

# Abandoned Super Cutie Adopted by Billionaire Clan

Chapter 153

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It was time for Yvonne to leave, but before she left, she suddenly remembered that her brother was alone here.

"Yvonne, do you live alone?" Yvonne asked.

Charles's eyes flickered. His expression remained unchanged as he nodded.

Seeing him nod, Yvonne took his hand without hesitation.

"Let's go, Charles, You can live with me," she whispered to Charles.

Charles stood up and said hesitantly, "I don't think it's a good idea, Yvonne..."

"Don't worry, Mom's really nice. I'm sure she'll welcome you!" Yvonne said.

A few minutes after Yvonne led him away, Richard returned from outside with his camera.

His deep, commanding voice preceded him through the door.

"Charles, what's for lunch today? Do you want to cat by the door?"

Richard's energy was building. Unable to find Charles after entering, he went to the room to search for him.

Impatient after knocking, he pushed the door open to take a look.

"Charles?" Richard wondered where he went.

The Holmes family.

As Yvonne walked past the familiar osmanthus trees in the courtyard, she hesitated and then let go of Charles's hand.

"Charles, wait for a second," she said.

When Charles saw her walking beneath the osmanthus tree, he understood her intentions.

Seeing no one approaching, he followed behind Yvonne.

The osmanthus tree bloomed for an extended period.

Yvonne could still vividly recall the day she met her mother for the first time, the day the sweet osmanthus blossoms rained down upon her.

Unable to dislodge the flower, she resembled a delicate, fragrant cake adorned with osmanthus blossoms.

The moment she touched the trunk, the osmanthus tree released a cascade of tiny yellow flowers.

It appeared to welcome her as she drew closer.

Charles reached out and picked up a few of the yellow objects, which fell onto his open, pale palm.

Yvonne believed that plants could communicate with her, and she loved talking to them.

She murmured as she channeled energy into the osmanthus tree.

"I'll give you a lovely osmanthus scent, Mommy will smell just like it."

She thought her mother was as beautiful as osmanthus.

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Her mother would wear a fragrance of osmanthus.

As if sensing her plea, the osmanthus tree ceased its shower of blossoms.

If it fell again, there would be no blossoms left.

Standing beneath the tree, one could almost see the yellow pollen billowing out like smoke in the wind as the flowers worked tirelessly to release their fragrance.

Wendy, walking in this direction, was stunned by the smell.

She turned to the woman beside her and said, "Madam, the osmanthus fragrance at noon today reminds me of when you first met Yvonne."

Tinley hummed. She knew Yvonne was back.

The two had just come from a remote guest room in the Holmes family. Wendy was still holding a stack of papers, all of which were portraits drawn by Leonard.

Despite her reluctance to confront the incident, Tinley couldn't deny the truth in Leonard's words.

The chaos of that day made it difficult for Tinley to consciously recall what had happened.

Taking advantage of the turmoil following Yvonne's abduction, the group fled Strate City. Consumed by rage, they strangled Yvonne and disposed of her body in a trash can in Blorenc City, far from Strate City.

For revenge, they put her necklace with the stillborn baby in her swaddle.

If someone discovered the deceased infant and necklace in the trash can at dawn, they could contact her immediately.

A necklace found alongside it could be used to confirm identity, and a DNA test could also be performed.

They wished Tinley could never find peace facing the death of two loved ones.

They didn't expect that before dawn, a passerby discovered the infant's body in the park.

Leonard said that the man gave Yvonne something to eat, and it should be that thing that brought Yvonne to life.

Yvonne's superpower should be related to him.

The man placed Yvonne on a bench, where the orphanage director found her by chance.

The director believed the baby's young parents, who may have been unprepared for responsibility, had abandoned her, like other young parents.

So she took Yvonne back to the orphanage, and the necklace never showed up.

This was Tinley's deduction based on the clues she had gathered.

She wanted to know who the man who saved Yvonne was and what he was feeding her.

After spending three years in prison, Leonard seemed to have lost some of his mental acuity, and his descriptions of the characters were somewhat contradictory.

Tinley commissioned a portrait artist. After a long time, the artist came to see her with a sad face and grievances, saying that he had failed to capture the essence.

Later, she allowed Leonard to draw, but he didn't know anything about painting.

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Leonard gave her a stack of meaningless papers every day, leaving Tinley clueless.

Once Tinley was sure Leonard wasn't pretending and truly wasn't helpful, she discreetly arranged for his return.

Leonard didn't want to leave the two-bedroom apartment with a guest room, where he could get delicious food just by drawing.

Three years ago, the surveillance footage from that section was unavailable, and since the road was mostly deserted in the early morning, no clues have been found until now.

While Yvonne had enough to live comfortably, Tinley remained uneasy, harboring a fear of the unknown.

Since nothing could be found on that street, she started with superpowers.

As long as there was hope, Tinley would give it a try.

She needed a list of superpowers from the domestic archives so she could compare them.

But even Tinley couldn't get such a top-secret file.

Therefore, she needed to meet someone.

Yvonne smiled with satisfaction as she drew back her hand from beneath the osmanthus tree.

She gazed upward for a moment, clutching Charles's clothes.

"Charles, let's go!" she said.

They had just come in from the corridor, and the osmanthus tree was in the yard.

Upon returning to the long corridor, they saw two people walking across.

Ronnie, the butler, came over with a strange man.

He greeted Yvonne warmly.

"Yvonne, school's out already? How about we grab some dinner?" he suggested.

His clasped hands and flushed cheeks made his fondness for Yvonne obvious.

Yvonne was a little stunned. She regained her composure and hesitated, her gaze fixed on the unfamiliar man before her.

"Ronnie," she asked softly, "do you still need to lead the way for the gentleman?"

Ronnie nodded regretfully when he heard the question.

Yvonne's presence filled him with such joy that he completely forgot about his task.

Ronnie said, "Mr. Adler, then you can take Yvonne straight ahead and turn left after passing through this corridor... If you have trouble finding it, just ask a staff member for help."

"Okay, I understand," Charles said warmly.

Yvonne gathered Charles's clothes, offered Ronnie a soft goodbye wave, and departed.

"Goodbye, Ronnie!" she said.

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"Goodbye, Yvonne." The silver-haired butler waved a small handkerchief.

As he reminisced, a clear voice with a casual bass tone spoke from beside him.

"Is that her, Tinley's daughter?"

Ronnie boasted, "Yes, Yvonne is a perfect girl!"

Howard Davis responded calmly, glancing nonchalantly at Yvonne as she walked away.

Howard replied, "I don't think so."

Howard looked away and kept walking.

The butler, who had been silent until now, followed behind.

Ronnie asked, "Are you suggesting Yvonne isn't perfect? She has a wonderful personality and inherited her mother's good looks. I doubt you'll find a more adorable child."

He talked a lot.

Howard couldn't help but recall the face he had just seen.

She was exquisitely beautiful, adorned with fragrant osmanthus blossoms that gave her a fairy-like aura.

She resembled her mother, Tinley, but her eyes were different.

Howard didn't see Yvonne as perfect because her eyes reminded him of her father, whom he deeply disliked.

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