

A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 1141

Doubted

The two men shared a look and exhaled loudly.

Meanwhile, Arielle glanced at the sampling booth at the entrance and made sure it was fine before entering the restaurant.

The interior design resembled the old restaurant's. It was furnished with antiquated furniture.

"Here." Arielle pointed at the entrance. "Remove the plants and replace them with plastic chairs. The customers will get to sit down and wait for their turns. Also, prepare some sticky notes for the customers so that they can know when it is their turn."

"Got it." The waiter went to work immediately.

That sight gave the manager and Glenn a headache.

She is really confident. Will she be devastated if our restaurant doesn't do well?

They let out a collective sigh before getting back to work.

It would take some time to get the preparations done. After all the acquired ingredients were sent over, they had to wash and prep them. By then, it was already eleven in the morning.

The refrigerator from the old restaurant had also arrived.

They had ten times their usual ingredients, so all the refrigerators were filled to the brim despite having an extra.

The ingredients that could last longer were removed and placed aside.

Glenn pointed at those ingredients and said, "Ms. Moore, these ingredients won't go bad soon, but the weather is hot today. If we don't use them by noon, they'll go bad by evening."

"Don't worry." Arielle gave him a reassuring pat on the shoulder. "We'll finish using them before noon."

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Glenn's lips quivered, but he only managed to force out a wry smile.

“Get back to work. I’ll take care of the finishing touches,” she said and returned to the hall for a final check.

After making sure everything was ready, she sat down, tagged her location, and sent out a tweet: My restaurant’s branch is opening for business today. Everyone is welcome!

Without bothering to read the replies, she went into the kitchen to help with the preparation.

She had no idea that the tweet had garnered a lot of replies.

You’re opening a restaurant instead of entering the entertainment industry? What a waste of your good looks...

I agree. Isn’t it great to earn money with your looks? Arielle doesn’t look like she can cook. I’m worried about the taste. Would the food there be edible?

Is it a trend for influencers to start their own businesses? Never mind if they sell clothes and stuff, yet this influencer is opening a restaurant? Does she know how many celebs close their restaurants less than six months after the opening?

Another reply popped up: I’ve been to her restaurant! This is the branch, and the old one is at Fourthbridge. Previously, my friend told me Arielle was the owner, so I got curious and went there as my house was nearby. Now, I eat there every day! Ah, my money!

A flood of messages emerged under that particular reply.

Really? Is this a paid posting?

Be honest and tell us how much you get paid for a comment. I want to join you too!

Annoyed, the original poster uploaded a few photos of him eating in Maureen’s Kitchen.

He had only ordered three dishes—two meat dishes and one vegetable dish—but they looked delectable.

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A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 1142

Taking Advantage Of Vinson

After the photos were uploaded, a barrage of replies showed up.

Seriously? Does Arielle's restaurant serve these dishes? They look scrumptious!

I can vouch for the netizen. That wasn't a paid comment! I wanted to see for myself if Arielle was indeed pretty, so I went to her restaurant. The food is really yummy!

Thus, many netizens in Jadeborough declared that they would head to the restaurant personally to see if that review was true.

With that, a big group marched toward the restaurant. Someone even started a live stream.

"Hello, friends! We're on the way to Maureen's Kitchen's branch. It's two stations away. Let's see if Arielle will be humiliated. I'm not her fan, and I'm doing this to test her food out for everyone."

Some netizens who had nothing to do clicked into the live stream.

Those who doubted Arielle had formed a group, let alone her fans.

They immediately requested to visit her restaurant as a big party.

Today's the opening! Our goddess will be there. I'm going to depart soon. Does anyone want to join me? I can't order a lot of dishes alone.

Me! I'm in Jadeborough too. Shall we meet at the subway station?

Let's go! My boyfriend and I are on the way!

The netizens promptly made their way to the restaurant. At that moment, it was already half-past eleven.

As lunch hour was approaching, the foot traffic on the street began to grow.

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Since the restaurant was new, it would naturally attract a lot of curious customers. Soon, a few tables were occupied.

"Welcome the customers." As it was almost time, Arielle left the manager in charge and went out.

“Boil the water,” she said to Glenn’s apprentice at the entrance. “Prepare the ravioli and offer five pieces of ravioli to everyone who walks past our restaurant. Remember, five pieces for each person.”

“Got it, Ms. Moore!”

After trying out her ravioli a while ago, the apprentice was impressed by her capabilities.

It was hard to make a delicious dish using the simplest ingredients, but she had made that happen.

After the water started boiling, Arielle summoned Rayson, who was busy serving the dishes.

Due to his position as Vinson’s assistant, even the directors of major companies had to show him respect. No one could have expected him to work as a waiter.

Rayson had never worked as a waiter before that, but he had experience preparing drinks for Vinson. Thus, he could serve the dishes to the customers smoothly.

Hearing Arielle’s voice, he gave the dish he was holding to another waiter. “Serve this to table two.”

With that said, he strode out and gave Arielle a polite nod. “Ms. Moore, do you need my help with anything?”

“Get a few bodyguards. It’s almost lunch hour, so we might need someone to help maintain order.”

Surprised, Rayson blurted, “We need bodyguards?”

It’s just a restaurant’s opening. When Soir Coffee opened for business, at most, we only summoned a few regional managers there to help out.

The manager happened to walk out and overheard Arielle’s order. With a nervous chuckle, he said, “Ms. Moore, we’ve spent a lot of money on the ingredients, not to mention that they might go to waste. There aren’t many customers now, and some tables are still empty. Isn’t it too much to hire bodyguards? Besides, we have to pay them for their services.”

They might cost more than hiring waiters!

“We do,” Arielle replied firmly. Flashing him a grin, she assured him by saying, “Don’t worry. The restaurant won’t have to foot the bodyguard’s pay.”

After all, she could take advantage of Vinson.

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A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 1143

Perfect

"Hurry," Arielle urged.

The netizens would have seen her tweet by then. She might not have a lot of fans in Jadeborough, but that tweet would still attract a crowd.

It would be better to get a few bodyguards to maintain order and prevent chaos from erupting.

Naturally, Rayson would not object to her order. With that, he nodded and pulled his phone out to make the arrangements. Before he could call anyone, Sasha and Blake appeared out of nowhere.

"Ms. Moore." Sasha gave her a slight nod as a greeting. "You look like you need our help."

Arielle slapped her forehead. "Oh, I forgot about you two! With your help, I won't need the bodyguards. If there are many customers and the scene gets chaotic later, please help me keep the situation under control."

"Sure!" Blake and Sasha agreed readily.

The manager was rendered speechless.

What is going on? Is this a press conference held by a celebrity or a restaurant's opening?

He could not help but doubt himself despite admiring Arielle greatly.

At the same time, two young ladies stepped into the restaurant.

One of them chose two dishes in an uninterested manner before propping her chin on the palm of her hand. "Say, how many new restaurants have you been to?" she complained to her friend. "None of them are delicious! I can't believe you still refuse to give up after so many failed attempts. I think we should get some fast food, for it will

never disappoint us. Recently, the new restaurants suck. I wonder who gave them the courage to start their businesses.”

Her friend sitting across from her smiled. “We need to try the food out to know if they are yummy. It’s boring to eat at the same restaurants every day.”

“All right, then. You’ll give up after trying the food.” The first lady who spoke waved her hands and returned the menu to the waiter. “We’ll have these two dishes for now. There’s only two of us, so we can’t order too much.”

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“Got it. We’ll serve your food shortly.” The waiter bowed and left.

The two dishes that the young lady ordered were modified by Arielle—chicken stew and sauteed mushrooms.

Soon, the food was served.

“Please enjoy your meal.”

After the waiter left, the young lady who was initially disinterested sat up at the sight of the dishes.

The appearance of the dishes made her ravenous.

“They look delicious, but I wonder if they taste delicious too,” she remarked as she picked up a small piece of chicken.

The instant she took a bite of it, her eyes lit up. She was still munching as she reached out to get another piece of chicken.

“Is it yummy?” her friend asked curiously.

The young woman stuffed the chicken into her mouth before saying incoherently, “T- This is the best chicken I’ve ever tasted in my life!”

Her friend immediately picked up her fork and got a piece of mushroom.

Sauteed mushrooms were a common dish in the north.

Yet, she had never tasted one as appetizing as that.

They dug into their meal, too engrossed in the delicacy to chat with each other.

The initially dispassionate young lady even ordered four more dishes.

To their surprise, all six dishes were perfect. There was nothing to complain about!

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A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 1144

Opening Of The New Branch

Meanwhile, a couple was strolling along the street and discussing what to have for lunch.

"How about Jetroinian food?" the man suggested. "Since it's so hot, I don't feel like eating local cuisine. Why don't we have Jetroinian dishes instead?"

His girlfriend shook her head. "I don't enjoy foreign cuisine. But the hot weather has indeed killed my appetite; I don't feel like having anything."

"That won't do!" Furrowing his brows, the man added, "We still need to have lunch, especially since you barely had anything for breakfast. Why don't we find a restaurant? At the very least, you should grab a bite to eat. Or else, you might end up with stomach problems."

"In that case, what should we have?"

With that, the couple was back to square one.

At that moment, the woman spotted a newly opened restaurant nearby.

There were congratulatory flower stands at the entrance, while a stove could be seen near the window. Even though she was a few meters away, she could hear the pot of water bubbling away.

"That looks to be a newly opened restaurant." She proposed, "Shall we give it a try?"

Knitting his brows, the man remarked, "Maureen's Kitchen... Its decorations don't look impressive at all. Besides, who puts a pot in front of their restaurant on their opening day? Perhaps they're forced to resort to such tactics because they couldn't attract any customers on the first day with their terrible-tasting food."

After a brief hesitation, the woman replied, "It could be. Nevertheless, let's check it out."

Just as she spoke, she ran toward the restaurant with the man in tow.

The moment she approached, she saw a young woman giving instructions to the person beside her. Even as a woman herself, she had to admit that the latter's beauty was ethereal.

"The water is almost ready. It's time to put the ravioli in. Also, is the sauce done yet?"

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Judging from the tone of her voice, the beautiful woman's clearly the owner of the restaurant.

The woman whispered to her boyfriend, "Why is the restaurant owner so young? I have a feeling that you're right. Their dishes probably aren't very good."

The man nodded. "A true chef needs many years of experience. Look at her. She looks too young to be one. Seeing her appearance, I doubt she has even graduated from university. There's no way she can cook properly. Come along now; let's check out the other restaurants."

The duo was about to leave when Arielle looked up and coincidentally met their gazes.

"Hello," she greeted with a smile, "this ravioli is a free sample of ours. Would you like to try them?"

The woman was on a budget, as both of them were saving up to buy their matrimonial home.

Therefore, she stopped in her tracks when she heard the word "free." In the end, she walked forward, pulling her boyfriend along with her.

"Is this your grand opening day?"

Still smiling, Arielle nodded. "That's right. Not only are we giving out a twenty percent discount storewide, but we're also offering ravioli at the door as free samples. Care to have two portions?"

Looking at her boyfriend, the woman asked, "Since it's a free sample, do you want to try them? Come to think of it, I haven't had ravioli in a long time."

As they were a loving couple, the man did not object to her request. He nodded at Arielle and asked, "How long will it take?"

"Three minutes."

"All right then. One portion will do."

Thinking that all ravioli tasted the same, he was not interested in eating them.

"One portion of ravioli coming right up." Just as Arielle read the order, Glenn's apprentice began preparing them.

As for Arielle, she busied herself by seasoning the sauce made from a secret recipe.

It consisted of more than ten ingredients and needed to be boiled over low heat for more than an hour.

Only by adding a myriad of herbs and spices could she perfect the fragrance and taste of the sauce.

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A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 1145

Crowded With Customers

For some reason, the sight of Arielle preparing the sauce with her fair hands made the woman salivate.

Staring at the ravioli inside the pot, she gulped discreetly.

When the three minutes were almost up, Arielle added two bowls of cold water into the pot.

One by one, the ravioli floated to the surface of the water. It reminded the woman of toddlers swimming in a pool, making up an adorable image in her mind.

Suddenly, she could feel the appetite she had lost due to the sweltering heat return.

After adding the third bowl of water, the ravioli was finally scooped out of the pot.

The five pieces of ravioli fit perfectly in the plastic bowl.

Once the sauce was added, Arielle drizzled the ravioli with some olive oil, causing a tantalizing aroma to waft into the air.

As a result, even the woman's boyfriend gulped.

"There you go." Arielle served them the bowl. Grinning, she offered, "There are some chairs over there where you can sit down and enjoy the ravioli."

"It's fine. We can stand while we eat." The woman smiled awkwardly in return.

Just in case the ravioli turned out to look better than it tasted, she would feel bad for taking up space when she was not going to dine at the restaurant.

Arielle nodded in acknowledgment. Aware of the woman's concerns, she did not insist.

After walking to the side, the woman scooped up a piece of ravioli with the spoon.

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The moment she took a bite, she felt a smorgasbord of flavors bursting in her mouth.

Her eyes lit up in delight, as that was the most delicious thing she had ever tasted in her life.

Instead of stopping to tell her boyfriend how delectable the ravioli was, she began wolfing them down despite the fact that they were scalding hot.

In the blink of an eye, she had eaten all five pieces of ravioli. Nonetheless, she felt it was not enough to satisfy her appetite.

Finally, her boyfriend could not resist asking, "How does it taste?"

In truth, it was a redundant question, as the woman's expression said it all—she was on the brink of bursting into tears of joy.

Too embarrassed to ask for another free sample, she glanced at the pot and suggested, "Let's go in and have our lunch. The food here should taste good."

If they could turn the common ravioli into something so delicious, I have high hopes for the other dishes!

As the man was curious to find out how the food actually tasted, he nodded in agreement. Walking hand in hand, they approached Arielle and asked, "Are there any tables available? We would like to eat inside."

"Sure, we still have tables available," Arielle replied.

Then, she instructed Rayson, "Bring them to their table."

“All right!” Rayson ushered them into the restaurant.

Truth be told, he was confused about what had just transpired.

Judging from the earlier situation, he knew the couple only intended to sample the free ravioli and had not meant to dine inside the restaurant. Evidently, they were not their target customers.

I wouldn't even have invited them to try the ravioli if it were me. So, how did both of them end up deciding to dine in the restaurant? Is the ravioli really that irresistible?

Meanwhile, the foot traffic along the street began to grow.

Therefore, many passersby were attracted by the free samples.

The praises kept coming as each of them tried out the ravioli.

“I want to dine here!”

“Mom, I want more ravioli!”

“Shall we go in and try?”

More and more people decided to eat in the restaurant after trying out the ravioli.

Soon, the tables in the restaurant were fully occupied. Many people were also sitting on the chairs in the waiting area with eager expressions.

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A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 1146

Thronged With People

For the customers whose dishes were served, they would call their friends right after tasting them.

“Hello? Have you had lunch yet? Come over to this new restaurant called Maureen's Kitchen at Sunflower Street. The food here is so delicious that it will blow your socks off!”

With a larger group, they could try more dishes without needing to worry about wasting any food.

Before anyone knew it, word of the restaurant spread like wildfire. The chairs in the waiting area could not accommodate everyone, causing the line to spill into the street.

Those waiting outside need not have to wait on an empty stomach, as all of them were given free samples of ravioli.

Despite the small portion of the samples, it was sufficient to keep the hunger pangs away. More importantly, it also served to increase the customers' anticipation of the restaurant's food.

With the kitchen firing on all cylinders, even Glenn's apprentice in charge of cooking ravioli outside was called back in to help.

The moment he entered, Glenn asked him, "How many tables are waiting for their food? Why isn't the number of order slips decreasing?"

His apprentice tittered and replied, "Chef Quigley, I'm afraid we'll be busy for the rest of the day. The line has already stretched into the street. My guess is that our ingredients wouldn't be enough, even though we have ten times more than usual."

Since the business was going well, Glenn was in a cheerful mood and did not feel tired at all.

But it's a stretch to say the ingredients won't be enough.

"I highly doubt so. The number of customers would naturally reduce after lunch hour. Moreover, there would definitely be people dropping out of the line from waiting too long. Hence, the ingredients should be enough."

Nevertheless, his initial expectation of having to waste half the ingredients was no longer coming to pass.

The orders stuck on the wall alone would consume sixty to seventy percent of the ingredients.

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Alas, Glenn's estimation was wrong again.

Cars after cars began to fill the parking lot across from the restaurant. When it was fully occupied, the crowd began parking at the roadside, willing to bear the risk of getting a ticket.

They were largely netizens who came to try Arielle's restaurant out of curiosity.

Naturally, some of them were Arielle's fans.

"My goddess!"

The moment the fans alighted from their cars, they saw Arielle cooking ravioli.

Coincidentally, she had just finished cooking a pot of them. The sight of the ravioli floating at the top was so adorable that no one could bring themselves to eat them.

"I'm a fan of yours, my goddess! I came over after seeing your post on Twitter!"

Many of the fans jostled against each other, eager to greet Arielle.

In the blink of an eye, a crowd had formed in front of the pot.

Even though Arielle knew that she would be able to attract some of her fans, she never expected to see so many of them. In fact, the crowd was still growing.

Fortunately, she had prepared enough ravioli for everyone.

"Thank you for coming here. I'm sure all of you are hungry after traveling all this way. Here, have some ravioli."

Even when she spoke, she did not cease her hand movements.

The moment she drizzled the sauce over the ravioli, a heavenly aroma filled the air, which intensified the hunger of the already famished fans.

Given the huge crowd, a single pot of ravioli was insufficient. Hence, many fans who received the ravioli thoughtfully and reluctantly shared them with those who did not.

"Mmm... It's delicious! I feel like having more!"

"My goodness, this is a magical ravioli! Did you make this yourself, my goddess?"

Nodding, Arielle replied, "It's a recipe I formulated when I went back to Maxwell University. Although I made a few of them, the majority was prepared by our chef."

"Wow, you're so amazing!"

"Boohoo, I didn't manage to eat them. My goddess, do you still have any left?"

“Please calm down; there’s more than enough to go around. It will take three minutes for the next batch to be ready. For the time being, you can get a number and come back to collect them later.”

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A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 1147

Here For Ravioli Or Something More

At that moment, a netizen who was live-streaming arrived at the restaurant.

“Hi, everyone. I’m here at the entrance of Maureen’s Kitchen. There are a lot of people here, but I think they’re mostly Arielle’s fans. Hence, I’m not sure how many of them are true customers. So, what do all of you think? Should I interview the customers first or join the line to order?”

The comments section was instantly filled with the word “interview.”

As the camera lens panned across the long line outside the restaurant, everyone could not wait to learn how good the food was. Therefore, none of them had the patience to wait for the streamer to line up.

After reading the comments, the streamer nodded. “In that case, let’s interview the customers. To get an honest opinion of the food, I’ll avoid the fans outside and head inside to talk to those who are having their meals instead.”

Just when the streamer was about to step in, a fresh batch of ravioli was served.

Since he had rushed over without having lunch, the sudden whiff of tantalizing aroma caused him to stop abruptly in his tracks.

As if entranced, he put the interview session behind him and trotted to the booth where the free samples of ravioli were given out.

Before the booth, a crowd had already formed. It was mostly made up of the fans who were still waiting for their portion of free ravioli.

“The ravioli is delicious! Luckily, I managed to get one piece from someone else just now. Ah... I just can’t wait any longer! I have to eat the ravioli before joining the line.”

“You’re really lucky! Unfortunately, I didn’t manage to get any. Nevertheless, I can tell that they are divine just by smelling them alone!”

Only when the streamer heard those words did he suddenly regain his senses.

What am I doing? Why was I mesmerized by a mere pot of ravioli when it can be found in any restaurant? In fact, I can easily get frozen ravioli from the supermarket. There can’t be anything special about it! I must’ve been too hungry...

Shaking his head, he prepared to leave the crowd.

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Coincidentally, a large group of Arielle’s haters arrived at the scene.

“And here I was, thinking that idiots only existed on the internet. I didn’t expect to find so many idiotic fans here in real life! It’s just a bowl of ravioli. Why do they need to brag about its taste?”

“Exactly. Those not in the know would have thought it was some fine dining cuisine. In the end, isn’t it just ravioli?”

“Others parade her looks on the internet while they boast about ravioli in real life. Hahaha, I thought only kids would behave in such a foolish manner. I didn’t expect to see people from all walks of life. Even those in their thirties and forties are here. What has the world come to?”

“I wonder if their parents would feel ashamed to know that they have such idiots for children. What are these people thinking? Have they been blinded by their devotion to their idols?”

The haters began to bombard the fans with mocking remarks to the extent of disparaging the latter.

Naturally, the fans were not going to take the insults lying down.

“What’s the meaning of this? Why are you hurling insults the moment you arrive? Is this how your parents raised you?”

“If you don’t like our goddess, why are you even here? Are you trying to make a nuisance of yourself? Do you not have anything better to do?”

“I have finally seen keyboard warriors in real life. Can you stop being bigoted?”

“What’s wrong with the ravioli? I dare say my goddess’ ravioli is the best I’ve ever tasted in my life!”

One of the haters sneered. "Are you here for the ravioli or to get into her pants?"

The words further increased the tension in an already incendiary situation.

Unlike online arguments, real-life altercations had the potential to escalate into actual brawls quickly.

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A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 1148

A Fight

Seizing the opportunity, one of the haters wanted to hit the male fan closest to him.

However, the moment he threw his punch, it was intercepted by a small hand.

Caught by surprise, the hater lowered his gaze and saw that he was stopped by a teenager.

Instinctively, he attempted to pull his wrist out of the latter's grasp but was shocked to find that he could not move it, no matter how hard he tried.

Looking at the teenager in disbelief, the hater suddenly wondered if there was something wrong with him. I must definitely be sick to be weaker than a child.

As Blake shoved the hater's hand aside, he warned, "You're not allowed to cause trouble at Ms. Moore's restaurant!"

"Y-You..."

Infuriated, the hater used his other hand to grab Blake. However, just as he raised it, the latter expertly twisted his arm behind his back and held him down.

"Let go of me! Let go!"

Even though the hater was a high-school student, he ended up being subdued by someone who seemed younger than him.

Since he had been utterly humiliated, he decided to scream, "Help! Arielle's fan is beating me up!"

Briefly stunned, Blake explained at once, "I'm not a fan; I'm a bodyguard—"

"A bodyguard? You're just a kid! Do you take me for a fool?"

"You—"

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The outraged Blake was about to strike the hater when Arielle admonished him, "Blake! Let go of him!"

Blake always deferred to her wishes, so he released the hater despite the fury bubbling up inside him.

Unexpectedly, it caused an uproar among the haters.

"Arielle has instigated her fan to beat someone up!"

"Should we call the police?"

"Call the police! Call the police! Arielle must be arrested and thrown into prison!"

Feeling guilty for being the cause of the commotion, Blake apologized, "Ms. Moore, I'm sorry. It's all my fault. How... How about I give Boss a call?"

Only Vinson could resolve a matter like that.

Arielle frowned and did not respond as she was weighing her options.

Wouldn't I be admitting to inciting my fan to rough the person up if I apologize? However, if I don't, the restaurant's business might be affected.

At that moment, the streamer from earlier came forward. "I have managed to record everything! Arielle didn't instigate anything. Instead, it's the hater who struck first. Luckily, that boy managed to stop him!"

He then raised his phone and added loudly, "I'm sure everyone in my audience saw what happened during my live stream. Someone must have clipped it too! You can call the police, but I have all the evidence here."

With a darkened expression, the hater cleared his throat awkwardly.

"I... I may have made a mistake. Arielle didn't incite her fan to start a fight."

Heaving a sigh of relief, Arielle turned to the streamer and nodded gratefully. "Thank you."

The latter blushed from having a beauty thank him, even though he was not a fan of Arielle.

Since he was all pumped up, he took a deep breath and declared, "Since all of you have your doubts about the food, let me try the ravioli and be the judge of it!"

Arielle agreed with it, finding it a good idea.

Coincidentally, a fresh batch of ravioli had just been cooked. While they were still piping hot, she served the streamer a bowl.

"Please give them a try."

After nodding in acknowledgment, the streamer passed the phone to his companion and tasted the ravioli.

The very next second, his eyes sparkled. As he stuffed more of it into his mouth, he mumbled, "They're amazing! They're really, really delicious!"

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A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 1149

Humiliating The Haters

Soon, the streamer finished all five pieces of the ravioli and felt the urge to have more.

"Can I... have another bowl?"

The fans were displeased to hear that.

"No! I haven't gotten any when I've been lining for a long time. You've tried the ravioli, so don't even think of jumping in line!"

"Exactly. We thought you were here to help our goddess. We didn't expect you to take advantage of it for more ravioli!"

The haters were stumped by the comments.

"That's enough! All of you can drop the act. I'm sure you're also a fan of hers!" one of them snapped at the streamer.

The streamer quickly denied, waving his hands at once. "No, not at all. You can check out my social media account if you don't believe me. I came here to show the restaurant to my fans through live stream after reading about it on Twitter."

The haters did not believe him at all.

"Do you take us for fools? And that we'll take your word for it?"

Running out of ways to defend himself, the streamer countered, "There's still some ravioli left. If you don't believe me, you can try them for yourself!"

The haters were not afraid to take up the challenge.

"Fine! We'll do it. With so many people watching, we're not afraid of you poisoning the food."

Subsequently, the hater, who was subdued by Blake earlier, picked up a bowl and started eating.

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He was still scowling before he dug in, flummoxed by why there was such a big fuss over the ravioli.

Yet, the next second, the rich and flavorsome content of the ravioli spread across his tongue.

"How... is this even possible?" he muttered in disbelief.

Thinking that it was a false impression due to his hunger, he quickly took another bite.

As he gorged on them, he realized that he could not stop.

The other haters, who were waiting for him to humiliate Arielle, urged with a frown, "Hey! Don't just keep eating. Tell us about the taste!"

At last, that hater put down his bowl. However, it was not because he had enough but because he had cleaned his bowl.

His lips quivered as he muttered something, but not a complete sentence was heard from him even after a long while.

"Say something!" The other haters prodded when they took in the odd look on his face.

Finally, he replied in a low voice, "It actually is quite good."

The fans heaved a collective sigh of relief, glad that the hater had a conscience and spoke honestly.

On the other hand, the other haters were vexed.

“You must be a mole!”

“What’s wrong with you? How can you lie in front of so many of us? Don’t you have a conscience?”

Accused of being a traitor by his group, that particular hater became anxious.

“If you don’t believe me, you can try them and make your own judgment!”

The other haters refused to believe it still. It’s just ravioli; how good can it actually taste?

“I’ll try!”

“Me too!”

“Give me a portion!”

In a short while, the haters displayed a myriad of reactions. Some wore incredulous expressions, some fell into deep silence, while some had faces as black as thunder.

In fact, some even clicked their tongues in amazement. Considering how they turned a common dish like ravioli into something so delicious, it goes without saying that the other dishes must be equally impressive.

Even though many of the haters were still upset, none of them could deny the tastiness of the ravioli.

When the streamer saw their response, he scoffed at them. Ignoring the commotion, he looked at his phone and said to the viewers, “Sorry for the delay. Now, let’s interview the customers inside.”

The moment he finished his sentence, the viewers left many comments, saying that the interview was no longer necessary.

There’s no need to. You can go ahead and join the line.

Even the haters have given in. It’s no longer necessary to ask about the food anymore.

Save it. I’ve already gotten a taxi to take me to Maureen’s Kitchen. I’m from Horington, so the journey will take around four hours, just in time for dinner.

Take me along with you! I'm from Horington too. We can try more dishes by dining as a group there!

Argh! I'm studying overseas right now. Poor me. When will they open a branch overseas? Isn't it too much to make me wait till I return for the winter holidays?

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The Wisdom Of Arielle

When the streamer saw the replies, he felt himself swelling with delight.

After all, he no longer needed to conduct the interview and could join the line directly.

I can't wait to try the other dishes in Maureen's Kitchen!

Holding that thought, he went to join the line right away.

Contrary to his elation, Arielle's fans waiting for the ravioli at the booth were exasperated. Even though they were happy that the tastiness of the ravioli was appreciated, they could not smile because the haters had finished the most recent batch of ravioli.

"Those haters are so annoying! I deliberately squeezed my way up to the front, yet they finished all the ravioli!"

"Could it be that they're fans masquerading as haters so that they could get the ravioli ahead of us?"

Feeling indignant, some of the fans joined the line to dine in the restaurant, while others continued to wait at the booth for the ravioli.

Strangely, they noticed that a few of the haters had joined the line.

In an instant, the fans mocked, "Hey, weren't you pouring scorn on our goddess' restaurant just a while ago? Why have you joined the line too?"

Caught in the act, one of the haters scowled but countered shamelessly, "Isn't the whole point of running a restaurant to serve customers? As one of them, don't I have the right to eat here too? Since when is it illegal to do so?"

The fans pursed their lips and stopped arguing with the haters.

They could not be any happier for Arielle that the business at the restaurant was brisk, so they would never chase her customers away.

At that sight, the other haters who were too embarrassed to line up earlier finally came out of hiding and joined them openly.

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With that, the line stretched even further from the restaurant entrance to the parking lot.

Even the sticky notes used to write the numbers for the waitlist were finished. Therefore, the manager had no choice but to cut a stack of papers into squares and jot numbers on them.

At that moment, it finally dawned upon him how much foresight Arielle had.

Meanwhile, Rayson was as busy as a bee as he helped around the restaurant. At one moment, he would be helping to serve food to the customers, and at the other moment, he would be summoning more bodyguards to maintain the order of the line so that no one would try and jump in. Not only that, but he would also help to take orders.

Even though the hall was busy, it was a lot more hectic in the kitchen. Since there were not enough chefs, Glenn had to transfer some of the apprentices from the old restaurant over.

The waiter reported an order of six servings of roast chicken, and Glenn had just put them into the oven when the former returned and added, "Two more servings of roast chickens... And five servings of roast pork."

"Got it. The opening day is killing me," Glenn lamented. Nevertheless, he had a broad grin on his face.

Since he had a stake in the restaurant, it meant that he was one of its owners too. Therefore, he looked forward to being busy, as it was a sign that business was buzzing.

As sweat streamed down his forehead continuously, he worked hard to send out the dishes like clockwork.

When he saw that the ingredients were almost finished despite preparing ten times more than usual, he could not resist asking the manager, "Is there still a line outside?"

“Yes!” The manager nodded. “Chef Quigley, I don’t think you’ll get the chance to rest today,” he remarked regrettably, though he was delighted by the crowd.

“What?” Glenn looked at the time in shock. “It’s already two. How can there still be a line? How many of them are there?”

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