

# Abandoned Super Cutie Adopted by Billionaire Clan

Chapter 213

Chapter 213

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Chapter 213

As soon as they got home, Richard was noticeably deflated—his authority had been stripped down a few notches. Everyone else seemed to be in high spirits... except him.

Richard was furious. So furious, in fact, he skipped dinner.

Banning him from spending time with Yvonne?

They might as well have ripped out his soul.

Actually, no—death would've been easier. At least that would've been quick.

Storming out of the living room with remarkable agility for a man his age, he looked every bit like someone about to start a war.

Yvonne thought he'd left in a fit of sadness. Her gaze followed him with guilt, eyes wide and glassy until his figure disappeared from view.

In reality, Richard marched straight home and called his assistant.

By 7 p.m., he'd pulled the entire legal department out of their homes, out of their dinners, out of their lives. Richard didn't keep just any legal team—his was known nationwide for being one of the most aggressive and elite. And for good reason. When Richard was still active in business, he was relentless, calculating, and utterly ruthless. He'd built this department knowing full well he needed people fierce enough to clean up whatever messes he made. He'd calmed down somewhat after retiring two years ago. The entire industry had collectively exhaled.

So when the lawyers received a sudden after-hours summons from Richard himself, their old instincts kicked in. Some even felt a nostalgic thrill—was the boss about to make another power move?

Speculation buzzed in their private group chats, but no one had a clue what was going on.

Still, they knew one thing for sure: when Richard planned to go to war, legal was always his first call. Gave them time to sharpen their knives.

The men and women gathered that evening were no rookies. Even the youngest was past thirty, hardened by years of high-stakes battles.

They stood by the floor-to-ceiling windows of the conference room, gazing out over the city lights like a pack of wolves waiting for the signal to hunt.

From behind, they looked like every corporate drama's villain squad—cold, poised, deadly. A glass of wine in hand would've completed the picture.

"Looks like something big is going to happen," someone murmured.

The vibe was intense.

Then the door opened, and Giovanni Tillman, Richard's long-time assistant, stepped inside. He looked composed, but the signs were there—his hair a little undone, no watch on his wrist. Definitely rushed.

"Take a seat, everyone," he said calmly, setting up his laptop. Once they were settled, he pulled up a file. "I've just sent over the case materials. Please review them first. Richard is... exceptionally angry about this."

1/3

82%

Chapter 213

He paused, then added dryly, "Honestly, I've never seen him this mad. When I picked up the call, I swear I felt the heat of his rage coming through the phone. Not figuratively—literally. I think he burned the internet

Everyone sat up straighter. This wasn't just a case—this was a situation.

They opened the file. "Grizzlyworld Corp."

No one had heard of them. Maybe it was a new startup.

The next photo was of a young girl—round checks, sparkling eyes, sweet smile. The kind of child you'd expect to see in a fairy tale.

Those with daughters smiled softly. Those without... felt just a little jealous.

Below that were images of snack packaging—brightly colored, with that same little girl's face on it.

Their seasoned instincts kicked in immediately: the company had used the child's likeness without permission. A standard image rights violation.

But then someone asked the key question: "Giovanni, who's the girl?"

Giovanni had been waiting for this. He sat forward, face solemn.

"That," he said, "is Richard's granddaughter."

A collective ah passed through the room.

He held up a finger. "And not just any granddaughter. The favorite one."

That turned heads. For years, Richard had been rumored to favor boys over girls. The last time his older granddaughter, Laura, interned at one of the branch offices, her parents had asked for lighter work—just enough to get experience.

Richard found out and blew up. He called the branch manager, yelled until the man nearly cried, and left orders: no special treatment. If she was interning, she'd get the real experience—or get out.

The message was loud and clear: no favoritism.

So naturally, everyone assumed Richard didn't care much for girls.

And yet... here he was, assembling an army because someone dared use this little girl's face without permission.

Sensing the room's dawning realization, Giovanni cleared his throat and laid it out clearly. "Because Miss Adler's image was exploited, Richard's parenting capabilities were called into question. As a result, he's temporarily been banned from seeing her. Which, in his mind, is nothing short of a personal attack."

Silence. The kind that made even experienced litigators glance at one another.

This... was new.

Richard had started wars over hostile takeovers, patent disputes, billion-dollar deals—but never over parenting time.

Then again, they all looked back at the image of the girl on screen.

Alright. Fair enough.

Once Giovanni saw their expressions soften, he delivered the final, dead-serious call to arms. "Our task is not only to win this lawsuit, but to restore Richard's credibility as a guardian—and help him earn back Miss Adler's trust."

An odd goal. Surprisingly wholesome.

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Chapter 213

And for some reason, kind of inspiring.

Giovanni nodded firmly. "So for the sake of Richard's emotional well-being in his golden years—let's do this?

This would go down as one of the strangest cases this battle-tested legal department had ever taken on

Also, probably, one of the easiest.

Richard's legal team had a reputation. Not just in business circles, but online—people made memes about them. With no statutory limit on damages for image rights violations, Richard ordered them to demand triple the profits. Not because he needed the money—he didn't—but because the company needed to remember this.

He also wanted compensation for emotional distress. His own emotional distress, to be clear.

It wasn't about Yvonne suffering—he wouldn't allow that. It was his suffering that required acknowledgment.

Altogether, the damages would hit hard—but they were being merciful. Those who truly knew Richard understood—this was him holding back.

Back in the day, he would've taken half the company and called it a warm-up. But he was older now. Curses and gossip no longer bothered him. He just didn't want Yvonne dragged into it.

By 10 a.m. the next morning, a subpoena landed on the desk of Grizzlyworld Corp. CEO Jaxen Massey.

He stared at the plaintiff's name—and went completely pale.

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