

Abandoned Super Cutie Adopted by Billionaire Clan

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Kelvin arrived in a hurry. Upon hearing the cries outside the door, his steps grew even faster.

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The door opened, and a chill breeze followed him in. As soon as he entered, he headed straight toward the crying little one.

As he reached out his hand, Kenny instinctively handed the child over to him.

Yvonne hadn't yet realized who the person was.

Although she struggled fiercely, her hands and feet were controlled, and she didn't swing them toward the person's face or body.

Kelvin held her steadily. When he lowered his gaze, he saw her swollen red eyes, her slightly hoarse voice, and her disheveled little face.

A dull feeling surged in his chest, and with his pale white fingers, he gently cupped her pink little face, his voice low.

"How is it that just one day away from me, and you've ended up like this?"

Hearing the familiar voice, Yvonne's cries suddenly stopped.

She opened her eyes, her beautiful gaze red from crying, her cheeks and nose looking like they were dusted with soft pink blush.

Because she had cried so hard earlier, her body was still trembling uncontrollably.

"Dad?"

Her voice had become hoarse after crying for too long.

Yvonne looked at him blankly for a few seconds, confirming that it was not a dream.

She reached out her chubby little hand, grabbed Kelvin's clothes tightly, and slid into his arms.

"It's really you, Daddy!"

She hugged him tightly, like someone falling into water hugging driftwood.

Now, the only thing that could make the little girl feel at ease was him.

Kelvin adjusted the position of hugging her, took the tissue from Kenny's hand, and wiped her crying face clean.

Strangely enough, ever since he picked up Yvonne, she had stopped crying.

But her not crying made it even more heartbreaking than when she was crying.

She just stared at Kelvin with a pair of big, pitiful eyes, her round pupils sparkling from the tears, and her lower lashes slightly disheveled against her skin.

Kelvin turns to Ian. "Get an ice pack and a wet towel."

Ian nodded in a daze, and when he turned around to go out, he pondered, 'Kelvin must have some magic power. Why did Yvonne stop crying when he touched him?'

He looked back thoughtfully.

Later, he planned to ask her about his perfume and get a bottle for himself, so that when Yvonne was in his arms, she would

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recognize the scent of her father.

He was a genius.

Five minutes later, Yvonne closed her eyes. Her eyelids felt cool as if snow had fallen on them.

Unable to see the scene in front of her, she felt a bit uneasy, but the familiar scent at the tip of her nose perfectly filled the emptiness.

"Dad..."

Yvonne called him sullenly, with a pleading voice, "I want to save my mother..."

Ian talked about it when he called and also mentioned the order Tinley gave before she passed out.

They didn't understand, but Kelvin, who knew Yvonne's abilities, had guessed it.

It was likely that Tinley discovered her ability and did not want the little guy to spend his energy saving her.

Kelvin hummed and followed her words in a gentle voice, "Okay, we'll go when your eyes don't hurt anymore?"

Hearing his words, Yvonne excitedly took off the wet towel from her eyes. "Dad, my eyes don't hurt anymore! Let's go now?"

After listening to her quietly, Kelvin covered her eyes with the towel again.

His voice was calm and light. "No, you are still in pain."

There was a kind of pain that came from knowing her dad felt her pain.

It was kept on for almost twenty minutes before it was finally taken off.

When she opened her eyes again, Yvonne obviously felt much more comfortable.

She urged anxiously, "Dad, let's go and save mom!"

"Okay."

Kelvin hugged her and stood up. When he was about to walk out the door, Ian whispered in his ear, "My sister told me not to let Yvonne in, and Wendy stopped me at the door."

"I'm not going in."

Kelvin tilted his head to look at him, his eyebrows raised slightly. "Is there any flower in the house? Bring me a bottle."

Except for Ian, no one understood what he meant by that.

Kenny pointed to a table in the room, where there was a bottle of very red roses.

"Will roses do?" he asked.

"Yes."

Hearing this, he immediately walked over and fetched the vase.

Kelvin carried Yvonne out, and after stepping out the door, he looked down at the little girl's worried expression and turned to ask Ian.

"Do you have a bow? Give me one."

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After saying this, he paused and added, "I just want a bow, not an arrow."

Of course, the Holmes family did.

Ian even asked him if he wanted the light one or the heavy one.

"The one that a child can hold."

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In the end, he had the servant bring up a small bow. The shape of the bow and its tips were short, making it very light in weight, yet it could shoot farther.

After taking these two items, Kelvin took Yvonne to the building where Tinley lived, below the attic.

It was just the two of them; the others were far away and didn't come over.

Kelvin handed the vase to Yvonne, and the moment she got it, the little girl understood.

With a serious expression, she pursed her lips and injected magical power into the bottle of flowers.

In less than two minutes, the fragrance of flowers spread from above.

Several people who were far away could also smell it.

During this time, Kelvin had been noticing the changes in her face.

Just as he had thought before, Yvonne's ability came from flowers and trees, so when she injected energy into the flowers and trees, the loss on her body was minimal.

Of course, there's another possibility that as she gave, the flowers and trees might also return some energy to her body.

The two forces cancel each other out.

But when injecting energy into the human body, it was purely a sacrifice, so the consumption on her was naturally greater.

"Dad, how are we going to save Mom?"

The muffled voice of Yvonne brought him back to his senses.

He looked up at the room with the window open and helped Yvonne stand facing that direction.

Yvonne was still confused as a bow was stuffed into her hand.

"Dad? What are we doing?"

Kelvin stood behind her, knelt down on one knee, and encircled Yvonne's small body in his arms.

He taught Yvonne to hold the bow handle with his left hand and the bowstring with his right.

Then he pulled out a rose from the vase and gently covered her hand with his big hand.

The palms of his hands were soft, like holding a cat's paw and pinching it.

Then, he replaced the arrows with rose branches.

Kelvin's right hand was very large. Even while holding Yvonne's small hand, he could easily pull the bowstring.

Perhaps because he had entered the state, his voice was exceptionally calm. When he spoke in Yvonne's ear, the little girl felt a tingling in it and rubbed it against her shoulder.

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"If I say let go, you let go, understand?"

"Got it, Dad-"

Yvonne already knew what they were going to do.

She had seen it on Detective Conan. When an enemy invaded, he protected himself in this way.

The combination of animation and reality made Yvonne excited.

Her sadness vanished in an instant, and she couldn't help but turn her head, her eyes sparkling.

"Dad!"

She didn't know what to say, so she called him excitedly.

"Daddy!"

He could hear the little girl's joyful excitement without even looking at her.

She was happy, and Kelvin was happy as well.

After aiming at the target, he glanced at the joyful little girl, curved his lips, and chuckled softly.

"Watch closely, I'll teach you how to make your mom happy," he said.

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