

# Abandoned Super Cutie Adopted by Billionaire Clan

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Silence represented Tinley's speechlessness.

After a long pause, she stated, "Not collaborating."

It was still the same two decisive and merciless words. Wendy didn't know why, but she suddenly found it amusing.

She inexplicably sensed an air of annoyance.

She pondered, 'It seems Tinley never wants to hear anything about Harries Corporation again.'

Out of the corner of her eye, she saw Yvonne sluggishly making her way to the bedroom door. Taking a glance at the time, she sensibly tidied up the scattered documents on the table and left.

I used to stay up late with Tinley, but ever since Yvonne came back, she's managed to regulate both of our schedules in less than two months.

Yvonne is incredibly punctual with her sleep. Every day, without fail, she goes to bed at the exact same time. I've never seen her have trouble sleeping, Wendy sighed internally.

She thought, Kids are so lucky. I'm so jealous.

I can't even imagine how happy I'd be if I had that kind of sleep quality.'

After leaving the room, Wendy returned to her usual icy demeanor. She took out her phone and systematically relayed the instructions she had just received.

Meanwhile, William, a devoted fan of oranges, received his sixth rejection email of the day.

Compared to the last one, it was practically identical—down to the punctuation.

It was a bit perfunctory. Every time he had his assistant send an email, he would at least change the wording.

Sitting in his hotel room, he was utterly perplexed. He couldn't figure it out, no matter how much he thought about it.

"Why is it so hard to eat an orange?" he wondered.

He asked his colleagues, but without exception, none of them had succeeded either.

William's dream of eating an orange was shattered. For the time being, everyone finally stopped talking about it—not because they had given up, but because they were silently planning a bigger move.

In the end, Jeremy brought the Pallas's cat from Yvonne's kindergarten home.

Initially, he had gone to seek out his father.

After recounting the entire incident as he had heard it from Yvonne, he gazed expectantly at Kelvin.

Kelvin recalled something completely unrelated—the first time Robin had caused chaos in the house, jumping onto the dining table, covered in food, and sending soup splattering everywhere.

Just the thought of it made the cleanliness—obsessed Kelvin feel uncomfortable.

Without any expression, he flatly refused, stating, "No."

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Of course, Jeremy refused to accept that answer.

He threw a tantrum in the study, making so much noise that no one could work.

When Kelvin escaped to the bedroom, the kid followed him, trailing his every step.

When Kelvin went to take a shower, Jeremy waited outside the door.

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He even dragged a chair to the bedside, held up his phone, and forced his father to watch a nature documentary with him.

Not letting him work or sleep—Jeremy pestered him endlessly, insisting that he bring the Pallas's cat home.

This was Jeremy's strategy

He figured that if he annoyed his father enough, he would get what he wanted.

But reality didn't quite match his expectations.

He did succeed in annoying Kelvin. However, instead of getting what he wanted, he got a beating.

Lying in bed, Kelvin suddenly sat up. Without a word, he threw off the blanket, got out of bed, walked to the door, and locked it from the inside.

Then, he went to the balcony, seemingly searching for something.

Jeremy assumed he was going to call his assistant and helpfully handed him his phone.

But Kelvin didn't take it. Instead, he found a long vase and pulled out the longest flower stem inside.

With his back to Jeremy, standing against the night outside the balcony, he expressionlessly paed the beautiful rose from the branch.

The ruthless act, combined with his cold demeanor, made him look exactly like a heartless villain from a TV drama.

At that moment, Jeremy walked onto the balcony, grinning as he held up his phone, saying, "Dad, are you calling Mr. Reynolds? I dialed it for you."

As he got closer, a chill ran down his spine.

His recent experience with frequent beatings told him that this feeling meant something bad was about to happen.

When Kelvin turned around, Jeremy saw what he was holding and fell silent.

"Dad, you're being unreasonable! It's just a Pallas's cat. If you don't want to keep it, fine! But why are you hitting me? Jeremy exclaimed

The once quiet night suddenly became lively with their commotion.

Charles also woke up. Hearing that Jeremy was getting beaten again, he didn't know why, but he rushed out to mediate only to find that the bedroom door was firmly shut.

With no way in, he had no choice but to wait for the door to open.

Richard, the elder of the house, was also woken up. Being a light sleeper, he was practically nocturnal like an owl.

Hearing the ruckus outside, his eyes snapped open. Throwing on a coat, he hurried out of his room—only to find the bedroom door already open.

"Why are you beating the child in the middle of the night Seeing Jeremy's teary eyes, Richard felt sorry for him and

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immediately scolded Kelvin.

Facing Richard's reprimand, Kelvin was as composed as if he hadn't just been disciplining his son.

He responded indifferently. "Then ask him why I'm not sleeping

If Kelvin could sleep soundly, why on earth would he be up in the middle of the night hitting Jeremy?

Richard glanced at the silent Jeremy. A suspicion formed in his mind—this kid must have done something unbearable again.

He opened his mouth, wanting to intervene, but thought better of it.

This kid is too unpredictable. If I take his side, I'll probably regret it, Richard thought.

After kicking everyone out, Kelvin returned to his room, shut the door, and went to sleep.

He never used to lock his door, but from now on, he would make it a habit.

JDownstairs, as soon as Kelvin left, Jeremy no longer felt any pain.

He turned to Richard, who was about to go back to sleep, and an idea popped into his mind.

"Grandpa loves animals. I should've just told him earlier—maybe I could've avoided that beating, Jeremy thought.

He clung to Richard and suggested, "Grandpa, don't you think the house is too quiet? Why don't we get a little pet to liven things up?"

Richard paused mid—step, turned around, and looked at him with hesitation.

He thought, 'My child, aren't you already noisy enough?

"With you around, the house is anything but quiet.'

But considering the fact that Jeremy had just been beaten, he decided not to say it out loud.

"Grandpa, I have a video here. Look! This little creature is really impressive. You'll love it," Jeremy said enthusiastically.

His confident words piqued Richard's curiosity.

As he watched the video on Jeremy's phone, Richard's eyes grew brighter and brighter, almost glowing with excitement.

"That's a Pallas's cat, isn't it?" Richard recognized it immediately, his tone filled with admiration.

This one's particularly smart—it even knows how to queue up at the door for a ride. Not bad, not bad," he added.

Richard was intrigued and asked, "Can we bring it home? Is it in a zoo?"

Mission accomplished; Jeremy thought. He beamed and answered, "It's at Yvonne's school, Grandpa. Its name is Robin."

"Even its name sounds powerful," Richard replied, and he was even more pleased.

"But my dad won't let us keep it. He has no compassion at all, Jeremy grumbled.

Richard nodded in agreement, "Indeed. He's never liked animals since he was a child.

Reminiscing about the cute little animals he raised when he was young, Richard had intentionally brought them back to show his children.

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However, Kelvin, who did not love the animals, forced Richard to drive them to Tiger .....  
This matter has always been a grudge in Richard's heart.