

Abandoned Super Cutie Adopted by Billionaire Clan

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This was exactly what Toby Dillard, the head of the Dillard family, was thinking.

His intention had been to support the Adler family's business while everyone was criticizing them

By doing so, he would be providing a small but meaningful boost, a gesture that showed his support.

However, after casually mentioning this to a few people he usually got along with. Toby realized that many others had the same idea.

Some had acted faster than him and bought more gr

While Toby had bought just one bunch, one of his fishing buddies had already purchased three.

When Toby heard this, he felt a sharp pang of regret, almost as if he couldn't breathe.

He had been too slow—not just in speed, but in quantity as well.

He had nothing to show for it, as if his life was as empty as the three “no’s” of the “three–no” syndrome.

Toby had lost his mood for casual chatting and returned home, feeling utterly defeated.

It was Saturday, and the two kids were on holiday. One was at home playing, and the other went to hang out with friends. His wife had gone for a beauty treatment.

When he entered the house, Toby's attention was immediately drawn to a box sitting on the table.

“What's this?” he asked his daughter, who was watching TV in the living room.

Hollie glanced over at him indifferently and replied, “I don't know. Didn't you buy it? The bodyguard said someone came to deliver grapes, so I just signed for it.”

The community they lived in didn't allow delivery men to come in, so all packages were left at the property management office, where their staff would deliver them.

Toby didn't respond at first. When he heard 'grapes, he already knew what it was

Regular deliverymen couldn't enter, but if it was from the Adler family's delivery, they were allowed in.

With little enthusiasm, Toby grabbed a pair of scissors and started opening the box.

He wasn't expecting much. After all, who would pack a 100 thousand dollar product in an ordinary cardboard box?

His wife, when buying a 10 thousand dollar string of grapes, would at least wrap it in multiple layers of protection. Toby thought to himself that this 100 thousand dollar purchase would likely be a waste.

After all, once the money went to the Adler family, there was no getting it back. If they were willing to send over some grapes to humor him, that was already generous.

didn't scam poor people.

One thing the online commenters had said was true—these grapes die

It was a simple exchange—one willing to give, the other willing to accept. There was nothing to argue about.

Opening the box, Toby tossed the scissors aside and pulled back the foam wrapping. His face changed immediately as he stared at the contents in astonishment.

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“Wow, these grapes...” Hollie walked over, took a look, and couldn't look away. “Wow, Dad, where did you buy the

If it weren't for the strong scent of grapes filling the air, she might have thought it was an exquisitely carved jade sculpture.

“Can I try one, Dad? Hollie asked eagerly.

Perhaps enchanted by the grapes' perfect appearance, she couldn't help but grab one, running to the kitchen to wash it.

Seeing that the perfectly beautiful grape was now missing one, Toby felt a little uncomfortable, his OCD kicking in.

He thought about getting a fruit bowl and picking all the grapes at once.

Just then, a scream came from the kitchen.

Toby immediately recognized his daughter's voice and, with a sigh, walked toward the kitchen. “What's wrong, did the grape bite your mouth?”

Hollie came running out of the kitchen, her cheeks puffed up.

She was almost speechless, trying to get out, “It's... it's so good, Dad. These grapes are amazing!”

Seeing Hollie like this, Toby's expression turned suspicious.

Hollie, in her teenage years, had been going through a rebellious phase. At home, she acted aloof and indifferent, often irritated, and rarely showed such enthusiasm, especially not without caring about her image.

Toby skeptically picked up another grape and walked to the kitchen, mumbling half-believing, “Is this kid fooling me? Are they really that good?”

He washed the grape and put it in his mouth. Two seconds later, his expression matched Hollie's.

“Wow, this is really good!” Toby said.

The taste was so delicious that his obsessive–compulsive tendencies vanished.

Toby didn't bother with a fruit bowl anymore. He just took the whole bunch and rinsed them under the tap.

While rinsing, he noticed that the grapes still held some moisture on the cut ends, indicating they were freshly picked. The freshness was comparable to biting into a piece of meat straight off a cow.

Father and daughter sat together in the living room, each enjoying their grapes, savoring the taste so much they could have cried.

In Toby's mind now, the Adler family was a top–tier, conscientious business.

After a while, they reluctantly put the grapes in the fridge.

“We can't eat more, let's save them for your mom and brother when they get home,” Toby said.

Hollie nodded in agreement, managing to tear her eyes away

from the grapes with great effort.

Just before closing the fridge, she reached out and said, “Wait, let me grab a couple more.”

Toby, standing by the fridge, smiled in a slightly helpless but indulgent way and stretched his hand out too. “Alright, I'll grab a couple as well.”

They each took two, and it was impossible to tell the difference on the bunch.

Five

minutes later, Hollie, who was watching TV in the living room, went to the fridge to grab some water and casually took

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a few more grapes.

Ten minutes after that, Toby, having walked around the yard, opened the fridge door to get some water and grabbed a few more grapes.

Fifteen minutes later, each time they took grapes, they felt like there wasn't much difference, but two hours later, when Toby opened the fridge again, the bunch had only four grapes left, and his expression turned to one of terror.

Oh, no, they'd eaten them all.

Hollie came over, and the two exchanged a knowing look. Without saying a word, they had the same thought: “Let's just finish them off, as if nothing happened.”

Hollie smiled at her father's suggestion, and they both devoured the last of the grapes, even destroying the box.

Because they had eaten so much, they were too full to eat dinner that evening.

Toby's wife, Janessa, raised an eyebrow as she looked at them both. With a woman's intuition, she asked, “Did you guys sneak some good food while I was gone?”

Toby, feeling guilty, shook his head and said, “No, no, we had too much cake at a friend's house earlier.”

This explanation seemed plausible, so Janessa didn't think twice and continued eating.

The next morning, after getting up and washing his face, Toby looked at himself in the mirror and was captivated by his reflection

He couldn't help but admire himself, muttering to himself, “I look pretty good. I could be a small–time celebrity if I were in the entertainment industry

His skin was smooth—Janessa went for beauty treatments every week, but his skin looked better than hers.

Toby felt a little smug.

He didn't want to leave the mirror, basking in his newfound self–appreciation, until Janessa called him out.

When he stood in front of the bathroom door, eager for Janessa to comment on his change, she rushed past him, annoyed by his blocking the way.

At breakfast, his son remarked, “Dad, you've gotten a lot whiter.”

That single comment made Toby feel satisfied.

Just then, a sharp scream pierced the otherwise peaceful atmosphere of the Dillard family.

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