

# Abandoned Super Cutie Adopted by Billionaire Clan

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The atmosphere inside the conference hall was suffocating, and Mia had to step out just to breathe.

She still couldn't wrap her head around it—how someone as cold and distant as Tinley could possibly give birth to someone as sweet and warm as Yvonne.

If Yvonne didn't inherit Tinley's beauty, Mia would've seriously suspected they weren't biologically related.

A single raindrop landed squarely on Mia's forehead, snapping her out of her spiraling thoughts.

She looked up at the gloomy sky and muttered, "Rain already? That was fast."

She wondered if Yvonne's beloved ants had found their way home before the storm hit.

With a sigh, she dusted herself off and started heading back toward the meeting hall. But just as she reached the entrance, a familiar voice called out behind her.

She turned and saw Selly, arms full of documents and bouncing with energy.

They were both there to meet Tinley—but clearly in very different emotional states.

"What are you doing?" Selly called playfully. "I saw you standing outside for like two whole minutes. You haven't even gone in!"

Mia looked like she was about to cry. "I made a dumb decision. Now I'm scared she's going to kill me."

Selly gave her a comforting pat on the shoulder—but her words lacked any real comfort.

"Don't worry. Tinley doesn't yell. She's actually been in a good mood lately... super gentle."

Mia stared at her. "Are we talking about the same Tinley?"

The closer she got to the room, the more terrified she felt. Facing a boss was nerve-wracking enough—but this was her boss's boss, wrapped in every ominous rumor imaginable. A coworker had even tried to spook her that morning. It worked.

Still smiling, Selly looped her arm through Mia's and chirped, "Come on, we'll go in together."

Inside, the meeting had already shifted to discussing the previous night's internet fiasco.

Since it had blown up so massively online, it was the first topic on the agenda.

Tinley's response? Cold and absolute.

Her tone didn't rise or fall. No anger. No emotion. But it cut through the air like ice.

"Pull all contacts. From now on, no online posts about Yvonne. At all."

Mia's heart dropped. She lowered her head and slunk into a seat at the far end, guilt eating her alive. After a moment, she mustered the courage to apologize.

"I'm sorry, Tinley. It was my call. I didn't get approval."

Tinley's voice, as always, was calm but glacial—no edge, no fire. Just cold.

She wasn't targeting Mia specifically. She was like that with everyone. It was just that Mia didn't interact with her often enough to be used to it.

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Their direct superior, Wilson, hesitated for a few seconds, then finally tried to speak up on Mia's behalf.

"Tinley, she meant well. It backfired, yes, but the online feedback has been overwhelmingly positive. People really like Yvonne."

Tinley glanced at him, her tone still flat. Her pitch-perfect features didn't shift even slightly, but her eyes—deep, dark, and heavy—carried the chill of cold steel.

"I don't need them to like her."

That was Tinley for you. The perfect mother in front of her daughter. An absolute ice queen to everyone else.

Yvonne was hers. She didn't need the internet's approval, or validation from strangers.

Online praise was fickle. Today they loved you for a cute photo. Tomorrow they could turn on you for the smallest thing.

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She didn't want Yvonne famous. Fame meant scrutiny, meant exposure. The moment Yvonne's face was out there, it invited thousands of eyes—some kind, most not.

Yes, the internet was full of compliments now, but that was only because positive comments were winning the numbers game. Wait until the buzz wore off.

Tinley admitted it—shy in I I the

made her blood boil.

an unapologetic, overprotective mother. The thought of people secretly criticizing her daughter

In their world, no one dared speak ill of Yvonne. Why should online strangers be allowed?

So yes, her stance was extreme. But she made it clear: she didn't want Yvonne exposed. At all.

And when Tinley spoke, it was law. Even if people disagreed, no one dared challenge her. Mia especially.

As someone who worked in digital, Mia was used to interacting with netizens daily.

Just the night before, she'd spent hours reading glowing comments about Yvonne online, beaming with pride like it was her own child being praised.

She even screenshot her favorite compliments, thinking maybe—just maybe—Tinley might smile if she showed her.

But the moment she saw Tinley's frosty face, that little hope evaporated.

Even if she disagreed, she never considered pushing back. After all, Tinley was Yvonne's mother. If anyone knew what was best for that child, it was her.

Still, it felt like a shame.

A girl as sweet and lovely as Yvonne, hidden from the world—it almost felt like the world's loss.

Mia silently repeated the internal mantra passed around the company like gospel. "Tinley's word is law. If it doesn't feel right, you're the problem. Follow, obey, and you'll be fine.

After that mental reset, her gaze steadied. All around the room, a dozen pairs of clear eyes looked toward Tinley with synchronized obedience.

Not part of the conversation, Selly stepped forward and handed a folder to Tinley.

"Tinley, word just came in—The Jones family and the Yeager family from Cavar City have confirmed an engagement alliance. Rumor is, they're teaming up to challenge the Albert family and Harries Corporation."

The Albert family had been in the herbal medicine trade for over a century.

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Not long ago, Taylor had acquired a few wild herbs from them—he'd even left them at home for Yvonne to care for.

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As for the Harries Corporation, most of their executives were now camped in Strate City, practically begging for a partnership with the Holmes family. They'd been sending emails non-stop for weeks. When rejection after rejection finally silenced them, it was a blessing.

Then, last month, Taylor visited the Holmes family—and someone leaked his location to the Yeager family.

That night, the alley outside their estate was crawling with opportunists, hoping to trap him.

Unfortunately for them, Tinley showed up. She didn't mince words.

Everyone got the message loud and clear: stay away from Taylor.

The Yeagers knew better than to cross her. Once they realized Taylor was out of reach, they shifted their attention to the Harries Corporation, who had just arrived in Strate for a site inspection.

They started showing up at the same hotels. "Coincidentally" running into them.

Selly added, "The Albert family's furious. Word is, they're planning payback."

Then she hesitated, glanced around like a thief, and only when she confirmed that Yvonne wasn't in the room did she

continue.

"Kolten Albert—the Albert family's second son—apparently hired a hot young actor to seduce Lucy, the Jones daughter engaged to Abel. Said he wants to 'teach Abel a lesson.'"

Corporate marriages often came with affairs on the side. But cheating before the wedding? That was rare. And juicy. Everyone would play it cool in public, but behind closed doors, this was the kind of scandal that fueled gossip for years.

Savage move.

Selly grinned like she'd just been handed piping hot coffee. Thanks to the Holmes family's vast intelligence network, she had a front-row seat.

She pulled up a profile and handed it to Tinley. "This is the guy. I mean... he's really good-looking."

Selly, sweet-faced and fearless, lingered over the man's photo for a moment, eyes gleaming.

With the holidays approaching, she couldn't help but think—if Tinley handed out year-end bonuses in the form of this guy...

She'd be the happiest girl alive. Lucy really was living the dream.

"How hot are we talking?" Mariana, seated nearby, leaned over curiously.

She threw Tinley a cautious, flattering smile. "Can I just... take a peek? Just one?"

Come on. Women loved eye candy. That wasn't a crime.

Tinley would understand... right?' Selly thought.

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