

Abandoned Super Cutie Adopted by Billionaire Clan

Chapter 157

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Yvonne should have learned the lesson.

After spitting out the astringent fruit in her mouth, Yvonne came back with a bitter face.

She walked up to Ian, stuck out her tongue playfully, and then snuggled her head against his leg.

"It's not delicious," she said softly, her voice laced with disappointment.

Ian released the fruit from his grasp, bent down, and gently rubbed the little girl's head.

He said with a smile, "Since it's not ripe yet, it's not delicious, Give it some time."

"I put magical power in it, but why doesn't it taste good? Yvonne wondered.

When she lived with her father, she could easily get fruit to eat as long as she put a bit energy in the tree, but this time, though she put a lot in it, it was still disappointing.

Seeing her disappointment, Ian tried a different approach to persuade her.

"It's trying to improve its flavor. Just give it some time, Ian said.

"Is that so?" Yvonne looked up at him.

Yvonne said. "Uncle, I just started kindergarten. You can't fool me!"

"I'm serious, Ian chuckled. "The longer it takes to grow, the better it tastes."

"Okay!" Yvonne said.

Gazing back at the branches laden with small oranges, Yvonne leaned against Ian, letting him carry her away.

The small, round oranges behind them were still green, but they looked healthy and beautiful.

The enticing aroma of the orange drew in many passing birds.

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From that day forward, Yvonne eagerly anticipated the day the oranges would mature, and birds from the neighborhood made it a habit to visit two or three times a day, drawn to the same anticipation.

The orange tree was thriving, having grown considerably larger than the quail egg-sized sapling it had been when first brought home.

The weight of the fruit pulled the branches downward.

Both the Holmes family servants and the staff who visited Tinley Holmes periodically to settle accounts found themselves drawn to it, pausing in their duties for a moment.

At 9:30 AM, none of the staff who usually arrive at the conference hall thirty minutes early were present.

Wendy went out and found out that they were all attracted by the little orange trees outside.

These adults, all in their thirties and forties, now gather around the small orange tree with a childlike wonder.

Why does this orange tree smell so good?

"Can I eat it? I want to pick up one and try it."

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The person who spoke hesitantly reached out with a rough, calloused hand, but thought better of it and settled for a touch.

"I heard Yvonne planted that for Ms. Holmes. Be careful."

"Okay," the man said, withdrawing his hand. The lingering scent on his fingers seemed to sharpen his focus.

"I'll focus on improving this month's performance. Once it's mature, let's see if we can get some from Ms. Holmes."

The man's words were unanimously agreed by his companions.

They weren't greedy; the little orange was simply very fragrant.

The refreshing orange flavor was a delight to be near.

Glancing at his wristwatch, one of them realized they'd been circling the orange tree for over ten minutes without noticing.

His eyelids fluttered as he urgently called out to the others.

"Let's go. Leave the oranges behind, or Wendy will arrive later."

Noticing the time, the others hurried to the meeting hall.

They met a refreshed-looking Ronnie on their way and stopped to say hello.

As they watched Ronnie stride swiftly away, doubt crept into their minds.

"Why do I think Ronnie looks more energetic than us?"

"He walks with the energy of a young man."

These people usually afraid to speak in front of Tinley, but they talked a lot behind her back.

Their curiosity extended even to the trees and grass, which they discussed at length

"The air quality feels significantly better this time. It's a noticeable difference."

The flower blooming. This tree is so beautiful.

"You guys probably haven't heard about it, have you?"

One of them told what he knew a few days ago with a smile.

"Yvonne's identity is not ordinary. Before she was found, she was an exceptional student under the guidance of Professor Taylor Johnson at the Academy of Sciences."

"I heard that too, but why did she send so much at once?" one asked.

The man responded, "Yvonne likes it. She's a wonderful person. Though she's still an Adler, I'll suggest to Ms. Holmes that she take the Holmes family name. After all, she's a Holmes now, even though the Adlers have been good to us."

They talked constantly along the way.

They chatted nonstop, even though it meant risking being late, until they encountered Wendy with a grave face.

Wendy glanced at them. Noticing their heavy breaths, the unspoken words caught in her throat.

"Ms. Holmes has been waiting for you inside for six minutes," said Wendy.

Tinley's good mood upon Yvonne's return had made them a little presumptuous.

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In the past, they wouldn't dare to be late.

Wendy opened the conference hall door. "Just this once," she said, her voice icy.

Smiling, they walked in, only to be stunned at the sight of Tinley Holmes sitting on top.

They couldn't believe their eyes.

They hadn't seen Tinley in days, but her change was shocking.

This was incredible.

Tinley's face was blank, her voice as cold and languid as ever, yet her words landed with unmistakable force.

"Are you unaware of the time? Is your watch just for show? Do you expect me to wait at the door?" she said.

The others were terrified.

Tinley only treated Yvonne kindly, but remained as distant and aloof as ever towards the others.

The man who had just proposed to change Yvonne's last name didn't dare to bring up the subject..

One of them, a bold one, thought about the oranges outside as he prepared to leave.

He plucked up courage and said, "Well... "Ms. Holmes, the small orange tree outside is thriving"

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