

Chapter 485

The Ji family became the first ancient kungfu family in China, just based on its own strength.

Even in Paris, the hotels owned by the Ji family were well-known by people in Paris.

The hotel was located by the Seine River. Staying in this hotel provided people with beautiful enjoyment, whether it was in the facilities of the hotel or in the scenery outside the hotel.

At six o'clock in the afternoon, the Ji family's special car drove many representatives of the ancient kungfu families to the hotel. Once they got out of the hotel, they could go sailing on the Seine River. Along the Seine River they would pass next to the most magical iron tower in the world, so many people boarded on the boat as soon as they got to the hotel.

Tonight in Paris, everyone was free to carry out their activities and enjoy romantic Paris. Tomorrow morning, everyone would gather together.

Sylvia also wanted to go by on the boat. This romantic place was the dream of many women, but she invited Milan to have dinner with her at night.

Sylvia walked out of the hotel and saw Henry standing in front of the hotel.

Sylvia didn't say a word to Henry. She called a car, and drove to Champs Elysees.

The French royal residence was located at the east end of Champs Elysees, covering an area of more than 10,000 square meters. It was located in the most lively centre of the city, with a quiet garden of more than 20,000 square

meters on its back. Its main building was a two-story European classical stone building, elegant and solemn. There were two symmetrical two-story stone buildings on both sides, and in the middle of was a spacious rectangular courtyard.

In the palace, there were thirty-nine bedrooms of different sizes. At the back of the palace, there was a quiet and beautiful garden.

The place where Milan worked was here. When people arrived here, they would find that the security had suddenly become very strict. In some places, only powerful people could enter.

When Sylvia came here, she had a feeling that she got lost. She could only send a message to Milan.

Milan told Sylvia that she had already noticed the security. She told Sylvia to go into the palace directly. She had to finish the last two dishes.

Sylvia knew that Milan was cooking delicacies for the French royal family, so she didn't want to delay her work.

But when she came here, Sylvia found that she couldn't find the entrance to the royal palace at all. She wanted to ask people, but she couldn't speak in French.

She glanced at Megan. Megan also shook her head, indicating that she did not know French, which made Sylvia particularly embarrassed.

Just as Sylvia was thinking of finding a random place to wait, Henry suddenly came over, walked to a person, and talked to him in French fluently.

The other party also enthusiastically responded to Henry and pointed in one direction.

After chatting for a while, Henry nodded to the other party to show his gratitude.

Sylvia had already known that Henry could speak French. Now seeing that Henry talked so skillfully with others, Sylvia felt a knot in her heart.

Seeing that Henry was about to walk, Sylvia hurried forward and shouted at Henry, "Stop!"

Henry turned his head and gave Sylvia a wry smile. "Honey, I didn't follow you."

"Don't call me honey!" Sylvia blushed and asked, "What did you say to that person just now?"

"Asked for directions." Henry shrugged his shoulders. "I've made an appointment with Milan to meet with her. So I had to ask for directions."

"You!" Sylvia yelled. This person absolutely knew that she was here to look for Milan. He said these words on purpose.

"What's wrong?" Henry asked with a puzzled look.

"Nothing." Sylvia held her chest with both hands and turned her head away.

Henry looked at Sylvia's appearance and felt funny. He didn't say anything more and stepped forward.

As soon as Sylvia saw Henry leaving, she hurried to follow him with Megan.

After walking for about ten minutes, Sylvia saw the entrance of the royal palace, which made her happy. She quickly speeded up and walked in front of Henry. Walking in front of Henry, she strode toward the gate of the royal palace.

Four soldiers in red armour stood straight at the gate of the royal palace.

Henry watched Sylvia striding towards the gate of the royal house. He covered his forehead and thought, "My wife is so

cute. Can she go into the royal palace like this?"

Sure enough, when Sylvia just walked to the door, she was stopped by four soldiers. Four steel guns were crossed in front of Sylvia.

"Ahem!" Henry walked to the door and coughed deliberately. Then he took out a badge from his pocket, shook it in his hand and put it away.

When the four guards saw the badge Henry took out, they immediately put away the guns and saluted in unison.

Sylvia didn't see Henry's small movement behind her. She thought that the four soldiers had received the notice from Milan. She thanked them in French and strode into the royal palace.

Henry nodded at the four guards and walked in.

The royal residence was definitely one of the most luxurious places in Paris. All buildings were full of French charm, which made people want to take photos as a reminder that they had been here..

"Sylvia!" A crisp and happy female voice sounded from not far away.

Sylvia looked in the direction of the voice and saw that Milan was running over with joy on her face. She was still wearing the chef's uniform.

"This is the first time I've seen chef Milan's working uniform. It's very beautiful." Sylvia looked up and down at Milan.

When Milan saw Henry, her eyes moved slightly unnaturally. She grabbed Sylvia's tender hand and said, "Sylvia, why did you suddenly come to France? Why didn't you inform me in advance?"

"It was a temporary decision. I'm here to do something." Sylvia didn't know how to explain it to Milan, so she could

only say this.

Milan laughed loudly and said, "No matter what, you belong to me tonight anyway. Come on, I'll take you to have a big meal first, and then show you around. There are a lot of fun places in Paris. By the way, is this your friend?"

In the end, Milan's eyes fell on Megan.

Sylvia nodded. "This is Megan Su. We came together."

"Hello, Miss Milan." Megan nodded to Milan.

"Okay, come, come," Milan said while waving her hand.

With Milan leading the way, Sylvia finally didn't have to look for directions like a headless fly.

Milan directly led Sylvia and the other two to the place where she lived.

Here, Milan had her own independent bedroom.

Although it was called a bedroom, in fact, it was as well-equipped as a small apartment in China. It was fully furnished, including a cloakroom.

"Milan, where is your friend?" Sylvia asked strangely.

"Oh, you mean Nico? She asked for leave and went home," Milan said casually and went to the cloakroom to change into new clothes.

In this royal palace, there was a special reception room, so Milan led Sylvia and the other two people to the banquet hall.

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Henry had been to this banquet hall before, but he was welcomed by the French royal family showing the highest-level etiquette. Now it was only a very simple and ordinary banquet hall.

However, even though it was simple and ordinary, not everybody could come to this place. It was just that only a few people had the privilege to sit here.

There was a long dining table with exquisite tableware on it. It was a country that attached great importance to food and etiquette.

Milan had already prepared dinner and was waiting for Sylvia. When they sat down, many delicacies were served.

In the royal family's palace, Milan had a quite high position.

Originally, Milan was the apprentice of the chef of the French royal family. After Charlie came back from China last time, he praised Milan greatly, which raised her status to a higher level.

During the dinner, Milan and Sylvia talked about some interesting situations that had occurred to them.

Milan found that Sylvia had said so many things, but she didn't mention Henry.

"Sylvia, are you angry with Henry?" Milan glanced back and forth between Sylvia and Henry.

"No." Sylvia answered awkwardly.

"Henry, did you offend Sylvia?" Seeing that Sylvia couldn't ask anything, Milan looked at Henry.

Henry nodded and shook his head. He didn't know what he had done to offend Sylvia.

Milan looked at the two of them with a strange look, but she didn't speak.

"Milan, this banquet hall is not open to the public, right?"

Just as the four of them were enjoying the banquet, a disharmonious voice rang out.

A French handsome man, who was 1.8 meters tall and looked like a model, walked into the banquet hall and spoke fluent Chinese.

As soon as she saw the handsome French guy, her face darkened. She said, "Ilan, I'm welcoming my friends. I don't think it's your turn to say anything."

"Oh, my God, dear Milan, have you forgotten that only the royal family can use this banquet hall?" Ben said.

Milan frowned.

It was true that only the members of the royal family could use this banquet hall, but in the royal family's mansion, there was already an agreement. Even Ilan's guests were welcomed here.

The housekeeper of the royal family also told them that if they had friends coming over, everyone could use this banquet hall as long as it was free.

Now, it was obvious that Ilan was going to make trouble.

As for why Ilan came to make trouble, Milan knew very well that her teacher would leave after a period of time. At that time, they would choose a person among Milan and others to be the substitute chef.

It could be said that everyone in the kitchen of the royal family of France was jealous, and everyone wanted to fight for this position.

Before, Ilan had the most chance to become the main chef, but when Milan came back from China, her cooking skills

had an enormous improvement, including some new views on dishes, which made the teacher very pleased. All of this made Ian feel threatened.

Therefore, in recent days, Ian had been trying to pick the flaws of Milan. Today's incident was an opportunity for him. As long as he handled it well, once he had properly dealt with this problem, he would absolutely defeat Milan.

Milan looked at him and said, "Ian, I know your motive."

"What motive could I have?" Ian smiled. "I just heard that someone had taken over the banquet hall on his own, so I came here to have a look."

Ian put his hands in his pockets and glanced at Sylvia, Henry and Megan.

When Ian's eyes swept over Megan, he shouted, "Come on, catch them. No one is allowed to leave!"

Two guards rushed in from outside the banquet hall.

Milan got up and stood in front of Sylvia and the other two. She stared at Ian and asked, "Ian, what do you want to do?"

"What am I doing?" Ian sneered. "These people secretly dined in the royal's banquet hall. Of course, we should arrest them and let the royal family interrogate them!"

Hearing this, Milan looked at Ian with a livid face and said, "Ian, are you deliberately trying to make big trouble?"

What Milan guessed was right. Ian wanted to make things bigger.

"My dear Milan, how can you say that? What do you mean by making things big? I'm just doing according to the rules." Ian smiled and waved his hand.

The two guards walked to Sylvia and the other two.

Milan looked back with embarrassment and opened her mouth but didn't make a sound. Even so, the three of them

could see what she was talking about.

What Milan wanted to say was, "Let's go".

This time, Milan was also in the wrong. Although the supervisor had told them that they could bring some people here when the banquet hall was free, it would not a small matter if this matter was exposed to the royal family.

Sylvia shook her head slightly. It was impossible for her to leave just like this, leaving Milan alone here.

Megan looked at the two guards who walked up to her anxiously. The Su Family was not on the same level as the French royal family. After all, the French royal family was at the highest level in the country.

Henry sat there, leisurely finished the last bite of steak, wiped his mouth, and said to Ian, "You can arrest us, but I believe that you will cry and beg me to spare you soon."

Hearing this, Ian burst into laughter on the spot. "You poor thing, you feel very good about yourself. Catch them!"

Two guards came over.

Henry stretched out his hands with a smile on his face and let the two guards hold him.

Two guards escorted Henry out of the banquet hall.

Ian looked at Sylvia and Megan and sneered. "Two beautiful ladies, I don't want to hurt you."

Sylvia and Megan looked at each other and followed the two guards.

Megan looked at Henry, who was detained by two guards in front of her, with disgust. Obviously, they could have left first. This person had to pretend to be strong and ask others to beg him for mercy. What did he think he was?

In the royal family's mansion, there was a special detention room.

When she saw the detention room, even if she was a prisoner at this moment, Sylvia had to sigh. This was really a romantic country.

The detention room in the royal house was not as cold as the ones back home. Instead, it was a very ordinary room with a bed, a bathroom, and there were even clothes that could be changed.

This might be because they were in the royal family's palace, but it was different from the outside.

After Henry and the other two were sent to the detention room, the two guards closed the door from the outside. Through the window, they could see that the two guards were standing outside the window. There was no way for people to escape.

Sylvia and Megan sat on the chair in the room with a sad look on their faces. On the contrary, Henry casually went to the bed and felt very comfortable.

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Looking at Henry's indifferent look, Sylvia couldn't help but ask, "Are you quite relaxed?"

"Of course." Henry stretched himself. "I have just eaten enough, and someone has prepared a place to rest. So enjoyable."

"Enjoyable?" Sylvia curled her lips. "Soon you will cry. You should think about how to solve this problem first."

"There's no need to think about it." Henry didn't care about it. "We know Charlie, don't we? If we find Charlie and convince him, we'll be fine. If not, I'll call Homer later. The old man has a good relationship with the French royal family."

Hearing Henry's words, Sylvia's felt relaxed. She didn't think about this just now. She remembered the conversation between Mr. Homer and Charlie last time. It was obvious that Mr. Homer knew Charlie's father.

Although she was relieved, Sylvia was still a little angry. She said, "If Charlie is not here and Mr. Homer doesn't answer the phone, what will you do?"

Henry shook his head and said helplessly, "Then there's no other way. I have to find the master of this royal family myself."

At first, when Sylvia saw Henry's helpless face, she felt a little proud and thought that he had no way to deal with it. She thought that he could finally admit defeat once, but she didn't expect that Henry would say these words.

Who was the master of this royal family? That was the one with the greatest power in France! Nemur XI!

Megan couldn't help but laugh out loud. "You really like talking big!"

"I didn't talk big." Henry shook his head. "I really know the master of this royal family. What's his name?"

Henry tilted his head and thought about it, but he couldn't remember what the other party was called.

Sylvia shook her head. She had already thought that Henry was talking nonsense in her heart. What kind of identity would he have if he really knew Nemur XIII?

Outside the prison, Milan talked with Ian, but he would not agree to let them go. He insisted on reporting this matter to the royal family.

Milan was extremely anxious. This matter could be big or small deal. To put it bluntly, she was just welcoming friends with a meal. On the other hand, it could mean that she wanted to despise the prestige of the royal family.

This matter was put on Milan. Because of her teacher, Milan would at most receive a little punishment. But Sylvia and the other two people were different. If they were to be charged with intruding the royal palace, even the Chinese consulate would not be able to keep them safe.

Milan was extremely anxious. Now that Ian had reported this matter, it was useless to ask her teacher for help.

A thought came to her. "By the way, isn't Charlie in the royal house? If I find him, this matter will be solved easily. In Yinzhou, Charlie got along well with Sylvia. Charlie also invited Sylvia and Henry to Paris."

Thinking of this, Milan did not waste any more time talking with Ian and strode toward the main palace.

At this time, all the members of the royal family would have dinner in the main palace.

As a chef of the royal family's, Milan knew exactly how long this meal would take. It was still not too late to run over now.

Milan ran to the main palace. There were dozens of stone steps in front of the main palace, and she jumped over two or three steps while she was running. When she was about to make a sound and asked the guards in front of the door to report, she heard an angry shout coming from the main palace.

"Where's Jeffes? Call Jeffes here! Doctor! Inform the doctor!"

With this roar, the gate of the main palace was suddenly pushed open.

At this moment, several members of the royal family ran past Milan in panic.

Then, a beautiful woman with blond hair and blue eyes, with a tall and slender figure, appeared in front of the main palace. Milan recognized this person. She was the first princess of the French royal family, Princess Zola!

Princess Zola looked at Milan, who was standing on the stone steps, and shouted, "You, come here!"

After Princess Zola finished her words, she turned around and walked into the main palace.

Looking at Princess Zola's appearance, Milan had a bad feeling. She rushed into the main palace. Although there were countless luxurious facilities in the main palace, her eyes were still attracted by the dining table.

At this moment, he saw that Charlie was sitting weakly at the table. His handsome face was pale and the white foam was constantly flowing out of his mouth.

As soon as she saw this scene, she froze.

"Let me ask you, who made this dish today!" Princess Zola shouted. She was born in a royal family, and she was a kind of majesty.

"It was me..." Milan looked at the dishes on the table. Every dish was selected by her, prepared and cooked by her. There was absolutely no problem with it.

Princess Zola nodded and said, "That's right. Come on, arrest her!"

As soon as Princess Zola gave the order, several guards rushed up and grabbed toward Milan.

As soon as several guards rushed to the front of Milan, they heard a calm voice coming from the entrance of the main palace. "Princess Zola, what happened?"

A middle-aged man in his fifties appeared in front of the main palace. The middle-aged man wore a purple medal on his chest, which represented his identity. He was the chef of the French royal family, Jeffes, who was also the teacher of Milan and Ian.

Seeing Jeffes, Zola took a deep breath. Jeffes had been in the royal family since he was a teenager. Now that he had been in the royal family for more than 30 years, he was quite experienced.

Zola wasn't as aggressive as she was when she treated Milan. She opened her mouth and said, "Mr. Jeffes, my brother was poisoned when he was having dinner, it is probably food poisoning. I think you need to explain this."

"Food poisoning?" Jeffes frowned. He knew that today's dinner was prepared by Chef Milan. He knew her very well and she would never make any mistakes while preparing food.

Generally speaking, food poisoning would occur if the food was not cooked properly, or many kinds of food were

cooked together. Such a problem would not happen in the imperial family's kitchen.

Nemur XIII sat on the main seat of the dining table without saying a word.

Jeffes strode to the table. He had been cooking for decades, and he could tell the degree of cooking with bare eyes. The dishes were all perfect, and the food was neither overcooked nor undercooked.

The dishes on the table, they were all cooked according to the custom-made recipe. There would be no problem at all.

Jeffes shook his head and looked at the Nemur XIII. "Your Excellency, I'm afraid that this time it's not a simple food poisoning, but someone poisoned food!"

Poison the food!

What Jeffes said made Nemur's face change.

Princess Zola's face suddenly turned livid. "Poison! Who has the chance to put poison in the food?!"

When Princess Zola was talking about this, the members of the royal family sitting on the table turned to look at Milan at the same time.



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