

# Abandoned Super Cutie Adopted by Billionaire Clan

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In his seventy-plus years of life, Timeus had never questioned reality as much as he did at this moment.

He opened the mouth of the transparent plastic bag for these foreigners to take.

While they were busy peeling oranges, Timeus turned to lower his voice and quietly asked the assistant beside him.

“Don’t they have oranges overseas?”

The assistant was also confused. Originally, he was sure, but because he saw the reactions of the foreigners, he was a little unsure.

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“The—they should, right?”

They should—no, they definitely do. So why are these foreigners acting like they’ve never tasted an orange before?”

As exclamations of wonder continued around them, Timeus and his assistant exchanged a silent, bewildered glance.

Mimicking their exaggerated tones internally, Timeus thought, ‘My God, are these really executives from a major corporation? They’re acting like they’ve never seen the world! A simple orange has them praising it to the heavens!’

Jenny, the first to try the orange, was practically glowing with excitement. “I told you! It’s the most delicious orange I’ve ever eaten!”

The others, completely won over by the fruit’s flavor, nodded in fervent agreement.

After eating what they were holding, they looked at Timeus eagerly, pleading silently for more.

Timeus looked down at the bag in his hand, and there was only the last one left in it.

This group of foreign friends had a large team, with a total of more than a dozen people.

The bag hadn’t contained many oranges to begin with, and some had taken extras earlier.

The last person to reach in had nearly taken the final two but, after a moment’s hesitation, sheepishly put one back.

As a result, the bag of oranges that Taylor had just given him was now left alone.

Everyone saw that there was only one left, so they were too embarrassed to ask for more.

To be honest, Timeus was also quite embarrassed.

Knowing these foreign guests were coming for an inspection, he’d gone all out to make a good impression and secure the deal. He’d booked the finest restaurant in the capital, pre-ordered extravagant dishes—some requiring a month of preparation and intricate techniques to ensure perfection for today’s banquet.

He ordered all the famous dishes and was waiting to take them to eat at noon today. But he didn’t expect that this group of foreign guests would be cut off by ordinary little oranges on the way.

He hurriedly instructed the assistant behind him, “Go and call the restaurant and ask them to get some more small oranges at noon today.”

“Okay, let’s go now?”

After the assistant left, Timeus felt that it was a bit inconvenient for him to carry an empty bag containing an orange, so he took the orange out and handed the bag to the staff to throw away.

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He thought about eating it.

When he was peeling, he couldn’t ignore the various intense gazes thrown at him.

Anyone watching would think he was defusing a bomb, not just peeling fruit.

It was such an ordinary thing, but it made him nervous.

Under the sight of everyone, he peeled the oranges clean under great pressure.

He’d offered the orange to them earlier, but they’d refused. Now that he was eating it, they stared at him like resentful ghosts.

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Timeus put the little orange in his mouth and thought to himself, ‘It’s fine. Once we get to the restaurant, there’ll be plenty more oranges. They will have enough to eat.

Just as he thought about it, his expression froze suddenly.

His head was buzzing, and then he looked at the orange peel in his hand in disbelief, and his breathing stopped for a moment.

Wait, what is this?’ Timeus began questioning reality again. ‘Is this an orange? Is this really an orange?’

A look of disbelief gradually appeared on his face. After taking a deep breath, he suppressed the astonishment in his heart. ‘So this is what the foreigners were eating?’

Now he understood that it was not that these foreigners were making a fuss, nor that there were no small oranges in their country.

It was that these oranges were transcendent.

To borrow the foreigner’s earlier words: This was the most delicious orange he’d ever eaten in his life.

Then it hit him. The bag Taylor had given him originally held over twenty oranges.

Now only one remained.

All of them were eaten by these foreign guests!

His heart felt slashed open, cold wind whistling through the gaps as blood seeped out metaphorically.

The pain was unbearable.

What did he miss just now!

The more he thought about it, the more agonized he became. His face twisted through a gamut of emotions, looking ready to faint.

But he couldn’t faint, because after eating this little orange, he felt refreshed and his mind was much clearer than usual.

Even the air seemed fresher.

This caused him to be fully conscious while suffering this torment.

His earlier judgment had been premature. He was the one who’d never seen the world.

The oranges were gone, but business had to continue.

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Suppressing his anguish. Timeus forced a calm facade and led the group onward to tour other medicinal plant sections.

When he had time, he quietly called his assistant and asked him to inform the restaurant to cancel the oranges he had prepared.

After tasting perfection, serving ordinary oranges now might backfire spectacularly.

Therefore, they had to be removed.

Beyond that, Timeus now wanted to find Taylor and ask him where these little oranges come from.

No wonder Taylor looked so pained when he handed the bag to Timeus just now.

After the orange experience, the foreign visitors were noticeably distracted during the tour.

They kept asking about the origin of the little oranges.

And things like, Where did those oranges come from? How can we buy them? When can we eat them again? Why were they so delicious?”

Timeus couldn’t answer either.

Today had reshaped these foreigners’ understanding of Yuresland.

A place where such miraculous oranges existed! No wonder their colleagues called it a land of treasures!

They’d enthusiastically recommend it to everyone back home.

But it was urgent to take some more small oranges back to their children or family members to enjoy.

So the foreigner asked pleadingly, “Mr. Albert, do you have more of those oranges? I want to take some back to my son.”

Hearing this, the others followed suit.

“Can you give me some too? I can buy them for as much as I want.” These were the words of the local tyrant.

“I can also buy it with money. I can buy as much as you have.”

“Me too.”

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