

Medical Genius' s Unspeakable Marriage Chapter 751

Everyone sat in the living room drinking tea, but Tate and Minerva went up, down, and all around the house a few times. This was the first time they had seen such a mansion and it was truly an eye-opening experience for them. Thus, they took photographs everywhere—on the balcony, by the swimming pool, in the rooms both upstairs and downstairs, and even in the two cars outside.

After that, they showed off on Instagram once again. The previous time they did so, they received countless likes and comments. The comments section was uniformly filled with various sentiments of envy and admiration.

There were even quite a few rich young men on Minerva's Instagram who began to show interest in her. Similarly, plenty of young women on Tate's Instagram boldly private messaged him and asked him out on dates. All in all, the circumstances were great for their vanity.

Now, they stunned their friends once again with their Instagram posts. The pictures of the luxurious pool and villa caused their social status to rise even further. It got to the point where even Jonah's boss' daughter, Lucia, liked their posts, making them ecstatic.

After the people inside the house chatted for a while, Helen realized it was getting late so she asked, "Chloe, would you like Matthew to send your family back to the hotel? You can stay here tonight so that we have more time together."

At this moment, Tate and Minerva happened to enter the house.

Immediately, Minerva commented, "There's no need, Aunt Helen. You haven't seen my mom in so long and you do indeed need to spend more time with her. How about we all stay here tonight? After all, we're family. We should really spend more time together and get to know each other better."

Upon hearing that, Jonah nodded repeatedly. Originally, he was quite satisfied with his four-star hotel, but that felt like trash now that he had seen the villa. Presently, he was no longer willing to go and stay at any hotel.

For her part, Helen was overjoyed. “Oh—that’s great! Come on, now. I have rooms prepared for you, and you can all go ahead and get some rest.”

And so, Tate and Minerva happily followed her upstairs and each claimed a room for themselves. Meanwhile, Jonah went to a guest bedroom on the third floor.

The villa had a great number of rooms, and each room was large as well as being comfortably and extravagantly decorated. No matter which room they stayed in, it was better than having to stay at a five-star hotel. By now, Tate and Minerva had long forgotten their complaints earlier tonight and they no longer wished to leave.

On the other hand, Demi and Sasha were contemptuous of the change in plans. Ever since this family returned, they had acted incredibly proud, as if they were superior for having lived overseas. Yet, they ate like ravenous beasts who were starved. And then, they even brought the wine bottles home. Even after that, they complained about wanting to stay at a hotel but wouldn’t leave now that they had seen the villa. What a truly shameless family!

Yet, Demi and Sasha couldn’t say anything as Chloe was their aunt. Since Chloe and Helen had the best of relationships, Helen would be furious if they chased the former’s family out of the house.

With nothing else to do, Tate and Minerva spent all night messaging their friends.

Early the next morning, Minerva directly went to knock on the door of Matthew and Sasha’s room. Blearily, Sasha got up and opened the door. “Oh, did you need something at such an early hour?”

Minerva asked excitedly, “Do you have a swimsuit, Sasha? Can you lend me one? I want to go swimming!”

For a moment, Sasha gaped at her. This was the first time she met someone wanting to borrow a swimming costume. How could such an intimate piece of apparel be loaned out?

“Uh... you’re going swimming at this hour?”

“Of course! My friends must be having lunch at this moment and if I post a story now, they’ll be able to see it. Besides, the swimming pool is so big. It’d be a waste not to use it!”

Suddenly, it dawned on Sasha that the request was only because Minerva wanted to show off.

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Now, it wasn’t as if Sasha didn’t have a swimming costume, but how could she lend something like that to someone else?

Hence, she answered politely, “I’m sorry but I don’t have a swimsuit as I rarely swim. How about I have someone bring you a suit?”

Even though she disliked Minerva, Chloe had treated Sasha well when she was a child and she could not forget that kindness.

However, Minerva anxiously protested, “Are you serious? You have such a big swimming pool at home but no swimsuit? How backward you locals are. You don’t know how to enjoy life at all!”

Out of respect for her aunt, Sasha gritted her teeth but didn’t retort.

After grumbling for a while, Minerva waved her hand. “Fine; have someone bring me a suit. But you must hurry or my friends will be

going back to work or class, and then they won't be able to see my story. They'll be very disappointed if they don't see me!"

Exasperated, Sasha could only call her secretary and have her secretary fetch her a swimsuit.

As if that wasn't bad enough, Minerva added the moment she made the call, "By the way, please let the person know that my swimsuit can't be too poor in quality as my skin is sensitive. If the fabric scratches my skin, I might develop rashes!"

Goodness—you're impossible to wait on! thought the exasperated Sasha.

Twenty minutes later, a Porsche drove up to the gates of the villa.

After exiting the car, Sasha's secretary handed a bag to her and said, "Here's the swimsuit you requested for, President Cunningham. You didn't happen to mention the brand you were looking for, so I took the initiative to get you one from Chanel. If you find it uncomfortable to wear, I can help you switch to a different brand."

This secretary of hers was quite a thoughtful and attentive one.

Since she thought Sasha wanted the swimsuit for herself, she took special care while selecting it.

Sasha smiled and answered, "This will do. I'm so sorry for bothering you so early in the morning!"

Flustered, the secretary replied, "Oh—it's not a problem at all, President Cunningham. If there's nothing else you need, I'll take my leave."

Upon hearing that, Sasha nodded.

With that, the secretary got back into the Porsche and left.

At this moment, Tate and Minerva were sitting in the courtyard and saw everything.

Immediately after the secretary left, Minerva ran over and questioned, "Is that your friend, Sasha? She has a Porsche! That's so cool! Is her family rich?"

Demi happened to reach the gate in time for this conversation and she sneered, "What do you mean 'friend'? That's my sister's secretary!"

Wide-eyed, Minerva repeated, "Secretary?"

"Yes; my sister's personal secretary," Demi elaborated. "She's responsible for helping Sasha manage her day-to-day business."

Also stunned, Tate called out, "What do you work as, Sasha? Why do you have a personal secretary?"

Upon hearing that, Demi proudly announced, "She's the president of Cunningham Pharmaceuticals! She's in charge of the whole company, so of course she has a personal secretary. How could she not?"

Just like that, Tate and Minerva were struck silent.

Indeed, from the previous night till now, they hadn't managed to ask a single question about Sasha or the rest of her family.

In truth, while they were still overseas, Chloe had told them more than once about Helen's family being poor.

Thus, they subconsciously thought of the Cunningham Family as destitute relatives who tried to take advantage of others at all times.

If it weren't for Chloe's sake, they wouldn't have attended the so-called family gathering upon their return to the country and because they found these poor relatives too shameful, they hadn't bothered to ask about how the family was doing now.

Naturally, that meant they were completely caught off-guard.

Presently, Minerva gaped at Sasha and the former asked, "Is that true, Sasha? Are you really the president of a company? I-Is your company large?"

However, Demi interrupted with a snort, “What? Did you think I was lying? Her secretary drives a Porsche. Does that sound like a small company to you?”

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Once again, Tate and Minerva were utterly stunned.

After all, the secretary had indeed arrived in a Porsche so clearly, the company wasn’t a small one.

Since she wasn’t particularly feeling the need to explain herself to them, Sasha simply handed the bag to Minerva. “Here’s the swimsuit you wanted.”

It was only then that Minerva realized the swimsuit that Sasha handed over came in a Chanel bag.

Naturally, she couldn’t help but shriek, “Wait—are you serious? Is this truly Chanel? It isn’t a fake, is it, Sasha?”

Upon hearing that, Sasha waved her hand impatiently. “I don’t know. The secretary bought it and you can wear it for now.”

Jubilantly, Minerva pulled the swimsuit out of the bag.

After studying it all over and being unable to determine whether it was genuine or counterfeit, she anxiously called out, “Come here, Tate! You used to work in luxury stores. Tell me if this is real or a fake!”

Tate then walked over and he studied it closely before exclaiming in shock, “It’s real. Look at the logo and the workmanship. It’s most definitely genuine.”

Nearly leaping with joy, Minerva exclaimed, “It’s so nice of you to get me a Chanel swimsuit, Sasha! It must have cost a ton. You have

to hold it up for me, Tate. I need to take a picture and post it on Instagram!”

Seeing as she was no longer needed, Sasha ignored them and went back into the house to get ready for work.

Not long after that, she and Matthew left together.

Since Tate and Minerva had nothing else to do, they spent hours by the pool busying themselves with taking all sorts of photographs and uploading all sorts of posts.

Luckily, their efforts were fruitful.

Upon seeing the spacious private pool and the Chanel swimsuit, their overseas friends were amazed and once again, Tate and Minerva were complimented to their hearts' content.

It wasn't until after 10 AM that they stopped.

Since Jonah had brought Chloe along to report for work, their children used the opportunity to seek out the chatting James and Helen.

“We'd like to go out for a spin, Aunt Helen. Can we borrow that car of yours?” Minerva asked cheerfully.

The question made James frown.

The vehicle they were referring to was the Mercedes-Benz G-Class he was driving.

He loved it to pieces and was not at all willing to lend it to outsiders.

Nevertheless, while Helen felt similar reservations, she was embarrassed to say no to her own niece and nephew. Thus, she asked in a low voice, “Do... Do either of you have a driver's license?”

Immediately, Tate answered, “Of course! I got mine two years ago.”

"I don't mean a foreign driver's license," Helen replied. "I mean a domestic one."

After pausing for a moment, Tate asked, "What's the difference?"

"A foreign license can't be used here," James commented firmly.

"What?" Tate asked anxiously. "Why not? If it can be used abroad, why can't it be used here? That makes no sense. Don't forget—the technology for manufacturing the Mercedes-Benz comes from overseas so it's not like I'm unfamiliar with it. Besides, do you know how strict the testing for my driver's license was? If I could get a license there, why can't I use it here?"

Upon hearing that, James pointed out incredulously, "It isn't a matter of the manufacturing process or the strictness of the driving test. The problem is that we have different driving habits. We drive on the right side of the road here, while you drive on the left side of the road. Do you think that's the same thing?"

"What kind of driving habit is that?" Tate mumbled. "I've never seen someone drive on the right side of the road!"

Feeling rather irritated at this point, James snapped, "Well, when in Rome, do as the Romans do! That's how we drive here and our laws are designed to abide by those habits. Do you have a problem with that?"

Waving his hand, Tate sighed in resignation. "Fine, fine; I get it. I'll just be careful to drive on the right side of the road. Can you give me the keys now? I swear, you nag so much just because I want to borrow a car. What now? Are you afraid I'll crash it?"

James could only gawk at him, stunned. How is it that Tate still fails to understand the point? It's like talking to a brick wall!

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Fed up, James exclaimed, "Goodness—it isn't a matter of whether I lend you the car! How... How can I possibly let you drive if you don't have a domestic license?"

Tate was rather annoyed as well and he snapped, "I told you that I have a license. If it bothers you so much, I'll drive on the right side of the road. Happy?"

By this point, James felt like his blood was boiling in his veins. This was the first time he met someone so annoyingly bad at getting the point.

"I thought I made it very clear that your foreign license can't be used here! It doesn't matter which side of the road you drive on. If you drive now, you're still driving without a license. Do you understand?"

Indignantly, Tate shot back, "What do you mean, 'driving without a license'? What do you think my foreign license is?"

James was about to blow a gasket and he simply glared at them without saying a word.

Quickly, Helen stepped in. "Tate, Minerva, it's simply that the government here is very strict about road safety rules. How about this—you tell us where you want to go and I'll have Liam take you there!"

Of course, Tate and Minerva exchanged a reluctant glance.

The reason they wanted to take the vehicle out for a spin was to show off. How could they show off with Liam driving?

"Hmph! If you don't want to lend it to me, fine! Do you think I f*cking care?" With that, Tate stomped off angrily.

Upon hearing that, James yelled angrily after him, "Must you talk like that? Of course I'd lend you the car if you had a driver's license, but how can I let you drive when you don't?"

"Alright, alright," Helen hurried to stop him. "That's enough. You have to be more understanding, okay? They don't know how it is here because they grew up overseas."

“Am I not being understanding enough?” James questioned incredulously. “Look at how they speak and behave! Do they think they’re fantastic for having been overseas? Their father is still just a managing director now that they’re back! They could earn, what, a million or two a year? Five, at most! We earn more than that in a month. What do they have to be so smug about?”

Mortified, Helen protested, “Stop it, James. Don’t you remember how much Chloe helped us? It’s the least we could do to humor them. Besides, they only behave like that because they’ve spent too much time overseas. Once they get used to how things are here, they won’t be like this anymore!”

“Let me tell you something—if it weren’t for the fact that Chloe helped us, I wouldn’t be so patient with them.” James sighed in frustration. “Fine, you can wait on them but I’m not going to be bothered with them anymore!”

With that, he stormed out of the villa, feeling like he could no longer tolerate this family.

Feeling helpless, Helen could only stay home to watch the two children.

Unfortunately, Tate and Minerva had no respect for other people’s homes and they proceeded to explore every room in the house and turn the rooms upside down.

After managing to find James’ Rolex watch, Tate even put it on and took pictures in various poses, once again showing off.

It was a good thing Helen found out in time and hurriedly returned the Rolex to its place; otherwise, James would undoubtedly go crazy upon finding out.

Since they couldn’t stand Chloe’s family, Matthew and Sasha didn’t go home for lunch.

Moreover, they even made plans to eat dinner outside.

Unfortunately, Helen called them right as they were meeting up after work.

“Sasha, you and Matthew need to come home immediately after work. Your uncle’s onboarding paperwork is done and they’re treating us to dinner tonight.”

Upon hearing that, Sasha groaned helplessly. “Dinner again, Mom? We just ate together last night! Can’t Matthew and I skip the dinner? We’re busy.”

“Of course not!” Helen answered immediately. “You must come back! Your aunt called us personally so you can’t embarrass her by not showing up!”

Since Sasha had nothing to say to that, she could only go home with Matthew.

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When Matthew and Sasha reached home, Chloe and Jonah were already seated in the living room.

Both of them were smiling breezily and they looked very pleased.

There was even a BMW SUV parked outside.

With a proud expression, Chloe told them, “Jonah’s boss values him a lot. As soon as we went over today, he received this BMW as a loan. The car’s not great but it’s better than nothing.”

Quickly, Helen nodded in agreement. “It’s not bad! It speaks to your abilities, Jonah; otherwise, why would your boss give you a car?”

On the other hand, Jonah looked a little embarrassed.

The truth was, he hadn’t been given the vehicle because the boss valued him—it was because of Leanna.

The moment he went to report for work today, Lucia called him over and asked about his relationship with Leanna.

Being a clever man, he immediately told her his niece was close friends with Leanna and had a very good relationship with her.

The moment Lucia heard that, she gave him the vehicle and even had him promoted.

Her main reason for doing so was that Creative Cloud Group's project was related to the life or death of their company.

Thus, Jonah's BMW had nothing to do with his own abilities—instead, it depended on Matthew's connections.

Of course, no one here knew that.

So, Tate and Minerva were extremely pleased and once again, they were taking a ton of photographs to show off on Instagram.

Matthew and Sasha, on the other hand, were speechless as they looked on.

What kind of lives did they live while overseas? they wondered.

"Alright. Since Sasha is home, let's go out to eat. You arranged for dinner last night so let me arrange for dinner tonight! I'll take you to a place you have never been before," Jonah announced mysteriously.

Taken aback, Demi asked, "Oh? What is this mysterious place?"

Smiling, Jonah replied, "It's a fantastical place. My boss has told me that only a handful of people in the entirety of Eastcliff would be able to enter this place. I am also allowed to enter only because my boss gave me a membership card. Moreover, the membership card is different from your membership card from last night. You only need to spend 500,000 to get a membership card at The Court Parlour, but even if you spent 500,000 tonight, you wouldn't be able to get a membership card at the place we're going to!"

Everyone in the room was taken aback. Was there such a place in Eastcliff?

Eagerly, Minerva chirped, "Wow, Dad, this place must be even more high-end than The Court Parlour! Your boss must have chosen a good spot. Ha! We'll be able to blow everyone's minds tonight!"

Next to her, Tate agreed with a nod. "Yes; since you treated us to dinner last night, Aunt Helen, we'll be treating you tonight. You might think you know every place in Eastcliff, but there are some places you wouldn't be able to enter even if you wanted to!"

Disgruntled, James averted his gaze and ignored them.

Nevertheless, Jonah continued with a happy smile, "Alright, let's go. Just follow my car and I'll lead you there!"

Once again, Matthew and Sasha exchanged looks. In all honesty, they truly didn't want to attend this dinner as the proud attitude of this family repulsed them.

However, there was no way they could make their excuses now.

Thus, the Cunningham Family followed behind the Campbell Family in two cars, allowing Jonah to lead the way.

Realizing that something was odd after a while, Matthew spoke up. "Hey, isn't this the road to the Shanghai Nights restaurant?"

Similarly confused, Sasha replied, "It seems to be. The place they're talking about can't be that, can it?"

As he scratched his head, he suddenly thought of something.

Indeed, the Shanghai Nights membership cards weren't obtained using money.

One had to be of certain social status to get a membership there, and the requirements matched the conditions Jonah was talking about.

Did that mean his 'mysterious place' was the Shanghai Nights restaurant all along?

That was simply too hilarious!

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After a short while, Jonah's car came to a stop outside a restaurant.

Matthew and Sasha's eyes met and the both of them burst out laughing.

So, Jonah actually had been referring to the Shanghai Nights restaurant!

As Demi exited the car, she looked up at the signboard and gasped dramatically, "Goodness! So this is the place you're talking about?"

Missing the sarcasm in her voice, Tate and Minerva eagerly teased her.

"Why so excited, Demi?"

"Oh—is it because you've often heard it mentioned but never had the chance to go in?"

"That's okay! We'll show you a whole new world tonight!"

Rolling her eyes, Demi did not even bother to respond.

After straightening his clothes and puffing out his chest, Jonah announced, "Follow me. Entry into this restaurant is limited to members only, and you can only get in using my membership card. Oh—by the way, this is a classy place so please watch your behavior while you're inside!"

While everyone else rolled their eyes, Helen was the only one to humor them. "Of course! That won't be a problem. Everyone, did you all hear that? Behave yourselves while you're inside and be grateful that your Aunt Chloe is treating you so kindly!"

In fact, she was warning them—especially Demi—not to embarrass the Campbells by exposing the truth. When it came to Chloe, Helen would do anything.

Demi pouted but she didn't protest.

Thus, with Jonah leading them, the group made their way to the entrance of the Shanghai Nights restaurant.

The host at the door welcomed them with, "Good evening, ladies and gentlemen. May I see your membership card—"

Before he could finish speaking, he froze.

Cluelessly, Jonah produced the membership card he was holding ready and said, "Here, take a look."

Unfortunately, the host overlooked his membership card in favor of rushing up to Matthew and Sasha. Bowing, he greeted, "Mr. Larson, President Cunningham. Are you both eating here tonight? The Supreme Room upstairs is still unoccupied. Would you like me to have it prepared for you?"

Just like that, the entire Campbell family was taken aback.

Indignantly, Minerva called out, "What are you doing? My dad's the one with a membership card. Why are you talking to them instead?"

Glancing at her, the host answered politely, "I'm so sorry, but our service at the Shanghai Nights restaurant is divided by class. We must attend to the highest-class members of the restaurant first. Since Mr. Larson is a Supreme Member and enjoys only our best treatment, we shall have to attend to him first. Please wait a moment. When I have finished attending to them, I shall attend to you."

Upon hearing that, Minerva stammered with wide eyes, "W-What d-do you mean by 'Supreme Member'? 'Best treatment'? What are you saying?"

Curling her lip, Demi finally spoke up. "Don't you understand? We've come here so often that we're practically bored of it. I thought you were taking us somewhere new, but it's just the

Shanghai Nights restaurant. Everyone in my family has a membership and Matthew even has Supreme Membership. It's the highest class at this restaurant, and there are only three Supreme Cards in all of Eastcliff."

None of what she said was untrue.

Ever since the rest of the Cunningham Family found out about Matthew's Supreme Membership, they had begged him to come and obtain membership at the restaurant for them.

Now, each and every one of them had a membership card—even Liam.

Just like that, the entire Campbell Family was stunned.

Meanwhile, James and Helen gave Matthew a pleased look. This time, he was truly giving them something to be proud of!

Flabbergasted, Minerva turned to Jonah and asked, "Did your boss lie to you, Dad? Is it truly so easy to get a membership to this place?"

Anxiously, he refuted, "I don't think so! Lucia told me it's very difficult to get a membership here. She had to spend a lot of money and even used a lot of her connections to do it."

"Are you sure?" Minerva persisted. "Look how they each have a card—how could it be difficult to get?"

Dumbly, Jonah looked around him. He no longer knew what was going on!

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The host looked at Matthew respectfully and he asked, "Mr. Larson, would you like to go to the Supreme Room?"

However, Matthew waved his hand and commented, “My uncle is treating us to dinner tonight, so please make arrangements with him.”

Upon hearing that, the host immediately understood him and he turned to Jonah. “Sir, how would you like arrangements to be made?” he asked in an equally polite tone.

After hesitating for a moment, Jonah proffered his membership card. “What... What kind of card is this?”

The host took a look at it and he replied, “Oh—it’s a Silver Card, our basic membership card. This card can only be used in the common dining room. Unfortunately, our common dining room is currently full so I’m afraid you will have to wait to be seated.”

At that moment, Jonah was utterly speechless. How is it that the difference between Matthew’s card and the card my boss gave me was so large?

To think that Matthew could immediately go to the Supreme Room the moment he arrived, but Jonah had to wait in line for the common dining room. What kind of service is this? he grumbled to himself.

Right at this moment, Helen asked her sister softly, “Would you like Matthew to make the arrangements to have us shown to the Supreme Room, Chloe? After all, we can use any membership card we like. We’re all family, and it doesn’t matter who’s treating whom to dinner, does it?”

Chloe and Jonah exchanged a glance. They were both thinking the same thing but were too embarrassed to speak up.

On the other hand, Minerva didn’t hesitate. “Yes; let’s go to the Supreme Room. It’d be a waste not to use the Supreme Card, anyway.”

The moment Chloe heard her daughter’s words, she protested, “How can you talk like that, Minnie? Honestly, that’s very insensible of you.”

Quickly, Helen reassured her with a smile, "It's okay. Minerva's not wrong. Come now; let's go in and get seated."

It was only then that Chloe conceded. "Alright; we can make use of your membership to get a table. But when it comes to footing the bill, we'll be paying!"

With a bemused smile, Helen asked, "Does it matter who pays? When I was poor, you gave me almost two-thirds of your salary each month. Why are you quibbling with me now?"

Waving her hand, Chloe answered, "That's different. We told you we were treating you to dinner, so we will do so. Now, let's go upstairs. Remember—no matter what you say, we'll be footing the bill tonight!"

Thus, the host made the arrangements and the entire group made their way up to the Supreme Room.

It wasn't until the Campbell family entered the room that they understood why it was called 'Supreme.'

How luxurious it is!

Once again, Tate and Minerva pulled out their cell phones and began snapping photographs.

On the other hand, Jonah was in awe.

While he was outside the restaurant, he had suspected that his boss lied to him and that membership to the Shanghai Nights restaurant was actually very easy to obtain.

Now, he finally understood he hadn't been lied to.

Just by looking at the decor of the Supreme Room, he could see how much the restaurant was worth.

At the end of the day, Lucia wasn't wrong—it was a miracle she managed to get him a card at all.

Still, he couldn't understand how the Cunninghams could each have a card, and to think Matthew had a Supreme Card, no less.

If there were only three Supreme Cards in all of Eastcliff, how did Matthew get one? Jonah mused.

Feeling like he was missing a piece of the puzzle, he studied the man in question. It wasn't only Matthew's membership that bothered him—he remembered Leanna's attitude toward the younger man the previous night as well.

Was this Matthew Larson truly the pathetic loser he was made out to be?

After the group was seated, a waiter said politely, "Good evening, Mr. Larson. Would you like us to make arrangements or shall you be footing the bill tonight? By the way, we recently procured a new batch of wine. I shall bring it in a moment so that you may have a taste."

Feeling annoyed, Minerva couldn't help but interrupt, "Excuse me, who do you think you're talking to? We're treating them to dinner tonight so if you're going to talk to someone, you should be talking to us. Why are you talking to him? Don't you think we can pay?"

Feeling a little embarrassed, the waiter answered softly, "My apologies, miss. It's just that Mr. Larson's expenses here are covered because he is a Supreme Member."

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The statement was meant to remind Minerva that if she allowed Matthew to make arrangements, they would be able to eat for free tonight.

Unfortunately, Minerva only got more furious and she yelled, "Who are you looking down on, huh? Don't you know where we're from? We just came back from living abroad! We've seen much better than your puny restaurant and don't need you to cover our expenses! We didn't even need to use your pathetic local currency while overseas!"

However, Helen kindly reminded her, "That's not what the waiter means, Minerva. He's only offering to cover your expenses as we are family. Why not save where you can?"

Feeling like her pride was hurt, Minerva shouted, "Are you looking down on us as well, Aunt Helen? Do you think we're so poor that we wouldn't be able to afford a meal? Sure, your family is quite rich now but that doesn't mean you can look down on us!"

Hurriedly, Helen murmured, "No; that's not what I meant, Minerva—"

"Alright, stop arguing!" Chloe held up her hands. "Look—I know your aunt, Minnie, and she's only speaking up for our sake. But Helen, since we already said that we're treating you to dinner tonight, of course we'll be paying. It's only a meal, so don't take it to heart, okay?"

Having no other choice, Helen stayed silent.

With that, Jonah gestured to the waiter. "Go on, then; bring me the menu!" he boomed, upon which the waiter promptly looked at Matthew.

It wasn't until Matthew nodded slightly that the waiter left.

With a deeply dissatisfied expression, Minerva grumbled, "High and mighty piece of sh*t! Does he think we're easy to bully because we have a Silver Card? It's Silver only because we just returned to the country. I'll go get myself a Supreme Card within a few days and then, I'll see if he dares talk to me like that again!"

Demi chuckled coldly in response. "That's very ambitious of you, Minerva! I'll be looking forward to seeing you with your Supreme Card so don't disappoint me, okay?"

This time, Minerva could hear the disdain in her voice and she shot back angrily, "Fine; just you wait. It's only a Supreme Card. How difficult can it be to get?"

Demi snorted coldly and chose to remain silent. Sitting next to her, James was equally gobsmacked.

Why is Minerva so vain and arrogant? he thought to himself. Bringing up the fact that she lived overseas at every opportunity... What's so great about that?

Soon, the waiter returned with a menu.

With a haughty expression, Jonah accepted the menu and passed it over to James carelessly, saying, "You choose first, James. Pick whatever you want—don't be shy!"

Curling his lip, James answered, "I'm not particularly craving for anything. You go ahead and choose what you think is best."

After a round of polite refusals from around the table, the menu was back in Jonah's hands.

With a smile, he said, "Since you're letting me choose, I shan't disappoint all of you. Money isn't an issue—the most important thing is for us to have a good time at this family gathering tonight. Come here, boy! Tell me your signature dishes. Oh, and they must be the most expensive ones!"

Courteously, the waiter stepped forward and answered, "Everything on the first two pages of the menu is considered a signature dish of ours, sir. Please take a look. If there's anything you would like, please let me know."

And so, Jonah opened the menu to take a look, only to suck in a cold breath of air.

Originally, he hadn't thought the prices here would be too expensive. After all, the dinner at The Court Parlour last night was expensive only because it was a special occasion.

Now, however, he was completely stunned by the prices on the menu.

The food here was at least twice the prices of the food at The Court Parlour!

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Jonah began to quickly calculate the potential cost of the dinner.

Even if he ordered the cheaper dishes and none of the alcohol for this meal, it would cost 40 or 50 thousand to feed all of them.

If he ordered wine, that would be even worse.

The cheapest bottle of wine on this menu was at least 30 thousand.

If he ordered two bottles, wouldn't the entire meal cost more than 100 thousand?

And if he ordered the signature dishes, it would cost 200 or 300 thousand!

All of a sudden, Jonah felt his blood pressure rising and he couldn't figure out the deal with the Cunningham family.

Wasn't he told that they couldn't even afford plain toast?

How was it that they could afford meals worth hundreds of thousands now?

Unfortunately, what he didn't know was that the restaurant he came to was Eastcliff's most high-end restaurant.

The Shanghai Nights restaurant was second only to the Times Hotel.

Of the people who visited this restaurant, multi-millionaires were the poorest clients.

The majority of this establishment's clients were figures with a net worth of billions; to them, a meal costing a few hundred thousand was nothing.

Yet, to people like Jonah, a meal costing that much was simply too extravagant.

After all, he was only a white-collar worker. It wasn't like he owned a multinational company.

By now, he was regretting bringing them to such a high-end place for dinner and bragging that he would treat them to dinner.

Really, he brought this on himself!

Next to him, Minerva saw that her father was silently staring at the menu, so she called out impatiently, "Dad, hurry up! I'm so hungry that I could eat a horse!"

It embarrassed Jonah, for he wanted to place an order but had no idea where to begin.

The first dish listed on the page cost a few thousand as did the next, so how was he going to choose?

There were ten people present, which meant he would have to order ten courses.

Just thinking about the potential cost made his brain hurt.

Upon realizing he still wasn't placing an order after she pushed him, Minerva snatched the menu from his hands.

"Fine, then. I'll choose. Why do you always have such trouble choosing? Just get all their signature dishes. Is that so difficult? I—" At this point, she stopped, for she saw the pricing on the menu. After pausing for a moment, she exclaimed, "Goodness; are you kidding me? One thousand eight hundred for a bowl of salad? Is it made of gold?"

The waiter remained calm, for he was long used to the pricing on the menu.

"The pricing on the menu is determined by the chef's abilities, miss. Our head chef is descended from a line of royal palace chefs and he once won first prize in the national cooking competition. Many royals and celebrities from around the world take it as an

honor to be able to try his food and they may even travel here expressly for that privilege. It's only because you're in the Supreme Room that you too will get to enjoy his cooking, miss. Other members of the restaurant—even Diamond Members—do not have that privilege!"

Wide-eyed, Minerva flipped through the menu. She was finally beginning to understand why her father had hesitated.

As she read through it, she felt cold sweat run down her back.

How much was this meal going to cost?

If only she had allowed Matthew to take charge. Then, they would have been able to eat for free then!

As the seconds ticked by, she stared at the menu, unable to place an order.

Frowning, Tate asked his sister, "Are you going to place an order or not? Let me do it if you aren't."

Thus, he snatched the menu over but it wasn't long before he became as dumbstruck as her.

As everyone else stared at them, Demi sniggered under her breath and commented, "Do hurry up! I'm ravenous after the long journey here. I thought you said we should order one of every signature dish. I imagine that should be enough for all of us! Shall I just get to it, then?"

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Upon seeing that Demi was about to start ordering, Minerva quickly called out, "No! I-I mean, please don't order the signature dishes. T-They don't look particularly interesting. Uh... Why don't we order some local cuisine? Aren't you always saying that you miss that kind of food, Mom?"

Chloe immediately understood and she answered with a smile, "Oh—yes, I am. I didn't get to eat the local food from my youth

while I was abroad, so I missed them dearly. Let's just get those, then."

With a pout, Demi protested, "I thought you said you were no longer used to the local food, Aunt Chloe!"

This successfully made Chloe incredibly embarrassed.

Glaring at Demi, Helen said, "Shut up! Just ignore her, Chloe. You haven't been home in so long; it's completely understandable that you would like to have some local food. Minerva, you don't have to order too much. I'm not quite hungry tonight and your uncle has had quite a few snacks this afternoon, so we won't be able to eat much."

Dumbfounded, James stared at his wife. Since when did I eat any snacks? he grumbled to himself.

However, he couldn't criticize her right now because he knew that she was only trying to make Chloe feel better.

Overjoyed, Minerva flipped to the back of the menu, where the local foods were listed.

Unfortunately, even after doing so, she was unable to make her decision.

Even the local dishes were expensive.

All of a sudden, Tate quipped, "Oh—by the way, we shouldn't order any alcohol since we'll be driving tonight."

However, Demi immediately complained, "Why are you afraid of drinking alcohol when there's a valet service? Not to mention that it's horribly tasteless to skimp on alcohol at such a high-end establishment—"

Upon hearing that, Helen brutally pinched her under the table, causing her to grimace in pain.

Then, Helen contributed with a smile, "It's a good idea not to drink alcohol. After all, we did consume quite a bit of it last night. This is simply a casual gathering and not a business dinner, anyway. What use would we have for it?"

Gratefully, the Campbells offered her a smile. They would be able to save a lot of money by not ordering wine.

Once again, Minerva picked up the menu, trying to decide which dishes would save them the most money.

Yet, no matter how long she looked at it, she was unable to pick the dishes out.

There was no avoiding it. Regardless of what she picked, the meal would still cost them tens of thousands.

As she struggled with her embarrassment, the manager of the restaurant—Mr. Moses—walked in.

The moment he entered, he hurriedly apologized, "I'm terribly sorry, Mr. Larson. I happened to be out on business when you arrived and was not able to come back in time to greet you. Please forgive me!"

He was covered in sweat, as if he had sprinted all the way back.

Generally, he joked and laughed with the billionaires that frequented his restaurant like they were old friends.

Yet, he was forever respectful of Matthew.

Smiling, Matthew replied, "No worries. We're just here for a family gathering and your waiter has already provided us with excellent service."

At this point, Mr. Moses gave the waiter a pleased glance.

For his part, the waiter was thrilled. There was no doubt he was going to receive a sizable bonus to his monthly salary after such praise from Matthew.

“Have you placed an order yet, Mr. Larson?” Mr. Moses continued with a smile. “Would you like us to have your dinner arranged? We happen to have a famous chef from China here to exchange culinary knowledge with our chefs. It’s a rare opportunity, so would you like me to have him make you some of his signature dishes?”

Before Matthew could answer, Minerva interrupted, “What are his dishes like? Are they expensive?”

Immediately, Mr. Moses answered, “All of Mr. Larson’s expenses are covered.”

This was precisely the sentence Minerva was wanting to hear, so she looked at her mother and commented, “I’m very curious how this chef’s dishes taste, so why don’t we try his cooking? Let’s let Matthew arrange things tonight and we can treat them to dinner tomorrow!”