

Chapter 977

After Henry and Sylvia had put their shopping bags at home, they set off to Angel Hotel.

Angel Hotel, a four-star hotel, was only second to the Glory Hotel in Yinzhou City. The next day after the auction, Sylvia had wanted to purchase both hotels. But no matter how much Sylvia had offered, the owner of Glory Hotel wouldn't sell. As frustrated as Sylvia was, she had to purchase only Angel Hotel.

What Sylvia didn't know was that the ultimate owner of Glory Hotel was Henry. But Henry didn't know that it was Sylvia who had offered to purchase the hotel. The new manager of the hotel didn't bother to report it to Felix.

The next day after Sylvia purchased Angel Hotel, she hired a couple of contractors to renovate the building and its interior. At this moment, the new Angel Hotel had totally changed its look.

First of all, the parking lot had been expanded, providing its customers with a much easier travel experience. This improvement stole many customers from Glory Hotel.

Next, the design and facility of both exterior and interior were done to the standard of a five-star hotel. Sylvia also handpicked the new chef. If the five-star certificate was approved, Angel Hotel would be the only five-star hotel in Orafield Province.

Although Sylvia was unable to purchase Glory Hotel, she wanted Angel Hotel to be better than Glory Hotel in every way.

But Henry and Felix weren't worried about the fact that Glory Hotel was losing its patrons. Felix could use the time and effort, which a hotel renovation would take, into earning profits that were multiple times more than which of Glory Hotel.

Angel Hotel was located in the center of Yinzhou. On the day of its opening, many old and first-time customers came to visit.

Henry looked at the newly renovated hotel building, which was twenty-eight-floors in height, in awe of its magnificence.

Standing in front of gold-trimmed front doors were beautiful female greeters. They formed two lines to welcome customers. All the staff, male or female, was nice-looking, which brought much enjoyment to the eyes.

The entrance of Angel Hotel was filled with banners and flowers sent by the other businesses of Yinzhou.

Countless luxury cars parked in the hotel parking lot. The status of the Lins in Yinzhou was absolutely unshakable. It had exceeded Hengyuan of Jenny Qin a great deal.

The Chow Group, which was believed to be the Lins's rivalry, served as a subsidiary organization to help the Lins for that day's hotel opening.

As soon as Henry and Sylvia stepped out of the car, people rushed over. They greeted Sylvia and hoped to make acquaintance with her.

Sylvia strode to the entrance of the hotel.

The government officials of Yinzhou City also attended the ceremony. Because the Lins could stimulate the economy of Yinzhou, they saw the Lins as part of their achievement. An organization that was able to achieve a similar economic effect normally gained the favor of the local government.

The ceremonial firework show added a more festive atmosphere to the new year. Sylvia came to the front door of the hotel after the fireworks. Staff carried out a red fabric-covered tray.

Dozens of reporters came close to snap photos.

The government official stood behind a long red ribbon with Sylvia. They both uncovered the red fabric on the tray and revealed a pair of big golden scissors. They each held one handle, looked into the camera, and clipped off the ribbon.

The firecrackers and applause were heard. After Sylvia made the official announcement, the ribbon-cutting ceremony was over.

In the past few days since she came back from the capital, Sylvia had attended too many ribbon-cutting ceremonies. The other ceremonies were much more complicated, but Sylvia just wanted it to be simple.

All the guests were invited to dine in the hotel after the ceremony.

Sylvia took Henry's arm and said, "Honey, do you want to take a tour in our kitchen? All the chefs were specially picked out by me. I would love to hear your thoughts."

The two of them chatted and laughed as they headed for the kitchen.

Sylvia hired an entire kitchen team.

When Henry followed Sylvia to the kitchen, he saw all the state-of-the-art equipment. All the kitchen staff were very experienced. Sixteen stoves worked at the same time. The nice smell of gourmet food filled the whole kitchen.

The chef, wearing his toque, inspected every action happening in the kitchen.

"Dear, how is it? Do you like it?" Sylvia looked at Henry and asked.

"Good," Henry nodded, "I see they are specialized in Cantonese cuisine, but they also customized their recipes with our local taste. If my guess is correct, their work will be well-received."

The hotel manager, who accompanied them, said, "Mr. Zhang, during the time of preparing the kitchen, we invited five hundred local residents as our tasters. We wanted to emphasize the characteristics of both the Cantonese cuisine and our local cuisine."

Henry nodded, "It's smart to create fusion recipes."

As soon as Henry finished his words, the chef walked over, "President Lin, welcome to the kitchen. It's our honor to have you with us. President Lin, I happen to have something to talk to you."

"Chef Wu, please."

"President Lin, I was wondering if you could raise the payment," Chef Wu gave Sylvia a subtle look.

Sylvia frowned slightly. "Raise the payment? Chef Wu, we have agreed on one million yuan per month for the work of your team. You are not happy with salary now?"

There were eighteen people on Chef Wu's team. One million yuan a month should be a very generous offer.

Chef Wu waved his hand and said, "President Lin, it's not that we think we are underpaid. The problem is the expense. Sun, can you hand me today's invoice? I need to show it to President Lin."

Sun was the buyer of the team. He took a stack of invoices and gave them to Sylvia.

Chef Wu said, "President Lin, you may not know this, but the materials for Cantonese cuisine are totally different from the local cuisine. We need fresh materials every day. The original expense estimate was fifteen thousand yuan per day, but in reality, I'm afraid it will be twenty-five."

Sylvia checked the invoices and nodded, "If the problem is the expense, Chef Wu, you ..."

Before Sylvia could finish her sentence, Henry interrupted.

"Don't be greedy," Henry stared at the invoices in Sylvia's hand and said, "The Finn Aquatic Product just opened for business a couple of days ago. Their price should be three times higher than which of a regular

seafood wholesale market."

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Chef Wu hadn't met Henry before. He narrowed his eyes and asked, "Who is this?"

"This is my husband, Henry Zhang," Sylvia answered.

"Oh, nice to meet you, Mr. Zhang," Chef Wu nodded, "Mr. Zhang, it seems that you are an expert on the market of the cooking materials?"

"Not really," Henry shrugged, "I worked as a cook a while back, so I would pay attention to the price of cooking materials."

In fact, Henry would observe his environment wherever he went. Not only for the price of cooking materials, but even the price of small accessories found on the street booth couldn't escape his observation. It was a habit Henry had been having for years.

Sometimes, the devil was in details.

Heard that Henry had cooked professionally, Chef Wu asked suspiciously, "Do you mind giving me the honor of telling me which cuisine do you specialize in?"

Henry smiled and said, "Just some local stuff."

"Haha," Chef Wu sneered, "Mr. Zhang, the requirement of seafood for Cantonese cuisine is different from which of your local dishes. The seafood of the average seafood market can't reach our standard."

"Interesting," Henry stared at Chef Wu and asked, "Are you interested in telling me those standards?"

"That's not necessary," As Chef Wu turned around, he said, "Everyone has their own cooking technique. My technique is my trademark. I believe Mr. Zhang would know better than asking for it since you were a cook once. Let's not break the rules."

Chef Wu was polite but not respectful to Sylvia and Henry. The kitchen worked according to their own set of rules, which was separated from the rest of the hotel management. If the chef was unhappy with the owner of the hotel, the chef could leave the post with the team. The owner couldn't do anything about it.

"Chef Wu, in my opinion, you are the one who is breaking the rules," Henry put his hands behind his back and looked around the kitchen, "According to my experience, the daily expense could be around ten thousand yuan. Now that you tell us that fifteen thousand yuan isn't enough, and you want another ten. I wonder what precious seafood

could deserve your cooking skills?"

Chef Wu's gaze hardened, "I'm in charge of the kitchen. You don't have the right to ask what kind of materials I use. If you don't trust me, you can find another chef!"

"Okay, let's get someone else," Henry smiled.

Chef Wu's face dropped. He didn't expect that Henry could ask him to leave.

He had believed that Sylvia couldn't afford to fire him on the hotel's opening day. So many guests and customers were waiting for their food. What the hotel would serve them if there was no chef? Chef Wu was also confident that, unless Sylvia was willing to spend much more on the kitchen, there wouldn't be another chef that was as good as him.

"What are you waiting for?" Henry smiled and pointed at the back door of the kitchen, "Why are you still here? Waiting for my invitation to leave?"

Being yelled at and fired in front of so many people, Chef Wu's face turned gloomy, and his body was trembling with anger.

He looked at Sylvia and asked, "President Lin, does your husband's words count in this hotel?"

Although Sylvia did not understand why Henry would suddenly target Chef Wu, she totally trusted Henry's judgment. Sylvia nodded and said, "I trust my husband, and he can call shots around here."

"Good! Very good!" Chef Wu nodded with a sinister look, "I'll leave, and I want to see what you people will serve your customers!"

Chef Wu waved his hand and shouted, "Stop what you are doing. Now pack up your things and follow me!"

In the kitchen, the chief was the only boss. Once the order was given, no one was allowed to touch anything. Even the stoves were left without turning off. Within seconds, the kitchen was filled with a burning smell.

Sylvia waved her hand. The hotel manager turned off the stoves before the kitchen caught fire.

"Let's go!" Chef Wu shouted. He took the lead and headed for the back door of the kitchen.

The rest of his team followed him.

When he reached the door, he stopped and looked at Sylvia, "Sylvia Lin, don't regret your decision!"

"Don't worry, my wife was way too busy to care about you," Henry waved his hand unpatiently, "Have a nice trip!"

Chef Wu's face turned darker. He left angrily.

The kitchen looked empty without the kitchen team. The half-chopped vegetables and burned food in the cooking pan made the kitchen look deserted.

Sylvia asked Henry in confusion, "Henry, I have anticipated that they will purposefully raise the budget. But if I can get their estimate down by half, I can accept their terms."

"That's not the problem," Henry shook his head and pointed at the cooking pan near him, "Look at that. If they are using good material, its color won't turn at this point. Moreover, did you notice the nails of their swing cook? They are long and dirty. He doesn't take care of his personal hygiene before handling the food. Yes, there is much alive fish on display. But the inner organs they picked out from the cooking seafood are shriveled up, which means that they are just showing us the fresh ones but using the stale ones. They told us that they were trying to combine the local cuisine with the Cantonese cuisine. But Sylvia, do you know how people in Yinzhou cook?"

Sylvia was speechless at Henry's question. She had lived in Yinzhou for so many years, but Sylvia didn't know too much about Yinzhou cuisine. For example, Sichuan cuisine was sour and spicy, and Xiang cuisine was spicy, but what was Yinzhou cuisine?

Sylvia shook her head.

"Seasoning," Henry said, "Yinchou cuisine is to use seasoning to cover up the taste of the raw materials. That's why they thought they could trick us by using stale seafood to lower the expense. With enough seasoning, normal customers can't tell if the seafood was fresh or not. How can you use a bunch of crooks like those? Do you know the stale seafood could contain an excessive amount of histamine, which can cause food poisoning? How can we keep those people working in the kitchen? They are a disgrace of the industry!"

Henry still remembered what his cooking instructor had taught him.

"The customers are willing to eat what we make, which means they have put their trust in the cooks. We can't trade their trust with unethical profits!"

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