

Abandoned Super Cutie Adopted by Billionaire Clan

Chapter 230

No Ads

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Yvonne had no idea that her latest bout of Vic obsession had triggered Tinley to overhaul the entire Holmes family stat from top to bottom.

The new Holmes household? Every last member looked like they walked off a magazine cover. Tinley’s only goal make sure the kid had fun just by looking at people.

Tinley had never been a mother, but she was a natural. Her parenting philosophy? Never kill the vibe.

Whatever Yvonne said she liked, Tinley would find a way to make it happen. No matter how ridiculous.

At this rate, Ian was starting to suspect that if Yvonne ever said, “The moon looks so pretty in the sky. Tinley would figure out a way to take it down and hang it in her room.

The next day, Ian mentioned this over tea with Richard. The old man had been enjoying his peaceful afternoon, cup in hand—until that sentence,

He froze mid-sip. His expression turned pensive, completely tuning Ian out, as if caught in some private revelation

He was just like Tinley—soft to the core when it came to kids. Ian had rambled on for several minutes, but Richard had only heard one thing. “Yvonne likes the moon.”

He sat with that thought a moment longer.... then suddenly stood up, set down his cold coffee, and said nothing

No more coffee. He had money to make. He had a moon to build for his granddaughter.

Seventy years old, and still grinding for his girl. As long as her dreams weren’t fulfilled, what business did he have lying down to rest?

With the fire of his youth rekindled, Richard grabbed his driver and stormed out the door, full of purpose. The cane? Left behind. He was practically sprinting.

Ian watched his retreating figure with a suspicious look. What did I say that lit him up like that?

Outside, Richard decided to swing by his orchard and check on the construction progress while he was at it. He hadn’t warned anyone—this was a surprise inspection.

He parked at the orchard gate and, feeling spry, walked in himself.

The gate security scrambled to report his unexpected arrival.

His first stop was the staff lounge on the left side of the main gate. Usually, a group of young employees could be found there, clustered around their devices, deep in a two-month-long gaming marathon.

But today? Not a soul. Richard raised a brow.

Just then, the manager came jogging over, drenched in sweat. He looked like a student caught mid-nap during a surprise visit from the principal—except this was the principal’s boss.

“Mr. Adler!” he huffed. “You should’ve told us you were coming—I could’ve made preparations.”

Richard pointed toward the empty lounge. “Where are those guys? Not one of them’s around.”

The manager turned to look, just as clueless. “Uh... maybe they actually found something to do? Saw some work and ran off?”

It wasn’t impossible. The orchard was notoriously relaxed—meals and lodging included, with one rule: don’t leave the grounds during your shift.

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So the gaming crew usually hung out in the lounge all day. This was highly unusual.

Richard, ever concerned about his precious fruit, had a habit of watching surveillance footage remotely. Without fail, exey time, the lounge had been full of gamers.

But today? Nothing

As he and the manager walked deeper into the orchard, the latter tried to stay calm, though mentally, he was spinning like az top. Where the hell did those five slackers go? If Mr. Adler gets in a bad mood, we’re all toast

Fortunately, as they neared the vineyard, voices drifted over.

There they were—five young men, standing beneath the heavy-laden grapevines, eyes glued to the lush, purple charters

“Man, why do these grapes smell so good?”

“No wonder that fox wanted a bite. Even I wanna taste one.

The moment he heard grapes and fox in the same sentence, Richard’s alarm bells went off. He bolted forward

The first thing he saw were the grapes—thick, amethyst-colored clusters hanging low, shimmering like carved purple jade.

And beneath them, a young man clutching a wriggling, snow-white creature that was squealing and flailing like mad.

“What the hell is that?” the manager yelped. “Aren’t animals banned in the orchard?”

In that instant, he was already rewriting his résumé. Richard had made it very clear—no pets. Not even dogs.

The five young men turned, revealing the creature in full.

It was a small white fox, squirming restlessly in the man’s arms, tiny limbs kicking, making soft little yelps that didn’t sound threatening—just adorable.

“Is that a...?” the manager stammered, still trying to identify the species.

Richard gave the creature a single, unamused glance and said sternly, “Where did that fox come from?”

“A fox?!” the manager almost fainted.

The boys, now fully panicked, called out to him respectfully, “Orchard Director!” The one holding the fox rushed to explain, “It ran in on its own, sir! We spent two hours chasing it and finally caught it. We were just about to let it go.”

Apparently, the little rascal had led them on a wild chase—zigzagging through rows, doubling back, darting between trees. Eventually, it cornered itself here, in the vineyard.

They were just catching their breath when the glittering grapes distracted them. Two minutes later—bam. Caught red-handed.

Richard stepped forward. The manager hovered beside him, nervously whispering, “Mr. Adler, careful. Wild animals like this can have sharp claws—very dangerous.”

Richard said nothing. He walked right up, grabbed the little fox by the scruff of its neck, and lifted it into the air.

He’d pet tigers like they were housecats. This fluffball? Child’s play.

Everyone held their breath, bracing for a sudden slash of claws.

But as soon as Richard pinched the scruff, the fox froze, limbs waving weakly in midair like a puppet on strings.

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Richard plucked a ripe grape from above and held it up.

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He had a gift with animals. He waved the grape in front of the little fox and said, with perfect seriousness, “You want this? Then retract those claws. No snatching,”

The manager couldn’t help himself. “Sir... it’s wild. It doesn’t u