

## Abandoned Super Cutie Adopted by Billionaire Clan

Chapter 233

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Grady stood by the stovetop, patiently tending to a small pot where grape skins simmered in water. He watched the calise carefully, tossing in more skins whenever the hue began to fade.

Richard had emphasized—more than once—how important the color was. He didn't meddle in the bakery's day aday anymore, but for the granddaughter of an old friend, even he was happy to make a life cake.

The light purple liquid swirled gently in the pot. Steam rose in soft clouds, carrying with in the sweet, dean seat of gagn

Everyone working in the studio paused what they were doing. One by one, they were drawn in by the fagate

"That smells amazing, someone murmured.

"Like real grape candy," another said, leaning over the pot.

The lavender liquid shimmered like flowing chiffon, bubbling softly.

Grady nodded. His senses weren't as sharp as they used to be, but standing over that little pot for just a few minutes had lef him feeling refreshed, as if that grape-scented steam had cleansed his lungs and sharpened his eyes.

He picked up a spoon, scooped out a bit of the liquid, let it cool, and took a sip.

Normally, when you boil grape skins like this, the water turns slightly bitter—how bitter depends on how mucho din gou use But the sip he took... wasn't bitter at all. It had a subtle sweetness, with a crisp, fragrant take.

Grady thought, 'I wouldn't even need to process this. Just pour the liquid into a cup, and I could sell i as

Sweet, natural, and healthy. People would line up to buy it

"How is it?" one of the workers asked, eager. "What's it taste like?"

Grady calmly dropped the spoon into the sink and replied, "Grape. Now go finish slicing"

This was a two-person job—one peeled, the other chopped

He stared at the growing pile of discarded skins and said, "Don't throw those away. Make more of the dye and we them for some steamed grape cakes later."

"Got it!" the staff said instantly.

Truth be told, they'd all been itching to suggest it already. They just hadn't dared speak up.

The studio fell quiet again, the air filled with the drifting scent of fresh grapes.

Grady stared into the delicate little pot, thoughts slowly swirling with the steam

But before long, a loud cry broke the calm. "Oh my god! Where are all these ants coming from?"

Suddenly the room was in a panic. Everyone looked down, scanning the white tile floor.

Grady walked over, pulled a pair of glasses from his pocket, and squatted down. The pristine tiles made everything on them stand out starkly.

Tiny black ants were clustered around the workstation. Some had already begun climbing up the side.

"Clean it up. Don't let them near the ingredients." The team quickly wiped the coursters, mopped the Boor, and double- checked that every last ant was gone before they relaxed.

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"Where the heck did they come from?"

"Yeah, and why so many? You never see ants in this part of town."

This was the city center. Their shop had spotless tiles and got mopped four times a day. Ants? Practically impossible.

The workers turned to Grady, faces full of confusion and curiosity.

But Grady had no answer. He simply returned to the stove, fished out the grape skins, and added in some of the sliced grap flesh.

The translucent fruit pieces bobbed and rolled in the liquid, slowly soaking up the purple tint until they gleamed like amethyst crystals.

The sweet, rich scent wafted out through the window—and then came the birds.

Five or six small birds landed on the windowsill, craning their necks to peer inside. Grady was sure: if there weren't people around, those birds would've flown straight into the room.

"So many

birds..." someone whispered in awe.

Grady looked out at them, a bit startled. Then one of the younger staff members suddenly lit up. He pointed toward the prep counter. "I got it! It's the grapes!"

He gestured at the half-bowl of grapes still sitting there. "I was chopping them over here earlier, and the juice probably dripped down. That's what attracted the ants."

Another worker frowned. "That can't be right. The ants were way too far away to smell that. And it wasn't that much juice."

"No, seriously—think about it. The ants all gathered right where I was standing!"

He turned to Grady, eyes shining with excitement. "These grapes aren't normal. Animals can tell. Especially birds."

He grew up in the countryside, he explained. At home, they had a persimmon tree. Whenever the fruit ripened, birds would come to peck at it—and the ones they chose always turned out to be the sweetest.

"I swear, these grapes must be special." He grew more and more animated as he spoke.

"Grady, aren't you doing that dessert presentation for the foreign guests next week? You have to use these grapes! I bet they'll blow them away."

Actually, "blow them away" was an understatement. Even locals had never seen grapes like these. Grady said nothing. He quietly ladled the finished grape syrup into a bowl and set it aside.

"Mr. Reese, didn't you say that gentleman from earlier was your friend? Can't you ask him for more of these grapes? We can't let Layne show us up."

Every year, when foreign diplomats and guests visited, traditional pastries were always part of the reception menu—delicate, handmade, and rooted in cultural heritage. But they also made sure to prepare some sweets tailored to international tastes.

These desserts weren't just food; they were almost like luxury items. Painstakingly crafted with rare ingredients, fine flavors, and elegant shapes—they nourished the body as much as they delighted the senses.

And yet, year after year, they kept losing out in popularity to that damn Sacher torte.

Some guests genuinely loved the traditional pastries, showering them with praise and even taking boxes home. But most foreigners still leaned toward the sugary stuff—they just weren't used to subtlety.

The man responsible for that sugary side of the dessert table? Layne.

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Everyone at the Seawise Pavilion found him insufferable. Arrogant, smug, always acting like he was above everyone else.

His apprentices were no better—walking into every competition with their noses in the air, looking down on everyone like they were royalty among peasants.

The thought of Layne smirking his way through another reception lit a fire under the team.

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