

# Abandoned Super Cutie Adopted by Billionaire Clan

Chapter 89

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Richard firmly believed that if Yvonne was going to waste time, she should do it on his Tiger Mountain, not by planting flowers.

Kelvin glanced at him, finally noticing something was off. With a calm, pleasant voice, he asked, “What brings you here today?”

Richard hesitated. What he had in mind wasn’t exactly easy to explain, who in their right mind would send a child to play with wild animals?

His gaze darted around, and to cover his nervousness, he grabbed his cup again, keeping his hands busy.

Kelvin hadn’t considered Tiger Mountain at first, but watching Richard’s restless movements made him suspicious.

“If I recall correctly, you weren’t this invested in Yvonne’s education before. Since when did you two become so close?” he asked.

That hit a nerve. Richard knew full well that his bond with Yvonne was pretty one-sided, she probably didn’t even realize it.

Feeling embarrassed, he got defensive. “I was just asking a question, and now you’re making a big deal out of it. Unbelievable!”

Kelvin didn’t react, unfazed by Richard’s attempt to twist things.

Instead, he noticed Richard’s empty cup and poured him

nothing else, you should head back and rest.”

another. “I’m taking her out later,” he said casually. “If you’ve got

“Hold on!” Richard blurted. The idea of Kelvin taking Yvonne somewhere while he stayed home felt unfair.

After some grumbling about how Kelvin wasn’t even around for Thanksgiving, he finally got to the point.

Trying to sound both confident and casual, he said, “I have a friend who wants to take Yvonne out for a bit. Thought I’d check with you first.”

Kelvin gave him a long, silent look. His expression was unreadable. Then he repeated, almost mockingly, “You have a friend?”

“Yeah…” Richard replied, his tone less certain.

And just like that, Kelvin figured it out. Richard was trying to take Yvonne up his damn mountain.

Taking a deep breath, Kelvin forced a polite smile and simply said, “No.”

He’d already stopped her from seeing a dead wolf up there two days ago, there was no way he was letting her near a whole bunch of wild animals.

The last thing she needed was a childhood trauma courtesy of Richard’s so-called “adventures.”

After being shut down, Richard’s frustration boiled over. “Fine! I’ll just ask Yvonne myself! You can’t control what she wants to do!”

Kelvin sighed, ready to argue, but before he could get a word in, Richard slammed his cup down and marched out, the butler hurrying after him.

Outside, the butler quickly radioed in, and someone responded right away, Yvonne was with a vet, getting the snake’s bandages changed.

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Richard followed the directions and soon spotted her. “Yvonne!” he called out.

She turned, looking a little confused. “Grandpa?”

She still remembered meeting him yesterday, he had been so serious and cold that he seemed hard to get along with She wasn’t sure what to expect now.

“Do you like this snake?” he asked gently.

Richard approached with an unusual warmth, a kind expression no one had ever seen him use with his other grandchildren

Yvonne blinked, surprised by the question. Then, in her usual blunt honesty, she shook her head. “No, Grandpa, I don’t like it.”

“If you like it—” Richard started, then froze mid-sentence. ‘Wait, what?’

Yvonne continued, completely serious. “It’s not very cute, and it’s definitely not pink.”

Richard was speechless.

“But,” she added, “it was hurt and looked really sad, so I touched it.”

His emotions wavered. On one hand, disappointment. On the other, at least she was compassionate. Okay, okay, kindness is a good thing.’

However, it was like Yvonne was put on this earth just to mess with him.

Yvonne lifted her fingers, the ones that had touched the snake’s tail, and wiped them on her clothes with a tiny grimace. I feel like my hands are sticky. I really regret it, Grandpa.”

Richard just stared at her, completely thrown.

Meanwhile, inside its little box, the bandaged snake shifted slightly and let out a quiet hiss, its tongue flickering.

It almost looked… happy. And honestly, if it wanted to fit in, it could always be dyed pink.

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