

# Abandoned Super Cutie Adopted by Billionaire Clan

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Kevin stared intently at Yvonne. After confirming that she was the new transfer student in his class, he tugged at his date sleeve and said, “Dad, that’s the new girl in our class”

“I know.” Carlson’s gaze lingered on Richard’s hand holding Yvonne’s

Suddenly, he seemed to think of something and quickly asked his son, “You didn’t bully her at school today, did you?

“No, no, I didn’t even talk to her,” replied Kevin.

Carlson nodded and said, “Good.”

Kevin glanced at Yvonne, then at Tinley in confusion, struggling to understand.

He had overheard his parents’ conversation the previous night.

For the first time, he sensed fear in his father’s tone, a man he had always believed to be all–powerful

This realization shocked him because he had always believed his family was prestigious. The admiration he received growing up had fostered his unruly behavior.

So before bed, he couldn’t hold back and asked his dad. And that was how he found out that the woman had once gouged out someone’s eyes.

Carlson nudged his wife towards the private room and said, “Why don’t you go ahead? I need to speak with them briefly and introduce Kevin.”

Carlson figured Richard’s presence, coupled with his apparent closeness to the Holmes family’s newly found child, presented a valuable opportunity.

He knew that Kelvin liked the little girl, but he hadn’t cared much before because the real decision–maker in the Adler family was Richard.

Seeing how much Richard valued the child sparked something within Carlson.

Before heading over, he lowered his head and instructed his son. “Kevin, from now on, you should play with that little girl at school. The better you get along with her, the more it’ll help our family.”

Kevin was confused. “But Dad, didn’t you say yesterday her mom is a vicious person?”

Carlson’s expression stiffened. “Don’t worry about that. Just be nice to her.”

“Okay.” Kevin nodded.

This wasn’t new to him. Even before starting preschool, his parents had gone over the class list, telling him exactly who he should befriend.

His social circle had been set in stone. The other kids probably received similar instructions at home, so things in kindergarten were always peaceful.

Due to Carlson’s words, Kevin was obligated to hang out with Yvonne in the future, even though he didn’t want to.

Richard walked into Ferry House with Yvonne, and as the waiter led them to the elevator, a father and son suddenly stepped in their way, smiling as they struck up a conversation.“Mr. Adler, what a surprise to see you here. Are you bringing the kid out for a meal?”

Richard’s smile faded, replaced by a flicker of displeasure.

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It was exactly why he didn’t like going out. No matter where he went, there were always people crowding around him. He couldn’t even take his precious granddaughter out for a peaceful meal.

Seeing that, Tinley stepped closer and naturally took Yvonne’s other hand. She lowered her head and spoke gently to the little girl Sweetheart, Mommy will take you inside first, okay?”

“Okay, Mommy!” Without a second thought, Yvonne let go of her grandfather’s hand and happily skipped along

Richard felt his right hand dangling and a void in his heart. ‘My beloved granddaughter.

He was in a hurry to catch up with Yvonne and had no time for idle chit–chat with Carlson. He only said a few words because the man looked familiar. “If you have something to say, just say it. If not, I’ve got to go.”

Carlson remained composed and gestured toward his son. “My son just told me the little girl is his classmate. He’s a sturdy kid, so I figured it’d be good for them to spend more time together at school. He can look out for her.”

Richard’s impatience lessened considerably at hearing those words.

Glancing down at Kevin, who looked solidly built, a hint of approval appeared in the old man’s eyes.

“Not bad. Kids should watch out for each other at school. What’s your son’s name?” asked Richard.

A flicker of excitement flashed in Carlson’s eyes as he quickly answered, “His name is Kevin. We’re from the Jones family. I work at Apex Group.”

“Okay, I see,” Richard acknowledged briefly. Not seeing Yvonne around made him anxious, and he had no desire to continue the conversation.

“If there’s nothing else, I’ll be going. You’re here for dinner too, right? Go ahead,” said Richard.

As Richard walked away, Carlson exhaled as if he had just accomplished something significant.

Even though their conversation was brief, Richard now knew his name. If a business opportunity ever came up and he happened to mention it, that could be an advantage and might open a door for him.

He looked down and gave Kevin’s shoulder a firm pat, as if entrusting him with a great mission. “It’s all up to you now. If you can become that little girl’s best friend, I’ll buy you anything you want.”

Kevin’s eyes lit up with excitement. He looked at his father and said excitedly, “Got it, Dad!”

Carlson took him to the private room. Once inside, he asked, “By the way, yesterday was her first day at school. How is she getting along with the other kids?”

Kevin hesitated, feeling guilty.

He had originally planned to keep it from his father, but seeing that he was in a good mood, he nervously admitted everything that had happened earlier that day.

After he finished speaking, the room fell into a long silence.

Just when Kevin thought he was about to get scolded, his father suddenly clapped his hands. “This could actually work. If no one wants to be friends with her, and you step in, she’ll grow to rely on you.” Carlson muttered to himself, not caring whether his son understood or not.

After thinking for a moment, he lifted his gaze and scrutinized Kevin.

He thought his son was good–looking, clearly taking after him, and the boy would surely grow into a tall and well–built man.

Carlson figured if that girl and his son became childhood friends and he looked out for her a few times, she might start to

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like him. His son was tall and good–looking, and they were the same age.

If they hit it off, even Tinley wouldn’t have any reason to object.

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