

Abandoned Super Cutie Adopted by Billionaire Clan

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A woman in protective gear walked over. When she saw the Pallas's cat frozen stiff in front of the glass, a troubled expression appeared on her face.

"Robin..." she murmured under her breath with a sigh.

As expected, anyone who bears this name is never ordinary,' she thought.

She had brought along a bowl containing a chicken leg and now took the opportunity to sit on the steps. Reaching out, she grabbed the Pallas's cat and held it tightly in her arms as she said, "I don't allow any of my subordinates to go hungry, so you must eat. Otherwise, we'll just sit here all day."

Wearing gloves, she picked up a raw chicken leg and pushed it toward Robin's mouth.

There was no way to dodge it, and yet eating it was out of the question.

Robin anxiously looked outside the transparent glass at Yvonne, silently exclaiming, "What are you staring at?

Hurry up and save me!

This situation was so frustrating that it almost made Robin want to speak human language.

But Yvonne couldn't understand what the small animals were saying. Watching the scene unfold before her, she stubbornly held onto her previous belief--convinced that Pallas's cat had lost its mind.

In fact, because the cat kept staring at her, she became frightened and hid behind Anna.

"Yvonne, I think this animal wants to attack you," Anna, who had been observing for a while expression, voicing her own theory.

lly spoke with a serious

Anna was a devoted viewer of wildlife documentaries, so there was no way she could be wrong about this.

Yvonne clung to her even tighter, her big, watery eyes brimming with fear, and cried, "Yes, it's fierce and terrifying..."

That look in her eyes instantly ignited Anna's protective instincts.

Holding the little girl's hand, she reassured her, "Come on, let's stop looking at it. I suddenly feel like the little piglets over there are much cuter. At least they won't attack us."

"Mhm!" The little one answered like a well-programmed robot, following Anna without a second thought and leaving without the slightest hesitation.

Inside the enclosure, the Pallas's cat stared in panic at her retreating figure, thinking, 'Wait, human!

'Do you not have a mind of your own?

'How can you just follow her lead so easily?"

It struggled desperately in the woman's arms, but no matter how hard it fought, it couldn't shake her unmovable grip.

At this moment, Robin's heart was breaking.

To make matters worse, a large chicken leg was shoved against its face, leaving it questioning its entire existence.

It looked outside again, but the familiar figure was nowhere to be found.

Even so, a tiny hope remained in its heart--that she might secretly come back to take it away when no one was around.

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It endured the humiliation and waited, and waited, all the way until nighttime when everyone had left, the park's main lights had been turned off, and all the pigs were sound asleep.

In the darkness, only a thin figure was left reflecting on its life choices.

'She... didn't come,' it silently cried.

Of course, Yvonne couldn't have come--she was living in bliss at that moment.

The little girl was full of energy. She squatted on the ground and gently touched the leaves of a few medicinal herbs growing outside.

These herbs, which had struggled to survive even under the meticulous care of specialists at the plantation, had transformed completely in just two days at the Holmes family estate.

The butler had casually instructed someone to plant them directly into the soil, taking a "live if you want, die if you must" approach.

Yet not only did they survive--they thrived.

In just two short days, they had regained their vitality and shot up in height.

If the staff at the medicinal herb plantation saw this, they would probably be furious enough to have a heart attack.

As Yvonne stood up and turned around, she saw someone walking in her direction.

"Jeremy!" she called out energetically.

Jeremy walked over, glanced at the lush green herbs behind her, then shifted his

gaze

back and

"Growing herbs, Yvonne?" Jeremy asked affectionately.

Then, in an entirely natural motion, he scooped up the little girl and carried her back the way he came.

On the way back, Yvonne noticed a dark shadow flash by the roadside, suddenly remembering the Pallas's cat she had seen at school earlier that day.

"Jeremy, let me tell you something!" Yvonne happily shared. "That drooling gray cat is at our kindergarten!"

Jeremy was momentarily confused.

'Drooling gray cat?

What on earth is that?' he wondered.

After Yvonne enthusiastically supplied a string of keywords, he suddenly understood and replied, "Oh, that viral Pallas's cat!

"No wonder I haven't seen Blorencia City Zoo's livestreams lately. Guess they finally paid off their debt."

Yvonne stared at him with her childish voice and asked, "Jeremy, how much money does it owe us?"

Jeremy thought for a moment before uncertainly replying, "Dozens?"

"I didn't ask the first time, but it was probably a small amount. The second time, things got a bit chaotic... altogether, it shouldn't exceed a hundred."

His tone was lighthearted, and Yvonne nodded as if she understood.

Then she added, "Jeremy, it's gotten so, so skinny now."

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This actually surprised Jeremy. He remembered the last two times he had seen it and found it impossible to associate the word "skinny" with Robin.

To be honest, he was curious--o much so that he even considered visiting Yvonne's kindergarten to see for himself.

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That Pallas's cat had managed to lead so many others in an escape, organize a team, and was a natural leader in the making.

Jeremy paused thoughtfully, thinking. Maybe...

7 should just buy it?

'Sounds like a plan. I'll discuss it with Dad after dropping Yvonne off

When they arrived back at the house, Tinley was deep in conversation with Wendy about something.

Jeremy didn't go inside. He stopped when he reached the upper floor, set Yvonne down, and said, "Alright, Yvonne.

"Go find Aunt Tinley and sleep. I'm heading back now."

Yvonne turned her head, grinned, and said goodbye, "Jeremy, good night!"

After Jeremy went downstairs, Yvonne slowly made her way to the room.

Inside, Wendy--who was usually composed--looked unusually exasperated.

"Miss Tinley, Harries Corporation has contacted us over a dozen times today, insisting on a partnership," Wendy reported.

Harries Corporation was a global pharmaceutical and healthcare conglomerate headquartered in Cospod. It was developing a new drug and had recently negotiated a collaboration with an old and well-established traditional icine company in the capital.

However, the company's headquarters suddenly directed its attention to Tinley's group for some reason.

No matter what, they were determined to collaborate on health supplement production.

It was so absurd that when the subordinates handed the proposal to Tinley, they couldn't hold back their laughter.

Tinley had already rejected them a few days ago, yet these people were relentlessly persistent, making it tempting to block them altogether.

Normally, this wouldn't have warranted another report, but something relevant had come up recently.

Wendy handed the gathered documents to Tinley and reported, "In early December, Prince Christopher Payne and Princess Diana Payne of Cospad will be visiting with a delegation.

"That princess, Diana, is the sister of William Hillspire, the vice president of Harries Corporation.

"William is already in the capital with some company executives, and the siblings will meet in early October."

Wendy hesitated briefly before continuing with a complicated expression, "Not only that--William happens to be the most persistent sender of emails."

With that, Tinsley fell silent.

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