

# Abandoned Super Cutie Adopted by Billionaire Clan

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Kenny actually went to learn it.

After breakfast, he carried a small basket filled with digging tools and went to find Yvonne.

It was right behind the attic where Tinley lived, the place where the mother and daughter had met for the first time.

That area used to be planted with hibiscus flowers. Now, Kenny brought a basket of prepared tulip bulbs and was digging holes in the soil with Yvonne.

Yvonne had never done this before. She had only seen flower planting in TV shows, but this was her first time trying it herself.

She found it fascinating and worked hard, huffing and puffing as she dug into the soil.

Upstairs, Tinley sat by the bed, looking down at the scene below. Her gaze softened unconsciously, turning as gentle as a pool of water.

The hall masters, who were reporting their accounts downstairs, accidentally caught sight of this scene. Their hearts nearly leaped into their throats.

Living long enough truly meant seeing everything. Before Yvonne returned, no one had ever imagined that Tinley could be this gentle.

After they left, a woman dressed in black stepped through the doorway.

Her name was Selly. She had spent a long time traveling around, gathering intelligence from various places.

After Yvonne had gone missing, it was Selly who had been tirelessly searching for her.

In the past, when she came in, her expression was always calm, but today, it was a little different.

"Mrs. Tinley, last night, when I went to investigate the orphanage where Miss Yvonne stayed, I discovered something."

Tinley reluctantly moved her gaze away from Yvonne.

"Go ahead."

Selly quietly glanced at her, then lowered her gaze and silently stared at the ground.

"Based on the location given by the director, I took some people to search the area again and discovered an important person. He is very likely to have witnessed the incident when Miss Yvonne had her accident back then."

Hearing this, Tinley's gaze shifted to her, her eyes cold and indifferent.

She didn't ask who the person was first but spoke in a calm and indifferent tone.

"Why didn't you find it before?"

Selly's body tensed up instantly. She lowered her head even more and began to explain.

"This person is named Leonard Clinton. On the morning after Miss Yvonne was born, he was caught at home by the police for burglary and sentenced to three years and one month in prison. He was just released the day before yesterday. During our previous investigations, we overlooked him because he was in prison."

Tinley didn't say a word. She looked somewhere in the room and seemed to be thinking about something.

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She remained silent, and Selly continued to report.

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On September 17th, three years ago, at around 4 a.m., he left the house he had burglarized, carrying gold jewelry and cash. Winis escaping, he happened to pass by the park where the orphanage director claimed to have found Miss Yvonne."

Leonard waited until 2 a... when everyone was fast asleep, then sneaked into a house he had previously scoped out. He pried open the kitchen window, slipped inside, and carefully searched the rooms. For two hours, he gathered all the money and jewelry he could find before making his escape.

"Where is he now?" Finley asked.

Selly lifted her head and reported, "Mrs. Tinley, I've brought him back. His eyes are covered, and his mouth is gagged. Right now, he's in the trunk of my car?"

Tinley hummed in acknowledgment, her expression indifferent. "Take him to the basement. I'll be there shortly."

"Okay"

After Selly left, Tinley got up and glanced out the window.

Yvonne was still digging with Kenny. She had dug an entire row of holes, and without exception, each one was perfectly round.

When planting the tulips, she would gently cradle them in her hands, bring her little face close, and give them a sweet, soft kiss.

She seemed to be murmuring wishes for them to grow strong and healthy.

Seeing her, Tinley's heart instantly calmed.

She felt content, and there were many moments when she wished time would just stop.

When she came back to her senses, five minutes had already passed.

Wendy led her downstairs to the basement beneath the attic.

At the same time, someone approached Kenny and whispered, "Mr. Kenny, Mrs. Tinley has some matters to attend to. If Mrs. Yvonne looks for her, please stall her for a bit."

Kenny paused for a moment, glanced back at the attic window, and lowered his voice, "Got it."

After that person left, Kenny continued helping Yvonne sprinkle fertilizer and cover the soil.

Yvonne was quite particular about cleanliness. She used a small shovel to dig the soil and carefully placed the bulbs into the holes.

She placed each bulb neatly into its own hole, just like planting radishes one by one.

As for covering the soil, which could get her hands dirty, that task was left entirely to Kenny.

Sometimes, she used too much force and almost toppled herself over. Kenny instinctively reached out to catch her.

Yvonne always dodged to the side, tucking her little hands into her chest like a cat hiding its paws.

Her face was full of hesitation. After thinking for a long time, she sincerely explained, "Kenny's paws are dirty! I can get up by myself..."

Kenny pressed his lips together, feeling as if an arrow had struck his heart.

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For the first time in his life, he was disliked by a girl.

Yvonne liked small animals, but she didn't like dirty ones.

The basement.

The petite and slender Selly carried a burlap sack twice her size. After entering, she directly tossed the person onto the ground.

"Mrs. Tinley, should I uncover it?" she asked Tinley, who was seated at the upper seat.

After getting the signal, she tore off the blindfold.

Leonard opened his eyes in horror. Before he could see the surrounding environment clearly, a sweet face appeared in front of him.

"I'm warning you in advance, just answer whatever my boss asks you honestly. Don't ask questions you shouldn't

After a brief pause, Selly added in a chilling tone, "Since I could take you from Blorencia City without alarming anyone, I also can make you disappear without a trace."

Leonard let out a few muffled sounds, his eyes filled with terrified tears, nodding frantically like a pecking chicken.

Seeing his honesty, Selly ripped the tape off his mouth and stood behind Tinley.

Normally, matters like this were handled by subordinates, but since it concerned Yvonne, Tinley naturally had to handle it personally,

Lying on the ground, Leonard felt an eerie chill envelop him, making him shudder instinctively.

He got goosebumps from the sight of the woman in the upper position.

She was so scary.

Tinley looked down at him with cold eyes. Her thin, elegant face made her seem distant, almost like she felt sorry for him but didn't really care.

"Three years ago, what did you see in Autumn Maple Park?"

Leonard had been in prison for three years and had met many fellow inmates. While working on the sewing machine, he once heard an inmate mention something.

"When a truly powerful leader stands out the moment you see them, you can immediately sense that they are different from ordinary people."

"Even if their appearance is ordinary, once they exude their aura, the commanding presence of someone long accustomed to power makes you dare not act rashly."

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"So if encounter this through you at a glance."

type

of person, it's best not to have any ill intentions in front of them. They can truly see right

Leonard felt that the woman he was talking to just now was this kind of person.

He didn't dare to hide anything and answered timidly, but because he was too afraid, his words were disjointed and unclear.

"Three years ago, when I went to steal something, I passed by Autumn Maple Park while scouting the area and overheard the staff saying that all the surveillance cameras inside were broken. So I decided to set my escape route there."

"On the actual day of the crime, I was so nervous that I left several fingerprints in the house without even realizing it. I

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followed my planned escape route when I left?

Tinley already knew about what had been said earlier, but she still listened carefully, her gaze fixed on Leonard's face, observing his microexpressions to assess the truthfulness of his words.

So far, nothing seemed off.

Until Leonard nervously swallowed, and cold sweat began to form on his forehead.

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It seemed like he had thought of some terrifying scene, his voice trembling, "When I passed by Autumn Maple Park, I saw someone..."

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