down yesterday, and got my palm scraped.”

Song Yi Ran’s fingers were warm, through the skin, she could clearly feel the other party’s strength.

The pulse with restrained liveliness and vibrancy, faking the calmness of the downwards flow from Song Yi Ran’s finger.

“You were really careless.” Song Yi Ran resolutely shook his head, “with you like this, if you really go help out at your uncle’s restaurant, you better not shatter the plates or break the bowls.”

“It’s still better than you who have never washed a plate or bowl in your life.”

At that moment, Lin Ke Song’s phone rang. The number had no name.

“Probably a spam call.” Song Yi Ran put his head over.

Half a fair neck that was right in front of Lin Ke Song, she subconsciously swallowed her saliva, and was about to push the other party’s head away, when Song Yi Ran said: “You can actually hang up, this is Chu Ting’s calling.”

“What?” Lin Ke Song was stunned, “If it’s Chu Ting, then I definitely have to answer.”

Song Yi Ran held on to his arm and lifted his eyebrows, “If you pick up then you’ll probably suffocated again.”

“If she and comes all the my house and causes a commotion, then my whole family will be suffocated.”

Lin Ke Song answered the call, “Hello, I’m Lin Ke Song, who is this?”

“You can’t even recognise my voice?”

Yuu, the anger’s pretty big.

“Oh, Chu Ting ah? What’s up?”

“Are you super happily with Song Yi Ran right now ah? You vixen! You have provoked me, Chu Ting, the Chu family will not let you live it down!”

“Don’t ah, you and him dating, why’d you have to bring me in? I am in fact with Song Yi Ran ah, we just had spicy soup!”

“You..... you..... previously you told me you didn’t have any interest in him! You vixen! You.....”

“Wait a minute, Chu Ting, you ask your conscience, do I, Lin Ke Song, have the ability to be a vixen huh?”

Lin Ke Song talked bad about herself, Song Yi Ran was laughing so hard at the side until his eyes were about to squeeze out water.

“.....Then.....then you have to ask yourself!”

“Chu Ting, to Song Yi Ran, I am a garbage can. You think every time he gives me a treat, is just to have a meal ah? It’s obviously to complain at me ma!”

“Complain about what?”

“Complain about his girlfriend taking two hours to prepare, when they’re late they never apologise, always like wearing miniskirts and high heels.....”

“Miniskirts and high heels..... what’s with that?”

“You are Song Yi Ran’s girlfriend, don’t you know about these? Since you are his girlfriend, then you should wear more conservatively ma. The skirt’s length’s until the knee ah! With his girlfriend exposed to everyone, will his male chauvinistic heart be able to take it?”

“You’re lying! Song Yi Ran isn’t that traditional!”

“What has this got to do with tradition? You go around asking your guy friends, which one of them would like their wives and daughters to go around in a miniskirt? Other women may be eye candy, but will they be happy when it’s their own women? And high heels ah..... you don’t even know ba, he had a girlfriend in high school, she was older than him, wore high heels all day long. The day Song Yi Ran got into university and broke up with her, she fiercely stepped on his instep with her high heels. Si— even thinking about it hurts ah! And you always go around wearing high heels prancing around him, isn’t this intentionally provoking his trauma?”

Lin Ke Song’s lies were too smooth, even she herself didn’t believe they were fake.

And Song Yi Ran looked at Lin Ke Song with great interest, his eyes seemed to be saying: Let me see what standard you can fib to.

“Then why has he never mentioned any of these things before.....”

“Are you sure he has never mentioned them? Or did he say it but you didn’t put it to heart? For example, when you were late, he might have smiled and said it was alright, just be earlier the next time. Then you thought he didn’t mind it anymore?”

“.....Was it like that.....”

Chu Ting’s momentum had obviously slowed, even to the point of doubting herself.

“Of course it was like that. Otherwise you with a better background, are prettier than me, and smarter than me, he doesn’t have pits for brains, why would he like me?”

That’s right ah..... if he didn’t have pits for brains, how would he even like me?

So being a bro is better.

“Then what should I do ah? Should I apologise to him? You help me talk to him ah, I won’t be late anymore, won’t wear miniskirts anymore..... and I also won’t wear stilettos anymore! where ever I’m not good, as long as he feels like I should change, I will change them all, okay or not?”

Lin Ke Song was most fearful of women like that.

“Chu Ting, in my opinion, you don’t have any big shortcomings, it’s just that Song Yi Ran is too much of a male chauvinist. Today you are willing to change for him, tomorrow he will be insatiable and have more demands. Do you know what his ex-girlfriend said?”

“What did she say?” Chu Ting was already led by the nose.

“She said, liking Song Yi Ran is like wetting the bed.”

“Ah?” Chu Ting feels like she heard wrong.

Song Yi Ran reached out to pinch Lin Ke Song’s face, but she dodged.

“Warm for a moment, cold *for a lifetime* (blanket).”

Lin Ke Song harshly glared at Song Yi Ran, but Song Yi Ran thick skinnedly raised his thumb to her, as if he really liked her conclusion.

“So Chu Ting, if you really like him, and feel that no matter how he treats you, you can bear with it. Why don’t you go to New York with him, study together, put down your pride and stick to him, not letting other girls get near him. Then, in the end he will be yours.”

That was Lin Ke Song’s sincere words from the heart.

And she really thinks that, in this world, there will definitely be this kind of girl, who’s not afraid of people looking down and saying it’s not worth it, but still being will to stick to Song Yi Ran, this guy who was like treasure with out but full of foulness within.

After hanging up, Lin Ke Song exhaled.

Song Yi Ran started clapping, and put his head forward: “Wey, I say, what do you mean by “liking Song Yi Ran is like wetting the bed, warm for a moment, cold for a lifetime ah”?”

His lips were very beautiful, the space between his lips had a casual sexiness about it.

Lin Ke Song used her phone to hit his head, and warned: “The next time no matter which girl you want to dump, if you use me as your shield again, I will

press your face into the toilet bowl!”

“Ah, why is it the toilet bowl?”

“Don’t you always say you Song master when seen by flowers they blossom, when seen by cars they pick you up, when seen by toilet bowls, they flip their seat covers!”

Lin Ke Song’s heart felt empty.

She feels, as long as she never confesses, she will never become Chu Ting.

Song Yi Ran’s arm went up, rubbing Lin Ke Song’s head: “Wey, for real, go with me to New York. I’ll properly take care of you.”

“What do you mean go with you to New York ah? Is it possible for us to be the same? You are going there to study, I’m going there to work! What you’ll take care of me! Lemme tell you, in the future put the serviettes in your own pocket!”

“It’s okay! It’s okay! We’re both going the same way back ma!”

“Back your head ah!”

Lin Ke Song got home and thought through in extreme detail and care. This hotel management specialisation of hers, is a major that makes it hard to look for jobs. Now diners, hotels, restaurants all need dishwashers and floor cleaners more than whatever management. Since that is the case, she’d rather go to New York to wash dishes. Maybe it’ll be really tough, maybe it wouldn’t be as she has imagined it. But if it really were like Song Yi Ran said, working at the restaurant and will be able to gather money for studying, isn’t it a wonderful thing. If the outside world was crueler than she imagined, coming back to the country injured, may not be as prideful or arrogant, but be with a law-abiding job.

So she agreed to her parents’ arrangements, and decided to go to her uncle Lin Feng’s restaurant in New York to help out.

After knowing where she’d be going and what she was going to do, Lin Ke Song’s life started having a direction.

She started watching American dramas to learn English, trying to let her accent get more rounded.

She surfed through different websites, looking for tips about life in New York,

getting ready different types of daily necessities.

But this chap Song Yi Ran, the degree of spansks that is warranted is also getting intensified.

T/N: Thanks for your comments!! (●♡▽♡) Things are starting to get interesting~~ I'm so excited!!

11

New York, New York

For example, when the two of them were talking on the phone, Song Yi Ran suddenly said: “Wey, Ke Song, what is the size of your feet?”

“35. Do you have a problem?”

“Of course I do ah. You have to buy all your shoes here, whatever summer clothes, autumn clothing and winter wear. Otherwise by the time you get there, you can only buy children’s clothes. HA HA HA!”

“Laugh your head ah.”

“Ai, do you want to bring rice cookers over ah? It seems like many who go over to study also bring rice cookers!”

“I’m not even going to study overseas. And my uncle provides food and water, why would I need a rice cooker?”

“Then I’m going over to study, do you think I need to bring a rice cooker over?” Song Yi Ran’s tone was as if he were really seriously thinking about it.

“Then you bring it over ba.”

She doesn’t believe that he will really ship one over.

“Ai, do you want to bring chilli sauce over?” Song Yi Ran solemnly asked.

Lin Ke Song twisted her lips, she knows this chap is trying to kid her. If she really brought chilli sauce in her luggage she’d then have a real problem getting through customs. And can’t she find the sauces in Chinatown or Chinese supermarket!

“Oh, I have too many things, can’t fit any more things, you bring a few bottles over then. Put them in your rice cooker, how space conserving ah!” Lin Ke Song also seriously answered him.

Song Yi Ran knew that he did not manage to trick Lin Ke Song, laughed in ripples over the conversation.

Three months later, the visas were settled, the tickets were booked, and Lin Ke Song bid farewell to her parents and boarded the plane to New York.

Even though Lin Ke Song and Song Yi Ran booked tickets for the same flight, their seats were far apart.

Lin Ke Song was in the economy class while Song Yi Ran was in first class.

Just as Song Yi Ran was getting comfortable, lying in the spacious seat, Lin Ke Song had a feeling of dread.

The plane ride was too long, and she wasn't considered tall, both her legs were hanging off the seats, her knees were sad to death. The space was so cramped, there was no way she could even stretch her legs.

So sad till she couldn't fall asleep ah!

At this time, an air stewardess carried a pillow and went to the Lin Ke Song, lowered her head and politely asked: "Excuse me, are you Ms Lin?"

"Ah? I am."

"I was asked by Mr Song who is in first class to bring this to you."

Lin Ke Song puzzledly rubbed her head.

"For you to support your legs."

The surrounding passengers looked over, and at the same time slanted their eyes to try to see clearly just how short her pair of legs were.

"Thank you ah."

Lin Ke Song put the pillow at her feet with a peace of mind, imagining the pillow as Song Yi Ran's brains and stepped on it with her might. Isn't she a bro! What's the point of providing a pillow! If he had the ability, provide a first class ticket ah! Burn money away daily, why don't you burn some of the money on me! You bastard! Watch me step your shell to bits!

Throughout the ten hours of flight not a proper wink of sleep was caught, when the plane landed, Lin Ke Song only had a feeling of relief.

Her legs were to the point of inability to walk. After reaching JFK airport, Song Yi Ran was as relaxed as always, wearing a Burberry windbreaker, hands in his

pocket, watching the soulless Lin Ke Song walk out.

“Let’s go, get the luggage!”

Lin Ke Song didn’t feel like talking, she only wanted a bed that would allow her to lie flat on so that she could sleep.

The Song Yi Ran who used to like to instruct her to do this and that actually became gentlemanly, and not only didn’t throw a young master’s tantrum, but found a trolley and even brought out Lin Ke Song’s luggage.

Lin Ke Song then realised Song Yi Ran really did not have many luggage, instead, she herself had exaggeratedly more luggage than him. She definitely didn’t bring the rice cooker, needlessly to say about the chilli sauces.

Lin Ke Song followed behind Song Yi Ran. This chap is tall and has a pair of long legs, when he pushes the trolley it’s so laid back like he’s shooting a movie.

While Lin Ke Song was obviously one of the masses in the movie.

People of different skin colours walk by speaking languages Lin Ke Song doesn’t frequently hear, the wide and bright hall of the airport, with broadcast after broadcast, made Lin Ke Song feel like she has really come to a place totally unfamiliar to her, a place that once only belonged to her imaginations.

Just as Lin Ke Song was at a loss, the Song Yi Ran who was walking in front suddenly scooped her up.

The feeling of soaring through air made her scream in surprise, Song Yi Ran put her in top of the luggage.

“We’re off!”

Song Yi Ran lifted his face and smiled at her. Under the clear, bright lights, giving off a moving feeling.

Lin Ke Song had a sudden urge to grab his face and kiss him hard.

“I thought it’s only the female lead of the drama that will get this kind of treatment.” Lin Ke Song said.

“Even though you can’t be the female lead of a drama, at least in Song Yi Ran’s life, you’ll forever be the male lead.”

“Did you think your words were very romantic?” Lin Ke Song turned around, crossed her legs and propped her chin.

This chap was ridiculing her about being like a man!

“I thought it was pretty romantic. ‘forever’ itself is a romantic word ah.”

Pei (T/N: onomatopoeia of spitting), if I were to say that in my heart you’ll forever be a moron, would you think it was romantic?

Lin Ke Song turned her head and ignored the other party.

Song Yi Ran pushed Lin Ke Song and the luggage out of the arrival hall.

There were many people carrying flowers, pets, and even balloons, waiting for their family and friends.

Lin Ke Song looked across the crowd and started looking for a face familiar to her.

A plump middle age man was holding onto a block of board, looking at every tourist that was with a luggage.

“Ke Song! Ke Song! Over here!”

“Uncle! (T/N: Dad’s younger brother.)” Lin Ke Song noticed her uncle and almost plunged to the ground from on top the luggage.

Good thing Song Yi Ran fished her back up.

“Be careful.” Song Yi Ran lowered his body, glaring at Lin Ke Song. His arms were steady and strong with strength, she felt like she weighed nothing in his arms.

It was rare that his eyebrows would corrugate, Lin Ke Song knew that when she had almost fallen off, this chap was really worried.

Lin Ke Song consciously looked away.

“My uncle’s there!”

“I see him I see him! Your whole family has the exact same eyes and eyebrows! Just by looking at your uncle, I can already tell how you’d look when you get fat in your middle age!”

“Tsk!”

Lin Ke Song didn't even care about the luggage anymore, and gave her uncle a full hug.

Actually she still had a feeling of unease, but after seeing her uncle waiting for her in the crowd, she felt totally at ease now.

Lin Ke Song shared pleasantries with her uncle and looked towards Song Yi Ran's direction.

“Hey, do you want my uncle to give you a lift?” Lin Ke Song knows that before Song Yi Ran arrived, he had already rented an apartment.

“It's alright, I've a friend here.”

Song Yi Ran pushed the luggage towards the opposite direction.

A person with a high forehead and deep set eyes ran towards Song Yi Ran: “Sorry! I got here late!”

He looked like a mixed blood, and warmly fist bumped with Song Yi Ran, it looked like they'd known each other for a long time.

Lin Ke Song curiously surveyed the other party, Song Yi Ran had only these few friends, and she knew all of them. But this friend, she has never seen before.

And the uncle beside Lin Ke Song also looked across, and revealed a puzzled expression: “That..... looks like.....”

“Looks like who?” Lin Ke Song looked suspiciously at her uncle, “You know Song Yi Ran?”

“Ah..... no, the one who came to pick him up..... Looks like someone I know. Most probably seen wrongly!”

Song Yi Ran looked back towards Lin Ke Song and waved at her, making a “don't forget to call” action, turned around and left.

Lin Ke Song laughed in her heart. This chap, no matter which corner of the world he's in, can always enjoy a wonder that only belongs to him.

Her uncle drove a minivan (T/N: lit. bread car) to pick her up, the van had smells of all sorts of sauces and foods.

“Girl, don’t mind it ah! This van is used to deliver food and deliver people, the smell is a little strong!”

“It’s alright! For uncle to be able to fetch me, I’m already very happy! Furthermore, I like this kind of strong smell!”

Lin Ke Song leaned on the windowsill, looking out of the window at the distinctly different streetscape and pedestrians, full of curiosity.

“Originally, wanted to bring you around, but the restaurant is just too busy! When it’s free, let your cousin (T/N: younger cousin sister who has the same surname) Claire bring you around. Whatever statue of liberty ah! Whatever Wall Street! The empire state building, central park, and that whatever Times Square!”

“Thank you uncle!” she hasn’t seen her cousin Lin Xiao Xue for a long time. Claire is her English name.

Uncle’s restaurant is located at a place where Chinese gather, there are signboards with Chinese characters everywhere, the people coming to and fro are mainly yellow skinned people, it’s busy, and the mandarin mixed with Cantonese, lets Lin Ke Song feel like she has teleported, giving her a feeling that she is back at home.

Her uncle’s restaurant is located under the living quarters.

He brought Lin Ke Song up, found a few people to help her move her luggage upstairs and opened a door to a room for her.

“This room is a little small, but it’s clean. You stay here first, if you really don’t like it, then we’ll talk about it again!”

“No no! I really like it! There’s a bed, a desk and even a wardrobe! There’s even the view of the street! I really like it!”

“That’s good, you get unpacking!”

“When do I start learning the ropes?” Lin Ke Song did not forget what she had come here to do.

“No hurry, take your time. You’ve just landed, rest well, get over the jet lag then we’ll talk about it again!”

After Lin Ke Song thanked her uncle, she unpacked her luggage. Spread the bed, took a shower, and sweetly slept till it was dark.

At dinnertime, she finally met her cousin Lin Xiao Xue.

She had a head of beautiful waves, wore trendy earrings. At dinner, there were only the two of them, her uncle was already getting busy at the restaurant.

The spread was sumptuous, there was a plate of Kung Pao chicken, a portion of fried beef, baby cabbage chicken soup, just looking at it made your appetite increase.

But Lin Xiao Xue didn't have an inkling of interest in the cousin whom she hadn't seen for a long time, and instead had her head bowed and was playing with her phone. After having a couple of mouths of dinner, she went back to her own room.

Lin Ke Song didn't even know how to start talking to her.

Shortly after Lin Xiao Xue entered the house, she suddenly quickly walked out, with a tone that couldn't be considered polite, but was cold.

"Elder cousin, in the future, after showering, remember to clear the hair strands. I'm not very used to having other people's things be left in our bathroom."

Which is to say, in her heart, she did not think of her elder cousin as family.

Lin Ke Song didn't know what to say in that moment.

Maybe it's because she had slept too much during the day, now that its night, Lin Ke Song had no intention to sleep.

Until 11 at night, her uncle was then done being busy at the restaurant.

And although the volume of Lin Xiao Xue and uncle's conversation wasn't considered loud, but Lin Ke Song could hear clearly.

"Dad, must she stay at our house ah? I'm not used to having other people stay with us."

"She's your elder cousin, not other people. You go to school in the day, and at night the both of you are in your different rooms, no one will impede on the

other right?”

“I still have to share a bathroom with her!”

“What about that? Don’t you have to share a bathroom with your father anyway?”

“I don’t want to talk about this anymore!” Lin Xiao Xue shut the door.

Can hear that she is simmering with anger.

Lin Ke Song sighed. She is also a female, and can understand the feeling of having her privacy being invaded by others.

But there’s no use thinking about all these. She hasn’t even earned a penny, and the money her parents gave her can’t be spent on a wimp, she’s also unfamiliar with her surroundings and she can only stay here at the moment. If after a while she has gotten used to the area, and Lin Xiao Xue is still not used to the presence of her elder cousin, moving out then wouldn’t be too late either.

At this time, Lin Ke Song’s phone vibrated, she has received a WeChat message. Song Yi Ran’s selfie of him sitting on his sofa in his apartment, with the statue of liberty faintly visible from his window.

This chap is burning money away again.

Lin Ke Song also sat at the head of her bed, and sent a selfie to him.

The other party quickly replied: You are such a cute little birdy.

Lin Ke Song looked up down left right and everywhere, not understanding which part made the other party think about birds. So she replied: Why is it birdy?

Song Yi Ran: because you are in a bird’s cage.

Lin Ke Song again had a sudden urge to hit her phone to smithereens.

12

Pursuit and contest

Lin Ke Song: Go die ba.

Song Yi Ran: We are bros, don't expect to be born on the same year, same month and same day, but hope that we die on the same year, same month and same day.

Lin Ke Song:

At this moment, under the cold white light, a man in a dark suit is sitting in front of a sofa.

His features were handsome but not desirable, his eyes were like the scene of the sky falling.

The hustle and flashiness of New York seemed to settle down around him, like clouds fading away.

In front of the sofa, a cup of coffee was exuding the graceful mist if steam, the mellow fragrance overflowing to every corner of the room.

“Qian Fan, you've been too busy lately, too busy until you've forgotten about your appointment with me.”

The man sitting opposite him said, his voice carrying a calming temperament.

“Since I've spent money to talk to you, Dr Xie, I won't forget my appointment with you.”

The cold and monotone voice sounded, giving the warmth of the hot coffee a thin layer of frost.

“Alright, alright. You seem like your old self. But the people around you are a little worried.”

“Are you referring to Mayer?”

“Of course he's one of them.”

“What's he worried about?”

Dr Xie propped his rimless glasses: “He said that after you’ve returned to New York from China, your actions have been a little out of the ordinary. For example, you brought the bicycle you bought in China back to New York. You have never kept useless things.”

“That is my bicycle. If I it were my wish, I can send it to the North Pole.”

His tone was not only freezing cold, there was a sense of insurmountable distance.

“Last month, you kept asking others to buy candied haw. It is actually very difficult to find candied haw in New York. Even of its china town, candied haw is also a rare sight.”

“That’s why I’m making it myself now.”

“But you’ve been making candied haws for almost a month already. There’s rarely a food that will make you fumble for a month and still not be able to produce the taste that meets your satisfaction.” Dr Xie reached for the coffee and gently sipped. Then through his thin lens observed Jiang Qian Fan’s expression, hoping to gain insight into his heart through the change of his micro expressions.

But he was expressionless like a sculpture, totally unable to see.

“Clothed by a thin layer of sugar, but when bitten down, the sour and astringent flavour can be tasted. Dr Xie, what do you this is?”

“.....Candied haw. When I was a child, and hadn’t immigrated to America yet, had tasted it before.”

“Then so you still remember the taste?”

“At first I couldn’t remember it. But once you brought it up, I had an impression. Even the insides of my mouth are already feeling the sourness.”

“Then do you remember the flavour of the first time you had a crush on someone?”

Dr Xie was stunned, then bowed his head and laughed, “I faintly remember. Why?”

“The end of our appointed time is here.”

Jiang Qian Fan lightly stood up, flung his cane, turned around and walked out of the door.

Dr Xie lightly stayed seated and continued drinking his coffee, his brows lifting slightly, his eyes carrying a sly light.

The second day was a Sunday, Lin Ke Song stretched lazily, while her uncle had already prepared breakfast and left it on the table.

“You are up pretty early. Unlike Xiao Xue, even till now she’s still sleeping.”

“It’s because I’ve slept too much. If I were at home, I’d still be asleep.”

Until Lin Ke Song had finished breakfast, did Lin Xiao Xue stretch lazily while walking out of the room.

Uncle said: “Isn’t the weather pretty good today? Xiao Xue, you bring Ke Song around to play bey.”

“Don’t call me Xiao Xue, call me Claire okay. If you want me to bring her around to look at the statue of liberty or something, then forget it. There’s no meaning to it. I’ve made an appointment with my classmate to go to a Korean shop to do my nails!”

“Forget it uncle, it’s alright. I’ve also made an appointment with a friend, he said that he’d bring me to Wall Street. ”

“Oh..... is it the chap surnamed Song?”

Lin Ke Song nodded her head.

“Is he your boyfriend? He looks really handsome, there are many temptations in New York, uncle is afraid you won’t be able to keep an eye on him.” Uncle asked solemnly.

“Nope. We are classmates of 10 years. Uncle, when you meet him don’t say rubbish ah.”

“What, are you embarrassed?”

“Of course not. That Song Yi Ran, I’m afraid that he won’t have a filter over his mouth and make jokes, and end up uncle feeling awkward.”

“Hahaha! Not afraid not afraid!”

“Your classmate? What is he doing in New York? Can’t be that he is coming to the restaurant to work too ba?” Lin Xiao Xue acted like she didn’t care.

Uncle used his chopsticks and knocked on her bowls, then only did she not talk anymore.

After breakfast, Lin Ke Song put on her sports shoes and casual clothes and set off.

And happened to meet the Lin Xiao Xue who had put on her makeup, had her hair up and wore a back revealing short dress.

Lin Xiao Xue sized up Lin Ke Song from head to toe, and smirked, then with her high heels walked downstairs showing off her gracefulness.

Right at the entrance of the restaurant, a long laid back figure was leaning on the pole of the streetlight and playing with the phone.

When Lin Xiao Xue walked pass she did not notice, but when she had taken two more steps, she could not help turning back.

She has never seen such a good looking Asian man, his facial features were fuller than an average person’s. Eyebrows were detailedly fine, like they were specially crafted, but wouldn’t make others feel like they were feminine, on the contrary, there was an aura of neatness.

“Hey, Song Yi Ran, you leaning on the street lamp, trying to cosplay Robert De Niro?”

So his name is “Song Yi Ran”.

Lin Xiao Xue repeatedly mouthed the name.

Song Yi Ran sharpened his brows, looked up with convergence, showing a lazy expression.

“I think I’m way more handsome than Robert de Niro.”

“Again. Narcissism is a sickness, need to cure it! Didn’t you say we should go to Wall Street to see some charging bull?”

“Yeah. I heard that the more you rubbed the backside, the more luck you’ll have.”

“Then do you know how to get there?”

Song Yi Ran slowly took out a map.

“Hey, you trying to be funny?”

Seeing Lin Ke Song’s doubting expression, Song Yi Ran started laughing. Following the vibrations of his eyebrows, it seemed like the sunlight was bending.

“Of course I know how to get to Wall Street.”

Looking at his back from far, Lin Xiao Xue furrowed her eyebrows. She can see that, the guy called Song Yi Ran has a youthful and handsome aura, and her cousin is incompatible in every aspect. How on earth did cousin get to know him?

At this time, Jiang Qian Fan is in his car, facing the outside of the windows, his vision looked like he could see distance, like he was looking far away.

“Mr Jiang, have you heard about the gourmet competition Mr Winston is organising?”

“En.”

“Will you participate? He has sent you an invite.”

“No.”

“Right, this is probably going to be another fake show. All the chefs will have to perform according to the script, there is no mutual exchange of culinary skills. And no matter if it’s you sir, or another Michelin star chef, when put together to compete, whoever wins or loses, both parties would feel awkward.”

Jiang Qian Fan is not bothered by the problem, and only looks out of the window.

The car has just stopped at the entrance of Chinatown, in the midst of the bustling crowd, the laughing voice of a certain girl could be heard faintly.

“I heard that if you touched Wall Street’s charging bulls eggs (T/N: lit: egg egg, refers to the balls, testes, testicles.....), no matter which stocks you buy, it’ll all rise to the highest!”

“Eggs? What eggs..... I don’t even play in the stock market anyway! You go touch it to your satisfaction ba!”

The voice was getting further and further away, Jiang Qian Fan faced that direction, raised his chin slightly, like he was looking for something.

At that time, Mayer picked up a call, and then his facial expression started becoming weird.

“Sir, heard that the rules of the competition has changed.”

Jiang Qian Fan was noncommittedly silent, as if everything had nothing to do with him.

Amongst the crowd, that familiar voice had already disappeared.

Like it was an imagination.

“The competition committee will conduct an audition, and choose some unique participants from the amateurs who are interested in cooking.” Mayer looked sideways, studying Jiang Qian Fan’s profile, “Then have the chef who had received Michelin stars pick a student, then have them undergo three months of training. Then three months later, have these students represent their teachers as participants. In this way, awkwardness can be avoided between the gourmet Michelin chefs. Winning would be glorious, but losing would not be a representation of the standards of their teachers.”

“I feel like you are looking at me.”

“Yes, I am looking at you sir.” Mayer’s eyes carried the smile of a wise elderly.

“You want me to send someone to the competition.”

“Sir, what Jiang Co. has is the most strength of Chinese manpower operating in this country that has an abundant food empire, and the outstanding chefs at hand are numerous. But the only one who can represent its highest standards is you. If you are willing to take part in the competition, and mentor an ordinary person, I can guarantee you, no matter if it’s a win or lose, it will enhance the reputation of Jiang Co. and at the same time strengthen the affinity with the masses.”

“Sounds like I’m not a chef or a caterer, more like I’m going to run for

president.”

“So you’re not too willing?”

“Cooking is the pursuit of balance, not a contest.”

Jiang Qian Fan’s words were to the point.

Mayer nodded and smiled, this kind of answer was as he had expected.

“Maybe when you participate, interesting things would happen?”

13

Wall Street's Charging Bull

"I don't think so."

"But Dr Xie thinks that it would do you some good. You need to have contact outside your circle, and not only keep guard within your own walls."

"I'm communicating very well with you now."

Mayer laughed, not continuing to say anything more.

When Lin Ke Song reached Wall Street, she was a little disappointed.

This place where the most financial elite gather, was nothing like her imagination of high ended western style and quality. Many investment banks, trust companies, insurance companies actually set up the headquarters here, Lin Ke Song also had some doubts as to how they would be able to squeeze together. But the deeper she went in, she saw those suit wearing financial practitioners, when she walked past them, the strong aroma of money would spread through the air.

Song Yi Ran bought two cups of coffee, and passed one to Lin Ke Song.

She drank a mouth, it was sweet. She knows that Song Yi Ran only drinks black coffee, when buying for her, there would definitely be a special order of more milk and sugar. But the sweet taste left a long dwelling bitter aftertaste.

"Hey, when you've saved enough money, do you want to study at the New York University School of business with me?" Song Yi Ran said leaning towards Lin Ke Song.

She only needed to turn her head, and be able to see his shining eyes and maddening face.

"Ah? When you play with stock, then what will I do?"

"En.....you leech off me ba. (T/N: lit: hug my big thigh)"

"You really want me to leech off you?"

“Yeah.”

“Don’t regret ah.”

“Wont regret.”

Just as Song Yi Ran finished saying, Lin Ke Song put the coffee down on a bench at the side, then lowered her body and suddenly hugged Song Yi Ran’s thigh.

Even with all her might, but Song Yi Ran was just too tall, his legs too long, couldn’t even move him.

Lin Ke Song heard this chap’s arrogant laughter float pass the roof of her head.

“Want to change to me hugging your thigh?” he raised his brows in challenge, Lin Ke Song’s feelings that she had finally hidden felt like they were going to fly out.

“Don’t want!” Lin Ke Song turned around and walked off.

Want to get closer, but want to stay at a distance, this kind of dilemma, is something Song Yi Ran will never know.

They did not spend too long and finished walking the whole of Wall Street.

In front of the charging bull, were many tourists taking pictures of themselves touching the copper bull’s backside.

Lin Ke Song lowered herself and took the time chance when Song Yi Ran was not paying attention to touch the eggs of the bull.

But when she straightened up, Song Yi Ran was beside her, bending down with interest to see what she was doing.

This chap was too close, Lin Ke Song almost brushed against his face. In that moment her heart clenched, and she almost fell to the ground, good thing Song Yi Ran stretched out his arm and fished Lin Ke Song back up.

“It’s probably because it’s your first time touching the bull’s..... eggs so you got to excited and sat on the ground right?” Song Yi Ran blinked.

“I was frightened by you, okay!” Lin Ke Song ears were all red.

“Didn’t you say you didn’t play with stocks, so you weren’t going to touch it?”

“Then what if one day I play with stocks?”

“Then touch of you want to! Other people are touching and you touch it too, what’s the big deal? Your ears are all red yo!”

Song Yi Ran reached his hand out, holding Lin Ke Song’s ears, making Lin Ke Song so angry she went around finding a place to hide.

If Lin Ke Song didn’t remember wrongly, Song Yi Ran will use this encounter to make fun of Lin Ke Song for a very very long time.

With Song Yi Ran, although Lin Ke Song will be mad to death half the time, but there will never be a shortage of good food and drinks.

On the way to the empire state building after the two of them left, they saw some event that was being held on the streets. There were many on lookers, crowded till there were only bobbing heads and spirits were high.

Lin Ke Song jumped, and couldn’t see anything.

While Song Yi Ran only needed to slightly lift his head and borrow the length of his body and be able to see clearly.

“Looks like a cooking competition. Sounds like the judge is some gourmet food magazine editor. They’ll choose an outstanding person from the competitors to participate in some big cooking competition. This should be considered an audition stage ba.”

Song Yi Ran kindly explained to Lin Ke Song at the side.

People were constantly entering, then people were constantly exiting. Even though Lin Ke Song can’t speak English as authentically as Song Yi Ran, but she has always had a good sense of understanding through hearing.

“Hey, brother! How are you feeling?”

“The judges criticised my dish to nothing, I’m going to form a trauma towards the kitchen.”

“Who are the judges/”

“Gourmet’s Editor Winston! Some food association’s chairman David and a gourmet connoisseur Luke! ”

“Aiya! With these kind of judges, won’t only those top chefs be able to marginally satisfy their palate?”

“But this competition is only opened to amateur food enthusiast. Professional chef are not qualified!”

“So weird?”

Even though Lin Ke Song likes to eat, but she has absolutely no interest in cooking. She pulled on Song Yi Ran’s sleeve and said: “Hey, let’s go! There’s nothing fun here!”

But Song Yi Ran crossed his arms and slightly squinted his eye, obviously planning something bad.

“Ke Song, you say.....these gourmet magazine editor, chairman of a food association and gourmet Connoisseur, the things they normally eat are master chef’s masterpieces right? Especially those dishes that have gotten Michelin stars.”

“Ah.....ye ah.” Lin Ke Song thought those Michelin starred foods sounded like they were very high class, not at all belonging to her life.

She only needs to eat her uncle’s specially cooked food and she would feel pretty happy already.

“The scale of this audition is not small.”

“What has that got to do with us?”

“Don’t you think making these picky eaters show an ugly expression would be a very interesting thing ah! Go, Ke Song! Show them something!”

Song Yi Ran held onto Lin Ke Song’s shoulder and brought her into the crowds.

“I won’t do those kind of things ah! Don’t let me go! Hey! Hey! Song Yi Ran don’t be too much!”

But Song Yi Ran had already brought her to the registration area, and even fluently recited Lin Ke Song’s particulars, to the point of stuffing the pen in Lin Ke Song’s hand, wanting her to sign her name on the form.

When Song Yi Ran asked about the registering fees, they actually said that

there was none. It's only that the other participants had received news about the competition beforehand and had brought their prepared cooking utensils and ingredients, but they had nothing.

Lin Ke Song wanted to leave, but Song Yi Ran actually just directly bought all the things of one of the participants that was just leaving.

There was a frying pan and a ladle and there was also tomatoes and eggs and all sorts of bottles of things and trinkets.

“Wonderful! Ke Song, don't you only know how to fry tomatoes and eggs? Just cook that for them to eat! Remember it has to be so yucky they want to die!”

Lin Ke Song has not seen that chap be this happy for a very long time.

A face of mischief, hooking on to other people's hearts and making it ticklish.

Just like that, Lin Ke Song was swirled in. and Song Yi Ran explained that his friend had come from America so the English was not good, and he wanted to stay at the side to translate, the surrounding people in charge were actually compassionate enough to let the both of them enter, only repeatedly asking that Song Yi Ran not help Lin Ke Song at all while she was in the process of prepping and cooking, otherwise, Lin Ke Song will lose the right to participate in the competition.

Once Lin Ke Song entered the arena, she realised that there were actually uncountable numbers of people who were cooking their signature dish. Their expressions were one of deep concentration, it was obvious that they came prepared.

She took a glance at Song Yi Ran and said: “are you trying to make me a jumping clown?”

“The jumping clown is not you, but the three who are sitting over there.”

Song Yi Ran wriggled his eyebrows, Lin Ke Song looked over, and saw that on the judging platform were three men, they were all wearing formal western suits, their faces were stern. The judging table was covered with a clean white tablecloth, every participant who had cooked their dish had a very respectful look while presenting their dishes.

The three judges would share their opinions with each other, and tell the participants their comments. It's just that there is not a single participant who left with a smile. Looks like their standards are really harsh.

The way they tasted the food reminded Lin Ke Song of that block of ice, Jiang Qian Fan, all the dishes that were served were only tasted a mouthful, and some that seemed really horrible were even spitted out. This made those who were cooking really worried.

“Hey, the others look like they are here to compete seriously, we are indeed here to play, isn't it bad?”

“What's bad about it?” Song Yi Ran had a face like he was not afraid if the whole world came into chaos, “Remember to add more salt!”

“Even if I fry it out, who knows, they may not even take a bite due to the look of it!”

“I'll help you properly present it!”

Lin Ke Song glared at the other party, she is probably going to be so embarrassed!

As according to normal procedures, she made tomato scrambled eggs, it's only that it does not look like the real thing. And Song Yi Ran at the side adhered to the competition rules, did not open his mouth to say anything or help Lin Ke Song.

The thing on the plate was a pile of rotten mess, she herself wouldn't eat this thing, and she didn't believe that the three judges will be so moronic as to put the thing into their mouths.

Wait, if it's going to be like this, then there's nothing to lose ah!

Anyway she wasn't even here to really compete.

As she thought like that, Lin Ke Song started to relax. She opened the various spices she brought in, and haphazardly added things in, then after stirring added some water and continued simmering.

Simmered till they were sodden in the soup, Lin Ke Song then scooped them up and plated them.

She took a look at the other's foods display. Even though they were not professional chefs, they were all very serious in displaying their foods on the plate.

Some were hilariously displayed, some were just a little off from the high classed western restaurants.

For the sake of not coming for naught, Lin Ke Song decided to properly display her "messy soup".

She first used the bowl to scoop the soup up, cleaned the sides of the bowl, then flipped around her things, and found a few pieces of celery leaves, and gently put it on the red soup's surface. Then took out a bottle of thick black liquid that she didn't even know what it was, and gently dripped it on the celery leaves.

Lin Ke Song was very satisfied with her plating, and nodded mischievously at Song Yi Ran.

Lin Ke Song suppressed her nervousness, and sent the "soup" to the front of the judges. She wasn't afraid of the judges throwing back to her the crappy tomato and smelly eggs, she's only worried that they wouldn't even bother tasting what she had just made, if it were like that, then she would have really busied for nothing.

Soup from Hell

The judges looked at the portion of soup and lowered their heads to smell it, like they were trying to discern what kind of spices were used in the soup.

Gourmet's magazine editor Winston was the youngest among the three judges.

He looked like he was very gentle, a high nose bridge, deep blue eyes, and he graciously smiled at Lin Ke Song.

Winston took up Lin Ke Song's registration papers and had a look and said: "You're from china?"

"Uh..... Yes....."

"Don't be nervous, we are not bad people, it's only that we are a little too serious towards food." Winston took a spoon and stirred Lin Ke Song's soup, "introduce this soup to us then."

Lin Ke Song coughed slightly and said: "My English is not good, so I would like to invite my friend to use English to explain it to the three judges."

Winston nodded his head, they unanimously looked at Song Yi Ran.

Song Yi Ran used sleek English to explain: "this is called red soup, it is a soup from a minority group, made with tomatoes and eggs, combined with dozens of spices boiled together. The technique used is not simply to boil the food, but you need to add different ingredients at different times, once the ingredients are added in the wrong order, the taste will change. This kind of soup, is only made in every family by the mother when her daughter is married. So normally, every female will only get to drink it once in their life. Because this minority group's culture is on a decline, the soup's recipe is also being lost gradually. And my friend happens to belong to this tribe, the soup recipe was passed from her grandmother to her mother and finally into her hands."

This is such a good teammate ah! While saying these words, his face didn't change and his heart did not skip a beat!

Song Yi Ran shouldn't study finance, he is an elite of advertising ah! The fact that the advertising industry does not have an elite like him is such a huge loss!

In a rush, all the judges suddenly had a huge interest in the soup placed before them! David the food association chairman even slightly licked his upper lips.

Eat ba eat ba eat ba! I guarantee you will have the experience of your life!

"Then let us have a taste of this soup ba."

The judges scooped up the soup, slowly sending it into their mouths, with expressions that looked like they were expecting to taste something that was out of this world.

First it was gourmet connoisseur Luke who spat out the soup with a blast.

"What is this! Do you want to ruin our tongues!"

Good thing Song Yi Ran had prepared beforehand, and thought that he should stand to one side, or he would be shot by the soup.

And the David the food association chairman had lowered his head and cough with vigour, his whole face was red.

"Oh my god ah! This soup is a total disaster! Give me water—hurry give me water!"

But Winston, he slowly swallowed the soup, and unhurriedly picked up his cup and drank a mouth of water.

"Very unique taste and texture. I can imagine why mothers would give their daughters this kind of soup before they are married. If you can even swallow this kind of soup, what kind of hardships will you not be able to tolerate?"

The chairman of the food association David who had already drunk a whole cup of water exhaled: "I hope the women over there will only marry once!"

Luke used a stern almost 咆哮 tone to say to Lin Ke Song: "do you know of all the dishes I have ever tasted in my life, this red soup is the best in which category? -- the best in the worst category!"

Winston picked up the napkin and wiped his mouth, and said the last cutting comment: "Ms Lin, this red soup has no culinary technique to speak of, but only

throwing a bunch of ingredients together. Food should let people feel joy, but your soup brought me to hell. I sincerely hope, that on this earth, apart from the three of us, there will not be a fourth person to taste this kind of food.”

Lin Ke Song thought in her heart, even if she were to make another round of this soup the standard will never be able to reach this ah. Because she definitely had no thread of remembrance or knowledge of what ingredients she had put in.

“Goodbye.” Winston made a “please leave hand movement”.

Lin Ke Song and Song Yi Ran swiftly left the competition compounds, she was still afraid that if she didn’t walk away fast enough, the judges would have an inspiration and get her to drink all three bowls of soup!

Just as they exited, Lin Ke Song laughed till her stomach was about to burst.

“Wey, did you see that? Did you see that David’s face? I was afraid he had high blood pressure ah!”

Song Yi Ran put his hands in his pocket, looked at her posture of her holding her stomach and laughing, “Didn’t you say you didn’t want to play? Looking at you now seems like you’re quite into it. When Winston commented, you looked like you were almost going to cry.”

“That was because I was trying to endure my laughter okay!”

“Then you don’t think you are not as serious as the other participants anymore?” Song Yi Ran asked.

“Don’t think so anymore.” Lin Ke Song shook her head.

“Oh, why?”

“Eating should be a very simple thing. They keep carrying a judging mood to eat food that others have prepared seriously, isn’t this a kind of disrespect? After having my soup from hell, I wonder if they’d still be able to taste other flavours?”

Song Yi Ran chuckled, held onto Lin Ke Song’s collar and went off.

After today, Lin Ke Song will properly start working at her uncle’s Lin’s restaurant.

In the past, Lin Ke Song had heard that operating a restaurant is a very tough

thing to do. You are supposed to open at around 11 in the day, but the kitchen staff have to start preparations at 4, 5 in the early morning.

Good thing, uncle did not have any plans to get Lin Ke Song to help out in the kitchen, but want her to handle the cashier. The cashier originally had two people taking shifts. One on the weekdays, the other on the weekends, who also happen to be Lin Xiao Xue's younger cousin brother (T/N: on the mother's side). The lady who was in charge of the cashier in the weekdays had a daughter who was pregnant and so wanted a leave for a period of time, and Lin Ke Song took over her shifts.

Cashiering looks like just accepting money and putting it into the money box, and the cashiering machine will even automatically calculate the amount of change for the customer, based on logic it is a very simple job, but in actual fact, it is a job that make your arms and feet very busy.

Good thing the cashier at the restaurant is not like the cashier at the bank, otherwise with a job that is like flowing waters, Lin Ke Song can imagine how burnout she will be.

So Lin Ke Song while fighting and struggling with the "old version" of the cashiering machine and cash and POS机, she finished her first day of work.

She really feels sleepy, dizzy with a blurry vision, that feeling was like doing three high school exams in a day.

After a hurried shower, Lin Ke Song crawled in to the bed, and was about to pull the blanket when there was a knock on the door.

"Uncle?" Lin Ke Song kneaded her eyes, can't be that she did some wrong cashiering right?

"It's me..... Claire."

Lin Ke Song suddenly remembered that she had forgotten to clear her hairs after using the bathroom, Lin Xiao Xue can't be angry again right?

She hurriedly put on her slippers and opened the door.

"Xiao Xue, you want to use the bathroom right, let me go clear the hairs on the floor."

“Oh. That..... this weekend my friends and I are organising a barbeque party. You can bring your friend along.”

Lin Ke Song stopped in her tracks. From the time she was here till now, her cousin has always been distantly cold, why would she suddenly to invite her to a barbeque party?

If it were in the country, Lin Ke Song’s mind would work quickly, but in front of Lin Xiao Xue, she reacts in three seconds. Lin Xiao Xue’s main point isn’t her cousin, but her cousin’s “friend”.

Lin Ke Song sighed in her heart. This was most probably because of Song Yi Ran. As expected, having good looks is different, when the car sees you they pick you up, when the flowers see you they bloom for you, when Lin Xiao Xue saw him, she flipped open for him ah.

Even though the goddess is interested, but the King Xiang must have no dreams. No matter how Lin Xiao Xue is, she is also family, she can’t let Song Yi Ran scourge her.

“Weekend, is it? I have to mind the cashier at the restaurant during the weekends too ah.”

“You can come after you knock off.” Lin Xiao Xue eyes carried a hint of hope.

And Lin Ke Song purposely put on an awkward expression and said: “Xiao Xue, after I’ve knocked off, it’s already 11pm. It’d be so late already, your barbeque party should be already over too right?”

“Whatever!” after saying, Lin Xiao Xue closed the door and entered the house. She was angry, but Lin Ke Song had an established reason, there was no way to find fault.

Lin Ke Song exhaled.

A week later, Lin Ke Song swiftly adjusted to the cashiering job, even when it was the peak hours, she could handle it and not find it chaotic.

Occasionally when the back kitchen was busy they couldn’t handle it, Lin Ke Song would go over to help out, but as long as she doesn’t help, it’s good, once she starts helping, she was totally made use of like she was a male.

“Ke Song, come! Help bring these bags of rice in!”

“Ke Song, come over and look, why doesn’t this bulb light up anymore?”

“Ke Song, the vegetable washing is clogged, come over and help unblock it!”

While Lin Xiao Xue carried her bag and walked out, she saw her perspire till her whole back was wet and couldn’t help smirking.

“Didn’t my dad invite you here just to look after these people and collect money? Why did you let them order you around?”

Lin Ke Song froze in her spot, Lin Xiao Xue already carried her bag and walked past her.

But if she were to really just sit at the cashier and collect money, while watching the others get busy, she wouldn’t have a sound conscious ah.

But the one who should have a louder conscious is Song Yi Ran that crazy nut.

Every afternoon, as long as there are no classes, 4.30pm sharp and he would be sitting in the restaurant.

“Lin Ke Song, pour me a glass of water.” And with the likes of a young master, using his finger to tap on the table.

“Can’t you see me minding the cashier?”

“Can’t you see that you’re the only one who’s free?”

“.....”

On average, he would only order some light food. Even though this chap has lots of money, he doesn’t have a bad habit of wasting, ordering however much can be consumed. At 7pm plus, when the restaurant was experiencing the peak flow of customers, Lin Ke Song would purposely walk to him and knock his table: “hey, give a table up!”

“I’m not done eating.”

This chap had only a mouthful of porridge left, and was on his tablet using the restaurant’s Wi-Fi.

But the weirdest thing was, this chap only spent around 5USD and hogged a whole table, but neither the waiters nor her uncle had any intention to chase

him away, her uncle even wanted to thank him, by letting him eat for free when he came the next time.

“Why ah?” Lin Ke Song could not understand at all.

A/N: Song Yi Ran, the advertisement world welcomes you!

Rotten Tomato Index: 10 Stars

“Because the business is increasing ah! Don’t you think that there are more young ladies frequenting our restaurants?”

“.....” is this considered the trap of a beauty? Song Yi Ran this foul male, is so attractive from the country to country?

Even Lin Xiao Xue frequently gets off school and runs straight to the restaurant, purposely sitting opposite Song Yi Ran, asking to discuss about some article review, in fact it was very obvious who was the one with ulterior motives ah.....

Song Yi Ran this chap still held a face of innocence and put his face beside Lin Xiao Xue, and very intimately “guided” the other party, and even purposely wriggled his eyebrows at Lin Ke Song from time to time, that grin ah..... only the two words “great ecstasy” can be used to describe it.

Almost every day was passed heart grippingly, lung tearingly, Lin Ke Song’s life was once again like surging waves.

Two men wearing suits walked into the bustling Lin’s restaurant, a camera man and a woman who seemed to be a presenter followed behind them. The clothes she wore had a distinctive style, trendy yet with a sense of intelligence.

She went to the front of Lin Ke Song, exposing a hint of smile “Hello, may I know if Ms Lin Ke Song is around?”

Because the name was said in English, it took Lin Ke Song two seconds to react.

“Ah..... yes..... I am Lin Ke Song, how may I help you?”

“Ah, the material says that you have just arrived in New York, so you don’t know me, I forgive you.” The other part flutter her eyes, “I am Annalise Horton, 《Gourmet New York》’s show host.”

Suddenly, many heads in the restaurant turned, the woman named Annalise

became the centre of attention.

It looked like she was a very popular host. Too bad that Lin Ke Song had been here for so long, and she hadn't even seen a minute of American entertainment programmes.

"Didn't you join a cooking contest's audition two weeks ago?"

Annalise saw Lin Ke Song's ignorant expression and could not help asking.

Lin Ke Song smacked her head, finally remembering.

"Ah! Yes....."

She's dead she's dead, some food show's host has come looking for her, is it because when the judges ate her trash soup that day, they had food poisoning or more importantly..... their breaths expired? It can't be, if it were really like that, the one who will be looking for her should be the police! You mean according to the wonderful palates of Americans, they feel that that trash soup was unique?

"Your dish left a deep impression on the judges, and has entered the Top 10." Annalise's eyes squinted as she smiled, "You are about to officially join the "MasterChef" cooking contest jointly organised by the United States' leading magazine "Gourmet" and Food Association!"

"It can't be possible right? Didn't the three judges say that my dish was made badly? None of them want me to make the dish ever again! How is it possible to enter the top 10?"

What kind of standards do the other participants have to be of for the judges to have this kind of choice?

Annalise smiled, offering dagger like words: "its top 10 worst."

The whole restaurant was quiet for 2 seconds, then there were waves after waves of laughter bursting out.

"..... this kind of answer is more normal. But your competition's rules aren't normal right? Why would you choose the top 10 worsts?"

"To ensure that the competition would be fair ah. The rules of the competition is that the participants will be training under professional chefs, and

representing their chefs in the competition. If we chose participants whose skills were up there, even though they are outstanding they would have different degrees of excellence, to each chef, the guiding difficulty will be of different levels, how will it be a fair contest? But if the worst were chosen, especially those who are so bad they have no knowledge of cooking at all, all starting from zero, wouldn't it be a lot more fair?"

Lin Ke Song was suddenly enlightened. The Americans are pretty good at these kind of reverse logic ah.

"That..... Ms Horton, even though this culinary competition seems really interesting, but there is no way I can squeeze out the time to participate. I have to be here collecting money. " Lin Ke Song patted her cashiering machine.

She had absolutely no interest in cooking, the only time she cooked was for instant noodles, and she even burned the pot.

She doesn't want to blow up a big chef's kitchen.

"Are you sure? The prize money is pretty generous. There are a total of 10 participants, but if you manage to get into the top 8, you will be able to get 1000USD, get into the top 6 and you will get 3000USD, top 4 and you'll have 9000USD, the 3rd place will get 30 000USD, the 2nd 100 000 USD. While the champion will get 300 000 USD. I think you should think carefully whether you really want to give up on this opportunity."

At that moment, Lin Ke Song only saw the whole sky filled with USDs flying around, Franklin's smile was simply too beautiful.

"..... I will really have the chance to get the prize money?"

"Well....." Annalise rubbed her nose, "If we had chosen the best participants, you'd definitely have no chance. But in a group of rotten tomatoes index rated 10 stars amateurs..... I can only say that anything is possible. "

Lin Ke Song's heart wavered. Her goal wasn't any championship, that far away dream has no meaning.

But if she could get the 8th place, she would have 1000USD! Top 6 and she'll have 3000USD!

Compared to the lotto, this is mana dropped from heaven ah!

But..... will uncle agree? It was only a while since she mastered cashiering, how can she apply for leave?

At this time, her uncle who was wearing the chef's white uniform walked out of the back kitchen, and only said a sentence: "Agree to her!"

Lin Ke Song did not expect her uncle to be so refreshingly agreeable.

"Ke Song! Don't you know what competing in this competition means?" her uncle grabbed her shoulders.

"Wh..... at....."

The 300 000USD?

"It's the chance to be mentored by the chef of the highest skills! This is the greatest wish of every chef and culinary lover!"

Uncle Lin Feng was practically staring at Lin Ke Song.

The uncle who always had no temper at this moment was very pressurising. Under his stare, Lin Ke Song could only nod.

"Then..... Then I'll go?" Lin Ke Song asked tentatively.

Once her uncle nodded, Annalise started clapping her hands: "Wonderful! Then it's settled!"

Lin Feng turned to Annalise: "I would like to know, if she were to join the competition, who would be her teacher?"

"This has not been decided yet. The competition committee will make a decision by this weekend, and send Ms Lin to her mentor's."


"Good, we'll look forward to the results!"

Lin Ke Song suddenly felt that her uncle was more excited than her.

Before Annalise left, she shook hands with Lin Ke Song, letting Lin Ke Song do a self-introduction in English towards the camera.

In the rush, Lin Ke Song did not know what she should say, except for a sentence "*hello, I'm Lin Kesong.*"

Annalise blinked and said, “dearie, did you know your name sounds like a kind of bread?”

“..... I know, croissant.” Lin Ke Song ed*, this is not the first time someone has said that.

Annalise hugged Lin Ke Song before she left, using a volume that can definitely be recorded by the camera and said: “Alright, for the ease of the judges and audiences remembering you, let’s give you a cute nickname — little bun, how about it?”

“Little Bun”, why does it sound so familiar ah?

Lin Ke Song smacked her head, right! The guy beside that ice block Jiang Qian Fan, Mr Mayer called her that too!

Annalise sashayed away in her heels, leaving Lin Ke Song in her trail.

And her uncle had already found another person to replace Lin Ke Song, and even told Lin Ke Song that from this moment onwards, she was to properly rest and conserve her energy, she definitely had to endure it to the last hurdle of the competition!

“Ke Song! You must remember clearly all the techniques and knowledge the chef teaches you, come back and tell uncle!”

“.....oh, I understand.”

Do you want it noted through memorisation or a recording?

“Uncle has a lot of ideas and questions that have not had a solution. If you can, you must help uncle ask the master!”

“.....okay!”

Why does it sound like she wasn’t going to learn to cook but to get her fortune told?

“In this life, uncle may never get a chance to interact with those star rated head chefs, but you do! So you must treasure this opportunity!”

Looking at uncle’s expression, Lin Ke Song finally understood. Don’t look at the small restaurant that he operates, when it comes to cooking, he has a goal. Even

now, he has not given up on this passion.

Lin Ke Song suddenly felt that even though she has not figured out this competition, in her heart, she has decided she has to be serious in this competition.

At least among so many participants, she hardly saw any Asian faces, so no matter what she should not throw the face of the Chinese ah!

..... but to be in the top 10 worst, the face has probably be long thrown.

That night, the programme “Gourmet New York” aired the process of looking for the contestants.

And Mayer sat in front of the television, drinking hot milk before bed while relishing Annalise’s graceful figure.

He was the only person in the entire villa apart from Jiang Qian Fan.

The entire villa was so silent it made people feel uneasy, neither a trace of the wind nor the sound of a dropping drop of water could be heard. Even Mayer who was watching television was wearing head phones, like he was afraid of disturbing a certain someone.

Annalise on television came to Chinatown, before walking in, she spoke to the camera: “next, we will be meeting the one who made “Gourmet” magazine’s editor Mr Winston the horrible “Red soup”, Lin Ke Song! Just what kind of person is the one who can create this kind of hellish taste? Let’s go in and find out!”

When the camera landed on Lin Ke Song’s lost face, Mayer almost choked to death on his milk.

“Oh my god ah!”

He stood up, walked a couple of steps forward, just shy of sticking his face to the television.

Not two seconds later, the phone in his room rang.

He hurriedly went back and answered the phone: “Sorry Mr Jiang, I was too loud and disturbed you?”


“En.” A cool tone, which had only one syllable.

Mayer helplessly smiled.

It can't be helped, Jiang Qian Fan is too sensitive to sound, and even the dripping tap next door can be heard clearly. That's why while he was relaxing, he wanted absolute silence.

That is also the reason why there are no other residence near the villa, and after nine, even the maids have to leave.

“Because Mr Jiang, I saw something interesting on TV.”

*, pronounced Jiǒng. It's an emoji and actual word that expresses the face the word forms. Try making a face like that. It perfectly expresses the emotion Ke Song was feeling.

Jiang Qian Fan = Nightmare Time

Jiang Qian Fan had no interest in this piece of news.

Just as he was about to put down the phone, Mayer spoke again: "I saw Ms Lin Ke Song! It's that..... that little bun!"

After waiting for two seconds, Mayer did not hear the sound of Jiang Qian Fan putting down the phone.

The tips of his mouth lifted, and used a tone as calm as he could possibly manage to say: "that Ms Lin, she is taking part in this round of the cooking competition 'MasterChef' organised by 'Gourmet' and the food association. I wonder who will become her mentor?"

Jiang Qian Fan was still silent.

Mayer then said: "what if it's that hot tempered Ivan! She is a kind little lady, furthermore she isn't fluent language wise, will she be full of tears every day ah?"

There was still no reply.

"It would be worse if it were Lilith that woman who looks kind but is mean inside ah! Little bun will definitely be disoriented by her! She will not teach her properly!"

Still silent. But the phone wasn't hung yet!

"..... Harkins will not do either ah! He likes those girls who are petite and oriental! While teaching her, he will touch her arm, touch her leg..... just thinking about it is unbearable!"

"That's because you're thinking too much."

It was still that monotonous intonation, it was a thin frost in this quiet night.

The phone was hung. Mayer sighed regrettably.

This night, Lin Ke Song slept well, and Uncle Lin Feng was at the table fighting a

night war, writing down all the questions that he wanted to ask the Michelin chef.

The next morning, the competition committee sent representatives to Lin's restaurant, two men wearing black suits walked in.

Lin Ke Song was looking down from the window's edge, and felt that they gave off a "man in black" feel.

They told Lin Ke Song, the competition committee had already assigned her a mentor.

Just as uncle was about to ask about who Lin Ke Song's mentor was, the two men in black shook their heads saying: "this is a secret before the competition starts. We also hope that Ms Lin will be able to keep this secret."

Lin Ke Song was even asked to sign some confidential contract. Which was to say, unless her mentor agreed, she could not tell anyone who she was learning from. And when this competition was at the last stages, only the top 3 will announce the name of their mentors.

Lin Ke Song twitched the corners of her mouth, she wasn't dumb, she was very clear this was to protect the reputation of those chefs who had received Michelin stars. If they lost, then it wouldn't be announced, if they won, then it would be announced to the world. These foreigners could really think. Might as well gather all these great chefs and make them compete among themselves, then broadcast the competition. Isn't it cannon fodder to send people like her who has no ounce of cooking skills for a competition? How is this kind of competition fun to watch?

Lin Ke Song alighted from the car.

She suddenly felt a sense of anticipation. The only thing she knew was that her mentor was a chef whose standard allowed the restaurant to get a 3 Michelin stars rating. And she heard her uncle Lin Feng mention that many top chefs were operators of high class restaurants.

After driving for a long while, the car left Lin Ke Song's familiar surroundings, and still drove even further, when Lin Ke Song started getting nervous.

Are they really the cooking competition's committee members?

They can't be from some underground organisation, who kill people and rob goods, then dump her body in some deserted place right?

Otherwise, which Michelin star chef will stay in such a reclusive area?

At that time, Lin Ke Song did not know yet, the truly exclusive residential areas are located away from the bustle of the urban areas.

Until the car entered a villa district, with thick greenery around, scent of flowers drifting in the air, and each villa a far distance from each other with the occasional luxury car Lin Ke Song could not name, did her heart start to calm down.

The car stopped in front of a villa. The biggest difference of this villa compare to the others, was that it was located much further away from the other villas, like it had a case of loneliness. But when the sunlight gently landed on the roof, reflecting off, it was like an elegant gentleman awakening from the winter hibernation, Lin Ke Song could not help lifting her head to appreciate the sight.

Two men in black pressed the bell at the large door of the villa, when the door opened, Lin Ke Song unexpectedly saw a familiar face.

"..... Mr Mayer!"

"Hi! Cute little bun, we meet again!" Mayer amiably smiled, and shook hands with the two men in black, "Thank you for sending her here, leave the rest to me."

"Mr Winston wants us to confirm, Mr Jiang will be her mentor, right?"

"Yes, don't worry."

When Lin Ke Song heard the phrase "Mr Jiang", could not help feeling sceptical. Does it mean her mentor is Jiang Qian Fan?

It can't be ah! Isn't he unable to see?

If he's blind how can he be a chef? And he is even a Michelin chef? Impossible! This isn't even science!

The two men in black nodded and left.

Mayer bend down slightly, and made a "come in" gesture towards Lin Ke Song.

Lin Ke Song lifted her legs and walked in.

It was bright and spacious in the villa, giving her an illusion of entering a high class hotel. It was so bright that the dustless marble floors could reflect Lin Ke Song's face. There was no excessive decoration, even the lamps were of geometric shapes, the entire room giving off a strict and orderly style.

Cold, indifferent, to the point that it seemed like there was no one staying here.

Lin Ke Song followed Mayer up the spiral staircase. There were some modern paintings hung on the wall, with each painting as parallel to the stair case as a ladder.

Her brain started to hurt.

Everything about this style made her think about the man who used to sit pillion on her bicycle, who was critical about every dish to the point of a sickness, Jiang Qian Fan.

“That..... Mr Mayer, may I know the person who I'm going to meet?”

Mayer put his finger to his lips, “Mr Jiang likes silence.”

Mr Jiang? Just which Mr Jiang is it? Maybe Jiang Qian Fan has a brother or uncle or something, all these people can be Mr Jiang too!

It must be like that!

Mayer looked at Lin Ke Song's ever changing expressions, pursing his lips of laughter.

They walked to the end of the 3rd floor, Lin Ke Song has a realisation of how big the villa was, if she were not following Mayer, she'd probably have gotten lost!

Mayer opened a wooden door, at the end of the door was a line of dark coloured sofas sitting a solemn expressionless man. Both his hands were holding a silver cane, his long slender finger intertwining together. This was a simple posture, but it was pouring with a commanding imposing manner.

When Lin Ke Song met the pair of eyes that had not the slightest bit of waves in them, the whole world felt like it was reversing crazily.

All her senses were focused on him.

“Mayer, whom have you brought?”

The cold voice echoed in the empty room.

Lin Ke Song’s heart suddenly shattered to the ground..... it was really Jiang Qian Fan!

“Mr Jiang, when you were in china, there was a lady who brought you around on a bicycle to taste the local dishes, so you still remember?”

“En.”

A monosyllabic reply as always.

If Jiang Qian Fan was that so called great chef, Lin Ke Song won’t even think about being in the top 10, with having to interact with Jiang Qian Fan face to face, is it not a kind of torture to her?

“It’s that girl, she has entered “rotten tomatoes rated top 10 most disgusting foods”, and will represent you in the ‘MasterChef’ competition.”

Lin Ke Song’s coughed coughed in her heart, that whatever rotten tomatoes ratings, there is really no need to specially mention it.....

“I told you before, I will not take part in that competition.” Jiang Qian Fan’s posture did not sway at all.

Lin Ke Song was already planning to retreat.

“But, I have already agreed to “Gourmet” editor Mr Winston for you. The other starred chefs also know that you are going to take part in the competition, if you were to back out now, they may mock you, sir.”

“I’m not taking part.”

Jiang Qian Fan’s answer was as steadfast, without a trace of doubt, as always.

Mayer could only sigh saying: “alright then, I’ll make a call to Editor Winston, and say that I had made the decision without consent, and you do not agree to participate in the competition. Let him find another starred chef for little bun then.”

Lin Ke Song exhaled, showing a celebratory smiling face.

While the Jiang Qian Fan sitting on the couch started freezing up.

Mayer was communicating with Winston, asking for a change of a mentor for Lin Ke Song.

“So the only remaining three starred chef is Harkins?” Mayer purposely looked at Jiang Qian Fan, just last night he mentioned him, even though Harkins had good cooking skills, but he could not keep his hands to himself around oriental girls, “Alright, if it’s Harkins then it’ll be Harkins.”

At that moment, Jiang Qian Fan suddenly grabbed his cane and stood up.

He obviously couldn’t see, but Lin Ke Song had an illusion that the other party was looking at her.

“Why did you exhale? I’m not willing to teach you, and you feel very happy, right?”

Lin Ke Song was stunned, how did he know?

She obviously didn’t say a single word, and was standing there like a frozen stick ah!

Mayer hurriedly said a word of “Sorry” to the people on the other side of the phone, explaining that he had other matters to handle, and would call back later.

“Sir, what’s the matter?”

Jiang Qian Fan walked towards Lin Ke Song.

A feeling of heavy pressure moved towards her, when he got closer to her, Lin Ke Song intentionally lowered her head, retreating backwards.

“You think compared to other chefs, I’m not capable to make you the champion of “MasterChef”?”

“N.....no.....”

Your eyes can’t see, how are you able to make things in the kitchen?

Just cutting vegetables and whatever, 10 fingers are not enough for you to chop off, won’t the kitchen be flooding with blood?

So you know how much seasoning you have added?

Who knows, the things you make taste worse than my “red soup” ah!

But in the territory of this ice block, all these words, she just can't say them!

“You are doubting my abilities.”

Jiang Qian Fan's face faced her direction.

His eyes were very deep, something quietly burning in the dimness.

When his forelock fell with the movement of his posture, everything seems to go in slow motion.

Lin Ke Song stared at his slightly parted lips.

Jiang Qian Fan VS Lin Ke Song = Lin Ke Song totally defeated

She knew she shouldn't have thought those things, but she couldn't help it.

"I..... didn't doubt your capabilities....."

This sentence, even Lin Ke Song found it hard to believe what she'd just said.

"Lie."

In the short moment of him slightly separating his lips, she finally got to see the place that made people full of imagination faintly.

Her heart felt like something soft and invisible had passed it by, just at the moment she was trying to desperately catch the thing, everything disappeared.

Jiang Qian Fan went around Lin Ke Song. He kept the cane, because he knew this house like the back of his palm.

His steps were at ease, making Lin Ke Song doubt if this guy was really unable to see.

Mayer winked at Lin Ke Song, signalling her to follow.

This was the first time Lin Ke Song saw the astounding kitchen.

On the spacious countertop without a speck of dust, there was an array of knives of different lengths, the variety of professional cookware were so bright and clean it looked like they had never been used before. On the bright floors, there were refrigerator cabinets that were installed on the wall, with all sorts of vegetable, fruits and meats. There were so many types, Lin Ke Song couldn't name some of them!

Mayer looked at Lin Ke Song and smiled: "this is where Mr Jiang studies various foods. Six dishes that are the signature dishes of 3 Michelin stars rated restaurant of which they were entered into the Michelin Red guides were created here."

Lin Ke Song blinked her eyes.

Even though she didn't know much about this industry, but she knew that "3 Michelin stars" to some diners are cuisine worth the wait of a lifetime.

An average chef who can have a couple of dishes recommended but the Michelin Red Guides is already considered a great feat, but Jiang Qian Fan already had six dishes at such a young age?

And the most most most unbelievable thing was, his eyes were obviously unable to see ah!

At this time, Jiang Qian Fan took off his coat, and put on the head chef's uniform. The high collar was attached to his collar, his broad shoulder and narrow waist lines looked like they were sketched out.

He turned on the tap, and washed his hands with the running water. When the water flowed between his long slender fingers, it was an extremely nimble beauty.

Lin Ke Song was totally stunned.

"What was the dish you made that was in the TOP10 Rotten Tomatoes?"

He took a clean white towel, wiping his fingers as he asked her.

Lin Ke Song was muddled, how is she supposed to answer the other party?
Hell's red soup?

Even she herself doesn't know what that thing was.

She could only grudgingly answer: "Tomato omelette."

The commonest and simplest dish.

But Mayer couldn't control his laugh anymore: "Even though I don't know about the various cuisines of china..... but tomato omelette, seems to be a common dish that no matter what will never be described as hell's soup right?"

Lin Ke Song laughed a little.

That was Song Yi Ran's idea! At that time it was really fun making fun of the three judges, but now it was so embarrassing her face was thrown all the way home!

"Then it'll be tomato omelette."

Jiang Qian Fan walked towards the cabinets, his hand smoothing across each one, picking three eggs in a hand. He walked towards the fruits and vegetables cabinet, lightly touching those red tomatoes, taking them to his nose to smell, and picked two tomatoes.

His action of cracking the eggs was elegant and agile, when the eggs collided with the eggs of the table, the wrist and arm folded in the most artistic way. Even the sound of breaking eggs had a kind of rhythmic beat to it.

Jiang Qian Fan's actions of cutting the tomatoes were swift, when his fingers slid away from the tomatoes, they bloomed like they were petals of a flower, it was like when Jiang Qian Fan's knife blade cut through, it wasn't a death, but a rebirth.

Under Jiang Qian Fan's focus, Lin Ke Song felt like she was looking into another purer world.

The air was filled with the fragrance of the sweet and sour blend of the eggs and tomatoes.

Her thoughts were attracted to the smells, her tongue and teeth could not keep still.

When she made a tomato omelette she needed half an hour to toss it, but Jiang Qian Fan only needed a few minutes.

The soft yellow and red together, was a fusion pleasant to the eyes.

"Gudu", Lin Ke Song swallowed.

Mayer who was at the side could not help laughing.

"This is the difference between you and me. There will never be anyone who would call this dish 'red soup' in my territory."

His tone had no indication despise, like it was right and natural for him to make other people feel ashamed.

Mayer gentlemanly passed a spoon to Lin Ke Song, smilingly said: "Many people wish for their whole lives to taste his food once, you are very lucky."

No matter how good it is, it is only tomato omelette. That is how Lin Ke Song feels.

She scooped a spoon of eggs and tomatoes, blew on it, and sent it into her mouth. The eggs still tasted like eggs, and the tomatoes tasted like tomatoes ma.....

But the next second, Lin Ke Song blinked her eyes.

The eggs were fluffy on the outside and soft on the inside, the sweet and sour juice of the tomatoes and the aroma of the eggs fused together. The tomatoes weren't boiled to mush, the heat used was perfectly right.

Lin Ke Song wanted another to have another spoon, when Mayer smiled asking: "is it good? Or is it a normal tomato omelettes?"

"..... good."

When the first mouth was swallowed, there was a richly salty and sour flavour but a one that you would never get tired of that was left behind on the tongue, it clung on to Lin Ke Song's nerves, controlling her hands to lift the spoon.

"It's only good? There's no other comment?" Mayer shook his head disappointedly.

"'Good' in itself is an intuitive feeling. Where would the other adjectives or comments come from ah!"

While talking, Lin Ke Song had already sent 2 or 3 spoonful into her mouth.

It was so good! It was like all the taste buds on her tongue had been awakened, this was the best tomato omelette that Lin Ke Song had ever had in her life!

When Lin Ke Song lifted the plate from the table, intending to drink all the soup at the bottom of the plate, Jiang Qian Fan's finger held on to the edge of the plate.

Lin Ke Song looked up.

"Do you think I'm unable to teach you? Or do you think that people who can't see are unable to be chefs?"

His voice fell from a high, each word pressing on Lin Ke Song's heartbeat.

"Sorry, because you weren't able to see, I had a biased perception towards

you. The tomato omelette you made..... I don't know what nice words to use to describe it, but it is the best omelette I've ever had since I was born."

Lin KE Song has never been the type to stubbornly refuse to admit the wrong judgements. The truth was right there, it wouldn't change whether she admitted her wrong or not.

Jiang Qian Fan's had not the slightest change of expression.

Lin Ke Song twisted her mouth, even if he were blind, couldn't he tell that it was praise sincerely from her heart?

Mayer coughed gently.

Lin Ke Song then finally understood.

"And..... with your standard, it's more than enough to teach me! With the way you were cooking just now, it was so fluid and pleasing to the eyes, even people who can see may not even be able to do it as well as you, like you knew the kitchen like the back of your palms!"

"Then from today, your mentor will be me."

"What?" Lin Ke Song was stunned, she looked at Mayer, and Mayer only nodded, smiling.

"Mayer, regarding the 'MasterChef', how long more till it starts?"

"Three more months."

Jiang Qian Fan turned towards her, "then please make a plate of tomato omelette, to let me gauge your standard."

No way! Tomato omelette again! I totally have no standard!

But since things have come to this, she could only do as asked.

Mayer found a white apron for Lin Ke Song, when she came to the station, thoughts of the smooth moves of Jiang Qian Fan lingered in her brains.

She took a breath, it's only tomato omelette! This time can guarantee the person won't die eating it!

Her mood calmed down.

Lin Ke Song picked out eggs and tomatoes, locking down all the ingredients that she needed, and imitated everything that Jiang Qian Fan had performed.

The eggs were beaten till there was a thin layer of foam, the tomatoes were sliced in equal moderate thickness, the leaves in the middle removed.

Jiang Qian Fan's knife skills were too good, the juice of the tomato was intact in each lobe, and the working area was extremely clean. While compared to Lin Ke Song, it seemed like she was "appalling", even if Jiang Qian Fan didn't say anything, Lin Ke Song also felt that she has let the essence of the tomatoes flow away on the table.

Stir fry, flip, put in the ingredients, boil, thicken..... even though Lin Ke Song imitated Jiang Qian Fan's every step. Her nerves were uptight, her attention fully on the details of every movement of her hands,

But every step was a poor imitation like attempting to draw a tiger but making it end up looking like a dog.

When Lin Ke Song scooped her tomato omelette, flipped it over, she deeply realised what master pieces meant ah!

Jiang Qian Fan as a Michelin chef, had high expectations towards food.

Lin Ke Song could suddenly understand why when she brought him around to taste dishes, he had only taken a bite.

Mayer gently placed a spoon on the edge of the plate.

Jiang Qian Fan reached out, and first ensured the position of the plate, then bent his head, scooped up a spoonful, and stopped it in front of his nose for a second.

For that short moment, it looked like the poster of a gourmet movie.

He opened his lips slightly, the moment the tip of his tongue touched the spoon, Lin Ke Song felt like her heart was swept past by something soft.

She prayed in her heart, he would swallow her tomato omelette..... please not ever spit it out1

And please don't use the tone of voice judging panel had when they commented on my tomato omelette I used to enter the competition.

She was serious, only because she knew it would be sent to him.

Lin Ke Song realised that she finally could understand how the participants were feeling that day while waiting for the judges' comments.

Apprehension, nervousness, palms producing a thin layer of sweat.

Mayer looked at Lin Ke Song with pity, like he was comforting her saying: no matter what Jiang Qian Fan says, don't take it to heart.

But Lin Ke Song knew, no matter what he said, it was going to leave a deep impression on her.

"The saltiness of the eggs and the sourness of the tomatoes are not in a layer, the taste is out of balance. The tomatoes were cooked for too long in the pot, resulting in a softer texture. The oil was not hot enough while cooking the eggs, so the eggs are not fluffy enough. I personally do not understand why Winston would call it 'hell's red soup'."

His voice was calm and objective, like someone was passing the law, making other not have any doubts about his strength.

And because of that, all the more Lin Ke Song did not want to hear him put her failure in a "nutshell" like everyone else did.

"Your tomato omelette isn't good, but it's not so bad to the point of hell."

With her head kept bent, Lin Ke Song who was feeling like she was riding a heavy bike for 25 000 miles suddenly lifted her head, and looked at Jiang Qian Fan incredulously.

Jiang Qian Fan's "not so bad" to an average person is such a high praise ah!

“Genius” and “Devil”

“Mayer, tell her the rules. I do not wish to tell her the same thing twice.”

Jiang Qian Fan methodically slipped off the chef uniform, while walking out the door turned to Lin Ke Song and said: “Clean up the kitchen.”

Lin Ke Song looked at the work area, Jiang Qian Fan had left almost no trace behind, all the traces of egg smears, tomato juice were all left behind by her.....

“Can he really not see?” Lin Ke Song looked towards Mayer, seriously doubting.

“He is not totally blind. He can sense light and the movements of people.”

“No wonder..... if he were totally blind, no matter what you said, I would not have believed he couldn't see. Is he..... still a Michelin chef?”

“Of course. And those food critics' praises for him now are higher than when he was younger. Probably because of the sight was weakened and leading to the sense of taste becoming keener. Also because of that, for any dish he tastes, his tongue will amplify any flaw exponentially.”

Lin Ke Song suddenly understood the reason why Jiang Qian Fan did not find any of the many snacks that she had brought him to taste good even if she thought they were snacks that she would never get tired of for twenty more years.

But even if her weren't totally blind, but being able to reach such heights in this field..... he's also a monster right?

Mayer looked at Lin Ke Song's expression, smiled: “Ms Lin, the 18 year old Jiang Qian Fan may be a 'genius'. But for the 28 year old him to be able to be as he is now, is because of a 'devil' like determination.”

Mayer told Lin Ke Song about Jiang Qian Fan As he showed her around to help her familiarise herself with the castle like villa.

Jiang Qian Fan made a name for himself when he was 18 years old, being the

youngest chef in the food industry to receive a 3 Michelin star rating, not to mention the food industry was mainly dominated by French and Italian cuisine in Europe and America. He was like a dazzling meteor piercing through the horizons. Just as everyone thought that he was going to shine in this field, he was diagnosed with a brain tumour, and the place where the tumour was located was so risky to operate on, the doctors did not recommend surgery.

But the tumour was pressing on his optic nerve, causing him most of his sight.

Just as everyone was pitying him, and forgetting him, he was practicing day and night in that kitchen. Without his sense of sight, he could only depend on his sense of touch, smell, hearing and countless experiences of failure. 8 years later, when he reappeared in the food industry, his dishes surprised all. A perfect sensory experience without imperfection, he became the object of attraction all the gourmets flocked to.

And now, he was a legend in the food industry worldwide, every new dish that he produced will make many top chefs scramble to imitate, but there has never been a single person who was able to create the same taste as him.

“Little bun, have you ever looked closely at Mr Jiang’s hands?”

Lin Ke Song was embarrassed. Even though she has never come close to Jiang Qian Fan’s hands, but his fingers were long and elegant, needless to say, while he was cooking, it was like a magic show.

“His hands have been cut by knives countless times. His wrists too have burn marks. What people see is his success and talent, no one has seen the price he has had to pay. So Little Bun, he has never needed anyone’s sympathy, but he deserves everyone’s respect.”

At this moment, Lin Ke Song was a little bit in awe of Jiang Qian Fan that ice block.

“Mr Jiang has never accepted students, but since you are going to learn from him, then I have to make a few rules clear to you. First, without Mr Jiang’s permission, you cannot touch his body.”

I know, he is a clean freak.

“Second, if Mr Jiang did not ask for it, you do not have to do anything for him.

Including guiding him around.”

Alright, his sense of pride is still incredibly high.....

“Third, Mr Jiang’s sense of hearing is very keen and he enjoys silence, so while you are staying here, surfing the net, listening to music, etc., please put on headphones, please do not make loud noises, even when you are on the phone. Please finish showering before 9 pm.....”

“Wait! Mr Mayer..... you talk as if I’m going to stay here?” Lin Ke Song widened her eyes.

This villa is indeed huge, but it’s silently quiet and so clean until it’s too much, this kind of place does not suit her.

“You are not going to stay here? This place is a fair distance from New York, and Mr Jiang rises early, he may want to teach you something at any time, are you sure you are able to make it here on time?”

“.....”

She really doesn’t want to stay here. There is no sense of humans here okay!

“Furthermore, since he has decided to teach you, he will treat you as strictly as he treats himself. So, he will not let you waste your time and energy in unnecessary things.”

Lin Ke Song was feeling worse and worse.....

“Fourth, no matter what time, as long as you use the kitchen, you have to clear and clean up.”

What what, three points are not enough, that there actually needs to be a fourth one?

“Clean up the kitchen..... just how clean does it have to be?”

“As clean as the first time you set your eyes on it.”

Lin Ke Song was stunned silly, this work area could be used as a mirror, and the floors were so clean you could ice skate on them!

“Are you sure..... I thought that you guys hired a bunch of people to clean that kitchen up!”

“Bunch of people?” Mayer looked at Lin Ke Song with a you-must-be-kidding-me expression, “That kitchen has always been cleaned by Mr Jiang himself. Before he left, he said that he would leave the cleaning to you, meant that he trusted you.”

.....this kind of trust was too much. She doesn't even organise her room that well normally, how is she going to handle such a big kitchen?

“Fifth.....”

“Wait, there's a fifth?” Lin Ke Song's scalp was numbing up.

Mayer smiled, “I promise it's the last point.”

“Alright, say it.”

Mayer's vision sank down: “Ms Lin, you may not be an avid cook, and your life goal may not be to be a head chef, but trust me, for the time you will be with Mr Jiang, it will be an experience you will continuously look back on. Cherish it.”

I hope to.....

No matter how you look at it, Jiang Qian Fan didn't seem like a nice fella to hang out with ah!

“Do I really have to stay here?” Lin Ke Song had not given up on struggling to the last moment.

“If you wish to be exhausted to death every day, you can don't stay here.” Mayer's finger nodded in the air, bursting Lin Ke Song's beautiful dream, “think about the competition's prize. As long as you're not an idiot, there is no problem getting into the top three places.”

Top three?

If she hadn't remembered wrongly, the third prize was 30 000 USD! She'd have her school fees!

Lin Ke Song's eyes was filled with hope for a moment.

Stay, then she'll stay! What's the big deal!

“That..... I would like to go back and grab some luggage, prepare a little. This should be possible right?”

“Of course you can. I’ll get the driver to send you home, and fetch you back at 8 pm sharp. No problem right?”

“No problem!”

And so, Lin Ke Song sat in a shiny black car with a name that she couldn’t pronounce, and was sent back to her uncle’s restaurant.

When she told her uncle that she had to temporarily move out, and at the same time stay with her mentor, her uncle was very worked up.

That night, Lin’s restaurant was actually closed for business, almost all of Uncle Lin Feng’s acquaintances and all the friends he knew were gathered here.

They actually opened liquor to celebrate. They were all ordinary Chinese restaurants operators or back kitchen staff, and took turns exhibiting their skills, a variety of dishes, from Cantonese to Sichuan to Shandong, it was the first time Lin Ke Song had seen a round table filled with all 8 of the major cuisines present.

“Ke Song! You have to learn properly ah! You must know that even though the Chinese cuisine is well known around the world, but here, is still where the foreigners dominate! Besides the Jiang Co. being the most prominent leaders of our Chinese cuisine, there is really no other formidable figure!”

Jiang Co.? Is it Jiang Qian Fan?

Lin Ke Song could not help perking her ears.

“Yeah ah! Mr Jiang is the only person who can totally defeat those cocky top European chefs! No matter if it were Chinese or Western cuisine, only he is able to make all those harsh food critics praise him like dominoes.”

“Most importantly, Jiang Co. have has always been committed to promoting Chinese food culture abroad. For example that food street that is in construction, it’s Jiang Co. that invested in that project. Mr Jiang even personally went back to china, and tasted different foods from different areas, wanting to bring the best tasting dishes to that food street. Even the mayor of new York is looking forward to it!”

Lin Ke Song was a little surprised, she has never thought that Jian Qian Fan’s reputation was this good among uncle and his friends.

“Ay, wait, Ke Song..... is your mentor by any chance Jiang Qian Fan?” her uncle suddenly asked.

Lin Ke Song was rooted to the ground. Before she joined the competition she had already promised, to not reveal who her mentor was.

“Enough! Old Lin! It’s not like you’ve never watched ‘Gourmet New York’, how can you not know the rules? Wait till the end and you’ll know who Ke Song’s mentor is!”

Good thing he uncle’s friend gave Lin Ke Song a way out.

But not long later, they were congratulating Lin Ke Song together, all they were saying was for Lin Ke Song to cherish this opportunity that they wish to get but will never get.

This time, apart from her uncle’s hopes, Lin Ke Song had to also carry all the other hopes of so many other uncles.

She felt like she was a scholar about to get on her bicycle to take the college entrance exams, and there were countless gazes filled with hope looking at her.

A small glass of white liquor enters her stomach, Lin Ke Song found it so spicy her tears flew out of her eyes, and she coughed so much her lungs felt like they were going to be spat out.

Everyone laughed loudly, and gave up on trying to chug Lin Ke Song with white liquor, and opened a few bottles of beer.

Lin Ke Song thought that she was sober, but the bowl was like a carousel on the table, her surroundings were moving around her.

At 8 at night, Jiang Qian Fan’s driver came to pick Lin Ke Song up. Lin Ke Song sat on the back seat and did not move at all, she only quietly smiled.

No one knew what she was looking at, and in her eyes, everyone was distorted like they were on the magic mirror. Her Uncle patted her shoulder, there was no response, and got her to drink half a cup of water, but she was still quietly laughing.

“Is this girl drunk? Ai..... shouldn’t have let her drunk Erguotou! Liquor then beer, probably made this girl dizzily drunk ah!”

They sincerely asked the driver to let Lin Ke Song sleep for another night, but one call from Mayer made everyone change their minds.

You bit me ah !

“At 12pm sharp tomorrow, the members and a very important supporter has booked a lunch reservation at our restaurant, Ms Lin’s mentor will personally bring her to check out the preparation and cooking process of the 3 star restaurant. From the preparation of ingredients to the seasonings and the final presentation, every step will be meticulously shown. But I cannot guarantee, when the car sets off tomorrow and Ms Lin’s mentor doesn’t see her, what kind of reaction will be given?”

Without a second word, the uncles lifted Lin Ke Song into the car. Uncle Lin Feng’s words and nagging on Lin Ke Song’s ears were totally lost on her.

When the car started up, Uncle Lin Feng’s shouting voice asking her to call back anytime finally sobered her a little, when she turned her head to look back, uncle’s figure was getting further and further away. And when uncle returned to the restaurant and saw his friends, one of them pointed to the red star erguotou and said: “Old Lin, 52% liquor..... did we go too far?”

“Since you know you went too far, why did you make her drink so much?”

“Wasn’t it because we were so happy?”

The lights of the bustling New York were like stars, flitting past Lin Ke Song’s face like thin sheets.

And she found herself feeling like she was floating through the vast Milky Way. Her heart suddenly felt hollowly empty.

She took out her phone, and only saw a short text from Song Yi Ran: I’ve gone to San Francisco, don’t make mistakes while cashiering ah!

Idiot..... she was no longer a cashier! She was going to learn about cooking from a Michelin chef!

Lin Ke Song leaned her head against the car window, and went to Song Yi Ran’s Weibo. It was a picture taken with a few sexy ladies in some night club. He was

smiling lazily, freely enjoying the glamorous city that never sleeps.

Then, her eyes started to water.

After reaching Jiang Qian Fan's villa, Mayer and a plump apron wearing middle aged lady were waiting for her at the entrance.

Mayer saw Lin Ke Song drunkenly alight, frowning slightly in a total loss of sense of direction.

"Nina, give her a hand."

"She's drunk, will sir be angry?"

Mayer shrugged his shoulders: "it's probably because someone was sending her off, I heard that the Chinese tend to drink a lot when they are sending people off. Being drunk has its merits, at least while sleeping Mr Jiang will not be disturbed."

Lin Ke Song only knew that Nina helped her up the icy cold stairs, with the driver following behind while carrying her luggage.

Mayer opened the door for Lin Ke Song, while Nina put her on the bed. A short while later, a cup of mint water was at her lips, the coolness of the mint flavour wrapped around her lips and teeth, streaming coolly down her throat, making her whole being a lot more refreshed.

After a while, everything quieted down, and Mayer left, closing the door and quietly greeting: "Good night."

This bed was soft, like a huge cotton candy. The car and chatting sounds from outside the small windows were totally silent, this was the first time in the long time she had been in New York that she is this far from the hustle and bustle and can enjoy this absolutely peaceful silence.

But after sleeping for a while, Lin Ke Song felt thirsty.

Her cup was supposedly at her bedside, but no matter how much she felt for it, she couldn't get her cup. She got off her bed, and felt around barefoot for a long time before finally stepping on her shoes. But she still couldn't find her cup anywhere.

She walked out of the room with a heavy head so heavy she could hardly open

her eyes. She leaned on the walls, constantly groping forward until she saw a slit of light on the floor.

Lin Ke Song crinkled her eyes in a smile.

There are people here. If there are people, then there will be water! She cheered for the wisdom that she embodied.

Open the door, this room was so big that.....

Even with all her might, Lin Ke Song's line of sight ended at the coffee table at the front of the sofa. There was a glass on the table, and it was half filled with water, quietly shooting rays of shining light.

Without another word, she lifted the glass and gulped and gulped the water in two mouths.

Just as her lungs were so moistened that they felt like they could float, an icy cold voice spoke from nearby.

“Who let you in here?”

That unique voice, coupled with the night, produced an indescribable sense of elegance and alienation.

Lin Ke Song stood up, and only saw a guy in a white shirt walking slowly from the stairs.

The soft silver light poured on his shoulders, cold and demanding.

When the other party got closer and closer, Lin Ke Song propped her upper body, and squinted, trying really hard to figure out who the other party was.

“Didn't Mayer explain the rules clearly to you?”

She cocked her head, this person was familiar yet unfamiliar.

His eyes were deep, his brow line beautiful, his nose bridge had a sense of nobility, and his lips.

Lin Ke Song looked intensely, her heart inexplicably moved, like there was something constantly flitting past her heart.

“What did you say.....”

She wanted to look at him speaking. As long as he spoke, she could clearly see the place that put people in a fantasy. Her head reached over to the edge of the sofa, stretching her neck out.

“Don’t make me say the same thing twice.”

Can you speak a little longer?

Lin Ke Song shifted to the edge of the sofa, and lost her balance. Just as she was going to use her arms to cushion her fall, the other party caught her shoulders, and pulled her back up.

His fingers emitted too much strength, Lin Ke Song’s shoulder bones were beginning to hurt.

“Go back.”

Such short words again.

But when the lines of his lips tightened, Lin Ke Song felt a strength from the depths of her heart, driving her to grab the other party’s collar, and hook on.

The other party turned away, so Lin Ke Song’s lips grazed his ear, the touch warm and fleeting.

Lin Ke Song’s chin ended up on the other party’s shoulder.

His body froze for a moment, his voice lowered an octave.

“What are you doing?”

Like he was trying to compress all the air.

“..... I want to touch the tip of your tongue.....”

Lin Ke Song laughed lightly, reached her fingers out, just touch the entrance of the lips, and they will be opened.

The back of her hand hurt a little.

She refused to give up and reached her hands out again, her fingertips was just about to lift the other party’s upper lip and be able to touch that warm place, when the other party sharply turned the face away, and swung her hands away again.

“Lin Ke Song, this is my last warning to you.”

Warn me about what?

Lin Ke Song smiled, her eyes turning into crescents.

“I just want to touch the tip of your tongue! Let me touch..... you bit me ah!”

It seemed like she had anticipated touching that place for a very very long time..... just as she was about to forget, she'd be reminded by the other party.....

This heart gripping thing was not fun at all! All she wanted was to just touch it!

Lin Ke Song's fingertips touched the other party's lips, and just like she'd expected the angle the other party was going to avoid to, her fingertips touched his lips unaltered in the course and slipped through. Taking advantage of the fact that the jaws have not closed, she dotted on that softest piece. Her fingertips were satisfied to stop at the tip of his tongue, and moved slightly, that soft and moist feeling was totally different from the cold voice that the owner of the tongue used when he talked.....

“Ah ya!” Lin Ke Song shouted, abruptly retrieving her hand.

Because the other party had heartlessly bit down, that pain was so gripping that Lin Ke Song bent forward clutching her finger.

So painful ah!

It must be bleeding! Must be bleeding!

“Didn't I only touch you a little? Why do you have to bite people ah.....” her tongue was very stupid, could never speak clearly.

Suddenly, Lin Ke Song only felt that something had fastened on her head, a powerful force compelling her to look up.

Just as she was about to open her mouth to speak, the other party finally determined his bearings and pressed down on her.

The soft and warm place behind his lips started to heat up suddenly, and without warning rushed between her lips, sweeping all of her away.

Lin Ke Song used all her might to hit the other party's shoulders away, that

fear of being completely overwhelmed made her lift her knee to give the other party a vicious kick.

But before she could produce any hits, he had already tightened her hands behind, bringing her even closer to him.

At this distance, don't talk about lifting her knees, she couldn't even catch her breath!

The other party turned towards her, and produced waves of forceful strength, kissing her like he wanted to swallow her whole.

Just as Lin Ke Song was about to cry, he suddenly stood up, and she who had lost the support stumbled two steps back and fell onto the sofa.

“The next time you get yourself drunk, I'll throw you out.”

The other party turned around and left, without any yearning.

Lin Ke Song's lips and the tip of her tongue were numb.

Not like she wants to be here!

She stood up resolutely, walked unstably towards the door, but not two steps later, her knees hit the coffee table. She managed to walk to the door, but when she opened the door, she realised that it was pitch black no matter the direction.

Where is this place?

She must be dreaming! When dreaming, it's impossible to find the way back, as long as you continue sleeping, and wait for yourself to wake up, it'll be fine!

Lin Ke Song returned back to the sofa and laid down.

A while later, the whole room darkened.

Lin Ke Song hugged her arm, furrowing her brows.

It's so cold ah..... did she kick the blanket off the bed?

Reach out to feel around..... grabbed nothing.

Where did the blanket go?

Something was place on her, soft, and carried a refreshing scent.

Once her thinking relaxed, her thoughts started to disperse.

Lin Ke Song turned happily.

“Hey, wake up! Little bun, hurry wake up!”

Oh no! Is she supposed to do cashiering today?

Lin Ke Song suddenly sat up, her forehead almost crashing into the other party's nose.

“.....Mr Mayer?”

Lin Ke Song looked at the other party blankly, then took in her surroundings, and realised that she was familiar with nothing around her.

The white walls were without flaws, the marbled floors were as shiny as mirrors.

And a few steps away, was an elegant Scottish styled carpet, that even with your naked eye you could see the exquisite quality of.

In the centre of this spacious room was a large bed. The bed sheets were white. At the head of the bed were two dark cabinets, of a symmetrical modern art style.

The room was open and spacious, without extra furniture.

To the point that it seemed like no one lived here.

“Where is this place?” Lin Ke Song's brain hurt a little, but the stuff that she had eaten were completely digested and she was extremely hungry now.

T/N: Are you hungry? I'm hungry after this chapter. Suffer with me.

The first breakfast with Jiang Qian Fan

Mayer smiled: "I sent someone to fetch you yesterday, at that time, you were already drunk. The last time I saw you last night, you were in the room I had prepared for you."

Lin Ke Song hit her head, she vaguely remembered her uncle and his friends sending her off. That small glass of liquor she was given has lasting effects, at first she felt that it was choking and spicy, and after she downed a few beers, her brain totally crashed.

"This is Mr Jiang's room. I'm very curious, how did you get in here?"

"Mr Jiang.....Jiang's room!" Lin Ke Song almost fell off the sofa.

She was wondering why this room had no warmth at all! Apart from the almost morbid whiteness, and other dark tones that make people feel absolutely no happiness, Lin Ke Song felt that she was in another world.

"I forgot to tell you, apart from Nina and me, no one else is allowed to enter Mr Jiang's room."

At this time, Lin Ke Song noticed a plump dark skinned middle aged lady wearing a white apron standing at the sofa.

Her expression was like Jiang Qian Fan's, expressionless.

"Sorry..... I didn't mean it!"

"It's fine. Mr Jiang allows anyone to make mistakes. But the same mistake can only be made once."

Mayer smiled, making it seem like his Mr Jiang was magnanimous.

The problem was, Lin Ke Song could not even remember how she got here! She only remembered she seemed to be constantly wandering around in pitch blackness, like a dream that she could not find an exit to.

Did it mean that she had wandered all the way to Jiang Qian Fan's room? Oh my god..... that would be too embarrassing.

She lifted the blanket from her body, and after giving her thanks to Mayer, realised that her neck was extremely sore.

“No need to thank me. The blanket was placed by neither Nina nor I.”

Lin Ke Song's shoulders paused..... if it were not Mayer or Nina, then did she rob Jiang Qian Fan's blanket in her haze? Oh..... my god ah! This is the first time Lin Ke Song realised that she had such thick skin!

Mayer took a look at his watch and kindly reminded: “Ms Lin, it is 5am now, you have half an hour to change, wash up, eat and prepare.”

“5.30?” Lin Ke Song looked out of the terrace and realised that the day had just broken.

“You are going to follow Mr Jiang on his visit to a restaurant, Polar Lights to prepare lunch for Mr Thomas. This is probably your first time to be able to enter the kitchen of a top restaurant. You are very fortunate to have the opportunity to be able to witness Mr Jiang prepare one of the first dishes that was mentioned in the Michelin red guide, the 3 star restaurant's signature dish, quail foie gras.”

Lin Ke Song blinked, she is going to be allowed into a high class restaurant's kitchen so quickly?

Shouldn't she start from some basic skills of chopping, and choosing ingredients first?

The speed of this progress is totally like the speed of a rocket ah!

“There is 27 minutes left. Are you sure you want to continue wasting time by day dreaming?”

Without a second word, Lin Ke Song flew to the exit, opened the door and looked at the corridor which looked the same in both directions and could only turn back to Mayer for help.

“The sixth room on your left, then turn right and it's the second room.”

What turn left, turn right! What's the point of having such a big house? There

was no efficient utilisation!

Lin Ke Song found her room after much difficulty, hurriedly flipped out her shower products from her luggage, and in 3 minutes finished showering, in 2 minutes put on all her clothes, totally faster than even those in military school.

Nina brought her down to the dining area, and at this time, Jiang Qian Fan was already sitting at the dining table, nodding slightly, scooping up a mouthful of vegetable porridge from the white porcelain bowl and sending it to his mouth.

Lin Ke Song sat down slightly nervous, the food set out on the table was relatively sumptuous, but the portions were small, all the foods were placed on white porcelain tableware. And when the spoon hit the edges of the bowl, there would be a crisp sound produced, as if someone were knocking on her heart.

There were two shrimp dumplings clear as crystals, a small plate of glistening spinach, two aromatic spring rolls that were deep fried to a golden brown and a dish of stir-fried lotus roots and crushed red peppers.

Lin Ke Song looked up, Jiang Qian Fan's expression was quiet and indifferent. The morning light lightly caressed his side profile, and actually produces a sense of sacred control.

Mayer smiled towards Lin Ke Song, lifting 2 fingers, indicating that she had only 20 minutes for breakfast.

To only have 20 minutes to savour this sumptuous breakfast, it's too much of a pity! She did not want to eat like Zhubajie (the pig character in well-known show, Journey to the West) eating ginseng fruits, finishing the food and not knowing the flavours.

But why..... is there only a single bowl of porridge in front of Jiang Qian Fan? Or is it because he came down earlier and had already eaten?

Lin Ke Song knows that she is Jiang Qian Fan's student now, at least a temporary student. If the teacher does not say anything, this disciple better not open her mouth to ask any questions.

Mayer took out a tablet, and used a flat yet professional voice to read to Jiang Qian Fan the noteworthy news of the day, naturally it included some news about the food industry.

For the most part, Lin Ke Song did not understand. She only needed to concentrate on consuming breakfast.

First, a scoop of porridge, the rice had already been boiled till it had the unique fragrance of rice, paired with the vegetables, a slight saltiness, in an instant made the whole body feel extremely comfortable. Then a bite of the crystal shrimp dumplings, the skin was thin yet chewy, the feeling of the shrimp meat hitting the teeth was just too splendid, the deliciousness of the shrimp and the green beans were paired just right, a saltiness and the slight sweetness of the green bean intertwined together, refreshing and not greasy.

The crust of the spring rolls were thin and crispy, when bitten down, the crust split in the mouth, the smooth and delicate mushrooms flowing into her mouth, and the slightly spicy flavour was startling, spreading all over her tongue.

Lin Ke Song thought in her heart, these breakfast dishes couldn't be made by Jiang Qian Fan ba..... a look at Nina, and Lin Ke Song understood.

Even Nina had such exquisite cooking skills, she would definitely be able to experience many different things if she were to follow Jiang Qian Fan around!

From the beginning to the end, Jiang Qian Fan did not say a single word to Lin Ke Song, and he didn't even lift his head to look in her direction.

Even though his sight would not allow him to identify another, but he at least knows that Lin Ke Song was sitting in front of him.

Probably..... because he isn't too happy that she went into his room without authorisation ba.

And, he is originally a cold person.

Jiang Qian Fan who was opposite, put down his spoon, Mayer handed him his napkin, and he folded his napkin, and gently pressed it on his lips.

All these seemed intellectually polite, Lin Ke Song felt like she was watching a scene in the movies.

"Let's go." Jiang Qian Fan stood up, and left the table.

Lin Ke Song looked at Mayer, didn't he say there was 20 minutes left?

Mayer shook his head regretfully, indicating that Lin Ke Song should quickly

catch up.

But she still had so many things that she hadn't eaten ah! If she wasted food the food might take revenge on her!

Lin Ke Song poured the porridge into her mouth in a couple of mouths, and crunched the rest of the spring roll, stuffed a shrimp dumpling in one shot. These all happened in three seconds, Mayer who was looking at the side was stunned silly.

Lin Ke Song caught up to Jiang Qian Fan.

Looking at the other party's back, Lin Ke Song had a curious feeling, of Jiang Qian Fan alienating her.

Even though he is cold to everyone, but if he really didn't want to see her, and also not want her to be like a little tail following him around then why did he say that he was willing to be her mentor?

Don't try to understand a man's thoughts.

The thoughts of guy who looks so handsome and has such a successful career and is blind, all the more you shouldn't even try to understand.

The driver was already waiting next to the door for Jiang Qian Fan.

After he entered, Lin Ke Song was hesitant. Where should she sit? Is it beside Jiang Qian Fan, or it the co-pilot position? It was a good thing Mayer came along and cleared her doubts.

Because he sat in the co-pilot position, which was to say, Lin Ke Song could only sit with Jiang Qian Fan.

In this small area, Lin Ke Song could once again on and off smell the slightly familiar but more unfamiliar masculine scent.

She knew, that that was Jiang Qian Fan's smell.

When she brought him around to eat tripe, and had bent down to wipe the tables, she smelled him then.

It was very very slight, only when she had peeled away all the other smells, then she sensed the very subtleness of it. But it was just that little bit, that was

like some force, incurring her sense of smell, to constantly chase to the bottom of it, to find the pureness and root of the smell.

The car pulled out of the community and gradually went towards the city.

Their destination was Manhattan, from here to there, the drive would take at least an hour and a half.

The car was in total silence, not having any other sounds.

Mayer did not speak, the driver too was silent, and even the radio was in a state of shut down. This was very normal to them, but to Lin Ke Song it felt like extreme awkwardness. She could only look out of the window, and look at the scenery that never changed.

All the way until they entered the city, then did the sounds from outside the car start to get richer, Lin Ke Song mysteriously felt that the awkwardness went far away, and she no longer felt forced to feel the coldness and silence of the man beside her.

When the car moved towards the junction, two uniformed policemen were chasing a young man wearing a hat, the young man rushed across the streets without a care, and the turning car had no choice but to make wider angle of turn and brake.

Lin Ke Song's neck had a feeling of being twisted off, her whole person swerved to the side and fell, her face directly crashing into Jiang Qian Fan's shoulder.

Jiang Qian Fan lifted a hand, and just happened to block the profile of Lin Ke Song's face.

The car stopped, Mayer exhaled: "The young people nowadays are crazy! Are they in a rush to see God?"

The profile of Lin Ke Song's face could still feel the warmth of the palm of Jiang Qian Fan.

There was no change in his expression, and was not moved by everything that had just happened.

Lin Ke Song thought he would retrieve his hands quickly, but just like time had seemed to stop, his hand was still on her face.

Polar Lights

Even the temperature of warmth of the palm was like an illusion, it seemed to be rising, becoming slightly hot.

“Mayer, the next time breakfast is finished, ask her to wipe her face clean.”

Jiang Qian Fan spoke, with a cool voice, smoothly speedy.

Lin Ke Song touched her face, eh..... a spring roll crumb is still on her face.

The corners of Mayer’s lips lifted as he delivered a serviette over.

The action of Jiang Qian Fan wiping his hands was very showy to Lin Ke Song.

It was like she was looking at a male god with heart eyes, and having the male god say that there was gum in her eyes.

Lin Ke Song glanced over Jiang Qian Fan’s hands, recalling Mayer’s words, she saw many fine wounds along his slender fingers. Their colours were light, probably because they were forged by a very sharp blade. Even his the web between his thumbs and index finger and the back of his hands had the same scars. He wore an exquisite men’s watch on his left wrist, but at the edges of the watch, she could see faint and circular burn scars.

Mayer said before, Jiang Qian Fan locked himself in the kitchen to practice for a whole 8 years.

This was the price he paid.

Other starred chefs were also cut by knives while honing their skills, were burnt by splashes of oils. But the suffering they go through in their pursuit of cooking, may not be as intense as what Jiang Qian Fan goes through in a day.

Lin Ke Song let out a breath in her heart.

She indeed does not feel any sympathy towards Jiang Qian Fan. Because sympathy is for those who are weaker than yourself.

And no matter skill or inner strength, Jiang Qian Fan was obviously much

stronger than the average person.

The car started up again, and moved towards their destination.

There are many high classed restaurants in Manhattan. All this time, Lin Ke Song's impression of high class restaurants was that of Lang Hua restaurant back at home, pompous and decorated atmosphere. But after coming here, she realised, the atmosphere and ambience was more important, and the one to one VIP service.

Polar Lights had no arrogant façade, and was very much like an ordinary western restaurant.

But after going in, she felt amazement. The nostalgic textures of the floors, the casual elegance of the velvet curtains, beautiful mood photographs hung from the walls, and empty cans of sauces, milk bottles of all sorts of shapes gave Lin Ke Song a refreshing feeling.

She stepped into the kitchen with Jiang Qian Fan and walked through the narrow passage.

Many people lowered their heads respectfully towards Jiang Qian Fan.

“Good morning, chief!”

This kind of greeting sounded one after another.

From their expressions and tone, Lin Ke Song could feel a sense of respect border lining on idolisation.

Jiang Qian Fan never spoke, only looked at the direction of the sounds, and nodded slightly.

There were still many hours till opening, but everyone was nervously busy.

Mayer turned back towards Lin Ke Song and said: “for a good restaurant, the start of all the sumptuous dishes is from the preparation. The preparation of the ingredients, the preparation of the cooking utensils, and even the mental state that the person has to put himself in, every aspect is very important.”

Lin Ke Song nodded.

When Jiang Qian Fan walked past them, every lowered their heads back to

what they were focusing on. Some were kneading, some were adjusting the sauce, and some were wiping countertops.

Like what they were doing were doing was more than the preparation of simple food.

When another door opened, Lin Ke Song was stunned.

This was a kitchen that was exactly the same as the one in Jiang Qian Fan's villa!

A middle age man wearing a chef's white uniform was at the counter quietly awaiting Jiang Qian Fan.

"I've been looking forward to this, chef!"

He reached out his hand and Jiang Qian Fan shook his hands without hesitation.

"I'll trouble you today, chef Brody."

"It's my honour to be able to work with you." Brody's gaze went past Jiang Qian Fan's shoulder and fell on Lin Ke Song, "This is..... the new person who will be joining our team?"

Lin Ke Song was about to shake her hands to signal that he had misunderstood, when Jiang Qian Fan said: "She isn't qualified yet."

Okay..... another stab.

Mayer quietly explained to Lin Ke Song: "This is Polar Lights' executive chef, chef Brody. Among his works, fried brandy striped bass was recommended in the Michelin red guide 2 years ago as a two stars signature dish, and his fried truffle foie gras and quail eggs was also named Polar Lights' signature dish when Polar Lights was rated three stars last year. He is the chef that Jiang Qian Fan trusts and admires the most."

This kind of outstanding person is also working for Jiang Qian Fan, just how good must Jiang Qian Fan's standard be for this Brody to be of service?

Jiang Qian Fan took off his coat, and put on a white chef uniform like Brody. He adjusted his hair and put on a white chef hat.

His dignified forehead and eyebrow that made people look were clearer, his dark eyes seemed to brighten with the light of the stars, like it was going to light up the whole room.

Lin Ke Song and Mayer could only look on from the sides, unable to say anything, unable to do anything that may disturb the process of their work.

“Have all the ingredients for Mr Thomas’s been menu prepared?” Jiang Qian Fan got to the faucet, and carefully washed his hands.

“All prepared. You can do the final selection of the ingredients.”

Brody took out a tray, which carried a few quails, and placed it on the countertop.

Jiang Qian Fan reached out, brushed past each quail, making sure of their sizes, using his finger to feel the quality of the meat and fat, and finally picked two.

Followed by the foie gras, asparagus, all sorts of garnishes and the other ingredients.

Jiang Qian Fan chose each ingredient carefully, his criterion extremely strict, while handling the ingredients, any slight flaw would be keenly detected.

The entire process was very orderly, the understanding between Jiang Qian Fan and Brody needed little words for communication.

When the quail was sent into a broth that had been simmering over a small fire prepared long before, Jiang Qian Fan also began the preparation before cooking.

Lin Ke Song only saw Jiang Qian Fan skilfully preparing the Manchurian wild rice. Brody was cooking the pigskin before the boiling pot.

She cocked her head, totally not understanding what they were trying to make.

Then the peas, carrots, carrots, celery and eggs were cut and put at the side.

Lin Ke Song took note of Jiang Qian Fan’s movements. Every single time before he used the knife, he would use his fingertips to feel the ingredients, to make sure of their length, size, texture and etc., the way he treated each ingredient, the slight difference in angles in which the knife hit the ingredients.

A unique musical rhythm was produced as the blade cut through each ingredient and hit the table top.

Even if Lin Ke Song did not know everything that was going on, she could still deeply sense that every moment here was a combination of the practice and studying done day and night for the past eight years.

At this time, Jiang Qian Fan took a bowl of peas, used the back of the knife to crush them, then used the surface of the knife to scoop the peas into a dish, and used a teaspoon to scoop a little, brought it to his lips, "Brody."

Brody turned around, and without a word, took over the mashed peas and handed a spoon of boiled pig skin soup.

Jiang Qian Fan held the spoon in his mouth, the soup stopping between his lips and teeth for a second before he nodded, "very good."

Brody smiled, and poured the mashed peas onto the boiling pig skin soup.

Everything was relaxed, no order could be seen.

And yet, everything seemed like it was running on an established track, every step that Jiang Qian Fan made was done straight towards that track.

Lin Ke Song felt that it was magical, she had stood in the kitchen for four hours, and she actually did not feel the slightest fatigue.

Only until after Mayer got a call to report the arrival of Mr Thomas and his friends, did Jiang Qian Fan start cooking the foie gras. Whether it was the action of cutting open butter, or the smoothness of sending the foie gras into the frying pan, all the actions made people doubt that he had problems with his vision.

The first dish sent was the mint cabbage soup.

All The cabbage leaves were fished out from the soup, leaving only a few tender pieces of mint leaves to float on the surface of the soup. The soup wasn't immediately scooped out, Jiang Qian Fan used a disposable spoon to scoop a little soup to taste, and only after nodding his head, Brody plated it in a special bowl.

It was like a tranquil lake reflecting images of the trees, obviously simple, but when people see it, it gives off a sense of elegance.

Lin Ke Song subconsciously swallowed. The cabbage is a very ordinary vegetable, and to her it isn't any more elegant when compared to the asparagus, yet it is placed in dining ware of fine dining restaurants, and is being served to entertain guests. She really wanted to know just how it'd taste like.

At this time, Jiang Qian Fan did not stop being busy.

Brody took something that looked like jelly from the refrigerator, and set it in front of Jiang Qian Fan.

He used a small knife to cut off a small block, and sent it into mouth.

When he latched on to the piece of transparent jelly, bent his head a little, his eyelids drawn closed, Lin Ke Song could not help but looked at his face, wanting to see his expression clearly.

Then he leaned down and stretched out his arms, retrieving a mould, and at that moment, his extended back and neck was in a line of tension and sexiness, which made people's heartrate uncontrollably increase.

Brody put a portion of diced ingredients on his left.

Jiang Qian Fan fried them into a fragrant sauce, and drizzled it over the frozen film.

While Brody turned around, to do the final plating.

The whole dish exuded a much textured lustre.

Mayer leaned slightly towards the stunned Lin Ke Song, and softly explained: "this is the appetiser, peas and frozen shrimp jelly. The appetiser plays a very important role in western cuisine, it is similar yet different to the appetizers in Chinese cuisine. The appetiser helps lift the appetite of the guest, and is linked to the main course, to produce an experience of consistent taste."

Lin Ke Song nodded not really understanding.

And Jiang Qian Fan did not stop at all. Brody also took the quail out from the saucepan.

The foie gras that was being fried started producing sizzling sounds from out of nowhere.

There wasn't anything special about the aniseed, the seasoning that Jiang Qian Fan added were commonly seen too. After the skin turned a pleasing yellow, Jiang Qian Fan stuffed it into the abdomen of the quail, then gave it a slight roll in the frying pan, and Brody put it into the oven.

The air was filled with the fragrance that made people feel like they were starving and Lin Ke Song was having a hard time standing.

Hawthorn ice cream

In the past, her understanding towards the western cuisine was steak, borsch or some cream soup, and some kind of salad and cream cakes, but she realised now, everything wasn't as simple as she had thought.

A few minutes later, the quail was taken out, it was still emitting steam.

The two fragrant smells blended together, and Jiang Qian Fan was again adding some other ingredients.

With the final transfer to the plate, it totally looked like a piece of art in the museum. In the past, Lin Ke Song did not understand why in pictures of western food, there needed to be such a large plate for such a tiny portion of food, but as she saw everything before her eyes, she suddenly came to an understanding.

The expanse of the whiteness directed your attention, and there was even a margin of beauty. The imagination knew no bounds on the blank parts of the plate, and went deep into the depths of the brain.

At the final and last step, Jiang Qian Fan lifted his wrist, and drizzled a spoonful of an unknown pale yellow liquid over the quail.

His wrist moved gently, like he was sketching the most beautiful picture.

“This is today's main course, quail foie gras.” Mayer explained to Lin Ke Song, “this dish, is common in many fine dining restaurants, but Representative Thomas has a special liking for this particular dish of Mr Jiang.”

Lin Ke Song doesn't know how other restaurants will prepare the particular dish, but she was at the side and had witnessed the whole cooking process, rigorous and sophisticated, whether it was the final transfer or the overflowing aroma, all made her cheeks sore with sourness, with the impulse to take a bite.

“Next, is the last dish, the dessert. It is the ending, and if it winds up everything properly, it would be a memorable memory to look back on. But if the dessert is not prepared perfectly, the delicious flavours of the previous dishes will be drowned by a moment's failure.”

Lin Ke Song gazed upon Jiang Qian Fan's back, constantly thinking and using her imagination, just what would the dessert be?

Will it be a savoury mousse cake? Or soufflé? Or a refreshing ice cream?

But what Lin Ke Song couldn't have imagined was, that Jiang Qian Fan would actually start cooking sugar, the white sugar that had been boiled in the pot turned a reddish brown, then he raised his hand, and added a little something, and it was like the sweet fragrance suddenly exploded.

Brody retrieved a sealed container from the fridge, and when it lifted the lid, she realised that there were balls and balls of hawthorn.

Does Jiang Qian Fan want to make candied haw?

It can't be ah..... didn't he think that candied haw was sour and astringent and not suited to his aesthetic?

Just as Lin Ke Song was doubting, Jiang Qian Fan had already scooped up some hawthorn and swiftly swept it thorough the simmering sugar syrup, plated them, took up a spoon, tasted them and gave a nod.

Brody brought a dining plate over, used a brush to pick up some sugar syrup, and constantly drizzled the syrup in circles around the hawthorns that were piled like a hill, the syrup quickly cooled and hardened, and formed a nest like shape in the end. It was crystal clear and it made people feel reluctant to break it.

Lin Ke Song inhaled, she had a feeling, that the dish looked like candied haw, but Jiang Qian Fan must've made some improvements, to make the level of sourness and sweetness match.

The dish was sent out, Brody and Jiang Qian Fan started cleaning up the kitchen.

Jiang Qian Fan's hands were very agile, within three minutes, the countertop was clean and bright. He then stroked the surface with his finger, to make sure that the table top was clean without and stains, and he began to wash his hands.

A few minutes later, the telephone of the back kitchen rang, the lobby manager telling Jiang Qian Fan that Representative Thomas wanted to meet him, because of the dessert at the end.

Lin Ke Song started getting nervous. What's wrong with the last dessert? Is it because it's too sour? Or that it was too bitter?

Didn't Jiang Qian Fan taste the hawthorn? He didn't like the taste, but why did he still use the hawthorn to make a dessert for Representative Thomas?

"Brody, let's go."

"Very well."

Jiang Qian Fan walked out of the kitchen, the cane in his hand unopened. Brody walked in front of Jiang Qian Fan, and Jiang Qian Fan put his palm on Brody's shoulder, letting Brody guide his path.

This was only a simple action, but Lin Ke Song could feel the trust Jiang Qian Fan had towards Brody.

Mayer looked towards Lin Ke Song and nodded, indicating that she should follow Jiang Qian Fan.

When they arrived at the table of Representative Thomas and his friend, the both of them gave a standing ovation.

"Every time I come to this place, apart from the high quality that never changes, there is always an unexpected surprise." Representative Thomas's eyes held unhidden praise for Jiang Qian Fan.

His friend was in agreement: "especially the dessert at the end, I'd never expect you to use this sour fruit to make such a unique dessert, to stuff the hawthorn with vanilla ice cream, is so ingenious."

Lin Ke Song was stunned, even though they are saying everything in English, but she believes that she has heard that there was ice cream within the hawthorn!

How did Jiang Qian Fan manage to fit it into such a small hawthorn?

After the representative and Jiang Qian Fan shared a hug, he left with his friend very satisfied.

Even with this kind of elite praise, Jiang Qian Fan faced it with a calm attitude, neither sad nor happy.

He indifferently turned around, and said to Lin Ke Song: "Come with me."

Lin Ke Song's nerves jumped, and she inexplicably started feeling nervous.

Mayer nodded towards her, like he was comforting her: it's no big deal, go ahead.

Brody went back to the kitchen, and Jiang Qian Fan went upstairs.

As his feet stepped on the wooden floor, they creaked softly, and Lin Ke Song's heart beat started beating along.

When he turned around on the stairs, Lin Ke Song hurried to catch up. Her left foot stepped on the round bend at the corner of the narrow stairs, and her body shook, almost losing her balance, but Jiang Qian Fan was standing at the end of the stairs and he turned around: "What are you doing?"

The cold voice moved from the top of her head down, Lin Ke Song's body that had just barely regained the balanced lost its centre of gravity again, and fell forwards.

Her forehead almost hit the steps, one hand quickly grabbing on to the staircase's handrail, and survived.

"You don't have to bow to me so formally."

Jiang Qian Fan finished saying and turned around to continue walking.

Lin Ke Song got herself up, and could not figure out whether he was serious or not, or maybe he was mocking her? Does this count as her creeping at the bottom of the chef's suit?

If Song Yi Ran knew about it, the fellow would definitely gloat and say: to die at the suit pants of a male god, it'd feel so good even if you lost everything ah!

When she caught up to Jiang Qian Fan, she realised that they were at the attic of the restaurant.

The attic had a dining table, decorated with white tablecloths, a conical bowl of water that had a single little water lily floating at the surface, triangular floor to ceiling windows at her side, with the view of the hustling and bustling Manhattan.

There were no other excessive decorations, but Lin Ke Song explicitly felt that she was in another world.

“Sit.” Jiang Qian Fan folded his cane, and put it at the side.

Lin Ke Song then remembered, it's already two in the afternoon, she and Jiang Qian Fan haven't had lunch yet.

A waiter carrying a tray came up carrying a tray, and very politely placed two sets of soup in front of Jiang Qian Fan and Lin Ke Song.

Lin Ke Song was stunned, does this mean that she is going to be able to enjoy the same treatment as the representative?

“Lin Ke Song, what does food mean to you?”

Jiang Qian Fan asked before Lin Ke Song could pick up her spoon.

“Food.....”

How should she answer this question?

“You only need to say the most honest thought you have in mind.”

Even though that is what you say, but as your student how can I casually answer it?

Lin Ke Song took a full minute to think, her mind constantly searching sieving through the different introductions of different food shows and magazines, but it's too bad that she watched too little of this type of shows, there was nothing of use in her mind.

But the Jiang Qian Fan in front of her seemed to have lots of patience, no matter how long Lin Ke Song took to think, he was willing to wait. But Lin Ke Song couldn't make him wait forever.

“If it's food, then the first thing is, to fill a stomach ba.” Lin Ke Song thought this answer was a bit tacky.

“En, that's a fact. And?”

“And..... a kind of enjoyment? Tasting good food will make people feel happy, eating with family, friends and even a person you like is a form of communication..... and”

Lin Ke Song leaned back against the back of the seat, her heart lamenting about Song Yi Ran that articulate guy, would have already have answered about food being like diamonds and gold, touching hearts with a face full of sincerity.

While Lin Ke Song has never been good at composition writing ah!

Jiang Qian Fan continued making things difficult for her, and asked: “do you know what food is to a foodie or a chef?”

“Work of art?”

“That’s right, they are works of art. An artist’s materials are the canvas and paint, a musician’s material is the note, and our material is all the flavours and edible things of this world. It is not simply a mixture of different ingredients, but more of the balance and integration of flavours, it is the exploration and exhibitions of the laws of the world.”

Jiang Qian Fan’s voice was peaceful, like the cool spring water flowing through gravel, meandering between the mountains and finally silently entering the ocean.

If someone else had said those words, Lin Ke Song would have scoffed and replied: Faker.

But when Jiang Qian Fan had said those words, there was some kind of persuasion.

“So, no matter how the people in the place you grew up perceived chefs, right here, every chef is an artist.”

Lin Ke Song pursed her lips, in that moment, she felt shame.

Because in her heart, no matter how delicious a food was, it was only a superficial experience, which in the end it would be offered to the toilet.

She had only treated food as food, apart from the subtleties of every dish and every taste, she had never felt in detail. Including every dish that Uncle Lin Feng had personally cooked for her, including Grandma Wang’s fired liver, and the smelly tofu in front of her school. To make all these delicious foods, the ones who prepare them have put in much efforts and hard work.

“Today, you will try the four dishes that Representative Thomas had here. The

first dish is mint soup. I hope that apart from filling your stomach, you'd be able to distinguish the levels of flavours. What ingredients are in each level of taste. How the ingredients in each level was prepared and used to make this dish become 'good'."

"Ah....." Lin Ke Song lowered her head and looked at the soup in front of her, and suddenly felt a mountain of pressure.

"Come on." Jiang Qian Fan had already lowered his head, scooped up a spoonful of soup and spooned it into his mouth.

Distinguishing the ingredients may be a trivial and easy task to him, but to Lin Ke Song..... she feel it's like the highest level of martial arts in a wuxia novel.

Mint Cabbage Soup = Nightmare

Lin Ke Song started getting nervous, she scooped a spoonful, and placed it at her mouth, while thinking in her heart that since this was mint cabbage soup, then there definitely had to be cabbage and mint ma! If things were as expected, then there would definitely be salt. Apart from these, what else will there be?

There was a very flavourful fragrance at the tip of her nose, but what was the fragrance? Lin Ke Song found it very familiar, but she could not put a finger to it.

In the end, she put the spoon of soup into her mouth.

The temperature was just right, the texture clear and rich, the flavour of the cabbage was not as strong as she thought, which made the fresh fragrance of the mint slowly overflow as she circulated the soup.

The saltiness of the soup was weaker than Lin Ke Song's imagination, but there was a sweet aftertaste.

But this sweetness was more gentle and subtle than sugar..... it was from the fresh sweetness of the cabbage!

And together with this fresh sweetness was a slightly fruity taste, and a light sourness that belonged to a fruit, this tartness made the drinker feel an increase in appetite momentarily.

If Jiang Qian Fan did not ask her to take note of the different levels of flavours, she'd probably have treated this soup and drunk it as a refreshing and appetising soup, never taking note of the many mysteries within the dish.

“Tell me, what is the first flavour you have come in contact with?”

“..... a unique fragrance. It smells very good, makes people work up an appetite, like a nut's flavour.....” Lin Ke Song furrowed her brows, trying her best to think. This was the first exam that Jiang Qian Fan gave her, she did not wish to hand up a blank paper.

“What kind of nut?”

Lin Ke Song searched in her mind. It wasn't peanuts, the fragrance of peanuts was different from this. It seemed like a little like roasted cashew nuts, but the fragrance was not as strong as cashew nuts. It was lighter, gentler, and..... it did not overpower the fragrance of the cabbage.

"Is it almonds?" Lin Ke Song asked unsurely.

"Right."

Jiang Qian Fan's voice was very calm, like Lin Ke Song being able to figure out the almond flavour was as expected.

But with the answer of "Right", his lips opened for a moment, and Lin Ke Song felt inexplicable regret.

Because, just a little bit more, only a little bit more, and she would be able to see the tip of his tongue.

"What else is there?"

"There's also the flavour of cabbage. But I'm curious how did the sweetness of the cabbage get into the soup? Was it simmered for a very long time?" Lin Ke Song started regretting after she asked the question.

"If the cabbage leaves are stewed for too long, not only will the nutrition of the cabbage be damaged, the cabbage will also lose its sweetness. The proper technique is to select the most tender parts of the cabbage to boil, and remove the tender cabbage leaves before they turn yellow, the timing has to be seized right at the appropriate time. The ratio of the water to the tender cabbage leaves have to be similar. If there is too much water, the sweet fragrance of the tender cabbage leaves will be bland."

Jiang Qian Fan held the top of his cane with both his hands, and the cane was maintained by the ground. This was the exact position he was in when Lin Ke Song saw him in the villa for the first time. Relaxed, calm and as cold as the cold in the high mountains.

Lin Ke Song suddenly understood that this man was not arrogant.

His world was too mysterious and too delicate, not a world that ordinary people can get a glimpse of, and not a world that ordinary people can

understand.

He was the only king of that world, and everything was in the palm of his hand.

“What other flavours are there?”

“And mint?”

“The fragrance of mint is very obvious. When do you think the mint was added?”

“With such a refreshing flavour, it should’ve been added at the very start of making the soup base?”

“No. it’s when the soup is about to be scooped from the pot. If the mint was simmered with the cabbage for too long, the soup would have a medicinal taste, and spoil the fresh sweetness that the cabbage carries.”

Lin Ke Song was stunned, she had never thought that there was so much thought gone to even the timing of adding the mint.

“What about the others?”

When Jiang Qian Fan asked that, it really put stumped Lin Ke Song. Apart from almonds, cabbage, mint and salt, what other ingredients would there be?

Lin Ke Song drank another mouth.

Almond, cabbage, mint..... and another unique fragrance.....

“Parsley! It’s parsley right?”

“That’s not difficult.”

Not difficult? This is considered not difficult? That slight taste of parsley is considered not difficult?

“It’s the parsley’s most tender branches, and after removal of the leaves, the soup is filtered through for 30 seconds. The goal is to increase the levels of aroma, and not let the flavour of the parsley overpower the cabbage.”

Lin Ke Song pursed her lips, first it was the almonds then the cabbage, and then the parsley, how is this cooking ah, she’s about to catch up with perfume makers.

“What’s the last ingredient?”

Lin Ke Song almost spat a mouth of soup in the other party’s face.

There was actually another? This is only a soup! Why must it be so complicated!

Jiang Qian Fan sat still opposite her, full of patience.

Lin Ke Song swallowed the fifth mouth, and felt that the aftertaste had a light and gentle sourness. This sourness seemed like it was subtly pushing the majority of the taste buds, and yet disappeared quickly.

What was it? What on earth was it?

The soup that was originally little, was drunk by Lin Ke Song till the bottom of the bowl could be seen.

She looked up into Jiang Qian Fan’s eyes, and decided to answer honestly: “I feel like I’ve tasted some fruit..... but I just can’t figure out the taste.....”

Jiang Qian Fan did not scold Lin Ke Song, he only calmly said: “don’t limit yourself to only the Chinese cuisine you’re familiar with, open your mind.”

Lin Ke Song pursed her lips, continuously trying to recall.

At this time, the waiter walked up, serving a portion of appetizers, but it wasn’t the frozen prawns that was seen today.

The dish that was in front of Lin Ke Song, was the exact same soup.

It looked like, if she could not find the answer, Jiang Qian Fan would not let her eat the good food.

She was really so hungry..... and wished to eat some food with more substance ah!

She lowered her head, and depressingly scooped a spoonful of soup, just as she was about to eat, Jiang Qian Fan suddenly spoke.

“You’re not happy.”

“Ah? Not happy?” Lin Ke Song forced herself to smile, “Why wouldn’t I be happy? This is a 3 Michelin stars restaurant soup ah! No matter how many bowls I drink I won’t get sick of it!”

“Then continue to drink it.”

The sides of Lin Ke Song’s mouth twitched, blue veins pooping from her forehead, but she just couldn’t get angry.

Why wasn’t the person sitting in front of her not Song Yi Ran? If it were him, she would be able to directly pour the bowl of soup onto his head!

And Jiang Qian Fan just lifted the knife and fork, the fork didn’t even touch the prawn on the plate, the knife gently glided through, a piece of prawn was picked, and slowly entered his mouth.

The whole time, his knife and fork had no sounds of collision, even as the angle of his raised arm changed, the sense of coordination between his wrist and the utensils were like moves that were carefully calculated, pleasant.

The process of him eating was neither fast nor slow, everything here went according to his rules, including time.

Lin Ke Song lowered her head, and continued to drink the soup. In her mind, she continuously wondered what fruit could be used to make soup?

It seemed like there was only the tomato right?

But from the colour of this soup, no matter what, it wouldn’t be tomatoes ah.

Lin Ke Song stealthily retrieved her phone from her pocket, muted the phone, and then quickly searched: fruits used in western cuisine.

One search, and she did not expect a multitude of fruits.

So Lin Ke Song decided to narrow her search, and directly searched “mint cabbage soup”, immediately the recipes came up, suddenly her eyes lighted up.

Ai! So it was this ah! The foreigners seem to use this fruit a lot when they cook!

“It’s oranges right?” Lin Ke Song asked.

Jiang Qian Fan’s face continuously had no expression.

“Not right.”

These two words made the originally happy Lin Ke Song suddenly feel depressed.

It's actually not oranges! The recipes on the web had obviously written oranges, okay!

"Pineapple?"

"Not right."

"Apple!"

"Not right."

Let's all have a fruits party everyone!

Lin Ke Song was full of tears in her heart.

Has she really eaten this fruit before?

The appetizer in front of Jiang Qian Fan had already changed to the main dish, but Lin Ke Song was starting on her third bowl of mint cabbage soup.

The originally sweet and refreshing soup had lost its charm, she really wished she had a smaller head, to directly drown herself.

"Was the search engine good?"

When Lin Ke Song had finished the third bowl of soup, Jiang Qian Fan finally opened his mouth.

"Cough cough cough....." Lin Ke Song coughed till there were golden stars in her eyes.

This chap actually saw it? How did he see it?

Didn't Mr Mayer say that he could only differentiate light?

"I can give you a hint. It's not bananas, not grapefruit, not American red grapes, not blackcurrants, not blueberries, not strawberries. Has your search range narrowed a little?"

Jiang Qian Fan's voice was like the water overflowing through cracks in the ice fountain, calm and indifferent.

Even if Lin Ke Song were an idiot, she would also know that he was mocking her!

She could only silently put her phone back into her pocket, and go red due to

her trying to be smart.

“You figured out almonds, cabbage, mint, parsley, but you are unable to figure out the last fruit, have I overestimated you?”

Jiang Qian Fan put his knife and fork down, that pair of eyes was obviously empty, but it made Lin Ke Song feel inexplicable pressure.

His voice had no intonation, but it was sharp as a sharpened needle piercing through Lin Ke Song’s heart.

She was angry, really furious. The other party had already finished the main dish, she was still with a bowl with nothing in it!

Did she miss something here?

When the entrée was removed, and changed to the dessert, Lin Ke Song had already drunk the fifth bowl of soup.

She still did not know what the fruit was.

And Jiang Qian Fan’s posture to his expression did not change at all.

What’s the point of clinging onto this?

This isn’t even some soup that must be drunk! Apart from this mint cabbage soup, isn’t there the cream of mushroom soup, borscht, or the Chinese style chicken soup, duck soup and pork rib soup!

Lin Ke Song propped her forehead on a hand, Jiang Qian Fan did not eat the dessert, but held his cane with both hands, and looked at Lin Ke Song.

He was like a barbaric ruler.

It was obvious that he himself had the answer, but he wanted the whole world to know everything like the palm of their hands, just like him!

When the eighth bowl of soup was served, she had absolutely no desire to lift the spoon.

The details determine everything, Ke Song

She didn't believe that if she didn't want to drink the soup, Jiang Qian Fan would be able to force her to drink it. If she were not able to come up with the answer for the rest of her life, would he be able to sit in front of her in silence for a lifetime?

But Jiang Qian Fan's patience exceeded the imaginations of Lin Ke Song.

An hour passed, the soup was totally cooled, Jiang Qian Fan was like a sculpture, and his figure did not even sway at all.

As for Lin Ke Song, her back felt horrible from sitting, is she going to have a herniated disc.

Another hour passed, and then a waiter actually came up, to help Lin Ke Song change the cooled bowl of soup to a hot one.

Does this mean that the mint cabbage soup is about to become her life's nightmare? She started to feel that every cell in her body started to get annoyed.

When the waiter asked: "sir, this is the last bowl of mint cabbage soup."

Lin Ke Song's happiness shot through the roof..... that's not right, it's shot to the big dipper! As long as she forced this bowl of soup down, then say she didn't know what the answer was, would Jiang Qian Fan be able to continue wasting her time?

"Then prepare again." Jiang Qian Fan said as if it were the natural course of things.

"Yes, sir."

The waiter went away, while Lin Ke Song went crazy! Jiang Qian Fan was obviously making things difficult for her! Is this trying to use this damn soup to rhythmically stuff her to death!

When did she make him angry? Which part was it was an eyesore? If he found her an eyesore, why did he agree to be her mentor!

He having his goals doesn't mean that the whole world had to have the same goals! He having his senses doesn't meant the whole world would have the same senses as him!

Lin Ke Song suddenly stood up, grabbed the table with both hands, and exploded.

“To me this is only a bowl of soup, to the customers, it is only good to eat or not! Is there any meaning as to whether its apples or oranges inside? It'll all be pooped into the toilet anyway! So, Mr Jiang, I can't reach the expectations you have of me! And I have no interest in reaching them! And I don't even see the need as to why I need to reach them!”

“If apples were added among the cabbage, the fragrance will spoil the natural flavour of the cabbage, distracting from the main ingredient. As for lemons, if it were added to the soup, and due to the high temperature of the soup when it is scooped out, the sourness of the lemon will more astringent and even bitter in that temperature, and spoil the taste of the soup.”

In the face of Lin Ke Song's anger, Jiang Qian Fan did not waver at all.

It seemed like the whole world was spinning according to him, without offsetting at all.

“In many dishes, for example the quail foie gras you saw today, many top restaurant chefs know how to make them. Ingredients, process, and even the amount of time to bake is all the same, but in the end, there is not a single chef that can come up with the same taste. The details determine everything, Ke Song.”

Lin Ke Song was stunned.

He did not call her “Ms Lin” or “Lin Ke Song”, but “Ke Song”.

And totally unexpectedly, when he spoke her name, she saw the tip of his tongue raise slightly, like it was gliding along her emotions, she suddenly had the illusion her being pampered by him.

Lin Ke Song swallowed her saliva, breathed in, and sat down.

“When tasting food, there needs to be the appropriate mood. Do you

remember when you ate candied haw you told me, that it was the taste of having a crush?”

Lin Ke Song was stunned, she did not think that Jiang Qian Fan would remember something she'd said to him on a whim.

“And this soup, was made to open the hearts of the customers, it is the beginning of them tasting good food. It determines the mood of the customer. When the customer is in a good mood, their sense of taste will be more detailed, and be able to taste every seemingly insignificant but deliberate moment that the maker put into the dish.”

When the Jiang Qian Fan in front of her used the calmest tone of voice to tell her everything, Lin Ke Song was very surprised.

He could have frowned due to her touching him without permission, asked her to comply with the rules that he had set, he never seemed to be bothered by her emotions, but at this moment, he seemed like a gentle elderly, accommodating all her impatience.

“Sorry.”

“Taste again.”

Lin Ke Song took a breath, lifted the spoon, and sent the soup into her mouth, the warm liquid flowed past the tip of her tongue, almonds, cabbage, mint, parsley, and the lastly the fresh sweet and sourness of the mysterious fruit.

Lin Ke Song cocked her head, trying to make the taste stay at the tip of her tongue for a longer time, she desperately tried to hold onto the feeling, but it was like the breeze passing through branches, disappearing in a blink of an eye. So she drank mouth after mouth, chasing after that subtle sweet and sourness in her mind.

“It's cherries, right?”

Lin Ke Song lifted her eyes to look at the other party's direction.

After drinking the eighth bowl of soup, it was the first time she was anticipating Jiang Qian Fan's definite answer.

“Right.”

Lin Ke Song closed her eyes and exhaled.

She was way too amazing! She could actually figure out the flavour of cherries!

This is totally the skills of a god!

“This is my first lesson to you —— taste deconstructing. When you are able to differentiate the ingredients in every dish in detail, and the needed preparation and dealing of the ingredients to achieve a certain taste, will you be able to not only reproduce other chef’s signature dishes, but also be able to make the taste in your mind a reality.”

Jiang Qian Fan’s voice was very calm, like Lin Ke Song being able to figure the taste of cherries was the natural thing.

Lin Ke Song lowered her head to look at the soup in front of her, it was that same old soup, but the world that that she was familiar with was currently going in the opposite of what she knew.

It was a premonition: everything was going to be more detailed and subtle than ever before.

Jiang Qian Fan slowly stood up, and left the dining table, “We can go back now.”

Lin Ke Song looked at the table then she looked at Jiang Qian Fan, did the other party forget something?

She was unlike him, apart from the soup, he also had eaten the appetiser and the main dish!

She only had a stomach full of water!

Jiang Qian Fan had already walked to the doors of the lift, Lin Ke Song desolately followed behind.

As he took a step, he suddenly stopped. Lin Ke Song almost bumped into him. If she had really knocked him over, the consequences would be brutal!

“Next time, don’t lie in front of me.”

It was like him previously calling her “Ke Song” was totally an illusion, and the freezing cold he was now was the reality.

Lin Ke Song shut her eyes with all her might, finished finished, this big ice block will definitely remember this thing for a lifetime!

Jiang Qian Fan got into the car, Lin Ke Song silently sat beside him, and the car started in the direction back.

Mayer was holding the tablet pc, and was reciting some current affairs and some industry news, Jiang Qian Fan was listening quietly.

And the consequences of the eight servings of mint cabbage soup were finally emerging.

Lin Ke Song wanted to use the bathroom.

From wanting to use it a little, to really wanting to use, she did not know how long more till they'd reach Jiang Qian Fan's villa.

And Mayer had said before, if Jiang Qian Fan had not allowed her to speak, it was best if she did not say anything. Furthermore, it seemed like she had made him unhappy today due to secretly using the search engine.

What to do ah, what to do?

Mr Driver, don't you wish to use the bathroom or something?

Uncle Mayer, didn't you drink coffee for today's breakfast? Isn't coffee a diuretic? Why do you not have any reaction?

And Jiang Qian Fan, you big ice block! Didn't you drink a bowl of soup? Did that bowl of soup freeze up in your stomach so that you have no reaction ah!

Lin Ke Song's enduring was getting increasing uncomfortable!

She suddenly understood, that the eight bowls of soup was Jiang Qian Fan's trick as her ultimate punishment!

The Jiang Qian Fan who had been quietly listening to Mayer suddenly lifted his hand slightly. After Mayer saw Jiang Qian Fan's action through the mirror, he put down the tablet and turned around: "Sir, what's the matter?"

Jiang Qian Fan shifted his face in Lin Ke Song's direction and said: "what's with you."

"I..... I want to use the restroom!" Lin Ke Song saw a ray of hope.

“Endure it.”

Jiang Qian Fan turned back.

Lin Ke Song was stunned for two seconds, and just managed to not lift a fist to hit him in the face.

Endure? You actually said endure? You try enduring! You try it!

Tear were spinning in Lin Ke Song’s eyes.

Mayer looked at Lin Ke Song, and shook his head slightly, the meaning of his look was: what have you done to make Mr Jiang unhappy?

She really did not do anything wicked or wreaked havoc amongst the common people, all she did was secretly search on her phone diligently!

The car continued driving smoothly, Lin Ke Song’s head was slanted to the side, thinking in her heart that at the most, she’d not endure any more, and perish together with Jiang Qian Fan’s luxurious car!

Just at this moment, Jiang Qian Fan turned his head slightly, like he was listening to the sounds outside the window.

Shopping malls with led screens were playing electronic music that was pulsating through the air.

“Stop here for a while.” He opened his mouth to say.

Lin Ke Song inhaled, and looked at Jiang Qian Fan.

“The ladies’ is on the second floor in the southeast corner of the mall.”

It was like Lin Ke Song had gained amnesty, opened the car door, and rushed out without a care for her body. She got on the escalator, to the second floor of the mall, but realised that she did not know where the southeast corner was.

After asking a shop staff, she found the restroom at the very last moment, and found relief.

At this time, her phone received a message, it was from Song Yi Ran.

At that moment, her tears almost fell from her eyes.

Song Yi Ran: Why didn’t you return my call?

Only then did she realise, Song Yi Ran had made more than ten calls last night, but she was filled with too much alcohol by her uncle and his friends, and in the end she even slept in Jiang Qian Fan's room, so she totally did not hear anything.

Lin Ke Song: I'm still alive.

Song Yi Ran: That means you're not having a good life?

Lin Ke Song: Your sister! All because you made me participate in some cooking audition! Now that I've been chosen, I'm about to join a competition!

Song Yi Ran: it can't be, right? Since when were you going to join a competition? Do you want me to help you accumulate votes?

Lin Ke Song: accumulate your head! I'm currently having reclusive training! The mentor has an icy cold temperament, aloof personality, not at all giving!

Suddenly, Song Yi Ran had an oncoming call, the ringtone scared Lin Ke Song that her phone almost dropped to the ground.

Jiang Qian Fan's thoughts = don't try to guess

“What’s the matter? Where are you now?” Song Yi Ran’s voice was short of being lazy, with a little strictness that made people feel pressured.

“A bathroom in a shopping mall. Drank too much soup.” Lin Ke Song rubbed her nose, she was full with water.

“What’s with the reclusive training? What shopping mall’s bathroom, aren’t you supposed to be minding the cashier in your uncle’s restaurant?”

Lin Ke Song could give Song Yi Ran a once over about everything that had happened to her, including her experience of being forced to drink eight servings of mint cabbage soup.

Song Yi Ran was silent for two seconds, laughing till the heaven turned over at the other end of the line.

Lin Ke Song did not need to look at his face to know that he was definitely clutching his stomach, laughing all over the place!

“Hey! Are you my bro or not ah! This master is totally obsessive compulsive disordered with self-centred complex ah! His house floors are so shiny they blind the blind! And you can’t even produce a smidgen of sound! These aren’t the symptoms of being over the top, I think he is sick in the mind!”

“Bro, I sincerely don’t think that you are suited to be a chef. You better go back to your uncle’s to work early, gather enough for your school fees and study with me ba. This older brother will protect you, you will definitely graduate smoothly without missing a single module.”

“Tch. You think I’m not suited to be a chef?”

Song Yi Ran gave a sigh at the other end of the phone: “Ke Song, in Europe, the impressions that people have of chefs and the chefs who toil in the back kitchen in China are very different, they are artists. From young, you have no artistic cell in your body, while bringing you around to look at the modern art exhibitions, you head directly for the seating area to sleep. So why do you have to force

yourself? If something doesn't suit you or you don't like to do something, just don't do it."

Lin Ke Song was silent.

Did she really not like these things?

Then, why was it when Jiang Qian Fan was preparing lunch for representative Thomas, she has observed every move and step with concentration greater than when she was revising for the college entrance examinations?

Why did she rejoice when she was able to figure out the cherry taste in the mint cabbage soup?

"I want to try again." Lin Ke Song said in a muffled voice, "If I win, I would have enough for my school fees! Anyway, it's only three months!"

Song Yi Ran was silent for a rare moment. Lin Ke Song cocked her head, and thought that there was something wrong with her phone.

Until a few seconds later, his voice sounded again.

"Alright. But you have to tell me, who is your mentor?"

"This, is a secret la! I can't tell you!"

Song Yi Ran laughed, his sound of laughter was very pleasant to the ears, and it carried some frustration: "Okay, okay! Anyway it's only a little, don't force yourself to do things you don't want to do."

After chatting mindlessly for a little while more, and the call was hung, did Lin Ke Song sit up.

Ai ya, having a conversation on the phone in the bathroom with her crush and all that, it's totally unromantic ah.

She exhaled, bowed her head and walked out of the bathroom.

Just as she was about to walk through the door, a cold voice sounded at her ears before she could look up.

"So sorry, I just have obsessive compulsive disorder and a self-centred complex. And not only that, but also am over the top and have a weak mind."

Lin Ke Song abruptly realised, Jiang Qian Fan was actually holding onto his

cane, standing vigil outside the bathroom.

Mayer had followed behind him. And Mayer shook his head helplessly at Lin Ke Song.

Lin Ke Song was totally stunned, why did Jiang Qian Fan come here? Wasn't he sitting in the car?

Did he need to use the bathroom too, so he just happened to hear her conversation with Song Yi Ran?

Jiang Qian Fan! You seem so cold and aloof, why were you eavesdropping on the conversation at the corner of the ladies'!

But these are not the problems!

Jiang Qian Fan turned around without saying anything.

The view of that back, was extra cold and stern.

How many times has she made him unhappy today?

Lin Ke Song ah Lin Ke Song, are you seeking death today?

You will definitely have a hard time in the future!

Meditate upon the tips from Song Yi Ran, if the roads are congested, hurry give up and go around!

"Ms Lin, do you know how long you've been in the washroom?" Mayer asked Lin Ke Song softly.

"Three minutes?"

Mayer shook his head.

"Five minutes?"

Mayer shook his head again: "its 15 minutes. And your phone line was constantly busy."

Lin Ke Song 囧-ed. She had spoken to Song Yi Ran on the phone in the bathroom, and had forgotten about the time.

"Mr Jiang was worried about you, and personally came up to take a look."

Once Mayer said that, Lin Ke Song started feeling guilty.

But..... no matter how you look at it, it didn't seem like Jiang Qian Fan was worried about her ah?

Which part of her deserved his worry? Isn't it just a visit to the bathroom? It can't be that the moment she flushes that toilet bowl, she'd be sent to the other world?

"He really said that he was worried about me?" Lin Ke Song asked Mayer with uncertainty.

"I guessed it." Mayer answered seriously, and hurried to catch up to Jiang Qian Fan.

How can a guess be treated as accurate ah!

They got back to the car, and after Mayer answered a phone call, he turned around and said to Jiang Qian Fan who had not said a single word: "Mr Jiang, Li Yan insists on seeing you."

"I don't see any need to see him again."

Mayer hesitated for a couple of seconds, and decided to say what he really thought: "Mr Jiang, Li Yan sounded very agitated."

"If he sees me, he will only get more agitated and lose control, and will not reflect on his problem."

Mayer exhaled, "I understand."

Lin Ke Song thought that the name "Li Yan" sounded familiar. Wasn't this Jiang Qian Fan's assistant?

You meant to say that he was already fired by this big ice block?

But its right too, this big ice block has such high expectations, would any commoner be able to meet them?

With the silence through the roads, Lin Ke Song got back to Jiang Qian Fan's villa.

Actually Jiang Qian Fan's villa, apart from being too clean, too quiet, and too big with no sense of humans, everything was very good.

Just as she was squatting at her luggage that she had used great effort to

move, Mayer walked in, and put a pile of books on Lin Ke Song's table.

“These are the basics of the preparation of food, main dishes, different types of soups and desserts. The contents are extremely detailed, hope that you will be able to reap the benefits.”

Lin Ke Song counted the books from the base to the peak of the pile, there were a full dozen or more books.

What《 how to prepare your dinner》,《 origins of ingredients 》,《 the art of balancing tastes》, and what not.

Lin Ke Song looked at Mayer: “you want me to read all these in three months?”

“Three months?” Mayer smiled, “you wish to spend three months on these books? These are what you need to read finish and familiarise yourself with within the first week.”

Lin Ke Song almost spit her lungs out.

“Apart from that, every day from 8 am to 12 pm, Mr Jiang will guide you on how to segment ingredients without damaging them.”

Its knife skills already?

“I'm flying to Atlanta tonight, to help Mr Jiang settle some things. I wish you sweet dreams in advance.”

Mayer left the room, Lin Ke Song randomly picked a book to flip through, her eyeballs were about to fall out.

It's actually the English version! Everything was the English version!

Even if she didn't neglect her English in university, but there were so many words related ingredients and preparation methods, she had never even seen them before! Does this mean that she has to go back to the “good” times of burning the midnight oil?

But after those eight bowls of soup were digested, Lin Ke Song was ferociously hungry.

She opened the door, looked left and right, didn't see Mayer and couldn't find Nina..... she also did not dare to walk around casually..... she could only take out

the bag of crackers that her mother had stuffed into her luggage when she came to New York. Even though it was a little crushed, Lin Ke Song still ate it deliciously, squatting in front of the wastebasket.

What signature dish of a Michelin restaurant ah, it couldn't even compare to the biscuit crumbs now.

After eating the biscuits, Lin Ke Song laid on the bed lazily, looking at the tall stack of books, with a premonition of a stormy kind of relentless sadness.

Lin Ke Song knew, to do things subpar will only make things more difficult with Jiang Qian Fan.

So many books, and having to read and understand them all and be familiar with them, it must be a way that Jiang Qian Fan had thought up to make things unhappy for her.

But as long as she understands everything, Jiang Qian Fan will not be able to be happy!

Lin Ke Song sat up, found the thinnest book 《origins of ingredients》and started reading it.

She remembered when she was in high school, while memorising, reciting and transcribing whatever, she could fall asleep even when seated at the table. So at this moment, Lin Ke Song had already made preparations at the table for when she crashes on the table.

But when she flipped open the book, she was stunned. There were many notes on the pages, all written by a fountain pen. The words were tiny, but neat and elegant. Some places even had phonetic marks, others had explanations. It was like someone knew that Lin Ke Song was going to learn from this book, so they had done adequate preparations in advance for her.

Without knowing why, Lin Ke Song just felt that these words were written by Jiang Qian Fan.

But Jiang Qian Fan couldn't see. He couldn't have made annotations for her.

Lin Ke Song flipped open the books, and the things that put her in disbelief was, every book had similar annotations. She could sense the kind of focus the

person who had written the annotations down had while sitting at a table, reading each page under a light with a calm and quiet heart.

With these kinds of annotations, Lin Ke Song suddenly felt that the originally choppy book became interesting. She never knew that the French would use sows to help them collect truffles! And she never knew that corn was actually a hermaphrodite (have male and female reproductive organs)! And she couldn't even begin thinking that salmon would swim against the currents up stream to reach their destinations during the spawning period!

Lin Ke Song only felt that things were getting interesting. She didn't even realise when Nina brought her dinner.

When she had flipped to the last page of 《origins of ingredients》, she realised that it was already nine thirty in the evening.

She packed up and walked into the shower.

Word count: ~4000 words

A night of storm

This bathroom is totally incomparable to the narrow and small washroom in uncle's house. The clean white bathtub, with a water temperature controlling system, gave Lin Ke Song a sudden impulse to have a shower.

She set down a change of clothes. Switched on the shower and sweetly felt the warm water flow down her body.

Her mood was so good she started humming a tuneless melody.

But the moment she turned around, she let out a sharp shriek, and almost fell onto her butt.

Because Jiang Qian Fan with a look of indifference, had his arm leaning against the bathroom door, and who know how long he had been watching.

Lin Ke Song hugged herself tightly, and stepped backwards, the shampoo and body wash was hit down, making pilipala sounds.

“You..... how can you come in! Don't you know I'm showering!”

Lin Ke Song was so angry her brain was about to explode! She hurriedly pulled a towel to wrap herself up.

Only two seconds later, did Lin Ke Song realise, that Jiang Qian Fan actually could not see.

The bathroom's steam came in contact with Jiang Qian Fan's face, then one after another bounced off and dispersed. At that moment, the originally cold and solemn face seemed gentler.

But why was it that she had an illusion that Jiang Qian Fan's point of view was focused on her body, tracing her face, her neck, and even across the towel, like it was hugging her tightly.

Her heart started beating furiously.

The air that was breathed into her lungs was jumping and could not be restrained.

“Do you know what time it is now?” Jiang Qian Fan asked slowly.

The slight parting of the lips, was the source of Lin Ke Song’s impulses.

Like a flash of inspiration, she wanted to grab onto him tightly.

“Nine..... forty?” she looked past the opened bathroom door, and looked at the clock on the wall.

“Mayer should have told you before, that you were not allowed to shower after nine ba.”

“.....”

Mayer did indeed tell her that, it’s just that she couldn’t remember it.....

“You hear me in the shower?” Lin Ke Song asked him unsurely.

After all, her room was quite a distance from Jiang Qian Fan’s.

“Yes, I can hear you clearly. So, you have disturbed my rest time, Lin Ke Song.”

She didn’t know why, when he called her “Lin Ke Song”, she felt an emotion of disappointment at the bottom of her heart.

“Your ears are so sharp.....” Lin Ke Song curled her mouth.

“My ears are indeed sharp. I can hear the sounds of your breathing when you lie, could hear the words you said in the bathroom in the shopping mall, and could hear the sounds of water flowing down in this villa. Even if I don’t want to hear, I will still be able to hear. Do you understand what I’ve said?”

“Understood.” Lin Ke Song pursed her mouth.

You can’t talk loudly in this room, have to put on a headset when you watch movies or listen to music, and can’t shower after nine..... in other words, you can’t do anything that produces sound!

Such a pity, I’m not a dead person.

The dead will not have any movement, and will be able to satisfy your extreme requirements of “absolute silence”.

Jiang Qian Fan turned around and left. Lin Ke Song then started to clear the bottles and jars on the floor.

There's no way she can live like this ah!

But when she squatted on the ground, she felt great pity towards Jiang Qian Fan. The reason why he was able to enter her bathroom, was because she had forgotten to lock the door.

Imagine if the one in the bathroom wasn't Lin Ke Song, but a beautiful sexy lady!

Other men who see the sight, will have their noses ejecting blood.

But he Jiang Qian Fan is unable to see!

How sad ah!

Lin Ke Song started to laugh muffled.

Then she rubbed the back of her head, why was it that she had a melancholy feeling that she had been looked at in all her nakedness?

Jiang Qian Fan left Lin Ke Song's room, went along the secluded long corridor, and returned to his room.

There, Dr Xie was waiting very patiently on the sofa for him.

"Qian Fan, what's wrong?"

"Lin Ke Song was in the shower." Jiang Qian Fan sat down.

Dr Xie lowered his head, and lightly flipped through a file containing Lin Ke Song's data, "Oh, did the shower sounds interrupt our conversation?"

Although according to Dr Xie's hearing, he couldn't hear anything.

"Yes."

Dr Xie gently twitched the corners of his lips, and slowly without rushing said: "I heard that last night, you let Lin Ke Song sleep on your sofa?"

Jiang Qian Fan turned his head slightly to the side, the light leaving sorrowful traces on his face. He did not actually open his mouth to speak.

Because to him this was a question that did not need answering.

“Why did she go into your room?” Dr Xie continued to ask.

“She was drunk, walked into the wrong room.”

“So you could smell alcohol from her body.” Dr Xie looked at Jiang Qian Fan thoughtfully, “You’ve lost that flavour, Qian Fan.”

“What are you trying to say?”

“And today, you were supposed to wait in the car for her, but you realised that she hadn’t come back after ten minutes, so you went to the shopping mall to look for her.”

“Did Mayer tell you this?”

“This is what he was supposed to tell me, so don’t blame Mayer. But, have you ever thought about why you went to find her, and waited for her outside the restroom?”

“I’ve never thought about it.” Jiang Qian Fan’s voice was ice cold.

Dr Xie smiled, and changed the sitting posture: “Maybe..... just saying “Maybe”. You know that you yourself are very strict, you know that you live a life where your sense of hearing, smell, taste and touch is magnified ten times more than an average person’s, and you also know your pursuit for perfection will make people stay away from you. So you are worried, she will be like others, turn around, and leave without even a ‘bye’.”

“You’re too sensitive, Dr Xie.” It was like Jiang Qian Fan’s facial expression was solid, there wasn’t any movement.

“You just went to remind her, to not shower after nine, to follow the rule of absolute silence after nine of this villa. But her shower sounds, did it make this villa not quiet, or did it make your heart unable to quieten down? ” Dr Xie’s voice carried a hint of a smile.

“My heart is very quiet.”

Dr Xie let out a laugh, “Qian Fan, are you sure when the shower sounds started up, the image you were thinking of was not the water flowing past her neck, her shoulder, her fingertips?”

His voice was calm and warm, but it had an inexplicable strength, like it was

drumming the depths of the mind.

“Wasn’t.”

But Jiang Qian Fan’s answer was concise and sure.

“Are you sure when you went over, it wasn’t because you wanted to see?”

“She has nothing that I want to see.”

“Are you sure that what you wanted to say to her was not ‘Leave my mind’ but ‘no showering after nine’?”

“Dr Xie, the questions you’ve asked have already exceeded the questions a psychologist should ask. And I’m sure I still belong to the category of the mentally healthy. No depressive tendencies, no antisocial personality, and no self-isolation characteristics. I don’t know where the value of your questions lies.”

“You are not only full of defence towards me, but you also have aggression.” Dr Xie touched his chin, and used a deep tone to say, “This means, I have asked the right questions. I’ve only asked the questions you’ve asked yourself out loud. Some philosopher, can see the essence of the world from a grain of sand. It’s the same for you. A grain of sand may be very small, a slight misstep and it will be gone, never to be found again.”

“Thank you for your reminder.”

“Ah, I have a photograph of Ke Song here, do you need me to describe what kind of girl she is to you?”

“No need.” Jiang Qian Fan stood up, making a gesture of pointing the guest out.

But Dr Xie seemed like he hadn’t seen anything at all, and continued saying: “she has very fair skin, her eyes are big.”

“Dr Xie, today’s consultation hours have ended already.”

“A small nose, when she smiles, it looks like she has a dimple on the left.”

“Dr Xie.” Jiang Qian Fan said in a low voice.

“Short hair, but full of spirit.”

Jiang Qian Fan's faced towards the door.

The corners of Dr Xie's lips lifted, and he finally stood up and left.

When he reached the door, he stopped his steps, "Qian Fan, compare to the average person, you know even more that understanding a person is not only about 'seeing'."

The room was quiet again. Jiang Qian Fan sat in front of the sofa in silence for a long time.

After Lin Ke Song sorted out the bathroom properly, she started wiping her hair.

She didn't dare use the hairdryer, afraid that the noise will attract Jiang Qian Fan over again, and could only send a message to Song Yi Ran while letting her hair dry.

Lin Ke Song: Have you returned to New York yet?

Song Yi Ran: This weekend's flight. Are you missing me already? Memeda (Chinese ver. of xoxo/sound of flying kisses)!

Lin Ke Song: Memeda your butt ah!

She actually wanted to rant at Song Yi Ran about the exotic rule of not being able to use the bathroom after nine, but when she thought about it, once she rants, wouldn't it mean that she would have to reveal that she was totally "seen" naked by Jiang Qian Fan?

Song Yi Ran will definitely go insane!

Lin Ke Song looked at the "memeda" on her screen, her ears heated up a little.

This stupid swine, definitely doesn't know what "memeda" means!

Song Yi Ran sent another message: After I come back, let's have a meal together ah?

Lin Ke Song thought: Got to ask if my mentor is willing to give me some time to rest.

On the other end of the line in San Francisco, Song Yi Ran stood in front of the large full length window, looking at the lights of Silicon Valley, his eyes narrowed.

With her headphones on, listening to that song《》，Lin Ke Song started thinking about home. After giving her parents a call, and greeting her uncle, she rubbed her tummy..... hungry.

Lin Ke Song regretted, why hadn't she prepared a huge container of snacks before?

Abruptly, she remembered the kitchen that she had seen before.

She definitely won't be able to cook anything to eat in that kitchen, Jiang Qian Fan will definitely discover it.

But there were so many ingredients there, including all sorts of fruits.

Anyway, Mayer has never said to her before that she couldn't go to the kitchen to get the fruits to eat ah!

Lin Ke Song suddenly became very happy.

She left her own room, tracing the way to that kitchen using the memory in her mind of when Mayer led her that day.

The corridors were pitch black, with only the lights of the stars and the moon.

Lin Ke Song annoyingly chattered in her heart, totally don't understand the reasoning behind Jiang Qian Fan buying such a large villa!

The shadows swayed, moving around on the grounds like ghosts.

Lin Ke Song finally felt her way to that kitchen, then only remembered that it seemed like Mayer had keyed in some code, how would she know what the code was ah!

It seemed like she'd made a wasted trip!

Just as Lin Ke Song was about to turn back, she realised that the kitchen door seemed to be unlatched.

Did Mayer forget to lock the door?

Or was Jiang Qian Fan still inside?

Lin Ke Song's finger hooked onto the edge of the door, and slowly opened it.

In the darkness, she could faintly make out a silhouette of a person in the

corner.

Lin Ke Song felt the wall for the light, and the moment she pressed the switch down, the whole kitchen lighted up.

And that person had the back facing Lin Ke Song, standing on top of the shelves, in the corner don't know doing what.

The moment the lights lit up, he pulled down his hat, suddenly turned around, knocked past Lin Ke Song and rushed out.

Lin Ke Song pressed her shoulder, it hurt so much it felt like the bones were going to split.

But the next second, she realised.

That was a thief ah!

Jiang Qian Fan's house was so huge and so empty, it was totally a ghost town!

Lin Ke Song suddenly thought of Jiang Qian Fan, he couldn't see, what if the thief had bad intentions towards him?

That man had already run out, about to make a turn, that was Jiang Qian Fan's room!

At that moment, a voice of pain sounded, followed by the sound of a fall.

Lin Ke Song was shocked, and immediately ran.

"Jiang Qian Fan! Jiang Qian Fan!"

Her voice echoed in the corridors, but there was no reply from Jiang Qian Fan.

Her heart was about to burn up.

Lin Ke Song swore, that she didn't even sprint this fast for the 100m dash in secondary school!

Jiang Qian Fan's room door opened, the light flooding the corridors.

A figure with the back turned towards Lin Ke Song was fallen on the ground, Lin Ke Song hurried to help the other party up.

"Jiang Qian Fan — are you al....."

Lin Ke Song came in contact with the other party's arm, and knew that this

person was not Jiang Qian Fan.

And without a word, the other party lifted a fist aiming for Lin Ke Song's face.

Lin Ke Song was shocked, and couldn't avoid.

At that moment, someone grabbed the back of her shirt collar, and directly hoisted her away with a great strength, That punch pretty much brushed past Lin Ke Song's cheek, her heart almost popping out of the heart of her vocal cords.

The hand grabbing her collar let go.

Lin Ke Song staggered a step back due to inertia, and crashed into the other party's arms.

The familiar smell blossomed.

A hand pressed her back, and got her stabilised.

Lin Ke Song inhaled, lifted her head, and just happened to see Jiang Qian Fan's chin.

"Li Yan, what are you doing here?"

The cold voice sounded, like all feelings had no meaning in his world.

The man sitting on the floor took off his hat, only then did Lin Ke Song realise, he was in the entourage that followed Jiang Qian Fan when Lin Ke Song first saw him.

What was the matter?

Li Yan smiled, and got up from the floor. His left thigh was a little crippled, probably stumbled from the hit of Jiang Qian Fan's cane.

"What am I doing here? Mr Jiang! I was your assistant for a year, even if there's no credit, there's hard work! But how have you treated me?"

"Precisely because there was no credit but there was hard work that I gave you a chance to voluntarily resign."

"Voluntarily resign? This is the recognition you give to my work? Is this how you repay my cautious work?"

Li Yan crooked his face, his eyes having a paranoid twist to them.

Lin Ke Song had a bad hunch.

In this world, she, Lin Ke Song is not afraid of gangsters and is not afraid of cultured gangsters. But in front of a lunatic, she has always been helpless.

She stood in front of Jiang Qian Fan, thinking about when she would the right time be to grab Jiang Qian Fan and run?

“Isn’t it because you took a bribe from Langhua Hotel’s Chairman Zhao, so you classified them as Jiang Co.’s partner? Not only that, to make Langhua hotel’s merits seem more outstanding, you even purposely hid the merits of the other hotels. Li Yan, you made use of the trust I had in you.”

Jiang Qian Fan’s voice was overly calm, in this calmness, the emotion of “disappointment” couldn’t even be seen.

Li Yan hmped lightly, pointed at Jiang Qian Fan and said loudly: “Isn’t Langhua hotel the most powerful amongst the potential partners? Apart from them, who else can you choose? All I did was make the merits of Langhua hotel more outstanding only!”

“I don’t need someone else to make the decisions for me.”

“But I have no more future in the industry of Chinese catering in America! Because you are Jiang Qian Fan, the people that you don’t use are the people who are defective, are not perfect! You have ruined my everything!”

Li Yan got agitated.

Lin Ke Song had never thought that such an originally gentle man could show such rage.

If he used his fist, neither of them would be able to block it!

Jiang Qian Fan ah Jiang Qian Fan, why didn’t you make Nina stay! At least there’d be someone to give the police a call!

With a house so big, and with so much money, would it cost you a piece of your flesh to hire a night security guard!

“I did not ruin you, it’s you who ruined everything that you once had. You said

that there is no future for you in the Chinese food catering industry anymore, but I don't think so. There are so many zero star restaurants, you could obviously start from the basics up, but you're not willing to. You are unable to forget superiority of being a manager of a recognised restaurant, you look down on the commonest, most simple job, your heart has not quietened yet, this is the reason you are unable to find a job, and it is not because of me."

Lin Ke Song poked Jiang Qian Fan in his chest with her elbow, to hint to him to stop speaking, to stop provoking Li Yan.

"So in the whole world, you are the noblest! Your standards set the boundaries for everyone, including the pursuits of our lives! I worked so hard in this country for 10 years, to get what I have today! But you easily deny my everything! Since it's like that, why don't you also try the feeling of being denied by others?"

After finishing, Li Yan suddenly took out a knife from his pocket, and aimed towards Jiang Qian Fan's shoulder.

Lin Ke Song lifted her thigh without explanation, and gave a kick to Li Yan in the abdomen.

"Ooh....." Li Yan clutched his stomach and stumbled backwards, starring daggers at Lin Ke Song, then lifted his dagger and raised it towards her.

She had learned taekwondo before, but she didn't see the need to fight to the end with a lunatic.

She dodged Li Yan's attack, turned around and ran.

After running a couple of steps, she realised that Li Yan hadn't chased after her, but had rushed towards Jiang Qian Fan to stab his chest.

"Jiang Qian Fan!"

Lin Ke Song was stunned, and hurriedly ran back.

Jiang Qian Fan lifted his hand to block, waving his cane over, and just happened to hit Li Yan in the face.

Li Yan clutched his face and fell to the side.

Lin Ke Song was surprised, and thought that this Li Yan was really useless, he couldn't even stab a blind!

Wait, this isn't what she should be wondering about.

She rushed forward, Li Yan rushed up again, and she grabbed Jiang Qian Fan's cane, and harshly hit Li Yan in a flurry.

"Stupid girl! Die together with Jiang Qian Fan ba!"

"You keep asking people to die all day long! Why don't you die yourself ah!" Lin Ke Song hit even more harshly.

In her heart, this Li Yan was sick in the mind!

When Li Yan grabbed the cane over, Lin Ke Song did not fight over it with him, and turned around, grabbing Jiang Qian Fan's wrist and ran.

"What are you still standing here for! Run ah!"

Jiang Qian Fan did not say anything, letting Lin Ke Song grab him anyhow, until they ran into the kitchen, and whatever Jiang Qian Fan pressed, the kitchen door was locked.

Li Yan was outside keying in the passcode frantically, but the door had no reaction. She suddenly lost his patience, and kick the door with all his might.

"Jiang Qian Fan, you coward! Come out now! Come out!"

"Jiang Qian Fan — — you selfish self-centred bastard! Come out! Or I will burn you to death!"

Lin Ke Song listened to his roar, and couldn't help getting scared.

"He said he was going to burn us to death ah!"

Jiang Qian Fan leaned on the counter, his expression a little down, and calm.

"Hey..... will that lunatic really do that?"

"The house has smoke sensors. If he really started a fire, the sprinklers will automatically start sprinkling."

Lin Ke Song was speechless.

"On your right, there is a police button. After pressing it, the community's security will rush over."

"Oh!" Lin Ke Song then remembered that this was a fancy residential area,

security is advanced and well thought out.

But how did Li Yan get in? He obviously knew the password to Jiang Qian Fan's villa, but what did he enter the kitchen for?

Li Yan saw that they refused to come out, and started smashing and throwing the things in the house.

Sounds after sounds, *pili pala*(crashing sounds), Lin Ke Song listened till her brains started to hurt.

“He..... wasn't he by your side previously? And he was very concerned about you.....”

Lin Ke Song remembered, at that time she brought Jiang Qian Fan to try out the dishes, Li Yan had even taken a photo of her identification, just to ensure the safety of Jiang Qian Fan. In Lin Ke Song's heart, Li Yan was very serious about his job ah, diligent, and prepared everything for Jiang Qian Fan.

“Because he did something wrong.”

Jiang Qian Fan did not continue to explain, Lin Ke Song understood, to not ask any more about what she was not supposed to ask about.

Quickly, the security guards rushed over, and subdued Li Yan, to hand to the police to handle.

Lin Ke Song received the call from the security guard, and only then unlocked the kitchen, and followed Jiang Qian Fan out.

The main door of the villa was wide open, the flashing lights of the police cars swept over Lin Ke Song's face again and again.

Li Yan was still struggling, the police couldn't help but press him against the hood of the car.

The moment he saw Jiang Qian Fan walk over, his eyes seemed to be staring till they were about to be popped out: “Jiang Qian Fan! Jiang Qian Fan! I will not let you go! I will not let you go!”

Jiang Qian Fan's face was calm, the police came over to him, to let him sign some documents to confirm.

“Sir, please sign over here.”

When the other party realised that his eyes couldn't see, he tried to touch Jiang Qian Fan's hand.

But Jiang Qian Fan moved slightly to avoid.

“Lin Ke Song.”

When she heard him call her name, Lin Ke Song rushed forward, “What's the matter ah, Mr Jiang?”

Memeda: 么么哒 Me me dā, similar to *kisses* or *mwah* or or the X part of XOXO, SYR was giving a virtual kiss!!

Word count: 3900w

Mushroom pork noodles = roots of weed

“Where do I sign?”

Jiang Qian Fan lifted his hand, and Lin Ke Song was stunned, not knowing whether she should touch him.

Only until Jiang Qian Fan’s distorted did Lin Ke Song hurriedly take the pen the police officer offered, and stuffed it into Jiang Qian Fan’s hand, maneuvered his finger to the place where the signature should be.

“Right here.”

Jiang Qian Fan’s hand started moving. His signature was in English, his words elegant, Lin Ke Song blinked, it was actually really similar to the notes in her book.

Does this mean that the notes taken were written by Jiang Qian Fan?

The cool night air lifted the hair on Jiang Qian Fan’s forehead, so gentle that it looked like waves that never broke.

She once thought that Jiang Qian Fan’s side profile was like a cold and sharp cliff, but now it gave off a weird sense of desolation.

The police left, and Li Yan was also taken away, he will be facing a serious prosecution.

Jiang Qian Fan turned.

Without his cane, he walked to the door, hesitated for a while, and suddenly opened his mouth: “Lin Ke Song, come over.”

“Ha?”

Lin Ke Song hurried to his side. But she never once thought, Jiang Qian Fan would actually raise his palm.

“Where’s your shoulder?”

“Here.....” Lin Ke Song carefully took hold of his arm, and put it on her shoulder.

His palm was very warm, the kind of warmth that made people feel at peace.

“Go back.”

“Oh.”

Lin Ke Song walked up the stairs slowly, and Jiang Qian Fan followed behind her.

“Close the door, remember to take precautions.”

His voice sounded from the back, and was so close, she kept having an illusion, that when the other party spoke, his breath wandered at the back of her neck.

She followed everything he said and keyed in the password code. While she walked, she made sure that all the doors and windows were shut tight.

The window near the kitchen had already been shattered, the night air blew in, the curtains danced in the air, like skirts of spirits.

If Jiang Qian Fan had not been just right behind her, Lin Ke Song thinks that she would definitely been frightened to death.

“You said you discovered Li Yan in the kitchen?”

“En, yes.”

Lin Ke Song thought it quite weird too. If Li Yan had a grudge against Jiang Qian Fan for forcing him away, he could've caused some trouble in his room, why did he go to the kitchen?

“Go back to the kitchen to check it out.”

“Okay.”

Lin Ke Song opened the kitchen's door, and walked in with Jiang Qian Fan.

“You take a good look, especially at the places that Li Yan hovered around, is there anything out of the ordinary?”

“Okay!”

Lin Ke Song tiptoed, leaned over, and there seemed to be something at the

corner.

“Mr Jiang, there seems to be something! But I can’t reach it!”

After saying, Lin Ke Song only felt someone grab her lower back, before she could react, she was carried up, to sit on Jiang Qian Fan’s shoulder.

At that moment, she almost screamed, and in a moment of nervousness, she pressed the top of Jiang Qian Fan’s head.

“What are you so flustered for, I won’t let you fall.”

His voice was still as cool, but she could clearly feel the strength of him pressing against her.

Lin Ke Song carefully let go of Jiang Qian Fan, and reached her hand out.

“Mr Jiang, please move a little to the left.”

Lin Ke Song’s finger hooked onto that little black thing, gave it a hard tug, and pulled the thing down.

“All good! Mr Jiang! I’ve got it!”

Lin Ke Song thought Jiang Qian Fan will directly put her down, but unexpectedly, he walked back a couple of steps, held on to her lower back, and practically carried her down to a height that was about his height.

Both his hands supported her, and it seemed like to him, she didn’t weigh anything.

This was the closest that Lin Ke Song had ever been to Jiang Qian Fan. Her line of sight was almost at the same height as Jiang Qian Fan, she could see his high and clear forehead, his eyebrows and even his elegant eyelashes way too clearly.

When she finally reacted, Jiang Qian Fan had already put her on the counter top.

“Where’s the thing?” he opened his hand towards her.

He leaned forward, with a hand still supporting at her side.

He turned his face slightly, it looked like the prelude to a kiss.

Lin Ke Song swallowed her saliva, and pressed the thing into the palm of the

other party.

Jiang Qian Fan straightened up, and left her.

That kind of enveloping breath left her, and made people oddly disappointed.

Jiang Qian Fan's finger pressed on the black thing, felt it, and conveniently just placed it back on the countertop.

"Is that a mini camera?" Lin Ke Song had only seen these kind of things on TV.

"Yes."

"What did Li Yan install the camera in the kitchen for?"

Lin Ke Song totally could not understand. This Li Yan can't be a pervert ba? For example be infatuated with the stance of Jiang Qian Fan cooking?

He was indeed so swoony handsome when he was on the kitchen with his white uniform working methodically..... so Li Yan who had been working at Jiang Qian Fan's side for a year plus could not resist the temptation of his psychopathy?

When she thought to here, Lin Ke Song could not help saying that the hole in her brain was way too big.....

"I often explore and test ideas for new dishes in this room."

Once Jiang Qian Fan said that, Lin Ke Song was suddenly enlightened.

"So Li Yan records the whole process of creating a new dish, and he will be able to sell the footage to other restaurants right? Especially to your competitors in the industry! He thinks that this way he will be able to affect you, right?"

"Right."

When she first heard Li Yan, that he was forced away by Jiang Qian Fan, she had felt a little pity for Li Yan.

But now that she has seen it, Li Yan wasn't even morally right in the first place.

Jiang Qian Fan had seen this aspect and only asked him to leave.

"Then let's look around for more cameras!"

"No need. Wait till Mayer comes back and we'll see." Jiang Qian Fan suddenly

reached out his hand, and brushed the hair on Lin Ke Song's forehead, "What about you?"

"Me? What about me?"

While being pressed by his palm, Lin Ke Song subconsciously lifted her head.

"You weren't sleeping in your room, why were you in the kitchen?"

Lin Ke Song was stunned.

Big ice block! Can your brain not work so fast please!

We've just finish tossing the yusheng! Shouldn't we be celebrating with a can of beer?

Lin Ke Song could not help thinking about a more appropriate reason.....for example sleepwalking?

"Remember what I said to you before, don't lie."

"I got hungry....."

Lin Ke Song said pitifully.

"So you were here to look for something to eat."

"Yes. But I only thought about grabbing a banana or a tomato only!" Lin Ke Song wanted to bring her crime index to the lowest.

"What do you feel like eating?"

Jiang Qian Fan suddenly asked.

Lin Ke Song was stunned, and tilted her head asking back: "Are you going to make it for me?"

"I want to make noodles, you can have the soup."

After saying, Jiang Qian Fan turned around, opened the refrigerator, and took out mushrooms, and a slab of pork.

Lin Ke Song smiled, she started her brain, Jiang Qian Fan was going to cook noodles for her!

"Not going to boil the water?" Jiang Qian Fan turned his face to her.

Lin Ke Song jumped from the countertop, and according to Jiang Qian Fan's instructions, filled a third of the pot with water, and placed it on the stove to boil.

"Come over here to take a look."

Jiang Qian Fan said to Lin Ke Song as he put on his apron.

His apron was very simple, no frills, and flawlessly white. The average guy may give off a sense of homeliness when they put on an apron, but Jiang Qian Fan seemed very professional and accomplished, his gestures gave off an aura that people could not help trusting.

Lin Ke Song went to his side.

Jiang Qian Fan lowered his face, his finger covering the mushroom, pressing lightly with the fingertips, "Every ingredient has its unique texture and line. Some ingredients have rules to be followed when you cut them, to be able to preserve the texture and protect it from damage before it reaches the pot, to maintain the freshest taste. For example, the mushroom, do you see the lines?"

"I see it."

Jiang Qian Fan gave the mushroom a few cuts, and split it into sections, then flipped the cut up mushroom over.

Lin Ke Song then realised, the mushroom was cut within the lines.

"Fungi, cut along the lines, to maintain maximum elasticity."

"En." Lin Ke Song nodded her head.

But her sight always ended up falling on the fingertips of Jiang Qian Fan, long and pretty, even with though thin and light scars, they did not seem incomplete or hideous, and on the contrary, had another kind of beauty.

"You try."

Don't know whether it was because of the boiling sounds of the water not far away, Jiang Qian Fan's voice that sounded in Lin Ke Song's ear was a lot gentler.

She followed Jiang Qian Fan's method, first located the lines of the mushroom, and then cut them open.

One she finished slicing, Jiang Qian Fan pushed them to the side without looking at them.

“Aren’t you going to check?” Lin Ke Song asked sticking her head over.

“You aren’t stupid. The water is boiling, put the noodles in, remember to stir with the chopsticks, don’t let it stick to the pot.”

“Oh! I understand!”

Lin Ke Song gave a laugh, that sentence “You aren’t stupid.” is it considered a compliment?

Jiang Qian Fan lifted his hand, took another chopping board, and put the pork on it.

“Pork breaks into pieces easily when crosscut, and get old when you cut vertically, so when you cut pork, it’s best to slice according to the lines.”

Jiang Qian Fan switched to another blade, his fingers gently brushing the surface of the pork. Lin Ke Song knew, he was feeling for the lines.

He purposely slowed down, to let Lin Ke Song see clearly the angle of contact of the blade with the pork.

Slices of pork were cut along the blade, Lin KE Song was filled with curiosity about Jiang Qian Fan. Even though Mayer said before, to come back to the world of cuisine, Jiang Qian Fan had isolated himself for 8 years, but even so, when his blade slide across the pork without hesitation, Lin Ke Song still felt that everything was a miracle.

“You try.”

“Ah..... me?.....”

Lin Ke Song thinks that her cutting will definitely be disorderly, some thick some thin, and definitely not meet the aesthetic expectations of Jiang Qian Fan.

But when Lin Ke Song lifted the knife, and lowered her head to study the lines of the pork, Jiang Qian Fan came up behind her.

His left hand gently clothed Lin Ke Song’s fingers, aligning his fingertips with hers, his right hand pressing the knife together with Lin KE Song.

Lin Ke Song's shoulders started getting nervous all of a sudden.

Because she realised, she was pretty much in the arms of the other party. This was a very small world, with only inches of land. She only needed to move her body slightly, and she'd bump into the person behind her. So she could only carefully shrink into herself, like she was afraid of disturbing the other person's world.

"Why are you nervous? I won't let your fingers get cut."

Jiang Qian Fan's voice was as always, steady and cold.

But Lin Ke Song's shoulders gradually relaxed. She did not know how he did it, it was like he could feel every little emotion of hers?

Jiang Qian Fan led her and started slicing. She originally thought that his method of cutting would need lots of strength, but she realised that it was unexpectedly lithe.

When the blade glided across, she could feel the amazing feeling of the meat closest to the blade splitting. How every line was subjected to the passing of the blade, how the slices of pork fell off.

It was like she had entered into Jiang Qian Fan's world where all the senses were enhanced.

Everything started becoming wonderful.

"Right at this angle, do you remember?"

"Yes, I remember." Lin KE Song nodded her head.

Jiang Qian Fan released his hands, and started heating a pan.

Lin Ke Song stood at the side, and observed his movements carefully.

The pan was heated, but he did not pour oil, but put the mushrooms in the pan to stir fry, to force the water content out of the mushrooms, and put it in the plate for later.

Then, he poured the oil, and patiently waited for 10 plus seconds then put the pork slices in.

His stir-frying method was very unique, like every inch of the pork slices were

dancing lightly in his shovel. Lin Ke Song tiptoed and watched, as before the colour of the meat went completely white, the garlic and ginger were poured in, the sizzling sounds were coupled with the strong aroma, Lin Ke Song's stomach got hungrier.

She gulped down a mouthful of saliva, but Jiang Qian Fan said: "You don't eat much at night?"

Lin Ke Song touched her tummy, and smiled embarrassingly: "I've got good digestion."

Jiang Qian Fan didn't say anything more, and pored the prepared mushrooms into the pot, saying: "take 3 cubes of ice and at it into the pot."

"Ah? Why?"

Even though Lin Ke Song did as told, she couldn't resist asking.

"To give the noodles more elasticity."

That's why!

When the noodles boiled for a second time, Jiang Qian Fan mentioned: "sieve the noodles out."

Lin Ke Song did as told, when she put the noodles in the bowl, she realised the portion was only enough for one ah!

Jiang Qian Fan poured the stir fried mushrooms and pork slices together onto the surface of the noodles, picked up a pair of chopstick, and neatly gave the noodles and the ingredients a mix.

"Eat ba."

He pushed that bowl of noodles towards Lin Ke Song.

"Weren't you going to eat? This noodles were made only for me?" No matter how Lin Ke Song thought about it, the fact that this big ice block will make a bowl of noodles especially for her was something unthinkable.

"I don't eat supper."

"Ah..... why ah you so good to me ah....." this was the first time Lin Ke Song felt such gratefulness towards the other party.

“Treat it as a reward for not running off alone, and remembering to return to look for me.”

The ends of Lin Ke Song’s mouth twitched, will you die if you say “Thank you”?

But the bowl of noodles was too fragrant, it was only mixed mushroom pork noodles, how can it be so fragrant?

“Can’t be that after eating I would have to list out the ingredients ba?”

If I can’t say them, you will continue cooking noodles for me, until the skin of my stomach explodes noodles?

“What ingredients I’ve used, didn’t you see them clearly? Why is there a need to make you say them again?”

Jiang Qian Fan’s tone of voice was as normal, but the eyebrow that was slightly lifted seemed to say: Are you an idiot?

Lin Ke Song was relieved, and her stomach was hungrier than ever.

She picked up a chopstick of noodles, blew on it and was about to put it into her mouth, when the male sitting across her suddenly lifted his hand, and accurately pressed on her forehead, lifting her face up. The noodles that was finally picked up returned to the bowl once again.

His palm was still stuck to her forehead.

Lin Ke Song got unexplainably nervous, “Wh.....What’s wrong?”

“The noodles are scalding, you send it to your mouth just like that, do you not want you tongue anymore?”

Lin KE Song looked stupidly at Jiang Qian Fan’s lips, the tip of his tongue peeking and hiding, pushing and pulling, moving her heart.

She never thought he would touch her.

Li Yan said before that he did not like anyone touching him, Mayer had also told her the same thing.

But why, did it seem that the rule had been broken, he had touched her more than once.

“I..... I’ll blow on it again.....”

Lin Ke Song inhaled a breath of air, lowered her head, picked up the noodles, blew multiple times more, and made sure that it was cool, and only then sent it into her mouth.

And Jiang Qian Fan had already picked up a cloth, and started cleaning the counter top, arranging the cooking utensils.

While eating, Lin Ke Song could not help looking at the other party.

When he was sorting out the kitchen, everything fell into place, no matter what was said, Lin Ke Song could not believe that he could not see.

This proficiency, was totally dependent on his understanding of this area.

Lin Ke Song then realised there were fine lines on all the counter surfaces, and every ingredient or utensil, was put on the places where the lines were marked. Lin Ke Song finally understood, as long as the things were in the designated places, Jiang Qian Fan will be able to remember where each item was, and cook like a normal person.

Jiang Qian Fan used less than 3 minutes to clear the kitchen. From Lin Ke Song's point of view, there was nowhere that was not shining brightly.

She thought he would coldly ask her to remember to clean the bowl and chopsticks or something and leave, but he sat beside Lin Ke Song.

Everything quietened down, and was only left with the noises of Lin Ke Song eating noodles.

When the first mouth of noodles entered her mouth, Lin Ke Song was stunned. It was only the mushroom pork noodles that was very common, but it had such an aromatic flavour.

The delicious meat slices and mushroom, ginger, and garlic flavours blended together, and became a flavour that made people search for it, the warm feeling entered from the tongue to the bottom of the heart.

The noodles were exceptionally springy, and carried a slight egg and buckwheat fragrance.

These all made Lin Ke Song want to consume the bowl of noodles in a breath.

But Jiang Qian Fan was precisely sitting opposite her.

All these time, Lin Ke Song had already deeply understood just how amazing Jiang Qian Fan's sense of hearing was. And his dining etiquette has always been elegant, he's definitely feel uncomfortable listening to her slurping sounds of consuming the noodles right?

So she could only suppress her deep impulse to satisfyingly take big mouths of noodles, pick up a few strands of noodles, and carefully put it into her mouth without making any sound.

As Lin Ke Song ate, she looked up to glance at Jiang Qian Fan.

What was this big block of ice doing sitting here? Can't he let others properly eat noodles?

Jiang Qian Fan leaned slightly on the counter, showing the side of his face. Lin Ke Song's line of sight fell on his deep set eyes, down to his chin, along his neck that showed the degree of his relaxed shoulders, and finally stopped at the shirt cuffs he had unbuttoned, and folded nicely, at his lower arms.

Lin Ke Song purposely looked past the side of his face.

Because at that moment she had an impulse, she wanted to pull off his shirt, to see some other expression than his coolly indifferent one.

This thinking was simply too perverted la!

"Is there a problem with the noodles?" Jiang Qian Fan suddenly asked.

"No! No problem at all! It's so explosively good!"

Why would he think there was a problem with the noodles? The problem was it was too delicious but she couldn't eat it in big mouths ah!

"The sounds you make while eating the noodles don't sound like they're 'explosively good'."

Jiang Qian Fan reached out his hand, and landed it on Lin Ke Song's forearm.

At that moment, Lin Ke Song got nervous, and froze on the spot not knowing what to do.

While Jiang Qian Fan's palm followed her arm and slowly moved down, reaching her the outsides of her wrist.

This was the first time Lin Ke Song felt the other party's fingertips. It was a warm gentle touch that did not match his cool indifference.

He picked the chopsticks from her hands, and leaned down towards her.

As he came nearer to her, Lin Ke Song only felt that the air started inexplicably vibrating, and even his fine lashes were like wings that were ready for flight, casting a subtly sorrowful shadow from his eyelids.

He picked up a few strands of noodles from the bowl, and held it in his mouth.

"There isn't a problem with the noodles. The flavour is right too. Is it a problem with the mushrooms or the pork slices?" Jiang Qian Fan turned his face towards Lin Ke Song.

Looking into his eyes let her experience the feeling of falling.

"The mushrooms?" Jiang Qian Fan lifted his eyebrows slightly as he asked.

"I.....I'll help you take."

Lin Ke Song carefully retrieved the chopsticks from the other party's hands, picked up a piece of mushroom, and placed it at the side of his lips.

Lin Ke Song used to think that his lips were cold and stern, always pursed, making people nervous. But she realised at this moment, his lips had a beautiful outline, when it was slightly parted, it made people want to exclaim.

When Lin Ke Song sent the mushroom between his teeth, she felt the moment when the tip of his tongue appeared.

She could not help holding her breath, it seemed like Jiang Qian Fan's tongue was flitting past her heart that her whole body, even the smallest cell in her body was vibrating.

"The mushrooms are fine too. Are the pork slices not good?"

He was dedicated in knowing just what was the problem was, with this bowl of mixed mushrooms and pork slices noodles, But Lin Ke Song just realised, this pair of chopsticks is the pair that she had used before ah!

Why didn't Jiang Qian Fan have any reaction ah!

If he suddenly thought about it, will he use the chopsticks to stab her to

death?

But she could only bite the bullet and pick up the sliced pork, and send it to his mouth.

It had to be said, that the way his chin was slight raised while waiting was so adorable. Even the originally stern chin became childish.

“There’s no problem with the pork slices either, just which part of it do you find not delicious?”

Jiang Qian Fan’s eyebrows turned into a frown.

Word count: 3854

Mixed mushroom pork noodles VS shredded fish fried noodles (Comes with a small act) “Which part of it is not nice ah! This is the best noodles I’ve ever had!”

Lin Ke Song hurriedly explained.

If the noodles Jiang Qian Fan made wasn’t good, then what else would be good food?

Jiang Qian Fan’s eyebrows were still in a frown.

“I’m only..... only.....”

Lin Ke Song thought about Jiang Qian Fan telling her to never lie to him, but the truth, was really a little awkward.

“You only what?”

“I was only afraid of making sounds, then you’ll think that I have no manners while eating.”

Jiang Qian Fan lifted his hand, rested it on his chin, his fingers clutching his lips, his head facing the side, like he was thinking about something.

Lin Ke Song looked nervously at the other party.

Until he opened his mouth: “this is only a bowl of noodles, and it’s only my kitchen, not a fine dining western restaurant that you have to dress up for.”

This belonged to Jiang Qian Fan’s unhurried tone of speech, sounding as cold as always, but Lin Ke Song seemed to be able to see a faint smile on his lips under his fingers.

Her heart felt like a page that was brushed by the wind, gently swaying and bending.

Lin Ke Song lowered her head, and took a huge mouth.

“Ooh——”

It’s simply too refreshing!

All the flavours followed the smooth noodles and fill all the spaces in her mouth.

Lin Ke Song used around a minute to down the whole bowl of noodles.

She closed her eyes with satisfaction, and exhaled a breath.

Rubbing her stomach, Lin Ke Song leaned on the chair and did not feel like getting up.

When her eyes slit open, Jiang Qian Fan was looking in her direction. She had an illusion that he could actually see.

The world in his eyes was clearer compared to other people.

Lin Ke Song sat up, washed the bowl and chopstick, and put them on the bowl rack.

“Let’s go.” Jiang Qian Fan only stood up then, feeling the edge of the counter top, and after determining the space and direction, he walked out without hesitation.

Jiang Qian Fan returned to his room first, open the door and walked in.

When that door was closed, Lin Ke Song looked at the long and dark corridor, her heart filled with a sense of fear.

She stood at her place, filled with great affection for the slit of light coming from Jiang Qian Fan’s door.

And the road forward, looked like something would jump out at any moment.

The more Lin Ke Song moved forward, the more her imagination and worry increased.

Who knows, when she gets to the corner, someone would suddenly jump out? Or when she opened the door, she’d realise that there was someone hiding behind the door? Or maybe, after she’s fallen asleep, some thing will slide out from her closet?

In the darkness, her imagination was infinite.

She knew that she was only scaring herself, but she still couldn’t stop her imagination.

Forget it, she'd rush back to her room in a breath, then give the bottom of the bed, the closet and the bathroom a proper check and lock up, then put on her headphones and listen to music to sleep!

At this time, Jiang Qian Fan's door suddenly opened.

"Why haven't you left?"

"I'm..... about to go....."

Lin Ke Song wondered, did she produce any sounds, is standing outside his room for a few moments considered breaking the rules?

Jiang Qian Fan only held onto the door, not saying anything.

Lin Ke Song had a feeling of being seen through.

She knew, Jiang Qian Fan was waiting for her to say the truth.

"I.....I'm a little scared. Your house is too big and too quiet..... if there's someone like Li Yan hiding somewhere in this place, will we not even know ah? "

"Li Yan was my assistant before, he knew the passcode to deactivate security. It's not that easy for other people to come in. if you are afraid, then sleep on my sofa. Wait till tomorrow when Mayer comes back, I will let him check the security system again."

Lin Ke Song wondered, had she heard wrongly?

"You're saying, you'd let me sleep on your sofa tonight?"

"Is this the first time you're sleeping on my sofa?"

Jiang Qian Fan spoke his share, turned around, and left the door to Lin Ke Song.

This was total happiness, if she stayed in the room alone, she'd definitely imagine things and be jittery!

"There's a backup set of blanket and pillows in the cupboard, help yourself. No snoring, no grinding of teeth, no sleep talking."

After Jiang Qian Fan said the three "No"s, he lifted the quilt, laid in, with his back facing her.

Lin Ke Song could only look at the back of his head and a small section of his neck peeking out of the blanket, seriously, it gave of a feeling of being partly concealed.

After finding the pillow, and covering up with the blanket, Lin Ke Song laid on the sofa, this time was much more comfortable than the previous time la!

She took a peek at her phone, and saw a message from Song Yi Ran.

Song Yi Ran: Good night.

Lin Ke Song: Still good night! A bad guy had entered this house! The police just took him away!

Lin Ke Song had actually thought this chap was still asleep, unexpectedly, not three seconds later, her phone started vibrating.

She panicked, with Jiang Qian Fan's sense of hearing, he'd definitely have heard it. She quickly rejected Song Yi Ran's call.

Lin Ke Song: I'm about to sleep, I'm beat!

Song Yi Ran: Lin Ke Song, you are dead meat, how dare you hang up on my call!

Lin Ke Song: Then you bite me ah!

Song Yi Ran: Seeing that you still have the energy to ask me to bite you, seems like you're alright ah.

Lin Ke Song: I can even beat you to the ground, what can happen?

Song Yi Ran: You're definitely so scared you can't fall asleep.

Lin Ke Song: How did you know?

Song Yi Ran: You're only a little brave. Watch a ghost film and you're scared to use the bathroom at night.

Lin Ke Song: Haha, I'm not scared, I'm sleeping with my teacher!

Song Yi Ran: your teacher is a female?

When Lin Ke Song looked at this sentence, she suddenly realised..... even though Jiang Qian Fan is blind, he's a male.

But Lin Ke Song knew Jiang Qian Fan was an upright person, and he was her

mentor, so she didn't even think about anything else.

Lin Ke Song: My teacher is on the bed, I'm sleeping on teacher's sofa! There's teacher to protect me, goodnight la! There's still many things to learn tomorrow! Bye bye!

Lin Ke Song lifted a corner of the blanket, looked towards Jiang Qian Fan, made sure that he hadn't moved at all, and then could only exhale.

And at this time, Song Yi Ran had actually gotten up from bed, randomly put on a suit, went to the balcony, and lighted a cigarette.

She looked at the last message Lin Ke Song sent, a finger pressing down hard on the word "protect".

In the morning the second day, Lin Ke Song was awoken by Nina.

And Jiang Qian Fan had long awakened.

Breakfast today was slightly different from yesterday's, but it was as nutritiously balanced. Without Mayer reciting the headline news at the side, the whole atmosphere at the table was heavy and quiet.

But the fish porridge was fresh and delicious, even the fish fried noodles has a very delicate taste.

"Today I will send you to a fine dining restaurant under Jiang Co., you will practice cutting ingredients. The head chef, Iris Quentin will be at the side personally supervising you."

Lin Ke Song looked up, "Iris Quentin?"

Wasn't Jiang Qian Fan the one to personally teach her? She still remembered the feeling of him holding her hand gently to slice the meat, and even at this time she could still deeply remember every nuance of every minute.

And this name "Iris", sounds like it's a lady?

"It doesn't matter how much theory I teach you, what you need is practice."

"I understand." Lin Ke Song lowered her head, and weirdly, the breakfast in front of her doesn't taste as good as before.

Jiang Qian Fan turned his head slightly, and gently placed the spoon beside the

bowl: “You sound disappointed.”

Lin Ke Song really feels like saying that there’s nothing wrong, but it’s best not to hide things in front of Jiang Qian Fan, have a little hesitation and he’d notice.

“Because you’re my mentor, I thought you’d be teaching me.”

“Indeed, you are able to practice segmenting ingredients in this kitchen, but the two of us will not be able to finish eating the ingredients that are prepared. Furthermore, in the back kitchen of a restaurant, while facing the pressure at the pantry, you will improve faster. Iris Quentin is the top chef of all the restaurants under Jiang Co., with one of the most superb artistry. Especially in the aspect of ingredients, she is an expert.”

Lin Ke Song had always thought that Jiang Qian Fan was authoritative, that everyone had to follow his directions.

But he actually explained to Lin Ke Song.

“How do you find today’s fish fried noodles?” Jiang Qian Fan asked.

“It’s delicious ah! Not only are the noodles chewy, even the meat is fragrant and tender! The sweetness is just right, it won’t make people feel sick! I actually don’t like green peppers, but today’s green peppers doesn’t have the hateful raw taste! This is the most delicious shredded fish fried noodles I’ve ever had!”

“Yesterday you said that the mushroom pork noodles were so good you were going to explode. Today you say the fish fried noodles is the best you’ve ever eaten. Do you like using all these exaggerated expressions?”

Lin Key Song was stunned.

The fish fried noodles was probably made by Nina. Now that she’s praising the fish fried noodles as the best ever eaten, it sounds like it surpassed that noodles that Jiang Qian Fan had made last night— you mean to say even this has made him unhappy?

How should she explain this ah. If she said the truth that both noodles were delicious, then it means that Nina’s and this big chef, Jiang Qian Fan’s cooking skills are about the same. But if she said that the noodles last night were better, Jiang Qian Fan would definitely be able to tell that she was lying!

Nina ah, Nina! Why do you have to make such delicious fried noodles ah! No matter how I eat it, I find it flawlessly perfect!

It's hard to be human ah!

It's even harder to be Jiang Qian Fan disciple!

If Iris thinks that you are hardworking enough today, I'll teach you how to make fish fried noodles tonight.

Jiang Qian Fan lowered his head to continue drinking the porridge, and everything was back to normal.

Lin Ke Song's brain went a full big round, and she suddenly realised a problem: Jiang Qian Fan said to teach her how to make fish fried noodles, does it mean..... the fried noodles she's eating was actually made by Jiang Qian Fan?

But how is this possible ah!

Where will you find a teacher waking up early in the morning to make breakfast for the disciple?

When breakfast ended, and Jiang Qian Fan had gotten up to walk towards the door, Lin Ke Song then went to Nina's side, softly saying: "Nina, your fried noodles today is totally a total success! Never thought that you'd be able to make such delicious Chinese food!"

Nina had on a puzzled expression: "What fried noodles?"

"The shredded fish fried noodles ah!"

"That was made by Mr Jiang. This morning, sir asked me what I'd made for breakfast, then he said that it might be tough for you today, the portion I prepared may not be enough. So he personally cooked a portion of fried noodles for you."

Lin Ke Song's heart felt like it had sat on a roller coaster and rushed out.

She looked at Jiang Qian Fan's faraway back, and suddenly felt that he was just that big.

In the past she'd had always thought that he was very indifferent, always not talking about his feelings. Until now she still remembers that eight bowls of mint

cabbage soup.

But..... from last night's bowl of mixed noodles onwards, she felt that he was not as cold as she thought.

Aiya Lin Ke Song, you are really easily bought by food ah!

From Song Yi Ran's mala crayfish to Jiang Qian Fan's mushroom pork noodles.....

After sitting in the car, they drove towards the urban district.

But the thing Lin Key Song couldn't expect was, that today's traffic conditions would be more serious than normal, jammed everywhere.

People were carrying signboards everywhere, shouting something. Even the police had to be dispatched.

"Oh, god.... It's the environmentalist that are protesting!" the driver sighed, turned around and said to Jiang Qian Fan, "Sir, we might not be able to reach he restaurant on time."

Lin Ke Song curiously put her head out of the window, back in her country, she'd heard about the environmentalist of the European countries, and their publicity protests were abundant. But after seeing so many people raising "treasure every green leaf in the city", "reject the forest of steel", "New York is crying" and other slogans, and the distribution of leaflets, Lin Ke Song felt for the first time a sense of perceiving first hand.

"I never thought that New York had so many environmentalists?" Lin Ke Song exclaimed.

"it's because of the negative impact of a real estate project by Rosen and Doyle group, that so many environmentalists that don't belong to New York came over from the other cities to participate in this protest." The driver kindly explained.

A few youths lifted a sign and walked towards Lin Ke Song, Lin Ke Song suddenly felt someone pull her back into the car.

At the next moment, in a group of people, some fell down, and the youths carrying the placards were squashed at Lin Ke Song's window.

Good thing she was already pulled back, otherwise her brains would be hit.

“Do you really like watching the fun that much.” Jiang Qian Fan’s cold voice sounded.

Lin Ke Song pursed her lips, quietly not saying a word.

“Miller, are there any other ways to reach the restaurant on time.”

According to Jiang Qian Fan’s OCD personality, he definitely can’t endure lateness. No matter if it were others or himself that were late.

“Sir, looking at the situation now, it’s probable only by taking the subway will you be able to be punctual.”

Lin Ke Song laughed in her heart.

Jiang Qian Fan would not take other forms of transport, his cleanliness disease is too serious!

“Lin Ke Song, do you know the subway route?” Jiang Qian Fan suddenly asked.

Lin Ke Song thought, it can’t be that he want her to get to the restaurant by herself ba? But she doesn’t even know Iris Quentin!

The driver turned around and said: “the route is very simple.”

“I know ah.”

Just as Lin Ke Song finished saying, Jiang Qian Fan retrieved his cane, opened the car door: “Very good, let’s go.”

Lin Ke Song froze for a few seconds before reacting: “You are also going to ride the subway?”

“Iris doesn’t like lateness.”

Lin Ke Song then understood Jiang Qian Fan’s intentions. Her teacher today is Iris Quentin, if the teacher did not have a good impression of the student, the type of ending can be expected.

Lin Ke Song hurriedly got off the car, and went round to the front of Jiang Qian Fan.

Jiang Qian Fan reached out his hand and put it on Lin Ke Song’s shoulder.

Their surroundings was a surging crowd, Lin Ke Song suddenly got nervous.

She carefully squeezed through, saw the subway sign tens of metres away, her heart started getting nervous. She nervously observed every person, afraid that the things they raised or carried would hurt Jiang Qian Fan.

There were people squeezing over, and once Lin Ke Song got nervous she raised her hand to grab his wrist.

Like going against the current, Lin Ke Song pulled Jiang Qian Fan, with difficulty, reached the roadside and squeezed to the entrance of the subway station.

She exhaled, and when she turned around to look at the silent Jiang Qian Fan, her heart stopped.

Finished, finished! She hadn't asked for permission and she grabbed his hand! He'd definitely be mad!

"That, Mr Jiang, sorry! I didn't mean to grab you"

Lin Ke Song hurriedly released his hand, but didn't expect that the other party's fingers would tighten, and grab her back.

At that moment, she almost couldn't stand steadily.

"Let's go. Into the subway station."

His voice had not even a trace of hate or irritation.

People came back and forth, from Jiang Qian Fan's side, occasionally some would kick him, and some would walk by him while smoking, these touches and smells didn't seem to bother him, calm and indifferent.

"En, let's go."

Lin Ke Song turned around, and held onto him tightly.

"This is an escalator, be careful!"

Jiang Qian Fan took a step, and followed Lin Ke Song up. He had totally kept his cane, and seemed to practically only trust Lin Ke Song to hold his hand.

They walked a long distance. The air in the station wasn't as fresh as the air outside, with all sorts of smells mingling.

Jiang Qian Fan did not say a single word, and didn't even frown once.

It was the morning rush hour in New York, human traffic was great. Lin Ke Song was so nervous her palms were perspiring.

What to do ah! It's so embarrassing ah, Jiang Qian Fan will definitely be able to feel that her hands were moist.....

Lin Ke Song only wished that all of this would end as soon as possible.

With much effort, they managed to squeeze in to the train, Lin Ke Song couldn't help but triple check that they were on the right line and in the right direction.

This kind of nervousness was like you had left your house and kept feeling that you didn't lock the door.

The seats were all taken up, and they could only stand.

A Chinese student who was listening to music probably realised that Jiang Qian Fan could not see, and just as he was about to let his seat, Lin Ke Song hurriedly shook her head, signalling to the other party that it wasn't necessary.

Even though she hadn't interacted with him for long, Lin Ke Song understood Jiang Qian Fan. He didn't need anyone to show him extra care or pity. Even without Lin Ke Song around, she knew that Jiang Qian Fan would be able to take care of himself.

Jiang Qian Fan continued holding on to her hand, and Lin Ke Song held on to the handgrips in the carriage. She couldn't help but maintain her balance carefully, because Jiang Qian Fan would not touch anywhere else in the carriage.

When they reached a transferring station, even more people entered the carriage. Lin Ke Song couldn't help reaching her hand out, to attempt to fence off others. But just as her hand was just reaching out to Jiang Qian Fan's side, he reached out to hold onto her.

"Mr Jiang?"

Jiang Qian Fan did not say a word, and only put her hand back to where it was holding on to beforehand.

His meaning was obvious: you only need to take care of yourself.

Lin Ke Song thought he'd retrieve his hand quickly, but she never thought that he'd leave his hand on her back. If she leaned back just a little, Lin Ke Song's back would be able to feel the warmth of his chest.

She had an illusion that she was being hugged by the other party.

Her heartbeat followed the sounds of the moving train, beating like a page of a book flapping in the wind.

Only when they reached the last station, did Lin Ke Song lift her hand, and when the other party's palm left, Lin Ke Song's floating mood sank.

She held his hand and walked out of the station.

"What time is it?" Jiang Qian Fan asked.

"It's already eight forty. But according to what Miller said, we should walk down this road and be able to see the restaurant!"

"Let's go."

No more environmentalist could be seen on this stretch of road, there were only people rushing their way to work.

Lin Ke Song carefully went around them, avoided the working adults holding cups of coffee, and finally reached the entrance of the restaurant.

This elegant and high class fine dining restaurant even had patio seating, and this patio had fresh flowers planted.

The décor in the restaurant was meticulous and exotic.

It was still early, and there were waiters cleaning the interior, setting out the cutlery, and changing the flowers to fresh ones.

When they realised Jiang Qian Fan had walked in, they all got up to greet.

At this time, a blonde lady wearing the white chef's uniform walked out. Deep set eyes and high forehead, with a pair of blue eyes that made people think of the deep blue Aegean Sea.

"Goodness, you're here? Why didn't I see your car?"

She opened her arms, and hugged Jiang Qian Fan, her sight traced his shoulder to his wrist, and when she realised that he was still holding onto Lin Ke Song's

hand, her eyebrows jumped slightly.

Lin Ke Song felt like her hands were poked with needles, and abruptly took them back.

“Traffic was no good today, so halfway through, I decided to take the subway.”

Jiang Qian Fan also patted the other party’s back.

Iris exposed a surprised expression: “What? You sat on the subway? Unbelievable.”

“It’s actually no big deal. Since my appointment with you was to meet at nine, I will definitely do so.”

Iris smiled: “You still remember my principle.”

“Of course I remember.”

Iris gently adjusted Jiang Qian Fan’s collar, this action that seemed mindless was actually very intimate.

Jiang Qian Fan did not avoid, and Iris was so close, almost sticking to him.

“Don’t you think you should find time to discuss the new menu for the restaurant with me?”

“So you have a new idea.”

“To be able to leave an impression in your heart, there definitely needs to be new ideas.”

“Okay, we can have a chat today.”

The smile Iris revealed was reserved, but Lin Ke Song saw anticipation and idolising admiration for Jiang Qian Fan in her eyes.

Lin Ke Song rubbed her nose.

Is there a need to be so lovey dovey ah.....

Word count: 3713

Hell's kitchen

Oh right, previously all her attention was on Jiang Qian Fan's obsessiveness, compulsiveness and mental breakdowns, and had forgotten about his achievements in this field and his demeanour.

The scene in front, gave of the feeling of a perfect couple.

Iris and Jiang Qian Fan were people of the same world.

Not to mention, the head chef Iris was actually such a great beauty. Her blonde hair was neatly combed, and gathered behind, with a slim stature and can be described as exquisite. In Lin Ke Song's impression, female chefs were all full figured and fatties, but Iris was a total stunner.

It's a pity Jiang Qian Fan's eyes could not see, otherwise he'd see how much of a fest for the eyes Iris's existence was.

"This is the student you're sending to me?"

Iris looked at Lin Ke Song with great interest, her finger on her chin. That previously sharp as needles sight seemed to have disappeared.

"yes. She had no basics."

"No basics?" Iris showed a surprised expression, "You would actually accept a student who has had no form of experience?"

Sorry that I know nothing, letting you laugh.

Lin Ke Song sighed in her heart.

"won't you normally make something to eat at home?" Iris asked insistently.

"I know how to make instant noodles."

Lin Ke Song laughed, and laughed a little ugly.

In school, she'd follow Song Yi Ran to either eat out or eat the canteen food. When she returns home, there's a virtuous wife and fine mother around, she'd

never even touched a spatula.

Iris laughed lightly, and looked at Jiang Qian Fan: “You did it on purpose, giving me a difficult problem.”

“Precisely because she doesn’t have any experience that I have to give her some.”

“Alright.” Iris clapped her hands, and said to Lin Ke Song, “Follow me ba. But if you cut yourself, don’t cry in my back kitchen.”

“yes, chef.”

At this time, Jiang Qian Fan opened his mouth: “Lin Ke Song, remember, the focus of you coming here is not speed, but the right method to segment ingredients. Understand?”

“Understood.”

Iris raised her brows, “Mr Jiang, you saying this will make her develop inertia, it won’t be conducive to my teachings.”

“Since she’s going to follow you to the back kitchen, she won’t be inert.” Jiang Qian Fan picked up his can, and walked up the stairs.

“Let’s go.” Iris brought Lin Ke Song into the back kitchen.

As they walked, Iris introduced the workers who were currently working.

Then she brought her to the front of a thirty something year old guy.

“Pepper, her name is Ke Song. The pronunciation is similar to the French bread. Today she’ll follow you. she’s a newbie, so don’t have too much expectations towards her speed. I will personally teach her some methods of cutting simple ingredients, you delegate some work to her.”

Lin Ke Song was a little 囧, it seemed like many people had to compare the French bread to the pronunciation of her name.

Pepper nodded: “Yes, chef.”

Iris nodded, and demonstrated in front of Lin Ke Song on how to cut potatoes, onions, carrots and other vegetables. Although it was only cutting things, from Iris’s agile movements and the unique position, her skills had deep foundations.

“Remembered?” Iris looked at Lin Ke Song.

“Remembered.” Lin Ke Song nodded.

Iris lifted the corners of her lips slightly, in her eyes, Lin Ke Song saw slight mockery. She didn't believe Lin Ke Song had remembered. Or what she'd remembered and will execute was far apart.

“You try.” Iris pushed an onion to Lin Ke Song.

The onion had already been soaked. Lin Ke Song pressed in on the counter, and cut it vertically from the middle. Then, she put one of the halves on the counter, and started slitting. Lin Ke Song noticed, that Iris's method of slitting onions was very quick. She knew that once she slowed on her cutting, it will be very easy to get chocked. And in the busy back kitchen, there was no extra time to let her soak the onions.

She could only bite the bullet, and cut as fast as she could. Especially under the watch of Iris, Lin Ke Song felt a thorn in her back.

When the first onion was cut, Iris reached out her hand to grab Lin Ke Song's onion, and let it fall through her fingers. She examined them, and said unhurriedly: “even though the actions were slow, and the thickness of the onions cut are not uniform, at least the method isn't wrong. Continue like this. Pepper, watch her well. The things that she cut, make sure to give it a once through.”

“Yes, chef.” Pepper nodded.

When Iris left, the whole kitchen started getting busy.

Pepper's knife skill was quick, arranged the little potatoes on the counter, and pressed with his hand, one knife down, and all the little potatoes were split.

Lin Ke Song also followed and tried, but she couldn't press onto so many at once, and only tried it on three.

Pepper only glanced at Lin Ke Song, didn't give extra explanations.

At first, Lin Ke Song cut really slowly, gradually, she got affected by the Pepper's speed, from holding the potatoes to pressing down on them, then to cutting them along the edge of her finger, to throwing them into the plate, even

Pepper turned his face to look at Lin Ke Song.

Not even half an hour later, the little potatoes were all cut.

“You are really fortunate to not have cut your finger. You had no need to catch up to my speed.”

Pepper turned around, and took out onions from the freezer. Only Lin Ke Song stood dazedly at the original spot.

Only then did she realise, she had actually caught up to the chopping speed of Pepper, this veteran of the back kitchen.

She lifted her hands and had a look, and thought about the feeling of the blade pressing onto her fingers while it passed, and had cold sweat start up.

A few onions were pressed in front of Lin Ke Song, Pepper’s voice sounded: “Continue.”

Lin Ke Song took a breath, and according to Iris’s method, started cutting onions.

She tried her best to not let herself be influenced by Pepper who was at her side, and before every cut was made, make proper preparations. For example, the thickness released by the fingers, for example the angle of the blade going down, once it was confirmed, she cut without hesitation, and did her best to ensure that every slice of onion was of the same thickness, and still not spoil water content the onions carried.

Pepper looked at Lin Ke Song and never said another word.

From nine in the morning to 11, Lin Ke Song was beside Pepper chopping veggies.

And from 11 am onwards, it was like hell.

Today happened to be the weekend, reservations made by diners were more than usual.

Separated by a wall, Lin Ke Song could hear the roars of the pantry members.

“Why isn’t table 7’s onion soup not yet prepared!”

“Table 9’s fried lady’s fingers!”

“Is table 3’s mini Italian pizza dumplings ready!”

Everyone had their heads bowed, busy.

And even Iris inspected the kitchen, when she passed Lin Ke Song, she purposely stopped, and randomly picked up some slices of onions from the basket in front of her, then without saying a word, flung them back.

Lin Ke Song waited for her comments, but she didn’t say a word.

Iris clapped her hands, and got everyone’s attention. Then she delegated the work to each person, including Pepper.

“Pepper! A total of 12 people, Mr Elliot and his friends, all ordered the salmon en crouete! I need you to handle it carefully! And, there are 20 orders for chicken cheese roll! You need to match up the baking speed!”

“Yes! Chef!”

When Iris’s talking voice lowered, the whole back kitchen started boiling up.

“Hey, I’ll leave all these to you!” Pepper put a small basket of garlic in front of Lin Ke Song, “You need to cut them into thin slices!”

“Oh, okay!”

Cut into thin slices.....

Pepper seemed to know what Lin Ke Song was thinking, and pushed a glass bowl in front of Lin Ke Song, “Cut them like this. Here, not everything is taught through demonstration, you need to do observation and experimentation!”

Without giving Lin Ke Song time to react, Pepper went to handle the salmon.

Lin Ke Song inhaled, and put the garlic in her palm, to observe the thickness, and the angle of the cut.

She peeled a garlic, and cut it up slice by slice like the example she had. Because it was thin, she had to be very careful, to not cut her fingers, so her progress was slow.

When Pepper had finished preparing a salmon, he turned around to look at Lin Ke Song, and sighed heavily: “With your speed, even when all the diners have finished their meal, these cloves of garlic will not be chopped!”

When he was about to teach Lin Ke Song, he was called by someone else. Before he left, he could only say: “don’t be so inflexible! Remember rhythm!”

Lin Ke Song looked at the garlic slices, and thought about how Pepper had chopped five potatoes at one shot, and suddenly felt that her slicing of garlic was stupid and slow.

She peeled all the garlic, and put the similar sized ones together, and cut the knife through.

At first, when she moved the knife, all the garlic scattered, and at the end, she realised that the fingers holding the stabilising the garlic had to be pressed firmly.

From Lin Ke Song’s clumsiness at the start, to the slow but still of her own rhythm, no matter how battered and busy the others were, Lin Ke Song kept to her rhythm that seemed neither rushed nor slow to the end.

“Garlic slices! Where’re the garlic slices!”

Iris’s holler sounded.

Lin Ke Song’s shoulders jerked, finished finished, she sliced too slowly, she’s definitely going to be roared and howled at.

Pepper grabbed the glass bowl of garlic slice, and looked at Lin Ke Song like he had something to say.

“Sorry.....”

Without another word, he put the glass bowl in Lin Ke Song’s hands: “Send it over! Leave the rest to me!”

“Oh, okay!”

Lin Ke Song hugged the bowl and ran to the direction of the main kitchen, Iris didn’t even look to see who it was, and just took the glass bowl away.

Lin Ke Song looked a little nervously at Iris as she sprinkled the garlic slices on the surface of the plate, and thought that she would say something, but she never said anything.

Lin Ke Song hurried back to Pepper’s side, and realised he was chopping garlic

at a speed where the blade could not be seen, thin slices of garlic appeared on the surface of the blade, it was totally like a machine.

Quickly, all the garlic cloves were chopped.

Pepper lifted the apron, wiped the perspiration on his forehead, and glanced at Lin Ke Song.

“go to the fridge and bring a salmon over.”

“Yes.” Lin Ke Song went to the frozen seafood fridge, and following Pepper’s pronunciation, found a fish, and hugged it over.

Pepper glared at Lin Ke Song, and yelled: “Is this salmon? You don’t even recognise salmon? What do you even recognise?”

Lin Ke Song was shocked by his sound that her shoulders hunched.

She really did not recognise salmon. She who has never been to the supermarket, at most is only able to differentiate the cat fish and the Wucheng bream. As for salmon, this kind of fish that is commonly seen in western cuisines..... She totally did not know how it looked like.....

Pepper grabbed Lin Ke Song’s collar, and brought her to seafood fridge, pointed to a certain kind of fish and said: “This is salmon! Cape Breton of Canada, it’s the best salmon! Look carefully at the head! The lines on the abdomen! And the tail!”

Lin Ke Song was hollered at by Pepper until her could barely open.

Finished finished, she’s already been despised by Pepper ah.

After he finished talking, Pepper retrieved a fish, and retrieved a special board and placed the salmon flat on it.

“I’m only going to teach you once.”

Lin Ke Song dispirited mood was shocked, and once she heard Pepper was going to teach her, her eyes immediately widened.

“First is to disinfect the tools.” Pepper sprayed some liquid on the blade in front of Lin Ke Song, then lighted it.

Lin Ke Song then realised that it was alcohol.

Pepper explained the constitution of the salmon, the best parts to pick, and the details of preparing.

He talked quickly, and furthermore it was in English, Lin Ke Song could not react immediately, and could only watch him seamlessly separate the meat from the bone, slice them in similar thickness, and put them aside.

Lin Ke Song tilted her head, watching the opening cut of the fish slices that were being cut, and focusing on the angle of Pepper's blade as it touched the lines of the fish, even to the strength used when bringing the blade down.

"Avoid pressing too hard that you tear, it will destroy the texture of the fish, and make the meat loose, and lose its taste."

"Yes." Lin Ke Song has remembered those words.

Pepper continued to slice the salmon, his movements like flowing water, Lin Ke Song's eyes couldn't catch up.

Quickly, 12 pieces of salmon were sliced.

Pepper then started on other things. Because the chicken for the chicken rolls needed to be prepared.

It seemed like because the diners were more than expected, the whole back kitchen was so busy.

That 12 pieces of salmon were brought to the main kitchen, but the person carrying the plate just had to fall, all the salmon pieces fell onto the ground.

"Are the chicken breasts ready!"

"I'm removing the bones! Let me live!" Pepper replied loudly.

"Pepper — the salmon fell on the floor, they can't be used anymore!"

"God damnit —"

The whole kitchen was a large ball of chaos, with a sort of order within the chaos. But only Lin Ke Song, as if she was an outsider, could only follow Pepper at his side, but not know what to do.

"I beg you, can't you find something to do yourself! Chop garlic, potatoes, chop anything!" Pepper had obviously already lost patience.

Lin Ke Song could only bite the bullet and shout: “Does anyone need me to chop anything?”

Nobody answered.

Or maybe because it was Lin Ke Song, that no one needed her to chop anything.

Lin Ke Song only felt awkwardness. What she needed to do was something.

Even if they burned their asses, they wouldn't ask her for help.

“Did you understand how to prepare salmon?”

Lin Ke Song nodded.

“Understand, or not! Talk!” Pepper's fury came back again.

“Understand!”

“Then go!”

Lin Ke Song immediately brought out her utmost caution, and found a salmon from the refrigerator, and followed everything Pepper did, seamlessly removing the meat from the bone, without hesitation without doubt.

Then following the lines of the fish, felt around to make sure that there were no fish bones, and carefully expelling the thorns. After the fish bones were all removed, Lin Ke Song recalled Pepper's movements, and cut the fish skin from the meat. But her experience was not as much as Pepper's, Pepper's fish skin was very thin, but the fish skin Lin Ke Song cut still had an obvious layer of flesh still stuck on.

There was no time to be particular. Lin Ke Song went according to her familiarly remembered angle, and went along the lines of the fish, cut by cut.

She put the meat into the glass tray, and sent it in front of Pepper: “Is this okay?”

Pepper lowered his head and gave a glance, then continued prepping the chicken.

Two seconds later, he turned back, looked at the fish meat, then at Lin Ke Song, his gaze somewhat indescribable.

“Hurry send it to the main kitchen! Faster! Get moving!”

Lin Ke Song immediately turned around, ran over, and handed the fish to Iris.

“Why is it only sent now! Ask Pepper to move faster! Does he want the diners to eat the plate!”

Just as Lin Ke Song wanted to explain something, Iris had already turned around. She could only silently return to Pepper’s side.

Pepper’s expression was as per normal, and didn’t even ask her about Iris reaction when she saw the salmon.

After Pepper had finished prepping the chicken breast meat, he started on the beef.

Even though Pepper was as busy as a bee, he was still able to point out to her which part of the cow the pieces that he cut to belonged to, the texture and other characteristics. Then Lin Ke Song was called to chop garlic again. But the more she cut the smoother and easier it became, and the time used was a lot less than what she had used at the start.

The lunch rush gradually passed, the whole atmosphere of the back kitchen also relaxed slightly.

Lin Ke Song exhaled, and lifted her hand to wipe the perspiration on her forehead.

The taut tension finally relaxed when it was almost 2 o’clock.

There were even people who took out a coke, a group of people gathered in a circle to drink it together.

“Hey, hungry?” Pepper suddenly asked.

Lin Ke Song then realised that she hadn’t even eaten lunch.

“Make you a sandwich?”

“Really? Thank you!”

At this time, somebody suddenly shouted Lin Ke Song’s name from outside the back kitchen.

“Lin Ke Song! Mr Jiang asked you to make a trip to the third floor!”

“Oh! Coming immediately!”

Lin Ke Song looked towards Pepper, Pepper nodded, indicating that she go up.

Lin Ke Song suddenly felt uneasy. These few hours, she'd been hollered at quite a few times by Pepper..... it was probably time to settle the score.

But there was always a first time for everything ah, she was only a fledgling, her feathers weren't even fully grown, it can't be expected of her to fly right?

With an inhale, Lin Ke Song walked up towards the third floor.

Each step carried a heavy mood.

She kept looking back at all the things she did wrong, like chopping the onions unevenly, her movements too slow, the salmon fish skin had way too much meat still stuck on which was such a waste, and..... she didn't recognise salmon.....

The third floor here was an outdoor platform that was like a flower garden.

The warm sunlight shone down, the flowers are the side of the stage blossomed gorgeously, and this place was the softest, gentlest place in this steel forest.

There was a table in the middle of the patio, and at the table sat Iris and Jiang Qian Fan.

Jiang Qian Fan was as usual, both hands holding onto the cane, his back upright and straight, with no other expression on his face.

“how is it experiencing your first day at the back kitchen?” Iris propped her face, and casually asked her.

In her eyes, Lin Ke Song was a nobody unworthy of a mention.

So she could only smile and not say a word.

“the onions were chopped relatively well, for a beginner. With more practice, the chopping will be better.”

“I will work hard.” Lin Ke Song lowered her head.

Jiang Qian Fan lifted his right hand, and stretched it towards Lin Ke Song's direction: “Come here.”

His “come here” voice was very light, Iris’s original dull expression suddenly changed colour.

Jiang Qian Fan’s hand was still in mid-air, like he wouldn’t put his hand down if he didn’t have what he was waiting for. His eyes turned to her direction, like he was looking at her.

Lin Ke Song was suddenly at a loss. What was she supposed to give to Jiang Qian Fan?

A cup of tea was in front of him at the table, and it was still giving off a little steam too, so what he wanted was not a cup of tea.

Then..... sugar? Condensed milk?

Like Lin Ke Song was being towed, she slowly stretched out her own hand.

At the moment her fingertip just touched the other party, Jiang Qian Fan’s suddenly tightened, and grabbed onto her, with a tug, he pulled her over.

Lin Ke Song thought she’d bump into the other party, but Jiang Qian Fan had already turned, and nicely pull Lin Ke Song between his two folded legs.

This kind of distance and position was too ambiguous, just as Lin Ke Song wanted to lengthen the distance, Jiang Qian Fan actually lifted that hand of hers to his nose.

She drew a breath.

Jiang Qian Fan’s nose seemed to have rubbed across the back of her hand, and at that moment, all the sensation in her body flocked to that small piece of skin, her shoulders and back rapidly tightened.

His breath was so fresh, when the air pass through it brushed past her skin, like it wanted to blow all the pores away.

“I smell onions, potatoes, green peppers, garlic, eggplants and there’s also the smell of salmon.”

The voice was a calm that carried a hint of coolness, when Lin Ke Song heard it, it was like streams, quietly entering all the indentations of the heart.

“You’ve really cut a lot of things today.”

Lin Ke Song didn't say anything. Because the Jiang Qian Fan in front of her eyes, was so gentle that it didn't seem real.

The slightly lowered eyes, had a rich sense of mystery, that made people unable to guess what he was thinking about.

Lin Ke Song wanted to take her hand back.

Because every time Jiang Qian Fan opened his mouth to speak, she would have an illusion of the back of her hand touching the other party's lips.

He lifted his head, it was a searching gesture.

She saw some kind of pure devotion in the depths of his eyes.

Word count: 3727

Squid roll and absinthe

“I thought you’d only chopped the onions. It seems like you have performed pretty well in the back kitchen.”

Iris’s voice sounded, Lin Ke Song had a feeling that she had been pricked by a needle, and fiercely took her hand back.

She could vividly feel the moment that Jiang Qian Fan clutched onto her, but not half a second of hesitation later, he still let her go.

“Thank you very much for your guidance.” Lin Ke Song turned her body towards Iris to express her gratitude.

“I didn’t even guide you in anything, the person who had been by your side looking at you is Pepper.”

After saying so, Iris called for Pepper to come up.

She propped her chin, her eyes full of laughter looked at Pepper: “You’ve worked hard today.”

“it was all what I was supposed to do.” Pepper nodded, it looked like he had great respect for Iris.

“how did you feel about Ke Song’s performance today?” Iris’s finger slowly slid across the edge of her brow, it was a casual stance, but it made Lin Ke Song feel a hundred times more pressured.

“Worked too slowly.” Pepper used a stern tone to reply.

Iris seemed to have already expected this comment, nodded and smiled: “can’t do anything about this. Before this, she hadn’t even stepped into a kitchen. Apart from being slow, is there anything else?”

“She actually couldn’t even recognise salmon.”

Just as Pepper’s voice fell, Iris laughed out loud.

Lin Ke Song's face turned red, lowered her head. She didn't even dare to look at Jiang Qian Fan who was at the side.

"all these have to be taken slowly. Is there anything else?"

"she lacks initiative towards the work in the back kitchen."

Iris eyed Jiang Qian Fan, like she was waiting for him to say something, but he kept silent.

"Pepper, she's bound to have some positive points ba. There should be some encouragement for the newbie." Iris pulled Lin Ke Song to her side, and patted her shoulders.

Pepper inhaled, and furrowed his brows.

Lin Ke Song was even more downcast. Didn't even think that it'd be so hard to just mention a positive point.....

Even though she knew that she couldn't compare to these professional chefs at all, but that suffocating feeling lingered and couldn't go away.

"Chef, what do you think about the cutting of the salmon en croute?"

"Not bad ah, the fish meat didn't loosen, the structure was whole, the cut was neat, just as per your usual style." Iris's eyes showed obvious praise.

"It was Lin Ke Song who cut it."

Iris was stunned, the smile in her face was frozen too. She looked at Pepper, and opened her mouth 2-3 seconds later: "You personally taught her?"

"I demonstrated it once for her to see, and she remembered. Even though her movements were so slow it made people lose their patience, but she didn't make any fatal error."

Pepper's last sentence, finally allowed Lin Ke Song to relax.

Pepper ah Pepper! You are such a great bro! even though you roared at me, grabbed my collar, and are not even gentle or cute, but you are an honest good person!

"Will she continue working here?" Pepper asked.

Iris looked at Jiang Qian Fan: "For that, we'll have to see Mr Jiang's intentions."

“Do you wish for her to continue working here?” Jiang Qian Fan finally opened his mouth.

Lin Ke Song suddenly got really nervous. If Pepper said he wished so, would Jiang Qian Fan agree?

This is a restaurant that has a Michelin star rating, if she could continue on in the back kitchen, she'd be able to see the many ways of dealing with different types of foods, some not seen outside techniques created by the head chefs, she'd definitely be able to improve really quickly ba.

“Even though she has no foundation, she isn't totally talentless.”

“then we'll wait until she has enough of a foundation to come back here to work ba.” Jiang Qian Fan's tone was very dull.

Couldn't hear whether he was satisfied or not with Lin Ke Song's performance for today.

Iris's smile deepened.

Don't know why, Lin KE Song could feel some hostility from Iris. It's actually really easy to guess the root of this hostility, Iris obviously likes Jiang Qian Fan. And she being his temporary student, was just too close to him, so Iris didn't feel comfortable.

Ai, you are so outstanding and pretty, and are of the same world as this ice block, Jiang Qian Fan, I'm only a fledgling, and compared to you it's the difference between a dragon's egg and a rotten egg..... why the need to bother about me? You're dropping your own self-worth ah, goddess.

“Pepper, send the dishes of the new menu we designed, let Mr Jiang have a taste ba.” Iris said to Pepper.

Pepper nodded, Lin Ke Song also felt that there was nothing else, and just as she was about to follow Pepper to leave together, Jiang Qian Fan patted the table gently.

“Sit ba.”

To put it simply, it was only a word.

Lin Ke Song even felt that she had things. Jiang Qian Fan was asking who to sit?

Iris? She hadn't even gotten up!

Pepper? Wasn't he going to the pantry?

Then it was only left with her?

Lin Ke Song froze at her spot, not knowing what she should do.

Pepper had already gone down the stairs.

Bro, what are you walking so fast for! Where has the care and concern from earlier gone to?

After a long while of not hearing any sound of Lin Ke Song taking a seat, Jiang Qian Fan slowly got up. His hand moved along the table surface, determined his direction, walked to Lin Ke Song's side, and helped her slide the chair out.

His hand mounted on the back of the seat, then he said again: "Sit ba."

Lin Ke Song felt like her heart was about to fly out, needless to say, Iris eyed Jiang Qian Fan weirdly.

"Are you sure to let Ke Song..... stay here too?"

"the dishes you design, represents the best standards in the culinary world. To her, it's an excellent learning opportunity."

Iris laughed soundlessly, turned her head and twitched her lips.

This time, Lin Ke Song experienced extremely obvious disdain.

She knew what Iris was thinking. As a fledgling, she couldn't even differentiate salmon, to taste the work of such a culinary expert as Iris, is like letting ZhuBaJie eat ginseng fruit, can't even taste any flavour.

But Jiang Qian Fan had already pulled the chair out for her, it looked very gentlemanly, but it was actually coercing her to sit.

Lin Ke Song lowered her head and took a seat. The atmosphere was just like that time with Song Yi Ran at some LangHua hotel with and an extra Chu Ting, but Lin Ke Song had not even felt as out of place as now.

Pepper carried the tray up. He carefully placed two portions of the main dish in front of Jiang Qian Fan and Iris.

When he noticed Lin Ke Song was also sitting there, he couldn't help asking: "excuse me, should I prepare another portion of the main dish?"

"No need, just prepare another set of cutlery would do."

"Yes, Mr Jiang."

Lin Ke Song glanced at the plate in front of Jiang Qian Fan, the plating was very beautiful, a beauty that people totally couldn't bear to spoil.

Rolls of squid were placed on one third of the plate, the surface of the squid was pan-fried to a light golden, the surface of the squid had some finely grinded light green particles, it gave the dish a dash of colour. The base of the plate had a layer of slightly thick pale yellow liquid, that brought some warmth to the sight. With parsley leaves for embellishment, it gave of a mood of a willowy dawn.

But Iris seemed to not have seen anything out of the ordinary and lifted her knife and fork, and elegantly cut the squid, Lin Ke Song then realised, the squid rolls were full of fillings. Iris dipped the squid slightly into the sauce at the base of the plate, then sent it to her mouth, and nodded her head.

"En, this is the flavour and texture. Mr Jiang, what do you think?"

Jiang Qian Fan lifted the knife and fork, the knife moved a round along the sides of the plate, made sure of the position of the squid, and only then did he make a cut.

Lin Ke Song wanted to keep watching him, but she was apprehensive of Iris's look of mockery, and could only lower her head.

After swallowing, he didn't make any comments, but slid the plate to Lin Ke Song's direction.

"what ingredients can you identify?"

Lin Ke Song suddenly remembered the 8 bowls of mint cabbage soup.

No way..... this again?

Iris's gaze looked over, her eyebrows wrinkled, she seemed surprised.

Lin Ke Song's scalp started numbing up, to eat from Jiang Qian Fan's plate in front of Iris.....

To Jiang Qian Fan, this chap who always had one mouth, Lin Ke Song eating the leftovers was really not a big deal. But to others, is their teacher student relationship that close? Or that he thought it was enough for her to eat his leftovers?

Lin Ke Song could only totally unfamiliarly imitate Jiang Qian Fan's posture of dining, and cut a small piece of the squid roll, dip into the sauce, and send it into her mouth.

When the flavour of the freshness of the squid and the other ingredients spread in her mouth, she couldn't help but produce a sound of "en——".

That feeling was like waking up after a fulfilling sleep.

Iris looked at her amusedly: "obviously, the lead role of this dish is the squid. Apart from the squid, what else did you eat?"

Apart from squid, the main point of this dish was the sauce and the fully packed filling.

Lin Ke Song recalled the all the flavours that had just slid past her tongue and the various aftertastes, thought about what Jiang Qian Fan had said, that cooking was actually the balance of taste.

The taste of one dish, has layers.

And in this dish, the things that embraced the freshness of the squid, is a kind of fish. It should be part of the fillings.

"the surface of the squid should have been pan fried in butter. As for the fillings, it seems like there's some kind of marine fish. I get very little chances to eat fish from the sea, so I honestly can't identify what fish it is." Lin Ke Song looked towards Jiang Qian Fan, waiting for his response.

"No wonder, after all you can't even identify salmon. Mr Jiang, to have an average person distinguish the ingredients and spices of such a complicated main dish, is simply too difficult."

On the surface, Iris's words seemed like she was defending Lin Ke Song, but in reality, she was constantly reminding the truth of "you are not professional".

"It's anchovy. This fish isn't big, shaped like sardines, highly nutritious, flavour

fresh. There are not many chances to have anchovy. Other than this, what else have you eaten?”

Which was to say, Jiang Qian Fan did not mind that she couldn't identify what kind of marine fish this was?

That's right ah, there are so many types of marine fishes, of you could figure out the flavour of every kind, then you're not human, it's godly..... insane ah!

“I also tasted scallop, it's also part of the fillings.”

“En.”

“glutinous rice and barley.”

“En.”

“and.....” Lin Ke Song furrowed her eyebrows and detailedly identified. Where did this flavour come from? It seemed like prawns, but she didn't eat any prawn meat ah..... and this flavour very primitively belonged to the ocean.

“and prawn eggs!”

“En.”

When Jiang Qian Fan nodded, Lin Ke Song felt a kind of elation bursting from her heart.

Even Iris looked at her mildly surprised.

“What about the sauce? Can you taste what is in the sauce?” Iris's expression became serious, and suddenly made Lin Ke Song feel an increase of pressure.

When will she be able to eat a meal properly ah!

Lin Ke Song already could not remember what the sauce tasted like, so she used the fork to dip a little, and licked without a care for how she looked.

“En! There's parsley, garlic.....pepper..... butter.....” Lin Ke Song tilted her head, still pondering about what that little smooth and tender taste was.

“and what else?” Iris eyes stared at Lin Ke Song without moving, this made her uncontrollably nervous.

“And..... and.....” Lin KE Song could not say it out.

“Then have another mouth.” Jiang Qian Fan said.

The voice that made Lin Ke Song feel cold and emotionless, at this moment actually made her calm down.

She cut a little piece of squid, and dipped it into a little sauce.

The layers of flavours were pulled apart at the tip of her tongue, the light fragrance of the parsley, the flavour of the garlic, the aroma of the pepper, the suppleness of the butter.....

The ingredients interacted with each other, it was not a simply matching. There was bound to be something to integrate them together.

“..... it’s egg yolk? Raw egg yolk?”

Lin Ke Song asked unsurely.

“En.”

Jiang Qian Fan’s affirmation made her let out a touch of laughter.

And Iris’s eyed grew deeply colder, she used a tone near examination and said: “the egg yolk is an ingredient frequently used to make sauces in western food, it’s nothing to have figured it out. But this dish still has another frequently used ingredient, do you know what it is?”

Nothing to have tasted the flavour of egg yolk? Goddess, your expectations are too high!

And what other important ingredient?

“Wanna have another bite?” Iris lifted her brows in provocation.

She was confident, Lin Ke Song would not be able to taste the last ingredient.

This dish used 3 types of seafood, and in it there were squid, scallops and anchovy, the sauce was relatively thick, just what was it that made the fishy taste of the seafood become mild. It was not only because of oven baking or the using of butter to panfry that took away the fishy smell, this intoxicating yet slightly fragrant scent.....

“Is wine!”

“Red wine or white wine?” Iris asked, her eyebrows furrowed.

“not red wine.....”

Using red wine for steak was more like it, and white wine and seafood sounds like they'd be compatible, but..... Lin Ke Song didn't feel like this was white grape wine.

She wrinkled her brows, and uncertainly said: “this kind of flavour of wine should be very refreshing ba. It has a hint of anise. I haven't studied wine..... I don't know what wine it is. But I feel that it's neither red wine not white grape wine.....”

Lin Ke Song's voice got smaller as she spoke.

She had a sense of shame like she had trespassed.

But she didn't realise that under the table, Iris had clenched her fist tightly.

“It's absinthe.” Jiang Qian Fan said.

All suspicions and thought at this moment fell away.

Lin Ke Song looked at him in surprise. He really only had a mouth, and he knew all the ingredients in this dish clearly. She knew his sense of taste was sensitive, but she didn't think it would be this sensitive!

At this time, Jiang Qian Fan moved the plate to his front, and ate the leftovers unhurriedly.

Lin Ke Song widened her eyes and wanted to remind the other party, this dish already had a few mouthfuls eaten by her!

But Iris opened her mouth before her: “I can get Pepper to prepare another portion!”

“it's fine. This dish is outstanding. You didn't use white grape wine or hard liquor, and chose absinthe, an extremely clever and wise idea. I look forward to this dish appearing on the menu.”

This was the first time Lin Ke Song heard Jiang Qian Fan praise another person, and even though his tone was too dull, that it seemed like this was what Iris was expected to do.

“thank you.”

After finishing this dish, Jiang Qian Fan got up, motioned at Lin Ke Song's direction to "follow me", and the two left the restaurant.

Lin Ke Song was a little disappointed, where did her lunch go to? You mean it was only that two squid rolls?

She acknowledged that the squid rolls were very high grade and delicious, but she didn't even eat a few mouthfuls ah! Breakfast was long digested already ah, and she was batteredly busy in the back kitchen, now her stomach was hooked by the two mouthfuls of delicious squid roll that the front of her chest was stuck to the back of her back..... she wants to eat ah!

Lin Ke Song's heart was broken and full of longing, but Jiang Qian Fan didn't seem like he had any intentions to stop.

When they passed the entrance of the back kitchen, Pepper's voice travelled over: "Hey! Ke Song! Wanna eat sandwiches!"

Lin Ke Song's eyes lighted up, and without thinking blurted: "Want want want!"

When she bit down into the sandwiches she received, she suddenly felt that such an ordinary thing at this moment could actually become a delicacy.

"Pepper! Your sandwiches are so delicious!"

"Of course, it costs five times more than an average sandwich." Pepper glanced at Lin Ke Song.

Then this five times more expensive sandwich was even greater!

When the last mouth was stuffed into her mouth, Lin Ke Song then realised that Jiang Qian Fan had already walked to the entrance of the restaurant.

One hand was in his pocket, the other holding the cane, the figure against the backlight had a delicate sense of beauty.

Occasionally when people walked past him, they couldn't help taking a second look at him.

A slight wind blew past his hair, gently swaying, the whole world seemed to be gently shaken in a glass of wine.

“Lin Ke Song.” It seemed like because he didn’t hear her following steps, that Jiang Qian Fan recited her name.

“I.....I’m here!”

“You ate something?”

“Yeah ah, Pepper made sandwiches!”

You won’t let me eat, can’t I eat somebody else’s? and Mr May didn’t say that your permission had to be granted for eating, no?

“I originally planned to make a red velvet cake for your tea time, but since you’ve eaten your fill, then I don’t have to bother anymore.”

Jiang Qian Fan turned around, the driver Miller was already waiting at the door.

What? Jiang Qian Fan wasn’t not caring about her lunch, but had already made plans for tea?

Ah! If she had known earlier, she wouldn’t have eaten the sandwiches!

“I can still eat ah! I wasn’t even full!”

Red velvet cake! Red velvet cake ah! She’s never had it before ah! And it was even made by Jiang Qian Fan!

Jiang Qian Fan didn’t say a word and sat in the car.

Lin Ke Song reckons the red velvet cake is hot soup.

It was probably because she slugged an entire morning, and then she was highly strung mentally in the back kitchen, Lin Ke Song fell asleep shortly after leaning on the car window. Don’t know how long she slept, Lin Ke Song’s phone in her pocket vibrated, this made her wake up.

She reached into her pocket, and lifted her head, and suddenly shockingly realised that she wasn’t leaning on the car window, but Jiang Qian Fan!

When she lifted her eyes, and saw the other party’s side profile, she was almost scared to death!

The nose was Jiang Qian Fan’s unique point, the clear and handsome line had a rich tension of intricate beauty.

She hurriedly sat up, touched the sides of the mouth. Thank God! No saliva!

Jiang Qian Fan's posture didn't even move, this made Lin Ke Song breathe a sigh of relief.

She said to herself: just treat it as if it's never happened ba!

She shifted to the side, lengthened the distance between her and the other party, and only until she was far enough from the other party that her heart felt freer and fresher, did Lin Ke Song's uneasy heart finally calm down.

She took out her phone, looked at the message: coming back for dinner tonight?

It was a message from Uncle.

Lin Ke Song looked at the date, then suddenly realised that today was Uncle's birthday ah!

She came to New York by herself, and was always taken care of by Uncle, if she didn't even go for his birthday, will it be considered too unfilially?

Could she ask for leave from Jiang Qian Fan?

This big ice block didn't seem like it was easy to get along with, but actually her was a pretty good person ba.....

She opened and closed her mouth, her gaze on his stern side profile, organising words in her heart.

"if you have something to say, say it." Jiang Qian Fan said indifferently.

"How did you know I have something to say?" Lin Ke Song thought the other party was simply too amazing.

"Because your breathing tells me you are hesitating."

Lin Ke Song twitched the sides of her mouth, this big ice block's hearing is so good.

"That, today is my Uncle's birthday, can I go back to have dinner?"

"Can."

"Then may I stayover at my Uncle's? I think we'll probably eat until quite late,

can't shower after nine right?"

"I'll get Miller to pick you up at nine."

"Ah....." Lin Ke Song showed a disappointed expression, is this the route to not letting her shower tonight?

"I didn't say you couldn't shower."

Jiang Qian Fan's answer made Lin Ke Song feel very surprised. She thought all of Jiang Qian Fan's rules were insurmountable.

But today, it seems like she has broken all his rules?

Like holding his hand to take the train; like using the same plate as Jiang Qian Fan; and, like right here right now him agreeing to let her use the shower after nine?

Word count: 3954

Uncle's birthday

Lin Ke Song looked at the other party carefully, and wondered if this man was really the big ice block?

“Miller, make a trip to ‘Blue tulips’.”

“Yes, sir.”

At this time Jiang Qian Fan took out his phone, and made a call: “Help me prepare a three-pound birthday cake. I’ll pick it up in an hour.”

Lin Ke Song blinked her eyes, did he order the cake for her?

But Jiang Qian Fan is even acquainted with her uncle ah, why would he order a cake for him?

He never bothered himself with things that had no business with him.

After hanging up the call, Jiang Qian Fan also didn’t explain anything to Lin Ke Song, it was so quiet in the car that Lin Ke Song thought that this was all her wishful thinking.

10 minutes later, their cars stopped in front of an extremely exquisite entrance of a café.

They hadn’t even entered, and they could smell the rich and mellow aroma of coffee.

Lin Ke Song had never been a coffee enthusiast, but the aroma passing through her nostrils at this moment was simply too moving.

Just as Jiang Qian Fan ascended the steps, a waiter wearing a white dress shirt with a coffee coloured apron around the waist refined and courteously opened the door for them.

“Mr Jiang.”

They bowed in greeting at a 30-degree angle, in no way with exaggerated

enthusiasm, the smile was just right, but not at all stiff.

Lin Ke Song could tell, that they'd received professional training before.

They were led to a corner by the window, it was very quiet, and could just see the sparse pedestrians on the street.

“What do you want to eat? The cake won't be done so quickly.”

Jiang Qian Fan opened his mouth, and Lin Ke Song could only then confirm that the birthday cake ordered was for her.

The waiter bent the back, and place a menu in front of Lin Ke Song.

This was a handsome guy, wavy maroon hair, high nose bridge and grey blue eyes, a slight smile, and Lin Ke Song started feeling shy.

“English waffles.”

You couldn't see the prices for the things here, but Lin Ke Song knew that the places that Jiang Qian Fan went to, as long as it had something to do with eating, the price would definitely not be cheap.

“Do you wish to drink anything?”

Little handsome guy's smile made Lin Ke Song feel that it would be an offense if she didn't order a drink.

Lin Ke Song lifted her head to look at Jiang Qian Fan.

“the earl grey milk tea here is pretty good.”

“Then I'll have an earl grey milk tea.”

Lin Ke Song's understanding towards milk tea, was using a drink that brewed milk tea powder with other sauces, a cheap one would cost 4 dollars, a slightly more expensive one would cost 10 plus dollars. Wonder what the milk tea would be like here.

When the waiter left, Jiang Qian Fan asked: “You like Morgan?”

“Morgan?” Lin Ke Song was stunned.

What Morgan? JPMorgan?

“The waiter from before.”

Jiang Qian Fan's voice carried a little coolness.

Especially just as Lin Ke Song thought that he was becoming easier to get along with.

"Ah..... no ah. Why would....." Lin Ke Song subconsciously wanted to deny at first, but she reacted and thought that it was better to not lie to Jiang Qian Fan, so she hurriedly supplemented, "I only thought that he looked really good when he smiled, and his attitude was very professional."

Jiang Qian Fan didn't say anything.

But Lin Ke Song's heart felt like there were ants crawling back and forth. How did he manage to figure out that she like Morgan by just hearing?

Totally can't be anymore baffling.

She was female, see a handsome guy and give him a couple more admiring looks, didn't even whistle at him.....

The atmosphere became slightly awkward in a short while. Until the waiter called Morgan carried the tray of English waffles and earl grey milk tea to her side, when he lowered his body and smiled at Lin Ke Song, Lin Ke Song could not help but pull back her mind from those beautiful pair of blue eyes, and politely said: "Thank you."

The plating of the English waffles paid much attention to the pattern, the crisp white cream and the cherries and strawberries made others feel a sense of merriment. Lin Ke Song's knife gently touched the surface of the waffle, the crispy sound was like tearing a piece of paper. Dip a little in the whipping cream, send it into her mouth, the feeling of happiness peeled of layer by layer in her mouth, the fluffy soft insides made her unconsciously smile.

Jiang Qian Fan on the opposite had his left leg over his right, sitting on this type of sofa, and holding a cup of coffee, aristocratically elegant, this was a disposition that was innate and could not be imitated.

The steam shrouded his forehead, nodded when he took a sip of coffee, it seemed like something silently passed between his down casted eyelids, and was rippling through the air.

Lin Ke Song looked at the other party stupidly.

Until Jiang Qian Fan put down his cup, and leisurely asked: “are the waffles not good?”

Lin Ke Song suddenly remembered the mixed mushroom pork noodles from that night. All because she wanted to show herself more cultured in front of him, he thought that she didn't like the noodles he made. Now, he won't think that she didn't like the food again ba?

“No! the waffles here are really good, it's the

“It's the best waffles that you've ever eaten, and it's so good you're going to explode.”

Even if Lin Ke Song's IQ was in the negatives, she'd also know that Jiang Qian Fan was ridiculing her.

“This is the first time I've ever had waffles. And it's really delicious.” Lin KE Song didn't say anything else, and silently had a sip of the earl grey milk tea.

And only then did she realise, the milk tea here actually soaked the tea leaves in milk. The fresh fragrance of the tea and the smoothness of the milk blended into the mouth, the taste was unique, the aftertaste was also deeper than the milk teas sold by the streets.

“You only had a mouthful.”

Why was he always preoccupied with why she only had a few mouthfuls or how she ate?

You mean she should gobble and inhale her food like she just came back from the refugee camps?

Lin Ke Song suddenly felt cheeky.

“Because I was looking at you.”

Jiang Qian Fan had nothing to say.

The corner of Lin Ke Song's lips lifted, and purposely used an extremely honest tone to say: “Morgan only looks good when he smiles. But you, no matter what angle it is, no matter what kind of cold expression you show, all make me unable

to look away.”

Aiya! The goose bumps are about to fall into the milk tea!

She must have been possessed by Song Yi Ran, otherwise how could she have possible said these kind of words?

But, what expression would Jiang Qian Fan produce?

Will it be a shy one? What a joke, even of the whole world said that he was like a beautiful scene, chic and suave, only afraid that he would not even laugh.

The probability was greater that he would tell her coldly that she shouldn't ever play this kind of silly joke ever.

Bit Jiang Qian Fan's response exceeded Lin Ke Song's expectations.

His body leaned forward, a hand on the table. As his face came nearer and closer, Lin Ke Song could not help moving backwards, until her back was firmly stuck to the sofa.

The entire space seemed to follow Jiang Qian Fan's figure and seemed about to collapse in front of her.

Her breath was stuck in her body, because he was too close, his stern but delicate features were so clear, she was afraid that the breath she breathed out would touch his skin.

Jiang Qian Fan reached out his other hand, and just nicely put it on Lin Ke Song's shoulder, his fingers touched her neck, the blood pumping under his skin along his fingertips.

Until his hand lifted up her chin, covered her cheek, his fingers travelled along the lines of her brow, from the heart of the eyebrows to the end of the eyebrows.

“Wh.....What is it.....” Lin Ke Song asked extremely nervous.

She had subconsciously wanted to stick onto the other party's palm, because the warmth there distracted her, it wasn't too warm, and it wasn't too cool.

But she endured.

Because she did not know just what Jiang Qian Fan was doing.

A good while later, Jiang Qian Fan took back his hand.

“Indeed, my looks are aesthetically pleasant and mainstream. But yours, are too common.”

“.....”

Lin Ke Song wanted to cover his face with the waffles. A pity that she didn't dare to. And could only fiercely use the fork to jab the waffle, then stuff it into her mouth, and bite it with her might.

“the sound of your eating now, sounds like you feel it's really delicious.”

Jiang Qian Fan lifted his coffee in an elegant posture.

Lin Ke Song took a look at her messy plate: Jiang Qian Fan do you really have aesthetics!

At this time, Morgan came to their side, and told them that their cake was prepared.

Lin Ke Song carried the cake and returned to the car with Jiang Qian Fan.

The car did not drive to Chinatown, but stopped at the corner of the street.

Lin Ke Song alighted, and suddenly felt her mood get a lot happier.

Haven't seen Uncle for a few days, wonder how he's doing! Is the restaurant busy? How's business going?

When she came to Lin's restaurant, and saw the multitudes of people coming and going, she could not help producing a grin.

Just as she was about to walk in, someone happily yelled: “Hurry ah! Ke Song's back!”

Uncle practically rushed out from the back kitchen: “Ke Song! You're back! Go up and have a seat! Uncle is on the way!”

“don't need to greet me already! Uncle do your thing! I'll also help out! This is a birthday cake for you!”

Uncle received the cake, and smile ecstatically: “There's even a cake! Ke Song you're so thoughtful! The few disciples I had have all graduated! I'll hand all of tonight over to them! I'll explain a couple words and come up! Right, your friend

also came over! Actually it was to see you, in the end he even brought me a gift! So embarrassed ah! So I got him to stay for dinner!”

“My friend?” Lin Ke Song blinked, “Can’t be Song Yi Ran ba?”

“Right right right! It’s Song Yi Ran! Go up and play with him!”

Haven’t seen that chap for so many days, Lin KE Song suddenly missed him so much. Ran up in a couple of steps, pushed opened the door of the first room.

Uncle knew that she will be back after 3 months, so the room was maintained, even the bed sheets and all that were properly covered.

And in the bed, laid a person, his back was towards the door, and only exposed the broad shoulders and a pair of long legs.

Even though it was only the view of a back, it was enough to charm many ladies.

Lin EK Song sat at the edge of the bed, and pounded his shoulders with her fingers: “Hey! Song Yi Ran! This is my territory, why is it invaded by you again?”

Song Yi Ran suddenly turned around, his arms bypassed around Lin Ke Song’s waist, and directly hugged her. His face was practically stuck to Lin Ke Song’s back, the warm breath made her freeze up uncontrollably.

“Why is it that though I haven’t been feeding you well, you still fattened up a round?”

Song Yi Ran said muffled.

“No way? I didn’t even eat much ah!” Lin Ke Song angrily lowered her head, and realised that Song Yi Ran’s were all smiles.

“Didn’t eat much? Is it because I wasn’t around and so you missed me?” Song Yi Ran turned around, propped his face, really was quite like a tipsy concubine.

The long eyes carried a faint smile that provoked, lips bent in a lazy arc.

Even that elegant nose, made people have an impulse to bite down.

“That whatever food show’s host Annalise came over to look for me, said the that pot of stew I made it to the rotten tomatoes top 10 list, I did long for you then, longed to punch you!”

Lin Ke Song raised her fist, and just as she was about to pound into his nose, she was firmly withheld by Song Yi Ran.

He loosened her fingers one by one, lowered his eyes, couldn't tell if he were happy, his fingers slowly embedded through hers, and pressed her hand gently onto the pillow.

“What about now? Do you think this so called isolated training is of any use? You don't seem to be getting along happily with your mentor.”

Not very happily?

Lin Ke Song hesitated. Indeed, Jiang Qian Fan wasn't that kind of patient and gentle through all weathers kind of mentor. At the start, she held some suspicions towards his behaviour. So many expectations, so many rules, so uneasy.

But if she really had to leave the life she had now, she suddenly felt that she'd actually be unable to bear to leave it.

Is this her having Stockholm syndrome?

Song Yi Ran raised his head slightly, that pair of mesmerising eyes looked at Lin Ke Song, and observed in detailed every one of her micro expressions.

His eyes were very deep.

Lin Ke Song suddenly felt that the Song Yi Ran in front of her was very unfamiliar. Because he had never looked at her like that, like he wanted to pull her into his eyes.

“If you want to lobby money for the degree's tuition fees, I can recommend other more suitable jobs. You don't have to definitely join this competition. This kind of competition, they most probably have a script already prepared. The so called learning from a mentor, is only a gimmick.”

Song Yi Ran used a very calm tone to say. There was no intention to mock her, but only to tell her a truth.

“You're saying, that even if I joined the competition, the result of the competition actually had nothing to do with the abilities of the contestants..... just like those variety shows, whoever the audience likes will last to the end, and

whoever is at the end will be the champion? Everything is for the ratings?”

Lin Ke Song was inexplicable agitated. When Annalise appeared in front of her and talked about some rotten tomatoes list, she actually knew in her heart that this was only a television programme. But Jiang Qian Fan..... made her treat all these seriously.

Because she believed, the programme that made Jiang Qian Fan get serious can be some flub dub programme.

“even though on the surface they let these prestigious big chefs in the industry mentor their students, but is 3 months really enough? This kind of competition is just for the big chefs to avoid direct competition that can result in embarrassment and a loss of reputation. But they can totally have the students that the chefs have been teaching for a long time to compete ah! The standards will be higher, able to represent better, and are also able to achieve the motive of mining rookies. But the completion committee just happen to choose those of you who made the worst dish. You mean it really isn't to attract the audience's interests, and whet their appetites?”

Lin Ke Song knew that Song Yi Ran wasn't targeting her, and was only worried that she would get disappointed if she carried too high of an expectation into people's traps. This kind of feeling was much worse than when she knew at first that this was all a game for the audience to watch.

Song Yi Ran sat up, his finger tapped in Lin Ke Song's forehead, “Look at your disappointment. Stayed so long in the kitchen, are you interested in cooking already?”

Lin Ke Song covered her forehead.

“Seems like it ba..... you know, I used to think that as long as food was cooked, the taste right and it'd be enough. I never knew that a dish, from the choosing of the ingredients, the cutting, pairing, the layer of flavours, all had so many details to take note of. If your told me that a cooking was an art or something before I came to New York, I would have harshly mocked you. But now..... it is indeed an art.”

“so you want to continue?” Song Yi Ran asked.

“I want to understand those things..... but I don’t really want to be a clown on telly.”

“Then as I’ve said, we can find someone willing to teach you.”

“But I’ve already promised to participate in the competition, I can’t just irresponsibly back out. Furthermore, there is a cash prize. Treat it as the salary for three months of work would do.” Lin Ke Song laughed, bent down and said softly, “furthermore from that big book of questions from Uncle, I haven’t even gotten a single answer. If I back out halfway like this, he’d definitely kill me.”

“You have never been those kind of people who never finish what they started.”

Song Yi Ran yawned, and lazily got up.

Lin Ke Song hadn’t straightened her waist in time, the tip of Song Yi Ran’s nose just nicely rubbed past her face.

The slightly cool tip of the nose left a lingering feeling like a scratch when it touched her cheek.

Lin Ke Song covered her face, while Song Yi Ran fluttered his peachy eyes, suddenly there was a pool of flirtation, “Great ah, Lin Ke Song! You were purposely waiting for me to kiss you right!”

The old drama is about to be staged.

Li Ke Song hunched her shoulders and laughed out loud three times, placed a leg along the edge of the bed frame, a finger hooked under Song Yi Ran’s chin, “Aiyo, pretty one, you seen through it? Come come come, let master give you a kiss.”

Song Yi Ran was like a lazy cat, covered his eyes like he was really enjoying Lin Ke Song hooking his chin.

At that moment, Lin Ke Song was shaken, she suddenly thought, when Chu Ting or other ladies played with him, will he also show this kind of expression?

At the next moment, Song Yi Ran cupped Lin Ke Song’s wrist, and suddenly pressed Lin Ke Song down.

When the back of her head hit the pillow, the Song Yi Ran in front of Lin Ke

Song's eyes suddenly got closer to her face.

His breath was at her nose, everything was caged by him, that kind of suppression, made Lin Ke Song inexplicably feel danger.

It was a posture totally different from Jiang Qian Fan, it was like a dormant beast, finally locking down on its prey in the thick forest.

The originally lazy and practically didn't care about anything eyes, seemed to suddenly crash into the dark night.

A few seconds later, Lin Ke Song finally got her mind back.

"Hey..... you scared me to death!" she lifted her thigh, and actually was about to kick him away, but in the end, because the position wasn't right, only the knee rubbed past the other party's waist.

At that moment, Song Yi Ran's eyes got even darker.

He slowly lowered his head, turned his face, like he was about to lean into her lips.

Lin Ke Song got nervous.

The closer he got, the clearer his warmth.

Don't be played by him anymore. And don't carry any expectations towards him.

Lin KE Song snapped her head away, Song Yi Ran's head was buried in her neck, then he gave a muffled laugh.

"Hey, master—— the pretty one was about to kiss you, how did you end up getting shy?"

Lin KE Song rolled her eyes. Look ba! Look ba! This chap was just like this!

Good thing she didn't uncontrollably kiss him, otherwise don't know how this damned ending would be!

"What are you guys doing!"

A girl's voice sounded at their sides.

Lin Ke Song turned her face, and this time she really just happened to touch

Song Yi Ran's lips.

She widened her eyes, and didn't have her consciousness back for a few seconds.

What had she just done?

The person standing at the side of the bed wasn't anyone else, it was Lin Xiao Xue!

Don't even bother first about how Song Yi Ran would react, but what to do if Lin Xiao Xue ran to tell her Uncle rubbish? Even if it was very open minded here, but Uncle was like her Father, are all very conservative people, definitely don't like the young one to mess around in the room! And Song Yi Ran just happened to be pressing down on her, only the Lord knows if she were told on by Lin Xiao Xue, Uncle will think that they were doing something!

"Fooling around ah." Song Yi Ran smiled as he got up.

"Fooling around? Lin Ke Song, didn't you say that you were only ten-year-old friends with him?" Lin Xiao Xue was a whole appearance of anger.

Lin KE Song 囧-ed, why is this girl so obvious everything was shown on her face ah.

As if afraid that the whole world didn't know she was interested in Song Yi Ran.

But today, Lin Ke Song considers this as seeing the real ability of Song Yi Ran's thick skin.

"Who said that ten-year-old friends couldn't fool around?" Song Yi Ran opened his arms, a posture like wanting to hug Lin Xiao Xue, "You can join us too ah! Otherwise you can kiss this part too?"

Lin Xiao Xue was stunned.

In her heart, Song Yi Ran was a personable, knowledgeable, virtuous, tiptop specimen. The previous time he helped her with her *essay* and she got a very high grade, even the lecturer praised her thoughts, sufficient analysis of the arguments. She idolised Song Yi Ran even more.

But the Song Yi Ran now, is he really Song Yi Ran?

“Wanna join or not ah?”

“You..... you..... this is my house!”

After saying, Lin Xiao Xue angrily slammed the door and went off.

Song Yi Ran didn't forget to raise his voice to say: “but this is Lin Ke Song's room. Remember to knock the next time you come!”

Separated by a wall, but Lin KE Song could hear the sounds of Lin Xiao Xue throwing things.

She exasperatedly lifted her leg, and kicked Song Yi Ran.

“Who asked you to play around! You've played well now ah! If Uncle knows about it, don't even know how to explain. Let me be clear, Xiao Xue isn't Chu Ting, she's my cousin, my family. Don't fool around.”

Song Yi Ran turned around, gathered his brows: “just what kind of person am I in your heart ah?”

“Gold and jade on the outside, filth on the inside.” Lin Ke Song sat up, crossed her legs, a hand propped on her knee and answered very seriously.

“Then what if one day you realise, that I'm the same inside out?”

T/N: omg, LKS. This hilarious person. I couldn't control my laughter while translating this chapter. I seem to be on a roll this week, I don't know how long it'll last but I'm gonna roll for all it's worth. And the chapters are too funny to put on queue, may you have loads of fun reading, but don't expect a chapter tomorrow or the next 7 days!~ It may come and it may not come, we'll see how rolly my roll rolls. See you again~~

Word count: 3782

Lin Ke Song's Mixed mushroom pork noodles

“Then I won't let you be together with Xiao Xue.”

“Since that's the case, why don't you sacrifice yourself, and get together with me?” Song Yi Ran tilted his head, and smiled like a cat that had just finished a fish.

Lin Ke Song gave him a pat at the back of his head, too lazy to bother about him.

Sometimes she really wanted to ask this bastard, if she really said “Okay ah”, what kind of expression will you show.

At night, Uncle cooked a whole table of fine dishes, he was glad when he saw that Lin Ke Song was back, but Xiao Xue at the side constantly had a frozen face.

“it's so rare for you, Ke Song to be back, and even Yi Ran's joined us. In the past, for these kind of occasions, it's always been Xiao Xue and I celebrating. Last year's birthday, this girl even went out with her friends for a picnic at the national park, totally forgot about her father!”

“Dad! Didn't I get you a present to make up for it?” Lin Xiao Xue glanced at Song Yi Ran.

She still minded how Song Yi Ran viewed her.

But Lin Ke Song was very shocked. Beforehand, Uncle was even suspicious of Song Yi Ran because he was too good looking, worried that Lin Ke Song would really date him and get hurt and whatnot. Now he didn't even call him Mr Song and all that, but even called him “Yi Ran”. Just what soup did this chap make Uncle drink?

Uncle laughed, turned to Lin Ke Song and said: “are you learning well at your teacher's? an average Michelin chef tends to be very busy. Did he teach you anything?”

“Because I’ve hardly ever stepped in the kitchen, everything is being taught from the basics. Like understanding ingredients, the methods of cutting ah, and differentiating the different level of flavours and more.”

“That means you haven’t learnt to cook a single dish?” Lin Xian Xue chillily said a sentence, “you have two more months to the start of that competition of yours, you being like that is to be cannon fodder there?”

“Xiao Xue!” Uncle lowered his voice.

“what I meant was that you dad, have to give cousin some face. What understanding ingredients ah, what cutting thing and flavours and whatnot, it’s obviously the other party doing what is perfunctory. It is a Michelin star head chef, how is it possible that they’d teach a rookie personally. It’s totally a waste of time.” Lin Xiao Xue turned her face, rolled her eyes.

This girl’s vengeful heart is really strong ah.

“Don’t bother about her, her temper is just like that!” Uncle sighed, and said softly to Lin Xiao Xue, “we still have a guest here today, how ugly do you want to show yourself?”

“anyway don’t you think that this daughter isn’t as filial as this niece? Then you let her make a bowl of noodles for you! In any case, today is your birthday!”

“You……” Uncle chocked, and could only shake his head.

Lin Xiao Xue’s attitude made Lin Ke Song feel gradually awkward.

“Then just make a bowl of noodles.” Song Yi Ran said patting Lin Ke Song’s shoulder, “You just came to New York, and Uncle Lin has been taking care of you the whole time. You just make a bowl of noodles for him ba. No matter if it were good or bad, it’s all about the intentions.”

Once Song Yi Ran said that, Lin Ke Song also felt that it was good. Gifting of the birthday cake and whatnot, it was all prepared by Jiang Qian Fan, even the money wasn’t paid by her.

And the image that appeared in her mind was of that night, when Jiang Qian Fan made a bowl of mixed mushroom and pork noodles for her.

His every move, every step done, were all remembered vividly by her.

She too wanted to try it out, if Jiang Qian Fan were not by her side, would she really be unable to do anything.

“Okay ah, Uncle, I’ll make a bowl of noodles for you. Song Yi Ran, you accompany my Uncle and drink some beer!”

“Okay ah, make more. I’ve only ever eaten your instant noodles! Let me snatch off Uncle’s honour ba.”

“Can ah, even if it’s not good you have to eat it all.”

“No problem ah.”

Lin Ke Song laughed to the kitchen next room. This was the place where Uncle cooked for the family.

She found pork, mushrooms, made sure of all the ingredients, and buckwheat noodles. She put water to boil, and according to Jiang Qian Fan’s method, cut the mushrooms, sliced the pork. Smashed the garlic clove, prepared the ginger, and marinated the pork.

Jiang Qian Fan once said, the difference between a top chef and an average chef wasn’t the process, but the details. These details include the amount and degree.

Lin Ke Song first stir-fried the water content in the mushroom away, and put aside. Put a few ice cubes in the boiling soup, to increase the texture of the noodles. In her mind it was totally Jiang Qian Fan’s figure, she imitated all his movements and steps based on her memory.

Until the end, she gave the noodles a good mix, used the chopsticks to pick up a little strand and sent it into her mouth.

She blinked her eyes, even though the layers of flavours weren’t as rich as Jiang Qian Fan’s, the pork was somewhat a little old, but she was very satisfied with the result of cooking for the first time.

As she was putting the noodles on the table, Lin Ke Song thought in her heart. When she was stir-frying the pork slices, she should have adjusted the strength of the flames, should have had less hesitation when stir-frying, the mushrooms were a little late in being stir-fried with the pork slices.

Uncle looked very happy when he saw the noodles: “Aiya, this is mixed mushroom pork noodles ah! In the past when Xiao Xue’s mom was still around, she made it frequently for me!”

“You really made it? Looks pretty good ah, but we don’t know whether the taste will have an explosive reaction.” Song Yi Ran blinked.

That face that was asking for a beating, Lin Ke Song really wanted to use the chopsticks to hit his brains.

Uncle lifted the chopsticks, got a bowlful, blew on it, and sent it into his mouth.

“En! En! Tastes pretty good ah! Ke Song, the noodles are very chewy!”

“Because after boiling, I added a round of ice cubes.”

“Oh, heat expands, cold shrinks, using this method will make the noodles chewier? I’ve remembered it!”

Lin Xiao Xue played with her phone at the side, and said softly: “how can it be that magical.”

Song Yi Ran also had a mouthful, “the flavour of the mushrooms is pretty good too ah, no extra water content, very fragrant.”

Lin Ke Song smiled.

“You too try the mixed noodles your cousin made ah. It tastes quite good.”

Lin Xiao Xue still sat where she was without moving.

Song Yi Ran indifferently had another bowl, gently nudged Lin Ke Song saying: “with this standard, why not I invest in a noodle shop for you, just sell mixed mushroom pork noodles would do!”

“Ke Song, did your teacher teach you to make this? Even though it looks really simple, but there are a lot of techniques ah!” Uncle could not help asking.

“Actually..... I haven’t been taught by teacher. It’s just that I was too hungry one night, and wanted to go to the kitchen to grab some fruit or something, and unexpectedly bumped into him. He made the bowl of noodles right in front of me. I only remembered the steps he went through.”

“You really know how to show off. The great teacher not only has to teach you from the basics, but even made you supper in the middle of the night?” Lin Xiao Xue lifted the corners of her lips, full of mockery.

Lin Ke Song was muted. It did indeed sound unbelievable. And when applied to Jiang Qian Fan, it sounded even more unbelievable.

“Don’t bother about this girl. It’s probably because she has an appointment with friends again, and in the end has to accompany this old man, that made her unhappy.”

This dinner, Lin Xiao Xue didn’t eat much. But Uncle and Song Yi Ran chatted about the restaurant business, Song Yi Ran’s experience made Uncle appreciative.

When they finished the meal, it was almost eight thirty.

Lin Ke Song looked at the time on her phone, and thought that if Miller really reached here at 9pm sharp, would she be unable to hang out a little longer?

Song Yi Ran’s head suddenly popped over, his hair gently brushing Lin Ke Song’s ear: “Why do you keep looking at your phone?”

“Oh..... my teacher said that he’ll pick me up at 9. Probably going to send me to that kitchen’s back kitchen again ba.”

“You’ve been to the back kitchen of a fine dining restaurant? Is it a Chinese or western cuisine?” Uncle asked interestedly.

“It’s a western one.”

“Then what did you do inside? Were you at the side looking at them prepare western dished?”

“Nope. The back kitchen was too busy, if I stood at the side watching, I’d definitely disturb the others. I was helping them chop onions ah, ginger slices ah. I was even hollered at too, because I couldn’t differentiate salmon. The salmon pieces I cut, the head chef there even said that there were no flaws too.”

Bringing up this point, Lin Ke Song felt pretty happy.

“since it’s like that, don’t let your teacher wait. Let’s cut the cake!” Uncle had full support for Lin Ke Song’s learning.

Song Yi Ran brought the cake out.

The box was intricate, just using your hand to touch and you'd know that much attention was paid to the texture.

Lin Xiao Xue who was playing with her phone glanced at the cake box, suddenly her eyes lighted up, and rushed over: "Isn't this Blue Tulips' cake? How did you manage to buy this?"

"Blue Tulips?" Uncle was stunned too.

"Ah? What's wrong with Blue Tulips?" Lin KE Song did not understand why Lin Xiao Xue was shocked.

"Blue Tulips is New York's most famous dessert shop. Last year, their ginger meringue cake got 《gourmet》's five star rating. And just 2 months ago, their newly released passionfruit carrot cake became their signature dish as appointed by the ruby guide, they are the best fine dining restaurant dealing primarily with desserts." Uncle explained.

"How did you buy this? A birthday cake needs at least a reservation 3 months in advance! I have a friend, her father is the vice president of some bank, and even when it was for his birthday, the reservation clause was the same!"

"It's my teacher who heard that I was coming back for Uncle's birthday, so it was reserved impromptu for me."

Lin Ke Song did not think that for the life of Jiang Qian Fan would order such a costly cake.

Lin Xiao Xue gaped, she probably wanted to refute Lin Ke Song or something, that her teacher couldn't possibly do so much for her. But with just Lin Ke Song herself, she couldn't possibly have ordered this cake.

She could only wait, when the box was opened, and the cake is a fake one. Then she'd be able to have a good laugh at Lin Ke Song.

Song Yi Ran and Uncle lifted the box carefully, to reveal the cake in the box.

The European styled cake was very simple, there weren't too many fruits displayed. But at one glance, one could see that the cream at the top was very uniform, the cocoa powder was evenly spread on the surface. The cream that

was formed into roses had a few grains of sugar, shaved lemon was placed on top. The colour contrast was very gentle, the whole layout wasn't too crowded, but it gave off a sense of elegance.

This was indeed a Blue Tulips styled birthday cake.

But Lin Xiao Xue still did not believe, and only waited for the cake to be cut.

Until Uncle had made a wish, and cut the cake, the insides had clear layers of cake and cream, and a thin layer of fruit.

The fruits were obviously very fresh, not any kind of canned fruits.

The first mouth Lin Xiao Xue had, she realised she couldn't endure it anymore, wanting to bite, and swallow the whole birthday cake.

The soft cream, doesn't make people feel sick from the sweetness, but because of the fragrance and sourness of the lemon did the taste have more layers. The fluffy cake was soft and full of springiness, the high quality butter in the embryo of the cake brought about a taste that made people unable to stop.

Lin Ke Song closed her eyes, and savoured the ingredients within little by little.

As expected, the reason for being delicious, was because of the radiant balance of the flavours of the ingredients. If there were a little bit more butter, the cake will be soft and sticky, if the butter were a little sweeter, the sourness of the lemon will overpower and make it lose the balance.

Everything, was the grasping of the degree.

Right at this time, Lin Ke Song's phone rang.

"Hello, Miller? You've reached? I'll be right out."

Lin Ke Song gave her Uncle a goodbye hug, and left.

Song Yi Ran accompanied her to the street. A black Bentley glowed under the streetlights.

"This is your pumpkin carriage? You're going to your fairy godmother?" Song Yi Ran asked smiling.

Lin KE Song laughed: "if I somehow lose my fairy godmother, don't throw me away."

“how is it possible?”

Just as Driver Miller was about to open the door for Lin KE Song, Song Yi Ran said: “Let me.”

He opened the door, watched as Lin Ke Song sat in.

“Hey, Ke Song.”

“En?”

“Your mixed mushroom pork noodles was really delicious today.”

“Is it better than LangHua Hotel’s?” Lin Ke Song asked smiling.

“Better than anything I’ve ever eaten before.”

Song Yi Ran smiled. His fingers pinched the tip of Lin KE Song’s nose.

Lin KE Song had a kind of out of conscious feeling.

When he straightened, and closed the door, the light of the streetlamp quietly fell on his face.

She saw some sort of an illusion of doting in his eyes.

She still hadn’t distinguished clearly, and the car drove away.

Lin KE Song looked back, and saw Song Yi Ran waving to her, there was a sense of dashing chicness.

But when the car got far enough, Song Yi Ran’s face dimmed.

He made a call.

“Kevin, I need you to help me.”

There was a noisy sound from the phone, Kevin was going crazy with a bunch of friends at a bar.

“sure ah! Hurry come join our party! We’ve clenched such a big deal, shouldn’t we celebrate properly?”

Song Yi Ran suddenly walked back half a step, leaned on the street lamp, like the crazy atmosphere had no effect on him.

“You seem busy. We’ll talk again when you have time ba.”

Song Yi Ran hung up.

Not half a minute later, his phone rang again, it was Kevin calling back.

“Hey, what do you need help with?”

The noise was a lot lesser. The other party had obviously gone to a quieter place.

“I want you to check up on a number plate for me.”

“No problem with that. Does this number plate belong to a pretty lady? Do you need me to tell you the other party’s measurements, interests, hobbies and all that ah?”

“If I didn’t guess wrongly, the owner of the car should be a guy. If you are willing to check out his measurement, interests, hobbies and whatnot, I don’t mind.” Song Yi Ran gave a shallow laugh, took out a pack of cigarettes from his pocket and shook it, putting one of them between his lips.

“No way ba? Someone really stole your lover? But..... are you sure?”

“If a man, lets a woman stay in his house, makes her supper, and even prepare an expensive birthday cake for her family’s birthday, what do you think this is thinking?”

“He’s trying to woo that woman.”

“That’s right.” Song Yi Ran lifted the corners of his lips, “Give me results asap.”

“Don’t worry.”

The car left New York, and returned to Jiang Qian Fan’s villa.

Mayer had finally returned, when Lin Ke Song saw him, it was like she’d finally seen her saviour.

“I heard about Li Yan entering the villa. Actually it’s not the first time for this thing to happen, there’s always someone who wants to enter Mr Jiang’s kitchen, to steal his ideas.”

“Not the first it happened?” Lin KE Song lifted her eyes to look at Mayer.

“Of course. If you come across a gourmet recipe, it could potentially gain fame for a small restaurant, and save a restaurant that’s about to close down from

death. So don't look down on Mr Jiang's kitchen."

Lin KE Song exhaled.

"But you don't have to worry too much, I've already changed the security system. Sleep peacefully ba."

Lin Ke Song lifted the corners of her mouth, it's easy to say so, how is she supposed to sleep peacefully ah!

When she returned to the room, and turned on the shower, she realised that there was already hot water in the bathtub.

She hurriedly walked out, opened the door, Mayer hadn't walked far.

"Mr Mayer, the hot water in my bathtub....."

"You can take a proper bath, relax a little." Mayer nodded.

Lin Ke Song was suddenly happy.

She laid in the hot water, and actually wanted to hum a melody, but she thought that it might affect Jiang Qian Fan's mood, and could only give up the idea.

Mayer went to Jiang Qian Fan's kitchen, don't know what he was pondering about now.

"Mr Jiang, I'm back."

"En."

"Ms Lin is also back."

"En."

"Furthermore, Iris Quentin called today to ask about Ms Lin's matter."

"What did she say?" Jiang Qian Fan was carrying a bowl, making some kind of sauce.

"She feels that you are very concerned about Ms Lin."

"Lin Ke Song is my student now."

"But Iris has always had good feelings towards you. As an heiress of a large restaurant group, she chose your restaurant to be a head chef, and as for the

reason, sir, you should be very clear.”

“You don’t need to worry about this, Mayer.”

“Of course this is something I have to worry about. If you could accept Iris, Jiang Co and Quentin Group will become partners, and together be invincible.”

“Iris has a desire to chase the strong, all her areas of focus have people who understand her thoughts and are able to reach a consensus. She is a powerful ally, but to her, a marriage is like a war. She doesn’t know how to understand, tolerate and respect, she can only see the so-called strong, but not their advantages. So you think this kind of marriage is a booster or a disaster?”

Mayer went silent.

“Furthermore, I do not wish for my marriage to have anything to do with Jiang Co., it is not a beneficial trade-off, it is only a marriage.” Jiang Qian Fan picked up a small spoon, dipped a little into the bowl of sauce, gently pursed his lips, slowly furrowed his brows.

“I understand, sir. But if possible, I do not wish for Iris Quentin to become your enemy.”

“If one day she really becomes my enemy, then all that needs to be done is to defeat her.”

And the Lin Ke Song now, was quietly lying in the bathtub. She kept replaying in her ear what Song Yi Ran had said to her.

3 months, is it really enough for her to be able to join that type of competition?

She knew that she didn’t look that cute, couldn’t speak English that fluently, even during the auditions, the judges said that they never wanted to see her again. Her like this, will she be able to stay to the end of the competition?

She’s been her for many day, thinking carefully, she really did gain a lot. She knew how to differentiate the different levels of flavours, understood the different preparation methods for different ingredient, and she even got to “practice” at a Michelin starred restaurant, but all these was still far from being able to prepare a dish that the judges would consider whole.

She hasn't even made a whole dish under the instruction of Jiang Qian Fan.

When the water in the tub was almost cool, Lin Ke Song woke from her deep thoughts.

She dried her hair, stood at the window.

Indeed, she couldn't expect Jiang Qian Fan to teach every single thing to her, she has to put in her own effort too.

She needed to try to make something. Only practice can allow her to master different types of practical skills as quickly as possible.

Everything shall start from the mixed mushroom pork noodles that was made today. She thought about how to make the noodles taste better, what follows after would be the execution.

Anyway Mayer did not say anything about not being allowed to use the kitchen alone, he only said that after using the kitchen, everything needed to be cleared and cleaned.

After making up her mind, Lin Ke Song left the room, and went to the kitchen.

But when she pushed the door open, she realised that the light was switched on, and Jiang Qian Fan was standing in front of the counter, while he had his arms folded, don't know what he was thinking about, Lin KE Song stepped a step back.

Jiang Qian Fan's expression was that of focus, a position of slightly nodding, let Lin Ke Song instantly think of a pine tree at a cliff.

It seems like she won't be able to use the kitchen today.

"Is it Lin Ke Song?"

The cool voice felt like it slightly swiped Lin Ke Song's heart.

"It's me....."

"What is it?"

"I..... Thank you for ordering the birthday cake for me, my Uncle and his family really like it....."

"Get to the point." Jiang Qian Fan's posture didn't even change.

Word count: 3913

Special Hollandaise Sauce

Lin Ke Song was stunned, why did Jiang Qian Fan always know everything? She hated his sensitivity to death. Can't you give people some leeway?

"I made mixed mushroom pork noodles for Uncle today. I felt that I hadn't made it perfect enough, so I wanted to come here to practice."

"go ahead ba."

Jiang Qian Fan's reply surprised Lin KE Song. Didn't this fellow love quietness to the point of sickness?

"you look like you're studying a new dish..... I think I won't disturb you."

"If you're like this, you will forever be unable to use this kitchen."

Lin Ke Song paused for a while.

Jiang Qian Fan's meaning is that he'd be in this kitchen frequently?

And he doesn't mind her making thunderous movement at his side?

But even if he didn't mind, she would mind ah! At first she had only thought about exploring the process, but Jiang Qian Fan's hearing was so sensitive, if she worked while he gave comments at the side, she'd definitely be all over the place ah!

"If you're not planning to use the kitchen, close the door when you leave."

Jiang Qian Fan turned around, walked towards the fresh foods storage.

Lin Ke Song made up her mind, anyway food is made for people to eat, then shouldn't have the fear of people's judgment.

And Jiang Qian Fan is her teacher, every point he may say probably will be more accurate and of greater essence than her being a blind man feeling an elephant.

"Then I'll be intruding!"

Lin Ke Song walked into the kitchen, and closed the door.

She prepared her ingredients, started making and cooking her mixed mushroom pork noodles step by step. Compared to her Uncle's home kitchen, Lin Ke Song was a lot more focused now. The details she hadn't noticed before, were all compensated for right now.

Until she mixed her own noodles, did she realise that from the start to the end, Jiang Qian Fan was at the front of the counter, hugging his arm with his head lowered, not moving, not making a sound.

Lin Ke Song thought that since the other party was in deep thought, she'd better not disturb. She lowered her head, and tasted the noodles she made.

Because she couldn't find buckwheat noodles, she chose a noodles that was frequently used to cook soup noodles.

The first mouth she ate, and she realised that it was egg noodles. These type of noodles was very similar, but they were very soft too. She had slight overcooked them.

This time's mushroom and pork slices were stir-fried pretty well, the soup was tasty too, but with the noodles added, there was a flat feeling. The fresh flavour was overpowered by the batter of the noodles, wasn't as good as the noodles that was made at Uncle's house.

Lin KE Song inhaled, failed ah. But she had no guts to pour the noodles away in front of Jiang Qian Fan. Even though she knew that Jiang Qian Fan's focus probably wasn't even on her.

She planned to eat all the noodles in one shot, then quietly start over.

Just as she was halfway through, Jiang Qian Fan suddenly said: "Bring it over to let me taste."

Lin Ke Song jolted, almost choked.

"No.....No need ba..... it's a failure....."

"You chose the wrong noodles. The noodles used to make mixed noodles have to be springy, and not easily mushy. But you chose egg noodles, even though these noodles have a smooth texture, but it is difficult to control the time and

heat when cooking them. If it were me, and I really had to use egg noodles to make mixed noodles, I would choose to sieve them out when they are half transparent, put them through cold water, wash away the extra flour, stir the noodles in ice cubes, to tighten the texture of these noodles. Put aside. Wait till the mushrooms and pork slices are stir fried, then put the noodles back in boiling water until they are fully cooked then drain the water, and mix them together with the mushrooms and pork slices.”

He hadn't even tasted her noodles, and already knew where she failed?

This made Lin Ke Song's frustration heavier.

“So, I've decided to recook.” Lin KE Song really wanted to throw away the left over noodles right now.

But Jiang Qian Fan stretched his hand towards her: “Noodles. Maybe your failures, are not only these.”

Lin Ke Song was stunned for 2 seconds. She hadn't been stabbed by Jiang Qian Fan for a while.

A dead pig is not scared of boiling water. Anyway, no matter what, she wouldn't be able to cook food that would be able to satisfy the other party's tricky sense of taste.

“this bowl of noodles has been eaten by me.” Lin Ke Song kindly reminded.

Jiang Qian Fan didn't say anything, but only gathered the chopsticks, just as he grabbed some, the noodles snapped.

Lin Ke Song hunched her shoulders, she could imagine the kind of comments she would get. It looks like, there was no need for Jiang Qian Fan to eat this bowl of noodles.

Jiang Qian Fan still sent the noodles into his mouth.

“The pork slices and the mushrooms were probably turned over too early for about 10 to 15 seconds. Too much mushrooms were used, it overpowered the original taste of the pork slices. Too little cooking wine was used, the thickness of the ginger slices should be halved, otherwise the fragrance would not be able to be extracted by the oil. Furthermore, compared to the amount of noodles you

cooked, there isn't enough mushroom and pork slices broth, so the noodles couldn't be mixed uniformly."

"Yes."

As for all these, if Jiang Qian Fan hadn't pointed them out, her focus would probably be on choosing the wrong noodles. But when he used a calm tone to say it, Lin Ke Song realised that there were actually so many more details she had to take note of.

Jiang Qian Fan pushed the noodles to the side, and said lightly: "the most important suggestion I can give you is, when you choose ingredients, you definitely have to be clear about its special feature, including the fragrance, toughness and even the taste. No matter if it's the same ingredient, because the method of production and even the slightest difference of details for the different types of ingredients, will produce a totally different product."

"I've remembered it."

"Go." Jiang Qian Fan lowered his head again, looking at the small bowl in front of him.

This time, Lin Ke Song has to be a lot more careful, she finally found buckwheat noodles, and broke off a short bit, sent it to her mouth to feel the tightness of the noodles.

When she prepared the noodles again, she had a taste. The taste of the noodles was pretty good, the freshness of mushroom and pork slices were as she wanted.

She dished out a little bowl, and sent it to Jiang Qian Fan's front.

"If it were me, I'd cook the buckwheat noodles for an extra minute. Buckwheat noodles is different from egg noodles. Egg noodles absorb the flavour of the sauce more easily, but buckwheat noodles in and of itself does not absorb flavour easily, cooking the noodles for an extra minute to allow room to absorb the flavour of the sauce, would be better. Furthermore, you've chosen the wrong part of the pork. This isn't tenderloin. Even though you have good observation, and didn't continue stir-frying the pork as it was about to be overcooked, but the pork slices lack the tenderness of the tenderloin."

Jiang Qian Fan pushed the bowl to the side.

Lin Ke Song grabbed her head, it looks like she still has a big problem with choosing ingredients ah.

She didn't actually feel depressed, at least Jiang Qian Fan was still guiding her. She continuously repeated, continuously changed, she realised that while she was cooking the things that she took note of was increasing. Like the water content of the mushrooms, like the transparency of the noodles, like the thickness of the pork slices and the length of time of marination in the cooking wine.

And the thing that made Lin Ke Song most thankful, was the at least Jiang Qian Fan didn't make her eat all the failures up.

Noodles couldn't be compared to some mint cabbage soup, they could stuff a person to death.

Without noticing, it was daylight.

And the bowls that Lin Ke Song placed in front of Jiang Qian Fan were increasing. Even Lin Ke Song herself didn't know how many portions she'd made, but Jiang Qian Fan could always point out some flaws.

Until all the buckwheat noodles in the kitchen were used, Lin Ke Song watched as Jiang Qian Fan ate the last mouth of noodles.

If it were when she knew nothing about Jiang Qian Fan, maybe she would be very depressed and even angry about his nit-picking, but when she saw Jiang Qian Fan's serious attitude towards taste her mixed noodles, no matter how detailed the suggestions he brought up, Lin Ke Song would have a sense of respect.

"Not perfect enough, right?"

"If the portion of the noodles were lessened by one fifth, the taste would be better."

"En. But all the buckwheat noodles have been used up by me already."

"But it's very delicious." Jiang Qian Fan continued to leisurely eat that bowl of noodles.

This was the first thing that Lin Ke Song had made that made Jiang Qian Fan have a second mouth.

“Really? If you don’t think it’s perfect..... how can it be delicious?” Lin Ke Song felt that Jiang Qian Fan was encouraging her.

But he didn’t seem like the type of person to say things against his will to encourage others.

“there’s nothing that’s perfect, and it’s precisely because of that, that we pursue perfection.” Jiang Qian Fan put down the chopsticks, turned in Lin Ke Song’s direction, “this portion of mixed noodles, the heat used to cook the buckwheat noodles was just right. You have to remember this feeling. The pork slices were evenly cut, the marinating time and the ingredients used were just right. And the time of stir-frying the mushrooms was controlled well. If any Michelin gourmet spy had this bowl of noodles, I believe they will at least give you a fork and spoon evaluation.”

Lin Ke Song blinked. She’d heard of the Michelin star rating method. Every gourmet spy that came to judge would not reveal the identity beforehand, before they receive the star rating, they first have to be qualified to receive a fork and spoon designation.

Was Jiang Qian Fan praising her before?

“Come here.”

“Ah?”

“come taste this kind of hollandaise sauce.”

“Hollandaise sauce?”

Lin Ke Song had only seen this sauce on the books that Jiang Qian Fan had let her read, just how it tasted like, she really hadn’t come across it before. But what she did not expect was, that Jiang Qian Fan would use a thin stirring spoon to scoop up a yellow sauce, use the other hand to gently hold, and reach out towards Lin Ke Song’s direction.

His fingers had a demeanour that moved people’s hearts, needless to say, he looked elegant delicately stirring the spoon, Lin Ke Song did not dare get near,

afraid that she would spoil this beauty.

“Lin Ke Song?” Jiang Qian Fan turned his face, like he was feeling for her to come nearer.

She took a breath in, went forward in a few steps, lowered her head, and latched onto the spoon.

She had an illusion, that Jiang Qian Fan’s hand under the spoon seemed to want to hold her chin. So like she was running for her life, she took back her head.

“what have you eaten?”

“En.....” Lin Ke Song pursed her lips, letting the hollandaise sauce stop at the tip of her tongue for a longer time, “There’s egg yolk, lemon juice, shallots, butter, white vinegar..... there seems to be a wine taste.....”

“white grape wine.”

“Oh.”

“This is traditional hollandaise sauce. If its raspberry grilled pork chops, served with this sauce, the taste will be very ordinary, and greasy. If it were you, how would you improve this sauce?”

“raspberry grilled pork chops? I can’t imagine what kind of taste it is.....”

If she didn’t know how the main dish tasted like, how would she know the taste of the main dish dipped in the sauce? And most of the time, hollandaise sauce is paired with quiche or foods like asparagus. Jiang Qian Fan actually thought about using it with grilled pork chops? Wont it be incompatible?

“Wait for a while.”

Jiang Qian Fan actually in a moment made a portion of grilled pork chops for her in the kitchen!

It was crispy on the outside, and carried the fruity fragrance of raspberries, it made Lin Ke Song’s mouth salivate, and her cheeks ache, really want to give it a big bite.

Jiang Qian Fan cut a small piece of pork chop for her, dipped it into the

hollandaise sauce from before, reached out towards Lin Ke Song's direction.

This time was a lot more natural than the previous time, Lin Ke Song stretched out her neck, and latched onto the small piece of pork chop. She carefully made sure that the pork chops sauce did not drip onto Jiang Qian Fan's hand.

But just as she straightened up, Jiang Qian Fan's hand moved up slightly, his fingertip brushing past Lin Ke Song's chin.

She knew he didn't do it on purpose, she knew he couldn't see, but that short moment of contact, made her heart feel like a balloon so pumped with air, that it was about to burst anytime.

"How is it?" Jiang Qian Fan's voice was as per normal.

Lin Ke Song slowly chewed. The pork chop was perfectly seasoned, the precise control of heat and time made the pork chop delicious. The grilled fragrance and the fruity fragrance of raspberries mingled, it was full of flavour. The hollandaise sauce that Lin Ke Song thought wouldn't complement the pork chop also added a silky texture to the pork chop. But it was a fact that for the taste, it lacked a taste that would make people feel harmony or impact.

"Let me think....."

Lin KE Song's brain suddenly had the image of the peddlers selling grilled lamb skewers. Those spices, that flavour, saliva just flowing ah.....

"Can we add some cumin? Something like cumin powder?"

Lin Ke Song said uncertainly. After all, adding cumin powder to hollandaise sauce, is super weird ba?

"Or chilli? Make the flavour have more of a kick?"

Jiang Qian Fan didn't say anything, only lowered his head in deep thought.

No matter how long he thought, Lin Ke Song could only accompany him at the side.

If it were imitating lamb skewers, directly sprinkling cumin or chilli on the pork chop would do, why the need to put it in the hollandaise sauce, it doesn't complement too ah!

Just as Lin Ke Song thought that her idea had no value to be realised, Jiang Qian Fan cut a small piece of butter, then put cumin into the oil, the strong aroma dispersed far and wide. Then he grinded some leaves and added them in, 10 seconds later, stirred the sauce little by little into the original hollandaise sauce.

Then he cut a small piece of pork chop, and dipped into the sauce.

Lin Ke Song thought he would ask her to go over to taste, but he sent the pork chop into his own mouth.

When he swallowed the pork chop, the line of his throat was like water, Lin Ke Song subconsciously followed and swallowed too.

“That..... how does it taste?”

“Try it and you’d know.” Jiang Qian Fan had no more intention to feed her.

This made Lin Ke Song inexplicably feel disappointed. Even though this disappointment was kind of laughable. She wasn’t even the kitten he took care of, one that would look up and scrunch the eyes, and make a lazy expression while waiting for the owner’s love.

Move your own arms, and have ample clothing and food.

Lin Ke Song cut a large piece of pork chop, dipped into the sauce and sent it into her mouth.

How amazing! Jiang Qian Fan didn’t add any form of chilli ah, where did this slightly spicy and sweet spicy flavour come from? Can’t be from the garlic, can’t be from the cumin either..... maybe it’s from this grinded green leaves?

Lin Ke Song stealthily used a fork to dip into the grinded green, and sent it into her mouth.

A slightly sweet flavour coupled with the spicy flavour that seemed like it came from fennel, the aftertaste was a little bitter. But this bitterness was flavourful.

“what is this grinded green ah?” Lin Ke Song asked curiously.

“it’s tarragon.”

Lin Ke Song remembered that she had seen this kind of spice in books. she has

really gained a lot today ah! First it's the hollandaise sauce, then the tarragon.

"What do you think of the taste?" Jiang Qian Fan asked.

"complements the grilled pork chops much better than the hollandaise sauce at the start! But I feel..... how do I say it?"

The flavour was richer, had more layers and stimulated the appetite more, but she kept feeling that there was no convergence.

"the original fruity fragrance of the raspberries has been overpowered."

Jiang Qian Fan's voice descended, Lin Ke Song suddenly had a feeling of being enlightened.

"right! Exactly that! The grilled pork chops and fruity raspberry fragrance are complimentary! But the garlic and cumin flavours are too weighty, the plus point of the raspberries are not obvious anymore!"

"En."

Jiang Qian Fan picked an apple, and said to Lin Ke Song: "Peel it."

Without another word, Lin Ke Song picked up the knife, slid around in a circle, and shaved off the apple's skin.

"cut a piece, test its sourness."

Lin Ke Song silently remembered this point. She realised that no matter what Jiang Qian Fan did, he would make sure of every ingredient's taste or texture.

She had a slice herself, but Jiang Qian Fan face was turned slightly towards her, she hurriedly sliced a small piece, and sent it into his mouth.

The gap between his lips have always had a sense of mystery, when the apple was close to his lips, Lin Ke Song inexplicably started feeling nostalgic.

Until the other party's lip pursed past her fingertips slightly, that gentleness and warmth, were completely different from Lin Ke Song's imagination.

"En, the sourness and sweetness are balanced. Squeeze out the apple juice."

"Alright."

Lin Ke Song took a small hand juicer, and squeezed the apple juice out.

Jiang Qian Fan scooped two coffee spoon of apple juice, stirred it into the hollandaise sauce, then cut another piece of pork chop, and had a taste.

“En, it’s much better now.”

“Really? Let me try too!”

The taste was just totally awesome ah! no matter the aroma, taste, flavour or the finish were all impeccable.

Lin Ke Song could not help it and ate the rest of the pork chops up.

When she swallowed the last mouth, she realised that Jiang Qian Fan was still beside her, hadn’t walked far.

“You can really eat.”

“Because it’s delicious ah!” this was a praise from her heart.

“To you, anything is delicious.”

“.....”

“But the reason why it’s so delicious, had something to do with you. Even though the idea of adding cumin was boring, it was effective.”

Lin Ke Song was a little happy, and a little lament.

I say, Mr Jiang, when you compliment others, can you not make it sound like a criticism?

“Get ready, follow me to make a trip to Iris’ restaurant.”

“Ah?”

“the back kitchen is a good place to train someone. And there is going to be an important person who will be having a meal, I will personally cook the main course.”

“What main course?”

“Raspberry grilled pork chops with special hollandaise sauce.”

What? Isn’t this what he’d just made?

Jiang Qian Fan reached out his hand, and pressed it on Lin Ke Song’s forehead, and pushed her head away: “You’re blocking the road.”

Lin KE Song rubbed her forehead.

After tossing a night of mixed mushroom pork noodles, shouldn't she be specially allowed to have a good sleep?

But, once she thought about Jiang Qian Fan using the dish they had completed together to receive an important guest, no ounce of fatigue was felt, the whole body was full of vigour!

The back kitchen today was not as busy as yesterday's.

Apart from chopping garnishes like onions, garlic slices and the like, Pepper was more patient than the previous time while imparting the know-hows on cutting steak.

Different parts of the steak had different ways of cutting. Even the different ways of cooking determined the thickness of the steak.

Under Pepper's guidance, Lin Ke Song sliced three portions of filet mignon. This kind of steak is taken from the most tender part of the meat at the spine, it carried no fats.

Then she handled some T-bone steak.

Looking from this angle at the main kitchen, Jiang Qian Fan and Iris coordinated with much understanding.

Iris was obviously cooking the appetizer of French vanilla fried scallops, but she could deliver ingredient to Jiang Qian Fan from time to time, and even remind him about the rawness of the pork chop.

This made Lin Ke Song envious.

Pepper knocked Lin Ke Song's head: "Focus."

"Oh..... I was only curious."

"Curious about what?"

"Mr Jiang's and Iris' coordination seems like they've known each other for a long time."

"wait till you become an outstanding chef, you will know that many things do not need language to communicate, you only need to see, and you'll know what

the next step is.”

“Don’t know what kind of person the VIP is today.....”

Actually made Jiang Qian Fan think for a whole night to formulate the hollandaise sauce for the pork chops.

“do you know Silicon Valley?”

“Of course I know!”

“The one coming today is the CEO Mr McCallum of network services company snr and one of their new shareholders. Some time ago, because of snr having customer information leaks, they faced public relations crisis, it was this new shareholder’s proposed solution that allowed their losses to be kept at a minimum. So Mr McCallum is coming to dine with this new shareholder here, to show gratitude and at the same time strengthen communication.”

“Oh, so that’s the case.”

“Enough, you’ve asked all you needed to ask, do your work properly!”

It was obvious, Iris ‘appetizer and Jiang Qian Fan’s main course received Mr McCallum’s favour, Iris accompanied Jiang Qian Fan to meet Mr McCallum.

At the dining table sat Mr McCallum, the company’s legal consultant, and a young Asian.

Mr McCallum shook hands with Iris and Jiang Qian Fan, and with a very sincere tone said: “the scallops today had a fresh taste. And the pork chop, was so stunning! My friends and I feel very regretful, why couldn’t the portion of pork chops be a little more?”

Iris laughed, Jiang Qian Fan only lightly said: “This way, you will come a second time.”

Word count: 3618

Qian Fan VS Song Yi Ran round1

McCallum's laughter got more obvious. And the legal consultant was full of praise too.

In front of all these praise, Jiang Qian Fan took them all in stride, he gracefully and properly listened, but never showed any exaggerated happy expression. Like the praises of the guests were within his expectations.

McCallum looked at the partner who was consistently sitting quietly at the side: "Mr Song, what do you think about the dish today?"

The constantly smiling black haired guy, used a playful glance to look at Jiang Qian Fan, and leisurely opened his mouth.

"It is indeed a great piece of work. The fruity fragrance reduced the greasiness of the pork chop, the cumin added flavour to the pork chops, the special hollandaise sauce enhanced the taste of the pork chops. As expected of the head chef of a restaurant that had been awarded 3 Michelin stars."

A sleek American pronunciation, with a slightly lazy sound, when heard, made people inexplicably forget their thoughts.

"Thank you." Jiang Qian Fan replied.

McCallum passionately explained: "This is our snr's new shareholder, Mr Song Yi Ran. He came to New York from China. Don't look at his young age, he had unique insights, quick thinking and should not be underestimated."

"Hello, Mr Song." Jiang Qian Fan turned to Song Yi Ran's direction, and nodded at him with restraint and politeness.

Unexpectedly, Song Yi Ran stood up, put his hands in his pocket and faced Jiang Qian Fan: "even though you look cold, but you have an unforgettable face. Girls should be easily attracted to you ba. And the colder you are, the more they'd want to get closer to you, understand you."

This section of words, Song Yi Ran used Chinese to say them.

Apart from Jiang Qian Fan, no other person present could understand them.

“sorry, but I do not know what other people think.” Jiang Qian Fan also replied calmly in Chinese.

Song Yi Ran turned his face, sweeping an oppressive look across Jiang Qian Fan’s features: “What about Ke Song?”

“Mr Song, what are you want to say?”

Iris at the side looked suspiciously at the both of them, she could feel the confrontation between Jiang Qian Fan and Song Yi Ran, even though the confrontation seemed baffling.

“What I want to say is, if you are planning on teaching her, then be dedicated to teaching her properly.”

When Song Yi Ran straightened up, he recovered his carefree smile.

“What were you guys talking about?” McCallum asked curiously.

“I was just thinking that I would have never thought that a Chinese could actually be this accomplished in a place where the Europe chefs dominate.” Song Yi Ran used fluent English to reply.

That sincere expression, made people trust wholeheartedly without doubt.

Iris accompanied Jiang Qian Fan to the entrance of the restaurant to see Mr McCallum off.

When she lowered her head, she realised that Jiang Qian Fan’s fingers were gripping the cane tightly.

“Iris, did you see that Mr Song just now?”

“Yes. What happened?” Iris was curious.

As a head chef, to meet the people who really like his dishes is a very normal thing. He seldom said unnecessary words, and had never been interested in how those guests were like.

But today, from the time that Mr Song said that bunch of words to Jiang Qian Fan, even though Jiang Qian Fan’s expression had no change, Iris could still

faintly detect a stir in his emotions.

“describe him to me.”

“Describe him.....” Iris gave a thought, not knowing which aspect of Mr Song Jiang Qian Fan wanted her to describe, and could only start from the appearance, “Apart from you, I seldom see such an attractive Asian guy.”

“You’re saying his appearance is outstanding.”

“Yes, and low key. When we met Mr McCallum, he silently stayed seated, unlike the other Chinese tycoons, who were eager to give their opinions on the food.”

“What else? Tell me whatever you saw.”

“he had short black hair, his features 3D, pretty eyes. From his dining etiquette, he’s probably not from those families that got rich overnight, very virtuous. His physique slender, height about the same as yours, probably the type to go to the gym frequently. Good taste in clothing.....”

Iris didn’t know what else to say.

Jiang Qian Fan kept silent. This silence made people inexplicably feel like a volcano covered by frost, one that could explode at any time.

“why did you suddenly ask about Mr Song?”

“No reason.” Jiang Qian Fan turned around and walked towards the back kitchen.

He stood at the door, and coldly voiced: “Lin Ke Song, let’s go.”

Lin Ke Song was stunned, “but I haven’t cut finish the steak.....”

“don’t make me repeat the same words.”

Jiang Qian Fan’s voice was very cold, cold to the max.

Lin Ke Song didn’t know what had happened, but she knew that something must have angered Jiang Qian Fan.

“Yes, Mr Jiang!”

Lin Ke Song could only hand the uncut steak to Pepper, wash her hands, and

get to Jiang Qian Fan's front.

Iris also gazed at the both of them weirdly.

Lin Ke Song followed Jiang Qian Fan up into the car, Mayer was in the car, there was no one to read the industry news to Jiang Qian Fan, the tension in the car made Lin Ke Song uncomfortable.

Needless to say about Jiang Qian Fan at the side, was totally low pressure.

Lin Ke Song really wanted to ask the other party about what had happened. But instinct told her, that it was best that she kept silent.

Good thing Nina left some sandwiches for her, otherwise she'd really starve.

Once she returned to her room, Lin Ke Song collapsed into her blanket and fell asleep.

And Jiang Qian Fan was seated on a soft chair at the terrace, unmoving, don't know what he was thinking about.

Until Mayer came up to him.

"Sir. Your mood doesn't seem good. Ms Iris said, you didn't even have lunch, and just left the restaurant."

"Lin Ke Song?" Jiang Qian Fan asked coldly.

"Ms Lin? After having a sandwich, she returned to her room. Haven't heard any movement, probably taking a nap."

"Get her up, to the kitchen."

"Sir, are you going to teach her? It seems like the both of you hadn't had any sleep last night, it's better to have a rest now ba."

"she already doesn't have much time left before she needs to compete."

"Sir....." Mayer helplessly sighed.

"I hear you sighing."

"Because you now, isn't like you."

"Then how should the normal me be like?" Jiang Qian Fan asked coldly.

"Calmly analyse what is affecting your emotions. Realise the problem, then

solve the problem. And rather than making yourself unhappy, it's better to clear all the obstacles." Mayer's voice was very gentle, "Sir, do I still need to wake Ms Lin up?"

"No need."

Mayer retreated a couple of steps, Jiang Qian Fan's figure was still cold.

Lin Ke Song slept till dinnertime. If it weren't for Nina knocking on her door to deliver dinner, she suspected that when she opened her eyes herself, it'd be seeing the sun.

While retrieving the tray, Lin Ke Song suddenly thought of something: "what about Mr Jiang? Has he had dinner?"

"Mr Jiang has had dinner. He let me notify you, that you'd be flying with him to Washington."

"What are we to go to Washington for?"

"to attend Mr Jiang's teacher's, Chef Montgomery's birthday party."

After saying her words, Nina turned around and left.

To meet Jiang Qian Fan's teacher? Who's her grand teacher then?

Jiang Qian Fan's culinary skills are so amazing, then wont that Montgomery be god like?

What should she say when she meets Montgomery?

She didn't even prepare any birthday present, and just meet Jiang Qian Fan's teacher empty handed, will it really not be a problem?

She hurried to Jiang Qian Fan's room, and knocked the door, and heard the other party's cold voice from the other side.

"Come in."

At this time, Jiang Qian Fan was seated on the sofa, his facial features were clear, the crisp white shirt bringing his introverted aura.

Lin Ke Song inexplicably got nervous.

"That..... going to Washington tomorrow..... I'm not sure what Mr

Montgomery party is like? Will it be very formal?”

“he’s a childish person, so it’s impossible for his party to be formal.”

This was the first time Lin Ke Song heard Jiang Qian Fan use “childish” to describe a person. So she doesn’t need to wear a formal evening dress?

Great, after all she had no chest and no waist, totally unsuited to evening dresses ma!

At the same time, Mayer brought a document to Jiang Qian Fan for his signature. He saw Lin Ke Song, and smiled: “Ms Lin, you’re about to follow Mr Jiang to Washington tomorrow, feeling happy?”

“Of course I’m feeling happy! I’ve never been to Washington!” Lin Ke Song’s face was of excitement.

“Remember to give a call to your family, and your boyfriend oh! Otherwise they’ll worry if they can’t find you.” Mayer blinked while he said so.

Jiang Qian Fan received the document, Mayer helped him move the pen to where he should sign, but his fingers did not move.

“Haha, I don’t have a boyfriend, it’s enough to just inform my Uncle.” Lin Ke Song shrugged her shoulders in laughter.

“No way ba, no one actually ate such a cute little bun?” Mayer showed an expression of regret.

Lin Ke Song smiled embarrassedly: “Mr Mayer, you’re the first person to say I’m cute!”

When Mayer lowered his head, he realised Jiang Qian Fan had already signed his name.

Mayer took the document to leave, Lin Ke Song thought and still uncertainly asked: “then what about the birthday present? I don’t need to prepare it either?”

“No need, I’ve already prepared it.”

Lin Ke Song thought that with Jiang Qian Fan’s thoughtfulness, indeed she had nothing to worry about.

“Well then, goodnight, Me Jiang.”

Just as Lin Ke Song was about to turn around, Jiang Qian Fan spoke again: “You once told me, candied haw is like the taste of having a crush, right?”

“Ah..... yes ah.” Lin Ke Song didn’t know why Jiang Qian Fan would suddenly ask her this.

“So you’ve had a crush on someone.”

Jiang Qian Fan’s expression was like a pine on the arctic cliff, heavy with snow, seemed indifferent.

He used this type of tone to discuss with Lin Ke Song about crushes, totally a bit uncomfortable.

“Crushes and all that, isn’t it a very normal thing?”

How many girls, have never had a crush on their tablemate, the most handsome in school or the male god?

“do you still have a crush on him?”

Lin Ke Song lowered her head, and went silent.

Having a crush on Song Yi Ran, this thing that lasted for 10 years, she’d never before brought it up with anyone.

And she never dared to talk about it with someone either. Because the people by her side had something to do with Song Yi Ran, classmate, friend, they were all in the same circle. She also understood a principle, which was that she definitely could not tell her secret to another girl, once it’s out, it will not be a secret anymore.

But Jiang Qian Fan wasn’t the same.

Not because he was a guy, but because he’s definitely a tight-lipped person.

“Yeah ah, I’m still having a crush on him, but he only treats me as a friend.”

The frustration and melancholy rose like mist shrouding ships on the lake, and the moment they came in contact with Jiang Qian Fan, they quickly dissipated.

Lin Ke Song looked at Jiang Qian Fan, when she told him her deepest secret, she realised that that this cold man was actually no as far as she had thought.

“Is he in this city too?”

Even though there was no understanding as to why Jiang Qian Fan had a sudden interest in her, especially in the world of delicate feelings, but Lin Ke Song’s heart was inexplicably pleased.

“He is ah.”

“Did you come to New York for him?” Jiang Qian Fan asked again.

She’d thought about this question in her heart for a long time before. In her heart, a woman should be independent, have her own judgement in her own life. She could never understand those women who would chase a guy to a totally unfamiliar place. But when Jiang Qian Fan asked about it, she felt like she had become those type of “incomprehensible women”.

“Part of the reason ba. Because after liking a person for a long time, it’s like opium, unless he mercilessly makes me desperate, otherwise it won’t be that easy to quit it ba.”

Lin Ke Song had no choice of using lies to cover up. Because Jiang Qian Fan would definitely be able to hear it.

In Lin Ke Song’s heart, he was the strong in life. From losing his sight to losing everything, to making a comeback, gaining fame and fortune. It seemed like there was nothing that could get his life off track, his own fate has always been in his own hands.

In front of these kind of people, there was no need to feel ashamed even when your weakest appearance is shown.

“He must be a perfect guy, otherwise you won’t always be crushing on him.”

Lin Ke Song looked at Jiang Qian Fan unbelievably. He said that because Song Yi Ran was perfect, only then would she have a crush on him, this kind of logic was the trust Jiang Qian Fan had in her. He thought she wouldn’t like a shallow guy. This kind of affirmation, could only be understood by people who understood Jiang Qian Fan’s logic.

“You said it before, nothing is perfect.” Lin Ke Song’s eyes prickled, “apart from being good looking, and being pretty loyal, and never minding the gap

between our rich and poor, he has a pile of shortcomings. He spends money like he's burning it, has no brain, is lazy, a playboy.”

But Lin Ke Song knew, under this layer of thin shell, she had never had the chance to discover Song Yi Ran's other world deep in his heart. She was always patiently waiting, to one day really be part of his world.

Jiang Qian Fan raised his hand towards her, she wasn't sure of the other party's intention, and gently held on to his finger.

When his fingers curled, and held onto her, she had an illusion of being hailed by the other party. Like being drawn close, she went closer to him step by step, when she regained consciousness, she realised that she was already by Jiang Qian Fan's side.

He lifted the other hand, covered her face, slowly moved up, got to her forehead, covered her eyes, and gently nudged.

“Silly.”

Cold but so gentle it was almost inaudible, Lin Ke Song felt her eyes were about to be drenched.

Jiang Qian Fan's palm was very warm, so warm it made Lin Ke Song unwilling to let go of his hand.

Only when she left Jiang Qian Fan's room, did she remember that she had forgotten to ask why the other party suddenly talked about the topic of “Crushes”. Is it because of the candied haws?

Light passed the front of the window, Lin Ke Song moved her head and looked, and saw an unfamiliar car drive in.

A middle aged guy wearing a suit stepped out of the car, wearing rimless glasses, looking refined and virtuous.

What was even more unthinkable to Lin Ke Song was that, Mayer was actually at the entrance to personally receive him.

The man lifted his head, saw Lin Ke Song at the windowsill, and gave a warm smile.

His eyes were deep, like it could pierce through everything.

Lin Ke Song politely nodded at the direction of the other party.

Who is that man? Apart from Mayer and Nina, Lin Ke Song pretty much didn't see any other persons entering this villa.

Dr Xie was very familiar with this villa, he didn't need anyone to lead him, and found Jiang Qian Fan's room.

Lightly knocked the door, and heard a voice saying "Come in" from the other side, Dr Xie smiled as he opened the door.

Jiang Qian Fan's back was facing him, leaning against the edge of the terrace. Moonlight fell on his shoulders, and his hands gently rocked the wineglass, reflecting a ray of starlight.

"What a great mood, you're actually drinking wine."

"Today doesn't seem to be the date of our appointment."

"En..... someone told me that your mood wasn't that good, and you have to set off to Washington tomorrow, the conversation this weekend will definitely be cancelled." Dr Xie went to his side, holding his chin, indifferently looking at him.

"you are analysing the reason behind my bad mood."

"I saw 'Little bun'." Dr Xie did not reply to Jiang Qian Fan's words directly.

Jiang Qian Fan's brows wrinkled slightly.

"You don't like me to call her 'little bun', and hope that I address her as Ms Lin or Lin Ke Song, right?"

"How you address her, is your business."

"If I address her as 'Ms Lin' or 'Lin Ke Song', it means that her and I have a definite distance between us, I have to treat her with the most basic of societal courtesies. But 'Little bun' is different, this is an intimate way of address, and from different meanings shows my favour to her. If I call her 'Little bun', and she gives me a reply, it means that she acknowledges the relatively close relationship between us. This will make you uncomfortable."

Jiang Qian Fan didn't move at all.

"Actually, my suggestion is that, you can occasionally call her 'Little bun', see if

she'd reply to you like how she reacts to Mayer. This is a start to building a close relationship."

"Why do I have to do that?"

"I thought you wish to be closer to her. Qian Fan, you have always been clear about what you want, and how to get it."

"I like her."

The voice was cold, permeating in the drunkenness of the red wine, layer upon layer, lingering.

Dr Xie lowered his head, smiling.

"she told me, that she had a crush on a guy. But today, that guy warned me 'if you are planning on teaching her, then be dedicated to teaching her properly'."

"Oh, interesting. Then will you tell her, that the guy she has a crush on demonstrated at you?"

"Why must I tell her? I have never been a generous person."

Dr Xie's smile on his lips got bigger: "This is called jealousy. I am very glad that after being your psychological consultant for eight years, there's finally a sense of humanity."

"I want you to help me check up on a person. His name is Song Yi Ran, snr's new shareholder."

"You're not kidding ba? This kind of thing, you're not getting Mayer to help you search, but me?" Dr Xie showed an expression of incomprehension.

"Because you are my psychological consultant, according to doctor patient confidentiality, everything I've said to you, you can't reveal to a third person."

"but what does investigating Song Yi Ran have to do with confidentiality?"

"For my mental health." Jiang Qian Fan gently rocked the wineglass.

Dr Xie rubbed his eyes: "Why don't you just tell me that you wish to know yourself and win all battles?"

"You have achieved your motives for today, you may go."

Dr Xie took a look at his watch: “There’s still 46 minutes, don’t mind me drinking a glass of wine before I leave ba?”

Probably because she took too long of an afternoon nap, Lin Ke Song had no intention to sleep. She decided to go to the kitchen to try making an apple pie according to the basic recipe.

Just as the door opened, she saw that man with the rimless glasses walking by, smiling.

He saw Lin Ke Song, and stopped, reached his hand out to her: “Hello, I’m Jiang Qian Fan’s psychological consultant, Xie Jing Wen. You must be Little bun ba?”

Lin Ke Song was stunned, and shook the other party’s hand: “Hello, Mr Xie, I am Lin Ke Song.....”

“I prefer to be addressed as Dr Xie.”

“So..... you are a psychologist?”

Lin Ke Song widened her eyes, no wonder this Dr Xie looked gentle with a mild temperament.

Wait..... Jiang Qian Fan sees a psychologist?

As expected, he has psychological problems ah! and to be at the stage where a doctor has to be seen, the illness must be serious!

“What are you thinking? Do you feel that as long as a person is seeing a psychologist, that means the person has psychological problems?”

Dr Xie’s laughter was pleasant to the ears, making Lin Ke Song inexplicably relaxed.

“Isn’t that so?”

“A lot of times, those who consult or talk to a psychologist, are trying to adjust their moods, to prevent mental illnesses from appearing. Prevention is better than cure ma. Then in your heart, does Jiang Qian Fan seem like a person with mental illness?”

Lin Ke Song thought about it, to say words that are against her thoughts would be easily seen through by a psychologist ba, so she nodded her head.

Dr Xie had long expected Lin Ke Song's thoughts, and only bend down slightly, quietly asked: "then what mental illness do you think he has? See whether our opinions are the same?"

Word count: 3879

Neurasthenic Qian Fan?

“Antisocial, clean freak, neurasthenia, obsessive compulsive disorder?”

Dr Xie’s shoulders hunched as he laughed happily.

“It seems like you have a deep understanding.”

“you won’t tell him, that I said all these ba?”

“Of course not. As a psychologist, the thing I’m the best at is being tight-lipped.”

Don’t know why, but Lin Ke Song had a feeling that she was being tricked by the other party.

“Do you know why he’s antisocial?”

“Why?”

“because he is always able to tell the other party’s mood and attitude from their tone of voice, intonation and breathing, no matter how well the other person hides it. In face to face interactions, a lot of times, people will lie to protect themselves or for other motives, but these things that an average person can ignore, to Jiang Qian Fan is infinitely emphasised.”

“Like his sense of taste?”

A little flaw will not be undetected by his taste buds.

“Yes. His world isn’t the same as the average person’s. his demands are more absolute, more, how do you say it..... nit-picky. He can only wait, for a situation or a person, to attract his attention, to free him from these absolute feelings.”

Lin Ke Song arched her shoulders “Mother ah..... feels like the person who he takes a fancy to is really unfortunate ah!”

“Why?”

“Because his expectations are so high, so absolute. As his girlfriend, wont it

probably be really exhausting?”

“He won’t freely treat anybody well. But when his heart is moved, he will give all of himself. This is his absoluteness.”

Dr Xie straightened up, and walked past Lin Ke Song’s side.

At that moment, Lin Ke Song suddenly felt that the Jiang Qian Fan Dr Xie spoke about was so familiar, yet unfamiliar.

She had no more mood to go to the kitchen, and turned back to her room, clearing a few clothing.

She went online to search for the temperature in Washington, made a call to her Uncle saying that she was going to leave New York. She had originally wanted to send a message to Song Yi Ran, but she didn’t send it. Because she couldn’t find a compelling reason to tell Song Yi Ran about her itinerary.

When she just had a seat at the table, and was searching about the information of different types of fishes and spices, the phone suddenly rang.

Lin Ke Song looked at the name and it was actually “Song Yi Ran”, and almost fell off her chair.

Thinking about Jiang Qian Fan’s sensitive hearing, Lin Ke Song took the phone out of the villa, to under a tree in the courtyard, squatted there, covered the earpiece, and was about to answer, when the call was hung up on.

Lin Ke Song could only return the call.

“Hello, Song Yi Ran, why’d you look for me?”

“I was wondering if you had severed your ties with me, I called and you didn’t even answer.” Song Yi Ran’s voice was still that lazy tone, asking for a beating.

“No ah. I was afraid that talking to you would disturb others.”

“Who can you disturb? Your cooking teacher?”

“Considered ba. He’s a little neurasthenic.” Lin Ke Song laughed.

But when she lifted her eye, she was stunned.

Because the thing that was facing her was the terrace of Jiang Qian Fan’s room. And he was leaning on the terrace, his eyes downcast, his stare like a

waterfall pouring down, totally crushing Lin Ke Song's bones to fragments.

Impossible ah! wasn't the big ice block unable to see?

Why does it feel like he knows where she was ah!

This is unscientific!

Wait, she was crouched here on the phone, did Jiang Qian Fan hear it?

Like that word "neurasthenic"?

"Is he neurasthenic, or unhappy that you are calling me?"

"How can it be? Haha..... haha....." Lin Ke Song laughed dryly, and walked to a place that was further away.

"is there something you've forgotten to tell me?"

Song Yi Ran's voice was still like he was joking, but Lin Ke Song inexplicably felt that he seemed unhappy.

Did Uncle tell him, that she was going to Washington?

But Uncle had no reason to even report to Song Yi Ran about this ah!

"what do I have to forget to tell you ah!but I'm going to Washington tomorrow la! To attend a chef's birthday party!"

"is that so. If I didn't ask you, would you have told me?"

With this, Lin Ke Song confirmed that Song Yi Ran was unhappy. Seriously baffling.

She Lin Ke Song was already 18 years old! Song Yi Ran wasn't even her guardian, based on what did she have to tell him everything ah!

"I won't tell you." Lin Ke Song decided that she too wanted to be proud for once.

"Then I too won't tell you." Song Yi Ran purposely imitated Lin Ke Song's tone of voice.

"Won't tell me what?"

"Secret."

When he finished saying so, Song Yi Ran hung up the call.

Lin Ke Song had a feeling of being stuck. She shook the iron gate with all her might, and in the end decided not to stay angry at this dreg man, and walked back to her room.

She lifted her head, Jiang Qian Fan was still on the terrace. A wine glass of red wine was beside his hand, expression as per normal.

Lin Ke Song exhaled a breath, he probably didn't hear it ba.

The next morning, Lin Ke Song was awakened by Nina.

She took out her phone to take a look, and realised that it was only 5 in the morning, the sky outside the was only that of day break.

"Nina? Why did you wake me up so early? Isn't the flight at 11?"

"Mr Jiang wanted me to wake you up."

"Ah?"

When Lin Ke Song got to the dining table, she realised today's breakfast was very dull. There wasn't the delicious dim sum, there weren't any side dishes that lifted people's appetites, there was only plain porridge and pickled cucumber.

Lin Ke Song thought that it was because she was up too early, so Nina hadn't prepared the breakfast yet. But she drank the porridge slowly for 20 plus minutes, Jiang Qian Fan walked down the stairs leisurely at six o'clock sharp, and nothing else appeared in front of Lin Ke Song.

She turned her face, elevated her neck looking at Jiang Qian Fan. Because of the angle elevation, his legs looked extra-long and slender, every twist was just right. Needless to say, his action of gently tugging his clothes..... really wonderful.

Even if his eyes couldn't see, no matter where he went, he was a proper male god.

But when the male god sat in front of Lin Ke Song, Nina not only served shrimp porridge, there was also sliced emerald green lettuce salad and a few kinds of dim sum.

But Nina didn't seem to have any intention of coming over to Lin Ke Song's side.

Just what is happening? Discrimination?

Lin Ke Song looked at Nina, inquiring with her eyes. But Nina stood quietly behind Jiang Qian Fan, not even sparing a glance for Lin Ke Song.

There's a problem! Something tricky!

Mayer as usual carried a tablet pc to Jiang Qian Fan's side, and started the morning news broadcast.

But this time, he only smiled, looking at Lin Ke Song and said: "Ms Lin, have you finished your breakfast?"

"Oh..... Almost....."

"Sir's meaning is, from today onwards, to have you recite the current affairs and industry news."

"What? Me?"

"This is advantageous to your English, and it can also help you expand your vocabulary of similar English words."

Mayer passed the tablet pc over, and Lin Ke Song could only receive it.

No wonder she needed to wake up earlier! It's to allow her to read the news during Jiang Qian Fan's meal time!

Mayer help her choose an article on the food safety act, and Lin Ke Song stammered while reciting.

There were so many words she didn't even recognise, and could only guess it phonetically.

When she finished reciting the first sentence, Jiang Qian Fan interrupted her.

"Do you know what it means?"

When that word overflowed from Jiang Qian Fan's lips, there was a rigid cold feeling.

Lin Ke Song had seen that word before, she knew that it had something to do

with law, but in front of Jiang Qian Fan, she actually couldn't remember what it meant on the spot.

"Aren't you going to hurry and search for it on your phone?"

Lin Ke Song pursed her lips, having spoken with Jiang Qian Fan so many times before, she had long figured out his temperament. Being honest had a better ending than covering up.

"Sorry, Mr Jiang, I can't remember it."

"it's Chinese translation is legislation. And, your accent is wrong."

Lin Ke Song inhaled, and read the first sentence again, but before she could finish reading the first paragraph, she was asked to stop again.

"what does *atives* mean?"

Lin Ke Song 歪-ed, why was Jiang Qian Fan always able to pick out the ones that she didn't know to ask her?

Is this the senate or the house of representatives?

"I'm not sure if it's the senate or the house of representatives."

"House of representatives. And, your pronunciation for *ative* is wrong."

Jiang Qian Fan has been in America for many years, and might even have been here since he was young and had grown up here. How can her pronunciation be compared to his?

Lin Ke Song suppressed her resentment, and read finish the first paragraph.

This report that Mayer could have finished in two minutes, Lin Ke Song recited for a full 10 minutes, needless to say about the many corrections Jiang Qian Fan did for her.

She felt that she was having oral lessons. Jiang Qian Fan's pronunciation was very nice to hear, very perfect, but every time she was interrupted, Lin Ke Song had a feeling that the other party wasn't trying to correct her for her own good, but was trying to pick on her.

She suppressed her anger with all her might, and Mayer at the side was constantly gesturing for her to calm down.

Until later when she started to read industry news, Lin Ke Song was totally going to go crazy. A chapter of the article, had too many words that she'd never seen before.

Like what "leavening agent", "hydrolysed collagen", "distillation", she didn't recognise them and they were hard to pronounce too, Lin Ke Song just couldn't read on.

As for Jiang Qian Fan, he corrected her page after page, that demand to have a perfect grasp of pronunciation totally drove Lin Ke Song to insanity.

"You think it's annoying that I correct your pronunciation?"

Just as Lin Ke Song was about to smash the tablet pc into his brain, Jiang Qian Fan asked.

Can she be honest? Can she really say the truth?

The problem is that she doesn't dare to ah! this is Jiang Qian Fan's territory! This chap just saw a psychologist last night!

"I'm only annoyed at myself, why I can seem to learn properly." She admitted her annoyance, but didn't admit the reason for her annoyance, she doesn't believe that this way, Jiang Qian Fan would be able to hear her lie!

"What time is it, Mayer?"

"It's nine o'clock already."

Lin Ke Song then realised that she'd actually already read for two and a half hours?

"Let's go ba, to the airport." Jiang Qian Fan got up.

Lin Ke Song's throat was so parched it was smoking up, grabbed the glass at Jiang Qian Fan's place and gudugudu, drank till the base of the glass could be seen.

After she finished drinking, she wondered, whether OCD, autism, obsessive disorders and the like are contagious.

They sat in the car, and Jiang Qian Fan stayed silent on the way. Good thing Mayer was seated in the passenger seat, continuing to read the news for Jiang

Qian Fan, otherwise, the silent atmosphere will totally freeze Lin Ke Song up.

When they reached the airport, Miller took the luggage down, and placed them on a trolley.

And Mayer actually handed his tablet pc to Lin Ke Song saying: “Ms Lin, because sir handed me some tasks, I have to stay in New York, so for the few days in Washington, please take care of sir.”

“Ah? you’re not going?”

If it were only her and Jiang Qian Fan together..... doesn’t it mean it’s going to be so frozen they’re going to become popsicles?

“Yes. If sir needs so, remember to read the news to him.” Mayer blinked.

Lin Ke Song’s face collapsed to the ground. Even though through reading the news to Jiang Qian Fan she is able to correct her pronunciation and broaden her vocabulary, have a free English teacher, and enjoy 1v1 VIP treatment..... but this teacher had expectations that were too high, she wouldn’t be able to bear it ah!

Good thing the both of them didn’t have much luggage, Lin Ke Song too, wasn’t those kind of ladies who needed to bring the whole house and do facials the moment they walk out of the house, two average luggage, when pushed, is actually pretty light and convenient.

But if she were to push the luggage, who will bring Jiang Qian Fan through customs to the boarding gate? It so big and spacious here, once you’re careless, you’d bump into people.....

At this time, she heard a familiar voice.

“Hey! You guys are here!”

An outfit of casual clothing, a lady wearing sunglasses brisk walked towards them.

When she drew up to Jiang Qian Fan’s arm, Lin Ke Song realised that she was Iris.

“Chef Quentin? You are going to Washington too?”

“Of course. Chef Montgomery isn’t only Mr Jiang’s teacher, he’s also my

teacher.” Iris smiled when she saw Lin Ke Song: “didn’t expect that Mr Jiang would actually bring you to Washington?”

Lin Ke Song was stunned, turns out Jiang Qian Fan and Iris came from the same place ah! she thought this whole journey will be her and Jiang Qian Fan only, didn’t expect that Iris would be around.

She likes Jiang Qian Fan so much, will probably take good care of him ba?

“Mayer is busy. If I don’t bring her along, who would carry the luggage?”

Jiang Qian Fan’s reply made Lin Ke Song feel like she was suddenly stabbed.

It’s been a long time since she was attacked..... what a painful realisation.

She really thought that he brought her along just to show her face to grand teacher Montgomery. Actually it’s just as a porter.

“Ms Lin’s strength is actually so great? It’s troublesome to drag this luggage along, put them together ba.”

Not even waiting for Lin Ke Song to talk, Iris had already placed the luggage on the trolley.

Lin Ke Song had just gaped, but Iris just held onto Jiang Qian Fan and walked towards the security channel.

Looking at their backs, Lin Ke Song could only think about the comment of “handsome man capable lady, a couple made for each other”.

And she, pushing the luggage became something that was laid out beforehand.

Forget it, at any rate, Iris had taught her before.

Their seats were first class. And even Lin Ke Song got to share the spotlight.

Even though it was only an hour plus of flight, when Lin Ke Song sat in the spacious seat, and could even lift her legs to avoid travel fatigue, she felt it was totally worth it even it’s being a porter ah!

It’s just that on the way, Lin Ke Song could feel Jiang Qian Fan’s indifference.

He would answer Iris’ questions from time to time, topics about cooking techniques and handling of ingredients, Lin Ke Song had to try very hard to be able to understand. And Jiang Qian Fan’s face, never once faced her direction,

like she really had become air.

Lin Ke Song actually wanted to close her eyes to sleep, but she had no sleepiness at all.

Until the plane landed, she was only like a shadow following behind Jiang Qian Fan and Iris.

The one that pushed the luggage from the airport was her too, Iris had no intentions to be polite.

Mayer had long arranged for someone to pick them up.

The car left the airport, and headed downtown.

This city had many world war II monuments or buildings. Like the Washington monument, Lincoln Memorial, *etc.*

When they passed by the Whitehouse from a far distance, Lin Ke Song's face was almost plastered to the car's window.

"Oh....." she looked at the white building dazedly, the marble under the sun seemed exceptionally bright.

Iris who was originally sitting in the back row suddenly laughed: "Ke Song, is this your first time seeing the Whitehouse?"

"It's my first time seeing it in person. Is it possible to visit the Whitehouse?"

When Lin Ke Song turned her head around, and saw Iris through the gap of the chairs, she then understood that in Iris' eyes, she was like a tourist who had never seen the world.

"Of course you can. But Mr Jiang and I are very busy, there might not be anyone free to bring you."

"Oh." Lin Ke Song sat straight, and looked forward.

She doesn't wish to visit the Whitehouse with Jiang Qian Fan or Iris ah, will totally lose all the fun in touring.

She glanced at Jiang Qian Fan, the other party's facial expression was as indifferent.

And Iris clearly knew what topics would arouse his interest, even though most

of the time it was Iris giving her opinion, but Jiang Qian Fan would express his agreement from time to time and succinctly express opinions.

They reached a luxurious hotel, just walking in would let people feel it was magnificent, like a palace.

She had just alighted from the car, and she realised there was someone who helped her take the luggage in.

Iris accompanied Jiang Qian Fan to the reception, to confirm the room details.

Lin Ke Song stood at the side, a receptionist greeted her with a smile, the other party had a clean smile, and small dimples had much affinity.

Don't know what happened, Iris requested of the receptionist to verify some details about the rooms.

"You must have gotten it wrong. How can Mr Jiang only book one room?"

"We are sure, Mr Mayer only booked one room for Mr Jiang and Ms Lin." The hotel staff courteously replied.

"Mr Jiang, do you want to confirm with Mayer. How can he make this kind of mistake?" Iris could not accept it.

"Mayer won't make mistakes. He definitely has his reason." Jiang Qian Fan's voice was calm.

Hearing that he had no intention to object, the hotel staff prepared to send the luggage up.

Lin Ke Song tilted her head as she handed her passport to the reception, then she realised that she was actually going to share a room with Jiang Qian Fan?

Mayer doesn't look that old ah, his brain doesn't have a problem ba.

Iris gave a look to Lin Ke Song, that warning look was totally too obvious.

Lin Ke Song swallowed her saliva, and smiled towards that handsome dimpled guy, asking: "That, may I ask if there are any other rooms available?"

The Jiang Qian Fan who had already walked towards the lift suddenly spoke: "Mayer let you take over his place. Don't you understand?"

"Ah?"

At that moment, Lin Ke Song suddenly understood. That hotel room could not compare to the villa that Jiang Qian Fan was familiar with, he needed to have someone look after him.

At this time, the handsome dimpled guy lowered his head and said softly: “the room Mr Jiang booked is a deluxe suite, it comes with a suite room.”

So she was to stay in the suite room?

She had thought that she and Jiang Qian Fan were going to share a room! A hassle for a half a day because she was mistaken ah!

Jiang Qian Fan did not say another word, and had already walked into the lift. Taking advantage of the lift doors not having closed yet, Lin Ke Song hurried in, her head was rather abruptly caught between the lift doors.

“Aiya!”

Jiang Qian Fan never moved at all, his expression indifferent as always.

Iris irritably looked away.

“Ms Iris are you staying in this hotel too?” Lin Ke Song asked.

“No, I have a place in Washington.”

Lin Ke Song’s heart repeated this sentence, totally over the top ah. you actually have a place to stay, then why did you follow us here for?

The hotel staff helped them open the room door, and pushed the luggage in. Iris opened her purse, gave the other party a tip, very much like a queen.

Lin Ke Song had thought at first that this deluxe suite room would only have two rooms, but she had totally gotten it wrong. Apart from Jiang Qian Fan’s master bedroom and Lin Ke Song’s suite room, there was still a study room and a guest room.

The carpet under the feet was soft and meticulous, the colour was a light yellow, making the whole room seem warm and cosy. The interior was that of a luxurious European style, with various embossed styles, making it seem gorgeous like a European palace, but Lin Ke Song could not help worrying about whether Jiang Qian Fan would accidentally bump and hurt himself.

She went to the door of the master bedroom, and saw a very spacious and wide double bed from the half-opened door, the double bed also had a tray on it, and it seemed like there was chocolate, and roses on the tray.

As expected, a luxurious hotel is different, the placement of the dessert and fresh flowers had that much more romantic and graceful atmosphere.

Lin Ke Song had just taken half a step forward, and she saw a hand reach across, and took away the chocolate in the tray.

That was Iris's hand, she was sitting on Jiang Qian Fan's bed.

There was obviously a sofa by the bed, she doesn't sit on the sofa, why must she sit on the bed?

And Jiang Qian Fan took out a cane, lengthened it, and gently tapped it on the floor, the cane tapped past the edge of the bed, the continental windowsill, the edge of the sofa, like it was determining the worth.

"at your nine o'clock direction, walk forward two steps, it's the coffee table. There is a tea set on the coffee table." Iris reminded.

"Thank you."

A few minutes later, Iris accompanied Jiang Qian Fan out of the room, to the living room.

"walk five to six steps towards your 12 o'clock and it's the sofa. Walk straight towards your six o'clock direction for about 20 steps to reach the study room's door. About two arm's length to your left, is the dressing table....."

Lin Ke Song then understood the reason Iris came up with Jiang Qian Fan to the hotel room — to help him familiarise with the environment.

Word count: 3831 words

Honesty in a rainy night

When Jiang Qian Fan had totally familiarised with the layout here, iris turned to Lin Ke Song and said: “please sort out Mr Jiang’s clothes into the closet, and line them accordingly to the numbers on the hangers. Mr Jiang and I are going to have a look at the new restaurant that’s opened in Washington, don’t know when we’ll be back. If you wish to tour the Whitehouse or something, feel free to do so.”

Lin Ke Song tilted her head, and thought that even though Mayer’s intention was for her to look after Jiang Qian Fan, why did Iris’ attitude make her feel this profound?

And Jiang Qian Fan’s back constantly faced her.

A straight spine, a meticulous suit, his held on to the cane, and walked towards the door.

Lin Ke Song suddenly had an illusion, that Jiang Qian Fan’s back view made the division between both their worlds.

Iris placed her hand on Jiang Qian Fan’s arm, the both of them left.

The cold atmosphere finally dispersed, Lin Ke Song was slightly relieved.

She opened Jiang Qian Fan’s suitcase, and according to what Iris said, sorted his suits and coats into the bedroom closet.

These suit were either black or navy blue, the designs too were very simple and neat. Lin Ke Song could imagine, if it were an average guy wearing this kind of outfit, it’d definitely be old-fashioned.

But it was different for Jiang Qian Fan, he made black look rich and deep.

After arranging the coats, Lin Ke Song made sure that she didn’t make a mistake in the order, she decided that since she had come all the way to Washington, she would properly have fun. who cares if she were a country

bumpkin tourist.

Good thing that the night before, Lin Ke Song had strategized on the internet.

She left the hotel, and because she hadn't made any reservations beforehand, she couldn't enter the Whitehouse, and could only take pictures outside the Whitehouse.

Just as she finished taking a couple of photos with her phone, she realised that only her head was big, and the scenery behind wasn't even captured, Lin Ke Song found a passer-by, and finally got two pictures. After leaving the Whitehouse, Lin Ke Song went to the Congress. One needed to have more affinity here than the Whitehouse.

Tired from walking, she had afternoon tea at a café by the road.

the same waffle and earl grey tea, made Lin Ke Song's eyebrows crease.

The waffle was too sweet, it was like eating a big mouth of granulated sugar. Because there was no honey on the surface, after baking, the crust wasn't crispy enough, and it wasn't soft on the inside.

As for the earl grey tea, it was even more disappointing. The milk and tea fragrance was totally not in balance, and the flavour of the tea leaves had too much of a punch, there was absolutely no sense of gentleness like the previous earl grey tea.

..... wait, was she being picky?

If it were before, would she even think about the whether the crust of the waffle was wiped with honey before baking? The quality of the tea leaves of earl grey milk tea is completely irrelevant!

Aiya! Finished finished! She has been by Jiang Qian Fan's side for too long, and has contracted his "perfectionism syndrome"!

Will she ever be able to eat things happily in the future ah!

Unconsciously, the sky had gradually darkened.

Lin Ke Song realised, it was most probably because it was about to rain.

Looked at her watch, it was still early. Lin Ke Song paid, used her hands to

shelter her head, and ran to the mall opposite the café.

Lin Ke Song shopped around in low spirits, the shop assistants were all every polite, but she had no intention to buy anything.

It wasn't because she found the merchandise here too expensive, but it was because the design and size were totally unsuitable.

She had a small bone structure, her body as according to Song Yi Ran's words, cover the face, and no matter, from the front, back, left, or right, you wouldn't be able to tell it was a woman's. so the clothes and shoes here were more suited to Lin Xiao Xue, that kind of exquisitely fashionable girl.

And at this time, in a fine dining Chinese restaurant, Jiang Qian Fan and Iris sat opposite each other, the boulevard outside the window where rain poured on was like a scene out of a movie.

Jiang Qian Fan picked up a piece of asparagus, the action of sending it to his mouth had no extra modification, but it seemed low profiled and introverted, with its own kind of mysterious elegance that silently crept along the line of sight. Furthermore, his fingers were naturally long, the posture of holding the chopsticks, was that of a rarely seen gentle demeanour.

When he swallowed the food, the lines in his neck rose and fell, introducing people into reveries, a different kind of sexy.

Iris watched him, gave a laugh: "really fortunate that your eyes can't see."

She was different from Jiang Qian Fan, because she wasn't used to using chopsticks, so she was using the fork and knife.

"I never knew that this was a fortunate thing."

Jiang Qian Fan's voice, was like melted snow, calmly flowing down from the mountains, but still at an icy temperature.

"This way, those who are looking at you in fascination will not feel awkward."

Jiang Qian Fan did not reply Iris, but slowly turned his head, lowering his eyelids slightly.

After 10 seconds of silence, Iris laughed lightly: "the previous time when you met rain with me, you also had this expression. Are you able to hear anything

from the sounds of the rain?”

“Nothing.” Jiang Qian Fan lowered his head again, and cut a small piece of striped bass, “What time is it?”

“4.30pm, why?”

“this rain will probably continue for a long time.”

“So we are not in a hurry to leave, can slowly taste.”

Jiang Qian Fan only had a bite from the dish in front of his, and he put his chopsticks down onto the white marble chopsticks holder.

“What’s wrong? Is there something wrong with the asparagus soup?”

“in Chinese cuisine, it is one of the most commonly used seasonings. Under normal circumstances, it is boiled in the soup base of lean meat, chicken and ham.”

“is there something wrong with this soup base? I think it’s very delicious.”

“the ratio of the ham is too much. The asparagus is originally a vegetable that has a clear and light taste, too much ham, will spoil this kind of taste.”

Iris showed a thinking expression, and had another mouth, then immediately nodded: “indeed it is.”

At this time, Jiang Qian Fan slowly stood up: “Let’s go ba, I wish to go back to the hotel.”

“What’s wrong?”

“I wish to rest.”

“Rest?” Iris frowned, “or is it because you’re worried about whether Lin Ke Song has really gone touring at the Whitehouse?”

“What does she touring the Whitehouse have to do with me?” Jiang Qian Fan’s voice was cold, and even his expression had no change.

“Because it’s raining, you worry that she’ll get drenched. Because this isn’t New York, you are worried that she’ll get lost. Even if she didn’t go out and is quietly staying in the room, it’s almost dinnertime already, you hope that the person sitting opposite you is her.”

Iris sat at her original place, quietly looking at Jiang Qian Fan.

“what I want is to return to the hotel, not to look for her.” Jiang Qian Fan stopped his steps slightly, “Furthermore, Iris, speculating other people’s moods may not be your expertise, but understanding other people’s moods is my expertise.”

“What’s wrong? Can you hear the idolisation and admiration Lin Ke Song has for you?”

“no. I hear the dissatisfaction and disdain you have for Lin Ke Song. You think she is someone who has no basic understanding for cooking and has not the slightest sense for this art. You think she totally does not deserve any of my efforts, and is impossible for her to stand out in this field. And even more, you don’t think that I really treat her as a student to teach.”

“isn’t that so?” Iris laughed lightly, “until now, what has she learned? I admit that she cut the salmon and steak very well, but so what? The days that she spends beside you, if it were any chef from our back kitchen, with your guidance, would have long had improved by leaps and bounds.”

“the salmon and steak skill you talk about, Pepper learned it for a week, Ke Song only used a day.”

“Alright then, even if she really has talent, where do you have the confidence that she will be able to win the competition in three months?”

“I never said that I wanted her to win.” Jiang Qian Fan’s voice was as calm as water.

On the contrary, Iris who was in front of him was extremely agitated.

“Then what’s that point of bringing her to your side?”

“A person, who wants to make a difference in an area, must first accept it, then love it. This is the start for everything.”

Iris was stunned.

Slowly, her face showed an expression of disbelief: “So..... you really plan to accept her as your student?”

“She has the most perfect sense of taste that I’ve ever seen.”

After saying so, Jiang Qian Fan tapped his cane gently, and walked towards the door.

At the moment the door opened, the threads of rain fell according to the wind, and the smells of the fresh green leaves blended into one body, the heaven and earth seemed to broaden up.

When Jiang Qian Fan returned to the hotel room, everything was very quiet.

He opened the closet, slowly stretched his hand, fingertips touching the clothing inside.

Iris came to his side, had a look and said: "She didn't place the clothes wrongly. The order is as per your usual."

"Thank you." Jiang Qian Fan said so, then sat back onto the sofa.

"do you need me to read you the news?" Iris asked.

"No need. See you tomorrow."

Iris gaped, and had actually wanted to say something, but in the end only smiled helplessly.

At this time, Lin Ke Song was already seated on a high seat at Starbucks, looking at the tips of feet in boredom.

Dunno whether Jiang Qian Fan has already reached the hotel.

He's probably having dinner with Iris ba.

Even if they return to the hotel, it's definitely talking with Iris about the different types of ingredient matching or about innovative cooking practices.

She was only and outsider.

Really don't feel like returning ah!

And, she could feel the indifference Jiang Qian Fan has for her. If Iris was accompanying Jiang Qian Fan, it'll still be fine. But if there was only Lin Ke Song and him left in the room, it'd really be too awkward.

Thinking about it, for the whole day today, he didn't even say three sentences to her.....

Just where did she provoke him?

God ah, even if it's death, can't die without knowing the cause ah!

Rain was still pouring, the shopping mall was about to close too.

Lin Ke Song couldn't help but go to the mall's entrance, grab a cab, and return to the hotel.

She thought, it's so late, Jiang Qian Fan is probably already asleep ba.

When she returned to the suite room, the whole room was in a state of pitch blackness.

dluck!

Lin Ke Song did not switch on the light, afraid that a ping of any slight sound will disturb Jiang Qian Fan awake.

When she tiptoed to the direction of her room, the cold voice moved along the lines of darkness and pierced into the depths of her brain.

“You sure you don't need to switch on the lights?”

It was obviously a question, but it was in the tone of a statement.

Apart from Jiang Qian Fan, she couldn't think of anyone else.

Lin Ke Song swallowed, her shoulders frozen. She herself didn't know why she was this afraid of Jiang Qian Fan, this feeling was totally different from skipping classes and meeting the teacher.

Two to three seconds later, Lin Ke Song returned to the front, and switched on the lights.

Jiang Qian Fan at the sofa was still in that suit, the tightly clasped collar made Lin Ke Song feel that what was grabbed on wasn't the other party, but her own neck. His hands ledged onto the top of the cane, the sitting posture that didn't move any bit added to the tension.

“Mr Jiang..... you haven't slept?” Lin Ke Song asked uncertainly.

Was Jiang Qian Fan waiting for her?

“you think Washington is safe, lawful and orderly like a place of paradise?”

Lin Ke Song shook her head.

“Then do you know what time it is?”

Every sentence Jiang Qian Fan said wasn't long, but it had impact.

“ten twenty.”

“I didn't know Washington's raining night view was that mesmerising, enough to make you wander and forget to return.”

Jiang Qian Fan's words were very clear. Which was, it was obviously raining outside, you Lin Ke Song didn't rush home, where did you blindly stroll to?

“I didn't bring an umbrella, so I was just at a mall waiting for the rain to get lighter before coming back..... but unexpectedly, it kept raining, and didn't stop.....”

“You think that you won't be seen through if you lie in front of me, right?”

Jiang Qian Fan's voice was so cold to the bone.

But Lin Ke Song felt infinite rage.

It was raining outside, she wandered around, not wishing to come back, wasn't it because of this guy in front of her?

Will he die if he doesn't see through a lie?

Because he couldn't see, so he doesn't know what “turning a blind eye” meant?

“Anyway you don't wish to see me, isn't me staying outside to your wishes? Mr Jiang, if there's something about me you're dissatisfied with, please tell me upfront!”

You are already cold enough, if you still use cold violence to treat others, it's totally twice the pressure.

“I'm neurasthenic, sorry for making you uncomfortable.”

Jiang Qian Fan's words were short but it produced the effect of a stab that ended a life.

Lin Ke Song suddenly understood, he had really heard her call to Song Yi Ran

that day.

But she was only ranting, he could hear her from that far away? What kind of hearing is this ah!

Jiang Qian Fan had already gotten up, and walked to his room.

Lin Ke Song intended to follow him, but when she walked into the other party's room, she felt intensely awkward.

What was she to say? Sorry, I shouldn't have said you were neurasthenic? Or say sorry, I've misunderstood you, actually you aren't neurasthenic? Or the neurasthenic one is me, please don't mind?

Ai yo! Neurasthenia put people in trouble ah!

At this time, Jiang Qian Fan whose back was facing Lin Ke song, unbuttoned the buttons on the suit, and took his coat off, slowly walking in the direction of the closet.

Lin Ke Song knew that she should go up to help hang his clothes, but she just didn't know how to move her legs.

“That..... I know your hearing is very sensitive. So a volume that is small to an average person, where the sound will not affect the rest or thoughts, to you..... is actually very loud. Even though I understand, but I have no way to experience the same thing as you..... so I..... I don't really think you have 'neurasthenia'..... I was only ranting to a friend, in that moment I couldn't find another more appropriate description..... I don't actually hate you or disrespect you..... even your pursuit for perfection, even though I'm unable to do so myself, but I really admire you. So, sorry.”

Lin Ke Song said such a huge chick, when she was finished, realised her brain was a blank slate.

She couldn't even remember what she'd just said, except for that last sentence of “sorry”.

Jiang Qian Fan had no reaction.

This made Lin Ke Song uneasy. Why wasn't he saying anything, why was there no expression?

Or did she say something that made him even more angry?

Maybe it wasn't even just "neurasthenia"?

Ah! finished! That psychologist must have told Jiang Qian Fan everything she said!

What "tight-lipped (tight as a bottle)"! the bottle was long shattered ba!

No wonder Jiang Qian Fan was always so cold, must be because he had a grudge against her!

"That..... actually obsessive and compulsive disorder and whatnot is not really a big deal ah! loving cleanliness is a good thing ma!" Lin Ke Song desperately thought of what she should say to make Jiang Qian Fan think she has finally 'empathised'.

Jiang Qian Fan's eyes could only differentiate light and shadows of objects, most of the time, to perceive something, apart from touch, hearing and smelling, its these senses that help make an image. In this world where he is unable to have a thorough perception, there harbours deep inside a kind of distrust. This kind of distrust, made him pursue pureness and cleanliness.

"Actually, you're also not that obsessive and compulsive. You only need someone that you can trust. As long as you have opened up your heart, your tolerance for the environment is higher than even mine."

Like that time when she was guiding him, squeezing through the crowd, in the train where there were all sorts of smells, and bumping into people of all shapes and sizes in the carriage, Jiang Qian Fan was calm, even his eyebrows never lifted.

"and the obsessive compulsive disorder in pursuing the perfection of taste, isn't actually obsessive compulsive disorder. Any master of their field, has their own pursuit of perfection. This dedication that is greater than any average person, allows them to get to a place further than any average person. And I, as only one of the average, your dedication makes me feel ashamed..... even though I don't know where this shame comes from..... so I hate your dedication, your perfectionism. But I also admire you for all these."

Lin Ke Song pursed her lips, thinking that she was going to be swept out of the

room by Jiang Qian Fan ba.

Since when was there a student who critiqued their teacher as “neurasthenic”, “obsessive”, “clean freak”, “obsessive compulsive disorder”?

Good thing, she hadn’t talked about “autism”.

But Jiang Qian Fan will automatically leave that point out ba.

“I’d originally thought, I was a ‘neurasthenic’ patient. Now I know, that I had cleanliness issues and obsessive compulsive disorder too.”

Lin KE Song’s heart thumped.

What? Dr Xie didn’t talk about these?

If he didn’t, why did Jiang Qian Fan keep silent and not say anything?

Is this to purposely dig a grave for her to jump in?

Why couldn’t she suppress herself ah?

“but the things you said before, are your honest words.”

Lin Ke Song was frozen there, looking at Jiang Qian Fan unbuttoning each button.

The long and smooth line of his neck was getting more obvious.

Through the slightly opened shirt, the ups and downs off his chest had a mysterious sexiness.

“Sorry……” Apart from this phrase, Lin Ke Song’s head was empty.

“If what you say are honest words, then there’s no need to apologise. In the future, don’t hang out too late into the night before coming home. Needless to say, in a totally foreign city.”

At this point, Lin Ke Song understood, Jiang Qian Fan was really seated on the sofa waiting for her to return.

“What are you still standing here for?”

“Ha?”

When Jiang Qian Fan took off his shirt totally, and exposed a back of rich intensity but not to the point of exaggeration, she reacted and realised that the

other party was going to shower.

“Goodnight, Mr Jiang!”

Lin Ke Song hurriedly exited, and closed the door.

Leaning against the room’s door, she looked up and exhaled.

Good thing good thing, she wasn’t hated by Jiang Qian Fan.

But as she was about to walk out of the bathroom, the phone in the room rang.

“Hello?”

“Lin Ke Song, come over to read the news.”

A cold voice, a tone that was fixed, apart from Jiang Qian Fan, who else can it be?

“What?” Lin Ke Song wondered if her ears had a problem. Or was she hallucinating?

It was already 11 at night, Jiang Qian Fan wasn’t going to sleep, read what news?

She hadn’t made things clear when the phone was already hung.

Lin Ke Song sat at the head of her bed, dazedly frozen for two seconds, then pounded the mattress intensely hard— — really crazy! Crazy!

In the future, she will not hold back on critiques on him!

Lin Ke Song hugged the tablet Mayer handed to her, and knocked on Jiang Qian Fan’s door.

“Come in.”

Lin Ke Song walked in carefully. In the middle of the large double bed, Jiang Qian Fan wore a pure white bathrobe and was seated at the head of the bed. His hair was not yet completely dry, he lifted his head, his fingers gently lifting his hair, revealing his noble forehead. Eyelashes that were slightly droopy, were like cicada’s wings waiting for a storm.

The bathrobe collar was originally relatively loose, his clavicle lines were clearly

visible.

All these, were reflected in Lin Ke Song's eyes, the other party's wet hair, slender fingers, even the lip line of the pursed lip became unusually sexy.

"Mr Jiang, what news would you like to hear?"

Lin Ke Song knew, even if she were to remind him that it was already very late, the other party would not change his mind.

And it was not easy, since their "cold war" seemed to have ended.

"Open "Gourmet"'s homepage, search for 'XingYue Hotel's reviews."

"Oh, okay."

Lin Ke Song searched in the station for a bit, and found 3 reviews. Opened the first one, and found out that there was a full 78 pages, reviews for every single dish of the hotel's, and even for the cold dishes.

Lin Ke Song stole a glance at Jiang Qian Fan, and wondered, just how long will she have to recite this till?

Couldn't have a good night's sleep today again?

Or this was a new way of punishment Jiang Qian Fan invented, the effect of it the same as the eight bowls of mint cabbage soup?

Lin Ke Song flipped another page, it was still this horrid and this long.....

Were these critiques reviewing fine food or movies ah?

"Recite ba." Jiang Qian Fan's voice sounded.

Word count: 3660

Same Bed Shared Pillow

Lin Ke Song swallowed her saliva, with a gentle speed, and proper articulation, recited the English text.

She was a little nervous, if Jiang Qian Fan was like this morning, correcting her pronunciation, punctuation, and at the same time explaining the English phrases, she'd probably not be able to sleep tonight.

After reciting a whole paragraph, all having to do with the description of the hotel dining environment. Lin Ke Song stopped, and looked towards Jiang Qian Fan's face.

He lifted his hand, and patted at the seat beside him.

"You're too far away. Sit here and read ba."

Lin Ke Song got even more nervous.

What did Jiang Qian Fan say? It can't be that she'd heard wrongly ba?

This bed was in fact quite big, Jiang Qian Fan was sitting in the middle. To recite with this distance between him and herself was indeed quite straining. But to sit against the bed with Jiang Qian Fan, is something Lin Ke Song wouldn't even dare to dream about.

When Lin Ke Song hadn't even reacted, Jiang Qian Fan had already stretched his arm, putting the pillow next to him against the head of the bed.

If this were another man, extending this kind of invitation, it would definitely be with a motive, even though she doesn't think that she has the ability for people to have motives towards her.

But this man was Jiang Qian Fan.

He has always walked the talk, and was so clean that he was of standards unreachable by the commoner.

These thoughts of having a motive towards another probably would have never surfaced in Jiang Qian Fan's mind.

Lin KE Song sat down nervously, carefully folding her legs. She thought that she could only sit on the blankets, but didn't think that Jiang Qian Fan would actually say lightly: "cover your legs."

Maybe she has been given the "cold treatment" by the other party for too long, this bit of his warm words, could make her feel totally unreal?

Jiang Qian Fan did not like to talk much, his words were never said the second time.

Lin Ke Song lifted the blanket, the scent that belonged to Jiang Qian Fan flooded towards her.

There was no smell that was this cold, and warm and fresh, that made people suddenly have the urge to snuggle in his arms.

She knew, Jiang Qian Fan's legs were somewhere not far from her, she was uneasy that she would touch him if she moved a bit.

She started reading, this was the first time, that she didn't know what her mouth was saying.

Because all her senses and attention were given to the man beside her.

She looked at him in the corner of her eyes, his side profile was beautiful, constantly calmly looking forward. His breath was obviously steady, but in Lin Ke Song ears, it sounded like the raging ocean in the dark, it became overwhelming without her noticing.

She knew that she had read some parts wrongly, and she knew the wrong in her broken sentences, but Jiang Qian Fan kept silent.

She was even starting to suspect, if he had fallen asleep with his eyes opened.

Lin Ke Song started to get drowsy, she rubbed her eyes, and stopped. Thinking that if Jiang Qian Fan did not say anything, it meant that he had fallen asleep, and she could go back to her own room already.

She read the seconds silently.

1, 2, 3, 4.....

Her eyes were heavy, Lin Ke Song said to herself, that she would only close her eyes to rest for a few seconds, a few seconds later, she would return to her room.

But not long later, her head tilted, leaned against the pillow, thoughts completely lax, that tiny bit of determination to wake up disappeared.

A few minutes later, the tablet in her hands tilted to the side, and fell onto the blanket.

The guy who was seated quietly as a statue beside her reached his hand out, and placed the tablet on his side.

Not long later, soft snores sounded.

Jiang Qian Fan turned his face, like he was making sure of the source of sound by leaning over. One of his hands was placed at the side of Lin Ke Song's pillow, the other hand gently covering the blanket, pulling it up.

That fragrant scent lured Lin Ke Song to turn her head over.

Like there was something soft that touched the side of her face.

Everything was like an illusion.

Jiang Qian Fan's hand went around the pillow, placing Lin Ke Song's upper body down, then pulled the blanket up.

As he was retrieving his hand, his finger flitted past the top of her nose, and stopped. The finger slid across the bridge of her nose, forehead, not into her hair, stroking her hair gently.

When she woke up again, blurrily looking at the European styled walls.

There were sounds of flowing water from the bathroom not far away.

Lin Ke Song was startled alert, suddenly sitting up.

Where was this place?

She dazedly looked at the surrounding, her last memory in her mind was of her reciting the news while sitting at the head of the bed, and Jiang Qian Fan was seated beside her!

Turning her head over, Lin Ke Song realised that on the other side of the bed, laid the tablet flat in the blankets.

So..... this was Jiang Qian Fan's room!

This was Jiang Qian Fan's bed!

And even the blanket was Jiang Qian Fan's!

Countless exclamation points pressed heavily in Lin Ke Song's mind, the only thought Lin KE Song could think was: finished.

At this time, the bathroom door opened, Jiang Qian Fan walked out.

He had already put on a shirt, walked to the front of the closet, fingertip pointing through the rack, retrieving a casual style suit.

Lin KE Song stayed seated, holding her breath, her heart beat almost exploding.

She thought that if she had occupied Jiang Qian Fan's territory, even if he doesn't kick her down, he'd at least go to another room to sleep ba?

Slowly stretching out her arms, she confirmed that there was still some warmth left in the place beside her..... which meant that Jiang Qian Fan had laid beside her yesterday.

His outfit was as neat as always, walking step by step towards her.

Lin KE Song grabbed on to the blanket, slowly looking up.

"What time is it now?" Jiang Qian Fan's voice was bland.

There was no one else here, he could only be speaking to her. So..... he knew that she was already awake?

Weren't his eyes unable to see? Can he not be so sharp?

Lin Ke Song couldn't feel for her phone, hurriedly felt for the tablet at the side, switching it on.

"It's eight twenty."

"leaving for Montgomery's at nine. Don't be late."

"Understood!"

Lin Ke Song lifted the blanket with a boom, and rushed out of the room.

When she returned to her room's bathroom, her ears started to redden as she faced the mirror to wash up.

God ah, seeing Jiang Qian Fan putting on his shirt in front of her this morning..... felt magical.

Good thing no one else saw it, otherwise there'd be misunderstandings, and even if she jumped into the Pacific Ocean, she wouldn't be able to wash them away.

Just as she was showering, the hotel service staff had already pushed the meal cart into the suite room, and placed the breakfast on the table.

The whole breakfast was very silent. The only fortunate thing for Lin Ke Song was, that she did not need to recite the news beside him.

When they left the hotel's entrance, Iris' car had already arrived.

Good thing Iris had dressed ordinarily, an off shoulder t-shirt and jeans, otherwise, Lin Ke Song would think that her outfit was not respectful enough to meet a great chef of the culinary world.

The car drove into a compound, and stopped in front of a villa four storeys high.

A round arched door was built outside the villa, the door had colourful balloons attached, puffing the words of "forever young Montgomery".

Many cars were already parked neatly outside the villa, and there were even Astons, Bugatties and luxury cars.

There was even an inflatable bounce castle on the lawn, there was a figure dressed as a clown guarding the entrance of the castle. Laughter of children could be heard from the castle. But the clown's tummy was simply too big, if it was just looking at the silhouette, Lin Ke Song would think that it was Kentucky!

Outside the bouncy castle, there were dining tables, filled with plates and drinks. Many were talking and eating at the same time.

When they saw Jiang Qian Fan alight the car, with Iris holding onto him and walking over, all eyes were focused on them.

Lin Ke Song felt like it was walking on the red carpet.

At this time, the clown with the big tummy that was in front of the castle suddenly got to the front of Jiang Qian Fan and Iris, reaching his hands out to them.

The guests who were eating and chatting at the party started laughing.

Iris sighed, turned her head to Lin Ke Song and said: “Ke Song, go to the car and bring the gift for teacher Montgomery over ba. Teacher, you were flash the previous year, batman last year, should I be relieved you aren’t superman this year?”

Lin Ke Song then understood, this big bellied clown was actually Montgomery!

The clown didn’t say anything, only rubbed his big belly. Everyone started laughing again.

Iris turned to look at Lin Ke Song, gestured with her jaw, to ask why she hadn’t gone over.

Lin Ke Song sighed in her heart, and just as she was about to turn around, Jiang Qian Fan suddenly opened his mouth: “Do you know where the present is placed?”

“I should be able to find it ba. The car is only that big.”

“I’ll go with you.” Jiang Qian Fan patted Iris’ palm that was on his arm, removed his own hand, and reached towards Lin Ke Song’s direction.

Even though he didn’t directly ask Lin Ke Song to get the gift on her own, but Iris’ expression wasn’t that good.

That joy in Lin Ke Song’s heart ah!

This outcome was partly probably due to the heart to heart communication that she and Jiang Qian Fan had last night ba.

“Forget it, George has already sent the present over.” Even though Iris’ face carried a smile, the expression was obviously not great.

The big bellied clown happily received the present, and opened one of the boxes. He looked towards Jiang Qian Fan and Iris, Iris smiled saying: “This is my

gift.”

Opening it, there was actually a very dreamy merry go round night light.

The clown revealed a smile, gave Iris a bear hug, to show thanks.

Then he pointed to Jiang Qian Fan, disassembled the remaining gift.

A little yellow duck jumped out, and just nicely bumped into the clown’s face.

Everyone laughed, the clown rubbed his face, pointed to Jiang Qian Fan and waved his finger.

Lin Ke Song didn’t understand the meaning, but Iris said: “Qian Fan, teacher Montgomery practically doesn’t believe that this gift was picked by you. He thinks that it should be Mayer’s idea.”

“It is Mayer’s idea.” Jiang Qian Fan admitted magnanimously.

Montgomery’s gaze followed Jiang Qian Fan’s shoulder and landed on Lin Ke Song.

“what is this cute lady’s name ah?”

This was the first time Lin Ke Song heard Montgomery’s voice. Cordial, carrying some mischief. No wonder Jiang Qian Fan said he was very childish.

“Hello, Mr Montgomery, my name is Lin Ke Song, you can call me Ke Song.”

“Your name is so adorable, it makes people wanna give it a bite. Jiang Qian Fan and Iris are all my students, but I don’t know whom you came with today?”

Iris laughed, moved half a step forward and said by Montgomery’s ear: “she is the student of Qian Fan.”

“Qian Fan’s student? Oh my god ah, even in my dreams I would have never thought Qian Fan would have any tiny bit of heart to teach.” Montgomery tilted his head, “Then Ke Song, you’ve come to my birthday party, what present did you prepare?”

Lin Ke Song was surprised, she looked at Jiang Qian Fan, it was him who said that there was no need to prepare a present ah.

“that means there isn’t one? That’s alright, give me a kiss in place of a present ba.”

Montgomery turned his face, pointing to his cheek.

Here, pressing faces as a greeting wasn't something too much, Lin Ke Song too did not need to really give a kiss.

She knew Montgomery was kidding with her, so generously went forward to touch the other party, when she felt someone hold onto her arm, pulling her back with much strength.

“Teacher, you're just as always, teasing people.”

Jiang Qian Fan's voice sounded.

Montgomery shrugged his shoulders regrettably and said: “Qian Fan, you're dislikeable just as always.”

After saying so, Montgomery turned around, and returned to the bouncy castle, to play with the children.

Iris went with Jiang Qian Fan to the guests.

After hearing their words, Lin Ke Song could pretty much guess their statuses. Some were famous critics in the dining industry, editors, journalists, some were great people of the food and beverage industry, and there were some who were star chefs like Iris. They were all the elites of this field, only she..... was comparable to none.

But Lin Ke Song has always been easy going, a world that she is unable to integrate into, she wouldn't force herself to do so.

She went to the food table, looking at the foods, Lin Ke Song almost burst out laughing.

Sausage buns, mini hamburger, jelly bean donuts.....

No matter how you look at it, it was food children ate.

She took a mini burger, gave it a bite and half of it was gone.

But with only a bite, she was enraptured by this amazing flavour. The fried meat patty was extremely crispy, and when it touched the teeth, it produced a *shasha* sound of crispiness. The patty was extremely tender, the meat juice was totally locked in. the cauliflower that was in the middle seemed to have been

seasoned beforehand, sweet and sour, extremely refreshing. The buns of the burger were fluffy soft too, carrying the fragrance of wheat. The flavours of the sauce and the patty fused together, a unique flavour.

Not only children would like it, the adults would have much praise too ba.

Just who made these food?

Even though it was only a simple mini burger, Lin Ke Song could feel the skilful grasp of flavours and ingredients.

Just as she was tasting carefully, someone suddenly covered her eyes from behind.

She got shocked, couldn't control her balance and fell backwards, and nicely knocked in to the other party's arms.

She intended to lock the other party's arms, thinking that someone wanted to cause trouble.

"That..... sir, I think you've gotten the wrong person."

The other party still didn't let go. She could even feel the other party's face sticking to her, rubbing gently.

Lin Ke Song got angry.

She knew that the people who were at Montgomery's birthday party were either well brought up or had high statuses, but the other party's actions were obviously unfitting.

Iris' eyes glanced over, and when she saw this, she only smirked, and continued chatting with others.

In front of them was the chairman of the cuisine association, David. He was very interested in Jiang Qian Fan's newly opened Chinese cuisine restaurant in Washington, and therefore said much about his ideas and opinions. And while Jiang Qian Fan didn't say anything, he was always listening.

"Sir, if you don't let go, then don't blame me for being impolite." Lin Ke Song used English in a low voice to seriously warn the other party.

But what Lin Ke Song could have never thought of was, that the other party

actually was aggravated!

She felt her ear being nibbled, her shoulders rose subconsciously, she wanted to avoid the other party, but the other party covered her eyes to the end.

Lin Ke Song's ears turned red. Because not only did the other party nibble her, she could clearly feel that the tip of that bastard's tongue hook past her ear, even though it was only for a very short time.

Just as she was about to lift her leg without mercy, planning to kick backwards at the other party's knee, a familiar voice sounded at her ear.

"Your English has improved a lot ma! That sentence before had no accent at all."

The other party let go, Lin Ke Song turned around, and saw Song Yi Ran's smiling face.

He looked carefree under the warm sunlight, and needless to say, a lazy smile was always hung at his lips.

"You..... why would you be here?"

"En, someone invited me here." Song Yi Ran hooked on to his pockets, leaning forward, asked with a smile. "did you think I had bad intentions towards you just now ah?"

At that moment, Lin Ke song almost lifted her hands to hold her ear, but she steadfastly endured.

"You're so annoying! When I said I was going to Washington, why didn't you say you were going to come over too?"

"If I didn't ask you, weren't you planning to not tell me you were going to Washington? In your heart, aren't you thinking that no matter how good of a friend there is no need to mention about your whereabouts in detail?"

Lin Ke Song finally understood. This chap was totally petty.

"why would someone invite you?" Lin Ke Song looked left and right, "where's your new girlfriend? You're definitely here as the male partner ba?"

Song Yi Ran's finger flicked Lin Ke Song's forehead: "what are you thinking

about? It's a university friend of mine that invited me. He is Mr Montgomery's grandson. The food today, is all prepared by him."

"Really? His culinary skills are totally great! Have you tried that mini burger? They taste absolutely great!"

Song Yi Ran raised his shoulders holding onto his pockets: "I only know his cooking standard is comparable to yours. I don't believe that in half a month, he can have much improvement."

Lin Ke Song took a sausage roll, and bit half of it, then put the remaining half in front of Song Yi Ran: "Look! The bread wrapping the sausage is so fluffy soft, before putting the sausage into the oven it was slightly pan-fried with butter, so that it'd be crispy when bitten down. He also used basil and thyme to season, doesn't taste greasy at all!"

"Really?"

"Really!"

Song Yi Ran suddenly lowered his head, and took the remaining sausage roll in Lin Ke Song's hand into his mouth.

His lips touched her own fingertips, that touch was soft and fleeting.

"En..... really didn't think, his standard would actually be this high already? Can't be that he found someone to make these in place of him to make his grandfather happy ba?"

"Hey, take whatever you want to eat yourself ah! why'd you eat what I just ate?"

"Because I know you ah. you've had all sorts of vaccines, physical examination results say you're very healthy, a high quality blood source that donates freely."

This chap was tuning nonsense again.

But with him around, Lin Ke Song suddenly felt that this impenetrable party became cute.

At this time, a young person walked out from the villa, brown hair, smiling happily. Many people greeted him, and he waved smiling back to them.

He came to Song Yi Ran's side, patted his shoulder: "Hey, Song! Did you eat the food I made?"

"eaten, tastes not bad. Why didn't I know you're of this kind of standard? At the barbeque party, the lamb chops you barbequed made me want to vomit when I saw lamb chops, for a whole month." Song Yi Ran looked at Lin Ke Song and introduced, "this is my classmate from New York school of business, Bruce Montgomery."

"Montgomery..... so he is Mr Montgomery's grandson?"

"Right ah," Song Yi Ran lifted his arm, and directly rested it on Lin Ke Song's shoulder, an image of two brothers who got along well, "Hey Bruce, this is my most important friend Lin Ke Song."

"Oh, Ke Song! Hello!" Bruce shook hands with Lin Ke Song, his fingers were very long, making Lin Ke Song suddenly think of Jiang Qian Fan, "Song! If Lin Ke Song is your most important friend, then what am I to you?"

"she and I have known each other for 10 years already. If one day the amount of time you and I have known each other surpasses Ke Song, then you too can become my 'most important' friend." Song Yi Ran pressed Lin Ke Song hard into his embrace.

That feeling of bone being twisted to smithereens made her start to feel pain.

Her ear was squashed on Song Yi Ran's chest, his heart beat was calm like a mountain, like a world that she had never known.

"aright ba, good to see you Ke Song. When you see me, do you have a sense of familiarity?" Bruce purposely put his face near Lin Ke Song.

"Because you look like Mr Montgomery?" Lin Ke Song asked not understanding.

"I'm saying, we participated in《Gourmet》, the culinary competition co-hosted by the Gourmet Union! I even saw you on television. Don't tell me you don't remember me?"

Lin Ke Song shook her head, and said embarrassed: "Actually I didn't really watch television programs, and somehow got told that I had passed the

auditions.”