

# Abandoned Super Cutie Adopted by Billionaire Clan

Chapter 236

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There were only twenty servings of the grape steamed cake available, far fewer than the number of people in line—most were bound to leave empty-handed.

Once they sold out completely, a staff member squeezed through the crowd holding a megaphone and began apologizing sincerely to the long line of customers.

“I’m truly sorry, everyone. Today’s grape steamed cakes are completely sold out. If that’s what you’re here for, I’m afraid there’s no need to keep waiting.”

The moment those words left his mouth, a wave of complaints surged through the crowd.

“We’ve been standing here forever and didn’t even make it through the door? That’s it?”

“Yeah, I even called my buddy to come line up!”

Frustration exploded. Many began demanding that the chefs at Seawise Pavilion continue baking.

“Get back in the kitchen and start making more! We came all this way and waited this long—you owe us that much!”

“He’s right! Don’t give us that limited-supply nonsense. This isn’t some cheap marketing stunt. Just bake more!”

Hearing those accusations, one of the chefs watching from the back wiped the sweat from his brow.

This wasn’t a marketing ploy. If they had the ingredients, they’d be happy to make more.

They hadn’t expected this kind of frenzy. Honestly, they would’ve loved to send every customer home with a warm cake in hand.

But the special water used to mix the dough had run out, and using regular water made the flavor noticeably inferior. They had no choice but to stop production and turn customers away.

The crowd’s frustration remained palpable.

But the staff member with the megaphone kept apologizing—over and over. His voice was hoarse, but his sincerity eventually softened the mood.

“We’re terribly sorry. I promise this isn’t some artificial scarcity tactic. We simply ran out of ingredients. We hope you’ll understand.”

He must have said that a dozen times, maybe more.

When Grady heard what was happening, he came out from the back himself, leaning on his cane, still wearing his apron. He personally apologized and explained the situation to the crowd.

Seeing a silver-haired elder like him—polite, humble, and claiming to be the owner of Seawise Pavilion—added far more credibility than the staff could offer.

His genuine attitude eased the tension. Most people, seeing him in person, couldn’t stay angry for long.

Eventually, someone asked, “So you’re saying you’re out of ingredients. But once you restock, will you make more?”

Grady nodded. If he could get his hands on Richard’s grapes again, they’d absolutely make another batch.

“Then hurry up and send someone to get more ingredients! We’ll come back after work.”

“Exactly! Get to it already!”

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“If you’re making more this afternoon, wait until we’re off work before selling—or at least make a bigger batch! D happen again.”

Grady’s expression grew a little troubled at that.

This wasn’t as simple as just buying more ingredients. If only it were that easy.

56%

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let this

He knew Richard all too well. When he’d brought in that basket of grapes earlier, the man had acted like he was carrying a box of crown jewels. It was clear those grapes weren’t easy to come by.

Grady had been planning to ask Richard for more grapes for the upcoming state banquet. But if he begged for them now just for a few cakes, how could he ask again later?

It was a tight spot to be in.

The crowd noticed his hesitation, but they stood their ground, united in a silent protest: unless the boss agreed, they weren’t going anywhere.

Now Grady was truly stuck between a rock and a hard place.

As the representative of Seawise Pavilion, he couldn’t afford to make promises he couldn’t keep. If he agreed now but failed to deliver by evening, it would seriously damage the store’s reputation.

Meanwhile, inside a car driving past the scene...

Yvonne, delicate and doll-like, pressed her face against the window and let out an excited gasp when she saw the huge crowd gathered outside.

She turned to the person beside her and said in her soft little voice, “Ian, look! There are so many people!”

Ian followed her gaze out the window and was indeed surprised to see a line stretching all the way down the block.

“What’s going on here? How did I not hear about this?”

As he looked past the line, his eyes landed on the Seawise Pavilion sign, and something clicked.

“Wait—pull over,” he told the driver.

The driver glanced around. The whole street was packed with parked cars; there wasn’t a single open spot.

With no other choice, he drove a bit further ahead.

Ian knew there were multiple Seawise Pavilion branches in Strate City, but this location was the flagship store.

“Why is everyone lining up? Did they release some special dessert or something?”

As he ruffled Yvonne’s hair, Ian turned to the bodyguard in the passenger seat and said, “Desmond, go find out what they’re selling.”

If it really was something extraordinary, he figured he’d buy some for Yvonne to try too.

Desmond got out of the car and quickly stopped a passerby for information.

When he returned, he reported, “Apparently, Seawise Pavilion launched a new grape steamed cake today. It’s supposed to be amazing. People are swarming to get it.”

Ian raised an eyebrow, clearly unimpressed. “If it’s that good, then go buy one.”

Seeing the long queue at the front, he told the driver to circle around to the back entrance.

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Hardly anyone knew about the rear door except for a few insiders and employees. It was quiet, almost deserted, for avoiding the chaos out front.

As the car door opened, the scent of steamed cake drifted in—subtle, warm, like a wisp of smoke.

56%

(+50)

perfect.

Yvonne caught a whiff and immediately felt a little hungry. She reached her tiny hand toward Ian and said, “I want to go too.”

He picked her up and carried her through the back door.

Inside, a few chefs were still huddled together, trying to figure out a solution. When they saw people entering, they jumped up nervously, thinking someone from the mob outside had snuck in.

But the moment they recognized Ian, one of the more senior chefs gasped, “Mr. Holmes?”

“Yes, that’s me,” Ian said as he approached, nodding toward the child in his arms. “And this is Yvonne.”

The name made a few of them pause—familiar, but they couldn’t quite place it.

Ian noticed the expressions on their faces and joked, “Business is booming out there, but you all look like you’re attending a funeral.”

The chefs exchanged glances and chuckled awardly.”

go fetch him.”

Ian waved a hand. “No need. I’m not here for Grady.”

“Well... Mr. Holmes, are you here to see the boss? He’s out front. I can

“I just heard about the grape steamed cake—people are saying it’s unbelievably good. I wanted to see if I could get a piece.”

At the mention of the cake, the chefs’ faces twisted into even more complicated expressions.

“I’m afraid it’s already sold out, sir. We only had thirty servings, and we didn’t even get to try it ourselves.”

That was shocking. The chefs didn’t get to taste their own creation?

Curious, Ian asked, “Why didn’t you make more? Or save a few for yourselves?”

“You see, this morning, Mr. Adler brought in a basket of grapes. Said he wanted to bake something for his granddaughter- and he gave us a few to work with.”

Ian froze. ‘Richard?’

Come to think of it, Richard had indeed had someone send over grapes this morning.

The chef continued, “While our boss was using the grape skins for coloring, we used the leftover water to make the steamed cakes. That’s the one everyone’s talking about. As soon as the first batch was done, the aroma spread through the air, and people outside caught wind of it. They started asking right away.”

At first, they thought they could just sell the initial tray and make more with the rest of the water.

But they hadn’t expected it to blow up the way it did. Within half an hour, the crowd out front had swelled to what it was

now,

As the chef finished explaining, Yvonne leaned close to Ian and whispered in her tiny, sugary voice, “Is the old man he mentioned... Grandpa?”