

# Abandoned Super Cutie Adopted by Billionaire Clan

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Unable to compete with others, the Jenkins family kept retreating, eventually ending up in a corner.

The house he bought in the end had also been uninhabited for many years, and its orientation wasn't great either.

The wealthy people rejected it because of its poor energy flow, while the poor couldn't afford it. The previous owner had planned to hold onto it for a lifetime, never expecting to find such a fool to buy it.

The most important thing was that Ray hesitated for a moment because his conscience was bothering him. He thought the buyer was unwilling to sell, so he actually added over a hundred to the original price.

It seemed as if someone was competing with his family.

It seemed like he was afraid he would miss out on the opportunity.

With no other choice, the previous owner had to sell the old house with tears in his eyes.

After getting the house, Ray quickly contacted an interior designer to adjust the layout and, following the example of the Adler family, worked through the night to renovate it, aiming to optimize the energy flow.

As for the size and other details, it didn't matter to him since he wasn't going to live there for long.

The main goal was to go to the Holmes family and try to become a dry godparent to their child, creating the appearance of a good relationship with them in order to relieve some of the pressure they were feeling.

When Yvonne last visited the Holmes family, it was in the evening, and the sky was dark.

At that time, Ian was feeling guilty, holding her and running away so quickly that she couldn't even see what the inside looked like.

Now, walking slowly beside her mother, she glanced around curiously.

Tinley patiently waited for Yvonne while she looked at the scenery around her. Meanwhile, Tinley turned her face away and quietly spoke to the person accompanying her.

As they neared the attic, Ian walked over with a stiff expression, speaking into her ear while enduring the intense, oppressive gaze.

He regretted it. Ever since he got slapped last time, he had been regretting it.

After discovering Yvonne's identity at the hospital this afternoon, he almost wanted to slap himself.

In the past, he really didn't handle any of the affairs at all.

Now that she had become like his own child, he regretted it so much that it made his stomach ache.

After saying a word to Tinley, he ran to the ancestral hall to kneel and reflect.

After all, Yvonne was the only child in the younger generation of the Holmes family, and she would be the heir to the Holmes family in the future.

If something were to happen to her because of his selfishness, he would have no face to face his ancestors even in death.

Tinley originally intended for him to handle the matter of the painting from the Martin family, but now that he had run off, the task naturally fell onto Kenny.

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She turned around, searching through the crowd behind her, finally sealing on Kenny, who had remained sites the e way.

She waved her hand at him, her voice calm and unruffled, "Kenny, come here?"

Kenny's mood at this moment was only a little better than Ian's.

He had been reflecting on himself the whole way. Because he had initially saved that child, he had subconsciously assumed she was his eldest sister's child, which was why he instinctively spoke up for her when the incident happened

If this was an enemy's trap, they had him figured out perfectly, with every move hitting the mark.

He quietly walked up to Tinley, lowered his eyes, and waited obediently for her orders.

"Go take a trip, contact some influential media, bring the painting from the Martin family, and say that in celebration of National Day, our Homes family is donating a national treasure,"

"Okay, Tinley

Kenny's mind was still quick, and after a moment of thought, he understood Tinley's intention.

As he pondered for a few seconds, an unmistakable, strong gaze from below landed on him, its presence undeniable,

Kenny quickly identified the source of the gaze,

It was Yvonne, looking shocked. Her eyes widened, and her mouth hung open in surprise,

It was as if she knew him.

Kenny awkwardly touched his face, making sure there was nothing on it.

He remembered how others called the little girl's name and awkwardly said, "Yvonne, what's wrong?"

His originally clear and cold voice sounded a bit unnatural, perhaps because he had mistaken someone earlier and felt a bit guilty.

The little girl, holding onto her mother's hem, finally blinked when she heard this, looking as obedient and pretty as a doll

However, her words immediately caught Kenny off guard.

"Kenny!"

Her voice was filled with surprise, and the familiar tone made it seem like she had called out like this many times before.

Kenny was taken aback and awkwardly looked up to see Tinley's expression.

He crouched down, softened his voice, and taught her, "Yvonne, I'm your uncle. You should call me 'Uncle.'"

Yvonne was a bit confused, not understanding how Kenny had turned into a human.

But she firmly shook her head, still sticking to her own way of calling him, though her little voice carried a hint of disappointment.

"Kenny, don't you recognize me anymore?"

"Yvonne, have you seen me before?"

Kenny felt that Yvonne's gaze made him look like a heartless man.

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But he truly couldn't remember when he had met Yvonne,

After he asked the question, Yvonne clearly looked sad.

After only a few seconds of loss, she raised her head again.

It was okay, she wouldn't hold it against the pretty little cat,

"When you were very, very little, I even carried you!"

After saying this, the butler couldn't hold back and let out a quiet, amused cough,

Just as he was feeling moved, this unexpected comment came out of nowhere.

It was so funny.

His mind wandered as he imagined the scene.

'Forget it, I can't imagine it.

Tinley seemed to realize something. She bent down, looking at Yvonne, meeting the little one's watery eyes, feeling her heart soften uncontrollably.

"Baby, who is Kenny you are talking about?"

Yvonne stretched out her chubby little finger and pointed at Kenny, being very honest.

"Mom, it's a teacher. Now, it become my uncle."

Tinley gently held her little hand and kissed it, her pale, delicate lips curving into a smile as she softly followed her words.

"Before it became an uncle, what was it?"

"It's a kitten..."

The case is solved. It was a cat with the same name as Kenny.

The child was young and couldn't distinguish between Kenny and the cat named Kenny, nor did she know that there could be many people with the same name in the world.

Yvonne lifted her soft, fair little face, looking up at Kenny with hopeful eyes.

"Uncle Kenny, can you teach me how to dig a hole?"

Her soft voice stretched out the words, sounding more like a cute request than a real question.

Kenny almost agreed without thinking, but then he realized he had no idea what this "digging holes" thing was about.

And he was not a cat either.

Kenny stayed silent, and Yvonne thought he didn't want to. Her little mouth pouted, and her clear eyes grew even more watery.

Tinley looked away and spoke in a cool, commanding tone, "Say yes."

Kenny obeyed and agreed. Only after that did he hesitantly move closer to Tinley, looking troubled.

"Tinley, I can't dig a hole."

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"You can learn it privately."

After saying that, she took Yvonne inside.

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The butler, who had finally composed himself, patted Kenny on the shoulder encouragingly. "Mr. Kenny, good luck. Try to be a fun guardian."