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Medical Genius's Unspeakable Marriage

Chapter 756

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!"

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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?"

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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?"

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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.

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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.

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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."

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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.

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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.

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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

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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.

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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.

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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!"

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