

Abandoned Super Cutie Adopted by Billionaire Clan

Chapter 156

Chapter 156

65

In the evening. Tinley received many flower deliveries while she waited for Yvonne to return home.

She observed servants carrying in pots of colorful flowers as she stood at the door.

The lead servant greeted Tinley and headed to the attic where she resided.

“Hold on. Wendy interrupted, “who told you to send flowers?”

It was puzzling that so many people sent flowers without a word.

“It’s Yvonne. She wants us to put all these flowers in the attic apartment where Ms. Holmes lives. I thought you two knew about it, one of the servants said.

Wendy and Tinley didn’t know until now.

Hearing it was Yvonne’s intention, Wendy took a few steps back to make way for them.

Wendy realized that Tinley had no bottom line when it came to Yvonne.

Tinley’s face was blank, even slightly annoyed just now.

However, when she heard that the flowers were sent by Yvonne, her expression changed instantly.

Tinley walked to the front yard and waited there for Yvonne to return.

Ten minutes later, Ian came in from outside, smiling, with a happy Yvonne.

Upon seeing Tinley, he bent down, gently placing Yvonne on the ground and straightening her body before smiling.

He said. “Go, your mommy is waiting for you.”

Yvonne ran to Tinley, calling softly, “Mommy!”

Tinley held her close, her gaze tender and captivated as she cherished the moment Yvonne fell into her arms.

“Sweetheart, are you going to decorate Mommy’s room like a greenhouse?” she asked.

Hearing this, Yvonne gave a shy smile. “Mommy lives in the greenhouse—it’s really beautifull”

Tinley said, “But I don’t need so many flowers,”

“You’ll need them,” said Yvonne.

As Tinley

led Yvonne by hand towards the back, Yvonne paused, seemingly struck by a thought. She turned and waved to her uncle who trailed behind them.

Jan handed her the little bag in his hand and watched the little girl take out the picture frame from it.

Yvonne handed the frame to Tinley and pointed at the person in the picture.

She exclaimed, “Mommy is so beautiful! I saw you a long time ago.”

Asmile touched her lips as she described the photo she had seen at Anna’s house.

Before Yvonne knew the woman in the picture was her mother, she found her very beautiful. Now that she knew, she found her even mDTE NO.

1/3

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Chapter 56

Tinity was concerned with her appearance, and the photos from her younger days merely evoked a sense of nostalgia.

But if her baby cared in would be different

Children of

age of compared themselves to others, focusing on whose families were wealthier or more induential and whose parents were considered more attractive.

They felt pride in their mother beauty

Tvonne belmed

bed that if she could make her mother as beautiful as she was in her youth, everyone at school would be

She raised her line bead and stared straight at Tinley for a moment

Her mother had changed so much since their first encounter that she believed her plan might actually work.

Ske that for me?

your sadesy and health are what matter most. I don’t want you to make any sacrifices

Tinley possessed remarkable calmness and unbelievable softness.

It’s okay mommy. I love growing flowers I’ll be fine.” Yvonne said.

There was a hint of pride in her big eyes.

She had a remarkable talent for growing Sowers

“Oh yeah. Mom” Yvonne said excitedly. “Uncle bought an orange tree, so I’m going to plant oranges for you!”

Trone’s band slipped from Tinley’s grasp, and Yvonne made a small circle with her own delicate hand

he said. The oranges on the tree are very small, but Uncle said they’ll be ready to cat soon!

Iam leaned in and explained. The small citrus tree wasn’t supposed to bear fruit yet, but it did! Yvonne said we could keep and eat the fruit, so I bought the tree.

Those nodded, “Yeah”

Afer he fished speaking Yvonne nodded.

Yvonne thought the fruits would be delicious, even though she hadn’t planted any food.

Curiosity bubbled inside her, and when the orange tree was finally transplanted to the backyard, she couldn’t wait to race oner and see it.

Lan selected a location closer to Tinley’s attic, which was more convenient for Yvonne’s errands.

The tree, reaching the height of an adult, boasted branches laden with lush green leaves and an abundance of unripe fruit

Numerous gratifying objects hung from the branches.

This orange tree was thriving

Yvonne approached, her big, unblinking eyes gazing up at the oranges

rwhelmed by desire, she reached out her small hand and snatched a green orange.

“Yvonne, you shouldn’t eat that now. It’s very bitter, said Ian

2/3

17:27 Mon, 7 Apr HO

Chapter 156

He was standing next to her, trying to stop her.

Yvonne, ignoring him, clutched the small orange and struggled to pierce its skin.

Then she put it directly into her mouth.

After only two chews, Yvonne grimaced in pain,

an off, and spat it out.

The bitterness faded from her mouth, and she ran back to Ian, her face grave.

Yvonne agreed, “Uncle’s right. It’s quite bitter and not tasty at all.”

With a serious expression, she rested her small hand on the trunk of the orange tree.

She muttered. “Hurry up and ripen. I want to eat sweet ones.”

This was the first time Ian had seen Yvonne use her superpowers. He glanced around cautiously, even though they wen the safety of their own home.

Longing for the sweet oranges she hadn’t tasted in a while, Yvonne sought them out again after dinner.

She pulled Ian along.

An hour had passed since she last used her superpower. The orange tree appeared mostly unchanged, its branches and leaves still green, but she now detected a faint scent of orange peel that hadn’t been there before.

It wasn’t sweet, but rather bitter with a slightly astringent taste.

Jan’s eyes sparkled as he brought a small fruit to his nose, inhaling its aroma.

The orange aroma was incredibly pure and strong!

The life force of the plant concentrated in the fruit, rather than being dispersed throughout the branches.

Ian still recalled Yvonne’s vibrant flower gardens, a stark contrast to the orange tree.

He looked down at Yvonne standing under the tree.

She grabbed another fruit, peeled it, and popped it into her mouth.

in a huff.

Moments later, Yvonne hurried away as anticipated, her bottom sticking out in a huff.

She grumbled, “Bah bah!”

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17:27 Mon, 7 Apr H

Chapter 157

Chapter 157