

# Abandoned Super Cutie Adopted by Billionaire Clan

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Ian nodded, his voice tinged with helplessness. “Yeah. It was him.”

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That same morning, he and Mr. Adler had been sipping coffee together at the Holmes estate. One moment they were chatting, and the next, Adler stood up mid-sip, called his driver, and left without explanation.

Half an hour later, someone delivered a bunch of grapes—apparently freshly picked from his orchard. Then, about an hour after that, a fox showed up.

It arrived in a pink cage, looking clean, fluffy, and fragrant—as if it had been pampered rather than caught.

And now, to top it all off, he’d gone and custom-ordered a small cake. Didn’t tell a soul. Clearly meant it as a surprise for Yvonne.

Ian watched Yvonne’s eyes grow round and bright, and a bad feeling began to creep up his spine. Don’t tell me… this unreliable old man is about to get back in her good graces?

Sure enough, the moment Yvonne heard the confirmation, her little legs kicked with joy.

She didn’t know where to put her hands—first she wrapped them tight around Ian’s neck, then she was cupping her own cheeks in delight.

“Alas.” Her little cowlick perked right up and began bobbing side to side. Utterly adorable.

“Grandpa’s the best!” she said with a beaming smile. “I really like Grandpa!”

If Richard had been in the room to hear that, he probably would’ve grinned himself dizzy.

Still cuddled in Ian’s arms, Yvonne shifted her fluffy little head and whispered in a soft, sugary voice, “Uncle, let’s go home and see Grandpa, okay?”

Her clear eyes sparkled with anticipation—like stars glittering in a midnight sky. “I want to go home and eat Grandpa’s cake.

Ian ruffled her hair. “Okay.”

He looked away, about to say goodbye to the people by the back door, but when he turned, he found all of them staring at Yvonne like they’d just seen a unicorn.

“What’s with those looks?” Ian instinctively tightened his hold on Yvonne and took a step back. The way they were staring- like cats spotting a canary.

“Mr. Holmes…” one of them began, though his eyes never left Yvonne. “So the cake Mr. Adler ordered… it was for this little girl?”

“That’s right,” Ian confirmed. “She’s the only little girl in either of our families.”

The moment they got that answer, a visible wave of delight washed over their faces.

Talk about luck! Just moments ago, they had been thinking how great it would be to make Mr. Adler’s granddaughter happy with the cake—and here she was, in all her pink-loving, wide-eyed glory.

One by one, their faces lit up with fervent smiles so intense that even Yvonne noticed something was off.

She stiffened slightly in Ian’s arms, glancing around at the overly enthusiastic strangers.

“Huh? W—what’s going on?” she asked in her soft, uncertain voice.

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Then she said, “You guys want to eat the cake Grandpa made for me too?”

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“Yes,” someone blurted reflexively. Then, seeing the shock in Yvonne’s eyes, they immediately backtracked. “No, no! That’s not what I meant!”

Words tumbled out in a rush, like he’d borrowed someone else’s mouth and was desperate to return it. “Miss Adler, we wouldn’t dare eat your cake!”

Before she could respond, the others were already springing into action.

One ran to the air conditioner. “You look a little flushed—are you hot? Let me turn the temperature down for you.”

Another whipped open the Seawise Pavilion dessert menu. “Yvonne, are you hungry? Look, here are some pretty sweets. Want us to make you something pink?”

Yvonne froze in place, stunned by the wave of over-the-top hospitality.

If she were a cat, her ears would’ve flattened against her head in alarm—total airplane ear mode.

Ian was equally baffled. “What’s going on? Do you all… need a favor from her or something?”

The bluntness hit them like a slap.

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Embarrassed, one of them scratched his head and admitted, “Mr. Holmes, to be honest… we were hoping Miss Adler might put in a good word for us with Mr. Adler.”

They explained, “The grape steamed cakes we made—those were made using the grapes Mr. Adler brought. Mr. Reese’s been invited to create desserts for the upcoming state banquet, and we were hoping to use more of those grapes.”

Ian glanced down at Yvonne.

She blinked blankly, still tucked in his arms, clearly having no idea what they were talking about.

Ian ruffled her hair, thoughtful. “The grapes, huh…”

Then he looked up. “How much do you

need?”

He held up two fingers. “Not much. Just two bunches.”

Ian didn’t reply right away.

The group instantly grew nervous, wondering if they had asked for too much.

One of them added quickly, “We can pay! Whatever price Mr. Adler names—we’ll take it!”

It was the softest tone anyone had ever used to say something that bold.

Jan chuckled. “If you say that, Richard will definitely ask for a sky-high price. He lives for that kind of bait.”

“We don’t mind,” they insisted, practically raising their right hands in oath. “Mr. Reese said the same thing—we’ll take whatever he gives, no matter the cost.”

They were clearly desperate.

But Ian wasn’t the one to make the call. The grapes were technically Yvonne’s—grown from the trees she’d gifted to Richard as thanks for bringing Kelvin back to Strate City.

Looking at their hopeful faces, Ian said, “I’ll ask him for you.”

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That single sentence sent them into fits of joy.

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They personally walked Ian all the way to the car, only returning once the vehicle was completely out of sight—still reluctant to go back in.

They stood on the curb, hands clasped, silently praying.

At the Holmes family, even though Yvonne already knew Richard had ordered a cake for her, she still played along when she saw his mysterious smile upon returning home.

When the cake was finally brought out, Yvonne launched herself into his arms like a flying squirrel. Emotional value: off the charts.

No wonder everyone loved spoiling her.

The delicate cake on the table was so pretty, she almost couldn’t bear to eat it.

Richard offered her the honor of the first cut. But Yvonne couldn’t bring herself to do it. Eventually, the knife returned to Richard’s hand.

“Grandpa, you do it.” She held the knife out with utter trust—like a sacred ceremony, handing down the legendary “Dog- Beating Staff” of the Beggars’ Sect.

Richard, however, had no such reservations. A few swift chops—crack, crack, crack—and that beautiful cake was demolished.

Once a butterfly. Now a pile of goo.

Yvonne, watching from the side, slowly lost the stars in her eyes.