

Abandoned Super Cutie Adopted by Billionaire Clan

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As it turned out, there was always a reason Kelvin disliked something.

In the Adler family, he was one of the rare few who could be considered normal.

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When he returned home at noon the next day, he spotted a truck parked outside the house and immediately had a bad feeling.

As he approached, he heard Yvonne's soft, childlike voice say, "Grandpa, why did you bring this back?"

As he approached, he saw several people gathered around the truck, all staring at the iron cage on top of it.

Ian was standing nearby, holding Yvonne in his arms. Noticing Kelvin's arrival from the corner of his eye, he smirked slightly, his expression filled with schadenfreude.

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He smiled leisurely and answered Yvonne's question, "Your grandpa thought the house wasn't chaotic enough, so he brought this back to add to the mess."

Richard, however, acted as if he hadn't heard anything. Standing below the cage, his eyes glinted with excitement as he observed the Pallas's cat and commented, "I think this Pallas's cat is quite something.

"Look, it almost seems like it understands what we're saying."

This animal was known for its extreme ferocity, yet ever since it arrived, it had remained quiet in the cage without making a single sound.

Its ears twitched, and every time Yvonne spoke, it would lift its head as if listening intently

According to Richard's belief, all living things possessed a certain spirit.

Even creatures as wild as this one were no exception.

But this one seemed a little too intelligent.

"That's true," Ian observed for a while before nodding in agreement.

Then, he tightened his hold on Yvonne and glanced at Kelvin, who didn't look too pleased, his eyes full of amusement.

"Mr. Adler, take your time admiring it. Just make sure it doesn't run into our house. I'll take Yvonne back for her meal now," Ian said.

Truthfully, he wanted to stay and watch the spectacle unfold, but he feared Kelvin might snatch Yvonne away, so he decided it was best to leave rather than risk losing the child.

After Ian left, the Pallas's cat inside the cage stood up, stretched its front legs as if warming up, and seemed unusually relaxed—almost as if it knew it was about to enjoy a good life.

Kelvin averted his gaze, fixing it on Richard, who looked somewhat guilty. He frowned and asked, "Now that you've brought it back, where do you plan to keep it?"

Richard had initially planned to release it on Tiger Mountain. But after seeing how intelligent it seemed, he found himself reluctant to let it go.

So he replied, "I'll set up a courtyard for it at home and raise it like a cat."

He made it sound so simple, but the Pallas's cat understood—and it approved.

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It wanted to stay here because this place made it feel comfortable.

"Alright. Surprisingly, Kelvin actually nodded in agreement.

Even Richard couldn't believe it. To confirm, he asked again. "Do you agree to keep it here?"

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A wave of gratification filled his heart as he sighed. "You've grown up. You have compassion now. You even care for small animals"

But Richard had celebrated too soon.

Because right after that, Kelvin brought up the topic of moving, saying, "This is my house.

"The one next door is yours. When are you taking it there? I'll have the bodyguards help you.

Richard took a few seconds to fully process what he had just heard.

His face darkened in frustration when he understood, and he retorted, "I take back my praise."

Moving out was out of the question. Living here made it much more convenient to drop by the Holmes family's place for meals.

"Is there no room for negotiation?" Richard asked, still unwilling to give up.

Kelvin firmly responded, "None."

For the sake of his own happiness, Richard had no choice but to send the Pallas's cat to the mountain.

On the day it was sent away, he couldn't stop internally grumbling about Kelvin.

That Sunday, Richard didn't take Yvonne to the orchard on the outskirts.

Instead, he had been planning a rehabilitation center nearby—a facility far more specialized than the retirement home originally planned by his company.

When designing it, Richard had already identified its future clientele: wealthy retirees like himself.

Being in this age group himself, he understood exactly what elderly people needed.

He was in this age group and understood what an elderly person of this age needed.

Rich people feared death and wanted to extend their lives as much as possible.

If there was a place that could slow down their physical decline, they would be willing to pay any price to go there.

So when Richard invested funds into the early planning stages, he did so without hesitation.

He had a strong hunch this rehabilitation center would bring in massive profits in the future!

He had been so busy with this project that he hadn't even checked on the three fruit trees in the orchard.

However, he did manage to pick and eat some ripe grapes.

They were exceptionally sweet—so sweet that the taste still lingered in his memory.

Just one bite filled him with energy.

After drinking the Jasmine-infused wine sent by the Holmes family, Richard found himself craving alcohol again.

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He planned to pick some grapes and use them to make wine once they ripened. He didn't care if the grape variety wasn't suitable for winemaking—he could hardly contain his excitement.

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When the time came, and he finally tasted that delicious homemade wine, he was certain he would be the happiest old man in the world.

Without Richard monopolizing Yvonne's time, Ian finally had his chance.

He had been planning to take Yvonne out to play for a while, but he never managed to get a turn.

Yvonne's weekends were always booked in advance—even before this Sunday was over, next Sunday had already been reserved.

The person who took up most of her time was, of course, Richard. But since he was an elder and quite shameless, no one could do anything about it.

Around nine in the morning, Ian went to Tinley's place to pick up Yvonne.

With a smile on his lips, he looked unusually cheerful.

"Tinley, I'm taking Yvonne out to play. We probably won't be back for lunch," Ian reported.

After informing her, he contacted the driver.

As he stepped out of the Holmes residence, he happened to run into Jeremy, who was just about to visit.

Jeremy had probably just woken up—not long ago, as the roots of his hairline were still damp, likely from washing his face.

Seeing him from a distance, Ian suddenly felt like the kid had grown taller.

He had never paid much attention before, but now that he was looking from afar, he realized Jeremy really had gained some height.

At this rate, he would have another growth spurt at eighteen.

Men cared a lot about their height. Ian couldn't help but feel a little envious.

'This kid is lucky,' Ian thought. If Ian had met someone like Yvonne when he was fifteen or sixteen, he'd be at least six-foot-three by now.

From a distance, Jeremy spotted them and waved before stretching lazily.

His sweatshirt rode up slightly as he stretched, revealing a sliver of pale skin.

A breeze blew by, and he suddenly felt a chill around his waist.

Jeremy froze and glanced down at his sweatshirt, then at his pants.

The next moment, his face lit up with excitement, and he cheered, "I think I grew taller!"

He ran over, stood beside Ian, and started measuring their heights with his hand.

"I really did! Mr. Holmes, I think I'm almost as tall as you now!" Jeremy exclaimed, making Ian even more frustrated.

Yvonne, still nestled in Ian's arms, giggled happily and chimed in with her soft, sweet voice, "Jeremy is so tall! I only reach his knees!"

Jeremy's smile widened as he spread his arms, ready to scoop her up.

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He said, "Come, let me show you what the world looks like from up here."

Ian dodged sideways and coughed lightly. "I'm taking Yvonne out."

It was a roundabout way of rejecting him, but someone didn't seem to get the hint.

Jeremy paused for a moment, then grinned even wider and declared, "Then I'm coming too."

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