

Abandoned Super Cutie Adopted by Billionaire Clan

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Tinley glanced at him as if she had seen through what was on his mind.

Her face was cold, and she said calmly. "If I were you, I wouldn't say the rest"

The man thought, "This is a rejection. Well, that's par for the course.

However, Tinley's attitude was quite good, slightly diluting the regret in his heart.

It was already 11:30 am. when they left the council hall. After staying indoors for so long, they suddenly breathed fresh air and again realized the Holmes family's environment was different.

It was no wonder the old butler was getting younger and younger. If allowed to live there for a few days, they would feel like teenagers again.

One suggested. "Why don't we tell the butler that we'll stay for lunch?

Everyone agreed to the proposal unanimously.

The Holmes family was big. It had several kitchens, let alone the dining rooms.

Sometimes, when they were busy with work till late at night, they would stay there after telling the butler.

They happened to have the butler's contact information on their mobile phones, so just a call may do the job. When out, several people tacitly took the road from where they came.

While passing the orange tree they had longed for, they stopped because they saw a child standing there.

She looked short and chubby, like a fluffy little cat.

She circled the orange tree, picked a slightly larger orange, and reached out her little hand to hold it.

With a hard pull from her, the orange leaves rattled, and the fruits on the same branch trembled.

The little girl spread her hands, lowered her head, and peeled the little orange seriously.

After peeling it, she stuffed it into her mouth and chewed it twice.

And then, she turned her head and ran far away, squatting down and vomiting.

She grumbled, "Bah, bah

Several people who witnessed the whole process were stunned.

"This is Yvonne, huh? She's different from what I thought. Someone said leisurely, his tone mixed with disbelief.

How could a cold and intelligent person like Tinley, the head of the family, have a child like that, so cute yet seemingly stupid?

Looking at the little girl squatting on the ground, one of the people's eyes lit up, and he thought of a good idea to eat

Granges.

He walked over quickly.

Over there, after spitting out the orange in her mouth, Yvonne stood up

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A strange man came to her and talked to her like old friends. "Why did you spit out such a sweet orange? How delicious."

Yvonne tilted her little head and quickly explained softly. "It's not delicious. It's very bitter."

The

orange tasted terrible in her mouth, making her feel like she was taking a bitter pill.

Although Yvonne had made it clear, the strange man shook his head in disbelief and even doubted her words.

He argued, "Impossible. I think this orange is pretty good. It smells so nice. It must be sweet."

Yvonne's soft and cute face froze, and after reacting, she wanted to prove herself for no reason. "It's bitter. If you don't believe me, try one!"

Hearing that, the man was overjoyed, and the corners of his lips curled up rapidly, but he was afraid Yvonne would see it, se he quickly pressed it down.

He walked to the orange tree, grabbed a small orange in Yvonne's sight, and asked again, "I'll taste it, okay?"

The innocent little girl was full of expectations. "Try it!"

She thought, 'After he tastes it, he will know how bitter the orange is.

The man picked one orange and put it in his mouth to bite a bit off the peel.

Then, he made a twisted expression in Yvonne's expectant eyes, gritting his teeth and nodding at her. "You're right. It's bitter!"

Yvonne's big, bright eyes curved up slightly as she smiled happily. "See? I didn't lie."

At that moment, the stunned gentlemen reacted and moved up purposely.

"I don't think this orange is bitter. It looks great."

"That's right. I think it's sweet."

Yvonne's eyes widened, confused by these people who suddenly stood out to question her.

She said, "It's bitter! If you don't believe me, try it yourself!"

Yvonne still wanted to prove herself, but she didn't know these old foxes were waiting for her to say that.

They also picked an orange each, imitating the first person, tasting it, and pretending it tasted bad.

Looking at Yvonne's proud expression of "I'm right, a few old foxes silently stuffed the oranges into their pockets, frantically agreeing with her..

Just by showing off their acting skills, they had made Yvonne happy and got a fragrant orange for each. No matter how they thought about it, it was worth it.

Ian, who stood not far away and watched for a long time, was speechless.

During his phone call from a distance, those old foxes tricked Yvonne

These few guys were in their middle ages, yet they played tricks with the little girl to get the oranges. That was a bit too much

Helpless, Jan walked over and picked up Yvonne, who was smiling foolishly.

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He said to those people there. "Enough is enough. Don't pick all the oranges before they fully ripen"

"Don't worry, Mr. Holmes. We just pick one and taste it."

Ian left. On the way back, he looked down at the silly little girl in his arms and kissed her cheek.

He told her inwardly. Silly girl, you're so happy. You have no idea of having been tricked.

After they left, the few people holding the oranges couldn't help but take them out and look at them again.

They wondered why the orange smelled so good. It smelled delicious in the pocket.

Just smelling it made people feel refreshed all over. Would they taste even better if they were made into orange juice?

People could eat oranges in many different ways, each doing good for them.

After they had lunch in the Holmes family, they hurried back to their homes.

They carefully sliced the oranges with knives and put them into the juicer.

After cutting, it smelled better. After adding the water and the simple syrup, the fragrance diffused.

The smell immediately attracted his wife, who was watching TV in the living room. "Wilson, what are you doing, smelling nice?"

This person was Wilson Thornton, who was in charge of the Holmes family's pawn shop business. He was responsible for counting the revenue of Horizon Tower, the largest auction house of the Holmes family.

He pushed his glass towards his wife, a smile on his face. "Here. I picked the orange from the Holmes family."

His wife, Tessa Thornton, picked it up and put it on the tip of her nose to smell. The fragrance went down her nose. squeezing out the turbid air from her lungs.

The weather in Strate City had been cold for the last two days. She didn't dry her hair after taking a shower the previous night. When she woke up this morning, she had a headache and a stuffy nose.

She felt bad catching a cold with a stuffed nose and dizziness.

But after smelling the orange juice made by her husband, she felt her nose could breathe freely again.

That was more efficient than taking cold medicine.

She hurriedly brought her glass over and poured orange juice into it without saying a word.

"Hey, this is mine. There are more orange slices in the fridge. I can make you more juice if you want. Wilson tried to stop her but failed.

Tessa said. "I have a cold. If you don't want to be infected, give me this juice."

After saying that, Tessa got her orange juice.

As soon as she took over the glass, she couldn't wait to

to put it on her lips and take a sip.

The juice was light yellow, which looked particularly beautiful and tasted good, too.

She only took a small sip, but the moment the liquid entered her mouth, the dizzy feeling suddenly disappeared. That was unbelievable!

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Wilson didn't drink it and looked at her. "How is it? Is it delicious?"

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Tessa suppressed the smile at the corner of her mouth, pursed her lips, and shook her head, pretending to be serious and having an idea in her mind.

She told Wilson. "It doesn't taste good. Don't drink it. By the way, you just said you would make more for me, right? Don't forget that