

# Abandoned Super Cutie Adopted by Billionaire Clan

Chapter 198

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Johan was on the verge of losing his mind.

He pointed a finger at the girl in front of him, struggling to find the words for a long moment before finally speaking.

“What do you know? Anyone who enjoys eating snake can immediately tell if it’s fresh, let alone if they’re a connoisseur Johan shouted.

Lena truly had no idea, but she couldn’t believe someone’s palate could be that refined.

She pondered. “That’s ridiculous. Who could tell with just one bite?

This old man must be exaggerating on purpose to make me pay for it.

Her expression grew doubtful.

Then, recalling what she had learned, she looked at Johan with suspicion and countered, “Aren’t you a head chef?

“You just need to make the dish taste good. I saw on TikTok that foreigners eat plain dry bread every day, and they treat a plate of smashed cucumbers like a delicacy. As long as your cooking is good, they won’t complain.”

The moment she finished speaking, the entire room fell silent—like someone had pressed a mute button.

“Oh my god,” Jeremy muttered a few seconds later.

Standing behind Ian, he couldn’t help but comment, “She truly made me speechless.”

Everyone in the room, caught within her ‘spell, was rendered speechless without exceptio

There were so many absurdities in what she had just said that Jeremy didn’t even know whe.. to start.

Even someone who couldn’t cook knew that while skill was important, the quality of ingredients largely determined a dish’s potential.

In the midst of the awkward silence, Jeremy suddenly spoke, immediately drawing everyone’s attention.

Johan, who had been fuming, turned around to see Ian and him. He forced himself to suppress his anger, though his voice remained stiff and exasperated as he greeted them: “Oh, I was so furious I didn’t even notice you two.”

Lena also noticed them.

She couldn’t deny that the moment she saw these two men, her heartbeat sped up dramatically.

She couldn’t recognize the brands of their clothes, but just by looking at their demeanor, she could tell they weren’t ordinary people.

And to top it off, they were even more handsome than her favorite idol!

This was exactly why she believed that working at such an elite restaurant would eventually lead her to meet rich, handsome young men.

And sure enough, she had already encountered two of them within less than a week of working here!

Her gaze lingered on Ian for a few seconds. But when her eyes fell upon Yvonne, who was nestled in his arms, she regretfully looked away, thinking. He’s probably married and has kids.

That left Jeremy. He was tall, but his features were still slightly boyish.

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Lena’s stare was so blatant that Jeremy’s expression stiffened. He took two steps back, positioning himself behind Ian as he silently swore to himself. I seriously need to quit this habit of commenting on everything:

Although she didn’t notice Jeremy’s uncased, Lena initially felt a bit disappointed.

However, recalling the situation at hand, she quickly cheered up.

“The Snake Gods really have blessed me today.

I was so kind just now—I must have left a deep impression on them.

‘Rich people like them kill whatever they want to eat. They’ve probably never met a girl like me, who actually cares about the creatures being eaten, Lena thought.

Her cheeks flushed slightly, and she suddenly regretted not putting on makeup before coming here.

But now wasn’t the time for regrets—there was something more important to do.

Remembering scenes from all those romance novels she had read, she had already planned her next move in her mind.

Taking a deep breath, she shifted her demeanor and suddenly declared, “Since I’m the one who released them, I’ll take responsibility for my actions.”

Johan, who had just been speaking with Ian, turned dark-faced again. Unable to hold back, he snapped, “It’s your responsibility in the first place!

“How do you still have the audacity to say that?”

Lena completely ignored him. Instead, her gaze subtly wandered toward Jeremy as she confidently said, “I’ve been cooking at home since I was in elementary school.

“Not a single person who has eaten my food has ever said it tasted bad. Give me the ingredients, and I’ll cook something that will amaze those foreigners.”

The room fell silent once more.

Jeremy opened his mouth, about to say something, but in the end, he just shut it again, thinking, I literally just told myself to stop commenting on everything...

‘Hold it in.’

The people around her were staring at her like she was an idiot.

No one responded to her bold statement. Just then, the two chefs who had run out earlier returned, carrying a crate.

There were signs of movement inside.

“Mr. Watsons, if we can’t find wild ones, we’ll have to use farmed ones instead,” one of the chefs explained.

Inside the crate were farmed snakes. Though not as high-quality as wild ones, it was their only option now.

The client had just sent a message—dinner would begin in an hour.

Johan immediately started directing the staff to prepare the snakes.

Only two had been brought in, but they were full of energy, thrashing around wildly in the water tank.

When the lid was opened, Lena felt her scalp tingle.

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Snakes were disgusting, unsettling creatures.

Suppressing the shudder that ran through her, she stepped forward and righteously declared, “Don’t kill them.

“I already said I can cook. I’ll just use frozen ones.”

Johan nearly passed out from sheer frustration.

Jeremy quickly reached out to support him, then turned to the staff behind him and ordered, “Why are you just standing there?

“Please get her out of here.”

If she didn’t leave soon, Johan might actually collapse from rage.

The staff snapped back to their senses and rushed forward to pull Lena away.

(+50)

She stood there, seemingly frozen, staring at Jeremy for a long time. It wasn’t until someone physically dragged her toward the door that she snapped out of it.

But even as she was being pulled away, a thought suddenly struck her, ‘He said ‘please’ just now.

“He spoke to me so politely... Does that mean...’

Even as she reached the entrance, something came over her. She suddenly shook off the two staff members holding her and vowed internally, ‘I can’t leave!

I’ve already made a good impression on this young man—I have to strike while the iron is hot!

“If I leave now, who knows when we’ll meet again?

‘Everyone knows that rich, handsome, young men with great physiques are practically impossible to find.’

She shook them off, took a few quick steps toward Jeremy, and said, “Let those two snakes go!

“I swear I can make a dish that will astonish the foreigners!”

Jeremy unconsciously tightened his grip on Johan’s arm, and the veins on the back of his hand became faintly visible.

His fists clenched hard.

Taking a deep breath, he slowly released his grip. Just talking to this woman felt like it was lowering his IQ.

Barely holding back his frustration, his expression turned grim as he spat, “Why are you telling me?

“Do you think this is my restaurant?”