

# Abandoned Super Cutie Adopted by Billionaire Clan

Chapter 101

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Learn to dig holes with Kenny? Ian frowned.

This sentence felt unfamiliar, but Ian had his own understanding of it.

Yvonne wanted to study archaeology.

He looked up at Kelvin, a dark light flashing across his eyes.

If Yvonne really became Kenny's apprentice, their relationship would surely become even closer.

The most important thing was that he could take Yvonne home openly, without any deceit, no stealing, no kidnapping, no trafficking. His older sister would definitely have been happy to see it.

Thinking of this, Ian couldn't wait to pull Kenny over now and let him accept Yvonne on the spot.

Looking at Yvonne, his eyes unconsciously softened.

He stretched out his hand and promised, "I'll call him over tomorrow and ask him to teach you how to dig holes."

Just the thought of being able to see the cat she had been thinking about made Yvonne feel incredibly happy.

She opened her arms to hug Ian, happily nuzzling against him, leaving a scent of milk on him.

"Mr. Holmes, you are so kind! I like you!"

At this moment, Ian didn't even dare to move. He was really flattered.

His mind was completely flooded with words. 'Damn, so cute!'

Even the way she called him 'Mr. Holmes' sounded much sweeter than anyone else's.

In his heart, it could be considered the sweetest sound.

Ian was so overwhelmed by the beauty of the moment that he felt like he was floating.

After finishing the meal, the cold wind outside finally snapped him back to his senses.

After leaving the Adler family house, he quickly called Kenny. Throughout the conversation, he kept mentioning an urgent matter, but wouldn't say what it was. He only arranged to meet him at the Horizon Tower the next day.

The Horizon Tower was a multifunctional institution under the Holmes family, including an auction house, entertainment venues, restaurants, appraisal centers, and trading platforms.

Its land area was also vast, spanning four floors, and from a distance, it resembled a rounded tower.

There was a saying among insiders. 'Ride the strong, drive the good, carry all wealth, and a fortune flows towards the Horizon Tower.'

This was enough to prove that it had been a major financial hub for the upper class.

The next day.

When Kelvin took Yvonne out, he happened to meet Richard.

Seeing him holding the child and walking out briskly, Richard asked unhappily, "You've been running around ever since you came back. Where are you going today?"

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Before Kelvin could speak, Yvonne spoke excitedly.

"Grandpa, I'm going to learn how to dig holes with Kenny!"

Richard was stunned.

He thought. What kind of teacher is Kenny? And what does she mean by digging holes?

He said to Kelvin, "Make it clear to me."

Kelvin glanced at the watch in his hand, the appointed time was approaching.

"Let's talk about it when we come back. We have an appointment with someone," he said.

Richard's face darkened a bit, but Yvonne raised her hand and softly said goodbye to him.

"Goodbye, Grandpa..."

Hearing this, Richard instinctively raised his hand and waved. By the time he realized it, a kind smile was still lingering on his lips.

Once he could no longer see their figures, his mood soured again.

"Learning to dig holes? Everyday, he's just finding all sorts of strange teachers for the child."

After last night's slap in the face, the butler dared not agree. He thought for a moment and decided that learning to dig holes wasn't necessarily wrong.

Digging the hole and planting the flowers was a perfect one-stop service.

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The Horizon Tower

Kelvin followed the staff through the side door, and they encountered very few people along the way.

Jeremy also arrived. His back no longer hurt, and he was full of energy, so he came along to join in the excitement.

They arrived at just the right time. There was an auction in the morning, so the parking lot was full, and there were many people at the front gate.

Walking up the side of the lobby, they could see a round red platform in the center, with stairs on both sides. The outer edge was surrounded by half-height glass pillars, with a string of bead chains hanging around them.

Above, there was a huge chandelier, dazzling and magnificent. In the center, it resembled the moon, with a circle of smaller lights around it, like stars.

On the third floor, they were even closer to the chandelier.

Before entering the private room, Yvonne reluctantly took her eyes off the chandelier.

"Dad, the lamp is so beautiful..."

Hearing this, Ian, who had been talking to someone in the private room, looked up and asked, "Which lamp?"

Yvonne stretched out her hand and pointed up. "The biggest, the most beautiful!"

Ian smiled upon hearing this, his eyes filled with a hint of admiration.

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"Not bad, Yvonne. You're a child with good taste," Ian said.

He then turned to the person standing beside him and casually instructed, "Have a new glass lamp made to match the one above, and once it's done, send it to the Adler family house."

The steward nodded, his presence barely noticeable as he quietly closed the door and left.

After stepping out, he looked up at the magnificent light above. It was indeed beautiful, and after spending so much time at the Horizon Tower, he still never grew tired of it.

Of course, the price was equally impressive, with a cost of six million dollars.

As a financial hub of the wealthy elite, everything at the Horizon Tower lived up to its status.

Yvonne didn't know. After entering, she looked around the room.

After Kelvin put her down, she wandered around the room like a vacuum cleaner, searching everywhere.

She checked the vase, under the chair, behind the screen, everything.

Ian asked curiously, "Yvonne, what are you looking for?"

Hearing this, Yvonne held a vase to her eye, peering inside, and asked in her soft, "Where's Kenny?"

Ian recalled the places she had just looked for, unsure of what to say.

Children's thought processes were really strange. How could anyone have thought to look for a person in places like those?

He stood up, took the vase in Yvonne's hand, put it back in place, and took her little hand.

"Not in the vase, haha. But he should be here by now."

As soon as he finished speaking, a shout from downstairs reached the ears of everyone in the private room.

"Bandits, all of you from the Horizon Tower are bandits!"

Hearing those words, Ian was a bit intrigued at first.

He walked out the door and looked down from the railing.

In the center of the hall stood a man, his eyes bloodshot, his clothes slightly disheveled, and his mental state appeared to be in a poor condition.

The man looked at the people around him, his anger boiling to the extreme.

"Give me my stuff back! I told you, I don't want to do this anymore!"

"You have no right to take my things! This so-called most authoritative appraisal center in the antiques world is all a scam!"

A woman in a green outfit stood in front of him, her expression cold and stern.

"You brought the thing yourself, not us forcing you to bring it."

After saying this, the woman turned around and faced the onlookers. With a calm and composed voice, she began to explain to everyone.

"After our evaluation and appraisal, his item was deemed eligible for auction, and we signed a consignment contract with him. Now that we've built our reputation, many of the guests here today came specifically for this item. Yet, he suddenly changes his mind and wants to take his item back. Not only here at The Horizon Tower, but no other auction house would

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allow this either

After hearing her explanation, the people prendre de invartion and hegan diving in among themesfuer

"Not even understanding the basic rules of the wution haver, yet caving a war at the Horizon Bower, he peshably doesn't want to leave the city alive?

"His accent sounds very strong. He's got from this city. No wonder

"Miss, please chase him out

"Exactly, exactly?

The calls to expel him grew louder and louder, and the man took a wop buck.

He didn't expect that in such a large hall, not a single person was on his side.

Rich people really have no conscience at all, exploiting an ordinary person like hira

The painting was originally his family heirloom, but in a moment of foolishness, he agreed to let it be auctioned. The Horizon Tower even gave him a ticket to the auction

Unexpectedly, after returning to the hotel that night, he dreamed of his father, who had passed away many years ago, chasing him with a stick and beating him.

He was terrified, glanced at the invitation by the bedside, and then thought about coming back today to get his thing back.

He decided not to auction it anymore.

As a result, these people kept making excuses and even said they would kick him out, not letting him attend the auction.

He told the manager that he was leaving, but halfway there, he suddenly stormed into the hall, thinking someone would support him. Instead, it ended up like this.

He firmly decided on one thing in his mind once again.

Rich people really had no conscience. They were all the same, a bunch of people who used their power to oppress others.

As the bodyguard with an electric baton walked toward him, he turned his head and saw a child in the crowd watching the scene.

The child was wearing a beautiful outfit, with neatly styled hair adorned with an exquisite hairpin, its tiny diamonds sparkling brightly.

From her appearance, it was clear that the child was from a wealthy family

Taking advantage of the moment while retreating, he quietly made his way toward the child.

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