

Abandoned Super Cutie Adopted by Billionaire Clan

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“Of course, I will take you there. The maid smiled gently and led Taylor to the jasmine tree, walking ahead of him.

The butler had mentioned that Taylor was a favored guest of Yvonne, and his requests should be accommodated as much as possible.

She led Taylor through the small alley and along half of the long corridor until they reached the jasmine.

The jasmine free of the Holmes family was grand and stood quietly in the garden on either side.

The surrounding jasmine leaves had already started to yellow, but this one was still green, the color rich and vibrant,

Between the green leaves, small flowers, the size of millet, mixed with yellow, gave off a delicate, otherworldly fragrance.

From a distance, Taylor could tell. “This tree must be quite old

The maid answered with a smile. It’s about 210 years old now.”

Taylor nodded.

The tree stood about thirty feet tall, its crown dense with leaves, and its bark was rough.

He sighed, “It’s beautiful. It will likely grow into a jasmine king one day.”

Taylor walked closer to take a better look, and just then, a gust of wind blew through, sending two or three small jasmine flowers drifting down.

They fell right into his hands.

The delicate yellow flowers resting in his hands, alongside his wrinkled, aged skin, made Taylor feel like his hands were as rough as the tree bark.

The few flowers lingered on the back of his hand for a moment before floating away, leaving a subtle fragrance on his skin.

The scent lingered long enough to rival that of perfume.

But this scent was far more valuable than any perfume.

Taylor stood with his hands behind his back, gazing up at the jasmine tree.

He realized that no matter how hard he worked, he could never transform a 200–year–old tree.

At that moment, it was as though two aging souls were looking into each other’s eyes.

The maid quietly stepped back, not wanting to disturb Taylor.

But at that moment, Taylor heard voices coming from a distance, loud and chaotic.

“Yvonne, slow down.”

“Mi. Adler, watch your step.

Taylor turned his Bead at the sound, seeing a group of people chasing a little girl toward him.

In fact, they were more like guarding her than chasing

Yvonne was running too fast and not paying attention to where she was going.

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To prevent her from tripping, the surrounding servants and bodyguards were trying to keep up, stretching out their hands to catch her if she suddenly fell.

Yvonne joyfully ran toward him, her face flushed red. From a distance, she looked like a cute little lamb charging toward him.

Her bright, round eyes sparkled with joy, and her soft voice carried a playful tone. “Hi. Mr. Johnson.”

Before even getting closer. Yvonne had already started to act cute. “Why didn’t you tell me you were coming?”

Yvonne couldn’t stop in time, and due to her strong momentum, she bumped into Taylor’s leg with a soft thud.

Taylor was fine, but Yvonne staggered back and sat down on the ground.

Quickly. Yvonne stood up, dusted herself off, and reached out to hold onto Taylor’s thigh

She tilted her head back, her beautiful eyes curving with excitement as she asked. “Why didn’t you tell me?”

Taylor’s heart softened, but he still kept a stern face. He reached out and gave her head a light, playful tap. “Little girl, why didn’t you tell me!”

Yvonne covered her head, her watery eyes blinking in confusion as she softly asked, “Tell you what?”

Taylor snorted, but this time, he didn’t have the heart to tap her head again. “Tell me about your abilities. If you had just said it. I wouldn’t have refused.”

At this point. Taylor couldn’t help but feel a bit frustrated with Kelvin. ‘Kelvin seemed like a gentleman. I even thought he was decent enough to be a friend. But–Taylor thought.

But in front of Yvonne. Taylor held back.

Yvonne’s mind was a bit confused. She thought about it for a long time before finally figuring it out. ‘My ability? Oh, I see. Mr. Johnson must be talking about planting flowers. But she wondered.

Yvonne looked up at Taylor with a puzzled expression and asked, in the sweetest, most innocent tone, the most heartbreaking question. “Mr. Johnson, don’t you know how to do it, too?”

Taylor’s heart skipped a beat. I know? Bullshit. If I did, would I have spent my whole life researching and still not have any results? he thought.

Yvonne was still completely confused.

Earlier, when Yvonne saw Taylor send her fragrant flowers, she thought Taylor was just like her, good at growing flowers.

A fleeting moment of confusion passed across her delicate face, and Taylor couldn’t resist ruttling her head.

Forget it, I won’t argue with her. Yvonne’s so young, how could she understand? It’s definitely that sly father of hers who taught her this, Taylor thought.

“You were supposed to be at school, right? How did you come back?” Taylor asked.

Yvonne pointed behind her at Ian, answering obediently. “Uncle Ian said you were here and told me to come back and

check”

Taylor glanced at Tan, who nodded at him with a smile.

Ian figured that Taylor must have something important to discuss with Yvonne, so when he heard the news, he had the

driver take a detour back.

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“There’s actually nothing important. I just came by to check on you,” Taylor said, rubbing her head with a soft look in his eyes. “I won’t keep you from school. Go on.”

Yvonne looked reluctant, still holding onto Taylor’s leg without letting go. “Mr. Johnson, will you leave when I come back?”

Before Taylor could reply, she added in a somewhat frustrated tone. “You don’t even miss me.” Yvonne had a way of acting

“Of course, I miss you. If I didn’t, why would I come to see you?” Taylor said, and as soon as the words left his mouth. Yvonne’s eyes lit up, and she giggled.

“Mr. Johnson, then you have to stay with me a little longer. When I come back from school, will you still be at my house?” she asked, her eyes sparkling.

“Oh well, Taylor hesitated for a moment, pretending to think. “It doesn’t seem to work.”

“Why?” Yvonne widened her eyes and hugged his leg even tighter. “Then I won’t go to school.”

Yvonne’s cheeky behavior made Taylor laugh.

Taylor stopped teasing her. “Alright, I’ll listen to you. I’ll wait until tonight to go home. Now, you need to go to school with

Ian.”

Yvonne released her arms and smiled brightly. “Mr. Johnson, I love you.”

Yvonne had originally wanted to go to school and share oranges with Anna. If not, she would have definitely asked Ian to let her skip school and stay home to play with Taylor.

Thinking about the oranges, Yvonne looked at Taylor expectantly. “Mr. Johnson, did you eat the oranges I sent you?”

In Yvonne’s wide, shining eyes, Taylor gave her a thumbs–up. “I did, and they were the best oranges I’ve ever eaten in my life

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