

## Chased 69

### Chapter 69 Office

How could Ms. Logan laugh if their relationship really changed?

How can I still be in the mood to buy snacks for them?

“Ms. Logan is only eighteen years old, and she has already become a winner in life, with such a good background and such an excellent fiancé.”

“She is much better than us in every aspect.”

“Look at us either don’t have a boyfriend, or have no savings, or our family is poor. I don’t know when we will be able to live a good life.”

“Okay, okay, please keep your voice down!”

Isabella walked into the office, and the assistant Frank had already put all the packed meals on the coffee table.

There are thirteen kinds.

“Ms. Young, are you here?” Frank raised his head and said respectfully, “These are for lunch.”

Isabella glanced at the food in front of her, picked up the fish soup and smelled it, picked up a piece of sausage for a closer look, and used a fork to separate the sausage.

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The color and taste made her eyes a little colder.

“Ms. Young, are these foods still fresh?” Frank clearly noticed the change in Isabella.

“Go to the cafeteria.”

Seeing Isabella walking towards the cafeteria, several curious employees secretly followed to watch the show.

Isabella came to the cafeteria, a dishwasher was washing dishes inside, and two cooks were sitting outside on the flower garden, smoking and enjoying the cool.

Seeing Isabella appearing suddenly, they didn’t know who she was, but seeing Frank following behind, they more or less guessed the identity of the girl in front of them.

It should be the new president, Ms. Young, who has terrified the employees recently.

“Is this Ms. Young?” One of the young chefs pressed a cigarette butt on the sole of his shoe and asked.

Seeing Isabella walk into the kitchen, Frank explained lightly, “Ms. Young is just walking around, don’t be nervous.”

As soon as Isabella entered the cooking area, she found that the hygienic environment inside was very bad. The young chef explained, "I haven't had time to clean up after cooking at noon, and it is usually clean. You see, law enforcement officers came to check last week and commented Grade A."

"Call your supervisor."

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Hearing Isabella's cold voice, the young chef was stunned for a moment, and hurriedly said, "Our person in charge is usually not here..."

"Then ask him to come over." Isabella added coldly, "Right away."

The young chef had never seen such an aura before, so he hurriedly called the person in charge.

A few minutes after the call was made, George came first before the person in charge arrived.

"Ms. Young is really free, they are all transferred to the kitchen."

George heard the news and rushed over as fast as he could. At this moment, he saw Isabella open the refrigerator and look at the frozen meat inside.

"Did Ms. Young forget that our canteen has long been contracted by an outside catering company. Even if we want to inspect it, it's not our company's people to inspect it."

George raised a defiant smile, looking at Isabella grimly.

"From a legal point of view, the company is responsible for supervising the contracted canteens. Mr. Barnes is old and doesn't know the law, so it doesn't matter."

Isabella raised her eyes, looked at the man in front of her without being surprised, and raised the corners of her lips, "I heard that the person in charge of the cafeteria is your relative?"

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George froze for a moment, then sneered, "Ms. Young is dissatisfied with me, and wants to use the canteen contracted by my relatives?"

Isabella curled her lips coldly, raised her eyes to look at the camera above, and as expected, it had been shut down a long time ago.

"Go and turn on the camera." Isabella turned her head and told the assistant beside her.

"Ms. Young, what do you want to do?" George was very dissatisfied with her actions, "Even if the cameras here are to be turned on, it is not up to the people in our company to turn them on."

"Ms. Young, it's already opened." Frank said respectfully when he came back from work.

At this time, the person in charge of the restaurant came in a hurry, sweating profusely. He noticed the young girl beside George and couldn't help asking, "Mr. Barnes, this is...?"

“Didn’t you hear the news? A new leader came recently.” George didn’t take the girl in front of him seriously at all.

The person in charge, Chase, understood what Mr. Barnes meant, but he, who has always been able to handle business well, still smiled respectfully, “Ms. Young, do you have any questions?”

“I just reheated the leftovers from lunch. Frank, ask Mr. Barnes to try it.”

“Yes.” Frank immediately went to get things.

George and Chase looked at each other, wondering what she meant.

“Ms. Young, if you want us to taste the food and improve it...”

Before Chase finished speaking, Isabella said a word: “Please.”

Delicious food is placed in front of them.

Chase didn’t refuse to take a bite, “It tastes good.”

George didn’t eat, he looked impatiently at the girl in front of him, “If Ms. Young wants to invite us to lunch, then there’s no need, I’m already full.”

“Mr. Barnes is full, or dare not eat?”

Isabella’s words were like a string, plucking the hearts of everyone present, and the employees secretly watching the excitement were a little scared.

“What does Ms. Young mean?” George was immediately displeased.

Chase hurriedly explained, “The chefs make this at noon, right?”

The two chefs nodded hastily, but their eyes were obviously nervous and disturbed.

“I didn’t say it wasn’t freshly made.” Isabella curled her lips coldly, “I’m just curious about what’s inside it?”

Chase was stunned for a moment, then smiled, “Of course

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the ingredients in it are the fresh pork that the chefs went to the market to buy early in the morning.”

“Chop soybean protein, add tapioca starch, and a series of food additives, then add pork essential oil, stir and stir, it is the minced meat you said? As for the chives in it, is it replaced by fragrant oil? I think so.” Right?”

When the people present heard it, what? What they ate at noon didn’t even have a single bit of meat in it, it was all a bunch of food additives?

They’re going to throw up.

“Ms. Young, you can’t just speak without thinking at a young age. Is there any evidence for what you said? If not, you are framing us...”

Although Chase said so, his eyes were clearly averted, and even George couldn’t hide his expression.

“Whether the stuffing inside is fresh meat or not, don’t you know if you test it?”

Isabella looked at them with great interest, “When you ate just now, you were also a little bit resistant and scared, right?”