

Abandoned Super Cutie Adopted by Billionaire Clan Novel

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Logically, with such fragrant flowers, it was impossible not to smell anything at the door

After he walked around inside, Laris disappointment was palpable, even though he didn't say it out loud.

Feeling down, he left and started calling Kelvin once he got in the car. " Kelvin, did you give me the wrong shop ?

The flowers there are pretty average, and when I showed them the pics I just took, they insisted those aren't their flowers "

After his rant, there was a long silence on the other end .

A few seconds later, Kelvin's deep, cool voice slowly came through the phone. " Lillian wouldn't make a mistake. It's indeed that shop ?

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Ian looked a bit disheartened but had no choice, replying, " Alright, guess I wasn't lucky and those flowers were all bought

Something flashed in his mind, and he suddenly perked up. ' Oh right, how about I go to your place and take whatever's left ? You don't mind, do you ? "

" No, go ahead " Kelvin hummed nonchalantly.

After hanging up, he glanced at the rose on the table.

His gaze seemed to pierce through it, landing on someone.

Ian's older sister was the current head of the Holmes family, a very capable woman. But since losing her child three years ago, she'd become violent and her temperament unpredictable.

If those flowers could make her happy, it'd be worth it.

Yvonne liked to water the flowers in the garden with the gardener around 8 or 9 in the morning.

The gardener watered the big plants, while she used a small spray bottle for the little ones.

Just as she was having fun, she heard someone arguing.

Holding her little spray bottle, she walked a few steps towards the source of the sound.

There were many people at the villa entrance. The most noticeable was a woman in a purple high - end dress. She had a mature, stunning look, a bit plump, and shorter than Lillian.

Blocked by bodyguards at the door, Fiona was expressionless.

Lillian was there, too, with a fake smile. " Sorry, Ms. Walter, it was my employer's order.

Please don't make it hard for us

Fiona pursed her red lips, annoyed by her attitude. However, a glance at Lillian revealed a face that seemed to have rejuvenated by a decade, prompting an inevitable wave of surprise in her instantly.

Just as my mom said, this old thing secretly went for beauty treatments, yet trying to keep the beauty shop a this thought. Fiona's expression turned even colder.

But she wasn't here to ask about the beauty salon today.

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" My mom just said a couple of words with her that day. What exactly did she say wrong ? To stop cooperating with my family

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over this ? She's just an orphan ! " she started.

Lillian's eyes flickered, and her smile grew even wider.

Looks like the boss made his move - awesome. Though with this thought, her face showed a look of regret.

" That's beyond me. The boss's work stuff ? I'm not qualified to ask about it. "

Fiona's eyes flashed with sarcasm.

" You don't know ? Isn't it you who tattled to him ? Dare to do but not admit it, you old hag now you're acting innocent. "

The smile on Lillian's face faded. Finding the remark incredibly offensive, she decided not to pretend anymore and wore an expression that screamed, " Yeah, so what ? "

" Yeah, it was me who told Mr. Adler. So what ? If your mom hadn't come to bully our miss, I wouldn't have had the chance to tattle. You reap what you sow.

"

Fiona grew increasingly furious with each word she heard, her anger rising up

in instant.

" None of the things my mother said were unfair to the child. It's a fact that she's an orphan - why can't that be mentioned she cursed inwardly.

Seeing how fearless Lillian was, Fiona really wanted to slap her.

And that was exactly what she did.

Her manicured nails left two bloody scratches on Lillian's face, and it swelled visibly in seconds.

Lillian, not backing down, retaliated with a slap, too.

She was working all year round, so her strength was way beyond what Fiona could handle. With just one slap, she sent Fiona crashing to the ground.

Seeing her gain the upper hand, none of the surrounding bodyguards moved a muscle.

After falling to the ground, Fiona, from this lower perspective, spotted a child.

The child was hiding behind the villa's main door, dressed in a light green dress, with small hands clutching the door, peeking out nervously with her little head.

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