

Chased 70

Chapter 70 I'm calling the police

Chase seemed to be talking about the central matter, and felt even more disturbed, "I believe that the chefs under me will never do such a heartless thing!"

Isabella thought it was funny, "Don't blame the chef at this time, right? Even if the chef really did this, it was at your instigation."

"Does Ms. Young have evidence?" Chase gritted his teeth, "If not, I can sue you for defamation!"

"It's not certain who will sue. Don't speak too early."

"you....."

"The fried beef with peas at noon, isn't the beef real beef?" Isabella raised her eyes and looked at him confidently.

The expression on Chase's face couldn't hold back anymore, "What do you mean!"

"I just checked. You are using dead chicken instead of beef."

"Heh, Ms. Young really thought of something to say, such. Words, you have to have evidence for them!"

"Go get the trash can from the kitchen." Isabella ordered the assistant on the side.

Frank hastily complied.

A large trash can was placed in front of everyone, and

Isabella kicked it, and the trash inside was dumped at the feet of George and Chase in an instant.

George and Chase stepped back hastily.

In addition to some food waste, there are also chicken heads, chicken feet, chicken butts, etc.

"I didn't eat chicken at noon, but there are these in the trash can..." Isabella's tone was casual, "Normal good chickens have their eyes open after slaughter, and only sick and dead chickens will close their eyes."

The people on the side hurriedly observed the chicken heads. on the ground, indeed, their eyes were all closed!

"Everyone should have been to the market. When killing chickens, bloodletting is required, but dead chickens cannot bleed in time, so the color of the meat will turn red, and the skin color of sick chickens will be unhealthy dark gray. It looks like Dryness is not elastic, it is not a normal death."

The employees on the side felt like they were about to vomit, but they didn't expect that what they ate at noon turned out to be sick and dead chicken, not fresh beef!

Chase didn't expect a little girl to observe so carefully.

It stands to reason that a little girl of this age doesn't know what good chickens are and bad chickens, even if she has been to the market to watch chickens being slaughtered, she finds it strange.

"Well, let's take a step back. Even if the chefs really

accidentally bought sick and dead chickens, it's not their responsibility. They were also cheated by the chicken stall owners in the market. Besides, you said that sick and dead chickens can be made into beef, then you should make one and show me!"

Seeing that Chase didn't admit it, Isabella thought it was funny.

"What's so difficult?" Isabella said unhurriedly, "Just cut these low-quality chicken into strips, add some beef essential oil and barbecue essential oil, if the color is wrong, add some caramel coloring, fry the oil in the pan, add With various seasonings, it immediately turns into beef."

Chase's face froze, he didn't expect her to be so clear about the process, and she didn't say a single word wrong.

"And the evidence is that all the food additives I mentioned can be found in your kitchen!"

Hearing Isabella's sonorous and forceful words, the

employees on the side could no longer use words to describe their mood at this moment.

One of the employees patted his chest and rejoiced, "It's okay, I didn't eat these two dishes at noon."

Isabella's eyes fell on him, feeling amused, "Do you think there is a problem with these two dishes?"

"Ms. Young, what do you mean by that?" The employee was a little scared while not understanding.

Isabella is full of confidence, "None of the thirteen dishes

cooked in the cafeteria are made from fresh ingredients!"

When everyone heard it, their eyes widened.

No way? Thirteen dishes are not fresh?

It's terrible, isn't it?

"Ms. Young, what about the meat sausages? It's impossible for the meat sausages to be fake, right? Could it be made from low-quality meat?" Some employees have already started to worry.

Isabella is calm, "I don't know if you have heard of starch sausage? Add all kinds of powder, then some food additives, barbecue essential oil, and finally some carrageenan, pour it into the cooking machine and stir it, and finally squeeze it out into shape. When it is cooked, it becomes meat sausage."

Some employees have already gone to the flower garden outside to vomit.

"The evidence is that the cooking machine hasn't been washed yet, and there is still a little minced meat on the inner wall, which can be tested."

I was worried that the sausage was made of low-quality meat, but I didn't expect that there was no meat! It's all seasoning!

“And the fish soup you drank at noon, don’t you think the color is wrong?” Isabella glanced at everyone, and said word by word, “Normal fish soup is not so white, unless you put a spoonful of evaporated milk in it, what kind of fresh and sweet fish? Soup is ready.”

Someone went outside to vomit again. They couldn’t believe that the cafeteria would do such a wicked thing.

“I also saw concentrated lamb in the kitchen. Do you know what it is? After a spoonful, the plain water has the taste of lamb bone soup.”

Another employee breathed a sigh of relief, “Fortunately, I didn’t have a good appetite at noon, so I mixed a little sesame paste in the rice... I didn’t eat anything else.”

“The sesame paste you eat is also made from sesame essence.”

The staff threw up again.

“What a big joke!” Chase said with his hands behind his back, sneering, “Even if you can find all these things, you have no proof that the chefs mixed these things together to make lunch.”

George was also unhappy, “Ms. Young, don’t talk nonsense!”

Chase is more like an angry tiger, “I originally wanted to calm things down for the sake of my relatives, but now everyone has misunderstood our cafeteria. I will call the police on this matter!”

“Okay.” Instead of being intimidated, Isabella said, “You’re old, if you can’t hold your phone steady, I can ask Frank to help you.”

Chase didn’t expect this little girl to be quite difficult to deal with, so he said with a sneer, “Ms. Young, you have thought it through clearly. If I report it, your position will be lost!”

“Will you report it?” Isabella has no time to waste with him, “If you don’t report it, let me do it.”

“Ms. Young is young and energetic, so it’s inevitable that he’s getting a little angry. Give me face.” George began to act as a peacemaker, “Go and show Ms. Young the grocery shopping list for the morning. It proves that the ingredients are all fresh.”

“No need.” Unexpectedly, Isabella would not buy it, but said bluntly, “I heard that the small fresh food supermarket you purchased is also opened by relatives.”

George suddenly became displeased, “Ms. Young means to suspect that our relatives are in collusion with each other?”

“That’s what you said.”

“you.....”

Isabella glanced at Frank, and Frank immediately took out his cell phone and wanted to call the police.