

Abandoned Super Cutie Adopted by Billionaire Clan

Chapter 93

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The car pulled up to the house, and Richard and Yvonne stepped out.

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Carol and Laura were about to head out when they saw them. They quickly stepped aside to make way for Richard, flashing polite smiles as they greeted him.

Richard, in a rare good mood, acknowledged them with a nod before walking ahead.

Carol watched him go, her eyes narrowing. “He’s in a good mood. I wonder what that kid did to make that happen.”

Laura knew that look. Her mom was already scheming again.

With a sigh, she grabbed Carol’s arm. “Let it go, Mom. If Grandpa is happy, that’s a good thing.”

Carol sighed. “Yeah, but when he’s happy with them, it means the fourth branch gets more. And we get less.”

Laura wasn’t in the mood for another rant and quickly pulled her mother along before she could go on.

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By noon, Richard got the approval for Tiger Mountain’s transfer. Feeling pleased, he helped himself to an extra serving at lunch.

By the time Kelvin got home that evening, it was too late to do anything about it.

He asked Yvonne a few questions, but all she gave him were clueless, innocent answers, gushing about the kittens’ and how kind Richard was.

“Grandpa is so nice! He took me to see the kittens, played a name–writing game with me, and even bought me a little jelly!” she said happily.

Kelvin stared at her, feeling like the sky was falling. He sat there in silence, rubbing his temples.

There was no changing things now. He had to accept it.

What really got to him was Yvonne and how she could be so oblivious. She actually thought she’d hit the jackpot.

Maybe he needed to find someone a little sharper to teach her how the world really worked.

That night, he barely slept. Just when he finally started dozing off in the early morning, he remembered, he had to attend the party in Collin family’s restaurant later.

Annoyed, he barely got any rest before Taylor called at the crack of dawn, nagging him to be ready by eight.

With no choice, Kelvin dragged himself out of bed and took Yvonne along.

The other three wanted to come along, but Kelvin thought about the restaurant’s size and shut it down immediately.

“There’s no room,” he said.

Jeremy squinted at him. “No room in the car or the restaurant? Be clear.”

Kelvin didn’t want to explain too much. “Just no room,” he repeated.

The three exchanged looks. That was definitely an excuse.

Their driver, who had been working in Strate City for over 30 years, had to pull up navigation just to find the Collin family’s

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restaurant. When they got there, Kelvin stayed in the car.

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The place was tiny, Red and yellow decor, glass doors, and an inside so small you could see everything from the street. Looked completely deserted, too.

Kelvin wasn’t about to waste his time, so he sent a bodyguard to check.

A tall guy in a black suit walked in, sticking out like a sore thumb.

He glanced around, then asked a woman wiping tables, “Why’s this place so empty?”

She gave him a weird look. “It’s nine in the morning. Who eats this carly?”

The bodyguard nodded. “Got it. One more thing, my young lady’s teacher booked a party here. Has he arrived?”

The woman stared at him like he was crazy. “What teacher? What party? No one booked anything. Haven’t had a call in days.”

Then she looked him up and down, suddenly gripping the broom next to her. “Is this a prank? Why are you dressed like that?”

The bodyguard stiffened, muttered a quick “Sorry,” and hurried out.

Back in the car, he repeated what he had learned.

Silence. Then Yvonne’s soft voice broke through. “Dad, ask Teacher,” she said, tugging at Kelvin’s sleeve.

Kelvin was just about to pick up his phone when Taylor called. His loud, irritated voice came through immediately. “Why aren’t you here yet? What’s taking so long?”

Kelvin didn’t even bother responding to that. Instead, he asked, “Mr. Johnson, are you sure you gave me the right address?” “Yeah, the Collin family’s restaurant,” Taylor said confidently.

In the background, another voice, sounding younger and a lot more reliable, piped up, “Sir, it’s actually Ferry House.”

“It’s the same thing,” Taylor dismissed.

Kelvin let out a slow breath, grinding his teeth. “How is that the same?”

Ferry House wasn’t just any restaurant, it was a high–end medieval–style place, famous in Strate City. Finding the entrance was already a challenge.

The owner, one of the Collin family members, used to serve as royal chefs in the palace.

Kelvin glanced out the window at the tiny, empty restaurant they had parked in front of and let out a dry laugh. ‘Alright. So this is how we’re doing things.

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