

MADAM'S IDENTITIES SHOCKS THE ENTIRE CITY AGAIN Chapter 40

The smoke in the air carried the thick scent of spices from the pot.

Qiao Nian spoke to the middle-aged woman for a while and then got him to find a table.

This was the peak hour as it was the end of the day for school students and working adults. The 30 tables filled up very quickly.

Fortunately, they managed to get a table in the corner.

Ye Wangchuan saw her place her cell phone on the table as a form of reservation before turning to ask him, "Do you want chili in your mala soup base?"

Ye Wangchuan stood out in the crowd because of his height and demeanor. He eyed the bowl the young man beside him was eating out of.

There was a layer of chili oil in the white bowl.

His throat felt scratchy before even eating anything.

"... Add less of that."

Qiao Nian seemed rather excited about this and gestured back at him. "OK. How about blood curds?"

Everyone in the capital knew that Master Wang never touched such strange types of food. He wouldn't eat internal organs of any animals, not even foie gras.

It wasn't that he disliked it, but that he'd develop an allergic reaction.

Ye Wangchuan rubbed his temple. He could feel a headache setting in. When he responded, his voice was low and almost seductive, "I don't want that. Just give me a bowl of the ordinary noodles."

Qiao Nian blinked a few times at him. She then looked at him with her huge and dark eyes, as if she'd just discovered his weakness. She asked casually, "You can't eat internal organs?"

Ye Wangchuan had no idea how she could tell that. He hadn't said it himself.

Before he could say anything, the beautiful and suave girl had already looked away and was prepared to get the food. "No organs whatsoever and less chili, right? I got it."

The tables and stools by the stall were pocket-sized to him.

The table was less than half a meter high and the plastic stool was even lower than that. He felt as if it was a child's tea party play date.

The good thing, however, was that the boss was a clean and neat lady. Hence, even though the setting was simple, it didn't feel dirty.

He pulled a stool out and took a seat.

He was tall and had long limbs, so it was a little awkward to take a seat on the tiny stool. He felt as if there was no good way to position his legs.

This was the first time Ye Wangchuan put himself in such an uncomfortable situation. He felt more pathetic than when he had to dodge flying bullets.

“It’s here.”

Qiao Nian returned very quickly with two bowls. The bowls were evidently piping hot as steam lingered around the surfaces.

“This is yours, there’s less chili.”

A bowl of sour and spicy noodles was placed before him, and the scent hit him immediately. He could see a very thin layer of chili oil in the soup; it didn’t seem too spicy, indeed.

“This is mine.”

Qiao Nian pulled a stool out and took a seat. She had her noodles too, but the soup was a much brighter red. There was a thicker layer of oil in her soup and also some bean sprouts and duck’s blood curd besides noodles...

She got a pair of disposable chopsticks from the chopsticks holder on the table and handed them to him. She then took a pair for herself.

She seemed to be in a good mood. “You’ve got to have the mala soup while it’s hot. Aunt Chen’s cooking is really good. All the students and working adults nearby enjoy coming here to eat. Give it a try.”

“Mm.”

Ye Wangchuan looked at how much she seemed to be enjoying her food and felt as if his appetite had been whetted as well. He dipped his chopsticks into his bowl and tried some.

The noodles had absorbed the soup well and were packed with taste while the bean sprouts were freshly prepared before being added into the soup and so retained some of its lightness. He had never had such a dining experience by the roadside before and hadn't expected it to taste this good. The tips of his lips curled up and the coldness in his eyes dissipated. Like Qiao Nian, his shoulders were now relaxed.