

Abandoned Super Cutie Adopted by Billionaire Clan Novel

Chapter 20

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The seller's expression stiffened , knowing he'd met a pro

He wasn't as con dent as before , awkwardly clearing his throat and giving a fair price 20 dollars , the port even worth over

10. "

This time , Reena paid without hesitation . Her initial offering of 20 dollars was just a wild guess getting it down to 30 was

her limit .

After paying , Reena called the driver to move the orchid to the car while she took Yvonne to buy two more plants .

One was a chrysanthemum , the other jasmine , both common in the market .

Back in the car , Yvonne kept glancing at the orchid in Reena's arms , happier than when the got new clothes .

Returning home , Reena had someone move the owers to Yvonne's room , placing them where the jasmine used to be on the balcony .

After lunch , Yvonne rushed back to her room . With nothing to do , tending to owers was her only source of accomplishment .

At the orphanage , she loved spending time with plants , feeling happy when they bloomed .

After dling with those three pots of owers , she felt a bit hungry and went downstairs to the mini - fridge prepared for her .

She took out a small mousse cake , carrying it back to her room carefully

Two maids chatting nearby passed her by , not noticing her due to her small stature .

Tjust checked , Mr. Charles Adler's still sleeping . Should we tell Mr.

Kelvin Adler "

" Maybe he woke up halfway , but you didn't notice ? Wouldn't that disturb Mr. Kelvin Adler ?"

" Makes sense ... "

Their voices , like candy , attracted the little girl who was about to go upstairs .

She turned back , looking at the backs of the two maids , deep in thought . Did something happen to Charles ?

The joy she felt when she rst got the cake was gone . As she ate , she wondered if she should go check on him .

She was home all day and sometimes overheard the household staff chatting .

From them , she learned that her third brother had a very strange illness . When people mentioned him , their tone was a mix of pity and fear .

It took her over ten minutes to nish a small cake . When she opened the door again , she saw the same maid talking to someone on the stairs .

Carefully , the maid opened the farthest white door , entered , and after a minute , came rushing out , looking " Quick , call the doc and Mr. Adler ! Mr. Charles Adler's been sleeping so long . Something's wrong ! "

-ked .

Hearing this , all the servants were spooked and rushed to the living room to call Kelvin on the landline . In their panic , no one noticed the tiny girl standing nearby .

Yvonne walked up to the door .

Before she even got close , the warm air inside seeped out through the crack , wrapping

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Chapter 20

The servants were in such a nish that they forgot to close the door when they hurried downstairs to make the call

The door was ajar , with a small gap left open .

Yvonne gave it a little push , and it opened .

The room was lng , but not very bright .

All the windows were covered with blackout curtains , and only a dim lamp was on near the bed , making it hard to tell if it was day or night .

It was perfect for sleep , quite different from what Yvonne had envisioned .

She stood at the door for a while , perking in but not daring to step inside , her little hand on the frame

The air was lled with a bitter medicinal scent mixed with the fragrance of jasmine , which had now become much milder and quite pleasant .

Yvonne hesitated at the door for a long time but decided to leave ,

As the door was a bit too open , she wanted to close it . But the doorknob was too high for her little hands

She thought hard at the door , then suddenly had a brilliant idea , her eyes lighting up . She walked into the room , and stood behind the door , proud of her clever thought ,

If she couldn't pull it shut from outside , she could push it from inside .

Unable to hold back , she whimpered softly , wiping her tears with her tender little arm .

Oops , spoke too soon - I'm not that smart after all . With that thought , Yvonne slumped against the door like a lifeless salted sh hanging to dry .

Since she never turned around , she naturally didn't notice how long the person behind her had been watching .

The room was quiet , making even the faintest sound behind her audible .

" Yvonne .

"

Hearing her name , Yvonne stopped crying , turning back with her teary eyes

When she saw the gure sitting up , she wiped her tears , her voice :

Nervous as she was , her curiosity couldn't be contained .

sweet and a bit nervous . " Char ... Charles ... "

As she walked over , a look of amazement ashed in her eyes . How beautiful he ist she admired inwardly .

Charles was also looking at her .

Yvonne's face was chubby , her big eyes like a fawn's , her eyes red - a face full of spirit that evoked a natural sense of affection and care in Charles .

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Chapter 90

He stretched out his hand , thin and pale . " Yvonne , come here "

Yvonne steppst closer , looking at the pale hand , then placed her chubby one on it .

" Charles , your hand is so cold " Her voice was soll .

Charles's ngers twitched as if wanting to pull back . Ills voice carried some apology .

" It is

But Yvonne refused to let go , gripping his hand tightly . With a soft , sweet voice , she murmured , " Let me warm you up "

She held Charles ngers with a serious expression as if she truly believed it would warm his hands .

" Thank you , Yvonne , Charles replied , his thin , pale lips curving into a shy smile .

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With a click , the door closed perfectly , and Yvonne smiled , boasting inwardly that she was a smart kid

Okay . Now that the door was closed , I should leave too , not wanting to disturb Charles ' sleep . With that thought , Yvonne turned to leave .

But the next second , facing the closed door , she froze in place . ' Huh ? How did I get locked inside the room ?! "

Her pride visibly crumbled as she tiptoed , her small body pressing against the door yet still not reaching the doorknob .

Unable to hold back , she whimpered softly , wiping her tears with her tender little arm .

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