

Abandoned Super Cutie Adopted by Billionaire Clan

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Even after knowing Johan for so long, this was the first time lan had seen him this furious.

From what lan remembered, Johan wasn't much of a talker, but he was always sincere.

After all, someone who could make such delicious food couldn't be all that bad,

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lan had caught a vague snippet of the conversation carlier and heard something about releasing live ingredients, which sounded absolutely ridiculous to him.

The shouting continued, and the owner was clearly enraged as he scolded, "Crying won't fix anything!

"Where exactly did you release that snake? If you bring it back now, it might still be in time!"

Outside, the two adults watching the commotion fell silent, while the younger one seemed confused, still a bit dazed.

They thought, 'Releasing a snake?

Dare to release this? Who in their right mind would do that?'

In the back kitchen, two middle-aged chefs in uniforms hurried out.

Whether they were escaping the conflict or retrieving ingredients was unclear.

When they spotted lan, their eyes lit up like they had seen their savior.

"Mr. Holmes, you arrived at just the right time!" one of the chefs exclaimed in relief.

lan, curious, asked, "What's going on inside? Why is Mr. Watons so angry?"

The two chefs exchanged looks, their expressions a mix of frustration and disbelief. Since lan was practically one of their own, they couldn't help but vent their grievances.

They shared, "Our boss's wife, Joanne, went out alone and fainted a while ago. A young girl passing by called an ambulance and helped her. In gratitude, Joanne asked if she wanted any kind of reward. At first, the girl refused, but after learning Joanne's identity, she asked for a job at Ferry House."

So far, everything seemed reasonable and understandable.

A restaurant like Ferry House had a strict hiring process, but since this girl had saved the boss's wife, they made an exception and gave her a cleaning job.

But the little girl saved the boss, so she made an exception to give her a cleaning job.

Her working hours were from midnight to three in the morning after all the customers had left, so she wouldn't interfere with anyone.

Her salary was the same as the other cleaners. Apart from the late-night shift, everything was perfectly fair.

However, last night, before the chefs left, they had placed the pre-prepared ingredients in the storage area, intending to handle them in the morning.

But when they arrived today, the storage area was completely empty. The live ingredients they had ordered in advance were all gone.

Alarmed, they immediately checked the security footage.

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That was when they saw the girl taking out an unfamiliar snakeskin bag and using tools to scoop out the softshell turtle and three snakes from the tanks.

The staff scrambled to remedy the situation, rushing to the market to replace the missing ingredients.

But the turtles and snakes had been pre-ordered over a month ago, and they weren't native to Strate City.

They weren't farmed either they were completely wild and had been transported by air.

They searched every seafood market in Strate City but couldn't find replacements.

The key issue was that the ingredients had to be fresh and wild.

These particular items were sourced from elsewhere. While farmed alternatives were available, the taste just wasn't the same.

The client had recognized their rarity and placed an order a month in advance, giving the restaurant ample time to secure them.

Ferry House had arranged for seafood suppliers to deliver the ingredients on schedule to ensure they were fresh.

Wild ingredients were prized for their freshness, and cooking them required a high level of culinary skill. If prepared incorrectly, the true flavors wouldn't come through.

That's why whenever a premium batch arrived in Strate City, it was quickly snapped up by long-time clients.

Most of these long-time clients were fellow restaurateurs, and in this business, competitors weren't exactly friendly.

Even if they had the ingredients, they wouldn't necessarily sell them back.

Ferry House had held its prestigious status for years. While other restaurants might offer congations on the surface, deep down, many were waiting for it to stumble so they could take its place.

Today's meal had been ordered a month in advance. In addition to classic dishes, the client had specifically requested snake stew.

Apparently, one of their business partners loved snake meat, and they wanted to impress them.

Knowing Ferry House had the best reputation in Strate City, they booked the restaurant for this important occasion.

They also paid a hefty sum to have Johan personally prepare the meal, hoping his craftsmanship would help close the deal.

Given the circumstances, losing the client's specified ingredient-something their partner loved-was disastrous.

Only one snake was needed for the dish, but Ferry House had ordered five as a precaution. Two had already been used yesterday, and the remaining three were kept in the storage area.

They had accounted for potential issues, but no one had expected all three to disappear.

With no way to replace the missing ingredients, the restaurant quickly contacted the girl who had taken them.

She had casually strolled to the restaurant's back door an hour ago.

When Johan asked her about it, she calmly said she had released them.

It was nearly noon now. On one hand, an important client with special requests was present, and on the other, Ferry House's reputation was at stake.

How could Johan not be frantic?

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After hearing the chefs' explanation, Jeremy was speechless.

After a brief pause, he sighed and muttered, "She must be insane. Mr. Watsons is truly unlucky."

Then, deep in thought, he murmured to himself, "My grandpa's mountain has lots of snakes.

"I wonder if they're the right kind."

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lan turned to look at the boy, watching him seriously contemplate, and mentally noted yet another reason Jeremy might get smacked.

He said, "I'll let your grandpa know."

Jeremy immediately straightened up and quickly replied, "I was joking, Mr. Holmes! Don't tell him."

Hearing the ongoing argument inside, lan decided to step in and take a look.

The kitchen was spacious, but he wasn't heading to the cooking area. Instead, he walked through a hallway leading to the back.

The space was as large as two classrooms, filled with various fresh ingredients and small compartments designed to maintain food temperatures.

It was spotless, and the rich aroma of different dishes filled the air, making his stomach growl.

Yvonne, who couldn't fully grasp the situation, lay on lan's shoulder, drooling at the delicious smells.

She hadn't understood a word of the conversation, but she had sniffed out every dish being prepared.

lan glanced at her and noticed her pink lips glistening. He pulled out a handkerchief and wi

Yvonne is hungry, but people were arguing.

'Uncle lan and Jeremy seemed really focused, she thought.

But in this environment, she just couldn't pay attention.

mouth.

In the hallway, a casually dressed girl was crying, while an elderly man in his sixties stood opposite her, his face red with anger.

He bellowed, "Crying won't change anything! Are you going to talk or not? If you don't, I'm calling the police right now!"

Johan's words made the girl, who had been covering her face in tears, look up with a deeply aggrieved expression as she stammered, "I just let them go.

"I didn't do anything illegal."

Seeing everyone's stunned expressions, she even tried to defend herself, insisting, "The restaurant has so much frozen snake meat!

"Why can't you just use that? Why do you have to kill them?"

The girl, Lena Vallgreen, had heard from her cleaning colleagues that the restaurant's storage had everything

Besides, she had felt as if the three snakes had been begging her for help!

In her hometown, it was believed that eating spiritually significant snakes would bring divine punishment.

If she let them go, she was saving not just those four lives but also the restaurant staff and customers.

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Hoping to earn the Snake Gods' favor, she pushed through her fear and released them into a nearby artificial lake.

Just last night, she had even dreamed of the Snake Gods.

But before she could fully wake up, a barrage of urgent phone calls had dragged her out of her dream.

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