

Abandoned Super Cutie Adopted by Billionaire Clan

Chapter 137

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When Ian brought Yvonne back, Tinley had already been awake for nearly an hour.

The atmosphere in the Holmes family was unusually pleasant.

As he passed through the front yard, he caught sight of the silver-haired butler, delicately dabbing his eyes with a handkerchief, murmuring blessings under his breath.

Finding Marian, who had been missing for three years, and seeing Tinley’s health improving after three years of illness—it truly felt like divine intervention.

Noting the relief on the butler’s face, a flicker of joy flashed through Ian’s eyes. Unable to contain his excitement, he quickened his pace.

“Tinley’s awake?” Ian murmured.

Inside the room, Tinley had been sitting by the window ever since regaining consciousness, having taken a bath in between.

A blue vase nearby was filled with vibrant roses, their colors reflecting onto Tinley’s face, making her complexion look much better.

A laptop rested on the long rectangular wooden table before her, playing a recorded video.

The footage was shot from an interrogator’s perspective, showing only a young girl.

At first, the girl appeared extremely frightened and wary, resisting every question with a guarded expression.

Yet under the relentless pressure of a professional interrogator, she barely lasted five minutes.

Her responses were chaotic and fragmented, full of inconsistencies.

However, from her micro-expressions, it was evident that she was telling the truth.

When asked how she knew these things, she fell silent. Her face turned pale, then green, looking absolutely dreadful.

She was desperately trying to conceal the answer to that question.

Twice, she almost let it slip, but each time, she caught herself at the last moment.

For someone with a weak will to hold onto a secret for so long, the weight of that secret had to be immense.

The interrogators noticed this as well.

After a brief discussion, they stepped out of the room.

Left alone, the girl heaved a sigh of relief, her nerves finally easing.

At that moment, a hypnotist with a warm and approachable appearance walked in, carrying a briefcase.

His voice had a natural rhythm that drew people into his conversation effortlessly.

The girl was no exception. Within moments, her expression became vacant.

After confirming she was under hypnosis with two preliminary questions, the hypnotist took out a white A4 sheet from his briefcase.

It was densely printed with questions.

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Thinking about her jealousy, Tinley’s slender fingers lightly brushed the thick stack of interrogation records, her gaze cold

A twisted personality like hers, reborn with over twenty years of life experience, would see for the first time the once estate at its weakest. It wasn’t enough to steal their identity—she would also torment them to feed her own perverse satisfaction

Tinley suddenly remembered something.

Last night, when she couldn’t sleep, she had secretly kissed Yvonne’s little hand. That was when she felt a few tiny red scars. She had turned on the light and saw that they were faded, white scars.

Yvonne’s injuries—Marian was likely behind them.

The thought of Yvonne suffering at the hands of someone like Marian while being lost out in the world filled Tinley with an uncontrollable rage.

It was only when a soft knock sounded on the door, followed by a cold voice from outside, that her anger diverged. “Miss Yates is back.”

The murderous intent that had just refused to subside vanished instantly.

Tinley swiftly shut the laptop and tucked the interrogation records into the drawer.

She had never been this flustered before, yet her actions were seamless and practiced.

The door creaked open, and a small, adorable head peeked in first.

Seeing Tinley awake, Yvonne’s big eyes lit up, and she stumbled forward, nearly tripping over herself

Yvonne threw herself at Tinley, clutching her leg, teary-eyed as she looked up. “Mommy! You’re awake! I was so worried about you!”

Tinley had been smiling ever since she saw her, her expression growing softer and softer, never fading.

“My sweet Yvonne, did you have fun outside?”

“Yes!” Yvonne’s day had been filled with excitement, and she was positively delighted.

She clung to Tinley, excitedly sharing everything about her day. At the end, she revealed the most exciting news with bright, expectant eyes.

“Mommy, Daddy said he’s coming to play with me tomorrow!”

Tinley smiled warmly, her voice gentle. “Alright.”

The commotion from the house across the street had been hard to miss. The construction was so noisy, and cars were parked everywhere—it looked like the entire renovation company had shown up.

At that moment, the butler, who had left earlier, returned, discreetly handing Tinley a USB drive. It was se

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