

Abandoned Super Cutie Adopted by Billionaire Clan

Chapter 108

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Tinley opened the test report, and as she did this, her heart beat faster and faster.

It seemed like she had already anticipated it, so every second after that was a confirmation of her suspicions.

When she reached the last sentence, her heart, which had been racing wildly, stopped for a moment.

She quickly diverted her gaze, swallowing the metallic sweetness that rose in her throat, and looked at the little girl clinging to her leg.

All the confusion became as clear as mist lifting, and it was no wonder that after just one meeting, she had grown so fond of her that she seemed like a completely different person, no longer resembling her original self at all.

Tinley's eyes turned red, her nose felt sour, and her tears fell onto the paper, slowly soaking it

Her voice choked, tears fell in sorrow, and the moment of regret almost drowned her.

She had never felt so useless, unable to even recognize her own child,

Yvonne released her legs and walked to her side, opening her arms. Her soft voice carried a tone of grievance as she cried, "I want Mommy to hug me..."

Tinley handed the test report to Wendy, bent down, and with her slender arms, she wrapped them around Yvonne's back, pulling her into a hug.

Her legs felt uncomfortable from sitting, but Yvonne didn't mind. She shifted a bit, finding a more comfortable position, and with her chubby little hands, she slid them under Tinley's coat, wrapping them around her waist.

Crying like a flowered kitten, she was full of grievance, with her shoulders trembling as she sobbed.

She was so small, her body soft and smelling sweet.

Tinley carefully reached out to hug her, her eyes red, tears falling without stopping.

Her voice was hoarse and weary, repeating the same sentence over and over, as if it were the only thing she knew to say. echoing continuously in the quiet, empty room.

"I'm sorry, Yvonne. I'm sorry..."

Marlan's soft hands supporting her body suddenly lost strength, and she fell back onto the bed. The wound that the doctor had just bandaged began to hurt again.

But at this moment, she could no longer care about that. Her small face turned pale, clearly filled with extreme fear.

She didn't expect Yvonne to have a DNA test.

She also never expected Tinley to accept the report so easily. 'Isn't Yvonne the one who was the most suspicious?'

But none of this was the source of her fear. What scared her the most was that Tinley would find out that she had taken Yvonne's necklace and had bullied her back when she was in the orphanage.

Just thinking about her personality and methods made Marian sweat break out on her body.

At this moment, she thought of Yates and Nina.

Although the Holmes family couldn't match the Holmes family's foundation and strength, they were still rich in the wealthy circles. On TV, wealthy families rarely openly confront each other, so Tinley couldn't make a move against her.

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She used to think Nina was a bit foolish, blindly believing whatever she said just because she had the appearance of a three-year-old child.

Marian had even thought that once she was accepted back into the Holmes family, she would quickly distance herself from the Yates family.

Her two older brothers didn't like her, and Nina was reserved towards her. The Yates family was of no use to her.

But at this moment, she was looking forward to the arrival of Nina, because the only one who can save her now was Nina.

The Holmes family didn't have time to pay attention to her now, their attention was all on Yvonne.

Yvonne nestled in her mother's coat, the elegant blue lotus color wrapping around her. Originally, there was no warmth in the clothes, but after she crawled inside, it became warm.

Her cries gradually grew softer, and at the same time, a strange, new feeling slowly enveloped her entire body.

A faint scent of medicine mixed with the unknown fragrance of body wash drifted into her nose.

Yvonne's little hand moved, feeling how small and thin the waist she was holding was. It was completely different from the feeling of being in her father's arms.

She compared herself to her mother. Although she was chubby now, she was just a three-year-old, so how could her mother's waist be even slimmer than hers?

Yvonne lifted her head, her hair messily tousled.

Tinley carefully supported her back, her eyes red as she looked down at her.

Her slender fingers were like tree branches, with veins prominent on them. Her pale, emaciated face had hollowed cheeks, and the heavy, oppressive air around her refused to dissipate.

Yvonne looked for two seconds, then suddenly pouted and started crying again.

Now that she thought about it, she remembered why her mom looked familiar. She had seen that beautiful woman in the photo at Anna's house before.

But the change was too drastic, so she hadn't recognized her at all when they first met.

"Y... you got so skinny, Mommy!" she cried, asking through her tears.

Tinley hugged her tightly, her spine protruding sharply beneath her clothes.

She gently cupped Yvonne's face, her vision blurred with tears. Her voice trembled as she asked, "Have you been doing well, Yvonne? When you weren't with Mommy, were you okay?"

Yvonne had been living well; one look at her chubby, round figure, like a plump little cat, was enough to tell.

She choked up and replied, "Daddy treats me very well. He earns money to buy me yummy food and fluffy clothes."

As she said this, she suddenly remembered the man who had brought her there.

Yvonne turned her head, carefully searching for his figure in the room. However, no matter how long she looked, she couldn't find him.

"Where's Dad?"

She looked confused, the tears in her eyes were about to fall.

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