

# Abandoned Super Cutie Adopted by Billionaire Clan

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“It smells so good, Uncle fan! Yvonne said.

She was hungry again, her eyes fixed eagerly on the pot of chicken broth. Turning her head, she added, “Yvonne wants to drink this too.”

Ian nodded in agreement. “Alright, we'll order a serving of chicken broth later.

The snake meat and seasonings were placed side by side, one bowl at a time.

Even though he held a child in his arms, his movements remained steady and methodical

Just by looking at his skill, it was clear that he often cooked at home.

Ian carried a large bowl filled with clear water that was meant to be added to the soup.

Holding the bowl with one hand, he lifted it to Yvonne's reach and said, “Alright, it's your turn, Yvonne.

Yvonne raised her chubby hand slightly above the water. At her fingertips, a few tiny green specks emerged, drifting lightly into the bowl.

A few small green dots oozed out of her pink fingertips and fell lightly into the bowl of water.

“That's enough, Ian counted aloud. When he reached five, he told her to stop.

He poured the water into the pot and stirred it with a ladle.

Then, he covered the pot with a lid, adjusted the heat, and set a timer for forty minutes on. back in its original position.

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Yvonne looked at him in surprise and softly praised, “Uncle Ian, you're amazing! I feel like your cooking must taste really good.”

Being praised made Ian so happy he could hardly contain himself.

Nodding along with her words, he said, “Of course! When your mom was pregnant with you, I made soap for her every day.”

After tidying everything up, he carried Yvonne outside. His voice carried a hint of pride as he promised, “Once we get home, I'll make a menu for you.

“If you ever want me to cook something, just pick from the menu, and I'll make it for you.”

“Wow!” Yvonne cheered, filled with joy.

She spread her arms and hugged Ian, rubbing against him affectionately and said, “Thank you, Uncle!”

“No need to thank me,” Ian grinned, his teeth showing. “It's only natural.”

As he left the kitchen, he flagged down a waiter and placed an order.

Then, he returned to Jeremy's private dining room, handed Yvonne over to him, and went back to the kitchen.

Meanwhile, across the street from Ferry House, Lena was crouched inside a hotel, watching the restaurant from a distance.

Seeing those police officers, she was so angry that she couldn't speak.

She thought,'I can't believe they actually called the police! That old man inside specifically said he wouldn't report me and

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would let me go. But in the end, be still went back on his word. What a hypocrite? Good thing I was smart and didn't hide

way and sat in the hotel lobby across the street near Ferry House rod Im ther

I cant believe they actually called the police! That old man inside specifically said he wouldn't report me and would let me

the end he will went back on his word

What a hypocrite

I was smart and didn't hide near Ferry House. Instead, I ran farther away and sat in the hotel lobby across the

The police searching for her wouldn't find her anytime soon, but it also meant she had no way to get inside Ferry House and track down the customer who ordered the snake

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“This is so frustrating? If they had nothing to hide, why wouldn't they let me talk to the customer?

called highly praised restaurant—this is all just a joke, Lena fumed in her mind.

Just as she was complaining, several cars pulled up in front of Ferry House.

The doors opened, and a group of foreigners stepped out.

Though they were a bot far away, their distinct features made them easy to recognize.

Once the driver pulled the car away, she got an even clearer look.

calling what the old man had said when he scolded her in the kitchen, Lena immediate the costs they were talking about—the ones discussing a partnership with their client!

Quickly, she pulled out her phone and aimed at the entrance, taking photos of the foreigners' faces

These foreigners must

The may have been broke, but she still had the latest Apple iPhone 16, which she bought on a 24—month installment plan.

Back when she worked at a pasta restaurant in the night market, the owner's wife often bragged about her phone in front of

ber

Out of curiosity, Lena searched for it on a shopping app. The moment she saw the option for 24 interest—tree installments. she bought it without hesitation

Perhaps luck was on her side—her photos clearly captured the foreigners' faces.

Feeling smag, Lena flipped through her photo album and zoomed in on her newly taken pictures.

But to her, all foreigners looked the same. Their facial features lacked distinction, and she had no impression of who they

She stared at the pictures for a while, but nothing stood out.

Suddenly, inspiration struck her.

She immediately cropped the photos and ran a search on Google Images. To her astonishment, she discovered that one of them was the CEO of a luxury brand in Cospad!

Initially, she thought she had no way to expose Ferry House. But now, knowing their identities, she was ecstatic!

Many major shopping malls in Strate City had exclusive stores for that luxury brand. She could easily visit one of their store managers and tell them about this incident!

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Lena couldn't help but imagine—maybe once the CEO learned what happened, he would reward her with tons of luxury goods in gratitude.

Even a single luxury item was worth a lifetime's fortune to her.

Unable to suppress her excitement any longer, she grabbed her phone and rushed out.

Meanwhile, the police, still unable to locate her, had begun reviewing surveillance footage.

Back in the kitchen, when the timer was about to go off, Ian returned to check on the soup.

The moment he stepped inside, he sensed that something was off—but it was exactly as he had expected.

The usual mix of food aromas in the kitchen had been completely overpowered by one dominant scent.

This fragrance was unbelievably strong, as if it had an intense competitive spirit, crushing all other food scents with its sheer presence.

When Ian approached, several chefs were already gathered around the pot.

Seeing him, they became unusually excited.

“Mr. Holmes, is this the snake stew?” one of them asked. “Ten minutes ago, it started releasing a rich aroma, and as the cooking time increased, the scent became even more intense!”

The fragrance was so overpowering that they couldn't even focus on their own cooking.

It was the same soup, but somehow, it had undergone a complete transformation.

Ian glanced at the timer—only two minutes remained.

Just from the smell, he knew the soup had turned out perfectly.

He remained calm, looking as if he had expected this outcome all along. This only made the chefs admire him even more.

“Serve it once the time is up,” he instructed.

Leaving only those words behind, he turned to leave, exuding an air of quiet mastery.

Several chefs who had nothing to do hurriedly followed him.

“Mr. Holmes, we followed the same steps. Why does your soup taste so much better?” one chef asked.

“Yeah, Mr. Holmes, did you use a special ingredient?” another inquired.

“Mr. Holmes, could you share your secret with us?” a third one pleaded.

Seeing their eager expressions, Ian hesitated for a moment.

Then, deciding to tell the truth—since no one would believe him anyway—he said, “Actually, I didn't make it. My little Yvonne did.

As soon as he spoke, the lively group of chefs fell silent.

They looked at Jan, wanting to say something but hesitating.

Collectively, they thought, ‘Oh my god!

‘Mr. Holmes is way too biased when it comes to his niece!’

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