

Casper had his eyes glued to the pork the entire two hours. He couldn't afford to blink his eyes, not even for a second.

Soon, everyone in the kitchen caught a whiff of a pleasant smell. Immediately, the man turned the pork on the grill and continued roasting the pork on the other side.

Louis nodded to himself and added, "Although that's like a foolish move, it's the only option he has."

As it was a race against the clock, Casper got the stove ready to carry on with the preparation. The moment he turned the pork around, he began slicing the meat delicately.

In a final attempt to garnish the dish he had prepared, he placed the completely seasoned tenderloin on a plate and placed the removed head and limbs back together. He made it seem as if the pig was never sliced. If the others weren't around to witness the process, they would think it was just another roasted pig.

Louis clapped his hands and exclaimed, "Amazing! He has just proven himself superior in terms of his skills! On top of that, his dish is a result of conventional and contemporary culinary methods!"

Casper wiped his sweat off his perspiring forehead. Truth be told, he had thought that he wouldn't be able to make it within two hours. The whole ordeal had seemed impossible.

He then announced, "Mr. Leuthold, Ms. Alder, go ahead and give it a try."

Casper beckoned Sharon to join them. After a few seconds of hesitation, the woman approached him and started savoring the dish he had prepared.

“Wonderful! I can't believe you got to salvage the moisture in spite of exposing it to heat for such long hours!”

Louis removed the skin and served the perfectly cooked tenderloin.

As Sharon started savoring the dish, she was overwhelmed by a sense of insecurity because she couldn't tell the method Casper had employed to prepare the pork.

Out of curiosity, she asked, “What happens to the bone...”

Casper decided to play hard to get and answered, "I'm afraid I can't share that with you. It's a trade secret limited to a mere few only."

Sharon and Louis started slicing the roasted pork tenderloin excitedly. They soon found out that it had been brined with spices, smothered with glaze, and roasted until it was done.

"The unique scent of the grill goes along well with the side dishes of your choice! It's not overwhelming despite it being the most flavorful cut! It's a masterpiece that compliments one another!"

Sharon's heart sank to the bottom of her stomach once she gave it a try. The arrogant woman thought her dish was no match for the one Casper had produced.

"I believe that's enough! You have defeated me once

again!”

She put the cutleries aside and admitted her defeat. A few seconds later, everyone in the kitchen cheered.

Out of the blue, Casper broke the silence and requested, “Mr. Leuthold, may I please have a serving of your Beef Wellington?”

He soon got his hands on the ceramic pot Sharon had brought over. As soon as he uncovered the lid, the buttery smell took everyone by surprise.

“That's enough! It isn't necessary to savor mine anymore! It's evident that I'm not a match for you!”

Sharon stopped him from serving the dish she had prepared, but the man responded with a smile and assured, “Don't you think it's a shame to waste it?”

He proceeded to prepare two servings of Beef Wellington, handing one of them to Louis. Caspar finished the remaining one.

After one whiff of the buttery dish, he said satisfactorily, “You have done a great job preserving the moisture of the beef.”

He gulped and had his first bite. A few seconds later, Louis added, “It's one of the bests I've had!”

Meanwhile, Casper chomped everything down instead of savoring the entire dish that was supposed to complement one another. He finished everything within a few seconds.

“Huh? Why has Mr. Simpson gulped down everything in one go?”

“Hello? That's like the dish Mr. Simpson has on a

daily basis! I think he just considered this another one of his meals.”

“O-Oh—”

Casper closed his eyes to recall the flavor of the dish. A few seconds later, he looked at Sharon in the eyes and asked, “Have you improvised on the recipe of this dish?”

After much consideration, the woman answered, “Actually, it was my sister's idea. I implemented the changes according to the ones she shared with me.”

“She's a genius!”

Casper put the bowl aside and grasped Sharon's wrist, announcing with his eyes gleaming, “Join Tycoon! I'll offer twice as much as the compensation and remuneration package Lingham Group has

offered you!”

Startled by his words, Sharon shook her head and asserted, “I-I can't leave Lingham Group.”

Arching his brows, Casper asked, “Haven't you mentioned something along the line of quitting as soon as you lose the match?”

Sharon started shivering when she recalled her promise—she would have to quit if she lost the match with Casper.

As she had run out of ideas to get herself out of the nasty situation, she shared her concerns with him and told him the truth, “I-I can't—W-We're indebted to Sawyer—”

“Sawyer?” Casper repeated after her with his eyes narrowed to a slit. He was certain that the spoilt brat

wouldn't do others a favor without anything in return.

He then asked, "May I meet your sister in person?"

Sharon stared at him in the eyes and queried, "My sister? What do you want from her?"

Casper's mind drifted when he noticed Sharon was on her guard once he brought up his request. He announced, "I'll consider this a tie! Since you haven't lost, you don't need to tender your resignation!"

Confused by the things he was up to, Sharon frowned and asked, "Why?"

"Have you forgotten our agreement? You're allowed to decide the challenges for the first two rounds, and I'll be the one deciding the final challenge. Since we're done with the first two rounds, it's time for the final challenge."

After hesitating for a few seconds, Sharon asked, “What exactly are you up to?”

“Don't bother trying to figure out the content of the challenge because I'll surrender if you're able to fulfill my conditions! If that's the case, you won't have to tender your resignation.”

“What do you want from me?”

“I want your sister to make me a meal.”

Sharon shook her head the moment she heard his condition and explained, “I'm afraid that's impossible because she has stopped cooking ever since a particular incident in her life.”

“That won't be much of an issue. As long as you get her to meet me in person, I'll deal with the rest.”

“A-Are you serious about meeting my sister in person?”

Casper inhaled deeply, catching another whiff of the Beef Wellington that had been prepared beforehand. He then asked, “Don't you think it's a waste of talent if she stops cooking? Allow me to meet her in person. I can help her!”

Ever since she was hurt by that jerk, she's been diagnosed with depression! To make things worse, she has attempted suicide a few times! Maybe Casper will truly be able to help...

At that thought, Sharon nodded and answered, “I'll get her to meet you in person, but you need to refrain from trying anything reckless.”

“Of course!”

Casper was equally thrilled — it was written all over his face. He blinked in excitement and asked Elena to follow him.

Meanwhile, after Louis finished savoring the dish, he shook his head and exclaimed, “This is a must-have dish! I can't imagine the sort of effort that's involved behind the scenes!”

“Mr. Leuthold, why don't you stop tempting us and give us a try? We haven't had anything for lunch!”

Actually, that statement was directed at Casper instead of Louis. The onlookers had made themselves clear that they wanted a share of the dishes prepared, including Sharon's Beef Wellington.

Upon hearing that, Casper chuckled and announced, “Go ahead and give it a try if you guys want some, but

I don't think there's enough for everyone.”

“There's more than enough! I mean, we're not trying to finish everything! All we want is a taste of the prepared dishes!”

“Mr. Simpson, you're an exceptional young man! I'm sure you're meant for great things in the future!”

“Isn't that obvious? “

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Chapter 202



Although the chefs were delighted, Elena couldn't help but frown when a thought crossed her mind.

The next moment, she rushed toward Casper and whispered, “Mr. Simpson, someone from our hotel will surely reveal that Ms. Sheryl was here.”

However, the man waved his hand confidently as though he had expected it.

“I'd like to find out how the management of Lingham Hotel will respond to it. With that, we can do our planning to make a counterattack. Besides, the sooner we solve the problem related to Ms. Sheryl, the better the situation will be for us.”

While listening quietly, Elena felt it was increasingly difficult for her to understand what was on Casper's mind. Judging from his young face, one could hardly imagine that he was very astute.

As Elena was deep in thought, Casper suddenly

smelled her pleasant body order. He turned around and saw her impeccable face right in front of him. They were close to each other, so much so that both could hear their breaths.

“What a beauty...”

As Casper moved his gaze downward, he brought a faint blush to Elena's cheeks. Once the woman came back to her senses, she instinctively yelled and took a step back.

Feeling awkward due to his Freudian slip, the man touched his nose and said, “Well... Ms. Schneider, were you contemplating life? Stop spacing out. Let's go to Ms. Alder's house!”

They looked the other way as soon as their eyes met.

Sharon raised her eyebrows upon seeing this. She

was surprised to find out that Casper seemed like a pure and innocent man instead of a playboy.

It seems like I've misunderstood him.

Sharon rarely felt apologetic to anyone, and Casper became one of the few.

“You may leave,” she said to her two sous chefs a moment later.

The sous chefs nodded and began cleaning the cutlery. Sharon immediately waved her hands and added, “It's okay. I'll ask Mr. Simpson to get some men for help when I come back later.”

Meanwhile, Casper felt a little surprised when he heard her call him Mr. Simpson. He immediately said, “Ms. Alder, you're too polite. Please call me Casper.”

“I have to respect you, Mr. Simpson. You're an outstanding man for being magnanimous and having superb culinary skills.”

Casper's smile froze for a second before he heaved a sigh and asked, “Ms. Alder, why must you reject my kindness? Do you think Tycoon Hotel is not up to par with your standards?”

When Sharon fell silent and looked reluctant, Elena interrupted to smooth things over, “Why don't we visit Ms. Alder's sister now? Since it's getting late, I think we should make a move now.”

Casper nodded in response. As such, the three of them departed to Sharon's house.

The woman's house was in the neighborhood near Lingham Hotel, which was an expensive residential area. Although Sharon became the head chef of

Lingham Hotel, she couldn't afford to make a down payment for any houses here.

“Is your house in this residential area?” Casper asked.

“No. The Lingham family let Sheryl and I live here. We've been in this house for two years.”

Sharon hesitated for a while but decided to tell him anyway.

“Can you tell us briefly what happened to Sheryl?”

Sharon's body shivered in anger whenever someone brought up the incident. After calming herself down, she growled ferociously, “The man's a jerk and a bastard! He always finds new targets just because he has good looks.”

Sharon and Sheryl had always depended on one

another since they were young. It was said that the family produced many generations of prominent chefs. However, after the family's downfall, their father ended up becoming a sous chef in a hotel. Besides, their mother died when Sharon was still young. At that time, she was seriously ill, but she didn't have money to receive treatment.

Despite the difficulties in life, their father was always optimistic and never stopped smiling. No matter how tired he was, he consistently prepared meals for Sharon and Sheryl every day.

After Sheryl grew up, she began to learn culinary skills from their father, hoping to lessen his burden and prepare meals for him.

Eventually, their father realized that Sheryl had culinary talents. Since the girl was a rare genius, he was determined to impart all his knowledge and skills

to her.

Being a mere sous chef, he was aware of his limitations. Given that Sheryl's culinary skills surpassed his, he wanted to develop her talents further. As such, he hired many great chefs to teach her. He even brought expensive ingredients for her to practice with every month.

Unfortunately, the price of doing so was that the family's expenses skyrocketed. Hence, their father had no choice but to do multiple jobs to get enough money.

Knowing that their father got increasingly exhausted, Sheryl felt sorry for him and thought of giving up on being a chef.

After realizing his daughter's thoughts, he was furious and scolded her for the first time in many years.

Sharon remembered vividly that both of them couldn't hold their tears.

He said their mother passed away because he couldn't become successful despite his hard work. Feeling guilty toward their mother, he was determined to take good care of Sheryl and Sharon. Also, since Sheryl was talented, he wished that she could strive to escape from poverty. Moreover, he said his sense of tiredness would fade away as long as both Sheryl and Sharon could take good care of themselves.

Back then, both girls didn't understand what their father meant. Nine years later, he passed away due to severe liver failure. Nevertheless, the doctor said it was a miracle, for he had already suffered from severe liver failure nine years ago. Under such a grave health condition, most ordinary people couldn't even survive for a year, yet their father fought on and lived for nine years.

He persevered and finally felt relieved because Sheryl and Sharon were already grown-ups.

Sharon told Caspar and Elena the story about her father while sobbing non-stop. Then, she wiped away the tears and continued, “My dad worked hard so that I could go to school while Sheryl could learn culinary arts. He was the most selfless man I've ever met. Sheryl felt heartbroken after my dad passed away. It was at that time that the jerk took the advantage to deceive her. His name is Hanson Woods. I believe you know him, for he is famous on the internet now.”

Casper shook his head in response, for he was unconcerned about the social media influencers. He only began to know some social media influencers on different live streaming platforms because of Giselle.

Meanwhile, Elena's eyes sparkled once she heard the

name. “I know who Hanson is! He's a celebrity who becomes famous by creating videos about delicacies. He has several millions of fans on the internet. Besides, our hotel also used to invite him to comment on our food!”

“Oh? Was he rude?” Casper asked.

“To be fair, he wasn't. However, he asked for a very high price and easily felt disgruntled by some trivial matters. More importantly, he was just a mediocre chef. I wonder how he created all the videos about food,” Elena explained once the memory flashed through her mind.

The next moment, Sharon snickered, “All food videos were actually shot by Sheryl. He deceived her and took all of them away!”

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Chapter 203



Elena was shocked upon hearing Sharon's revelation. She covered her mouth, stunned as she asked, “Are you saying that the one who prepared the meals wasn't him?”

Casper was a little clueless as to what the two of them were discussing. “What do you mean?”

“Mr. Simpson, you might not have watched his videos, but I'm sure you know that we-media is very trendy now.”

“I'm aware of it. It becomes a thing due to the rising quality of life, the fragmentation of leisure time, as

well as an increasing desire to satisfy spiritual needs in a short time,” Casper explained casually.

Elena cast a strange look at him and chimed in, “Well, it's exactly like what you said. Many content creators emerge after we-media has become popular.

Although their qualities are uneven, some of them have garnered enough viewers. Hanson is exactly the lucky one. All of his videos are about cooking and have received more than ten million views each.”

Casper touched his chin as he added, “I can roughly guess what happened then. Although Sheryl made all the meals, that guy edited the videos, thus showing him as the chef who prepared the food instead.”

Sharon nodded. “Well, the videos weren't edited by him. A marketing team did it. His only job was to coax Sheryl to cook.”

Elena seemed to have figured out what had happened and added, “Hanson's videos are popular because he always shares some useful tips and thoughts in every video. Indeed, many viewers can cook delicious meals after watching his videos. Now I know that it was Sharon's sister who taught him all the tips.”

Sharon sneered, “Sheryl is a genius. She casually shared the tips while she was cooking, but that guy secretly took note. Although he became popular and made a fortune, he never intended to share a penny with her. Unfortunately, she listened to him obediently only because he's handsome.”

At that moment, Casper somehow realized why Sharon had spilled the wine on him. Did she do it because she found me handsome?

“How handsome is he? Ms. Schneider, please show

me a picture of him.”

Elena played one of Hanson's videos on her phone and showed it to Casper. Indeed, Hanson was handsome and good at enhancing his own features with make-up. As such, Casper thought many naive girls would be easily attracted by him.

“How did your sister figure out that he deceived her?” he continued to ask.

Sharon shook her head again upon hearing that question. Deep down, she felt that she had shaken her head many times today.

“Sheryl was so silly and remained unperturbed after I told her that Hanson used her to make money. Back then, she would even die for him if he asked for it. Nonetheless, after finding out that he had an affair, she finally realized she was merely a nobody to him.”

Casper blinked his eyes in disbelief and asked, “You said before that you owe Lingham Hotel a great debt of thanks. May I know why that is so?”

Sharon hesitated for a moment before she questioned warily, “Do you really want to know?”

“Of course. I genuinely wish to know why. Anyway, you don't have to be embarrassed because Sawyer and I are close to each other. So, it's fine to tell me.”

Casper looked composed even though he was lying through his teeth.

“You know Sawyer, the young master of the Lingham Group?” Sharon cried out, shocked.

“Definitely. Why would I lie to you? We met many times, and he always welcomed me warmly. After all,

my Tycoon Hotel has helped Lingham Hotel many times.”

Upon seeing Caspar pretend to speak so confidently, Elena couldn't help but chuckle. However, Sharon didn't realize that something was off and to proceeded believe that the man and Sawyer were indeed good friends.

“Mr. Lingham is a kind-hearted man. After Sheryl finally saw through Hanson's tricks, he was worried that she would hinder him from making money. Before she took any action, he twisted the truth, claiming that she exploited him instead. He incited his brainless fans to assault her verbally. Come to think of it, I should have chopped him into slices to make some buns!”

Sharon held a deep grudge against Hanson. As she was talking, she waved her hand in a chopping

gesture, her gaze threatening.

“Oh no, his meat must be stinky. In that case, the buns made out of him won't taste good.”

Sharon felt herself relax a little after Casper made the joke. “You're right! He must be stinky! Sheryl lost her job as a chef because of him. Moreover, we had no choice but to move out because his fans came to our house to humiliate us every day. After that, she had depression because of the series of events.”

She let out a sigh and continued, “Then, someone representing the Lingham family visited us. He said Sheryl has superb culinary skills and invited her to be the chef of their hotel. However, she had depression because of that jerk and didn't even have the appetite to eat. As such, she was reluctant to cook and eventually lost her skills due to months of not practicing.”

Casper's heart skipped a beat upon hearing that, and he immediately interrupted, "When did the Lingham family visit you?"

"About three years ago. After that, I spent a year studying abroad and became the head chef of Lingham Hotel for two years."

Casper was startled. He and Elena exchanged looks as the same thought came to mind.

The Lingham Group ventured into the catering industry three years ago! It's not a coincidence that the Lingham family looked for Sheryl during that time.

Now, Casper could roughly figure out what had happened back then, but he still needed confirmation.

"The Lingham's were disappointed when they found

out that Sheryl couldn't cook. However, once they saw me cooking, they immediately asked if my culinary skills were outstanding. Even though she is better than me, I'm still a lot more professional than many mediocre cooks. Since I always saw and learned as she cooked, I inherited part of her skills at the very least.”

Meanwhile, Casper could already imagine the latter part of Sharon's story. The Lingham family valued the two siblings very much. Apart from offering them an expensive house, they sent Sharon to study overseas and officially become a three Michelin Star chef.

Casper glanced at Sharon warmly. “Your family members are indeed outstanding. Besides, you're also a genius.”

“Of course. I'm far behind Sheryl, though. She is indeed talented. As such, my dad decided to let her

study culinary arts, while he asked me to attend ordinary school back then,” Sharon responded proudly, no longer as upset as before.

The three of them chatted happily and arrived at Sharon's house moments later. The woman put a finger near her mouth, gesturing at Casper to be quiet. “Please be mindful of your words later. Sheryl has improved a lot after undergoing treatment for the last two years. Nonetheless, please don't ever mention the jerk before her, for she could still be triggered.”

With that, Sharon opened the door to let them enter her house gently.

“Sheryl, we have guests today!” Sharon shouted.

A moment later, a pale-faced woman with long hair came out. She looked innocent with her eyes which

were as clear as a gurgling river.

“Oh? Are they your friends? Let me cook for you,”
Sheryl replied with a faint smile.

“Sheryl, you're actually offering to cook?” Sharon
yelled excitedly.

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Chapter 204



Sharon was pleasantly surprised, for it was the first
time in two years that her sister took the initiative to
cook. It also meant she finally put down whatever had
been weighing on her heart.

Sheryl nodded at Casper and Elena, then walked into the kitchen.

Casper scratched his head. “Um... It's not time to eat yet, right?”

In response, Sharon elbowed him. “My sister rarely wants to cook, so don't complain.”

At that, he shrugged. After all, he had been cooking all afternoon and had not eaten much. Thus, he did not mind eating at such an odd hour.

The three of them then moved to sit in the living room. Feeling urgent, Caspar headed to the bathroom.

Before he left, Sharon glared at him viciously and said she would punish him if he urinated on the toilet seat.

As he did not expect her to say something so unrefined, he got goosebumps upon hearing her

words. Afterward, while heading to the bathroom, he caught a glimpse of a door at the end of the corridor. It was not properly closed, and a dim light was shining from inside.

“It's not good to just walk into a lady's room,” he muttered.

Nevertheless, he eventually ended up standing outside the door. From the gap in the door, he looked inside.

The curtains were tightly drawn, and the only source of light was a bedside lamp.

With his sharp eyes, he noticed many marks that looked like they had been carved into the bedside table with a knife. Squinting, he realized that it was covered with the word “hate.”

“The accumulation of resentment into hatred. It's an opportunity.”

Since he had caught a glimpse of the resentment in Sheryl's heart, he wanted to take the opportunity to help her.

“Ah! Sheryl!”

Suddenly, a scream came from the other side of the corridor, shocking him. Without thinking any further, he rushed out of the room.

Meanwhile, in the kitchen, Sheryl was looking at her bleeding fingers with tears in her eyes. “I'm useless. I haven't cooked in two years, and I can't even cut vegetables now.”

Since her sister was holding a knife, Sharon did not dare come forward to irritate her further. Thus, she

merely said, “Don't be like this, Sheryl. Put down the knife first, and we'll talk, okay?”

“Yes, Ms. Sheryl. You're not only hurting yourself like this. You're hurting your sister too,” Elena said, feeling at a loss as well.

As Sheryl smiled wryly, a fork suddenly flew out and struck her arm, causing her to drop the knife.

At the same time, Casper quickly rushed forward and pressed two fingers on Sheryl's neck. Immediately, the woman felt weak and fell backward. While using one hand to grab onto her waist, he kicked away the knife on the ground.

“Sorry, Ms. Sheryl!”

After a pause, she replied, “I'm fine. I won't hurt myself. I just cut my fingers while cooking.”

Sheryl, who was still in Casper's arms, looked at him emptily. Then, she looked at her bleeding fingers and sighed. "I won't be so short-sighted. Before I make that guy pay the price, I won't do such a thing!"

"That's good. No matter what you're thinking, don't hurt yourself."

"Yeah... So, I think you can let me go already."

"Oh, sorry."

Only when she said that did he help her back to her feet. Immediately, Sharon hurried over to look at the wound.

"It's fine. A bandage will be good enough," Sheryl replied before walking out of the kitchen calmly. It was as though the rest of them had made a fuss over

nothing.

“Uh, looks like it's just a normal kitchen accident then.”

Upon hearing the news, Casper wiped away his sweat. After all, he had just acted as if he were dealing with a terrorist attack. As a result, he wondered if Sheryl would have a strange impression of him.

After she finished bandaging her fingers, Sheryl looked at him and asked, “What's your name? What do you do?”

Sharon was stunned for a moment. It was the first time since Sheryl got depressed that she took the initiative to ask for someone's name.

“Don't tell me you like...”

Sharon then rolled her eyes and said, “He's the owner of Tycoon Hotel. He's young and rich and is single!”

Casper opened his mouth, wanting to retort when she emphasized the word “single.” However, he was indeed single, and she had not said anything wrong.

But I have someone in my heart... Ms. Clauder will be mine sooner or later.

Thinking of her, Caspar then recalled that she had called him the previous night. However, as he had been busy with the showdown, he did not have time to reply. Thus, he did not even know why she was looking for him.

I don't have time to think about these things now. I still have a shareholders meeting to attend. If Ms. Clauder needs to, she'll definitely look for me again.

Sheryl let out a sigh as Caspar got lost in thought.

She said, "I see. You're the boss of Tycoon. What a pity."

Judging by her tone, it was as if he had missed out on something important.

Puzzled, he asked, "Uh, are you dissatisfied with my identity?"

"It's nothing. Since your skills were so good just now, I wanted to hire you to help me kidnap someone. I didn't expect that you'd have such a big business so young. I don't think you'll be interested in the money I'll be willing to fork out."

Sheryl's words made both Casper and Elena shocked for a moment. They had not expected that both sisters

would speak so shockingly.

“You've finally figured it out! If you want to beat him up, I can immediately get someone to kidnap him!” Sharon told her sister supportively. Her hatred toward the jerk who broke Sheryl's heart would remain even if she beat that scumbag to death.

Realizing that it was an opportunity, Casper immediately replied, “If you want revenge, Ms. Sheryl, I can help you. I can also let the whole world know of that scumbag's true colors!”

Sheryl raised her head lazily and looked at him for a while before turning to Sharon.

“They know about it. I... I told them,” Sharon mumbled, lowering her head and looking somewhat ashamed.

Casper was confused. Sharon's as fierce as a tiger outside, but why is she behaving like a kitten in front of her sister?

Sharon then began to explain the showdown with Casper again. When she got to the part about cooking, only then did a little bit of light return to Sheryl's eyes.

“If Mr. Simpson can make out the secret recipe in one bite and can cook eight dishes using one roast pig within two hours, his cooking skills are truly amazing,” Sheryl said, faintly praising Casper. Although it was not much, Sharon opened her mouth in shock. She had never seen her sister praise someone else's cooking skills before.

She had witnessed too many of her sister's “first times” that day, and they were all related to Casper. Can this guy really help her let go of

whatever she's been keeping inside?

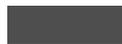
A few naughty ideas soon popped up in her mind.

Others often say that the best way to forget an old love is to find a new one. Isn't Casper a readily available new love? For Sheryl, I have to bring them together! As long as she can have a cure, I'll even agree if he asks me to resign!

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Chapter 205



“You're praising me too much. After I tasted the Beef Wellington you altered using your secret recipe, I thought it was the best in the world. And it wasn't

even personally made by you. So, I thought if you cooked it yourself, it would be heavenly.”

In reality, those were all his true thoughts. Otherwise, he would not have personally gone to Sheryl. It was that Beef Wellington that had motivated him to do so.

“Ever since I met that person, I no longer like to hear sweet words from a man,” Sheryl said blandly.

She then fiddled with her hair for a while as though she was uninterested in replying to his flattery. As a result, Casper felt a little awkward. However, the woman suddenly changed her tone and said, “That's because I'll judge those words directly as lies. But I believe the words you said.”

Sharon sighed. Don't talk with such long pauses, Sheryl. You make me feel very embarrassed.

Although Casper was rolling his eyes internally upon hearing her words, he kept a smile on his face.

“Thank you for the appreciation!”

However, Sheryl then looked downward again.

“But so what if a meal's so delicious? Some people only live to eat well but are always hungry. Others can taste good food since birth, but none of them cherish the delicacies in front of them. I can't cook anymore. I'm afraid I've let you down, Mr. Simpson.”

He froze upon hearing that. It had not even been that difficult when he was fighting with those in the Firewolf Chamber of Commerce. She's a really difficult woman to deal with. She's been going around in circles.

“You're speaking too harshly, Ms. Sheryl. You're a prodigy. Some chefs can't even reach your level in

their lifetime, but you can easily achieve it. You're at the age where your talents are highlighted, but you're stopping because of a guy. It's going to make countless foodies very sad,” Caspar told her seriously. After all, if he wanted to move her heart, he had to say something that would strike her deeply. It was essentially the same as when wooing a girl.

Upon hearing those words, Sheryl looked at Casper and asked, “Are you a food lover, then?”

He patted himself on the thigh. “You're asking the right person. I am.”

Back when he was studying cooking, seven or eight head banquet chefs had been with him. The words they repeated the most were telling him to love food.

The year his dad made him enter the Chameleon Test, he had no money to eat and went to the

cafeteria to eat others' leftovers. Thus, he was the kind of person who would truly be grateful for food.

He then explained how he felt when he had no money and had to eat leftovers. “At that time, I felt that even if they only gave me a piece of bread, I could finish it cleanly. It'll be a bit dry, but as long as I was full, the taste didn't matter!”

He paused, then continued, “During that time, I met a lot of people who couldn't afford a meal. They shared the same experience of eating slices of bread with me. The beggars outside school recommended this cheap sauce to me. At the end of the street, there was a low-income household owned by Mr. Watson. He made that sauce using lard. So, every time during a meal, it was so fragrant even if I added just one spoon...”

Looking at Casper, whose saliva was almost dripping

by then, Sheryl's eyes gradually brightened. She suddenly covered her mouth and giggled as her eyes crinkled in amusement.

After laughing for a long time, she then finally calmed down and said, "You're great, Mr. Simpson."

Both Elena and Casper were dumbfounded by that compliment. The former then turned to look at the man puzzledly. Why do women like you so much?

"How nice would it be if I met someone like you back then?" Sheryl continued as she smiled bitterly. "What a pity that it's impossible."

However, Sharon then stood up, crying out, "Why's it impossible? He's single. Mr. Simpson, if you agree to be my sister's boyfriend, I'll quit and join your company now!"

Once she heard those words, Elena immediately widened her eyes at Casper. Although poaching Sharon would be a great help to Tycoon Hotel, she did not want the man to agree.

“Don't play around, Sharon. He has someone else in his heart,” Sheryl scolded. Although the woman's was weak and her voice was frail, Sharon sat down obediently and kept quiet.

Casper rubbed his nose. He felt somewhat embarrassed that Sheryl had realized he liked someone else. He asked shyly, “Um, how could you tell?”

Curling her hair around her fingertips, Sheryl answered, “Ever since I was deceived by a man, I've been studying how to see through their hearts. Your current behavior is the same as I was back then. As long as they say anything, you're willing to do

anything for them. You'll act very silly.”

“Yeah, as long as she mentions it to me, I can get her anything!”

Once he thought of his goddess' smile, he felt that everything was worth it.

“Elena, why's your face suddenly so red?” asked Sharon.

When Casper saw his secretary's face turning red, he said in concern, “Yeah, Ms. Schneider, why is your face growing so red... Don't tell me your period's coming. You need to drink more warm water.”

Instantly, the woman flushed even more.

“Thanks for the concern, Mr. Simpson. I will.”

“That's good. Let's continue then, Ms. Sheryl.”

Sheryl smiled slightly at Elena, then turned to him and replied, “If that's the case, I'm willing to become strong for a person like you, Mr. Simpson. But I've been hurt by someone. Now, all I want is to take revenge. What should I do?”

Caspar had actually been waiting for her to say those words. He smiled and replied, “Isn't he just a social media influencer? I have a hundred ways to bring him to his knees.”

“With such a big family business on the line, you're willing to lower yourself down and do such a thing for me?” she asked.

“This has nothing to do with money. It's only related to morality and justice. Even if you don't say anything, I'll still punish such a person.”

“Good. If you manage to kidnap and bring him to me, and if he admits to his wrongs, I'll let Sharon resign.”

Upon hearing those words, Casper nodded and then stood up to walk outside. He called the men over at Firewolf Chamber of Commerce once he exited the house.

“Hi, Jeremy. I want to find a social media influencer's address. Do you know how to?”

“Yes, Boss! Which influencer? I'll surely get it for you in an hour!”

“His name's Hanson Woods. He used to make videos related to food.”

“Oh, that guy? I know him. He dresses all fancy and tacky, but he behaves like a sissy. I haven't liked him

since long ago. Why're you looking for him?”

Casper smiled evilly and replied, “I plan to kidnap him.”

On the other end of the line, Jeremy froze for a moment before he nodded. “Okay. You deserve to be the boss, being able to do something we wouldn't dare to. How courageous!” he said flatteringly, thinking that Casper wanted to capture a food blogger to help Tycoon with their image.

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Chapter 206



“Okay, enough with the praise. Hurry and get it done for me.”

After hanging up, Caspar then returned inside and smiled at Sheryl. “Please wait a while, Ms. Sheryl.”

She smirked. “You seem a lot younger than me. If I'm not wrong, you're around my sister's age. Just call me Sheryl from now on.”

“Okay, I will,” he replied obediently.

She then stretched lazily, making the people watching her want to stretch to relieve some tension as well.

Just then, Sharon stood up and pulled Casper out of the room. She frowned and said, “My sister's not behaving very normal today.”

“What do you mean?”

“She used to only leave her bedroom once in three days. But she's spoken more today than she has in the past year!”

“Maybe... she saw me and grew happy,” he suggested.

Seeing that he was taking on everything by himself, she kicked him. “Stop it. I'm serious. I was genuinely shocked when she laughed just now. She has never laughed ever since she got depressed!”

“Doesn't that mean her depression's cured? You silly girl.”

Although Sharon opened her mouth, she did not know what to say to him. She then shook her head and replied, “No, there's something weird with her gaze today. It feels like a certain someone.”

“Like who?”

“Have you watched Palace Empresses? The one with Laurel Scott. It's the same gaze as her character in that show. It's like she's constantly calculating and planning something in her mind.”

Casper fell silent for a moment before he replied,
“Then what did her gaze look like before?”

“Like an innocent rabbit! One that doesn't know anything!”

“I got it,” he said, raising his index finger and waving it. “She's been watching such dramas for the past two years at home.”

Sharon scoffed in anger. “What the hell? I'm worried about my sister!”

Caspar sighed in exasperation. “What are you worried about? Look at her now. She looks like she wants to continue living. Isn't this a lot better than her lifeless state before? Besides, if you're really worried, why don't you ask her? You're sisters.”

“Me?” Sharon asked, pointing at herself uncertainly.

“Who else? Me? I don't have the time to talk nonsense here.” He then turned and left, looking at his phone while waiting for news from the Firewolf Chamber of Commerce.

After calming herself down, Sharon then called her sister over to the bedroom. However, before she could say anything, Sheryl entered the room and immediately said, “Sharon, how did you get to know Casper? Tell me whatever you know about him.”

Dazed by the question, Sharon froze. She then told her sister everything about how she had provoked him the day before and how they had the showdown.

“You said you saw him arguing with his ex-classmates in the bathroom?”

“Yeah. One of them seemed to be his ex-girlfriend who left him because he had no money.”

“He's the boss of Tycoon Hotel. How can he not have money?” Sheryl quickly asked, seemingly having caught onto a key point.

“I don't know about that... But from his conversation with his ex, it seems like he only recently took over Tycoon.”

Sheryl grew more alert once she heard that. She smiled slightly and said, “Looks like his background's

not that normal.”

“How did you tell?”

“His speech, temperament, physical skills, and cooking skills. All those show that he's not that simple. He looks poor and wears such shabby clothes but is the owner of such a high-class hotel? Where do you think his money comes from?”

“His family? He could have rich parents, like Mr. Sawyer Lingham.”

As soon as Sheryl heard Sawyer's name, her gaze shifted away. “He's different from Sawyer. That man did treat us kindly but think about it carefully. Three years ago, Lingham Group just so happened to enter the catering industry. How did they find me so coincidentally?”

Shocked, Sharon said, “You're basically like a detective. How'd you suddenly get so good?”

Sheryl stroked her thin face and replied, “It's hatred. It tortured me for three years and changed me in merely a minute.”

Only an unforgettable kind of hatred could make someone remember their pain.

About half an hour later, a message popped up on Casper's phone. He read it, then bid goodbye to the sisters and said he would be back in three hours.

Not expecting that he would do such a thing for Sheryl, Elena followed him out the door and pulled him to a stop. She whispered in disbelief, “Are you crazy? You're really going to kidnap him?”

Looking at how anxious she was being, he patted her

on the shoulder. "It's okay. I have other plans. It's not just for Sheryl. I also want to find out what Lingham Group's doing behind the scenes. We need to obtain some dirt on them!"

After hearing his explanation, Elena nodded. Only then did she let Casper go.

Meanwhile, Hanson was driving his new Mercedes-Benz proudly around the area. Although it was not the car he was most satisfied with, it was enough to show off.

As soon as he unlocked his phone, several WhatsApp messages popped up. They were all messages from video platforms trying to discuss a collaboration with him. He began to reply to them one by one.

He replied to the first message: Hey, I told you I'm a vlogger now. I don't shoot food videos anymore. But I

don't mind taking up some beauty-related videos.

He replied someone else: The contract fee's too low, so there's nothing else for me to discuss unless you can introduce a good partner for me every year. We won't record this in the contract. It'll just be part of our personal relationship.

Hanson responded fluently and in a skilled manner to his messages. Since he was getting popular, he was no longer satisfied with his status as a mere social media influencer. Thus, he wanted to make his debut on a talent show. Although he neither knew how to sing nor dance, it was easy to utilize his good looks to get a role and gain fans.

In that manner, he continued to text as he drove. After a while, he accidentally drove into a small alley.

“I'll take the opportunity to show these poor people a

car they can never afford in their lives.”

As he mumbled to himself, two people suddenly appeared in front of his car, causing him to stop.

“F*ck! They're trying to get my money!”

He then got off the car and scolded them, “Get lost. Don't try to fake an accident here. I have a dashcam. Don't cause yourself to get arrested then.”

“A dashcam?” one of the men asked.

He then walked to the window of the Mercedes-Benz and looked inside. Indeed, there was one.

The man then looked behind Hanson and said, “What now, Boss? There's a dashcam.” Confused, Hanson turned around. Just then, a handsome young man walked over from behind his car while smiling.

“What else? Destroy it. There's no one else in this alley, and there are no cameras here. Once you destroy the dashcam, there'll be no evidence left.”

As the young man spoke, Hanson immediately felt that something was wrong. Resultantly, his first instinct was to get in the car. However, just as he opened the door, he felt a soreness at the back of his neck. Then, his vision turned black, and he fainted, falling to the ground.

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Chapter 207



When Hanson woke up, he found himself bound with ropes and gagged with tapes. He was lying in a corner of a dark room.

“You recovered pretty fast. If you woke any later, I would have splashed you with a bucket of cold water,” Casper said indifferently.

He pulled a chair and sat down in front of Hanson.

“You're the one who kidnapped me? What are you trying to do? Do you even know who am I? How dare...”

He could not finish his sentence the moment Casper stuffed a shoe into his mouth.

“Aren't you a food blogger? Why don't you comment on the taste of this shoe?”

Casper exerted more force, causing blood to gush out from the corner of Hanson's mouth. Immediately, the latter looked at Casper pitifully, pleading for mercy. Only then did Casper remove the shoe.

“What do you want from me? I'll give it to you. Money? Tell me the amount, and I'll collect it for you. Please don't harm me! We can discuss any terms you have.”

Within seconds, Hanson had turned into a coward. Though it was dreadful to see, his attitude had made it easier for Casper to interrogate him.

“I only need some information from you. As long as you answer sincerely, I'll guarantee that you'll be safe and sound. However, if you lie to me, the next thing that goes into your mouth won't taste as nice as this shoe.”

Casper's stern warning sent a cold chill down Hanson's spine.

“Please ask away. You can ask me anything. I swear to tell you everything I know.”

Casper was well pleased with the man's cooperative behavior. Digging his ear, Casper asked, “Well, do you know the heir of Lingham Group, Sawyer Lingham?”

Hanson nodded heavily. “Yes, yes, I know him. I've crossed paths with the Linghams before.”

“For what reason?”

“Um... About that...”

“Hurry up and say it!”

A layer of powder from Hanson's face dropped due to extreme shock when Casper yelled at him. “When I... I was making videos in the past, the person in charge of the social media platform introduced me to the Lingham's. They saw my videos and wanted to discuss something with me.”

A cold glint flashed across Casper's eyes. He lifted Hanson's chin and questioned coldly, “What was it about? Come clean with me.”

Hesitated, the man answered, “What is it that you're trying to find out? If money is what you want, I have enough to satisfy you.”

“Who wants your dirty money?”

Casper tilted his chin with one hand and stroked his face with another. Then, he slapped Hanson's mouth. “You're a man. Why did you apply such a thick layer

of powder on your face? Must you apply make-up in the first place? Which guy are you trying to seduce?”

Casper snapped his fingers, and Jeremy appeared a moment later. Pointing at Jeremy, he said, “This fellow over here has only one interest. He likes men. People have nicknamed him 'The King of The Queers.' I see that you're tired of hiding your little secret. Let this fellow give you a treat.”

Jeremy widened his eyes in disbelief. He was stunned to hear the new identity Casper had given him. After seeing the man's gesture, however, he immediately acted like one with a strong urge and started unbuckling his belt.

“Thanks, man. I promise to let him have a once-in-a-lifetime experience.”

Hanson widened his eyes, terrified. He struggled to

wriggle backward while shouting repeatedly, “No! No way! I said no! Stop! Don't come near me!”

Upon seeing how horrified Hanson was, a smug settled upon Casper's face. “Then, tell me all about the Lingham family. Oh, don't you try to create any stories. If you do, I shall get my fellow man here to help cure your constipation.”

Trembling in fear, Hanson contemplated between letting the cat out of the bag and getting sexually harassed for two seconds. Finally, he made his decision. “Three years ago, I uploaded some videos on the internet and gained some popularity. At that time, the person in charge of the social media platform told me that the Linghams were looking for me. He told me that my time for fame had come.

“I thought it was a golden opportunity for me to climb up the social ladder, so I went to meet the Linghams.

Lo and behold, they were looking to enter the food industry and were looking for chefs. After watching my videos, they thought I was a genius chef with impeccable skills. Thus, they wanted to employ me as the head chef. The remuneration they offered was insane!”

He continued with a shaky breath, “However, I wasn't the person who had come up with the cooking techniques I taught in my videos. It was my ex-girlfriend, who knew nothing but cooking...”

Before Hanson could finish his sentence, Casper landed a tight slap on his face, which resulted in a loud clap resonating in the room.

“If one more bad comment comes out from your mouth about Sheryl, I'll punch out all of your teeth.” Casper was furious. How dare he say something like that!

Right then, Hanson finally understood Casper's motive. He cried, “Oh no, did Sheryl send you to take revenge on me? How much did she pay you? I'll give you double.”

Slap!

Hanson received another blow, and the prosthesis fitted in his nose was beaten crooked this time.

Casper was stunned for a moment, then sneered at him, “You even did plastic surgery?”

“Nowadays, who doesn't do it to change their fate? If it weren't for my handsome face, would Sheryl have been so loyal to me? Could I have attracted so many fans?”

Covering his face, Hanson vented out his frustration in front of Casper.

“I know I'm a scumbag for lying to Sheryl, but it was society's fault for pushing me to take such a step. I can't stay with a woman who only knows how to cook. I'm a celebrity on the Internet who will meet all the socialites. It's impossible for Sheryl and I to have a future together.”

Enraged, Casper's hands began shaking. He knows he's a scumbag, yet he acts all righteous as if he's got a valid reason to do so. Caspar wanted to crush Hanson's head so badly. Thankfully, Jeremy stopped him. “Boss, it's more important to question him about the matter.”

Upon hearing the advice, Casper reined his anger in. Pointing at Jeremy, he told Hanson, “With that disgusting face of yours, you've cheated many times, right? You ought to tell me everything now. Otherwise, my man here will insert his seven-inch

weapon into you and let you feel the pain felt by all those girls.”

Feeling glum, Hanson stammered out a reply, “I... I admitted to the Linghamms that I don't know how to cook, but I wanted to cling on to them. Hence, I told them that my girlfriend was a rare gem — a genius chef. They were very interested to employ Sheryl. In order to reflect the value of my existence, I shared with them that I could help to connect them with her because she only listens to me.”

Casper furrowed his brows. “This was different from what I heard.”

Hanson quickly justified himself, “The matter did go off track. She caught me going out with another woman...”

Casper nodded as he pieced the puzzle in his head.

“Sheryl found out that you betrayed her and refused to listen to you anymore. However, you couldn't explain that to the Lingham's. Therefore, you came up with such a vicious idea!”

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Chapter 208



“You're the one who spread rumors about Sheryl online and spurred your silly fans to attack her, causing her to lose her job and suffer from depression!”

Faced with Casper's death stare, Hanson was scared out of his wits. He hurriedly debated, “No, I initially wanted to let it slide because I've used to love Sheryl

a lot. I still have feelings for her, so I don't want to hurt her. It was Lingham Group who lured me into doing it with a lucrative sum.”

Upon hearing that, Casper let out a cruel smile. The truth revealed to him was just as what he had predicted.

Suddenly, footsteps were heard in the room. Hanson looked up and saw a frail figure appearing from the corner. It was Sheryl, holding a sharp kitchen knife in her hand.

“Ah, no, please don't!”

Like a frightened rabbit, Hanson began quaking in his boots. He struggled to escape like mad, but was restrained by the rope and could only move an inch.

“Sheryl, don't dirty your own hands.”

Casper gripped the woman's hands which had the knife. As he did so, he realized that she had no intention to harm anyone; she was not holding it tightly.

“I just wanted to scare the living daylights out of him and to see it for myself if there's any difference from the fish on the chopping board.”

A devilish smile settled upon Sheryl's face. She had no more tears to shed for Hanson since three years ago.

“Is there any difference?”

“Of course! A fish doesn't speak.”

Sheryl released her grip, and the knife fell onto the ground with a loud thud. Coincidentally, it dropped in

between Hanson's legs, making him jump out of his skin.

“Sheryl, you...”

Before the man could finished his sentence, Casper slapped him again. “Are you worthy of calling Sheryl by her first name? You should address her as Ma'am!”

“I'm sorry, Ma'am. I'm extremely sorry! Please forgive me. Sawyer is the mastermind behind all these; he's the one who instructed me to do it!”

Sheryl looked bored as she listened to him ramble on and on. She even let out a yawn and rested her head on Casper's shoulder.

“I'm tired. Casper, can you take over?”

The fragrance from her hair hit the man like a wave, making his heart raced rapidly. Subsequently, he shouted at Hanson, “Quickly tell me all the details of how Sawyer got you to do what you did!”

Hanson quickly shared about what had happened three years ago. He brought them back to the day when he met up with Sawyer, who had been sipping tea then.

“Oh, it's you? What's up? Have you settled your girlfriend?”

Though Sawyer was not a university student back then, his temperament was similar to his one now — narcissistic and pretentious.

“Um... Mr. Lingham, something came up, and I regret to inform you that I can't help you out in this matter,” Hanson uttered, looking glum.

At that time, Hanson had not undergone any plastic surgery and only applied light make-up. Yet, he definitely still looked pleasing to the eye.

“What do you mean? Weren't you the one who confidently swore that you had the woman wrapped around your little finger? My family is going to start conquering the food and beverage industry soon. The hotel has already been established. A talent like her should be our star employee! Our signature who makes the hotel a cut above the rest. Yet you're telling me now that she's not on board?”

Sawyer's words made Hanson break out in a cold sweat, and the latter said hopelessly, “She found out that I cheated on her. So, she's like an insane woman now, refusing to listen to me...”

Sawyer narrowed his eyes. “It's not a big deal. You

can still turn things around.”

Hanson sensed something sinister was brewing behind the scenes. “How?” he asked warily.

“Since she caught you cheating on her, you might as well take it to the next level and badmouth her on the Internet. Use the power of the netizens to attack her. Make her resign from her job. When the time is right, I'll chime in and assist. Lingham Hotel must own her.”

“This... This is too malicious. The netizens have no limits. Will something untoward happen? Sheryl is my girlfriend, after all. This...”

“Tsk, did you bother to think about how she must have felt when you betrayed her with other women? Did you think for her sake when you used her to deceive the online viewers? And when you reaped the benefits off of the videos you made? Why are you

feeling bad now?”

Sawyer then growled out, “Let me tell you, arranging the manpower for the hotel is an assessment given to me by my family. I must perform exceptionally well within the shortest time possible to prove that I'm capable! You have no choice but to do it. Don't you forget that your videos are all fake. You depended on her to complete them, and she can easily call out on you anytime. If you don't act first, you're going to lose all of your subscribers, including your popularity.”

Fearful of the consequences, Hanson agreed.

Thereafter, the Alder sisters were attacked severely on the Internet, leading to them needing to move into a new place. Sawyer appeared then, acting as their savior. He arranged a new accommodation for them and presented Sheryl with the opportunity to be the hotel's head chef.

Unfortunately, Sheryl was affected tremendously by the incident, and she could not cook properly. As a result, Sawyer used Sharon instead, albeit she was not as good as her sister.

Hearing thus far, Casper could connect the dots, and he soon figured out the entire story. He shook his head at Jeremy. “Did you record everything he said?”

Jeremy waved his phone and replied, “Yes, every single word. Verbatim.”

Hanson's face turned as pale as the sheets upon hearing that. He could see his star idol dreams vanishing in front of his eyes...

Casper searched Hanson's body and fished out a phone.

“Unlock it for me.”

Hanson obliged and entered the passcode obediently. Casper browsed his phone with interest as he mocked, “Whoa, for a sissy like you, you sure are something. From the number of girls you've dated, it seems that you have a strong physique.”

“I couldn't help it... They're all my passionate fans.” Hanson felt so embarrassed. Casper seems to be more dangerous than Sawyer. I better not offend him.

“Are these few applications the ones you used to upload your videos to social media?”

Casper noticed that a few applications in Hanson's phone were the popular ones amongst youngsters.

“Yes, yes they are.”

“Jeremy, is there anyone in the gang who knows video editing? Edit the voice recording just now, remove our parts, and then upload it on his channel via his account to make it more believable.”

“Um... Boss, though everyone here is street smart, none are equipped with such video editing skills.”
Jeremy scratched his head.

Hanson trembled in trepidation. Through the dialogues, he knew that his secrets were going to be exposed. In addition, he also discovered that Casper had the backing of a gang, whom he could not afford to offend.

“I've never heard of him. Where did he come from? he muttered while Sharon walked into them.

“I know how to edit videos. I did research on this because I wanted to expose this jerk one day.”

“Great! We'll hand you the mobile phone and recording then.” Casper nodded. Then, he gazed at Sheryl, who was still leaning on him. Gently, he asked her, “Sheryl, what do you plan to do with him? Kill him? Castrate him?”

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Chapter 209



Hanson almost fainted upon hearing what Casper had suggested. Much to his relief, Sheryl shook her head. “No need. Since he cares so much about worldly reputations, let him live and experience the same degree of pain I suffered back then.”

Casper nodded in agreement whereas Hanson was no longer as tense. At least I can stay alive. However, the next line from Sheryl burst his bubble.

“Let your friend have a jolly good time with him and cure his constipation.”

Surprised, Casper looked at Jeremy, who was equally astonished. “Boss, are you serious? My seven-inch is not for stirring sh*t up.”

“Seven inches? Who are you kidding?” Casper scoffed, unwilling to believe him.

Feeling insulted, Jeremy started unbuckling his belt.

“Girls, please close your eyes. Boss, stand still; I must prove myself to you.”

As soon as Hanson saw him gesturing to remove his pants, he fainted right away.

“See, he passed out!”

Jeremy had just been joking — he did not intend to do anything nasty to Hanson. However, the coward collapsed at the thought of it.

“Watch him,” Casper ordered before leaving with the Alder siblings.

Their hiding place was the new meeting spot of the Firewolf Chamber of Commerce. Nobody would ever be able to find it because of its secluded location.

“Who would have thought Sawyer was such a jerk! I've misjudged him. He's actually the same as that scum. I'm going to resign from Lingham Hotel.”

Sharon felt so upset and disgusted when she discovered that she had been working under the

culprit who gave her sister a hard time for the past two years.

“No, Sharon.” Sheryl tried to stop her.

“Why? Aren't you furious? Sawyer is too much!” Sharon frowned and growled with gritted teeth.

“We can't act rashly on this matter.” Sheryl turned to Casper and asked, “Tycoon Hotel is now in a conflict with Lingham Hotel, right?”

“Whoa, how did you become so smart? I can tell that you've done a lot of research while staying home these two years.”

Casper was determined not to be led by the woman. So, he stated, “Indeed, you don't need to leave Lingham Hotel, Sharon. Resigning now will only bring you adverse effects.”

“Why?” Sharon was baffled.

“Your cooking skills are the most valuable asset of Lingham Hotel. He tried so hard to get you on board. Why would he simply allow you to leave?”

Seeing that she was so confused, Casper illustrated the big picture to her. Sharon sulked as the pieces formed in her head. “So, you're saying that they will force me to stay?”

What do you think? Isn't it obvious? If they could use despicable means to make the two girls their staff, they would do the same to keep them. Casper rolled his eyes.

Sheryl consoled her sister, “Don't worry. Casper will help us resolve the problems. All you need to do is to pretend that nothing has happened and resume your

role as the head chef at Lingham Hotel. How many people are aware of the showdown today?”

Sharon knitted her brows. “I applied for leave, but many people know about the showdown because the ingredients I used to make the Beef Wellington were from the hotel. I doubt I could hide it.”

“There's no need to keep it a secret. Lingham Hotel has planted many spies in Tycoon. I'm afraid they already know your every move.”

Sharon grew nervous at that. “Really? Then, what should I do?”

“It's okay. We can play along with Sawyer.”

Casper exchanged glances with Sheryl, who seemingly understood what he had in mind.

“Sharon, when you edit Hanson's voice recording, remove all the parts where Sawyer's name was mentioned. That will be our trump card. We don't need to show our hand now.”

“Trump card? Why do I feel like we're going for a battle?” Sharon blinked, looking gullible.

Sheryl stroked her sister's head tenderly, explaining, “Just do as Casper says. It's a trade war. Anyhow, I believe that victory is on our side.”

Sharon nodded obediently, though she could not help feeling apprehensive about the plan. “Lingham Group is a huge corporation with a net worth exceeding three billion. Although Mr. Simpson's Tycoon is also great, it's only worth tens of millions?”

“Their numbers are bigger, but it's no big deal. Moreover, Lingham Hotel is only one of the

companies within Lingham Group. They don't have a high cash flow," Casper proclaimed confidently.

In addition to the trump card, the Alder sisters are with me on the same boat. How will I lose?

"Sharon, when you're back at the hotel, tell them that you've defeated Mr. Simpson in the third round. Remember to express how much you hated Mr. Simpson so that they won't suspect anything. As the head chef, you can snoop into many secrets of Lingham Hotel. Be vigilant and collate some useful information for us to use as strong pieces of evidence to bring Lingham Hotel down."

Casper was impressed by Sheryl's logical and detailed thought processes. It seems that a vengeful woman is intelligent yet cruel.

"Sure."

“By the way, don't put your trust in any of your friends or colleagues working at the hotel. They might be Hanson's informants. One more thing, the place where we live now belongs to the Lingham family. When we burn bridges one day, maybe...”

Sheryl gazed at Casper while the latter nodded, signifying that it was not a problem at all.

“No worries, I'll make the arrangements. Ms. Schneider, I'll transfer one million to you later. Please find a place in the city for the Alder sisters. Send someone to pick them up immediately if there's an emergency.”

Elena acknowledged his order. Feeling uneasy, Casper instructed Jeremy to allocate two reliable men to patrol around Sheryl's house. They were to report right away if they sensed anything was odd.

“Thanks for looking into all these, Casper. How did you cross paths with Sawyer?” Sheryl was curious.

“It's normal for a man like him to clash with others. Ours were about both private and work matters. All along, I'll only mind my own business. However, if someone messes with me, I'll surely take action.”

“Oh? Does the private matter concern another woman?” Sheryl cast him a look; her smile was skin-deep as she did so.

Casper felt his scalp prickle. Her intuition is so strong. I'm sure she's been reading a lot of detective novels and watching palace scheming dramas for the past two years.

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[BECOMING THE RICHEST MAN ALIVE](#)

Chapter 210



“I'll stop asking if you don't feel like answering.”

Sheryl did not pursue the matter further, saying decidedly, “I'll need to regain my cooking skills in order to give your hotel a competitive edge.”

Casper was overjoyed when he heard that. If Sheryl regains her capabilities and joins my team, Tycoon Hotel will definitely become a top-notch hotel in the city. The woman's culinary skills were surely better than Casper's. His success was attributed to his smooth start in life. He had a famous teacher to guide him in culinary, and his daily diet was nothing less than exotic delicacies.

The resources and exposure Sheryl had been way lesser compared to Casper, but her skills were impeccable. After tasting her improved version of Beef Wellington, he was resolute to recruit Sheryl. He was very certain that her potential in culinary was immeasurable.

Had it not been for what happened three years ago, Sheryl would have made a name for herself worldwide.

She was like a rare gem. Casper thought he must have done something right, which pleased the heavens and the earth, to deserve her.

Planning ahead, focusing on developing Tycoon Hotel would be his best strategic move. The addition of Sheryl would benefit Casper greatly in achieving his goal of earning ten times more than his current assets

within the span of one year.

Both of them discussed the details of their grand plan for half an hour before Caspar and Elena left.

“Boss, what do you think of Sharon?” Elena asked Casper during the journey back to Tycoon Hotel.

“Go ahead and share your thoughts,’ Casper urged.

Biting her lips, Elena went straight to the point.

“Sharon said her sister was suffering from depression. However, you've seen it too. Does her mannerism look like someone who's depressed?”

“I guess she's recovered?” Casper did not find anything strange about that.

“How could she be healed magically?”

“She didn't. In fact, her condition has worsened.”

Casper recalled the moment he saw Sheryl speak without any facial expression — her eyes had been filled with a strong sense of hatred.

“She capitalized on her hatred toward a matter to cure her depression. It's equivalent to drinking poison to quench thirst. It's hard to say if she will be able to heal completely in the future. Right now, all we need is her precious culinary skills. That's our most powerful weapon to tackle Lingham Hotel and other restaurants alike.”

“I see. All right, then.” Closing her eyes, Elena did not say one more word.

“Why? You don't trust her?”

“It's not that. It's just that she said today you've got a

sweetheart, so I wanted to know if it's true," Elena muttered.

Casper chuckled upon seeing his secretary acting coquettishly. "You're too cute."

They locked eyes for a brief moment. Suddenly, a shout broke the silence between them. Casper turned and realized that it was Louis calling out to him at the entrance to the hotel.

"Hey, are the cooks still here? Didn't I say that they could all go on leave today?"

Louis rubbed his hands. "Well, we're all eager to know the results of the showdown. How's it? Does Ms. Alder win a chance to come over to our hotel?"

A glint of doubt flashed across Casper's eyes, but he dismissed the thought almost immediately. Louis

should be the least suspicious amongst them all. He's the kind who holds high expectations for his culinary skills.

“Are you the only one here, Mr. Goldstein?”

“Oh, there are quite a number of us. We all want to know the outcome,” Louis answered.

Nodding, Casper sighed. “There's nothing much to say about the battle. I've been busy all day, for nothing. I don't want to talk about it. Nope, I'm not going to bring this up ever again.”

Louis hummed softly. From Casper's reaction, he guessed that his boss had lost. “How is that possible? Mr. Simpson, your cooking is superb! How come...”

“I've overestimated myself. I was too careless! Darn it, that girl looked down on me. I'm afraid there's no

chance for her to join us at Tycoon.”

Casper described the situation so well that Elena almost believed his nonsense if she had not followed him around the whole day.

“What a pity!”

As Louis sighed, he recalled something that made his eyes lit up. He turned to Casper and said, “Mr. Simpson, your cooking skills are brilliant. Why don't you give us some pointers? Perhaps we could improve and bring about more business to the hotel that way.”

Casper nodded and replied, “Mr. Goldstein, I understand where you're coming from, but there's no need to hurry. The hotel is facing multiple problems at the moment. You guys only need to do your best and carry on with your work.”

After Louis left for the kitchen, Elena asked, “Did you say that on purpose?”

“That's right. We need to obfuscate them thoroughly. We can't let Sawyer suspect anything,” Casper said unswervingly with the hope to fight Sawyer till the very end.

“After failing to woo your goddess, you want to beat me in business? Sure, I'll let you suffer the biggest loss in your life.”

The ambitious Casper was motivated to defeat his opponent, and he would not allow merely a hotel under the Lingham Group to be his stumbling block.

“It's about time we prepare for the meeting with the board of directors...”

These two days, he had missed his classes due to his busy schedule. If Ms. Clauder finds out, she'll surely give me a piece of her mind.

“I haven't returned my Goddess' missed call. Let me do it now.”

Casper walked to a quiet corner and made a call to Giselle. After ringing for about ten seconds, she answered.

“Hello, Ms. Clauder, this is Casper. Were you looking for me?”

“Casper... I've got something to discuss with you. Can you come to my hostel tomorrow? No, tonight?”

Giselle sounded oddly calm, which made him feel rather dubious about it. She hung up before he could ask further.

Something fishy is going on...

He paced around wondering about it. She is definitely up to something. She's usually amiable when she's among us, but today... Then again, she asked me to visit her hostel tonight. She initiated the invitation!

Casper looked forward to his appointment at night. He rubbed his palms in excitement.

Upon settling all his work matters at Tycoon, he headed back to his dorm, thinking about his plans for the evening.

Right then, Jeremy called him to talk about Hanson.

“Boss, I forgot to ask how many days you want to keep this dude locked up. We're short of manpower.”

“Detain him for now, at least until Ms. Alder's edited video is ready to be published. Thank the gang for the hard work on my behalf. I'll compensate them with a little something.”

“Alrighty, money is their sole extrinsic motivation anyway. I'll arrange.”

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