

Abandoned Super Cutie Adopted by Billionaire Clan

Chapter 238

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It might not have looked the best, but the taste was absolutely divine.

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Yvonne had no idea the fruits she'd been growing could turn into something this delicious. Every bite of the grape cake felt like another point added to her happiness bar.

After she finished eating, Richard had someone bring out the little fox.

It was a fluffy, chubby, snow-white creature that smelled faintly sweet. The moment it caught a whiff of grape cake on Yvonne's clothes, it dashed toward her like it had just spotted the best treat in the world.

Fortunately, Yvonne's chair was wide enough--otherwise, the two of them would've tumbled right off.

Both gifts hit the mark perfectly. Yvonne had always had a soft spot for fluffy things. And this fox? It was practically designed to her tastes--high face value, soft as a cloud, and shaped like a giant cotton ball.

The fox, in turn, loved Yvonne's scent. It clung to her obsessively, snuggling and whimpering like a spoiled child.

It even tried to follow her into bed when it was time to sleep.

But Wendy firmly blocked the door.

After all, that bed wasn't just for Yvonne--Tinley also slept there. And the fox? It shed fur, made noise, and drove Tinley nuts.

So Wendy, without hesitation, scooped the little troublemaker up and kicked it out of the room.

She handed it off to Ronnie, the butler who just happened to be walking by. The man and the fox stared at each other in mutual confusion for a moment.

Then Ronnie dutifully carried the fox downstairs, set it up in its own private room, and made sure it had the best food, the softest bedding, and everything it could possibly want.

After all, this little thing had become Yvonne's new favorite--and that alone had boosted its status to untouchable.

Yvonne adored it so much she even wanted to take it to school with her.

Once she left for class the next day, the fox immediately turned its attention to Tinley. Besides Yvonne, Tinley had the most concentrated spiritual energy--probably because they ate and slept under the same roof.

The fox had a bit of intelligence, but not enough. Yvonne's earlier affection had misled it into thinking all humans would like it too.

So it jumped out of Ronnie's arms and trotted over to Tinley.

With its dusty little paw, it patted her leg, then tilted its head up, snuggled in close, and tried to wriggle into her lap with a whimper.

The sound didn't even make it out.

A cold hand had already grabbed the scruff of its neck and lifted it straight off the floor.

Faced with Tinley's frosty expression, the fox gave an uneasy kick. Some primal instinct told it: danger, Run.

Tinley glanced down at the dirty little paw print it had left on her leg, her long, narrow eyes sharpening with coldness.

Her voice was icy as she stared at the fox and warned, "Don't touch Yvonne with dirty paws."

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18:23 Thu, 10 Apr

Chapter 238

The fox tilted its head blankly. Didn't understand a word.

Tinley averted her gaze and turned to Wendy. "Find a trainer."

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Despite how tame and clingy it was now, it was still a wild animal. If one day its instincts kicked in and it hurt Yvonne--even accidentally--that would be unacceptable.

Wendy understood exactly what she meant. She carried the fox away, first cleaning its paws thoroughly, then settling it into a room lined with soft mats to make sure it wouldn't pick up any more dust.

If it weren't for Yvonne's love for it, this whimpering little creature would've been sent off to a zoo long ago to earn its keep.

In the Holmes family these days, earning Yvonne's affection was like getting a golden immunity pass.

Just ask Richard, who had regained her favor today with a cake and a fluffy fox.

Riding the high, he spent the entire afternoon out and about, searching for more treasures to bring home for her.

Ian had tried to find him to discuss Seawise Pavilion's request, but Richard was nowhere to be found.

It wasn't until evening, after Yvonne came home from school, that Richard finally strolled back in.

As it turned out, finding "great gifts" wasn't as easy as it sounded. He had roamed around all afternoon and come back empty-handed, in a bit of a sulk.

But Yvonne still loved him all the same. The moment she saw him, she ran into his arms and gave him a soft, squishy hug.

Richard's mood skyrocketed. He was all smiles, practically glowing.

Seeing him return, Ian finally brought up what Seawise Pavilion had asked about earlier that day.

The moment the word "grapes" came up, the most excited person in the room was actually Jeremy, who had just come home from a long, soul-crushing day at school. The second he heard about grapes, it was like someone flipped a switch.

He turned to Richard, eyes bright. "Grandpa, the grapes are ripe already?"

Richard very much wanted to ignore the question. He had been planning to keep that one perfect bunch for himself. Once more grapes were ready, he could share--but the first one? That was his.

You couldn't really blame him for being selfish. As he put it himself--he was getting old, and if he didn't take care of himself, who would?

He delivered that statement with full confidence, voice full of tragic righteousness.

Jeremy paused, then looked genuinely moved by the sentiment.

Just as Richard was about to pat himself on the back for a job well done, his grandson's voice rang out--clear, sincere, and just a tad too loud.

"But Grandpa, you ate the whole giant bunch? That's way too good to yourself."

Richard nearly choked.

He should've known this little rascal was immune to guilt trips.

His plan foiled, Richard shot him a look and grumbled, "Fine. I'll save some for you."

This kid really was born to ruin him.

18:23 Thu, 10 Apr

Chapter 238

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Once the back-and-forth died down, Ian returned to the point. "By the way, I heard they mentioned the sta Jnquet Richard, are you going to sell the grapes?"

Thinking of his vineyard, Richard hesitated. He really didn't want to part

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But Grady had been a close friend for years, and they hadn't even paid for that cake yet--it would be awkward to say no.

"Ugh, I'm torn," he muttered. Though to be fair, Richard had never been one to feel shame for long. A little reflection, and he could usually talk himself into anything.

Sensing his struggle, Ian casually added. "They said if you agree to sell, you can name your price."

Richard's attitude did a complete 180.

"All right, I've thought about it. I'll help them. Not for the money, of course--just being a good friend. Lending a hand."

Ian took a sip of coffee and didn't say a word. He could see right through him, but decided not to call it out.

Then, switching gears, Richard gently ruffled Yvonne's fluffy little head and said with fatherly affection, "Actually, the money should go to Yvonne."

Yvonne looked up and quickly shook her head. Her voice was soft and sweet. 'Grandpa, it's all yours. I don't want it."

Richard's smile deepened. "That won't do. What's yours is yours."

Ian offered a suggestion. "Why don't we set up a card for her? From now on, whenever we sell something that belongs to her, we put the money straight into that account. She can use it when she grows up--or anytime she wants something. We won't interfere."

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