

## Abandoned Super Cutie Adopted by Billionaire Clan

Chapter 245

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One of the men crouched down and waved to her with a grin that screamed mischief. “Hey kid, come here for a second.”

Hearing the unfamiliar voice, Yvonne stopped in her tracks, tilted her head slightly, and pointed at herself as if to ask, “Me?”

“Yeah, you. Who else around here looks like a kid?” one of them chuckled.

Yvonne glanced around and, sure enough, she was the only child in sight.

Still, they were strangers, and she hesitated. But before she could decide, the group waved her over again and coaxed gently, “Come on, we’re nice people. We just want to ask you a few questions.”

Eventually, Yvonne walked over—after all, this was her home.

Even when standing right in front of them, she kept her little face serious and said very properly, “Mommy told me not to talk to strangers.”

Tinley had drilled that into her every night before bed.

The strange men laughed awkwardly. “We’re not strangers—we’re good people, promise.”

They ushered her into the main hall, sat close beside her, and began their interrogation.

“Hey kid, do you know where we are right now?”

They’d been here a while, wandering around like headless chickens, still clueless about where they’d ended up.

The moment Yvonne nodded, they lit up with hope.

“Really? So what’s this place called?”

Yvonne’s voice was clear and cheerful. “My house.”

Their expectant smiles froze mid-air. For a moment, they looked like cartoon characters caught in a glitch.

Yvonne’s big, sparkly eyes blinked up at them, full of innocence and confusion. And technically, she wasn’t wrong—it was her house. But the adults had been hoping for a different kind of answer.

Unfortunately for them, the kind of details they wanted weren’t exactly in a five-year-old’s knowledge base.

Still, Yvonne remained patient and sweet, answering every odd question with perfect manners.”

“Mommy isn’t someone. Mommy is my mommy.”

“This is my house. My name is Yvonne.”

“I don’t know the person you’re talking about. You should ask grown-ups. Grown-ups know lots of stuff. But I don’t.”

Her earnest tone and serious little face completely disarmed them. They were so charmed by her that their questions started veering off-course. Her voice was soft, her answers polite, and she was just so adorably sincere—it was hard not to want to keep talking to her.

Yvonne didn’t quite understand what was so funny or interesting about any of this, but she kept answering dutifully—until she heard someone outside shouting that Whity had been caught.

That got her attention. She immediately flagged down a passing nanny and said, “You help these uncles with their weird questions. I have to go see Whity!”

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Before they could stop her, she’d already slipped away.

Now left alone, face to face with a complete stranger, the group found themselves in an awkward silence.

The nanny, however, was far more composed than they were. She had clearly seen a lot in her years and said calmly, “I heard you have some questions? No problem. Ask away.”

Relieved, they cut to the chase. The thing they were most desperate to know was: Where the hell were they?

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The nanny looked at them like they were aliens and said, with no small amount of amusement, “You’re at the Holmes estate. Didn’t you know why you came here?”

The Holmes family? The name rang a bell.

One of the men mumbled under his breath, “Our team leader’s last name is Holmes...”

They weren’t exactly insiders, but working in the same system, they’d heard the rumors. Whispers about Yehuda’s rapid rise, how he always seemed to have someone powerful backing him.

Some said he came from an influential family. Others claimed the only reason he kept getting promoted was because someone was pulling strings behind the scenes.

Up until now, they’d all taken those rumors with a grain of salt. But standing here, in this sprawling estate, the truth was starting to feel very real.

A family with this kind of wealth and reach... it had to be the powerhouse behind their leader.

And now, thinking back to how Yehuda had been whisked away the moment they arrived—by people from this family—it was impossible not to connect the dots.

No one spoke after that. They just waited in silence until Yehuda returned.

When he finally reappeared, his steps were light, like someone who had just found a clear path forward.

“Let’s go,” he said. “Everything’s clear now. We just need to meet with a specialist to assess the grapes.”

The team silently followed him out of the hall, each with their own thoughts, the mood heavy and unspoken.

Yehuda could already guess what was on their minds. From the moment they’d stepped through the gates of the Holmes estate, he’d known the questions would come.

He had planned to explain everything after seeing Tinley, and once they were in the car, he took the initiative.

“I just saw the grapes,” he said, “but it’s difficult to determine their true value. So now we’re heading to someone who can.”

One of the others frowned. “Not even the regular appraisal institutions can handle it? If they can’t, who can?”

Yehuda recalled what Tinley had hinted at earlier and replied calmly, “A leading expert in biological science. His assessment is usually final.”

After a pause, he added, “He’s a highly respected academician.”

The atmosphere in the car grew tenser. Someone finally spoke up, unable to hold it in any longer.

“Yehuda, isn’t the Holmes family your own family? Is it really okay for you to keep leading this investigation?”

What if the expert ended up declaring the grapes overpriced? Wouldn’t Yehuda risk being kicked out of his family for siding against them?

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They all silently agreed: the best course of action was for Yehuda to step down and report back to his superiors. Let someone else take over the investigation—someone neutral.

But Yehuda didn’t respond.

What he hadn’t told them was that during his conversation with Tinley, she had quietly pointed him toward this expert. When he saw who it was, he’d been stunned.

Someone of that stature was really going to help them?

He could hardly believe it himself. But Tinley had given the word, and his job now was just to follow through.

Whether or not that expert would actually help them wasn’t his concern. All he had to do was drive to the institute and wait outside for ten minutes—just as Tinley instructed.

Yehuda trusted her completely. No matter how important the expert was, if Tinley had said it would work, then she must have a plan.

The car finally pulled up outside the institute.

Yehuda pulled out a business card and made the call. As the phone rang, he realized—somewhat to his own surprise—that he was nervous.

When the call connected, he immediately began, “Hello, my name is Yehuda—”

But before he could even finish his introduction, a young voice on the other end interrupted with a casual, “Got it. Just wait a sec. We’re coming out now.”

Before Yehuda could even hang up, Alex, still holding his phone, turned to the back seat with a grin. “Taylor, they’ve arrived. Let’s head out.”

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