

Abandoned Super Cutie Adopted by Billionaire Clan

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Wilson sighed inwardly, clutching the cold orange. 'Miss Adler may be Mrs. Adler's daughter, but I need to be on my toes around Mrs. Adler and can't afford any distractions.

I can't treat them the same.

But with Miss Adler, I only need to be upfront and sincere about my intentions—she's remarkably easy to persuade thought Wilson, who, having achieved his goal, stepped aside with a smile to peel an orange.

Eyes glued to him, the onlookers watched as he popped the orange into his mouth. Two chews were all it took before a look of astonishment washed over Wilson's face. His eyes then lit up, his cheeks flushing with excitement. "This is the best orange I've ever had!" he declared.

He was already struggling to control his emotions, convinced that people in their mid–30s didn't generally need to express their excitement. However, others misinterpreted his restrained expression as something more extreme.

"That's a bit of a stretch, Wilson..."

"Right. Although it does look sweet."

Those who chose not to eat seemed jealous, as if they thought he was showing off on purpose.

Wilson was too preoccupied to notice them. The sensation, he knew, was beyond words the taste of the small orange, the smooth, comforting feeling as it went down his throat. And he knew he wasn't exaggerating

The weather was dry and cold now. Even if Wilson didn't leave his coffee daily, as long as he ate something heavy, his throat would hurt like it was on fire. But now, his throat was unexpectedly rejuvenated.

He finally understood how his wife felt when she brought the oranges home last week. He wanted to always remember these oranges as the medicine that soothed his throat.

Deep in thought, Wilson tucked the orange peel into his pocket. It's still useful, he mused inwardly. I'll dry it when I get home. It's perfect for headaches, stuffy noses, and fevers. At that moment, Wilson, who had lived extravagantly his entire life, instinctively learned the value of frugality.

The others realized he might be serious when they saw him carefully store the orange peel. After working together for almost a decade, they knew each other better than anyone.

They knew Wilson wouldn't act this way, even if he were acting, so the only possibility was that the orange was genuinely delicious

After pushing Wilson away, they anxiously crowded around Yvonne. "Miss Adler, we want some little oranges, too." "Miss Adler, I want it too."

Yvonne was stunned to see so many hands reaching out to her from the circle of adults.

With a determined gesture, she snatched a handful from the basket, her open hand closing tightly around it. Though seemingly heroic, her prize only amounted to three. Her small hands, while charming, limited her ability to distribute items efficiently.

Each person was meant to receive one, with a larger portion reserved for the group to share—a seemingly equitable system. However, the scene resembled a somber distribution of rations to those in need

Despite only three oranges, the group was very content, understanding the importance of seizing opportunities

When they peeled the oranges and popped them into their mouths, their expressions surpassed Wilson's earlier reaction.

It was the ultimate level of deliciousness—there was simply no comparison! Wilson's earlier reaction wasn't exaggerated; if anything, it had been unbelievably restrained..

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Tagree with what you just said this is the best orange I've ever had!

"Seconded.

After finishing one, they tucked the remaining two into their pockets, reluctant to eat them. They wanted to bring them back for the kids to try.

"No way, next time I must strongly persuade Mrs. Adler to consider going into the fruit business. Even auctioning them off at Horizon Tower would do."

"My Tiecoon Hall needs some too."

"Seconded.

They were deep in discussion at that moment, but as soon as Tinley arrived, it was as if their mouths had been sewn shut- not a single word came out,

Tinley walked in from outside and saw them gather around Yvonne. There wasn't a trace of surprise on her face, as if she had expected this all along. Her indifferent gaze swept over them, pausing when it landed on the orange peels in their hands.

Her gaze wasn't particularly sharp, but a smirk was hinted at. "Didn't you say you were going home? Which home exactly- mine!

The group immediately felt awkward, unable to hide their embarrassment. They stiffly made room, awkwardly laughing as they shuffled toward the door. "Well, we just missed Miss Adler and wanted to come by and see her."

"Yes, just taking a look, we didn't do anything."

Tinley paused, glancing back at the stragglers heading for the door. She'd noticed their distraction during the meeting, but hadn't wanted to call attention to the repeated data errors.

Once they were away from work, their minds started working quickly again, and their attitude felt younger. They were having fun with Yvonne. It was a miracle that Yvonne didn't mind them acting like this.

"Well, Mrs. Adler, we're leaving

"We will surely go home this time."

Tinley seemed about to speak, but Yvonne, sitting in a chair, set a vase aside and ran to her with three oranges clutched in her hands. "Mommy!" she cried happily.

The interruption diverts Tinley's attention, causing her to forget what she was about to say. Upon seizing the opportunity, the others quickly slipped away, afraid of being stopped if they were too slow.

Yvonne carefully took the orange, hugged her leg, and tiptoed to her mother. "Mommy, eat!" she exclaimed,

As Tinley stepped through the door, her previously aloof expression softened. A gentle smile touched her lips, as if a different side of her had emerged. "Thank you, sweetie," she said.

Tinley peered at the small oranges arranged in the back and asked warmly, "Are you going to give the oranges to someone speciale

"Yes!" Yvonne exclaimed, blinking her eyes. In a quiet, sweet voice, she said, "To daddy, brother, and my mentor."

"Okay, Tinley said, asking Wendy for more baskets.

Yvonne and Tinley emptied the oranges from the vase and then worked together to divide them into small baskets, finding quiet harmony in the task.

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Upon entering the living room, Ronnie intended to invite Yvonne to eat, but seeing the situation unfold, he suddenly wanted to intervene and help them. He could do the packing, but couldn't let Tinley and Yvonne do it.

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He hurried forward, but Wendy, sensing his intentions, reached out from her position at the door and pulled a bewildered Ronnie back, preventing him from disturbing them.

"Time to eat, right? I'll bring them over later, you can get busy with your stuff first. Wendy said. Ronnie was ushered away in

confusion.

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