

That server took one glimpse at Casper before she snubbed him and then strutted off, cursing her luck for running into such a classless creep while at work.

The look of revulsion in her eyes was so obvious that even Casper could not pretend to overlook it.

Scum!

Another piece of trash like him! That was what she thought while she got all riled about it.

Casper was flummoxed as to what he did to deserve such blatant antipathy. He felt that the girl may very well be one knife away from doing him in.

Unable to figure out why he was treated with such

hostility, he could only shrug when he watched her depart and banish all thoughts about the encounter to the back of his mind.

After Elena placed the orders for the items she wanted, she went on to pass the menu along to Casper, who reviewed her orders with a frown before he quickly rattled off another few more items for himself.

Elena was astonished to hear how many items he ordered. "That's way too much. What if we can't finish them?"

"Let's dig in first, and try to deal with that later," Casper replied with a smile as he looked to set her mind at ease, and Elena went along in spite of her own misgivings.

When the same server from before walked past again

and saw how pliant Elena was toward Casper, not only did her dislike for him grow, her esteem for Elena also diminished altogether.

From her perspective, that loser Casper's blustering tendencies had a lot to do with Elena's unconstrained enabling.

As much as she disliked men like Casper, women who facilitated them like Elena did drive her crazy.

On the other hand, her passive aggressiveness came across as baffling to Casper and Elena. Casper especially, thought this round of browbeating from that lass to be incomprehensible and baseless.

When the girl went near the duo to serve the dishes, it was as if she was born incapable of wearing a smile; the frosty, soul-sucking demeanor on her face gave everyone the chills.

One by one, the eclectically styled Chanaean dishes were presented on the table, and they were every bit as splendid as that of Ustranasion cuisine.

Casper and Elena promptly proceeded to sample the delicious fare from Lingham Hotel carefully, and both had to admit that the offerings here far surpassed that of Tycoon's.

All of the ingredients retained their most authentic taste, and to be able to see how the flavors were realized to their fullest potential was truly satisfying.

It was no easy feat for a hotel of this setup to produce food of this quality, and quite impossible for their achievement in this respect to remain in ignominy for too long.

The key to that was not the hotel itself, but the

exceptional chef working behind the scenes.

Such a feast for the senses which almost enamored a top connoisseur like Casper spoke volumes of it, but however delectable it was, it could only surprise but not delight Casper as it fell just short of his own lofty standards.

He wondered if what they had was prepared by that head chef whom they had hired with attractive remuneration. If it were the case, they should have nothing to worry about.

These dishes which Casper thought were decent enthralled Elena's taste buds, so much so that her cutlery and hands were in constant motion of stuffing food into her mouth.

It would seem that there was more to the Lingham Hotel's ability to establish itself in Horington within the

last two to three years than just having the driving force of Lingham Group behind it.

Like they said before, the secret weapon of the Lingham Group, or should it be said the Lingham Hotel, was the elite talent under their employ.

A hint of smugness glinted across the eyes of the female server as she watched how the duo thoroughly enjoyed their food, but at the same time, she resumed a deep furrow which intimated her contemptuousness toward Casper.

How I wish I could throw a plate of food in his face.

She thought.

But she reconsidered, as she opined that the delicacies would go to waste if poured over him.

She even felt that everything about Casper, right down to his clothes, was unfit for the excellent fare painstakingly prepared by the chef.

As much as she could not bear dumping fine food on this detestable man, she could not stomach the thought of letting him off so easily.

Truth be told, Casper did not even know her.

During the interval between the tabling of dishes in which wine was to be served, that girl had an idea.

When she came close to Casper with that bottle of red in hand, she suddenly tripped over herself and fell onto the floor, sending the uncorked bottle in her hand and its contents spilling unerringly onto Casper while the girl herself got away unscathed.

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With that, the mass of the white shirt Casper had on today, alongside his pants, were drenched into a shade of claret, enveloping his entire person with the dense piquancy of fermented grapes.

Elena was so shocked that the cutlery fell from her hands. She let out a yelp and thought about helping Casper clean up, while the female server who had just doused him tried to slink away wordlessly before being seized by Casper.

“Hold it right there,” he said.

The server gnashed her teeth and repressed her own

near overwhelming feelings of revulsion and disgruntlement before she turned to regard Casper.

The very thought of having to gaze upon someone like him filled her with disgust.

Casper recognized her as the female server who was glaring at him earlier.

Any ordinary server would have been fretful at spilling wine all over a customer, especially when one worked in a major hotel like this. Getting fired was one thing, but the prospect of offending the wrong people was much worse.

Not only was this girl lacking in fearfulness, she seemed completely at ease and was also able to veil her own emotions perfectly.

“This is on me, sir. I'm willing to bear all responsibility

for it.”

Had Casper not seen her and noticed that sliver of contempt in her eyes from before, he might have actually bought into this girl's act.

Where was there an establishment where a server would speak to its customers in this manner?

Was that not a clear show of attitude? Is she suggesting that she'll pay and take responsibility, but there's no way she'll apologize?

Casper was rather amused by what she was implying, as though she was a tantrum-throwing kid—remorseless and indignant even after she got caught red-handed trying to get back at an adult.

Though he had never met this server before, her temperament did not sit well with him, and for some

reason, there was a sudden sense of familiarity in the way she looked at him.

He had a strong hunch that this girl might genuinely have a more adorable side to her, even if he had no proof to back up that conjecture.

If she was deliberately out to get him, he thought it would be unbecoming of him if he did not reciprocate this sentiment.

Elena felt oddly envious at the way Casper looked at the girl.

Even with the frosty demeanor, the server was quite the head-turner with her phoenix-eyes, prominent nose, delicate lips, fair complexion, and head-full of long silky tresses.

This spunky server who was quite put off by how

Casper was staring at her was called Sharon Alder. She was the head chef who dressed up as a server. All of the dishes Casper and Elena had were all prepared by her.

The manner by which Casper was staring at her made her forget about the fact that she had just spilled wine all over him.

“What do you want from me, you pervert? Keeping staring, and I'll pluck your eyes out!” Sharon yelled.

Casper predictably looked a little awkward in the presence of this exceedingly combative girl.

“What's that you say? I demand that you apologize to our boss immediately!” Before Casper could react, Elena was first to take exception to Sharon's words.

What the hell is this? A server so casually and

viciously suggesting that she'd dig out someone else's eye, and to a customer too, at that.

Is she so emboldened to speak this way because she wants to be fired from the hotel, or because she has some really powerful backers?

“Boss?” Sharon glanced at Casper mockingly. “Him? A boss? May I know if you're blinded by your own infatuation? You shouldn't believe anything and everything that comes out of his mouth, or sooner or later, you'll come to regret it!” Sharon cautioned Elena while she glanced at Casper in abhorrence.

It was apparent that she had mistaken them for a couple, as Elena looked very much the part of a hapless teenager who would fall prey to that sort of ignoble degenerate.

Sharon's tone and the look in her eyes prompted

Casper to sift through almost all of his memories so as to ensure that he had, indeed, never crossed paths with this lass before.

That made Casper even more curious why was it that this girl harbored such animosity toward him.

However, Sharon did not give him that chance. She heard a name being shouted and assumed that it was hers, and glared at Casper and then at Elena before she stormed off.

Elena was a little peeved when she switched her gaze between the departing server's silhouette and the stains all over Casper but could do little about that.

She then regarded Casper apologetically with her head bowed, as though she did something wrong. "I'm so sorry, Mr. Simpson. How would you like to handle this?"

Casper waved her off. "It's fine. I'll just go get changed later." He then looked at her. "This isn't your fault, so why are you apologizing for it?"

"I should go help you get some new clothes," Elena said quickly.

Casper was not opposed to this but merely looked at her quizzically as she had not quite been herself the entire day.

He did not want to probe if there was anything that Elena was not comfortable sharing, lest it became a cause for embarrassment for her.

"All right then, sorry to trouble you." He then fished out his phone to make a bank transfer to Elena.

Elena was a little disappointed when Casper did that

but made no comment before she went off to the store.

Shirt, suit, tie, cuff-links, tie pin—every article and its design was carefully curated.

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She looked at the clothes in those stores the same way she stared at Casper. Her eyes were filled with tender emotions.

Yes, she was falling for him because he was charming, strong, and had a strong sense of responsibility.

Every time they met, her feelings for him deepened, but Elena was aware that the relationship between her and Casper would not blossom romantically.

Many circumstances proved that Casper felt no such feelings toward her. In fact, he might already have his eyes on somebody else.

Though Elena was not oblivious of it, there was no way she could control her emotions.

The more she tried to keep herself in check, the harder she fell for the man, and the worse her reaction became.

Just like today, she should not even have reacted like that since she was only his secretary.

I'm so ashamed. How am I supposed to face Casper

now? How could I act like his girlfriend when he obviously doesn't have any feelings for me? Damn it. I've put us in an awkward situation. To him, I'm merely his subordinate, colleague, and perhaps a friend.

Elena looked down as sadness overwhelmed her.

At this moment, a man walked past her. When he glanced at her, he was slightly stunned to find her with such an expression because he had never met a woman who looked this dejected.

At first, he wanted to take the initiative to talk to her but decided against it since he didn't want to make her feel even more down.

Right then, Elena took the suit she had chosen for Casper after she paid the bill before leaving the store, oblivious to the man's stares.

When she was out of sight, he stood motionless on the spot, feeling a little lost as he stared blankly in the direction she had gone in.

A while later, he let out a sigh and finally walked away.

Meanwhile, after buying the suit, Elena collected herself before returning to the hotel in a hurry.

In the meantime, Casper let out a sigh while staring down at his wine-stained outfit, which was gradually turning sticky.

Initially, he only planned to go to the restroom to tidy himself up, but unexpectedly, he bumped into Kitty and Charlie there.

He would have ignored them under normal circumstances. However, the two were being intimate

against the only sink in the restroom, which he had originally planned to use. Both of them were lost in their own world.

Staring at the shameless couple, Casper didn't know how to bring himself to say something.

These people really can't control themselves in public, can they? I guess I have to go somewhere else to clean myself.

Just when he was about to leave, the couple snapped back to reality. They turned their heads to look at Casper, who was covered in wine.

It made him seem like a loser —something Kitty and Charlie had always wanted to see, which satisfied them to no end.

Of course, they wished to see the man in a much

more miserable state. After all, he was someone they looked down on the most.

“Hey, isn't this Casper, our current most prominent student?” said Charlie sarcastically. One could not begin to imagine how joyful he was to find Casper looking like that.

On the other hand, Kitty was no different. Never in a million years would she feel sorry for Casper.

As the couple found delight staring at Casper's cheap, wine-stained suit, neither of them noticed Sharon flash past them.

The woman, now dressed in a chef's uniform, halted her steps outside the restroom.

Truthfully, she changed into the uniform to put the scumbag in his place, but she didn't expect to meet

him here.

It seems like the other two inside the restroom are acquainted with him.

Sharon had overheard their conversation earlier. So he's also quite a figure at the university.

Glaring at Casper in disdain, Sharon's impression of him hit rock bottom once again.

Honestly, she was not one to have a bad impression of someone without any reason.

Her sister, Sheryl, was once deceived by a needy and incapable man like Casper.

Because of that scumbag of a man, Sheryl suffered from severe depression and almost committed suicide. In contrast, that man enjoyed the peak of his

life after successfully using Sheryl to climb to the top and become the center of attention amongst women.

If not for Sawyer of Lingham Group, Sharon didn't even want to imagine where Sheryl might be now. Perhaps the latter would already be six feet under.

That was why Sharon had always despised people like Casper. If it weren't for the mistake earlier and her duty as a chef today, she would have taught him a harsher lesson.

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On the flip side, Casper rolled his eyes as he stared at the annoying couple, anticipating what they would dare do to him.

“Why are you covered in wine, Casper? Did you get refused of somebody's leftovers?” Charlie mocked while Kitty looked him up and down in disgust.

It seemed like every time she met Casper, she was reassured again and again that leaving him was the right choice.

“Poor people are indeed nothing but a speck of dirt. I'm so glad I left him.”

Letting out an internal sigh, Casper wondered what they would gain from doing this.

It would be fine if they were messing with other people. Unfortunately, bumping into him was like

signing their own death warrant because he definitely would not let them go that easily.

Casper might be a patient person, but he also had his limit. Moreover, he also had high self-esteem. Getting ridiculed like that was unacceptable for him.

Extending his arm, he grabbed Charlie by his collar and pulled the man right in front of him so he could stare at the man at eye level.

The latter struggled with all his strength, but no matter what, Casper's strength was unmatched.

“Do you have a death wish? Let go of me!” demanded Charlie, yet he was not brave enough to look Casper in the eye because the latter was emitting a cold aura. It was like he could stare right into Charlie's soul.

Lifting Charlie off the ground, Casper was about to

say something when he felt Kitty hitting him with her handbag.

“Let go of him, Casper! What are you trying to do?”

The woman behaved wildly. Though her attacks had little impact on him, her behavior reminded him that she was just that — a savage, manic b*tch.

Casper watched as she acted like a buffoon and could not believe that he used to pour his heart out for her before.

What a f*cking joke. Why am I so affected by people like them? I am different. If I want to make it big, I need to learn to be tough.

Bearing that thought in mind, he let go of Charlie before spitting, “Stay away from me if you meet me next time. Otherwise, don't even think about setting

your foot in this hotel again!”

Charlie was so intimidated by Casper that he didn't dare to say anything. However, Kitty refused to back down. “Look at yourself in the mirror before talking, Casper. What status do you have to decide whether Charlie can come here or not? I thought you had actually bought over Tycoon, but judging by your appearance now, you apparently didn't.”

“Whether I bought over Tycoon isn't your business, now is it?” sneered Casper. “Didn't you leave me because of money? You wouldn't like it if you find out how much I have now, so I suggest you keep your nose out of this.”

Upon hearing this, the woman grew increasingly furious as she pointed at Casper. “You're obviously bluffing. I mean, your clothes are enough to show us how poor you are, yet you're claiming you have

money? Keep on dreaming!”

Meanwhile, Sharon was eavesdropping on their entire conversation.

Huh. She dumped this scumbag because he's poor? This woman isn't all that good either.

Despite that thought, her impression of Casper had not changed one bit.

At this moment, Elena had arrived with the shopping bag consisted of Casper's new suit. She had figured that the man would clean the stain in the restroom, so she came here, only to see Sharon dressed in a chef's uniform, eavesdropping on something.

“What are you doing?” she asked with a frown.

Embarrassed for getting caught spying at the

restroom door, Sharon's face turned a shade redder. She then grabbed hold of Elena before uttering, "Perfect timing, Elena! That scumbag is quarreling with his ex-girlfriend inside. You can see his true colors now."

Seeing that the woman was repeatedly trying to target Casper, Elena grew a little annoyed as she pried Sharon's hand off of her. "I don't know what you're up to, but my boss isn't a scumbag. Stop badmouthing him in front of me!" she hissed coldly.

With that said, she entered the restroom, leaving Sharon alone outside.

"What a stubborn woman!" Sharon spat. "She's just like Sheryl! Don't say that I didn't warn you when you get dumped!"

Inside the restroom, when Elena noticed how Kitty

was pestering Casper, she immediately stood between them, blocking off the assaults.

“Sorry I'm late, Mr. Simpson. Here's the suit I bought you. Since we don't have that much time, I was only able to buy these cheap products. Please forgive me.”

Hearing how Elena addressed Casper, Kitty scrutinized the other woman up and down, noticing that her aura, as well as her attractiveness, were more remarkable than her.

Why is someone like her with Casper? In an instant, jealousy traveled through Kitty's veins, especially since the woman was better than her in every aspect.

“Who's this? Your whore?”

Ignoring Kitty, Casper nodded at Elena before taking the bag from her hand and entered the man's cubicle

to change his clothes.

In the meantime, Charlie's eyes lit up when they landed on Elena. He had a feeling that he had seen her somewhere, as she felt familiar to him.

Unbeknownst to him, Kitty was staring at him as his eyes never left Elena. Seeing this, Kitty became even more jealous. "Why are you staring at her? We don't even know where Casper met this whore! If you also fancy a whore, then go find one!" howled the woman while pulling on Charlie's shirt.

"Watch your mouth," he warned, face turning dark. "If I remember correctly, this woman is a high executive in Tycoon. I met her before."

"I'm Mr. Simpson's secretary," replied Elena as she examined the couple unhappily. "My boss has always stayed low-key. That's why he's dressed like that. As


his secretary, I've failed to perform my duty well, so I ask the both of you to stop messing with him. After all, you and Mr. Simpson are from two different worlds.”


Disliking what she had heard, Kitty's rage increased as she lifted a finger at Elena. When the latter was about to say something, Casper, who was busy changing, beat her to it.

“Ms. Schneider, if she dares to be rude to you, just call the lawyer and have him sue her,” exclaimed the man as he strolled out from the cubicle. Since he was now wearing the newly bought suit, his temperament had changed drastically.

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Ever since childhood, Casper had always worn clothes made from the most expensive materials. Not only that, but he was also obligated to learn and master the dress etiquettes of various countries.

However, he could not afford to buy expensive clothes the previous year due to his state of poverty. Right now, though, he seemed like a whole different man after changing into the suit. Even his aura was highly personable, which stunned Kitty and Charlie.

Not bothering to even glance at the couple, Casper grabbed Elena's hand and exited the restroom.

You're right, Elena. People like them will always be below us. They are nothing but a pygmy in this day and age while we're completely on top of our game.

When they were outside, Casper let go of Elena before turning toward her with a small smile. “You did well, Elena. How much did you spend on this suit? I'll repay you when we return to the company.”

Noticing how good the man looked in the suit, a blush touched Elena's cheeks. “I didn't expect you'd fit this suit so well. You look even better than those models,” she complimented with a chuckle.

“It's all thanks to you, though.” Casper ran his hand over his nose. “You managed to pick the best suit for me in such a short time. You truly have a good vision. But I think it will look better if we replace this tie with a sky blue one.”

Elena rolled her eyes upon hearing his comment. “You really had to say that out loud, didn't you? How ungrateful!” she joked, but then her body stiffened when she realized her tone because it sounded like

she was trying to act cute. That wasn't a usual conversation between a boss and an employee.

What is wrong with me?

Her heartbeat palpitated as her face flushed redder. Composing herself, Elena coughed lightly before muttering, "I'll be returning to the room then. I don't want the food to get cold."

Nodding his head, Casper also had no idea why the woman suddenly acted like that, but he still followed her back to the room.

When they both arrived, they found Sharon waiting for them inside the room.

Seeing that she was now dressed in a chef's uniform, Casper frowned and asked, "You're not a server? What in the world are you up to?"

Pointing at Casper, Sharon began to swear at him, “I will expose your fake ass today so you can't deceive other people!”

“You're insane,” the man stated. If Sharon standing in front of him were a man, he would have slapped her by now.

Why is she so spiteful toward me when we don't know each other? Has she experienced something she became this paranoid about?

“Look, I don't know what you're trying to do, but please don't disturb my joy of eating.”

With that, he pulled a chair and sat down on it. Truthfully, he was waiting for the woman to keep on making a fuss so he could detect Lingham Hotel's weakness.

“Your joy, my foot. I know deceiving women is when you feel the most joyful! Had I known the dishes I cooked are for someone like you, I'd rather throw them away!”

Enraged by Casper's attitude, Sharon grabbed the table's legs and was about to flip it over, but Elena hurriedly stopped her. “Stop right there! Or else I'll call the cops on you!”

“Did you say you're the one who made these dishes?” asked Casper, gripping Sharon's wrist under the table.

He was suddenly interested in her because he had expected the head chef to be around forty or fifty of age instead of a woman this young.

Sharon tried to break free from his hold, but seeing

that it was to no avail, she gave up in the end. “That's right! But I'd rather feed them to pigs than to you!”

Shooting a look at Elena, Casper hinted her to drive away the hotel staff guarding the door so that he could have a good conversation with the head chef.

Although he was tired of the woman for annoying him earlier, she was still the hotel's secret weapon. At first, he was worried that he could not find a way to compete with Lingham Hotel, but it seemed like they had sent their ace right at his doorstep, and he, of course, would take advantage of it.

Never letting go of Sharon's hand, Casper stared at her intently. “It seems like there's been a misunderstanding between us. Shall we talk about it nicely?”

“There's nothing to talk about, you scumbag! You're

just a filthy liar and a cheater!”

Casper furrowed his brows at her words. She's clearly not on her right mind now. There's no way she'll open up.

“You've repeatedly called me a scumbag and told Elena not to be deceived by me. Were you, perhaps, deceived by such a man before?” he asked cautiously.

As expected, Sharon's body trembled as she replied, “Unlike my older sister, I'm not dumb. She almost killed herself because of that scumbag. I will never forget nor forgive him for that!”

Recalling the horrible past, Sharon sniffled as tears escaped her eyes at last. “My sister was so kind. She could even cook better than me, but after getting ruined by a sh*tty man like him, she has lost interest

in cooking. While she was suffering, that scumbag was enjoying his life. It's so f*cking unfair!”

Sobbing, Sharon crouched down when the man let go of his grip as she buried her head in her hands.

Seeing this, Elena approached her before pulling her into her arms to comfort her. “It's okay. Everything will be fine. People like him are bound to face their karma soon. But I assure you my boss isn't like them. You've misjudged him.”

Sharon raised her head and gazed at Elena with her teary eyes. “You're a good person, Elena. But how am I supposed to be convinced that he's a wealthy man when I saw, with my two eyes, what he was wearing when he first arrived here?”

While the two women were talking with each other, Casper, on the other side, was tasting Sharon's food. “These are indeed tasty. You managed to capture


most diners' appetites. However, it's not enough to move them to tears. So, even though they're delicious, they still lack a lot of things.”


Upon hearing his comment, Sharon instantly wiped her tears before standing up. “Has a poor person like you even tasted food as good as this? What rights do you think you have to critique my food?”

Good, she fell for my trick. Casper stared at her and exclaimed, “Firstly, I am not poor. Secondly, yes, I've eaten this kind of food. Maybe more than you can imagine. Thirdly, if you're still unconvinced, then let's have a showdown.”

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“Showdown?” questioned Sharon with an arched brow. “What kind of showdown?”

“A cooking showdown, of course. Aren't you a chef? I can have a face-off with you when it comes to food,” declared Casper before pointing at the red wine on the table. “I think I will win, though, because a true chef will never waste food, and judging by what you did earlier, you must be a terrible chef.”

Sharon was rendered speechless by his sarcastic remarks. However, she could not even refute with the comebacks she had prepared in her mind, for the man's words had hit her right at the core.

The number one rule for chefs, for both apprentices and professionals, was to never waste food.

During their apprenticeship, they would always accidentally burn the dishes. Instead of throwing them away, they would eat the burnt food as punishment.

Even when the food was rotten, they would make it into slops to feed animals.

Her sister, Sheryl, always reminded her that the ingredients could always be turned into mouth-watering dishes as long as they were still in good condition.

For chefs, wasting food was an absolute taboo.

Since Sharon had indeed poured red wine on Casper earlier, she had no reason to defend herself. Any other disciplined chefs would also disapprove of this behavior.

“I...” Her voice trailed off, losing confidence.

“Well, forget it. It would be a shame to compete with someone like you, anyway.” Casper pretended to be disappointed as he shook his head with a sigh to trigger the woman.

As expected, it worked. “I'm all up for it. I want to see what talent a poor person like you has!” she said firmly. “What's in it for me if I win?”

“Aren't I merely a poor person to you? If I lose, I'll squat down by your hotel's entrance and beg for food!”

“Deal, but that's not all. I want you to leave Elena too!” Sharon added.

Not knowing how to clear the misunderstanding, Casper went along with it. “Fine. If I lose, I'll break up with Elena.”

He stared at the mentioned woman and winked at her, hinting her not to expose him. Blushing, the woman looked away.

Satisfied that he had agreed, Sharon asked, “So which cuisine are we going to cook? Ustranasion or Jetroinian?”

“We don't need to rush. You haven't told me what will happen if you lose.” Casper let out a sly smile.

“There's no way I'll lose. If I do, then I'll resign as the hotel's head chef.”

“Oh? But I've heard you're the ace here. Will they accept even your resignation letter?”

“That's none of your business. All you have to know is that I'm a woman of my word,” uttered Sharon strictly,

refusing to disclose anything regarding the hotel.

Since Casper failed to manage to dig out more information, he challenged, “Okay, then. We'll do three rounds of this showdown. You'll decide the challenge for the first two rounds and I the last round. What do you say?”

“Do you think I'll cower in fear? Do you prefer Chanaean cuisine or Ustranasion cuisine?”

“Rumor has it that although you're a three Michelin Star chef, your Chanaean cuisine is still better than Ustranasion one, so we shall go for the former.”

“Be more specific, please. There are many types of Chanaean cuisines. Which one shall we go for?”

“It doesn't matter. I'm fine with anything.”

Recognizing how confident Casper was, a trace of disdain flashed across Sharon's eyes. "Okay, then. I'm looking forward to competing with you. Let's see how well you can cook. When is the showdown, and where?"

"Tomorrow noon at Tycoon's kitchen. If you're suspicious of me, you can bring your own ingredients and equipment."

"You better not back down at the last minute!" With that said, Sharon exited the room and shooed the people outside watching the show.

Once the woman was out of sight, Casper footed the bill, packed his stuff, and left the room. He had lost his appetite.

"Mr. Simpson, are you sure you want to compete with a head chef? What if... What if you lose?" questioned

Elena as soon as the two of them stepped out of Lingham Hotel.

She didn't have the heart to say that he was more inclined to do well in the business field. She knew competing with a professional chef would be difficult, so she kept her words tactful.

Contrary to her expectation, a confident smile tugged on Casper's lips. "Since I'm the one who proposed the showdown, of course, I have my preparations. We can take advantage of the time, place, and even the surrounding people. I don't see how we'll lose."

"Take advantage?" uttered Elena in confusion.

"Since Tycoon is our territory, we naturally have the upper hand. But she doesn't know about this since she's convinced that I'm poor. That's why I said there's no way we'll lose."

“What? Are you planning to sabotage the showdown?” asked the woman with a frown as she thought Casper was going to cheat to win the face-off.

“Of course not! I'm going to win her fair and square. That's the only way I will be able to impress her. Only then can I snatch her over!” Casper explained with narrowed eyes. “You know, when I grabbed her hand earlier, I took that chance to subtly feel her biceps. Judging from the feel of them, I can tell that she has only been a chef for no more than four years. She must be crazy talented since she's already a three Michelin Star chef in such a short time.”

“Oh. I didn't know you're this naughty, Mr. Simpson,” Elena teased, to which Casper replied with awkward coughs.

“Well... That's not the point. She did mention she has

an older sister who cooks better than her, so she must have been learning with her sister.”

“Do you plan to hire both of them?”

“That's right. Tycoon needs people like them to compete with Lingham Hotel, so we cannot let go of this opportunity.”

Gazing at the man's serious expression, Elena felt lovestruck. This man is really charming when he's serious.

“As for Sawyer, I know him well enough to know that he won't notice this if we keep it discreet. All he does is tune in to female online streamers and fool around outside. He doesn't care about his family business at all.”

Though he was belittling his rival, he still had his

guards up against Sawyer since the latter was the son of a wealthy family.

“Return to the hotel and inform the chefs to prepare everything for the showdown tomorrow.”

“What if she doesn't show up?” Elena voiced out her concern.

“I doubt it. If she takes pride in being a chef, she will definitely show.”

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Chapter 197



Casper instructed those from the relevant departments to have the kitchen set up for his upcoming showdown with Sharon.

“What's going on?” The chefs gathered around and wondered if their boss would be joining them in the kitchen.

Casper announced the great news with a bright grin, “Go ahead and call it a day as soon as you finish the last order from the customers. Your pay won't be deducted.”

Wait! What?

The chefs cheered the moment they heard his sudden announcement. One of the fearless chefs asked, “Mr. Simpson, are you going to cook?”

Casper nodded in response. He retrieved a knife that

was nearby and started messing around with it to figure out if he still remembered how to cook.

Immediately after he got his hands on a fish that was nearby, he skinned it off and chopped it into equivalent parts. When everyone returned to their senses, he had long sorted out everything.

“Was the fish still struggling when Mr. Simpson has killed it?”

They were confused because the fish, even after being skinned alive, wouldn't stop wriggling.

Seconds after the chefs wrapped up their conversation, the fish stopped moving and fell apart.

“Oh, God! It's a technique that enables fish to move around for a short while after being skinned alive! My mentor once brought it up in front of me, but no one

had ever mastered it!”

One of the experienced chefs broke the silence and gaped at Casper's seemingly unbelievable skills.

The man continued cleaning up the mess he had made and asserted, “Actually, it's not a big deal. If I were faster, the fish might get to move around for at least a quarter of a minute. I can have it served before it's even dead.”

The chefs couldn't snap out of their bewilderment. They had a hard time fathoming the fact someone had mastered a technique that had been discussed over the years.

They were all renowned chefs with different specialties. Nonetheless, Casper seemed to have outmatched them in terms of culinary skills.

One of the chefs asked in a despairing tone, “Mr. Simpson, you're not trying to chase us away, aren't you?”

One of his fellow chefs asked, “Hello? What kind of joke is this? You don't think Mr. Simpson is going to spend most of his time in the kitchen with us, do you?”

Casper beamed in satisfaction when he heard their conversation. He wouldn't mind joining them in the kitchen, but that would be impossible due to the things he had on his plate. Should he spend his day in the kitchen, things would spiral out of control for Tycoon and Firewolf Chamber of Commerce.

That was precisely the reason he had to acquire Sharon and her sister's aid at all costs.

Arching his brows in confusion, Casper asked the

chefs who had surrounded him, “Are you guys going to take a break or not?”

“We want to find out the sort of dish you're preparing! Are you going to make something that's off the face of the earth?”

Casper caressed his chin and thought it wouldn't be a bad idea to have the bunch of professionals there to be the judges. At the very least, they could vouch on his behalf.

“Alright, feel free to stay if you guys are curious about the things that are about to unveil in the afternoon!”

As soon as he made himself clear, he started gathering the ingredients he needed. The chefs exchanged glances and decided to stay for the event in the afternoon. No way would they leave after Casper demonstrated the skill they had all heard of.

Soon, it was lunchtime. Usually, the chefs would spend their time during lunch hours working. They would only get to take a break once they finished serving the customers.

One of the chefs muttered to the staff, “What's going to happen in the afternoon?”

The chef who figured out the technique Casper employed voiced out his speculation, “Ms. Schneider has instructed us to get two sets of identical cooking utensils ready. Are they having some sort of showdown?”

“A showdown? Mr. Simpson is such an exceptional cook! Is anyone even a match for him?”

In an attempt to garner Casper's attention, the rest of the chefs added, “You're right!”

“I believe their showdown is nothing close to the ones we have imagined. Although Mr. Simpson is fairly skilled in several aspects, he's not a full-fledged cook. You guys don't think a chef who knows how to prepare the ingredients is exceptional, do you?”

It was quite an offensive remark. Afraid of offending Casper, the rest of the party went dead silent when they heard that harsh comment.

To their surprise, Casper nodded and asserted, “Sir, you're right! Care to introduce yourself? How long have you been in the industry?”

The chef proceeded to introduce himself in a courteous manner, “I'm Louis. It has been a little more than two years since the day I joined Tycoon as a chef. I have spent the past three decades as a chef for different employers.”

Upon hearing that, Caspar suggested, “Well, I think you're the perfect candidate to be the judge!”

When the rest of the party figured out Casper would soon have a showdown with someone else, they got pumped up and asked, “Is it really a showdown?”

All of a sudden, someone barged into the kitchen—Elena marched in Casper's direction and announced, “Mr. Simpson, she's here!”

As soon as Elena finished her announcement, Sharon, who was dressed casually, showed up with her set of utensils. Those behind her had the ingredients she needed ready.

Casper denoted, “Actually, that's not necessary because I have all sorts of ingredients you may need.”

The chefs gaped at the presence of the young woman—they thought the one who would have a showdown with Casper was a renowned chef from another competing restaurant in the industry.

Sharon rebuked his offer without a second thought, “You're the owner of Tycoon! I can't be certain if you're going to mess with me! Just to be safe, I have everything I need ready!”

“Oh? Haven't you been addressing me as a country bumkin yesterday? Is it possible for a country bumkin to own a hotel?”

Sharon was rendered speechless by Casper's sarcastic remark. She refused to acknowledge the man as the owner of Tycoon. Otherwise, it would indicate she was the foolish one.

I'd rather be deceived by him and consider this a futile

trip instead of acknowledging him as the owner! Unfortunately, that doesn't seem to be the case! Judging by the response and the manner of those around right now, it's safe to assume I have made a mistake!

Out of the blue, Sharon broke the silence and scoffed, "We'll talk about the rest once this is over!"

"Alright. I hope you're not going to go back against your words once you're defeated!" Casper put on his apron and showed Sharon the way to the workstation that had been prepared.

Immediately, Sharon started assembling the items she had brought along with her. Those behind her seemed to be her sous-chefs. It merely took them a few minutes to have everything arranged in order.

As soon as she was done, Casper asked, "Miss,

what's your name?”

“I'm Sharon! Sharon Alder!”

“That's quite a wonderful name! Ms. Alder, this chef over here has been in the industry for over three decades. I wish to appoint him the judge! You can send someone from your side to do the same to ensure the upcoming session is conducted fair and square!”


Casper beckoned Louis over as soon as he finished his sentence.

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Louis approached the duo and introduced himself, “Ms. Alder, you can count on me because I won't side with Mr. Simpson merely because he's my employer. The only thing I truly care about is the taste of the dish.”

Casper added, “If you think it's unfair, you can send someone of your choice just to be safe.”

However, Sharon shook her head and asserted, “That won't be necessary since you have allowed me to decide on the challenges for the first two rounds.”

Casper smirked when Sharon turned him down. He thought that was a sign he could win her over at the end of the match. “Alright, what's the first challenge that's in store for us?”

Sharon retrieved her utensils and announced, “You're

not allowed to consider yourself a cook unless you have a sharp sense of taste! Therefore, the first challenge is to determine if you have it or not!”

“What exactly are you up to? You're not going to hand over a freaking jalapeno to me and ask me to consume it without anything else, are you?” Casper asked with a frown.

Sharon rolled her eyes and answered, “We'll prepare the list of ingredients for the dishes we're about to make. Once we're done, we'll get the other party to savor the dish and name the ingredients that are involved. The one with more correct guesses will be the winner.”

“Ms. Alder, are you aware the first challenge you have in store for me is actually unfair to you? I don't wish to take advantage of you! Are you sure you wish to proceed?”

Actually, Sharon was well aware of the shortcomings Casper had mentioned. But because she was in a hurry, she didn't have time to work on the details.

“The sense of taste is the most important asset of a cook! I can't think of any other method we can use to measure this! If you're concerned, we'll get something else to stop us from peeking at one another when we're cooking!” Sharon couldn't be bothered by the details, but she had started perceiving Casper as a different man.

“Sure, Ms. Alder! If that's the case, we'll leave you alone until you're done!”

At that, Casper brought the rest of the chefs out of the kitchen with him. Louis was the only one allowed to stay behind.

All of a sudden, Elena approached Casper and whispered, “Mr. Leuthold is a member of Tycoon. I'm afraid Ms. Alder is going to pick on us—”

Casper stopped her from finishing her sentence and assured, “I'm sure she has faith in Mr. Leuthold. On top of that, I'll definitely defeat her and get her to yield herself at my mercy.”

Within a short while, a pleasant scent permeated throughout the entire hall. The chefs closed their eyes and exclaimed, “It's a crab dish!”

Louis opened the door and asked everyone to join them in the kitchen, “Ms. Alder has finished preparing her dish. I have never seen anyone of her age preparing such a complicated dish! It's undeniable that she's a prodigy!”

Casper beamed in satisfaction as he would never

acquire the aid of an ordinary chef. Once he marched into the kitchen, he noticed Sharon was in the middle of serving her dish.

He managed to figure out the dish she had prepared upon a simple glimpse. He announced, “A typical crab bisque—the favorite of seafood lover!”

Once Sharon saw Casper, she beckoned him over to give the dish she had prepared a try.

He scooped a mouthful of bisque and started savoring it. The creamy bisque packed a punch of flavor and took him by surprise due to the velvety sensation associated with it.

While savoring the bisque, he remarked, “I'm impressed, Ms. Alder! It's such a rich bisque! It takes years before one can handle a crab at ease in this manner!”

“It's not much of a surprise, is it? An ordinary seafood lover can tell that much as well. I have the list of ingredients with me. I'll hand it over to Mr. Leuthold and have him verify the ingredients with you.”

Once Louis took over the piece of note from Sharon, he gestured Casper to go ahead as soon as he was ready.

Casper flashed the man a proud grin. After spending his entire life savoring all sorts of delicacies, he could easily name the ingredients that had been used to prepare the crab bisque. He was well aware of the tweak involved in producing the bisque.

“About a cup of diced garlic, shallots, and olive oil had been used as the base of the soup. On top of the ordinary condiments and ingredients, I believe you have included a homemade tomato sauce to finish the

bisque. That's the one tweak you have included to produce the bisque.”

Although Casper managed to include the ingredients that had been listed beforehand, Sharon wasn't particularly surprised. However, when he mentioned something about the homemade tomato sauce, her brows furrowed in confusion.

“I believe Ms. Alder hasn't included the ingredients involved to make the homemade sauce, no?”

Louis nodded in response to Casper's query and announced, “You're right! That part of the information has been omitted!”

“Well, I believe it's not a great idea to share it with the rest in the kitchen if it's something she wishes to keep to herself.”

As soon as Casper approached Sharon and whispered something to her, the woman's face turned pale. She looked at him in disbelief and muttered to herself, "This is a recipe from my sister! How did you manage to figure it out?"

Casper couldn't help but blurt out the truth, "Actually, I wasn't made aware of the ingredients until I had the chance to savor the crab bisque produced by you. May I know if there's any missing ingredient?"

Albeit unreluctantly, Sharon nodded with her eyes flickering in despair, causing the rest of the chefs to gasp in surprise. If their employer could easily figure out the ingredients involved in others' recipes, their competitors might go out of business.

"I believe it's my turn to prepare a dish for you in return."

Sharon stomped her way out of the kitchen with her sous-chefs as Casper marched towards his workstation without explaining himself.

Once Sharon departed, the man instructed the chefs, “Ms. Alder's crab bisque is definitely one of a kind. She has gone to great lengths to make sure hers stand out from those the restaurants offer. Go ahead and give it a try to see if any of you can get anything out of it.”

It was a great opportunity for the chefs to learn something new.

Truth be told, the chefs could no longer suppress their urge to give the dish a try. As a result, all the food was finished within a few seconds.

“It's wonderful! With that being said, I can't taste anything that's extraordinary about it!”

“Huh? Are you seriously telling me you think you're able to tell the difference between it when you can't even differentiate a whipping cream and heavy cream?”

“Hello? Aren't those the same? Urgh!”

While the rest of the chefs were engaged in a heated discussion amongst themselves, Louis was the only one who had his eyes glued to Casper.

“Amazing! I have never seen anything like this!” he exclaimed with his eyes gleaming,

After a short while, Louis summoned Sharon and her party back to the kitchen once Casper had his dish ready.

“What's with the awful stench of jam? Are you trying

to conceal the ingredients you have used?”

The moment Sharon stepped into the kitchen, she frowned. Upon a glimpse at the dish Casper prepared, her face scrunched up in confusion.

It seemed to be just another grape jelly meatball. However, the meatballs were of smaller sizes as compared to ordinary ones.

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Chapter 199



“We can't control the sizes of the meatballs because they shrink in the process of cooking. Has he considered those as well?”

Sharon was slightly taken aback. In spite of the uncertainties associated, she had one of the meatballs.

She was utterly impressed by the unique texture of it. Most importantly, the meatball had completely absorbed the flavor of the jam.

After she finished the first meatball, she took another one and noticed that it tasted exactly the same as the first one she took.

In other words, Casper had successfully produced a dish that was up to standard in terms of taste and texture.

“It's delicious!”

Sharon nodded her head in amazement. Only a mere

few could produce a dish that would require precise control over the ingredients involved to acquire such a precise texture and flavor.

She took another few bites and had a mouthful of the sauce prepared to go along with the dish. A few seconds later, she announced the ingredients with her chest held high, “A pound of ground pork and—”

“No!” Casper yelled and interrupted her when she had just started.

Everyone in the kitchen looked at him and wondered what had possibly gone wrong.

“What do you mean? Are you indicating I have gotten the wrong ingredients?” Sharon asked with her irritation written all over her face.

Out of the blue, Louis added, “I'm afraid that's the

case, Ms. Alder.”

The woman instantly took a few steps back with her face puckered in irritation. She yelled at Louis, “I shouldn't have let him appoint you as the judge! You may seem like a righteous man, but I guess you're not much different from others! He must have coerced you into submission beforehand!”

To her surprise, Louis couldn't be bothered by her seemingly harsh remarks at all. He rebuked in a callous tone, “Ms. Alder, it's not much of a shame if you're defeated by Mr. Simpson over there. I'm not even a match for him in terms of skills.”

Louis showed Sharon Casper's chopping board and denoted, “He has successfully replicated the texture of a meatball using plant-based meat. The most important ingredient of the dish you have missed out is actually ketchup.”

Casper interrupted Louis and added, “The jam has been included to deceive you through your sense of sight and taste.”

“W-What—”

Sharon's eyes widened in disbelief. She had never heard anything about the method he had used to produce such an authentic dish. She couldn't believe Casper was able to mimic the texture of meat using just plant-based meat.

“If you think I'm lying, why don't you go ahead and give it another bite? I'm pretty sure you're able to tell the differences after another few bites.”

Casper beckoned the woman to savor the dish he had produced to prove himself. As Sharon started chewing the meatballs, she gaped in disbelief once

again.

“I can't believe I have been deceived! Indeed, this is plant-based meat that was made out of soy! He's pretty skillful to be able to replicate the look of a meatball from scratch, I'll give him that!”

Casper clapped and shared his recipe with her in delight, “In other words, the only ingredients involved in the making of this dish is plant-based meat.

However, it must be made on the same day it was intended to be consumed. Otherwise, it would be impossible to mimic the texture.”

Once again, the chefs rushed over to have a bite of the meatball. However, since Sharon was around, they dared not let loose of themselves and started queuing up instead.

“Oh, God! I won't be able to tell the difference if no

one ever told me the truth!”

“Seriously? Mr. Simpson is such a talented cook! I can't really tell the difference, but one thing's for sure—it's freaking delicious!”

As the chefs went on and on complimenting the dish Casper had produced, a gloomy expression loomed over Sharon's face. It was evident that she wasn't a match for the man in terms of culinary skills.

That was one of Casper's many advantages as the owner of Tycoon. He could easily intimidate an outsider who was there to compete against him.

In an attempt to flatter Casper, one of the chefs remarked at the top of his lungs, “Undeniably, the crab bisque is scrumptious, but Mr. Simpson could list the ingredients easily! On the other hand, she's can't even tell if Mr. Simpson has included meat in his dish

or not! Isn't it obvious who's the superior one amongst them?”

Although Casper was indeed flattered, he had to keep his feelings of delight to himself since Sharon was still around.

Therefore, he stopped them and said, “Alright, I believe that's enough! Shall we not forget Ms. Alder is significantly younger than most of us here?”

Meanwhile, colors drained from Sharon's face as she had never been humiliated by others throughout her entire life.

“I'll admit I'm not a match for you in terms of senses! However, I'll definitely get you back during the second round!”

She took a deep breath and showed all who were

present a ceramic pot she had with her. Although it was completely sealed, the fragrance of the dish could not be concealed as it permeated throughout the kitchen.

“Next, we'll each prepare a signature dish within two hours! The one with the tastier dish wins!”

Casper sniffled in an attempt to figure out the dish behind the lingering scent.

“Thanks for taking this seriously, Ms. Alder! I can't believe you have prepared a Beef Wellington in advance for today's showdown!”

Beef Wellington was a well-known signature dish throughout the region. It was, in fact, one of the limited few dishes that was globally renowned.

As soon as the chefs from Tycoon figured out Sharon

had prepared Beef Wellington in advance, they engaged in another heated discussion and thought she would emerge victorious without putting on much of a fight.

After all, Beef Wellington was a time-consuming dish; chefs were required to take every single component of the dish into consideration.

That was precisely the reason it was considered the signature dish of the restaurants out there — including Tycoon. All the chefs were familiar with that dish because they would get at least an order for that particular dish on a daily basis.

“It's going to take a few days to get the components to prepare Beef Wellington ready! The owners of renowned restaurants will get the ingredients ready a few hours before their operation commences to ensure their customer gets the best version of Beef

Wellington! I'm pretty sure she has been getting everything ready ever since last night!”

“That's so unfair! The Beef Wellington she brought along with her was prepared beforehand! How is Mr. Simpson supposed to get everything ready within two hours? Nothing can possibly outmatch this particular dish! I guess she's willing to do everything to win!”

“Has she no shame? Maybe it has something to do with her success and achievement!”

Sharon dismissed the remarks of those around them and remained silent in anticipation of Casper's reply.

“That's enough!” Casper reprimanded the chefs sharply before turning to Sharon and nodding in return.

“Since I have agreed to have Ms. Alder come up with

the first two challenges of the showdown, I'm not going to go back against my word. We'll just carry on with it.”

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Chapter 200



The moment he made himself clear, those around him, including Sharon, were taken aback. They were surprised he wasn't against the idea of carrying on at all.

Sharon thought that was very admirable of the man. Thus, she complimented him, “Wonderful, Casper!”

Soon, she went dead silent and had her focus on the

dish she brought along with her. She carried on with the remaining preparation to ensure she would win the second round of the showdown.

“Mr. Simpson, shall we admit defeat for the second round? It doesn't really matter as long as we're able to defeat her during the third round.”

Casper wiped his hands dry and started sorting out the ingredients he had retrieved.

He spoke as he grabbed all the things he needed, “Isn't that a waste of food? I mean, aren't you guys intrigued by the thought of having a bit of the Beef Wellington Ms. Alder has prepared?”

Sharon finally returned to her calm and collected self when she heard his compliment. She then announced with her chest held high, “This is the signature dish of Lingham Group! Although Beef Wellington is a time-

consuming dish, the one I have prepared is different. It's not as complicated as the ones prepared using a conventional method. With that being said, the guests won't stop coming after it.”

“Shut up! I'd rather get my wife to make me some egg sandwich for lunch than to consume anything you make!”

The chefs affiliated with Tycoon picked on Sharon for being a shameless woman and expressed their intention to boycott her and her dish.

As a result, Sharon's expression darkened. Nonetheless, she did a great job concealing her wrath. She looked in Casper's direction in order to figure out the dish he would prepare to counter her.

When she found out he was relatively calm, she felt unease and started reprimanding herself in her mind.

Stop overthinking things! No matter what sort of cuisine he's going to prepare, he can't possibly come out with something that's capable of defeating me within two hours!

Although the things she had done were inappropriate, she would make the same decision all over again just to defeat Casper.

She was determined to get him back after being defeated in the first round. On top of that, she had humiliated herself when she misperceived Casper as someone else at Lingham Hotel.

I need to defeat him... Even if it comes at the cost of my image being tarnished!

Casper wasn't aware of the things going on in her mind. His only concern was to make something that

was on par with the dish Sharon had prepared using the given ingredients within the limited time.

Well, if it's not viable, I'll just give up! It's not like I have anything to lose since I'm certain that I'll defeat her in the upcoming round!

Wait! No! That's not the way to do it! If I want her to join us, I need to convince her I'm worth it! If that's the case, I need to defeat her!

Ha! Since you're coming after me with everything you have, I'll defeat you and let you know that those things you brag about are nothing worth being proud of!

Once he made up his mind, Casper asked, “What sort of ingredients do we have left?”

To which Louis answered, “There are quite a few livestock options available.”

“Do we have pork?”

“Yes!”

Upon hearing that, Casper's eyes gleamed in excitement. He turned around and asked Sharon, “Ms. Alder, is there any additional requirement or restriction?”

His employees got ahead of the woman and yelled, “As long as it's one of your bests, it's fine! Mr. Simpson, prepare the dish you're confident of! Anything is allowed if it will defeat her!”

“He's right, Mr. Simpson! She's not in a position to impose any restriction when she has taken advantage of you!”

That was the upper hand he had as the host. His

employees could easily render Sharon speechless even without his instructions.

Sharon was afraid of imposing any restriction that would make it seem like an unfair match. Thus, she asserted, "It's fine as long as it's something that's considered a signature of yours."

Casper nodded and made his way into the cold storage room to retrieve the ingredients he needed.

Half an hour later, he returned with the pork in hand. He set up a grill as if he was about to roast the meat.

Sharon asked with a frown, "What are you up to? It's way too hefty to be considered a suckling pig!"

Instead of roasting the entire slab of pork, Casper placed it over the grill and started brining it using a mixture of seasonings.

Huh? Is Mr. Simpson going to barbeque the pork?

Elena couldn't fathom the reason behind everyone's response. She leaned over and asked in a hushed voice, "Mr. Leuthold, is there anything wrong? Why do they all seem shocked?"

"Well, the method Mr. Simpson is employing isn't a viable method to roast the entire piece of meat. Usually, if the entire thing is to be roasted, we'll wrap it up using aluminum foil to ensure every part of the pork is equally heated. The method Mr. Simpson is employing is only suitable for stall owners that deal with certain cuts of the pork. As of now, Mr. Simpson risks burning the pork."

Although Elena could barely grasp the concept, she knew the situation wasn't in Casper's favor.

Nonetheless, the man carried on with his preparation and started roasting the pork after brining it for a few minutes.

“Mr. Simpson has made the right call to brine the pork to make the most out of its flavor within the limited timeframe,” Louis told Elena the rationale behind Casper's decision.

Immediately after Caspar started roasting the pork, he proceeded to polish the knife. Once he was done, he started slicing the back of the meat. A few seconds later, he revealed the dish he had been preparing to the others.

It turned out that the only part he had his eyes on was the tenderloin. The dish he was about to serve was a pork loin roast.

“Wait! The tenderloin has been completely seasoned!”

“Oh, God! I thought Mr. Simpson spent thirty minutes cleaning the pig, but it turned out he was up to something else!”

“Isn't that overly ambitious? He's trying to preserve the best part of the pig without any proper vessel! Is that even possible?”

All of a sudden, Louis interrupted them sternly, saying, “Keep your mouth shut and just watch!”

As soon as Casper had the charred skin of the pig removed, he proceeded to remove the head and the limbs of the pig, wrapping them separately in aluminum foils.

He already had the remaining ingredients to go with the dish all prepared. Within ten minutes, he had everything apart from the main ingredient for the dish

ready.

“Oh, God! If Mr. Simpson is one of us in the kitchen, things will never be the same again!”

“Indeed, he's able to multitask very well! He can easily take over my role and still have everything under his control!”

“What are you talking about? I think he can easily take over the role of the entire team!”

“Is that the thing Mr. Simpson is going after? He's trying to show Ms. Alder the substantial differences between them! That must be the reason he won't stop flaunting his exceptional skills. It's an attempt to show Ms. Alder the things he's capable of! Look! She can't even keep a straight face anymore!”

Elena looked in Sharon's direction and found out the

latter was indeed embarrassed because she spent the last two hours garnishing the dish she had prepared beforehand. Meanwhile, Casper spent the last two hours preparing the dish from scratch; he was using all the skills at his disposal.

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