

# Abandoned Super Cutie Adopted by Billionaire Clan

Chapter 178

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Carlson was in a bad mood when he came out of the living room, but after a short walk, the anger in his heart dissipated a lot for no reason.

He took a serious look at the circumstances of the Holmes family again.

Not to mention anything else, the environment and air here were really nice.

Leaving the scope of the Holmes family, he hurriedly asked Kevin.

"Have you asked Richard for information? How is Tinley doing now?"

Kevin looked stunned and said nothing.

When Carlson saw Kevin's expression, he knew the mission had failed.

Now that they were away from the Holmes family, his suppressed temper flared up uncontrollably.

"Such a simple task! Couldn't you even manage to talk to him?"

Kevin was drowning in frustration, mixed with a hint of resentment.

It wasn't that he hadn't tried. That intimidating giant had been hovering nearby, blocking him at every turn.

It was too terrifying. He never wanted to experience such a thing again.

Fortunately, Carlson didn't scold him anymore.

Carlson thought, "The Holmes estate is truly pristine now. Even if Tinley's health was poor before, she must have recovered well in such an environment.

'No wonder even the Adler family has bought a property nearby to move in. If I had a good relationship with the Holmes family, I would try to relocate here, too.

'It's a pity that Kevin is going to be in a different class now, and it will be even more difficult to get in touch with Yvonne in the future.

Carlson was really speechless. He didn't dare to say it in front of Kelvin just now.

Now with only them in the car, he held nothing back.

"The Adlers are becoming more and more domineering. Conflicts between kids are a two-way street. Even if we take a step back, is Yvonne completely blameless?"

He watched the surveillance video. If Yvonne hadn't brought the oranges to school first, this would not have happened today.

"The Holmes and Adler families are being ridiculously dramatic. It is just a couple of minor scuffles between kids. Why go so far as to switch classes?

'Why didn't Kevin have conflicts with other children, but just with Yvonne? Maybe they should reflect on their own behavior.

Carlson didn't want to change at all. He hoped that Kevin could win Yvonne over so he could eventually retire comfortably in the Holmes family's residence.

He wasn't ready to give up on this plan yet, so he started brainwashing Kevin again.

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However, no matter what he said this time, Kevin refused to cooperate.

His terrified expression made it seem like he'd been traumatized.

"What happened to you today?" Carlson finally noticed Kevin's unusual behavior and asked with a puzzled face.

Poor Kevin finally had the chance to vent.

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"That big guy threatened to beat me up, and that old man said he'd make me do tons of homework..." He was absolutely miserable.

Carlson was slightly stunned when he heard this.

He knew that it was Jeremy who was 6'1". He had seen Jeremy at a party before, usually aloof and indifferent.

'But who is that old man, daring to speak so arrogantly?'

"Doesn't he know you're a guest? How dare a mere gardener talk to you like that? Homework? Who does he think he is?"

Carlson's anger finally found an outlet, and he was so angry that he yelled in the car. What kind of nonsense is this?"

Kevin hesitated, then timidly spoke up after the tirade ended, "He... he also said he's Yvonne's master."

"What?"

Carlson's angry retort cut off abruptly.

'Wait, Master?'

The car suddenly became eerily quiet.

Kevin looked at Carlson's face strangely and called him softly, "Dad, what's wrong with you?"

Carlson was sweating bullets.

He thought back to the old man he'd seen earlier--kneeling by the flowers, fiddling with a small transparent bag.

'Given his age and that description... Isn't that Professor Taylor Johnson? Professor Johnson is in the Holmes family?

Snapping back to reality, he urgently asked Kevin, "You didn't... upset him earlier, did you?"

Kevin shook his head blankly.

At the time, he'd been too terrified of the giant to even speak, afraid that one wrong word would turn him into a folding screen.

"Good, good..." Carlson muttered to himself.

"That old man is a goldmine of resources.

He happened to know one.

There was a well-known pharmaceutical company in Cavar City that was trying to contact Taylor and wanted to cooperate with him.

This pharmaceutical company happened to have some connection with Carlson.

A few members of their family had even come to the capital recently, waiting for an opportunity to close this deal.

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But Carlson knew they weren't the only ones--countless other enterprises in the industry were also vying for Taylor's attention.

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His research was groundbreaking. If not for the government suppressing the news, it would've caused a nationwide uproar.

Now, Carlson suddenly understood--the Holmes family's miraculous environment must have been Taylor's doing.

Looking back now, he truly realized how capable Taylor was.

So many people had been searching for him, but he usually stayed holed up in his research institute, a place ordinary people couldn't access, especially now with tightened security.

Who would've guessed he'd appear at the Holmes family's estate?

Carlson opened the window and looked out at the sky.

It was already late, and Taylor was sure to stay with the Holmes family for dinner.

That gave him just enough time to sell this information to others in exchange for favors.

Without further ado, Carlson quickly took out his cell phone, found someone's contact information, and dialed.

"Hey, Isaac, it's me. Weren't you trying to reach Professor Johnson? Well, today I happened to..."

The person on the other end said something, and Carlson smirked. "We're friends--no need for formalities. Gifts? Don't be ridiculous..."

After hanging up the phone, he called another person....

And so on, until four different companies bought the same information.

Once done, Carlson held his phone, thoroughly pleased.

Even though his original goal tonight hadn't been achieved, this trip wasn't a waste!

Over the phone, he had sternly refused any "thank-you gifts" they offered.

What a joke. He didn't need their gifts. What he wanted was their debts.

In certain situations, favors were far more valuable than material thanks.

And who knew when he might need to cash them in?

The parties who received the news quickly sent people to wait near Holmes' residence.

Taylor, who was checking Tinley's pulse, suddenly felt a chill down his spine, as if someone was watching him.

He couldn't help but turn his head and sneeze.

Across from him, Tinley saw this scene. She looked away and said softly, "Did you catch a cold?"

Taylor shook his head, puzzled, before resuming his examination.

"It shouldn't be..."

Tinley looked away at Wendy, who was standing in the room, and instructed in a low voice.

"Fetch a box of dried chrysanthemums and honeysuckle. Pack them for Professor Johnson to take later."

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"No need, I'll just take some medicine when I get back."

Taylor hadn't fallen ill in years. He had no idea what was happening today.

Tinley remained composed. "These are flowers Yvonne cultivated before. We had them dried and stored. They're quite effective for colds."

Hearing this, Taylor looked at her with admiration. "Well done."

He glanced at Yvonne, who was jumping happily at the door, and he sighed softly.

"Yvonne doesn't realize how extraordinary her ability is. You should guide her more. Flowers like these, if they have medicinal value, should be dried and stored. They're more effective than Western medicine for minor ailments."

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