

Abandoned Super Cutie Adopted by Billionaire Clan

Chapter 203

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Seeing the expressions on their faces, an immediately knew that no one believed him.

But since that was the case, there was nothing more he could do.

"It you don't believe me, then I really don't have any experience to share. Joer think of it as me being possessed by a culinary god and performing exceptionally well today. Tan sdded.

His expression remained as calm as ever, his composed demeanor only adding to the chefe confusion.

As they watched him leave, they stood there, puzzled, discussing among themselves. "That's strange.

"I actually feel like lan was being quite serious.

Another replied. "Exactly. He was seriously messing with you. Everyone has their own selfish motives—it's their choice whether or not they want to teach others. The fact that he helped us solve this issue is already more than enough

The one speaking withdrew his gaze, turned back toward the kitchen, and said, "Let's go.

"Our customers are definitely going to be satisfied now.

Forget the customers—just the chefs themselves were already dying to have a taste.

Despite working in the culinary industry for over a decade, this was the first time they had treated a single bowl of soup with

such reverence.

The chef tasked with serving the soup was so nervous that his hands wouldn't stop shak ng.

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Eventually, another chef, unable to bear watching any longer, pushed him aside and took over.

Not a single drop was spilled in the process.

With such an incredibly fragrant soup in front of them, it was truly difficult to remain composed.

As the server carried the dish out, the aroma of the snake stew trailed behind her all the way

The scent was so enticing that the diners on the first floor couldn't help but take notice.

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Many of them immediately stopped the server to ask about the dish, expressing their desire to order it as well.

However, this particular dish required a reservation Upon hearing this, about half of them reluctantly gave up and returned to their meals, but the other half—captivated by the scent—declared that they wouldn't mind waiting in a long queue just to

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The server, aware of what had just happened in the kitchen, didn't dare make a decision on her own and hurried off to find the manager.

It was the peak of lunchtime, and the restaurant was already packed

Even if only half of those interested in the dish followed through with their orders, it was still an overwhelming number.

Seeing the rough headcount on the server's list, the manager broke into a cold sweat and thought. "That many people?"

If only they had ordered something else but no, they all wanted the snake stew

lan had prepared that dish. Aside from him, no one in the restaurant could replicate that flavor

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If those customers went through the reservation process and returned only to find that the soup tasted nothing like what they had anticipated, they would be sorely disappointed.

Rather than letting that happen, it was better to be honest with them now.

While telling the truth might still disappoint the customers, at least it wouldn't damage the restaurant's reputation.

Within a minute, the manager made his decision and personally went over to explain the situation to those who had placed

orders.

His emotional intelligence was what got him into this position in the first place.

With sincerity in his voice, he explained, "I sincerely apologize, sir. The dish you just ordered was actually made by a friend of our boss. He's not a chef at this restaurant—he's simply a guest who happened to be dining here..."

The manager's tone was incredibly earnest, and to show his sincerity, he even handed out small gifts as an apology.

With this approach, the customers were more willing to accept the situation.

However, as he was making his rounds, he kept hearing the same question asked in a disappointed tone, "Can't the boss's friend become a chef here?"

The manager's smile stiffened. He shook his head numbly and replied, "That... probably won't happen."

That kind of thinking was dangerous and needed to stop.

Besides, they could not afford lan's salary.

In the end, the highly coveted soup was delivered to the private dining room.

Just before the server knocked on the door, the people inside were engaged in conversation.

But the moment she wheeled in the cart carrying the soup, all eyes instantly shifted to it.

Naturally, everyone's gaze was fixed on the dish.

Even the server felt the pressure, growing noticeably more nervous.

Carefully, she placed the soup on the table, then flashed a polite smile and said in a sweet voice, "This is the snake stew you ordered. Please enjoy."

As soon as she left, the foreign guests in the room couldn't help but express their admiration.

Locals who saw the name "snake stew" immediately understood the main ingredient.

Nelson's eyes landed on the soup, and a flicker of amazement flashed through them.

He wasn't particularly fond of eating snake, and his reason for ordering the dish had been more strategic than personal.

Business negotiations were easier when the other party was in a good mood. If the meal left them satisfied, the chances of success increased—so he had specifically chosen this dish to cater to their tastes.

He never expected to be the one receiving such a pleasant surprise.

Glancing at the eager expressions of his business partners, Nelson knew this deal was as good as scaled.

Though pleased, he hadn't lost his ability to think clearly.

He recalled that on a previous visit, someone had also ordered snake stew.

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The two versions weren't just slightly different—they were like night and day. Apart from using the same ingredients, there was no resemblance whatsoever.

But remembering that he had specifically requested the owner to handle the dish this time, he understood why.

Nelson thought to himself. "This was money well spent.

By then, one of the foreign guests had already grown impatient and started eating.

Smith Greyson, who particularly loved snake meat, ladled himself a bowl. The broth was a translucent, slightly reddish hue, with wisps of steam curling upward, as if purposefully seeking out his nose.

The snake meat was a delicate pale pink, firm yet tender. Its skin had been meticulously cleaned, making it appealing even to those unaccustomed to eating snake.

A thin layer of golden oil shimmered on the surface, and both the essence of the chicken and snake had been drawn into the broth. Bringing the spoon closer, the rising steam carried an incredibly rich aroma straight to his senses.

The moment he took a sip, the taste was so divine that he nearly swallowed his own tongue.

But what stood out most was the cooling sensation that spread through his body as the soup traveled down, refreshing his mind and filling him with energy

Smith's eyes widened in shock, and his expression was one of sheer disbelief.

His face gradually turned red as he looked at Nelson and asked, "My body feels incredibly refreshed... Is it because of the soup? What's in this?"

Nelson had done his research beforehand, and this exact question had been on his list.

He answered. "This dish is called snake stew. It's a medicinal cuisine, made with rare and valuable herbs. Not only is it delicious, but it also has incredible health benefits—it nourishes the body and helps detoxify it. It's quite famous in our

country.

The foreign guests exchanged glances before one of them sighed in admiration, "I've had medicinal dishes before, but none have ever made me feel this way.

"It's like I could feel the effects the moment I drank it."

Hearing such high praise, the others quickly ladled themselves a bowl, eager to experience it for themselves.

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