

Abandoned Super Cutie Adopted by Billionaire Clan

Chapter 91

Chapter 91

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The tiger’s mother wandered over, her belly full, ears flicking at the sound of Richard’s voice.

She gave him a slow, unimpressed stare, her big golden eyes practically saying. Seriously? Calling a tiger a kitten?

Yvonne stood up, realizing she was about the same height as the little cub. The cub tilted its head at her, looking curious. She blinked, then tilted her head the same way.

Richard chuckled at how in sync they were. Squatting down beside her, he asked gently, “So, Yvonne, what do you think? Do you like this kitten?”

“I do,” she said right away.

His smile widened. “Then how about I give it to you? Can you take care of it?”

“Um... Yvonne hesitated, glancing up at him. She shifted on her feet, then muttered, “Dad already works really hard to take care of me.”

She stole another look at the tiger cub, her little face full of reluctance. “I already have a puppy... I don’t think it’s fair to ask for another pet.”

Richard almost groaned. What? No, no, no. I’ve finally found a successor, and she is hesitating because of money?

Money was nothing.

“Yvonne, don’t worry about that,” he said, pulling out his phone. “I’ll send your dad some money right now.”

He tapped the screen a few times, then held it up proudly, as if showing her a magic trick, not that she understood any of it.

There. Now your dad has plenty of money. He could raise a hundred of these if he wanted,” he said.

Yvonne wasn’t entirely sure what had just happened, but she did know Richard had sent her dad money. That was enough to make her happy. “Thanks, Grandpa! You’re the best!”

Richard pressed his lips together, clearly pleased with himself. This little girl was too easy to win over.

Meanwhile, the cub, noticing it was being ignored, scratched at the fence, making enough noise to grab Yvonne’s attention again.

It then stuck its tiny barbed tongue through a gap in the mesh, as if trying to lick her.

Yvonne had no clue at first and was just about to reach out when Richard stopped her just in time.

One bite from those barbs, and she would be in tears.

Not wanting to shatter the “kitten” image in her mind, he decided to keep that little detail to himself.

Meanwhile, the tiger cub kept licking the iron fence, its mouth wide open. There was nothing there, but it kept going like it was tasting something delicious.

Yvonne thought it looked kind of pitiful. So, while Richard wasn’t paying attention, she picked up a half–green, ‘ leaf from the ground, held it for a second, then carefully slipped it into the cub’s mouth.

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Richard was about to remind her that tigers don’t eat leaves, but before he could get a word out, the cub’s jaws snapped shut. It chewed hesitantly, clearly unsure about this new “snack.”

Just then, the mother tiger strolled over, eyeing Yvonne curiously.

1/3

64%

Chapter 91

Richard blinked, puzzled. ‘Did they eat too much meat and suddenly feel like switching things up?

To test his theory, he grabbed a random leaf and held it out to the mother tiger.

She didn’t even glance at it. Instead, she let out a huff, like she was personally offended.

Richard frowned and tried again, waving the leaf a little. “What? Too good for this, Nuzzle?”

Still, Nuzzle ignored him completely, keeping her focus on Yvonne.

Instead of feeling slighted, Richard was thrilled. ‘So, they won’t take food from me, but they’ll take it from her? That can only mean one thing—they like the girl.

She had only just met them, and she was already winning them over. That was a sign. A perfect match. The perfect heir.

‘If I don’t leave the zoo to Yvonne now, I’ll be seriously disappointed, he thought again.

His excitement was a little intense. When Yvonne turned and saw the way he was looking at her, she hesitated, “Grandpa?”

Richard immediately softened his expression. “I want to play a little game. If you can write your name on a piece of paper, you win. Sound good?”

The little girl, barely out of kindergarten, looked up at him with big, innocent eyes.

This game was way too hard. Her name had so many letters, and she’d already struggled to write it at school, so much that she’d nearly cried a few times. If it weren’t for Anna comforting her, she definitely would’ve.

“Grandpa, I...” she hesitated, gripping the hem of her dress.

Richard saw her hesitation and didn’t give her a chance to back out. He grabbed her hand, ignored the animals around them, and quickly led her outside.

The moment they got into the car, he pulled out his phone, his voice urgent. “Steal Kelvin’s household registration book. Now. And bring me all the documents about the mountain, I need them ASAP.”

After a second, he frowned. That might be too risky. So, he called the company to find something for Kelvin to do and get him out of the house.

Once Kelvin was gone, the butler could move in. Foolproof.

By the time Richard arrived at the government building’s entrance, the butler was already waiting with the documents.

Yvonne stood in front of the big, beautiful place, totally confused.

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A bodyguard picked her up and carried her inside, setting her down in a large, empty room. She sat there, swinging her legs, waiting for something to happen. Eventually, the door opened.

A bunch of men walked in, their eyes all on her. Richard, meanwhile, looked thrilled.

He pulled out a piece of paper covered in tiny words, shoved a pen into her small hand, and pointed at the bottom right corner.

“Quick, Yvonne! Sign your name! If you do, you win the game!” he said, grinning like he had just pulled off the best trick in

the world.

Thanks to all the strings Richard had pulled, every formality was already in place. The second Yvonne put her name on that line, the contract would be official.

She blinked, feeling like something was off, but with her little kid brain, she couldn’t figure out what.

2/3

16:09 Sat, 29 Mar

Chapter 91

Still, Grandpa was a good person. She trusted him. So, gripping the pen tightly, she carefully wrote two shaky little words. letter by letter.

The men behind Richard exchanged glances, unsure whether to laugh or cry.

Tiger Mountain, home to some of the fiercest wild beasts around. The kind of place that, in a novel, would be a death zone where the main character barely escapes alive.

And now, it officially belonged to a three–year–old girl.

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