

Abandoned Super Cutie Adopted by Billionaire Clan

Chapter 240

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Smith had asked Nelson multiple times if he could meet the chef who had made that unforgettable snake stew for him back at Ferry House.

Unfortunately, the chef in question was famously aloof and kept rejecting all their requests. Forget hiring him—just getting a face-to-face meeting seemed impossible.

Smith had long sealed the deal, but he couldn’t bring himself to leave. Instead, he wandered the city with Clayton like a lovesick foodie, praying to fate for a “coincidental” run-in with his one true culinary crush.

When he saw the crowd gathering outside a storefront, Smith leaned forward, puzzled. “Why are so many people going into that place?”

Clayton followed his gaze and spotted the sign.

“That’s Seawise Pavilion,” he said, instantly understanding. “It’s a famous local dessert shop. Always popular—but it looks like they’ve launched something new today.”

Seeing the eager look on Smith’s face, Clayton added, “I’ll have someone go buy a few for us to try.”

He gave the order, and the bodyguard in the front seat immediately hopped out and jogged toward the store.

By the time he got there, the grape-steamed cakes had already sold out. Disappointed customers were trickling out of the shop, empty-handed.

The bodyguard stepped inside and asked one of the staff, “Hi, do you still have whatever everyone was lining up for?”

The staffer shook her head. “The grape-steamed cakes are sold out, but we do have this grape pastry made with the same ingredients. You can take a look in the display case.”

Following her gesture, the bodyguard’s eyes landed on a neatly displayed grape dessert… priced at 3,000 dollars—each.

Even he couldn’t help gasping at the number.

But in the end, it wasn’t his money. And if spending 3,000 dollars—or even 30,000 dollars—would impress a key business partner like Smith, Nelson would happily foot the bill.

The grape-steamed cakes were limited to one per person, but these high-end grape pastries? No limit.

He did a quick headcount of the people across their convoy and ordered nine.

The staff opened the sealed glass case and, using small silver tongs, carefully packed each pastry into elegant boxes.

As soon as the case opened, the rich, sweet scent of grapes wafted out like perfume.

The bodyguard inhaled deeply, briefly entranced, then rushed back to the car with all nine boxes in hand.

Clayton counted the boxes, handed one to Smith, and told the bodyguard to deliver the rest to the other vehicles. He’d save his for later—guests first.

When the bodyguard finally circled back, he passed the last box to Clayton.

Strangely, the man’s gaze as he accepted the box… was almost predatory. The bodyguard shivered.

The moment he climbed back into the car, he realized why.

The smell of the dessert had filled the entire vehicle. Warm, fragrant, utterly irresistible.

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It was a kind of torture—delicious torture.

He glanced at the driver beside him. They locked eyes… and without a word, both cracked their windows open.

Meanwhile, Smith had already finished his.

He devoured it like a man starved for days, with a reverence bordering on obsession.

The bodyguard peeked through the rearview mirror and found that even Clayton looked half-dazed, nearly in a trance.

“That was amazing, Smith sighed, staring down at the empty box like it was a holy relic. His expression was nearly identical to when he first tasted the snake stew,

Just then, someone knocked on the window.

It was a group of foreigners traveling with Smith, their eyes wide with excitement. As soon as Clayton opened the door, they bombarded him with praise.

“That dessert—where did you get it? It’s incredible!”

Clayton glanced toward the shop, where another crowd was already starting to form. He immediately turned to the bodyguard.

“Go. Buy more. As many as you can.”

The bodyguard hesitated. “Sir… each one costs 3,000 dollars.”

Clayton blinked. “Wait—that’s the price?”

For a moment, the bodyguard thought even he was shocked.

But then Clayton’s expression lit up like Christmas morning. “That cheap? Fantastic! Buy everything they’ve got!”

The bodyguard stared. Speechless.

Still, orders were orders. He leapt from the car and sprinted back to Seawise Pavilion.

But by the time he arrived, it was too late.

The last time he was here, the display case was still half full. Now it was completely empty. Not only were the grape pastries gone, even the surrounding desserts had vanished.

Same staffer, same apologetic smile.

“You’re not the only one who came back,” she said. “Several customers who tasted the grape pastries returned and bought up everything else. I’m sorry—everything’s sold out. Restock happens this afternoon. You’re welcome to return then.”

The bodyguard had no idea how to feel as he walked back out.

When he delivered the bad news to Clayton, everyone in the car looked visibly crushed.

“We should’ve bought more when we had the chance,” Clayton sighed.

Hearing that restocking would happen later in the day, he thought for a moment—then made a decision.

He looked seriously at the bodyguard. “Stay here. Camp out if you have to. The moment they restock those grape pastries, buy every last one. I don’t care how much they cost—just do it.”

The bodyguard nodded numbly. Before he even realized it, the cars had already driven off, leaving him standing alone by

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