

Abandoned Super Cutie Adopted by Billionaire Clan

Chapter 187

Chapter 187

Ian, who had followed them out, wore a look of discomfort that was hard to ignore.

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“Who would dare mistreat him?” he muttered to himself. “Always playing these tricks on the kids, though—who knows what he wants this time.”

Feeling deeply wronged, Richard crouched down and pulled Yvonne into his arms.

Richard thought, “This is unfair. The gardener enjoys homemade fruit wine, but here I am, a grandfather, without a drop! Is that even right?”

Holding the soft, fluffy little bundle in his arms, Richard continued his complaint.

“Yvonne, it’s bad enough that I don’t get to enjoy the homemade wine, but at least you’re here thinking of me.”

It sounded as if Richard had spent two and a half years learning from Charles, mastering the art of subtle manipulation.

And, of course, the sweet, innocent Yvonne was precisely the one to fall for. She stretched out her chubby little hand, pushing at Richard, her voice full of determination.

“Richard, get up, I will give you some!”

She didn’t know what homemade wine was, but she genuinely wanted to help Richard. She huffed and puffed, struggling for a while, but couldn’t get him to stand up.

Unable to watch this any longer, Ian walked over.

“Mr. Adler, you didn’t even go home and came here straight to complain to Yvonne, did you?”

Richard looked up at him, confused. “How did you know?”

How could Ian not know? He’d just had people bring over a jar of homemade wine and place it in the most prominent spot in the living room.

If Richard had bothered to go home and look around, he would’ve known there was no need to claim he had been mistreated.

Seeing Ian’s expression of disbelief, Richard slowly realized he had made a significant blunder. “Did they bring me some too?” Richard asked.

“Of course,” Ian replied. “I may forget many things, but I’ll never forget you.”

And here was the proof.

“Well, at least they brought it,” Richard grumbled, standing up.

He wasn’t embarrassed; the only thing that bothered him was that Yvonne’s feelings had been wasted.

“Richard?”

Richard kept a composed expression as he gently ruffled Yvonne’s little head. “You’ve got it wrong, Yvonne. No one’s been mistreating me.”

The moment he caught the scent of homemade wine drifting from the room, his eyes lit up, gleaming like he’d discovered treasure. Drawn by the aroma, he stepped inside, abandoning Yvonne.

Seeing Yvonne still looking confused, Ian chuckled and gently guided her inside. “Looks like I’ve made the wrong choice,

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17:35 Mon, 7 Apr

Chapter 187

after all."

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Inside, a beautiful bottle of homemade wine stood, its fragrance filling the room. Next to it were two small glasses, delicately matching the bottle. Tiny jasmine petals floated inside the glasses, so real they almost looked alive.

Although everything around him was appealing, Richard’s attention was fixed on the homemade wine in the bottle.

Ronnie, searching for something nearby, saw Richard heading for the wine. He started to warn him, but stopped when he realized it was Richard. Without saying another word, he quietly observed.

Richard, a frequent guest between the Holmes family and the Adler family, was a force to be reckoned with. Besides Tinley and Yvonne, no one could genuinely control him.

Aware of this, Ronnie watched Richard’s eager expression and couldn’t help but feel a twinge of regret. He thought wistfully that the whole bottle would probably be gone in one go, wishing he could join in.

As expected, Richard picked up a clean glass and poured some delicate jasmine wine into it.”

The wine appeared to have been brewed briefly, as its color was a light, creamy yellow. Typically, the longer the wine settles, the deeper and more vibrant the color becomes. However, its fragrance was already strong—one could smell it even while it was still in the bottle, and once poured, the aroma became even more intense.

Richard was about to comment on its scent, but his mind went blank as he brought the glass to his nose. All the words he had prepared to say faded away.

In that moment, only one thought ran through his mind. He wondered, ‘So, this is what it feels like to be silenced by something so good.’

He stopped thinking and took a sip.

The texture was smooth, almost syrupy, with a sweet, gentle flavor that instantly filled his mouth—the jasmine aroma spread, enveloping his senses.

The wine’s unique bitterness kept it from feeling too sweet, and its taste was rich yet delicate, like fine silk. It slid down Richard’s throat effortlessly.

Wherever it passed, it left behind a lingering, deep flavor—vibrant, yet subtle. The aftertaste was long and satisfying.

It was so fresh and naturally rich, a rarity that could only be found once in a lifetime.

Richard, a lifelong lover of fine wine, had tasted countless varieties throughout his years. From domestic to foreign, private collections, some of which were decades or even centuries old.

But because he had experienced so many, the memories of most of those wines faded with time, even those he thought were exceptional at the time.

But this simple bottle of jasmine wine left an indelible mark on his wine–tasting journey, standing out as the most memorable experience.

“Wow, what a great wine!”

Richard downed the drink in one gulp, his eyes gleaming with excitement. His energy seemed to surge, and he looked years younger for a moment.

Just as he was about to pour another glass, he suddenly felt a warmth spread through his body.

After sliding down his throat and into his stomach, the wine left a lingering fragrance as it began to heat up. It wasn’t the burn of strong liquor—it was a gentle warmth, flowing through his body and spreading to his limbs and core.

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17:35 Mon, 7 Apr N

Chapter 187

Richard clenched his fist, the veins in his aged hand standing out, filled with newfound strength.

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He could feel his body rejuvenating, his energy returning after just one sip, his mind energized as if he could run outside and throw a few punches.

“This wine even has restorative qualities!”

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He stared at the bottle in his hand, marveling at the effects. The habit of wanting to keep something good for himself flared up again.

Just then, Ian entered the room, carrying Yvonne.

Richard, excited, set the bottle down and walked over with a beaming smile. He opened his arms, eager to embrace Yvonne.

Ian’s expression showed a hint of concern as he carefully placed Yvonne into Richard’s arms.

“Are you sure you can hold her, Richard? Be careful...”

Once Richard had Yvonne securely in his arms, Ian stood by, watching nervously, worried that Richard might accidentally jostle her.

“Mr. Adler, take it easy!”

Being a soft, chubby little bundle, Yvonne had a bit more weight than other kids her age, having been raised healthy and strong.

Yvonne clung to Richard’s

rd’s neck, unfazed, even curious about the situation.

“Richard’s face is all red,” Yvonne remarked innocently.

Richard let out a hearty laugh and leaned in to nuzzle her cheek. The lingering fragrance of the jasmine wine from earlier clung to him, making Yvonne feel a little lightheaded as the scent washed over her.

When his stubble brushed against her face, Yvonne flinched, startled, and pulled back a bit. She thought, ‘Richard’s chin is attacking me!’

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