

Abandoned Super Cutie Adopted by Billionaire Clan

Chapter 243

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Everyone at Seawise Pavilion insisted firmly that the grapes were worth the price.

From management to the waitstaff, every single person repeated the same story, as if they had rehearsed it together.

The investigators found it hard to believe.

They had originally wanted to see the grapes that had sold for a hundred thousand dollars, but unfortunately, the chef said the last half had been processed into pastries just an hour ago.

And as luck would have it, the owner of the restaurant was not on the premises.

The chef handed Yehuda a small slip of paper with an address written on it. “Our boss is at this location,” he said. “The person who sold us the grapes is there too. If you have any questions, you can go there and check everything together.”

Yehuda took the paper. When he looked down and saw the address written in black ballpoint pen, his breath hitched. His hand trembled slightly.

One of the team members noticed how Yehuda froze, still as a statue, eyes locked on the paper. Concerned, he reached out to shake him gently. “Yehuda, are you okay?”

“Yehuda?”

After several calls, Yehuda finally came back to himself. “Yeah... I'm fine,” he said.

The others exchanged looks. One of them asked, “So, are we heading to the address on the paper?”

Yehuda rubbed the slip between his fingers. His expression was complicated, but he nodded. “Yes. Let's go.”

Once they were in the car, one of the members who was usually close to him asked, “Yehuda, you looked like the sky just fell when you saw that address. Is something wrong with it?”

Mentioning it made Yehuda tense up all over again. He took a deep breath but didn't explain—just gave a vague grunt in reply.

He glanced down once more at the paper in his hand. His eyes darkened with disbelief.

It was burned into his bones with familiarity.

And for good reason. He was also a Holmes.

Yehuda was a collateral descendant within five generations of the Holmes family. Every year during the holidays, he had to accompany his elders to visit the main household—to deliver gifts, honor the ancestors, attend family banquets...

From the moment he was born, not a single year had been skipped.

Even if it was only once a year, the place had left a permanent mark in his memory.

The Holmes household was dignified and commanding. You couldn't afford to step out of line,

Now he had to go investigate them? It felt like pulling a tiger's whiskers.

Yehuda appeared calm on the surface, but inside, he had already flatlined.

Over a decade ago, when he started his political career, it was his parents who brought him to visit the family matriarch, Tinley, and inform her of the decision.

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If it weren't for the Holmes family supporting him from behind the scenes, how could he have advanced so far,

Fast?

At thirty—seven, he didn't seem that young—but among people in his political tier, most were in their fifties.

Yehuda didn't even want to imagine the fallout. Even if Tinley didn't say anything, if his parents and elders from his branch found out, they would tear into him for betraying the family.

Either way, he was doomed. There was no graceful way to go down.

With that grim thought, the team's car pulled up outside the guarded alley leading to the Holmes estate.

Inside the car, the clueless team members looked out the windows and marveled.

“Why are there bodyguards here?” one of them asked.

“No idea. But this place feels important somehow,” another murmured.

One of them, already impatient, pulled out his badge and stepped out of the vehicle. He approached the guards and said, “Hello. We're with a special investigation unit. We're here to investigate a matter and request permission to pass.”

The guard gave him a surprised look, then glanced at the two cars behind.

This alley only housed two families: the Holmes and the Adler households. Which one were these people trying to investigate?

Seeing that the situation was on the verge of turning tense, Yehuda quickly got out of the car to avoid any unnecessary conflict.

As fate would have it, he recognized the guard—and the guard recognized him.

Last year, during the holiday visit, Yehuda had come by car, but parking had been a nightmare. He'd asked this very guard to help him find a spot.

Now seeing each other again, the guard looked even more surprised.

Yehuda smiled awkwardly and walked closer, lowering his voice. “We're looking for the owner of Seawise Pavilion—his name is Grady Reese. The restaurant staff said he's here.”

The guard nodded and pointed to a car parked not far off. “Yeah, I know who you mean. He's been inside for two hours. That's his car.”

Yehuda followed the direction of his finger and asked nervously, “Is he at the Holmes estate right now?”

“No,” the guard replied. “He's at the Adler residence. He's a guest of Mr. Adler.”

Relief washed over Yehuda's face. “Thank god. He's with the Adlers.

That meant he wouldn't have to face accusations of insubordination from his family after all.

But then the guard frowned as if remembering something. “But if you're investigating the grape situation, then you will have to go to the Holmes estate.”

Yehuda's expression instantly stiffened. “Why?” he asked, his voice tight.

The guard gave him a look that said, Are you seriously this out of the loop? He spoke slowly, as if explaining to a child. “Because the grapes were grown by Miss Adler. Since you're a public official, you're supposed to be responsible, right? That means you're not just investigating the Adler residence—you're investigating her too.”

Yehuda was already emotionally numb. But he still clung to a sliver of hope. “Which Miss Adler? Don't tell me it's...”

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“Yep,” the guard said, face lighting up with genuine fondness. “It's Tinley's daughter. Our sweet, smart little Yvonne.”

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At the mention of Yvonne, he couldn't help but smile more. “Yvonne is absolutely adorable. You better be careful with your investigation. If you scare her, Tinley will come after you.” He chuckled, half-joking but not entirely.

Yehuda stood there, utterly speechless.

In that moment, he felt his will to live completely drain away.

“All right,” the guard said casually. “I'll call the Adler house and let them know. But your cars can't go in. You understand why?

Yehuda nodded numbly. He didn't even remember how he got back to the car.

As he climbed back in, the others swarmed around him.

“So, what did they say, Yehuda? Are we allowed in?”

“Who lives here anyway? Why all the secrecy?”

“Yehuda, are you okay? You look like you've seen a ghost.”

After they all stopped talking, Yehuda finally spoke, his voice faint. “Everyone, get out and go in on foot. Once we're inside, be careful. Don't damage anything. And those of you who talk loud—keep it down...”

After giving all his instructions, he stepped out like a man walking to his own execution.

The guard had already called the Adler estate and cleared their entry.

The team watched their leader lagging behind, dazed and pale. They couldn't understand what had gotten into him.

Three of them huddled together, whispering. “What's going on with Yehuda? He looks like he's marching to his death.”

“No clue. Ever since he saw that address, he's been acting weird. And whatever the guard just told him made it worse.”

“He almost seems scared? But that can't be right, can it?”

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