

Abandoned Super Cutie Adopted by Billionaire Clan

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Everyone in the group chat was already hyped up, so when Nasir asked a question, they happily flooded him with answers. Within minutes, the chat exploded with dozens of messages—all about Chronos Legal.

Curious but skeptical, Nasir scrolled through the thread. By the time he finished reading, his heart was pounding so hard it felt like it was about to burst out of his throat.

[They’ve never lost a case. No matter how ridiculous it is, they always manage to find some absurd angle and flip it around.]

[Apparently, no one in the country can go up against them. They’re completely untouchable.]

[You’re thinking too small. Try half the globe.]

More comments were still pouring in, but Nasir’s vision had already blurred.

His fingers trembled, and his phone slipped from his hand and hit the floor with a sickening thud.

For a few seconds, he stood frozen, stunned. Then, as if jolted back to life, he dove down to retrieve his phone, not even caring that the screen had shattered.

Frantically, he searched through his contacts and fired off a message. When there was no response, he tried calling—twice.

The second time, a chill ran down his spine as he realized he had already been blocked.

Clearly, the person on the other end had seen how bad things were getting and decided to bail before the fallout hit.

ne wanted to get

Because once you got on the wrong side of Chronos Legal, no one

involved.

They were infamous—brash, aggressive, and just like their boss: ruthlessly vindictive and allergic to reason. Cross them once, and they’d remember you for the rest of your life.

On the other end of the internet, Layne was barking orders at his staff. “Delete him. Now. Wipe everything.”

Once Nasir’s contacts had been fully blacklisted, Layne collapsed onto the couch like a man who had barely escaped death, face pale and drenched in relief.

“Chronos Legal…” he muttered, staring blankly at the ceiling light. “Why would the Adler family help them?”

Richard Adler was known for minding his own business. He never got involved in matters that didn’t concern him. And yet now, Chronos Legal—his prized team—was defending Seawise Pavilion.

Even more confusing, the department was already knee—deep in a lawsuit over image rights. Why would they take on someone else’s mess at a time like this?

He couldn’t figure it out. Just then, an employee walked in with an update.

“Mr. Ochoa, a staff member at Seawise Pavilion mentioned this morning that their pastries are expensive because the ingredients are incredibly rare.”

Layne waved it off with a scoff. “Rare? How rare can grapes be?”

He rolled his eyes. It was just a grape pastry. There was no way it tasted as miraculous as the online reviews claimed. They had probably paid influencers to hype it up in the run—up to the state banquet.

Originally, Layne had planned to let Seawise Pavilion collapse under their own arrogance. But when the Adler family stepped in, he had no choice but to protect himself and cut all ties with Nasir.

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Fortunately, the contact had been made using a low—level staff account—nothing that could be traced back to him. And even if it was, they’d just dump the blame on the employee and pay him off under the table. A massive payout would

up.

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With that plan in mind, Layne reassured himself and opened his phone to check how the public was reacting to Nasir online.

anyone

But the moment he logged into X, the algorithm pushed him a post he hadn’t expected to see—one from Seawise Pavilion.

He didn’t even follow their account, but he’d been stalking them for so long that the system had caught on and started auto-recommending their content.

The post caught him completely off guard. And because he read fast, he had already absorbed most of it before he even realized what he was looking at.

It was a transaction record. The note read: [Payment for the first bunch of grapes].

Just moments ago, Layne had been dismissing it as “just grapes.”

But the number next to the transaction made his blood run cold. 100,000 dollars.

He stared at it, counted the digits again, and then again—and the world began to spin.

His vision went black. He nearly fainted on the spot. The internet lost it too.

[Wait, how much did you just say?]

[A hundred thousand dollars for a bunch of grapes?! I’ve seen everything now.]

[I’ll admit, I was way too loud earlier. Now that I know the price of the grapes, the pastry actually feels like a steal. I must be delusional…]

In disbelief, Layne zoomed in on the image and examined every detail. He refused to believe it was real. Surely the post was doctored. There was no way anyone would pay that much for grapes.

His coworkers, equally shocked, gathered around and began voicing their doubts. “There’s no way that’s real. No grapes cost that much.”

“Exactly. Who would dare sell grapes at that price? Are they laundering money through Seawise Pavilion or what?”

Amid the rising tide of skepticism, Layne’s panic gave way to calm. That’s right. Grapes couldn’t be that expensive. It had to be money laundering.

Fully convinced, he decided to take action.

Excessive pricing, potential financial crime—if the authorities confirmed even part of it, Seawise Pavilion would be finished.

He gathered the senior execs in his store and submitted a formal, real—name report to the National Price Bureau.

With full confidence and the public already stirred up, Layne believed this time the victory was in the bag.

Meanwhile, in a quiet office, Grady from Seawise Pavilion sat across from Richard Adler, sipping coffee as if nothing had happened.

Reflecting on the situation, Richard let out a slow sigh. “This one’s on me. Yvonne’s grapes are priced that high—of course someone was going to raise questions.”

If this incident hadn’t flared up, he might not have remembered at all.

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18:23 Thu, 10 Apr G.

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But now that someone had dared to question the quality of grapes personally cultivated by his granddaughter, they were asking for a lesson.

Clearly, he saw this as an opportunity to make an example out of someone.

From now on, if anyone dared to doubt Yvonne’s grapes, he’d throw Chronos Legal at them without hesitation.

From cultivation and harvesting to marketing, sales, and even legal retaliation—he would turn the entire production process into an ironclad chain of perfection.

A complete, end—to—end supply line—sealed tight, with zero tolerance and zero complaints.

Chronos Legal: a legendary team that evolved from courtroom champions to five—star after—sales service.

The online outrage had reached such a scale that when the National Price Bureau received Layne’s report, they took it very seriously. Even officials higher up the chain had started to take notice.

It was the end of the year—the season for performance reviews—and with the public’s attention focused on the case, the timing couldn’t have been more sensitive. Naturally, the matter had to be handled with extreme care.

A task force was immediately assembled to investigate both Seawise Pavilion and the individual grape seller. If they uncovered any legal violations, they would prosecute accordingly.

The man appointed to lead the investigation was named Yehuda Holmes. After reviewing all the background material and the full timeline of events, he packed up his files, called his team, and headed straight for Seawise Pavilion.

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