

## MADAM'S IDENTITIES SHOCKS THE ENTIRE CITY AGAIN Chapter 402

Qiao Nian didn't know that the person she had randomly met on campus actually knew Fu Ge.

She had already arrived at the supposedly authentic Mongolian hot pot place.

"Miss Qiao, we're here."

The car drove into a quaint alley and stopped outside. It was Saturday, and Ye Wangchuan seemed to have taken her to a tourist attraction, as the narrow alley was full of bustling tourists. All sorts of different accents could be heard, along with many small shops of 10 square meters on both sides of the road. These shops sold porcelain, antiques, and beaded necklaces for 10 yuan.

She thought it would take a long time to get to the place he wanted to eat at. Who knew that after walking for a while, they stopped in front of a courtyard.

In the front street, the chatter of bustling tourists was very loud. A distance of one street away was a winding path, quiet and leisurely.

A big sweet-scented osmanthus tree was also planted in front of the door.

Osmanthus flowers were most fragrant in October, and its faint scent could be smelled all along the way.

Seemingly familiar with this place, Gu San said with a smile, "Miss Qiao, this is the place. This restaurant's Mongolian hot pot soup is very delicious. It can be said to be the most authentic in Beijing. Usually, diners need to reserve a table half a year in advance, and most people can't eat it."

Looking up at the eaves of green brick and green tiles in front of her, Qiao Nian said leisurely, "Mm-hm, I can tell."

Yuan Yongqin had bought her a courtyard house in Beijing.

It cost nine digits.

The location was not as good as this, and it was not as big either.

A Mongolian hot pot store in such a place was basically a private kitchen.

As long as the word “private house” was affixed, it was not a place that diners could eat at casually.

The price was as authentic as the taste!

Ordinary people might not even have heard of this place, nor would it appear on review apps. After all, most people couldn't afford it, let alone comment on the taste.

“Let's go.” Ye Wangchuan was familiar with this place and led Qiao Nian in.

Qiao Nian didn't care, she could afford it herself. But she couldn't reserve a place, so she followed him in very casually.

Only Gu San watched the two of them more casually. He thought about how excited he had been just now, rubbed the tip of his nose, and followed them inside sheepishly.

The courtyard was as big as Qiao Nian thought, decorated in the style of the old Beijing city. The decoration was not exquisite, there were no set of pavilions as seen in the south, and it was more of the rugged atmosphere of northern buildings.

The boss here seemed to know Ye Wangchuan very well.

As soon as they entered, the boss greeted him. After seeing Ye Wangchuan, he couldn't help but smile widely. He frequently looked in her direction and seemed to say something to Ye Wangchuan.

Not caring, Qiao Nian looked around lazily with her dark eyes.

Soon, the boss found an empty room for them and brought the pot over.

There was also a red dipping saucer that was different from sesame sauce.

Ye Wangchuan picked up the dipping dish with his beautiful hand and placed it in front of her. Sitting cross-legged, she was playing with her phone. Glancing at her posture, he said in a low voice, "It's a little spicy. Tell me if you can't stand it later, and I'll ask the boss to change it for you."

Gu San almost fainted at the sight of the red oil dipping saucer. He exclaimed in his heart, if other guests saw this dipping saucer, their eyes would definitely almost fall out!

After all, those in Beijing who liked Mongolian hot pot all knew that this private kitchen had many rules. They didn't allow many things and were very strict.

If they didn't follow the boss's rules, they wouldn't be able to come back in the future.