

# Abandoned Super Cutie Adopted by Billionaire Clan

Chapter 90

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Richard stared at Yvonne's big, bright eyes and completely lost his train of thought. 'Why doesn't this kid ever go along with the plan?'

For the first time, he found himself at a loss for words.

Usually, people scrambled to keep up with him, but now he was the one struggling to keep the conversation going.

"Grandpa?" Yvonne blinked up at him, her soft little voice full of curiosity.

Richard cleared his throat, feeling oddly flustered. After a quick mental reset, he decided to change tactics. "Yvonne, do you like cats?"

Her eyes lit up instantly, like tiny stars twinkling. A picture of a fluffy little kitten popped into her mind, and she practically bounced in place. "I do! Grandpa, I love kittens!"

Richard smirked, throwing a glance at the butler as if to say, 'See? I've got this.'

He leaned in slightly, his voice smooth and coaxing, like a wolf in grandma's clothing. "How about I take you to see some kittens?"

Yvonne gasped, completely won over. "Yes! Thank you, Grandpa!"

She beamed up at him, her little heart full of warmth. 'Grandpa may seem serious, but if he wants to take me to see kittens, he has to be a good person.'

Without hesitation, she grabbed his hand and skipped along beside him.

Meanwhile, back in the incubator, the injured snake sluggishly lifted its head, sensing that the familiar warmth was gone. It flicked its tongue once, then slowly curled up, looking utterly heartbroken.

As Yvonne reached the car, she hesitated before getting in.

She stood by the door, tilting her soft, pale face up. "Grandpa, are we taking a car to see them?"

Richard smiled. "Yep. I have a lot of kittens, so I keep them far away. Hop in, Yvonne."

With his gentle urging, she climbed in. As the vermilion gate faded in the distance, she gripped the window and turned back. "Grandpa, shouldn't we tell Dad?"

At the mention of Kelvin, Richard's expression stiffened for a split second.

Meeting the little girl's curious eyes, he quickly shook his head. "Your dad has no taste. He doesn't appreciate cute animals, so we don't need to tell him."

"Oh, okay." She nodded.

At three years old, she had no clue what 'taste' meant, but she didn't question it.

It was still early, her most energetic time of day. She pressed against the window, watching the world outside.

Slowly, the streets emptied. Skyscrapers gave way to open roads, and thick trees replaced the cityscape.

A weird feeling crept in. Yvonne glanced at her grandfather.

Richard sat with his eyes shut, looking like he was asleep. Not wanting to disturb him, she swallowed her unease and turned back to the window.

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The moment de looked away, Richard cracked one eye open, sneaking a glance at her small back.

A faint smirk tugged at his lips before he shut his eyes again.

Yvonne felt uneasy the whole way. A few times, she wanted to ask something but held back.

Richard 'dep' the entire ride. When the car finally stopped, he sat up on his own, as if nothing happened.

The driver turned. "We've arrived" The doors opened, revealing a tall, rusted iron gate.

A gust of wind swept through, shaking the withered leaves from the trees. They swirled through the air, carried by the breeze toward the walled off area ahead.

As Yvonne stepped out, a dry leaf smacked her right in the face,

Yvonne plucked the leaf off her face, took one look around, and immediately turned back to climb into the car.

Richard was quicker, grabbing the little tail of her dress before she could escape. She tugged and squirmed, but he held firm, leaving her stuck mid-climb, looking completely betrayed.

"Come on, Yvonne, let's go see the kittens," he coaxed,

But Yvonne clung to the car door like her life depended on it. Her little mouth wobbled, and she stared up at Richard with watery, accusing eyes. "I'm not going! Grandpa is trying to sell me!"

Richard blinked, then let out a surprised laugh, "Sell you? What for? It's not like I need the money?"

That didn't comfort her one bit. Her face crumpled, and she started wailing even louder. "That's what happens in Mrs. Harrison's stories! You are lying, Grandpa!"

Richard didn't know whether to be exasperated or impressed. Whatever orphanage had drilled this into her had definitely done a solid job on kidnapping awareness.

Between hiccups, Yvonne suddenly sniffled hard and switched tactics.

Her big, tear-filled eyes stared up at him, her voice small and trembling. "Grandpa... you are so kind. Just let me see Dad one more time.

"Pfft-"The bodyguards and driver lost it, barely holding back their laughter.

Richard sighed, amused despite himself. He reached out and ruffled her hair like he was petting a cat. "I'm your grandpa, right? Why would I sell you?"

'At most, I'd trick you a little, he thought.

Yvonne sniffled and wiped her face, her tiny hands making a mess of her tears. She looked exactly like a pitiful little kitten.

"Really? Really?" Her voice was still shaky with doubt.

"Of course. I brought you here for something important. You'll understand once you see it," Richard reassured her.

Even the driver and bodyguards backed him up with nods.

Yvonne hiccupped, eyeing them warily. After a long pause, she finally sniffled again and muttered, "Okay... I guess that's fine then..."

Yvonne finally let go of the car door and trailed after her grandfather toward the big iron gate.

The place gave her the creeps, it looked like something straight out of a horror movie. Inside the gate, two massive guys

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yanked half of it open.

Yvonne felt a lump in her throat. These men looked like they could send her flying with one punch.

No way they were the kind of people who kept kittens.

However, before she could even think about running, the iron door slammed shut behind her.

Richard took her tiny hand in his, like it was the most natural thing in the world. "Come on, Yvonne, let's go see the kitten."

Right now, that was the only thing keeping her from panicking; the promise of a kitten.

She took a deep breath, convinced herself to trust him, and followed along. After what felt like ages, they stopped in front of a tall wire fence.

The barbed wire stretched high, enclosing an area so big she couldn't even see where it ended.

Richard pointed toward a massive orange-and-black figure inside. His voice had a hint of excitement. "Look! Do you like it?"

The tiger flicked its ears at the sound of voices. It caught a whiff of something nice in the air, but since it wasn't hungry, it didn't bother looking over.

Yvonne turned to Richard, her voice unsure. "Uh... it looks kinda big."

Richard waved a hand. "That's just because you're little. Once you grow up, it won't seem big at all."

He said it so confidently that Yvonne nodded. "Oh... I guess that makes sense."

Just then, a tiny tiger cub noticed them. It bolted toward the fence like a little predator, only to skid to a stop right at the edge.

It tilted its head, staring at Yvonne with big, curious eyes.

Richard's face lit up. He pointed at the cub, beaming. "See? Told you I wasn't lying. It's just a kitten!"