

Abandoned Super Cutie Adopted by Billionaire Clan

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At the foot of the mountain, an unusual commotion filled the air.

Tiger Mountain had never imagined that, after a lifetime of being shunned, it would ever have such a moment of glory. The very people who had once avoided it like the plague were now gathered neatly at its gates, waiting for it to open.

Ian stepped out of his car with a clear purpose, striding straight to the iron gate. Looking at the man inside, he said, "Open the gate. I'm going in to find someone."

The gatekeeper remained still, standing behind the gate with an uneasy expression.

"Mr. Holmes, Mr. Adler has given strict orders that no one is allowed in. You'll have to wait outside—he should be down soon."

Ian let out a sharp, incredulous laugh. "My nephew was taken inside, made filthy by Richard's hands, and you expect me to just wait? If it were your family, would you be able to stay calm?"

His voice dripped with frustration, every word gritted through clenched teeth.

"There's nothing I can do," the gatekeeper replied, giving up on explanations. He raised a hand and pointed in a direction, signaling Ian to look.

"This isn't just about you. No one gets in without Mr. Adler's approval—not even Kelvin."

"Kelvin?" Ian narrowed his eyes and glanced at a car nearby, recognizing the license plate. It really was him.

The thought of how foolishly he had been deceived by Kelvin earlier made Ian grind his molars in frustration.

Abandoning his quarrel with the gatekeeper, he walked straight to the car and yanked the door open.

Inside, the man looked up at him, his expression slightly puzzled. From this angle, he appeared refined, even innocent- making Ian's frustration seem almost unreasonable.

"Move over," Ian snapped.

Kelvin shifted aside, making room for him.

Once the door shut, Ian wasted no time. "We've been friends since childhood, and I trusted you enough to leave Yvonne in your care—this is how you repay me? And don't even think about dodging the question: what's the deal between Yvonne and Richard? How did he lead her astray like this?"

Kelvin waited for Ian to finish his rant before responding, his voice cool and direct. "You guessed right—Richard has already given Tiger Mountain to her."

The words were delivered coldly, each syllable striking deep.

Ian was momentarily speechless. He opened his mouth to retort, but before he could, Kelvin cut him off.

"At this point, even if Tinley herself went to him, he wouldn't take Tiger Mountain back."

Kelvin's phone screen remained lit as he absentmindedly tapped at it, fully focused. He was in a chat with Richard, saving a photo of Yvonne.

After adjusting it to the right size in his gallery, he set it as his new Instagram background.

Richard, having taken up photography in his semi-retirement to document his animals, had captured the photo with

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impressive skill.

Jan, who had caught sight of this, was speechless.

Quickly pulling out his phone, he nudged Kelvin with his elbow. "Send me that photo

Kelvin calmly locked his phone screen, his voice smooth and composed. "No"

"Kelvin, don't forget—I haven't forgiven you for deceiving me yet. Kelvin let out a light 'oh' and tucked his phone into his coat. "Even if you forgive me, I still won't send it. Crop it yourself."

"Fine, I will." Ian huffed, deciding to take matters into his own hands.

Determined to do an even better job, he tapped on Richard's profile to save the picture.

But to his dismay, he found himself blocked.

He had spoken too soon. Looks like he'd have to keep pestering Kelvin.

On the mountain, Richard received word from the gatekeeper that both of them were waiting for him at the main entrance.

It was the gate he used most often.

But now? There was no way he'd take that route.

Those kids thought they could trap him? Not a chance.

Tucking his phone away, Richard took Yvonne's hand, his expression soften:

"Let's go, Yvonne. I'll take you down the mountain."

"Okay." Yvonne obediently followed, though as she got into the car with Richard, she had the nagging feeling she had forgotten something.

But she was still a child—if something was amiss, she didn't dwell on it.

As the car started, something stirred in the forest.

A large beast moved swiftly, keeping pace with the car without falling behind.

Someone in the bodyguard vehicle trailing them noticed and immediately reported it to Richard.

Richard rolled down his window—and sure enough, he spotted the agile figure leaping through the trees.

At first, he assumed it was one of his lions, unwilling to part with him.

But then, from amidst the dense foliage, he caught a flash of pure white—and realized it wasn't one of his.

It was so white... What kind of animal was this?

Even when they reached the foot of the mountain, the creature was still following them.

With its endurance and speed, it was undoubtedly a large predator.

Curious, Richard had the driver pull over in an open area. He rolled down the window and watched as the mysterious creature emerged from the shadows.

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The moment it stepped out, Richard's eyes lit up.

It was a tiger—completely snow—white. Its fur was the purest he had ever seen, its stripes nearly invisible. Richard had seen countless animals, and as the tiger approached, he immediately recognized its breed.

It was a pure white tiger, a rare mutation of the Bengal tiger, with only four known to exist worldwide.

And yet, here on Tiger Mountain, there was one.

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Richard suddenly remembered—years ago, he had raised two Bengal tigers in a private enclosure. But they had never been successfully tamed and eventually escaped.

Could this white tiger be their offspring?

It was entirely possible.

Such pure white fur was a disadvantage in the wild. Seeing how lean it was, Richard knew it must have struggled to find food.

A thought stirred in his mind—he wanted to take it in.

"Richard, what are you looking at?" Yvonne, curious, peeked out the window.

When she saw the white tiger, she gasped. "So white!"

Richard withdrew his gaze and gently patted her little head.

"If you like it, I'll have it caught and sent to a zoo."

Yvonne was excited but hesitated. She tilted her head up at Richard and asked in a soft voice, "Richard, won't that make it unhappy?"

Richard's smile deepened.

She was adorable—even worrying about a tiger's feelings.

"No, it's struggling to find food out here. At least in captivity, it can eat well."

Hearing that, Yvonne nodded, though she still seemed unsure.

Just then, the white tiger let out an abrupt roar, shaking the air around them.

Richard assumed it was hungry and ordered fresh meat and live chickens to be delivered.

But when the food was thrown in front of it, the tiger merely sniffed at it before turning away, completely uninterested.

Even as the two bound chickens flapped desperately to escape, it ignored them.

Richard chuckled, his gaze sharpening with interest. Something about this tiger was unusual.

Its eyes remained locked on him, its roars rhythmic—almost as if it were trying to say something.

From a distance, the tiger was puzzled. It had done exactly as the lions had taught—so why weren't the humans feeding it something delicious?

Summoning what little intelligence it had, the tiger focused entirely on its ultimate goal: getting a good meal.