

Abandoned Super Cutie Adopted by Billionaire Clan

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Layne wasn't just a rival—he had a sharp tongue and never missed a chance to mock.

Lately, traditional local pastries had been losing ground to sweeter, modern desserts.

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Most traditional shops simply couldn't make them well, and anything left unsold by the end of the day would taste stale and unappetizing, leaving a poor impression.

Sweet pastries, on the other hand, had a much wider margin for error.

The team at Seawise Pavilion never intended to start a feud—after all, the best dessert is the one that suits people's tastes.

But the other side wouldn't stop sneering at them, calling their craft outdated, mocking them for losing relevance in the market.

It was bad enough being looked down upon, despite carrying the flag of traditional cuisine. Being trampled on and publicly ridiculed? That was a little too much.

That's when the idea began to take root: to make a splash at the upcoming state banquet—to reclaim their pride.

Grady's words were so compelling that everyone in the studio stopped what they were doing and turned to look at him.

Though the old man's face remained calm, his grip on the spoon tightened—a silent reveal of the storm brewing inside him.

He was already in his sixties, yet his student's speech had stirred something in him.

He looked over at the jar of vibrant purple jam beside him and felt a strong intuition. If they used this kind of grape, they might just be able to create something extraordinary—something that would dazzle both locals and foreign guests.

He could go to Richard and shamelessly ask for more grapes, but that wasn't a long-term solution. If their dessert became famous but they couldn't consistently secure the same ingredients, their reputation would crumble as quickly as it rose.

"Mr. Reese, what exactly are you hesitating for?"

"Seriously, the opportunity's staring us in the face—are you just going to watch it slip away?"

The apprentices pleaded with him one after another, their voices filled with urgency. Finally, Grady made up his mind.

"Enough," he said firmly,

The studio fell silent. All eyes were on him, waiting for his final decision.

Grady gritted his teeth and declared, "Fine. I'll go ask him for more grapes."

His apprentices exchanged looks, eyes lighting up with excitement.

"Got it, Mr. Reese!"

Fueled by hope, their energy surged. One of them added, "Then let's make Miss Adler's cake as beautiful as possible. Mr. Adler clearly adores her if she's happy, he might just give us more grapes."

That was exactly the strategy.

They had all seen how indulgent Richard was when it came to Yvonne.

So the team set everything else aside and poured their full attention into the cake. More care went into it than any of their competition entries. They treated it not as a dessert, but as a piece of exquisite craftsmanship

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And when it was done—it was breathtaking,

A delicate butterfly-shaped cake in soft shades of lavender, dreamy and elegant. Every decorative pearl was coated in a shimmering layer of sugar, giving it a crystal-like sheen. Atop the cake, several pink butterflies seemed ready to take flight, crafted from syrup and carefully cooled into graceful shapes that perched on the sugar pearls.

Grady stood before the cake, took out his phone, and snapped a picture. He sent it to Richard.

Richard responded with three back-to-back texts: "Perfect." "Beautiful" "Love it."

Even through the screen, one could imagine the man's delighted, smug expression. "That's it. Pack it up," Grady said.

They placed the cake into a pastel box that matched its colors and tied a big, elegant bow on top.

"Hope Miss Adler likes it," someone whispered.

At that moment, another staff member approached and said, "Mr. Reese, the grape steamed cakes you asked for are ready 100,"

Thanks to the temperature-controlled room, the dough proofed quickly.

The water used for mixing had been extracted by boiling the grape skins, while the fruit topping was made with regular grapes.

Still, when the first batch came out of the steamer, the aroma that filled the room was irresistible.

"Mmm... it smells amazing. I'm getting hungry just standing here."

It was nearly lunchtime, and the scent of the cakes was like a magnet. Everyone stood around the five fresh cakes, swallow hard.

But no one dared take a bite until Grady gave the word.

Just then, a young couple passing by Seawise Pavilion caught a whiff of the sweet aroma.

"Oh my god, what is that smell?" the girl asked, tugging on her boyfriend's hand, eyes wide with curiosity.

"Smells like something freshly baked—maybe a pastry from this place?" the boy replied.

He glanced toward the shop. The refined storefront gave him pause.

"Seawise Pavilion," he muttered, "I know this place. My boss's daughter is always bragging about their desserts. Super expensive. And you have to reserve in advance."

The girl's excitement faded a little. She wasn't the kind of person who could splurge on luxury desserts—but her feet wouldn't move either,

Seeing his girlfriend like that, the boy felt a bit guilty. He glanced again at the beautifully decorated shop, then made up his mind.

"Let's go ask. If it's reservation—only, we'll leave. But if not—we'll get one."

The girl looked at him in surprise, then beamed with joy.

He grinned and said, "I'll buy it for you. You've been working so hard lately—you deserve a treat."

Hand in hand, they stepped through the front doors of Seawise Pavilion,

They walked up to the counter and politely asked the staff, "Excuse me, what's that amazing smell? What kind of pastry is it?"

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The staff member immediately knew what they meant.

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That mouthwatering scent was coming from the kitchen, where the chefs—led by the boss himself—had just finished their newest creation: the grape steamed cake.

Even the employees had been tempted to sneak a peek.

"That's our freshly steamed grape cake," the staffer said. "Please wait just a moment—I'll check if we have any available."

The couple waited by the counter. Over the next three minutes, more and more people, drawn by the smell, wandered into the store.

When the staffer returned, he was holding a carefully wrapped box. Seeing the crowd that had gathered in such a short time he was clearly surprised, but he still turned to the couple first.

"This is one portion," he said. "Would you like it? I can ring it up right now."

The box was big, and the intoxicating scent was clearly coming from it. Around them, at least a dozen people were eyeing the package like hungry wolves—waiting for even the slightest hint that the couple might say no, so they could pounce.

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