

Abandoned Super Cutie Adopted by Billionaire Clan

Chapter 201

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When John was taken away in an ambulance, the kitchen apprentices felt lost.

However, they knew they were the only ones who could handle the situation now.

They all understood after learning that Johan had entrusted Ian with specific instructions before leaving

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The senior apprentice even stepped out of the kitchen to find him and said. "Mr. Holmes, we'll give it a try with the dishes.

"There's no time to find another head chef. Thank you"

Having just heard about the dish from Johan. Ian asked. "Are you sure you can manage?"

The man shook his head helplessly and explained. "We have no other choice now. Earlier, things were too chaotic to tell you, but the chent coming for the business deal today is Nelson Landstrom. You should know him."

Ian's expression turned thoughtful as he murmured. "Nelson Landstrom? What a coincidence."

Now he knew what today's business negotiation was about.

The Landstrom family primarily operated in the jewelry industry, and their flagship brand was well-known in the country. In recent years, they had been working hard to expand their international influence.

This collaboration had been in the works for a long time and was of great importance to them.

Moreover, Ian owed Nelson a favor.

A few months ago, he and Victor had taken Yvonne to a jewelry store in Blorencence City, whe store's prized treasure.

"had set their sights on the

Recognizing the brand, Ian had looked it up and confirmed that it belonged to the Landstrom family.

Without hesitation, he called Nelson directly to ask for it.

That day, he took a few items from the store. However, when he later tried to pay, the store refused to accept any money, saying the owner had given special instructions.

Ian still remembered this, but the Landstrom family hadn't asked for anything in return over the past couple of months, so his debt remained unpaid.

He fell silent, lowering his gaze in contemplation.

It might seem a little calculated, but if I can solve this dish issue now, it would be killing two birds with one stone,' he thought

As he was lost in thought, a young voice interrupted him. "Mr. Holmes, you look like you're up to something devious.

"I can practically hear the schemes sloshing around in your belly from all the way over here."

Ian snapped back to reality and glanced at Jeremy, the corners of his lips curving slightly.

Instead of getting angry, he patted Jeremy's shoulder, still smiling but with a clear hint of threat in his voice.

He asked, "Jeremy, do you believe I won't go back and tell your grandfather that you're planning to send his pet snake to work at Ferry House?

Jeremy instantly fell silent.

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His expression changed so quickly as he replied, "I was just joking, Mr. Holmes! Your expression just now clearly showed you were making a brilliant decision."

Ian nodded in satisfaction as he responded, "That's the right attitude. Now, off you go."

See? This kid knows how to say the right things, he mused with amusement.

After sorting out his thoughts, he crouched down, cupped Wonne's chubby cheeks in his hands, and said, "Yvonne, let's go help Ferry House make a dish

Jeremy also squatted down, clearly displeased by this, and objected, "Mr. Holmes, are you talking about the snake stew?

Why? That's not fair! I haven't even tasted a dish my sister has made yet!"

Ian was speechless and retorted. "Haven't you eaten enough already?"

"How could he have eaten so little and still shot up so tall?" Ian thought to himself.

Jeremy went quiet. The three of them remained squatting on the floor despite having chairs nearby, while Yvonne stared blankly at Ian after being asked.

She answered honestly in her soft, innocent voice, "Uncle Ian, I don't know how to cook."

Despite her young age, she could distinguish between pretend and actual cooking.

Ian chuckled and reassured her, "I will handle it. You just have to sprinkle in some 'seasoning. How about that?"

He was seeking her agreement.

"Okay!" Yvonne readily agreed.

With her approval, Ian carried her out of the room.

Jeremy wanted to follow, but the kitchen had strict rules, so he had to wait in the private dining room instead.

Ian changed into a chef's uniform and returned Yvonne to the kitchen.

Passing through the corridor led directly to the kitchen, where several chefs were huddled together in discussion.

When they turned and saw Ian, they looked surprised and asked, "Mr. Holmes, why are you dressed as a chef...?"

I'm here to help you, Ian replied coolly.

By now, the snake meat was ready, and the chicken stock had been simmering for nearly forty minutes.

In another five minutes, it would be time to add the snake meat, seasonings, and water before simmering for another forty minutes.

Once finished, the dish would be served directly to the client--perfect execution was key.

Many factors could affect the final taste, including heat control, seasoning proportions, and water quantity.

Even the team of chefs wasn't entirely confident.

Ian's gaze swept over their faces as he spoke with conviction, "Do you trust me?

"If you do, let me take over. I guarantee this dish will be a success."

The chefs exchanged glances, feeling somewhat moved.

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Ian had no obligation to get involved, yet he had chosen to

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Of course, they trusted him. Mr. Holmes understood the gravity of the situation and wouldn't make such a bold claim if he weren't certain

After a few seconds of thought, the senior apprentice led him into the kitchen and reported, "Mr. Holmes, we're about to add the snake meat. Let me show you the way."

Seeing the child in Ian's arms, the chefs silently marveled, He really dotes on her.

He won't even put her down for a second

However, since the kitchen had strict regulations, they had to intervene.

"Mr. Holmes, as you know, we generally don't allow outsiders in here. Perhaps you could leave the child outside? We can have a staff member watch her for you," one of the staff stated.

It was a responsible suggestion.

Ian stopped in his tracks, his expression unreadable as he stated, "Yvonne isn't an outsider.

"She is the key to making this dish a success."

The chefs froze, exchanging puzzled looks.

"Just think of it as me not being able to perform well without her around," Ian added.

That explanation, they could understand.

The kitchen was vast, stretching beyond the eye's reach, filled with chefs bustling about in t

forms.

The senior apprentice led Ian to a large pot of simmering broth.

To the right, a stove held the cleaned and chopped snake meat, along with an assortment of pre-prepared seasonings.

Ian glanced at the nearby clock--only two minutes remained on the countdown.

He walked to the sink and carefully washed Yvonne's hands.

Then, turning to the gathered chefs, he instructed, "Alright, you all go tend to your other tasks. Johan already walked me through the process earlier."

In reality, Johan hadn't explained a thing, but the chefs didn't know that.

Seeing Ian's unwavering confidence, they found themselves reassured.

"Understood, Mr. Holmes. The ingredients are right beside you. I'll be cooking at the station behind you--just call if you need anything," one of the chefs said.

The timer went off, signaling that it was time.

Ian calmly silenced it, then lifted the lid of the pot. Instantly, the rich aroma of chicken stock filled the air.

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