

Abandoned Super Cutie Adopted by Billionaire Clan

Chapter 204

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Not all foreigners could get used to the local cuisine, but this snake stew was an exception.

In fact, it was the first time they had ever agreed so unanimously on anything.

Nelson and his companions also took a taste.

The guests who had come today were all regulars at Ferry House. When they took their first bite of the chicken, they were stunned and thought, 'Did Ferry House hire a new chef or something?'

Once the collaboration was finalized, they planned to come back and enjoy the meal a few more times.

The foreigners across the table sighed in admiration. "I'm starting to envy you people. Your food is incredible"

The locals, busy eating, merely lifted their heads and smiled without saying anything.

The truth was, this was their first time trying it as well.

If it weren't for the business negotiations weighing on their minds, they wouldn't have wanted to share even a single spoonful of this soup.

By the end of the meal, the foreigners looked noticeably more relaxed. It was now certain that the Landstrom family' business deal with them was locked in.

When all was said and done, half of the other dishes on the table remained untouched. Only the snake stew was completely gone.

The bowl was scraped clean, as if it had been washed.

Smith leaned back, satisfied but still reluctant to part with the taste.

After whispering something to his companions, he suddenly turned to Nelson and said, "Mr. Landstrom, I have a request- I'd like to meet the person who made this soup."

What Smith didn't say out loud was that he was considering poaching the chef.

If he could take this cook back with him, he could enjoy this dish anytime he wanted.

His family could also experience such a delicacy, and he could invite his friends over to share in it.

Smith was convinced that he could eat this stew every day for the rest of his life and never grow tired of it.

When he had mentioned this idea to his friend earlier, the friend had been fully supportive.

Nelson, of course, had no reason to refuse such a simple request. After all, they had a long road of cooperation ahead of them.

He called over a waitress and relayed Smith's request to her.

The waitress's expression showed a hint of hesitation, but she still stepped out and went to find the manager.

"Manager, the guest who ordered the snake stew wants to meet the chef," she reported.

The manager, who had just finished apologizing to a guest downstairs, immediately rushed back up.

He had spoken more to customers today than he usually did in an entire week.

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He walked into the box and skillfully apologized to the people inside.

Entering the private dining room, he smoothly apologized, "I sincerely apologize, but our restaurant's chef didn't make the snake stew. Our head cook wasn't feeling well this afternoon and had to go to the hospital. A friend of the owner made this dish as a favor"

Upon hearing this, Nelson's gaze lifted with concern as he asked, "What happened to Mr. Watsons?"

The manager answered honestly, "He went to the hospital for a checkup earlier. He called back to say it's nothing serious,"

Nelson nodded and didn't press further.

However, Smith was still unwilling to give up and probed, "Then can we meet this friend who prepared the dish?"

Perhaps realizing that his request was a bit presumptuous, he quickly added, "I genuinely loved this dish. I'd really like to meet the chef and befriend him."

After speaking, he looked expectantly at Nelson.

Nelson had no choice but to turn to the manager again and ask, "Is Mr. Watsons' friend still in the restaurant?"

"If it's convenient, could we meet him?"

"He is still here," the manager replied, "but Mr. Landstrom, you actually know him."

Nelson was momentarily stunned. He racked his brain but couldn't think of anyone.

Logically speaking, if someone he knew could cook this well, there was no way he wouldn't have remembered.

The manager looked equally surprised, his expression practically saying, "Your friend cook

He then gave a hint, "It's Mr. Holmes."

Nelson froze.

well, and you didn't know?"

He ran through his thoughts again. The only person from the Holmes family who could cook was Ian.

With uncertainty, he asked, "Ian?"

"Yes, Mr. Ian Holmes," the manager confirmed.

However, the next second, Nelson firmly denied it, "That's impossible."

He was convinced the manager was joking.

He had eaten Ian's cooking back in university, and it was nowhere near this good.

Even if Ian had improved over the years, it was unrealistic for his skills to have advanced this much.

As Nelson refuted it, the manager simply smiled at him, an expression that clearly showed he wasn't joking.

"It really was him..." Nelson muttered, his face full of conflicting emotions. He was still half in disbelief.

From what he knew of Ian, if his cooking had truly become this good, it would have been common knowledge by now.

He made a mental note to ask Ian privately if he had gone for some kind of culinary training.

After locking away that thought, he asked what Ian was doing here today.

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Upon learning that Ian had brought two children with him, Nelson decided against requesting a meeting

Smith, though slightly disappointed, understood the situation.

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He still couldn't stop praising the dish and even asked the manager to help him get in contact with Ian. It seemed he had not given up on befriendng him.

While the conversation continued inside, Nelson stepped out with the manager for a moment.

After finding out which private room Ian was in, he headed there directly,

Inside, three people were preparing to leave.

Just as Nelson raised his hand to knock, the door swung open. Jeremy, seeing him, paused for a moment before greeting him, "Mr. Landstrom."

He stepped aside and turned to the person behind him, saying, "Mr. Holmes, Mr. Landstrom is here."

There was no avoiding it now.

However, Ian seemed unsurprised.

He curved his lips into a smile and spoke first, "I'm guessing you came to thank me."

Nelson nodded and stepped inside, closing the door behind him.

Still in disbelief, he asked, "Ian, did you really make that snake stew?"

They all sat back down. Nelson's gaze swept over Ian's face before finally settling on Yvon

Ian ruffled the little girl's hair with a smile and lowered his gaze to introduce her, "Yvonne, this is Mr. Landstrom."

"Hello, Mr. Landstrom," The little girl obediently greeted him in a sweet, milk-soft voice that completely melted Nelson's heart.

His tone involuntarily softened as he asked, "Hello, Yvonne. You're so adorable. Did you eat well?"

"I'm full!" The little girl's voice was cheerful and full of energy.

She was so engaging that Nelson wanted to keep talking to her, but he wasn't the best at starting conversations. Given the setting, he simply asked basic questions like whether she enjoyed the meal or if she was happy.

Given the setting, he simply asked basic questions like whether she enjoyed the meal or if she was happy.

To an outsider, he looked like an uncle caring for a child. But to someone unaware, it might seem like Ferry House was conducting a customer satisfaction survey.

Observing Nelson's expression, Ian smiled and said, "You know, you and my Yvonne are quite connected by fate."

Nelson looked up, not quite understanding what he meant. But when his gaze landed on Jeremy, a thought clicked in his mind.

"Blorence City, two months ago," Nelson recalled. "You wanted to take a crown from my shop to give to a child. It was for her?"

Back then, when he heard that Ian wanted it, he told the store manager to send it out immediately.

It was only later, after looking into it, that he realized the child had been adopted by Kelvin.

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Now that it was brought up, he finally connected the dots.

Glancing at the chubby, rosy-cheeked child, then at Ian and Jeremy behind her, Nelson truly felt that he had chosen the perfect gift that day.

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