

## The Mightiest Little Peasant Chapter 664

In the following days, the international culinary world had become quite lively.

Five of the top ten chefs of the world had jointly issued a challenge to the Huaxianese magical cuisine. The matter had caused quite a stir.

Many people were unfamiliar with magical cuisine. As far as they knew, there were eight famous types of Huaxianese cuisine, commonly known as the Eight Cuisines of Huaxia.

Where did magical cuisine come from?

However, many people who frequented the forums and the Internet were familiar with it. They had been arguing intensely with Huaxianese commenters.

To the Huaxianese, magical cuisine was nothing short of godly, full of miraculous power.

To them, that was a joke!

How shameless could the Huaxianese be? There should be a limit to how much they could brag! Godly cuisine? No Huaxianese cuisine was worthy of such praise.

Everyone knew that Farlancian cuisine was the supreme cuisine.

If there was a cuisine in the world that could be considered godly, it would have to be Farlancian cuisine.

The culinary world was in an uproar after hearing that the Huaxianese side had accepted the challenge, and ridicule and mockery filled the air.

“Haha! Those Huaxianese really overestimate themselves!”

“Let’s go and prepare to watch the comedy!”

No one had confidence in Huaxia, except for the Huaxianese. After all, their opponents were five of the top chefs in the world, and most of the judges were foreigners.

Immediately, many people booked their flights and flew to Huaxia.

Among them were food lovers, reporters from the world’s major food magazines, and many food critics.

Many internationally famous media outlets, such as ABC, BBC, and many others, also sent their reporters.

Before the competition, they published articles criticizing Huaxia.

In Huaxia, the competition also attracted a lot of attention from many media outlets.

Days before the competition, many reporters snooped around for news.

Tang Hao, Master Chef Ding, and the other chefs moved to one of the branch restaurants to invent new dishes. At the same time, they adjusted the taste of some dishes.

After all, the taste of foreigners was very different from that of Huaxianese. That was also why Farlancian cuisine was far more popular internationally than Huaxianese cuisine.

The next five days passed in the blink of an eye.

Finally, the day of the competition arrived.

Many reporters flocked to the Grand Hilton Hotel in the city center. They were all waiting at the entrance.

In the evening, more and more people arrived.

The first to arrive were mostly Huaxianese and foreign food lovers.

Following that, important figures began to appear, such as renowned food critics and world-famous tycoons. On the Huaxianese side, the president of the National Culinary Association and many locally renowned chefs arrived.

Every time someone important arrived, the journalists would snap photos.

Close to six o'clock, a black car arrived at the other end of the street and stopped at the entrance.

The car door opened, and three people got out.

In an instant, the reporters and journalists at the entrance were in an uproar.

"That's the province secretary, the first-in-command!"

"There's also the second-in-command and the fourth-in-command! Oh my god! Why are they all here? What a spectacular lineup!"

“Can we have an interview with you, Secretary? May I know your thoughts on tonight’s competition?”

Secretary Weng stopped walking and smiled gently. “Magical cuisine is the pride of Huaxia. It originates from Province Z and is also the pride of Province Z. Of course, we have to come and support our own at such a major event.

“As for my thoughts? Of course, we support magical cuisine. It’s truly a Huaxianese creation!”

After saying that, he waved his hand, smiled, and walked inside.

After a while, another car drove over. It was a luxurious Bentley.

The car door opened, and a beautiful figure walked out.

She was a beautiful woman in a white, luxurious gown that outlined her enchanting figure.

She had a standard oval face that was breathtakingly beautiful.

Her eyes were charming and seductive, like a fox.

In an instant, the noisy hotel entrance suddenly became quiet. It was so quiet that it was a little scary.

The reporters were all stunned.

‘Who is she?’

At that moment, everyone was thinking about the same question.

After the beautiful woman walked out of the car, she picked up a badge and pinned it on her chest.

“That’s the emblem of Meigyoku Group. Oh my god! She’s Ms. Shizuka Tamamo, the representative of Meigyoku Group and one of the judges today.”

“Can you speak Chinese, Ms. Tamamo? Can I interview you? Are you here today to support Master Chef Matsui?”

Shizuka Tamamo smiled but did not answer. She walked in under the protection of several bodyguards.

Inside the hotel, a huge conference hall was gradually filled with people.

The front row of seats was reserved for the judges. There were a total of twelve judges, including ten foreigners. Five of them were top international food critics, and the other five were well-known tycoons.

The two Huaxianese judges were from the National Culinary Association.

Behind them were the reporters and journalists from the media.

Live broadcasts were forbidden, so they could only record the event.

Behind them was the general audience.

At half-past six, a host stepped on the stage.

“Let’s welcome both sides to the stage. First, let’s welcome the five international chefs.”

A side door opened, and five people filed in. Four of them were Westerners, and the other was from Dongying.

The host introduced them one by one.

The five chefs were the world’s number one Chef Paul, number two Chef Thomas, number five Chef Ichiro Matsui, number nine Chef Sun Shangwen, and number ten Chef Daniel.

Chef Sun was Huaxianese, but he was born in Merrica and had studied Farlancian cuisine.

They swaggered onto the stage and lined up. The hall was immediately filled with cheers.

“Next, let’s welcome our Huaxianese chefs to the stage.”

On the other side, a door opened, and a group of people walked in.

They were all wearing white chef uniforms with embroidered dragon patterns. At first glance, they looked quite awe-inspiring.

When the audience in the venue saw them, they gasped in surprise.

After the initial shock, there was an uproar.

“What’s going on? Why is the head chef a young man?”

“F\*ck! There must be a mistake! Who is he? He must be an assistant! Why is he leading the team?”

The Huaxianese audience was confused, while the foreigners laughed out loud.

“Haha! Could that kid be the head chef?”

“How old is he? Twenty years old? Is this a prank!”

Amid the cheers, the team walked out and stood on the stage.

At that moment, even the host was stunned. He looked at the cue cards in his hand carefully, then looked at Tang Hao.

“Excuse me, are you... Mr. Tang?”

On his cue card, “Master Chef Tang” was written in the position of head chef.

“That’s right!” Tang Hao nodded. “The head chef... is me!”