

Abandoned Super Cutie Adopted by Billionaire Clan

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After packing up the oranges. Tinley had someone deliver them to the Adler family across the street.

The Adler family was also having a meal, but there were only a few people at home, just Richard and Charles.

When several baskets of oranges arrived, Richard was especially excited.

He immediately abandoned his meal, tossed his fork aside, and eagerly walked over.

With so many birds guarding these oranges, I do not even need to taste them to know they must be delicious, Richard thought

The first thing Richard did was not peel one to try, but rather think about how to divide them.

“Charles, how should we split all these oranges?” Richard deliberately ignored the fact that Yvonne and Tinley had already sorted them into five baskets and asked on purpose.

Charles followed closely behind, staring at the oranges before answering honestly, “Yvonne already divided them, one basket per person.”

Richard clicked his tongue in annoyance. ‘Charles is not playing along. I do not want to talk to him anymore. That is not the answer I was hoping for, he thought.

Being a seasoned schemer, Richard had already started planning in his mind.

Kelvin was not home. He had just started his new job and was busy with the transition. It would take several days before he could return.

“Kelvin’s share will be under my care for now, Richard thought. He convinced himself completely, then grabbed one of the baskets and placed it in front of himself without a shred of guilt.

Since Richard was already assigned one basket, he simply took another. Now, he had two..

Vic was at school and would not be back either.

‘As the eldest in the family. I will take care of Vic’s share as well. With that thought, Richard pulled another basket toward himself.

Richard glanced at the three baskets now sitting in front of him, visibly growing more pleased.

Just as he reached out for another, thinking of Jeremy, who was also away at school, his hand suddenly stopped midway.

Richard’s cheerful expression shifted into contemplation. I cannot take Jeremy’s. That boy is loud, wild, and a complete menace. If he finds out, he will cling to me and make a huge fuss about it, she wondered.

With a disappointed sigh, Richard regretfully withdrew his hand.

Fine, I will spare Jeremy’s basket for now. As for Charles’, that will not work either. He is standing right next to me, watching. I cannot take his in front of him. Richard thought.

Now, Richard looked back at the baskets in front of him. A total of five had been delivered, and he had successfully claimed three.

Hugging his three baskets tightly, Richard hurried to declare ownership. “They are all mine.”

Charles had been watching the whole thing unfold and could not help but sigh.

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His brows furrowed slightly with helplessness as Charles tried to gently reason with Richard: “Grandpa, why are you hoarding so many? Can you even finish them all?”

The key issue was that Richard had not even tasted one yet. His first instinct was to grab as many as possible, just like a child who wanted all the best things for himself.

Richard scoffed internally. I do not care. I just want them, he wondered,

Richard even started eyeing Charles’ basket right in front of him. “Charles, did your doctor say you could eat so many oranges?”

If he had not witnessed everything firsthand, Charles might have thought Richard was genuinely concerned about his health.

But having seen the whole scene play out, Charles immediately ruled out that possibility.

A complex expression flickered in Richard’s finely sculpted features as he instinctively placed a hand on his basket just in case Richard suddenly tried to snatch it.

“Mr. Manson did not say anything, but your doctor specifically told you not to eat too many high–sugar fruits.” Charles reminded Richard.

Richard only heard what he wanted to hear. Anything he did not like, he simply filtered out.

So, Charles words transformed in his mind into. “Mr. Manson specifically told me not to eat too many high–sugar fruits.”

“Well then,” Richard said, entirely at ease as he stretched out his hand, ‘give me yours too.”

Charles could not help but roll his eyes internally.

He clutched his basket tightly and quickly took two steps back, his soft pink lips pressed into a firm line as he eyed Richard warily.

“I was just joking, Charles! Come back here!” Richard, failing to snatch the basket, instantly tried to play it off as a joke.

After much coaxing and sweet–talking. Richard finally got Charles to come back but only from a safe distance.

“Grandpa, you should save some for Dad and Vic, Charles advised, feeling that this was not right. “If Yvonne finds out, she might get mad at you.”

At first, Richard did not care much, but the moment Yvonne’s name was mentioned, his ears immediately perked up.

He stroked his chin, imagining what would happen if Yvonne found out.

“She would probably cling to his leg, all puffed up with anger, demanding to know why he did not save any for her dad and Vic, Richard thought. Oh, no. She will hate me.

Richard hesitated for a moment, then reluctantly grabbed a handful of oranges from one of the baskets in front of him

Richard divided them into two small piles, seven or eight oranges in each.

“Alright, these two piles are for them,” Richard declared.

Charles expression turned complicated. He could not help but roll his eyes.

Seriously? You are way too stingy. Grandpa Charles complained inwardly.

At that moment, Charles suddenly understood how his grandfather had built the Adler family business into such a massive empire in his younger years..

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Even just from how he handled dividing oranges, a glimpse of his cunning ways could be seen.

Richard gazed at the two small piles of oranges he had just given away, his heart aching at the sight,

He sighed and wondered. ‘Right, I grabbed so many oranges, but I have not even tasted one yet.”

Richard paused, then picked out a large one from his own basket and peeled it.

Juice from the peel splattered onto his fingers, and the fresh, sweet aroma of oranges spread instantly.

Lately, Richard had been taken care of so well that his senses, which had dulled with age, had sharpened once more.

As soon as the scent hit his nose, Richard felt an immediate sense of delight.

Snatching other people’s oranges had already made Richard happy. Now, smelling this fragrance, that joy intensified, spreading from his heart to his entire body like never before.

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Richard finished peeling and took a big bite. The orange juice burst in his mouth, filling it with a sweet and refreshing flavor.

It was delicious. It was not just sweet; it had a cool, crisp sensation that flowed smoothly down his throat, bringing an indescribable sense of comfort with it.

One bite, and Richard felt completely refreshed.

Richard even thought that after eating the orange, the very air he breathed had become sweet

The sensation was so incredible, better than drinking the finest nectar crafted by fairies.

Even though Richard had experienced all kinds of delicacies in his life, at this moment, he was genuinely astonished by how good these oranges tasted.

Richard stuffed the remaining half into his mouth, his gaze slowly shifting toward the two small piles of oranges he had just set aside.

After tasting them, Richard regretted his decision.

“They are not even here right now. No one will know if I take their oranges, wondered Richard.

With that thought, Richard reached out and swiftly grabbed the two piles back into his basket.

Richard thought, “They are all mine. I am not saving any for them.

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