

Abandoned Super Cutie Adopted by Billionaire Clan

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In just one morning, the children who had been avoiding Yvonne earlier somehow ended up crowding around her, listening intently as she chatted with Rachel.

Even the teacher was stunned by the sight, but soon, a warm sense of relief followed.

Some children are just special. Put them in a big group, and they can effortlessly attract the attention of their peers.

Rachel treated Yvonne very well, taking her along wherever she went, even during their outdoor explorations.

For Yvonne, apart from a rough start in the morning, everything else on her first day of school had been nothing but fun.

When she was home, she bounced happily toward the living room.

Just as she got close, she froze for a second upon hearing a familiar voice inside.

Her steps slowed as she crept to the doorway. After confirming that it was her grandfather speaking, she dashed inside.

The girl broke free from Ian's hand and shot toward Richard while saying happily, "Grandpa!"

Richard, who had been chatting with Tinley, turned his head and saw his precious granddaughter running toward him.

His sharp eyes softened with a loving smile as he opened his arms, waiting for Yvonne to jump in.

But instead of diving into his embrace, the little girl stopped by his leg, puffed out her cheeks, and dragged out her words in a soft, pouty voice that made her sound more like she was whining than scolding. "Grandpa, you lied!"

Richard chuckled, rubbing her head with a smile. "Oh? What did Grandpa lie about?"

He had tricked her so many times that he wasn't sure which one she had caught.

Yvonne pulled off her schoolbag and took out her cup, which had been clean and shiny in the morning but now had a sticker on it.

Pointing at the sticker, she fixed her big, clear eyes on her grandpa and asked in a serious but childish tone, "Grandpa, what is this?"

When Richard saw the animal on the sticker, his brow twitched slightly, but he kept a straight face, saying, "It's a kitten."

As soon as he spoke, Yvonne stuffed her cup back into her schoolbag and grabbed his fingers, saying angrily. "This is obviously a baby tiger!"

"Oh, it's a tiger? But it looks just like the kittens on Tiger Mountain." Richard was still playing dumb.

Yvonne clenched her tiny fists and gave his palm two light punches in her anger.

Her obsidian-like eyes sparkled as she put on a serious face, saying, "You're still lying to me! The ones on Tiger Mountain are also tigers!"

Even after being caught, Richard remained completely unfazed and was still grinning.

He really wanted to ruffle the little girl's hair again, but unfortunately, his hand was still "under punishment."

Just one morning at school, and his granddaughter could already tell the difference between a tiger and a cat.

After giving Richard two "punishments," Yvonne turned around.

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Tinley sat on the other side of the table, propping her chin and looking at Yvonne since the latter came in.

When Yvonne looked over, she put down her crossed legs and sat up straight, her gaze soft and full of warmth.

"Mommy! Yvonne called out happily, but she didn't run over.

Instead, she tilted her little face up, her lips curving up as she spoke in a slightly muddled but still understandable voice.

"Mommy, I love you!"

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Then she made a heart shape with her thumb and index fingers and showed it to Tinley. The little girl had learned it from Rachel, who had been playing with her at kindergarten and remembered it.

The smile on Tinley's lips widened, and a gentle light filled her deep eyes. She pulled Yvonne into her arms, lowered her head, and kissed her forehead, saying gently with satisfaction. "Sweetheart, Mommy loves you too.

The heartwarming scene made Richard itch with jealousy.

He leaned in, smiled like a sly fox, and asked, "What about me? Do I get a finger heart too?"

Ian also scooted closer, crouching beside Yvonne and playing with the little tail on her schoolbag, pleading, "What about me? I want a firfger heart too."

Even the butler hesitantly raised a hand and said, "Actually, I also..."

Yvonne glanced at Richard, who had leaned in, and snorted. "Everyone gets one except Grandpa!"

Listening to Yvonne sweetly express her love for everyone else while he, her own grandpa, was left out, Richard felt as if it was the end of the world.

Tricking the little girl had been fun, but making it up to her was like walking through fire.

After much coaxing and pleading, Yvonne finally decided to forgive him and gave him a finger heart as well.

Richard straightened up in satisfaction and grandly declared, "Yvonne, to celebrate your first day of kindergarten, let me treat you to a feast!"

Yvonne had never heard that phrase before and looked up at him curiously, asking, "Grandpa, what do you mean?"

"I'm taking you out to have good food. 'Feast' means a large and special meal," Richard explained patiently.

After that, he directed his gaze toward Tinley and sought her thoughts.

Tinley, still holding Yvonne, nodded and instructed Wendy to get things ready.

Richard had chosen a familiar spot-Ferry House, the small restaurant owned by the Colin family, where Yvonne had formally become Taylor's student last time.

Richard knew the owner well and was a regular there.

When it was time to leave, Richard insisted on riding together with Yvonne instead of taking his own car.

Using "respect for the elderly and love for the young" as an excuse, he pressured Ian into giving up his seat

With this lineup, the driver suddenly felt like he was chauffeuring royalty and drove with utmost care.

During the ride, Richard barely chatted with Tinley before shifting all his attention to Yvonne.

The house he had bought near the Holmes family estate had finally been renovated, and he had moved in just that morning.

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Therefore, he could drop by the Holmes residence anytime and visit Yvonne whenever he wanted from then on.

"Yvonne, did anything fun happen at kindergarten today? Tell me all about it," said Richard.

Hearing this, Tinley's smile faded slightly.

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Yvonne was very innocent and said nothing bad. She just shared how she made a good friend and visited many animals in the kindergarten's petting zoo.

She spoke with so much joy that Richard listened with a warm, doting expression.

Meanwhile, outside Ferry Hour, Carlson got out of the car with his wife and son.

As their driver went to park, several security personnel emerged from the restaurant, clearing the entrance.

The parking area near the entrance was cleaned thoroughly as though preparing for someone's arrival.

Curious, Karen glanced around and asked, "Who's coming? They're making quite a show of it."

They were escorted by designated personnel when they arrived, but it hadn't reached the point of clearing the area.

Carlson withdrew his gaze and said indifferently, "It's probably those few businesspeople. The Jerkins family likes to be on the move. I'd guess it's them."

Just as he finished speaking, a convoy of luxury cars approached from a distance.

Recognizing a few license plates, Carlson was stunned. As a businessman, he often encountered various influential figures, and he immediately spotted Richard's car among them.

What surprised him even more was the car behind it. It was Tinley's.

When the doors opened, Richard stepped out first. Instead of walking off immediately, he reached into the car and carefully helped a little girl down.

Tinley got out from the other side, and they all looked extremely close.

Tinley had been out of sight for three years, and Richard had been keeping a low profile. At that moment, they suddenly appeared together, acting as if they were one family. So, it was impossible for Carlson not to overthink it.