

Abandoned Super Cutie Adopted by Billionaire Clan

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When he returned to the entrance of Seawise Pavilion, he was surprised to see several men already waiting outside. They were dressed just like him—sharp suits, earpieces, stiff posture. Bodyguards, no doubt.

And from the way they glanced at one another, there was a silent understanding: same profession, same reason for being here.

Meanwhile, inside the restaurant, no one knew yet that Seawise Pavilion had just gone viral across the entire internet—and not in the way anyone would’ve hoped.

The first to find out was a staff member named Emery.

She had just clocked out and was grabbing lunch at the restaurant next door when her phone started pinging. Her friends were tagging her in a group chat.

“Emery, your dessert shop is trending! Go look!”

Emery smiled, unsurprised. She tapped away at her phone with a fork in hand.

“Figured. Tons of people filmed videos here yesterday. Boss even said we’re getting bonuses this month!”

She was happily sharing the good news when a new message popped up—and froze her mid—chew.

“No, not that. You’re trending… but not in a good way. Just check it. It’s bad.”

Her stomach tightened. She opened X. And the top trending topic was “Seawise Pavilion 3,000 dollars”

The moment she saw the number, her gut told her exactly what had happened.

She clicked the post. Sure enough—someone was dragging them for selling a single dessert for 3,000 dollars.

The post was from a food blogger with nearly a million followers. A verified content creator. Emery had even watched a few of his reviews before. This time, though, his post was pure poison.

He claimed Seawise Pavilion’s desserts were overpriced, overrated, and—to add insult to injury—tasteless.

Emery stared at the long caption, brimming with smugness and misinformation, until she was shaking with rage. The fork in her hand snapped in two.

Say the price is high? Fine. That’s fair game.

But to say the food isn’t even good? That was slander.

She worked there. She’d spent entire shifts trying not to drool from the scent of the pastries alone. And if it really was that bad, why were people still lining up every day to get a taste?

Even as she read, a line of customers was still forming outside the store.

Then she opened the comments—and nearly combusted.

[Totally agree. Tried it once—ridiculously expensive and honestly gross. Don’t get the hype.]

[And the staff? So rude. One question and they look like they want to call security.]

[I’ve already reported them to the consumer bureau. 3,000 dollars for that? Unbelievable.]

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Each comment was more absurd than the last. And the one about rude staff? That one made Emery’s face turn red

Excuse me?! She worked there! When exactly had her nostrils been pointed skyward?

Furious, she kept scrolling—and finally saw some sanity in the newer comments.

[At least they’re upfront about the price. It’s printed right there. Take it or leave it.]

[It’s not a scam—they’re not forcing anyone to buy luxury desserts.]

[If the desserts were truly awful, why is the display case always empty? Don’t let these trolls stir the pot.]

That confirmed it. Someone was trying to smear them. Probably on purpose.

Without hesitation, Emery forwarded the post to her supervisor.

Unlike the average employee, Emery actually liked her job.

And why wouldn’t she? Seawise Pavilion only sold same-day desserts. Anything left over? Staff got to take home.

Good pay, great perks, and free pastries.

In a place like Strate City, this job was a unicorn.

So when she saw the shop being unfairly attacked, she was furious.

Her supervisor immediately escalated the issue.

Upper management only needed one guess. There was another well-known dessert brand in Strate City—one that specialized in sweet Western-style cakes and had also been invited to the upcoming state banquet.

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Their reputation for shady tactics was no secret. If they’d seen Seawise Pavilion’s growing popularity and decided to strike back with a smear campaign… well, it wouldn’t be the first time.

But unlike their rivals, Seawise Pavilion wasn’t about to play dirty.

They went straight to legal. Filed a defamation lawsuit against the blogger. And posted the cease—and—desist letter right on their official X account.

Cue the chaos. The trolls swarmed like locusts, hurling insults. But they hadn’t counted on the social media team’s secret weapon—a guy with a titanium-grade ego and nerves of steel.

No matter how vicious the hate got, he only replied with one line: [Your attack power is underwhelming.]

It was polite. And brutal.

The internet erupted in laughter. Netizens gleefully pulled up chairs in the virtual melon patch, passing popcorn like it was a festival.

And just when the drama was reaching peak hilarity, an even bigger bomb dropped.

Chronos Legal posted a statement.

[We are honored to represent Seawise Pavilion and will be pursuing this case with full diligence.]

The crowd went wild. Chronos Legal. The Chronos Legal. The internet’s favorite legal powerhouse. The undefeated kings of courtroom warfare.

The moment they entered the chat, the tone shifted. People started to sweat, especially the food blogger. His fans rushed

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into his private group chat.

[Nasir! Seawise Pavilion lawyered up! And it’s Chronos Legal!]

Nasir Peters, the food blogger himself, was lounging in the chat, casually spinning stories for his fans

When he first saw the words “Chronos Legal,” he scoffed, “Probably some no-name wannabe form with a fancy logo

He didn’t even bother to verify. Instead, he clicked “quote post” and replied confidently.

[The innocent fear nothing. I stand by my words and accept whatever consequences come]

His fans rallied instantly. [That’s our Nasir! Unshakable!]

[Four years in the biz, always honest—nothing to fear!]

[Exactly. If Seawise Pavilion wasn’t guilty, they wouldn’t have hired a firm like that.]

[Even if it’s the Chronos Legal, so what? I just screenshot Nasir’s comment—let’s see their undefexed szukad stay!]

[Go Nasir! Show these corporate bullies what real justice looks like!]

Nasir was glowing from all the support—until a certain comment caught his eye.

[Wait… did someone say Division One of Chronos Legal?]

His fingers froze. Confused, he typed: [Hold up. What do you guys mean by.. Division One]