

Abandoned Super Cutie Adopted by Billionaire Clan

Chapter 232

Chapter 232

自

Grady narrowed his eyes, trying to recall something. “Wait... is that the kid you keep posting about on Instagramat

With how often Richard had been posting lately, it was hard not to notice.

Before having a grandchild, the man was the type to update his Instagram maybe once every three years.

But ever since Yvonne came along, he’d started posting with the enthusiasm of a teenage influencer. Anyone who didn’t know better might think she was his daughter, not his granddaughter.

Grady couldn’t help but chuckle at the proud expression on Richard’s face. He glanced toward the door and asked curiously, “So where is this little miracle? Didn’t bring her along for me to see?”

He genuinely wanted to know what kind of child could have turned this Richard into such a completely different person.

Richard kept claiming that being around her made him younger and happier by the day, but Grady had yet to be convinced

Richard waved the question off, a faint trace of disappointment in his eyes—but he covered it quickly. “She’s at school it’s Tuesday.”.

Not that it mattered. Even if it weren’t a school day, no one would let him take her out on his own.

Everyone around him thought he was too unreliable to babysit.

But just as that gloomy thought crossed his mind, the scent of freshly baked pastries drifted in through the window. Instantly, Richard’s mood lifted.

So what if they wouldn’t let him take her out? Yvonne still got the final say. Once this cake was done and she was in a good mood again, if she wanted to follow him around, the Holmes family wouldn’t be able to stop her.

Just imagining her running after him made Richard feel like he’d hit the jackpot in life. He couldn’t be bothered to chat anymore—he was here with a mission.

“Grady,” he said urgently, “my granddaughter’s been feeling a little down lately. I need you to make her a cake so I can cheer her up tonight.”

And then, as if remembering something crucial, he quickly added, “Make it pretty—add a ribbon on top. She’s a total aesthetic snob.”

Grady chuckled. “You didn’t need to come all the way down here just to say that. One phone call would’ve done it.”

Before he could say more, Richard reached for the small basket of grapes he’d brought and handed it over. “Use these.”

Grady hadn’t noticed the basket earlier—he’d been too distracted by how much Richard had changed. Now, seeing the grapes up close, his eyes lit up.

“Damn, these are gorgeous. Big, plump, and fresh as if they were just picked. Where’d you get them?”

As someone who’d handled more fruit in his lifetime than most people ever see, Grady could tell quality at a glance. He was tempted to ask which orchard they came from—maybe he could get some for himself later.

Just the sinell of them was enough to make his mouth water.

Richard puffed out his chest and smirked. “You can’t get these. I grew them myself. That’s the only ripe bunch so far

Grady was stunned. “You? Growing grapes? Since when?”

1/8

18:22 Thu, 10 Apr

Chapter 232

56%

50

“I’ve only got three vines,” Richard said with complete sincerity. “My granddaughter likes grapes, so I started growing them.”

There was so much love in that one sentence it warmed the room. Anyone listening could feel how much he doted on this little girl—even Grady, who hadn’t even met her.

Thinking of the adorable, sweet-faced child he’d seen on Instagram, Grady suddenly had an idea.

“My grandson’s five-strong little guy. Your granddaughter and he are around the same age. Maybe we should let them spend more time together. He could protect her.”

Richard’s expression soured immediately.

If there was one thing he couldn’t stand, it was anyone trying to pair his Yvonne up with a boy—especially now.

In his mind, no boy inside the circle—or outside of it—was worthy of her.

He shut it down on the spot. “Focus on the cake. I’ve got to take it back before lunch.”

“Fine, fine,” Grady said, standing up. He gestured for someone to take the grape basket and headed toward the kitchen.

Richard followed close behind.

While the staff washed their hands and prepped the ingredients, he added one last instruction. “If there are any grapes left over, pack them back into the basket. I’ll take them home.”

Grady, scrubbing his hands, shot him an amused look. “What, you think I’m going to steal your grapes now?”

“Come on,” he muttered, half-laughing, “I’ve been making desserts for decades. I’ve had every fruit imaginable. You think I’d be tempted by your one precious bunch?”

One of the kitchen staff overheard and chuckled as he carefully pulled just enough grapes from the stem for the cake. The rest he dried off and placed neatly back into the basket in front of Richard.

“There. Happy now?”

Richard nodded without the slightest embarrassment. “Perfect. Thanks, Grady. I’ll be back to pick it up at eleven.”

As he turned to leave, he rattled off more instructions like a worried parent. “Don’t forget to make it look nice. I want that soft purple color she likes—something dreamy...”

“Okay, okay, I got it,” Grady finally cut him off and practically shoved him out the door.

Once Richard was gone, Grady dried his hands, grabbed a clean sheet of paper, and began sketching.

Richard had asked for a ribbon, but Grady had something better in mind: he’d turn the entire cake into the shape of a butterfly.

Even the rough draft looked beautiful.

Satisfied, he handed out instructions to the kitchen team. Some began mashing grapes into paste, others carefully cut the fruit into perfect little pieces.

The aroma began wafting through the kitchen almost immediately. The translucent flesh sparkled under the lights, so tempting it made their mouths water.

“Man, these grapes are insane,” someone said while slicing. “Where’d the old man get them? We should buy some too.”

Grady sighed and shook his head. “You think I didn’t ask? He grew them himself. Judging by how protective he was just now, he’s never letting us near them again.”

2/3

18:22 Thu, 10 Apr

Chapter 232

The two of them didn’t notice the grape juice slowly trickling down the cutting board... and onto the floor.

B