

Abandoned Super Cutie Adopted by Billionaire Clan

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He remembered hearing from his bow’s daughter that even a tiny slice of Seawise Pavilion’s cakes cost a small fortune. now, holding a whole box of their latest pastry, he braced himself for the worst.

But then he saw his girlfriend’s hopeful expression—and the hungry stares from everyone around them.

He gritted his teeth. “We’ll take it. Please wrap it up.”

The disappointment on the faces of nearby onlookers was visible. The shop assistant swiftly packaged the box and hand over with a smile. “That’ll be 20 dollars

He blinked. ‘What?

He stared at her in disbelief, then down at the box in his hands. Twenty dollars? For this big of a portion?

He remembered clearly—his boss’s daughter had said even a bite—sized slice once sold for a hundred.

Still dazed, he paid, grabbed the bag, and walked out of Seawise Pavilion feeling like he was in a dream.

“Wait. That wasn’t expensive at all.

What he didn’t know was that Seawise Pavilion priced their pastries based on ingredients and technique. The delicate, picture—perfect, luxury—loaded ones naturally came with luxury price tags. But today’s grape steam cake was made with simple ingredients and a humble recipe. Hence, the affordable price.

“Stop overthinking. Let’s try it already!” His girlfriend was already peeling the box open, impatient with excitement.

They found a spot just outside the store and opened it.

The cake was round and light purple, steam still rising from it. It had been pre—sliced into eight neat wedges, and the arom wafting out made their mouths water.

They each picked up a piece and took a bite.

Soft, chewy, perfectly warm—just out of the steamer. The texture was dreamy. The subtle sweetness of grape blended beautifully with the smooth rice base. Each bite left behind a rich, lingering fragrance.

Eating it felt less like dessert and more like a luxurious experience.

Three bites later, their first pieces were gone. They eagerly reached for seconds. Then thirds.

And somehow, their mouths never felt dry—the cake was moist and tender, impossible to stop eating.

By the time the box was empty, the couple finally snapped back to reality.

They turned toward Seawise Pavilion—and found it completely overrun.

The girl grabbed her boyfriend’s hand. “Go! I need to buy one for my grandma!”

But it was already too late. The place was packed wall to wall. They couldn’t even squeeze in. Staff members had come out to manage the crowd. It was chaos.

The couple nearly cried with regret.

‘If we’d known it was this good AND that cheap, we would’ve ordered ten boxes right away!’

At the entrance, a staff member called out over the crowd, “Sorry, everyone! We’re sold out of the grape steam cakes. The

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kitchen is rushing the next batch, but nothing’s ready yet. Please don’t push—stay safe?”

Hearing they were sold out, the people outside groaned in disappointment—but didn’t leave.

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Instead, they doubled down determined to wait for the next batch. Meanwhile, the ten lucky customers who did get cakes were already making their way back into line—boxes in hand, eyes shining with greed.

It wasn’t about the money. Twenty dollars was nothing. But each person was only allowed one. If not for the limit, the early buyers would’ve cleared our the shelves.

The storefront was buzzing Passersby were being drawn in by the commotion—and once they caught a whiff of the fragrance from inside, they joined the queue without a second thought.

Back in the kitchen, the staff were working at full tilt.

Originally, they hadn’t even planned to sell these grape cakes. But the first batch, fresh from the steamer, had drawn such enthusiastic reactions that they’d given in and sold the lot—meaning the kitchen staff didn’t get to taste a single bite

themselves

The first round had only produced ten cakes—all gone.

Now, with the rest of the ingredients loaded into steamers, they were scrambling to make twenty more.

That, plus the initial ten, would bring the total to just thirty cakes.

Once the next batch was ready, some of the staff came up front to check out the madness for themselves.

They had heard the crowd was intense—but seeing it with their own eyes was another story.

From the back entrance, all they could see were heads packed shoulder to shoulder.

Despite the staff trying to keep things orderly, every time a fresh cake box was placed at the counter, the line would dissolve into a stampede.

The scene was so overwhelming, some of the workers broke into a sweat just watching.

It was well past noon, but no one had even managed to switch shifts.

And still, people kept pouring in.

They finally figured out what happened: someone had taken a video of the grape cake and posted it online.

That video had gone viral—drawing in curious foodies from every corner of the city.

At first, people came just to see what the hype was about. But the moment they got close enough to smell it, they were hooked. And so, they stayed. They lined up quietly, all waiting for a taste of the now—legendary grape steam cake.

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