

Abandoned Super Cutie Adopted by Billionaire Clan

Chapter 135

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Yvonne thought to herself—no wonder she always had plenty of handkerchiefs to wipe her face. Turns out, everyone had been saving the best ones for her.

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She clenched her little fists, her eyes suddenly filled with determination. In a serious tone, she declared, "If our family ever runs out of money, I can use Uncle's money to take care of you all."

Vic came to an abrupt stop. He was clearly taken aback.

His lips parted as if he wanted to say something, but he was so stunned by her words that he couldn't think of a response.

Yvonne, unaware of his hesitation, looked up at him with innocent eyes and added sweetly, "He told me he has a lot of money. He also said it's for me to spend."

That... definitely sounded like something Ian would say.

Vic stared at her for a while before finally reaching out to ruffle her soft hair, a smile tugging at his lips.

"Thank you," he said.

Kids' thought processes were truly baffling—but also ridiculously adorable.

At this moment, he didn't realize the gravity of her words or feel the need to correct her. After all, she was only three. Who knew how much she would even remember? She might forget all about it in a few minutes.

Jeremy caught up to them, having missed the earlier conversation. As soon as he got close, he ruthlessly ruffled Yvonne's hair.

Then, he scrutinized her little face, now smudged with dirt in patches.

"You left looking all clean, and now you're back looking like this."

Yvonne giggled. "You sound so cute when you say that."

Jeremy let out an exasperated sigh. "I got that from you."

Seeing Yvonne grinning like a fool, he couldn't resist poking her soft, chubby cheek with his finger.

"You little dummy," Jeremy said. "I'm just curious—how are you so fearless?"

Back in the room, Jeremy called a maid to help bathe the little one.

Who knew what kind of dirt that big lion had on it?

Richard wasn't the picky type, but Yvonne's skin was delicate. If some nasty bug bit her, she'd be miserable.

Ten minutes later, a freshly cleaned Yvonne emerged, still warm and steamy from her bath.

The maid dried her hair, leaving it fluffy like a little steamed bun.

She had changed into a green dinosaur onesie and, brimming with excitement, dashed downstairs.

There were a lot of people gathered downstairs, engaged in a serious conversation. The atmosphere was rather tense.

But the moment they heard movement and looked up, all they saw was a wobbly little dinosaur.

Instantly, the heavy atmosphere dissipated.

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Ian's heart practically melted at the sight.

He stood up instinctively, beaming as he walked toward Yvonne. "My sweet Yvonne, did you miss me?"

Yvonne, however, paid him no attention. She made a beeline for Kelvin, who had been sitting quietly.

"Daddy, I missed you so much!"

Ian froze.

Kelvin effortlessly scooped Yvonne up with one arm and settled her on his lap.

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His long, pale fingers wrapped around her chubby little hands, and after making sure she was sitting securely, he leaned back slightly.

Sensing Ian's gaze, he lifted his eyes and met it with an indifferent smirk.

That lazy glance alone was a lethal blow.

Ian looked as if he had just lost all his strength. He was completely petrified.

Meanwhile, the little one in Kelvin's arms noticed a black phone on the coffee table.

She recognized it—she had seen it many times at home.

But now, the phone's screen was completely shattered.

Yvonne's big eyes flickered. Within seconds, her eyes turned red.

'Oh no... Daddy must really be out of money,' she thought.

His phone was broken, and he was still using it.

Her heart ached. "Daddy, what happened to your phone?"

At her question, Kelvin turned to glance at Ian.

Ian guiltily looked away.

Earlier in the car, Ian had wanted a picture of Yvonne, but Kelvin refused to give him one. So Ian tried to snatch his phone.

In the struggle, the phone flew out the car window, landed right on a protruding rock, and shattered completely.

Not only did Ian fail to get Yvonne's picture, but Kelvin had lost a phone over it.

A classic lose—lose situation.

At first, Ian hadn't thought much of it. But now that Yvonne had asked, he suddenly broke out in a cold sweat.

Crap. Yvonne was really into Kelvin right now. If she found out he was the one who broke the phone, would she start hating him?

His anxiety was so intense that his expression turned stiff.

Kelvin cast him a sidelong glance but spared him the embarrassment in front of Yvonne. "It fell and broke. It's no big deal."

Hearing that, Yvonne felt even more heartbroken.

She looked at the shattered phone again and pouted.

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It was completely wrecked, yet Daddy still said it was fine.

Kelvin lowered his head and gently brushed a finger over her soft, fair cheek. His voice was low and patient. "What's wrong?"

He had a feeling that if he didn't ask, she might burst into tears.

Yvonne rubbed her eyes, then suddenly jumped off his lap.

It was as if she had made up her mind about something—she marched straight toward Ian.

Ian was so nervous he didn't dare move a muscle.

"Uncle." Yvonne flung herself onto his leg and hugged it tightly.

Ian had never been treated like this before. His scalp tingled with excitement.

Ian thought, 'Did... Did she just call me Uncle?'

His body reacted faster than his brain. The moment she got close, he instinctively bent down and picked her up.

"Yvonne, did you just call me by name?"

Yvonne's big, clear eyes met his as she repeated sweetly, "Ian, can you give me some money?"

Ian's eyes turned red with emotion. At this moment, forget money—if she had asked for his life, he might have handed it over in a heartbeat.

"Yes! Of course! It's all yours!" He set Yvonne down and hastily fumbled in his pocket.

At thirty-four and unmarried, Ian naturally had plenty of money- all in his own hands.

He hurriedly pulled out a black card and, like a treasure, placed it into Yvonne's little hands.

His eyes shone brightly as he suppressed his excitement. "I have loads of money. The password is your birthday. Spend as much as you want."

Yvonne cupped her hands together, and when Ian handed her the card, she sweetly said, "Thank you."

She was about to leave immediately, but perhaps feeling a little guilty, she hesitated.

After thinking for a moment, she tugged on Ian's hand, urging him to bend down. Then, she leaned in and planted a big, affectionate kiss on his cheek.

Ian was stunned. His entire body stiffened as his mind blanked out.

Being kissed by Yvonne... He had never even dared to dream of this.

He clutched his face in disbelief, his heartbeat hammering like a drum, his eyes growing even brighter. Th written all over his face.

After giving him a kiss, Yvonne happily ran back to Kelvin, holding onto the black card.

She beamed, grabbing Kelvin's hand. "Daddy."

Then, she placed the card into his palm and carefully curled his fingers around it.

"Here, take it."

Kelvin was puzzled. "What's this for?"

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Yvonne held onto his hand, her soft, childish voice soothing like a lullaby.

"Let's spend Ian's money together."