

Abandoned Super Cutie Adopted by Billionaire Clan

Chapter 239

Chapter 239

The idea resonated with Richard, who nodded eagerly, his face lighting up with approval.

“Alright, we’ll go with this plan.”

When it came to saving money for Yvonne, though, he wasn’t about to go easy,

Ruffling Yvonne’s hair thoughtfully, he muttered, “What’s the right price for this?”

Jeremy, standing nearby, asked, “Yvonne’s grapes?”

“Yeah,” Richard replied, absent–mindedly.

Still deep in thought, he furrowed his brow when suddenly a voice cut through the silence.

“I’ve got a number–300 thousand dollars. Three, two, one, set the link.”

Richard turned and stared at the kid with an expression of complete exasperation.

“What on earth is this child doing now?”

He hardened his face, unusually stern as he looked at Jeremy. “You’re banned from using your phone from now on.”

Ian couldn’t hold back any longer, letting out a burst of laughter, which continued for quite some time.

Richard’s hands itched, rising and falling in frustration, his thoughts consumed by his dear grandson.

But in the end, he resisted the urge to smack Jeremy.

Jeremy didn’t even realize what he’d said wrong. “What’s wrong with 300 thousand dollars? It’s worth that much.”

He patted Yvonne’s little head and said seriously, “If it were me, I’d definitely buy it.”

Richard shot him an annoyed glare.

This kid had no understanding of the value of money.

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Ian, still chuckling, added, “If you really ask for 300 thousand dollars a bunch, people will think your grandpa’s laundering money.”

The idea of laundering money was quite shocking.

Jeremy still wasn’t convinced, feeling that anything below that price would be a loss for Yvonne.

After some thought, Richard finally settled on a more reasonable price.

“100 thousand dollars,” he said. “Yvonne’s orchard just opened, let’s give him a discount.”

The grapes were packed tightly together, and he estimated each bunch had over sixty grapes.

The world’s most expensive ruby grapes were about 1,000 dollars each, so sixty would be roughly 60 thousand dollars.

But Yvonne’s grapes were bursting with vibrant life, and asking for an extra 30 thousand wasn’t too much.

Having tasted both types, Richard was confident that Yvonne’s grapes were superior in both flavor and fragrance.

Thinking it over, he realized that the price he was considering was quite a bargain.

1/4

18:23 Thu, 10 Apr

Chapter 239

Richard did a quick calculation in his head. He’d gone to the orchard that morning, and saw heavy bunches.

Not only were they delicious, but the yield was high as well

The key was that they wouldn’t even be able to finish all of them between the two families.

They’d set aside some for winemaking, kept some for regular eating and still had half left over.

After the national banquet, once Grady’s team gained some recognition for their pastries. Richard could send for grapes the Horizon Tower.

As a small owner of Horizon Tower, it would be a wasted opportunity not to use the resources water to him

The auction proceeds would go straight to Yvonne’s account without any commission deductions bersandarte und chest.

Everything from production to sale would be handled by family, ensuring peace of mind

Richard lifted his hand and brushed Jeremy’s off Yvonne’s head, replacing it with his own.

He smiled warmly and said, “Yvonne, wait for me to make you a fortune?

He’d earned enough for himself, now it was time to make money for Yvonne,

It was like a high–level boss returning to the beginner village to level up a new character

He was filled with eager anticipation,

After Richard agreed, Seawise Pavilion was overjoyed,

The next day, they placed an order for a bunch, and Richard personally went to the orchard to pick them

By the time the night passed, a few more bunches had ripened in the yard, and with the speed they were maturing, they wouldn’t be able to eat them all.

Once the grapes were delivered, Seawise Pavilion quickly transferred the money, and Richard gave them Yvonne’s card number,

That morning, the highly anticipated grape steamed cakes were back in production, along with a variety of other grape- themed pastries.

Ferry House promoted equality for all.

They didn’t have a members–only or VIP–only policy,

Instead, they displayed the pastries in the window with clear price tags each little grape cake sold for 3 thousand dollars.

That price alone scared off most customers.

“Is it really that expensive?”

“Seawise Pavilion must be going crazy over

“Exactly, my friend told me the grape steamed cakes were only 20 dollars, and now they’ve raised the price like this?”

Most of the people in the shop, who had been drawn in by the smell of the grape cakes the day before, were furious.

Many of them had queued up but hadn’t managed to get any. Now, they were shocked to find the price had gone up from 20

2/4

18:23 Thu, 10 Apr

Chapter 239

dollars to 3 thousand.

“This is outrageous! Are you selling gold?”

Hearing this, the staff nodded approvingly.

Guess what? They were, in a way–selling gold.

A bunch of grapes for 100 thousand dollars wasn’t much different from gold.

Actually, it was more precious.

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Gold could be bought at a jewelry store, but these grapes were rare and could only be purchased if the seller was in the right mood.

As the complaints grew louder, the staff took out a megaphone.

“Everyone, please calm down. The reason these pastries are so expensive is that the ingredients are exceptionally rare. The original price of the grape steamed cake is still 20 dollars; that hasn’t changed.”

When they heard the steamed cake price hadn’t changed, the angry customers immediately calmed down.

The man who had shouted the loudest earlier suddenly changed his tune and yelled, “I knew you guys were a good store with a conscience! Give me one grape steamed cake! No, wait–give me ten!”

The staff smiled and said, “Sorry, each person is limited to one serving.”

One serving was fine; they just wanted to taste it.

At that moment, a few cars passed by

on the road outside Seawise Pavilion.

Smith, sitting in one of the cars, happened to glance outside, and his attention was immediately captured.

“What are they doing?” he asked the

person

next to him.

Next to him was Clayton Bowen, the vice president of Nelson Enterprises.

Their businesses had just been finalized, and while Smith stayed in the country, Clayton had been accompanying him for meals and socializing.

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Ever since his first taste of the snake stew at Ferry House, Smith had become completely hooked.

It was like an addiction.

Staying alone in his hotel room, he couldn’t shake the memory of the stew’s amazing taste.

He longed to have it again, so he made several trips to Ferry House in the following days.

He finally got to taste the snake stew again, but sadly, it didn’t live up to his memories.

It wasn’t bad, just that the first time had been so stunning that it made everything else seem lackluster.

That bowl of snake stew had become like a precious memory, an unattainable ideal.

It wasn’t just him–those who accompanied him felt the same.

Life without that “perfect memory” felt empty, like a fish washed ashore, with no drive to move forward.