

Abandoned Super Cutie Adopted by Billionaire Clan

Chapter 159

hapter 159

Chapter 159

Wilson wondered, 'Do I look like a fool?

He stood up from the sofa and went to the fridge, but his wife got most of the remaining orange slices first.

"Wilson, please humor me this time. I have a cold. I feel so unwell, Tessa put her hands behind her back and pouted.

Wilson had been married for twenty years but rarely seen his wife's willful side.

However, he had played tricks to get the orange from Yvonne. He thought it wouldn't be too much to ask for a sip.

Wilson was not just for the juice. What mattered was that he got this orange from his boss's house.

He didn't care much about how it tasted. At least, he would have a special sense of achievement in his heart.

In simple terms, no matter what the taste was, the boss's food must taste better than ordinary ones!

Several of his colleagues had the same idea as him, and of course, they had the same experience as him.

They took the oranges home, but they were gone before they could taste it.

Since they had seen good things, their family could see the orange was unusual at a glance.

Of course, there was also a bit of a stereotype.

After all, the oranges were from the Holmes family, which they had tricked from Yvonne, and it must be better than ordinary oranges.

They couldn't taste it, but when they saw the amazed look of their family members, their hearts were itchy and jealous. They couldn't help but think, Is it really that delicious?"

Anyway, in two days, they would have to go to the Holmes family again to see Tinley. By then, they would play the same. trick and get some oranges from Yvonne,

They'd made up their mind to do it.

Yvonne, who was lounging at home, didn't know that she was being targeted by those old foxes again.

She was currently chatting with Charles.

According to Charles, she had learned one thing.

That was, as long as her grandpa agreed, her dad and brothers could come back and play with her.

Yvonne was overjoyed when she heard the news.

After lunch, Richard came to visit with a strange thin

thing in his hand.

Yvonne ran to find him, her smooth and beautiful hair loose from running, and even the hairpin slipped.

After arriving at the place, she stopped to catch her breath and rested for some time.

Richard had a tripod in front of him. A camera was on the tripod, equipped with a long and overweight telephoto lens that looked like a cannon from a distance.

The black camera was pointed at the orange tree planted by Yvonne

1/4

17:28 Mon, 7 Apr N

Chapter 159

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The already heavy branches were pressed deeper by many kinds of birds, and the branches were overwhelmed and folded to the lowest point as if a little more pressure would break them.

The birds on the branches were lively, chirping one after another.

The camera clicked, and the shutter sound continued.

When Yvonne walked over, Richard was still focusing on the pictures in the viewfinder.

It was not until he felt a soft and warm touch on his leg that he stopped photoing the birds and looked down at his right leg.

"Yvonne, what are you pouting? Come and shoot the birds with me. Richard lowered his head and said kindly.

Yvonne looked at him eagerly, shook her head, and said sweetly, "Grandpa, can I discuss something with you?" Her words made Richard laugh.

He said patiently, "What do you want to discuss? Come and shoot the birds with me for a while, and I will teach the camera.

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Yvonne pouted again and hugged his legs.

The two had their thoughts.

Richard was a little proud while telling Yvonne about his great achievements in the photography industry during his semi-retirement years.

He began, "Yvonne, I'm one of the best photographers in the country. You know my bird photos have won many awards... What Richard said was indeed true and not exaggerated.

Every time he took a photo, he asked the butler to submit it to various photography competitions.

Moreover, Richard didn't know the stage name or anything, and he has always participated in online competitions with his real-name.

When the organizers saw it was a photo taken by him, who dared not to give him the first place?

That was why he always won the first prize in photography competitions.

He was so proud. Now that he saw the delicate and beautiful face of his soft and cute granddaughter, he suddenly thought of another way.

It was boring to always shoot birds. He thought he could take his granddaughter's photos as well!

Yvonne looked so cute with big, bright eyes, more lively than a bird. He believed he would win first prize if he took a photo of Yvonne and participated in the photography competition.

Thinking of this, Richard's eyes lit up.

He was a man of action. He shifted the position of the tripod and adjusted the angle of the lens, aiming it at Yvonne. Richard, standing behind the frame, became more excited and coaxed Yvonne. "Yvonne, come on. Smile at the camera." Yvonne blinked. Huht

She didn't want to

o smile.

She clung to Richard like bubble gum. This time, she decided that she would not let go

until she achieved her goal! "Oh

2/4

17:28 Mon, 7 Apr

Chapter 159

Grandpa, stop taking pictures."

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Luckily, when she saw Richard for the first time, she thought he was scary, but after getting along with him, she realized he was a different person from before!

Richard wanted to capture her lovely expression as she spoke, but the tripod couldn't bend at that angle.

He compromised, "Okay, okay, I won't shoot for now."

Richard turned off the camera and went to the small pavilion nearby to rest with Yvonne.

Yvonne stuck to his side, her big, bright eyes fixed on him, looking eagerly, "Grandpa, can you get Daddy back?"

Yvonne's soft and sweet voice reached Richard's ears, which made him feel pleasant.

Richard sighed, "Isn't he coming back tomorrow?"

Richard's rare happy face was for Yvonne, and Kelvin was extremely unpopular with him.

Yvonne shook her head, her cute tone lengthening, muttering and pouting. "No. I mean, keep Dad here all the time. After saying that, she held Richard's arm and shook it, and from time to time rubbed her head against him like a kitten. Richard admitted it felt pretty good. Of course, it would be better if Yvonne didn't pledge for that unfilial son.

The transfer of Kelvin from Strate City also had the intention of restricting him. If Kelvin was allowed to come back, he would have to give up on some core industries.

'Gosh, that's a difficult decision to make compared with my little granddaughter. Richard thought, "It's hard to choose! Richard looked lost and muttered with deep eyes, "Transfer him back? This is not easy to handle..."

Seeing his thoughtful face, Yvonne also stopped, her big, bright eyes staring at him without blinking.

She clenched her two chubby little fists tightly, and she was nervous.

"But it's not impossible. The thoughtful expression on Richard's face suddenly disappeared.

"Then how can we get Dad back?" Yvonne's face was serious, and she asked earnestly with her sweet voice.

"Yvonne, as long as you promise to come and visit me more often, I will transfer your dad back." Richard was half joking and half serious when he said this.

Now that he was semi-retired, he was quite bored. Otherwise, he wouldn't have brought his camera to shoot birds today. When Kelvin returned to Strate City, and Richard handed over all his work, the days ahead would be more boring than they

Richard knew he was incompetent when he was young, and he was not a good father to his several children, so he accepted

the fact that the children were not close to him.

Now that he was old, he suddenly became sentimental and liked the feeling of spending time with the children and grandchildren.

Richard had figured it out again. Since he didn't fulfill his responsibilities when he was young, he has to admit his children were cold to him.

Therefore, he didn't care about anything else much. He only wanted Yvonne to come and play with him more often.

3/4

66%

28 Mon, 7 Apr H

Chapter 159

Yvonne was sincere with him, and he would take her to win all the awards in the photography industry in the future.

For him now, it was more fulfilling than earning 350 million dollars.

The request was not at all difficult for Yvonne.

She agreed without hesitation. "Okay!"

Yvonne raised her chubby face and assured him seriously. "Grandpa, I will come and visit you every day from now on!"

Her words made Richard happy, and he smiled again, with a loving smile on his face.

Yvonne's way of expressing her gratitude was simple. She ran out of the pavilion and picked the largest orange for him. "Grandpa, eat!" She said in a sweet tone, "Grandpa, you're a good person. I want to grow a lot of delicious things for you!" Richard reached out and took the orange, held it in his hand, and played with it, but he didn't eat it.

Hearing Yvonne's words, he instantly remembered the scene of watching her make the roses blossom with her bare hands that day.

Yvonne was so capable that it would be no problem for her to plant a few fruit trees.

That day, he saw a lot of birds flying around the roses, and now, he would experience the fun of the birds.

Therefore, Richard began to name what he wanted. "I want to eat grapes, bananas, and cherries."

Yvonne waved her hand generously without hesitation. "Okay, Grandpa, you got it. I'll plant them all for you!"

4/4