

Abandoned Super Cutie Adopted by Billionaire Clan

Chapter 116

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Leonard was holding a black bag in his arms. No matter how much he tried to cover it, it was still easy to spot something unusual about it.

Compared to ordinary people, his expression was too nervous.

Fortunately, at four in the morning, there was no one in Autumn Maple Park, not even the cleaners who swept the ground.

Crossing the lush cobblestone road, he looked up at the camera clipped to the tree.

It was gray and motionless, no longer functioning.

The people in the park hadn't had time to change it yet. He heard that all the cameras around there were broken, and it would take a lot of money to replace them.

Thinking of this, he relaxed a little.

Taking advantage of the dim sky, he hurried home.

But as he walked, he was suddenly attracted by a bright light.

The light source came from an old-fashioned flashlight. Leonard vaguely remembered that when he was in middle school, his family had bought him a flashlight just like this.

It was very old, long outdated by society, and he never expected that someone would still be using it now.

He crouched behind a decorative tree, looking toward the source of the light.

What came into view was a man, wearing shabby clothes and ragged clothes, rummaging through the trash can for something.

When he saw this, Leonard thought he was a beggar who had gotten up early to pick up trash.

He didn't pay much attention, and after taking a look, he was ready to leave.

But then, what the man found in the trash can made him almost scream.

Using the dim light from the old-fashioned flashlight, he could clearly see from the angle where he crouched.

The man brought up something.

It was clearly a dead baby.

"Nonsense!"

A fierce female voice interrupted his story. Leonard was so frightened that his whole body trembled. He looked up and saw that the woman sitting at the top had a livid face.

The aura emanating from her was so terrifying that he didn't dare to move, kneeling on the ground.

"I didn't lie to you, I really didn't lie to you..."

Tinley's hands were cold and trembling.

Leonard below were desperately begging for mercy, constantly adding details in order to prove that he was telling the truth. "Although the sky is dark, I can guarantee that I can see it clearly. The baby's face was purple, with deep dark red marks

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around the neck, as if it had been strangled. When it was taken out of the trash can, its head hung at an unnatural angle, clearly lifeless!"

After he said that, Tinley's face grew even more terrifying.

Her eyes were bloodshot, and her pale lips were tinged with a hint of red, the smell of blood lingering in her mouth.

Leonard lowered his head in fear, so he didn't notice her expression.

He kept talking.

"I saw that man holding the child. I don't know what he said, but then he put something into the baby's mouth. I also saw him take off his own clothes to wrap the dead baby and place it on the bench. Then he rummaged through the trash can and pulled out a necklace, placing it next to the lifeless baby."

At this point, he paused for a moment, trembling, and with a shiver, squeezed out a few words through his clenched teeth.

"As for why I know so clearly that it was a dead baby, it's because after that man left, I went over and checked..."

Although the scene was bizarre and made one's scalp crawl, Leonard's eyes were drawn to the necklace, which caught the light and dazzled him for a moment.

Adhering to the principle of not missing any detail, after the man left, he quietly went over to take a look.

It was indeed a dead baby. Its color was abnormal, and its neck was tilted to one side. Anyone could see it.

His heart was in his throat, but he gathered his courage and reached for the necklace wrapped in the baby's swaddling.

But at this moment, a bright light shone on his face.

Leonard stiffly turned his head, the light shining directly at him. He couldn't make out the person's face, but he heard a cold, bone-chilling voice.

"You also take the things of the dead? Aren't you afraid that she will haunt you?"

Leonard felt guilty at first, and after hearing this, he ran away.

After returning home, he packed his things and was ready to leave, but the family whose items were stolen had reported to the police. The police compared several fingerprints and traced them back to his home.

With the evidence in hand, he was taken to the police station.

And just like that, he never came out again for the next three years.

This event gradually faded in his mind over time, but because the impression it left on him was so deep, whenever he thought about it, he could still recall many details as if it had happened just yesterday.

After he finished speaking, Tinley couldn't help it any longer. Her throat tightened, and a mouthful of fresh blood erupted from her mouth.

The bright red blood disappeared into her dark-colored clothes, making it hard to see.

"Mrs. Tinley!" Wendy's heart skipped a beat as she hurriedly held her shaky body.

Selly hurried out to find a doctor.

Tinley's bony hand rested on Wendy's wrist, and the life on her face faded sharply.

Wendy gave medicine to her mouth, and when she touched her bloody lips, she trembled. After more than ten years of

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martial arts practice, there were times when she couldn't hold things firmly.

As soon as the medicine was placed in her mouth, it flowed out along the bloodstream.

Tinley held onto Wendy, her chest gently rising and falling with each breath.

She opened her mouth, wanting to speak.

Wendy came closer, bringing her ear near, and heard her intermittent voice.

"I... I want Yvonne, I want to see her, let me see her..."

Wendy ordered another man in the basement to look for Yvonne while she bent down, lifting Tinley in her arms and heading upstairs.

Everyone left, and the heavy soundproof iron door slammed shut with a loud bang.

Leonard tremblingly got to his feet, his eyes scanning the surroundings, terrified to the point that his teeth were chattering

There were cameras on all sides. Even though no one was around, he dared not move recklessly.

On the handle of a dagger on the wall, he saw a word: Holmes

He had heard a man who sold counterfeit goods in the prison brag about the situation in Strate City, mentioning that the Holmes family was a very powerful family.

In addition to gossiping about how powerful the Holmes family was, he also said that the daughter of the Holmes family was lost when she was born.

If this was the Holmes family, then the person he saw just now was its head.

'Wait! Could it be....'

Leonard's pupils constricted, and his legs fell to the ground.'

Could the dead baby I found back then is their daughter?'

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