

Abandoned Super Cutie Adopted by Billionaire Clan

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As soon as Yvonne signed her name, Richard's grin stretched so wide it looked like his face might split.

He was beyond pleased, this was a huge deal for him.

But the whole process of transferring the mountain was a hassle. Every few seconds, he pulled out another document and slid it over to her.

At first, Yvonne went along with it, but after a while, she slowed down, frowning at the stack of papers. Something felt weird.

Richard, noticing her hesitation, leaned in, his tone cager. "Come on, Yvonne, just finish signing. I'll buy you candy after, okay?"

She pursed her lips, her soft little voice laced with confusion. "Grandpa... what are we doing?"

Richard didn't even flinch. "A game! Didn't I tell you?" His face was way too calm, like he had done this kind of thing before.

The men standing around exchanged glances, struggling to keep a straight face. So that's how he tricked her.

Well, that made sense. No normal kid would willingly sign themselves up to own Tiger Mountain.

Yvonne still thought it was strange, but at this point, she just sighed and kept going. "Okay..."

If nothing else, this was good practice for her handwriting.

By the time she finished signing a dozen more papers, her name actually looked a little neater.

She put the pen down, her small fingers sore.

Meanwhile, Richard was already stacking up the documents and handing them off to the officials. "Alright, take these up for approval. Now."

The officials took the papers, already guessing why he was in such a rush.

He was probably worried her parents would find out and put a stop to it.

And they were right. Richard, just to be safe, added one last reminder as they were heading out. "Tell them it's my business. Make sure they push it through fast."

"Don't worry, Mr. Adler, it will be done before lunch," one of the officials assured him. It was only ten, still two hours left.

Richard thought for a moment, then leaned toward the butler and muttered a few instructions.

He knew Kelvin too well. The guy was sharp, whatever distraction they threw at him wouldn't keep him busy for long-

If that was the case, he might as well pile on a few more.

Having just tricked both his granddaughter and his son, Richard felt no guilt whatsoever. He was in a great mood.

Grinning, he reached for Yvonne's hand. "Come on, Yvonne. Let's go get some candy."

Yvonne happily skipped beside him, completely unaware she had just been sold off. "Thanks, Grandpa!"

As they walked out of the government building, they passed two young officials heading inside.

"I heard Mr. Guy woke up, but he's not fully conscious yet," one of them said.

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"This year was crazy, so much happened back to back. And honestly, it doesn't make sense. That bullet went straight through his head. He should've died instantly. The fact that he even survived was a miracle, and now he's waking up? That's another

one."

As they spoke, they noticed an elderly man approaching and instinctively quieted down.

New to Strate City, they didn't recognize Richard.

He looked like any other kind old man, the type you'd see feeding birds at the park.

However, as they glanced past him, their expressions shifted.

Their team leader was walking behind him, along with a group of high-ranking officials, all personally escorting the old man out.

The moment they made eye contact with their leader, an uneasy feeling settled in.

It wasn't until Richard was far away that they finally dared to whisper to each other.

"In a place like this, that kind of send-off only happens for someone really high up. Who is that old guy?"

"Maybe a retired boss? Unless..." One of them hesitated. "There are only three major families in Strate City. Could he be from one of them?"

"Maybe... Oh, by the way, did you hear about Taylor Johnson from the Academy of Sciences?"

Meanwhile, Richard and Yvonne got into the car. The butler sat in the front seat, exchanging quiet words with Richard as they drove off.

Richard's expression darkened as he replayed what he had just overheard. "Strate City's getting more unstable by the day."

The butler nodded, glancing back at him. "It's nothing like it was ten years ago. Just last month, the government put out a report, endangered animals are being hunted left and right."

"Poachers are sneaking into nature reserves disguised as locals, poisoning the animals, killing them off. Take the deer on Cinque Mountain, there were only two left. Both got poisoned. The Wildlife Administration had to rush them to Strate City overnight just to keep them alive."

Richard's stomach twisted at the thought.

His Tiger Mountain wasn't far from Strate City either. Unlike public reserves, it was private, locked down tight. No one could set foot inside except him.

Well, him and Yvonne.

There was an electrified fence at the base of the mountain, enough to keep intruders out. Even if poachers wanted to slip in and poison his animals, they wouldn't get the chance.

And just beyond the outer fence, there was another protective barrier, designed to stop the animals from accidentally shocking themselves.

But airborne poisoning... that was harder to prevent.

Securing that mountain had already cost him 100 million dollars.

After a brief silence, he gave the butler a firm order. "Get more men watching over Tiger Mountain. Keep an inch of it. If anyone suspicious shows up, I don't care what excuse they give, take them in. We'll ask questions later."

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The Adler family had their hands in everything; retail, energy, jewelry, transportation. Different branches of the family ran

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different industries, each holding their own piece of the empire.

But real estate, finance, investment, and manufacturing were still in Richard's hands. He had people he trusted running things, people who knew better than to make stupid mistakes.

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This morning, when Yvonne had told him she had no money, he had thrown Kelvin a bone, giving him a little control over one of the sectors. But that was nothing.

The rest of the family were circling, waiting, hoping to grab the last remaining piece of the fortune. Yet not one of them cared about Tiger Mountain.

The place was expensive to maintain. Feeding the animals, upgrading equipment, paying staff, it all cost a fortune.

And honestly, they just didn't care about the animals. To them, Tiger Mountain was a waste of money, an unnecessary burden.

Funny thing was, it hadn't always been that way. More than a decade ago, when he used to take the young heirs from the other branches up there, they were obsessed with the tiger cubs.

Back then, those boys thought raising tigers was the coolest thing ever. On the way back from Tiger Mountain, they were all fired up, swearing they'd visit all the time.

Then, the very next day, they somehow completely changed their tune. Not one of them ever set foot there again.

As for Kelvin's four kids? One was being trained as the heir, one was obsessed with cleanliness, one was always sick, and the last one, cried so much as a kid, he might as well have been born with a tissue in his hand.

No point sugarcoating it.

Rich families had shallow priorities. And they seriously underestimated how much Tiger Mountain meant to Richard.

If he was choosing an heir, they weren't just getting a fortune, they were inheriting a legacy.

The money locked away for Tiger Mountain was enough to cover its expenses for 400 years, assuming the economy didn't go belly-up. It was all secured in a foundation, handled by professionals.

And to make sure no one ever tried to skim off Tiger Mountain's funds, he'd ensure his heir was wealthy enough that they wouldn't feel the need to touch it.

He wasn't about to let his tigers go hungry, or worse, end up mistreated, after he was gone.

That thought had haunted him for years. But now, knowing everything was in place, he finally felt a little more at ease.

Richard exhaled and cleared his throat. As they passed a dessert shop, he suddenly said, "Stop and grab a small cake for Yvonne."

The driver, being sharp, didn't just buy any cake. Instead, he picked out a tiger-shaped pudding with a tiny bobbing head. The thing was ridiculously cute.

When he handed it to Yvonne, her eyes lit up instantly. She stared at the little tiger, absolutely enchanted. "So cute!" Richard gave the driver a nod of approval. Good choice. He had earned himself a bonus.

Then Yvonne turned to Richard, beaming, and held the pudding out to him with both hands. "Grandpa, you first!"

Richard had been ruthless in his youth, but at almost eighty, he wasn't made of stone.

"You eat it, Yvonne," he said, ruffling her soft hair. It reminded him of his tiger cubs. "Doctor won't let me have sweets."

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"Okay," she said, a little disappointed but not much. She lowered her head and carefully took a tiny bite from the tiger's ear.

The second the sweetness hit her tongue, she smiled, her eyes curving into little crescent moons.

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