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Medical Genius's Unspeakable Marriage

Chapter 761

Upon hearing Minerva's words, Demi nearly snorted with laughter as she thought to herself, 'Try his cooking'? It's obvious that the Campbells can't afford to eat here and they are trying to get a free meal using Matthew's position. Nonetheless, her mother was still pinching her hand and dissuading her from speaking.

Looking a little awkward, Chloe muttered doubtfully, "Is... Is that appropriate?"

Immediately, Helen reassured her, "Oh—it's fine. We're family, after all. There's no such thing as being inappropriate! Don't you think so, Matthew?"

Of course, Matthew wasn't going to shame Helen by saying no to such a request. So, he agreed with a nod. "Right. It's rare to be able to meet a famous chef from China, so it makes sense to try his cooking."

Gratified, she beamed at him. All of a sudden, she was finding him much more palatable as a son-in-law. If nothing else, she could at least be grateful for how much grace he was giving the Campbells.

And so, Mr. Moses announced, "It's decided, then. I shall arrange things for you. Oh—what would you like to drink, Mr. Larson? We recently procured a few bottles of Cheval Blanc; would you like me to bring them to you?"

"Cheval Blanc?" Minerva interrupted skeptically. Why would such a high-end establishment as yours serve Cheval Blanc? If we're going to eat here, you could at least bring us a 1982 Lafite. I know you have it because I saw it on your menu. Bring us a few bottles."

After hesitating for a moment, Mr. Moses replied, "A bottle of this Cheval Blanc costs upward of 300,000, miss."

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Minerva's eyes bulged and she gaped openly at him. She thought she had seen everything but she had no idea that a bottle of white wine cost so much. "You're... You're joking, right?" she asked.

Calmly, he replied, "No, miss. Our boss recently procured these bottles from an auction."

Minerva stammered, "N-No, what I mean is... How could a bottle of Cheval Blanc cost so much?"

"Because it was produced in 1947!" he answered.

The single sentence made Jonah's expression change. He was aware of how much the 1947 Cheval Blanc was worth. After all, his boss had a bottle that sat unopened at home, idly waiting for it to appreciate in value.

When he visited his boss' home, his boss had shown off the wine cellar to him more than once; thus, he was very aware of how much the bottle cost. And now, Mr. Moses was offering a few bottles to Matthew for free! Just how much was the Supreme Card worth?

Suddenly, Demi drawled, "It's alright, Mr. Moses. My cousin has said that we can't consume alcohol tonight as we're driving."

Upon hearing that, Tate promptly flushed red. Even if he didn't drink any of it, he would have auctioned it off. Besides, he had to at least have a taste, no matter what. A mouthful could be worth 10 or 20 thousand, so how could he pass up on such a good opportunity?

Fortunately, Mr. Moses only replied amiably, "Oh—that's no issue. We provide valet service here."

And so, Tate seized the opportunity and asked, "Is that true? That's great, then! If they can send us back, we can drink without care."

Meanwhile, Minerva also nodded, feeling more eager than him. On the other hand, Demi curled her lips once again. When it came to the Campbells, there was nothing she felt more strongly than contempt.

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Fortunately, Matthew wasn't bothered and he only nodded his agreement, saying, "Thank you, Mr. Moses. Please have things arranged, then."

Respectfully, Mr. Moses bowed his head. "Of course. Dinner will be served shortly, Mr. Larson. Please enjoy your time here, everyone!"

With that, he exited the room, and the waiter entered soon after that with a few bottles of Cheval Blanc. The labels on them were old and peeling. Yet, the year could be clearly seen—1947!

Immediately, Minerva pulled out her phone and she said, "Take a picture for me, Tate. Make sure to get the label as well!"

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As they waited for the food, Tate and Minerva busied themselves with taking another round of photographs and posting it on Instagram.

On the other hand, Jonah studied a bottle of the Cheval Blanc for a long time before shaking his head.

Without a doubt, it was a genuine product.

After she finished taking photographs, Minerva complained, "Ugh—why isn't the food here yet? I think we should open the wine first."

Judging by her demeanor, she was afraid someone would take the wine away.

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Right at that moment, the waiter knocked on the door and walked in with an intricately designed platter.

“The first course, ladies and gentlemen,” he said respectfully as he placed it on the table.

Eagerly, Minerva leaned over the table. “Oh boy! I can’t wait to see what this Chinese chef has prepared!”

To her shock, she discovered upon removing the cover that it was a platter of egg fried rice.

Utterly befuddled, she asked, “What... What is this?”

Like her, her entire family was stunned. What was this? How could the restaurant serve them the main course now?

Cordially, the waiter answered, “It’s Golden Rice.”

Frowning, Jonah said, “What do you mean, Golden Rice? It’s egg fried rice. This is what your so-called famous chef from China is serving us? You’ve got to be joking! Who serves a platter of egg fried rice like it’s fine dining? Looks like your establishment isn’t as classy as you make it out to be!”

Tate and Minerva vigorously nodded their heads in agreement, neither of them pleased.

Calmly, the waiter answered, “This is actually the first course, sir, as well as one of the signature dishes of the chef from China. It’s well-beloved by the rich and powerful there and can cost nearly ten thousand. At the Shanghai Nights restaurant, we would price it at nearly twenty thousand!”

Upon hearing that, everyone was shocked.

Minerva was the first to speak up and she complained, “Stop boasting! How could a platter of egg fried rice cost twenty thousand? Do you think it’s made with real gold? If you’re going to lie, pick a better one!”

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Courteously, the waiter answered, "My apologies, but that's the price fixed by the establishment."

"I don't care what your 'fixed price' is!" she snarled angrily. "Do you think you can fool us just because you're covering our expenses by serving us a platter of egg fried rice as the main course, so that you can chase us away once we're done? If you're that hard-pressed to cover an entire meal, stop saying you'll cover our expenses! Do you know how shameful that is? Look at what your Supreme Card is worth, Matthew! Waiter, you'd better go and get your manager!"

The waiter frowned slightly, for he had never met someone like Minerva in all his time working here.

Embarrassed, Helen suggested, "Why don't we try the food first? Perhaps this platter of egg fried rice is special!"

Scowling, Jonah answered, "However special it may be, it's still a platter of egg fried rice. It's very rude of that friend of yours to lie to us like that, Matthew."

Unfortunately for him, Matthew ignored him.

After all, the Campbells had promised to pay for dinner, only to waive their expenses in the end.

And then, they had said they would not drink, but they were now practically gulping all the wine down.

Yet, now that the food was here, they were complaining that it wasn't good enough for them. How shameless can they be?

Luckily, Chloe was kind enough to humor her sister and she said with a smile, "Since the food is already here, let's just try it. Come now, everyone. Let me get you a plate, Minnie."

However, Minerva waved her hand and she turned up her nose at it. "I'm not eating it! What is this? I never ate fried rice while I was abroad and I'm not eating it here either!"

Fed up, James exclaimed, "If you won't eat it, we will! Come on, everyone."

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With that, the Cunninghams each took up their individual plates and began to dole some out for themselves.

As they each took a bite, their eyes lit up.

“Wow—this is incredible! Chloe, you have to try some!” Helen said with heartfelt awe.

Half-suspicious and half-trusting, Chloe tasted a bite for herself, upon which she was promptly stunned.

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“Is this truly egg fried rice? I... I’ve never tasted such delicious rice before!” Chloe said as she shoveled the food into her mouth, quickly finishing her portion of it.

Frowning with dissatisfaction, Jonah asked, “Do you need to be so dramatic? It’s just egg fried rice, so what’s the big deal?”

As he spoke, he too took a bite, only to find that he was unable to stop once he started.

Seeing how ravenously his father was eating, Tate immediately did the same thing and was at once enamored.

“It’s so good! I’ve never tasted anything so good in my life!” he exclaimed as he stuffed more rice into his mouth.

Soon, everyone at the table was busy eating.

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Meanwhile, Minerva gaped at them. Is the egg fried rice really that good?

Skeptically, she bent over her own plate, upon which was some rice her mother had spooned for her.

After taking a bite, she immediately fell in love too.

“Is... Is this actually egg fried rice?” she exclaimed as she cleaned her plate. “How did they make it so delicious?”

However, when she went to get a second helping, she realized that the serving platter was empty and that her younger brother, Tate, was scraping the last bit of rice into his own plate.

Furiously, she cried out, “Wait—how did you all finish it so quickly? I had one bite and now there’s no more left for me!”

Smirking, Demi replied, “Well, we asked you to have some but you said you didn’t want to. Since it’s best not to waste food, we helped you finish your portion.”

The response incensed Minerva. If she had known earlier how delicious the fried rice was, she would have eaten it.

Happily, Helen sighed. “Clearly, this chef knows what he’s doing. It makes sense that they would sell it for twenty thousand at a place like this.”

For once, Chloe and Jonah had no comeback, as the fried rice was simply too delicious.

Licking his lips, Tate complained, “The only problem is that the serving is too small. Can we get one more platter, waiter?”

With wide, hopeful eyes, Minerva chirped, “One isn’t enough. Two more—no, five more!”

Looking uncomfortable, the waiter apologized, “I’m terribly sorry everyone, but the chef only makes ten servings of Golden Rice each day and this was the tenth platter.”

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However, Minerva retorted, "What kind of rule is that? Just have him make it! It's not like he's not being paid. I don't believe he'd refuse us if he's paid."

Shaking his head, the waiter refuted, "He would, miss, as the ingredients for this dish need to be pickled and prepared a day beforehand. As he has used up the ingredients for today, you will need to come back tomorrow if you wish to have some more of his Golden Rice!"

Just like that, Minerva was left at a loss. It looked like she was not going to get another serving of the rice. Have I inadvertently missed out on a delicacy?

Chloe then asked with a frown, "I'm curious—could you not have him prepare more ingredients beforehand? How could ten platters a day possibly be enough for something so delicious?"

"These are the chef's rules and no one can change his mind," the waiter replied. "Once, he received a visit from Jeff Bezos. Mr. Bezos asked for another portion but the chef did not concede."

Instantly, the group fell silent.

Jeff Bezos was a renowned billionaire and if the chef wouldn't budge for someone so important, there was no way he was going to change his mind for them.

"Alright, alright. Just send the rest of the food in!" Minerva instructed, waving her hand impatiently despite the regret.

If she had moved sooner, she would have been able to have more than a mouthful of rice.

Currently, the taste of it was still lingering on her tongue and it compounded her regret.

Nevertheless, she had learned her lesson and would not put down the spoon in her hand.

She decided she would move first when the next dish arrived.

After all, the early bird got the worm.

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After that, the dishes continued to be served.

This time, the Campbells busied themselves with eating and no longer criticized what they were served.

Even the salad went down without a fight.

It turned out famous chefs truly earned their reputations by being exceptionally good at their jobs.

In addition, the bottles of Chavel Blanc were polished off with not a single drop to spare.

Moreover, it was mainly the Campbells who drank them.

By the end of the dinner, Tate and Minerva were so drunk that they slurred their words.

After dinner, the Campbell family once again returned to Matthew's villa.

While they had already been given an apartment, they claimed it wasn't ready for them to move in yet.

The situation annoyed James to no end, but he had no say in it.

Ultimately, it would take them two weeks to begrudgingly move out of Matthew's villa.

The apartment Jonah's company gave them had three rooms and one common area.

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It was pretty well-furnished but it could not possibly compare to what they were used to.

In contrast to The Grand Garden, their three-bedroom house was practically a dilapidated hut.

After spending a single night there, Tate and Minerva caved and returned to Matthew's villa.

The excuse they gave was that they wanted to keep Helen company, but everyone knew they were actually doing it because they wanted to stay at the villa for free.

After all, the huge villa was well-furnished and even had a pool. It was much better than the cramped three-bedroom.

Since they were more prideful than their children, Chloe and Jonah did not move back to the villa but they still found excuses to eat with the Cunninghams every other day.

As for the dinner they said they would treat the Cunninghams to, they chose an ordinary restaurant in the end, where the total cost of the meal—plus wine—was 3,000.

During this period, they finally got to learn more about the Cunninghams and the net worth of Cunningham Pharmaceuticals. In the blink of an eye, Tate and Minerva's attitude toward the family shifted.

Where the Cunninghams were previously not worth a single thought, the siblings fawned over them now.

After all, Cunningham Pharmaceuticals was worth even more than their father's company.

With Sasha acting as president, it was worth the hit to their ego to fawn over their cousin, as their efforts could possibly earn them a management-level position in the future.

With regards to the Campbells' freeloading, Matthew wasn't bothered by it at all.

During this period, he spent his nights at The Grand Garden and the majority of his days at Lakeside Garden.

His sister Natalie was gradually getting better, so he decided he would bring Sasha to Lakeside Garden very soon.

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On this day, however, he and his wife had only just reached the entrance of The Grand Garden in her car when they heard the thunder-like roar of an engine behind them.

When they looked back, they saw a young man speeding toward them on a motorcycle.

Behind him was a sketchy-looking young woman with heavy make-up and long hair blowing in the wind.

As the bike sped toward them, Matthew frowned and quickly jerked Sasha back so that it wouldn't run into her if it crashed into her car.

Fortunately, it stopped just in time. When the bike-riding young man took off his helmet, they discovered to their shock that it was Tate.

"Did you just finish work, Sasha?" he asked cheerfully.

As the young woman behind him took in the Grand Garden as well as Sasha's Maserati, her eyes brightened and she suddenly held onto him a lot more intimately.

With a slight furrow of her brows, Sasha asked, "Where did this bike come from, Tate?"

"Oh—it's my friend's," he replied. "I'm merely borrowing it for a ride. I have to say, it's pretty fun. I loved going on bike rides when I was overseas and back then, I drove a Harley. I rarely ride low-end bikes like this."

"Do you have a motorcycle license?" she asked doubtfully.

"It's just a bike," he dismissed. "Why would I need a license? These things are so easy to operate."

"But how can you ride the bike all over the place when you don't have a license?" she protested. "You're going against the law!"

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Tate answered impatiently, "Oh—let it go, Sasha. It's just a bike and it's not a big deal. How can I be breaking the law when I haven't been caught?"

"Well, if you do get caught driving without a license, you'll have to go to prison!" Sasha reminded him anxiously.

With a smug chuckle, he pointed out, "Well, I haven't been caught, have I? Besides, even if I get caught, you can always bail me out. Right, then; we'll talk later. I'm taking Joanna home."

With that, he sped off straight into The Grand Garden.

Sasha trailed after him in her car and she grumbled, "Why must he cause us so much worry? This won't do; I must call Aunt Chloe. He could get into an accident if he keeps driving so dangerously!"

Matthew nodded. When it came to these kinds of things, he agreed, especially since Tate tended to speed. The consequences could be tragic if the latter got into an accident.

When they got home, Tate and the girl named Joanna had already entered the courtyard.

Meanwhile, Minerva was soaking in the pool with three boys and two other girls.

These were all friends that she made after coming to Eastcliff.

They claimed to be the sons and daughters of rich families, but they still came here for food and drinks every day.

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If it weren't for the fact that the guest rooms were filled, they would likely have moved in.

The moment Joanna entered the courtyard, she exclaimed, "Goodness; you actually have a swimming pool! That's amazing!"

With a proud look on his face, Tate answered, "Of course I do! I wouldn't lie to you, would I? Well, did you bring a swimsuit? If not, I can have someone fetch you one."

Joanna shook her head regrettably. "I forgot."

"Don't worry about it," he told her immediately. "When my cousin comes back, I'll let her know and she can have someone fetch you a suit."

Right at this moment, Sasha pulled into the driveway.

Before she could even park the car properly, Tate jogged over to her and called out, "Have your secretary get my girlfriend a swimsuit, Sasha! The Chanel one from the other day was pretty good!"

Instantly, Sasha felt her blood boil at his thick-skinned comment.

The only reason she bought a swimsuit for Minerva was because of their familial relationship.

What right did Tate have to ask her to fetch his girlfriend a swimsuit as well?

And so, she answered unhappily, "Sorry but the secretary's working hours are over."

"Aargh! What kind of working hours could a secretary have?" he protested. "As long as you make the call, she'll come over immediately. Come on, Sasha. My girlfriend's right here. Don't make me look bad!"

Of course, Sasha only got angrier. Why should I have to make him look good? After freeloading in my home for such a long time, he is now asking me to buy his girlfriend a swimsuit? Do I owe him something?

Nevertheless, Sasha did not say any of these things and she chose to ignore him. Thereafter, she parked her car and walked straight into the house.

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Upon seeing that, Joanna walked over and asked unhappily, "Your cousin wouldn't agree, would she? Why is she so stingy when your family is so rich?"

Feeling disgruntled, Tate muttered, "It's fine; I'll get my aunt to make her do it. Just wait a moment!"

With that, he stormed into the house.

Meanwhile, the three boys in the pool leered at Sasha.

One of them swam over to Minerva and he said in a low voice, "Your cousin is so pretty, Minerva. That figure, those looks... Goodness! Is she married? Can you introduce me to her?"

Instantly, the two other boys swam over as well, all of them having the same thoughts.

However, Minerva curled her lips in contempt and answered, "She married a long time ago! See that guy over there? That's her husband."

The group of them looked over at Matthew in disdain.

"That's her husband? But he looks so plain. What does she see in him?"

"Ha! Who knows?" She chuckled coldly and added, "Let me tell you something, though—he's a live-in son-in-law, no less!"

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