

# Abandoned Super Cutie Adopted by Billionaire Clan

Chapter 200

No Ads

15:34 Tue, 8 Apr AA.

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Facing everyone’s disgusted stares, Lena felt like she couldn’t stay there any longer.

She recalled the news she had just heard, clenched her teeth, and said to the furious Johan. This dish requires wild snakes, but you’re using farmed ones instead

7 will inform the clients—they have the right to know!\*

With that, she turned around and ran.

Although she only had night shifts, she had worked here for almost a week and was familiar enough with Ferry House’s layout to sprint quickly.

The staff were momentarily stunned before rushing to catch her.

Behind her, Jeremy suddenly felt one side of his body grow heavy as his arm was weighed down.

When he turned his head, he saw that Johan had fainted from sheer rage.

His body had lost all strength, and if Jeremy hadn’t been holding him up, he would have collapsed to the ground.

Sensing the situation’s urgency, Jeremy quickly called Ian, ‘Mr. Holmes, Mr. Watsons has fainted!’

His voice immediately drew everyone’s attention.

It was nearly noon, and the restaurant was already busy.

Ian ordered two staff members to take Johan outside while instructing the remaining emp

A man in a chef’s uniform entered the break room while holding his phone.

Hearing the noise, Ian turned to him and asked, “Did you make the call?”

“Yes, Mr. Holmes,” the man replied.

to resume their work.

His voice was filled with anger, and his fists were clenched. “That Lena went too far! Mr. Watsons was willing to let her go, but not only did she refuse to appreciate it, she even turned around and falsely accused us,” he exclaimed

If she hadn’t set the wild snakes free, they would never have had to use farmed ones.

Moreover, she did not need to inform the clients—they would have done so privately.

However, Lena had already left the restaurant, running off who knows where.

There wasn’t enough manpower to send someone after her, so they simply instructed the doorman to keep an eye out and prevent her from disturbing the clients.

“Call the police,” Ian said. “Let them find her. Regardless of how Mr. Watsons chooses to handle this once he wakes up, you should have her detained first to prevent further trouble.”

He spoke as though he had experience dealing with such situations and added, “People like her are mentally unstable. There’s no telling what she might do.”

The man hesitated, then turned around to call the police.

The break room fell silent. At that moment, Johan, lying on the bed, rasped, “No… I can’t go to the hospital now…”

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Hearing his voice, Ian walked over, bent down, and asked, “Mr. Watsons, what did you just say?”

Seeing Johan open his mouth but unable to speak clearly, Ian quickly leaned in closer.

Johan uttered, “That dish… I have to make it myself…”

His apprentices weren’t as skilled as he was, and with the ingredients having been swapped, only he could salvage the situation.

Johan couldn’t let go of this dish.

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Ferry House had upheld its reputation for decades without a single mistake, and now, today of all days, such a massive one had occurred.

He had to do his best to remedy it. If this dish affected the client’s business, he would be plagued with guilt forever.

Ian understood his concern, but the ambulance was already on its way, and given Johan’s current condition, he was in no state to cook.

So Ian asked, “Can’t you just give the recipe to another chef?”

Johan shook his head bitterly, his aged voice filled with helplessness.

He explained, “I’ve taught my apprentices the full process, but their version always lacks something.”

These apprentices had even won national culinary championships, yet they still couldn’t replicate his dish exactly—let alone anyone else’s.

That was why Johan couldn’t let it go.

He forced himself to sit up, but as soon as he did, a dull pain flared in his chest, draining the s and causing him to collapse back down.

Within seconds, his complexion worsened, and Ian quickly helped support him.

That failed attempt to sit up made Johan realize the extent of his condition.

gth from his upper body

Age brought many troubles. He had been furious all morning, and when Lena hadn’t arrived, he had been busy preparing the other dishes.

His rage had overwhelmed him, causing him to faint.

He had thought he could push through to finish this dish, but who would have expected…

Staring up at the ceiling, Johan’s eyes were filled with despair and unwillingness.

At that moment, he felt utterly defeated—until he suddenly sensed an itching sensation on the back of his hand.

It felt like a feather brushing against him, moving upward gradually.

Gathering what little strength he had, he struggled to lift his head and look at his hand.

A little girl with an adorable face stood beside his bed. She struggled to stand on her tiptoes, using her chubby little fingers to poke at the back of his hand—poke, poke, poke, poke…

Her fingers were so soft, full of baby fat, making the sensation ticklish.

Perhaps standing on tiptoes was too tiring, as she soon lowered her head, leaving only her chubby little hand poking at his skin, just like pressing on a soft marshmallow.

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Strangely, wherever she poked seemed to relieve his body’s fatigue, gradually restoring his strength.

Unaware of Yvonne’s mischief, Ian saw Johan staring at the ceiling with a grave expression and urged. “Mr. Watsons, you really need to go to the hospital’

Johan lay back down, clenched his left hand, and raised it slightly. He suddenly felt a bit of strength returning to that arm.

But just as the ticklish sensation on the back of his hand disappeared, a faint sense of regret surfaced in his heart.

Standing by the bed. Yvonne flexed her arm, feeling a little sore.

She turned around, gripped the edge of the bed with both hands, and tiptoed as high as she could peek over.

She had just infused her spiritual energy into this grandpa’s body, but she wasn’t sure if he was better yet.

She could only inject a tiny dot at a time. Since she was too short, she had to keep jumping just to reach his hand.

After bouncing for so long, she felt even hungrier.

The scent of delicious food wafted in from outside, making her mouth water. She reached for her uncle’s handkerchief and obediently wiped her mouth.

The ambulance arrived before Johan had fully recovered.

As the paramedics entered, he clenched his fists, sat up in bed, and said, “I think I’m feeling better.

I won’t go to the hospital for now.”

He spoke too hastily, triggering another dull pain in his chest.

His brows furrowed, and anyone could see the discomfort on his face.

The paramedics examined him and found that one side of his body was notably more agile, while the other was sluggish and weak.

Anyone in the medical field knew that for someone his age, sudden weakness on one side of the body could indicate an acute stroke.

For his health, they didn’t give him a choice—they carried him onto the ambulance.

As they were about to leave, Johan grabbed Ian’s hand, desperate and grasping at straws.

Johan rasped, “There’s another Imperial Chef’s disciple in Strate City named Dominic Wales. If it’s you, you can find him!”

Hearing this, Ian glanced at the