

Chapter 353

Frieda thought that if it was for the young master of such a prestigious five-star hotel, he deserved to eat the yellow croaker. After all, it was his hotel! It would not be a problem even if the dish was not open to the public.

However, she must have an explanation after what she had said. She felt cheated and ignored. Why didn't they tell her earlier that the dish was ordered by the young master of the hotel?

Furthermore, she had made a fool of herself here. There were some other guests who had been whispering about her and their comments were both good and bad. Frieda had also overheard someone mocking her.

She was a frequent diner at luxurious restaurants. When had she ever been a laughing stock?

They must give her an explanation on this day!

Frieda thought firmly in her heart.

"Our young master is in the presidential suite upstairs, he is not in the restaurant," the manager explained. This dish was meant to be sent to his room as soon as possible through the elevator. After all, the young master was the son of the hotel owner.

"Do you mean that I can't see this young master of yours?" Frieda frowned as she spoke. She felt even more upset. Were they looking down on her?

How could they just settle this matter perfunctorily by mentioning it was for their young master?

Frieda was in a bad mood since morning and currently, she felt worse than ever.

"I'm sorry, our young master usually comes down to eat, but he may be tired today, so he asked us to send it up for him," the manager explained again.

"Tell your young master to come down!" Aaron came over and ordered. Were they kidding? How could they call the son of a five-star hotel owner a young master? When did the standard of being a young master become so low?

This five-star hotel was worth at most five billion dollars and even with other properties, they may only have more than ten billion dollars. How could they call him a young master when he only had ten billion dollars worth of assets? Aaron thought that he was the only one who could call himself a young master and not some random ordinary people! It was an insult to the term 'young master' if a random person could be called by that title.

"This..." The manager was in a dilemma. How could they ask the young master to come down? Betty would definitely explode and she simply could not bear the consequences of that.

"I'm very sorry, our young master is going to have a rest after his meal and he doesn't want to see any guests," the manager said.

"Tell him to come down now! I'll take this yellow croaker, just tell me how much I have to pay for it. Do you hear me?" Aaron exclaimed. Currently, Aaron felt that it was time to show off his wealth in front of Frieda. If he could make the young master come down and kneel before him, how high and mighty would he be in front of Frieda? This was a very crucial step to get Frieda to sleep with him!

He had to make that so-called young master come down and give up this dish. If Frieda began to admire him, the next step would be very easy.

"This..." the manager did not know what to do. After hesitating for a while, she finally said, "Please wait for a minute, I'll go upstairs and ask for the young master."

Aaron waved his hand. Sure enough, the manager would be afraid if he insisted. He only shouted and they immediately did what he asked. This five-star hotel was nothing.

"Frieda, let's take a seat first," Aaron comforted her. Frieda sat down with satisfaction, but Aaron frowned and said to the manager, "Leave the dish here first."

Because he saw that the manager was prepared to send the dish up.

The manager had no choice but to put it down first. She then motioned to the waiter aside and asked her to take care of the

dish.

After that, she went out and took the elevator to the presidential suite.

Aaron snorted and brought over the yellow croaker. Seeing this, the waiter hurriedly said, "Sir, this is for our young master."

"So what if it belongs to your young master? Doesn't he know that the customer is always right?" Aaron said as he picked up a set of cutlery and gave a piece of the fish to Frieda. He said gently, "Have a try."

"Mmm," Frieda hummed. She took it for granted. It was supposed to be like this in the first place, she was the customer and that meant she was always right. So what if this dish belonged to the young master?

How could the young master fight over a dish with a guest? Did they plan to close down the hotel?

Frieda ate it and felt that it was really delicious. It was so tender and juicy. As expected, if she did not snatch the opportunity to eat this dish, she would regret it!

When Aaron saw Frieda's expression, he could not help taking a piece of fish for himself. He had not consumed this fish for a long time.

When the waiter saw that Aaron and Frieda had already eaten one-third of the dish, she went out helplessly as she could not stop them. She could only use the walkie-talkie to tell the manager about it.

Knock knock knock!

"Come in," Chuck said. At this time, he and Betty were in the room talking about how to deal with his cousin. His cousin must have come to the country and Chuck had to find a way to deal with him.

The manager opened the door and came in with an apologetic face, saying, "Um, I'm sorry, Young Master and Miss Bernard. The yellow croaker that you asked us to prepare was taken by a guest. He wants to eat that dish."

Betty frowned and asked, "What's going on?"

Chuck was a little surprised. The manager explained the situation in short and Chuck did not care. He shrugged his

shoulders and said, "Since he wants it, just give it to him."

Chuck was indifferent but Betty was not. She had specially told the kitchen to keep the yellow croaker for Chuck. After all, it was a rare fish and was available not every day.

"Young Master, this dish was specially prepared for you," Betty said.

"It doesn't matter. Since the guest has taken a fancy of it, let's give them a treat," Chuck smiled slightly. If Karen was here, she would definitely do the same.

The manager heaved a sigh of relief. She did not expect that the young master would be so understanding. She continued, "Young Master, this person wants you to go down and meet him."

"What did you say? He wants the Young Master to go down and meet him? There aren't many people in the world who are qualified to meet him. How can he ask for that?" Betty's voice was cold as she said incredulously.

"I'm sorry. But he brought a beautiful woman with him and maybe he wants to show off in front of her, so he said so," the manager explained helplessly.

"Tell him to get out of here if he doesn't want to eat!" Betty said coldly. In Hotel Luna, Betty would not let Chuck suffer even the tiniest humiliation.

The manager nodded. She turned around and was ready to go downstairs, but the walkies-talkie rang in her hand. "Baden, I-I just couldn't stop them. They have eaten the fish," the waiter said from the other side of the walkies-talkie.

"What the h*ll? Don't you know that's the young master's dish? If someone else eats it, what will Young Master eat today?" Baden. the manager said furiously.

Chuck simply shrugged and stood up, saying. "It's okay. Forget it, let him eat it."

"Okay." Baden nodded and asked, "Then, what do you want to eat today, Young Master?"

The yellow croaker was the main dish, but now that it was eaten by someone else and it was truly beyond the manager's expectation.

"Betty, what would you like to eat?" Chuck asked. He was not picky when it comes to food and he was fine with anything.

"Young Master, I'll follow your decision," Betty replied. She would eat whatever Chuck decided on.

"Okay, just order the kitchen to cook a few dishes to go with rice," Chuck said to Baden.

"Yes, Young Master. Please wait for a moment," Baden obliged and went out.

"Young Master, this guest is unreasonable. How dare he eat your food? He is obviously looking down on you. If President Lee is here, she would definitely ask them to leave," Betty complained. Of course, this was certain. Karen might even give them a hard time. To be honest, Betty wanted to go down and meet the person for herself.

"It doesn't matter. Anyway, he is just a guest," Chuck replied and sat down. It was not good for the reputation of the hotel if a conflict arose and Chuck did not think that it was necessary.

But of course, this matter would not have any impact on the hotel with Karen's ability.

"Okay," Betty was finally gratified and she decided to continue the discussion with him. Chuck's affinity was much better than the other young masters in the family, especially Chuck's cousin.

Meanwhile, Baden came down and saw that Frieda and Aaron had eaten more than half of this dish. She felt very helpless at the moment.

"Did your young master not come down?" Aaron snorted when he saw the manager.

"Sorry, but our young master said that you can have this dish. Please enjoy it," Baden maintained a smile on her face and said.

"Humph, do you think your young master dared not to give it to me? Do you know who I am?" Aaron sneered. This young master was a useless being! It seemed that if Aaron announced who he was, this so-called young master would definitely come down to meet him happily. This was an opportunity to conquer Frieda.

"I'm not sure. Please continue your meal," Baden said

nonchalantly and left with the waiter.

Aaron frowned. He could only smile and ask Frieda to eat more. Frieda ate happily and a thought occurred to her. She had been single for a long time and Aaron seemed like a good boyfriend in all aspects and met all her standards. She wondered if she should give him a chance and see how it went. Would he bring her upstairs? Should she agree to go up with him if he asked?