

Abandoned Super Cutie Adopted by Billionaire Clan

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Richard let out a dismissive snort, clutching the grapes even tighter. “Don’t understand me? Then you don’t get to eat,” he said coldly.

His voice was aged and unyielding, completely unmoved by the fluffy little fox whimpering in his arms.

With Richard, cuteness held no sway. He had a heart of steel—except when it came to Yvonne.

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The little creature stared longingly at the grapes, licking its lips. It was smart enough to realize that whining wasn’t working, so it gradually settled down.

Richard nodded in satisfaction. “And your paws? Still not tucked in.”

The fox tilted its head, looking confused.

Richard reached out and gently pinched its front paw, demonstrating. “Here—tuck them in. Like this.”

The little guy hesitated, then cautiously retracted its paws. With its fluffy white fur and timid expression, it looked downright angelic.

“Not bad,” Richard muttered. “There’s some intelligence in there.”

He popped a grape into the fox’s mouth and held it up by the scruff, giving it a once—over. His calloused, bark—like hands moved with practiced ease as he checked the animal’s condition.

Finally, he glanced under the tail.

“Male,” he observed with a nod. “Decent looking too. I’ll bring it home for Yvonne. She’s been in a sour mood from all that school lately—this might cheer her up.”

The fox, licking the grape juice off its paw, had no idea that its life was about to dramatically upgrade. Still chewing, it blinked up at Richard with soft eyes and whimpered again, clearly hoping for more fruit.

It was a clingy little thing—affectionate and well—behaved.

Richard pointed at it and said in all seriousness, “Don’t bother trying to charm me. If you want grapes, you need to butter up my granddaughter. Got it?”

Blank stare. No idea what he just said.

“If you make her happy, you’ll have more grapes than you can count. But if you fail…” His tone turned ice cold. “Then back to the streets with you.”

Without another word, Richard turned and waved over one of his men.

When the man arrived, Richard casually tossed the fox into his arms. “Take it for a bath. De—flea it. Trim the claws.”

Then, after a moment of thought, he added, “Make the fur look nice and fluffy. Add some scent—something gentle but pleasant. Tie a pink ribbon around its neck, and put it in a pink pet carrier. But make sure it’s the soft, pastel kind. Once it’s done, deliver it to the Holmes residence. Tell them it’s from me.”

After handing off the fox, he pulled out his phone and called Ian directly.

Knowing he’d likely be home late and worried that someone might block the delivery, he said on the call, “I got something cute to cheer Yvonne up. It’ll be there soon—have someone ready to receive it

Once he hung up, he waved the handler off. “Alright, go.”

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The staff and the manager nearby were stunned.

Was that it? This little fox just got promoted to Yvonne’s inner circle of luxury and affection?

Unbelievable. What a lucky little beast,

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The manager glanced sideways and saw five employees with equally jealous looks on their faces. He wanted to smack them all.

Seriously? You five do nothing but play games all day—what are you jealous for?

Meanwhile, Richard was already inspecting the grapevine. Looking up at the clusters of fruit, he couldn’t hide the surprise in his tone. “Wow, so many are ripe already.”

Last time he was here, they were still little green bulbs. He never expected them to ripen this fast.

He called for a basket and stood beneath the vines like he was overseeing a major construction project.

“This bunch—I want that for winemaking. This one goes to the Holmes house. These I’m keeping. Pick the ripe ones, leave the rest.”

Unfortunately, most of the bunches only had a few ripe grapes, so harvesting was tricky. They’d have to wait for the rest to catch up.

In the end, they gathered four bunches: one for home, one for Yvonne, one for the winery, and one still in Richard’s hands.

As he cradled the last fruit basket, he idly rubbed the handle, thinking, ‘Maybe I should make her a grape cake too…

She liked sweets, after all.

That photo incident had caused more damage than he let on. Outwardly, he acted as if nothing had happened, but inside, he’d been anxious as hell.

So anxious he hadn’t been sleeping well.

Now, all he could think about was how to win back Yvonne’s heart.

A fox and a cake—surely that would be enough to melt her.

He imagined her coming home from school, eyes lighting up as she ran to him, calling “Grandpa!”

Richard couldn’t help but smile. ‘Yes. Let’s make a cake too.’

Grapes in hand, he left in a hurry and went straight to Seawise Pavilion, an old and respected pastry shop in Strate City.

With grapes as extraordinary as Yvonne’s, only top—tier craftsmanship would do. Anything less would be a waste.

Thanks to his connections, Richard was able to meet the shop’s owner right away.

They were old acquaintances. The moment the owner heard Richard had come, he put down everything and rushed to the guest room.

He too was an elderly gentleman, white—haired and supported by his son as he walked in.

When he saw Richard, he froze for a second, astonished.

“Richard? Is that really you?” he asked, voice hoarse with disbelief.

It hadn’t even been three months since their last meeting, but in that short time, Richard had changed so drastically he was

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barely recognizable.

Richard set the basket down with a smile. “What, you don’t recognize me now?”

Grady circled him, studying his face with a look of deep confusion.

“What did you do—go get one of those beauty injections?” he asked.

He’d heard of them—his daughter—in—law got them all the time and came back looking years younger.

Grady was a bit old—school and didn’t really approve, but it was the only explanation that made sense.

Something in what he said made Richard chuckle. He lifted his chin proudly and said, “I don’t mess with that nonsense.”

“Then what, you’ve reversed aging?”

The two old men sat down, and Grady’s son quietly brewed some coffee nearby.

Grady couldn’t hold back his curiosity. He kept staring at Richard, his amazement clear on his face.

“What happened to you? You look ten years younger!”

Among their circle of old friends, Richard had always been the sickly one. Years of smoking, drinking, and overwork had taken their toll. When they met three months ago, Richard still used a cane.

Now? No cane. Straight posture. Sharp eyes. He looked healthier than ever.

As he took the coffee handed to him, Richard smiled and took a sip.

“I’ve got a granddaughter now,” he said. “Every time I see her, I feel happy. Guess that’s what did it.” It was all he could say for now.

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