

Abandoned Super Cutie Adopted by Billionaire Clan

Chapter 280

Chapter 280

Chapter 280

Karen was terrified—she had no idea when Carlson would make his move.

When Karen was still living with the Jones family, she had been too scared to contact the Holmes family, terrified that Carlson might notice something amiss.

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But now that Karen had left Carlson, she felt a surge of courage. The oppressive weight she once carried had lifted, and she refused to waste a single moment. All that mattered now was handing what she had to the Holmes family without delay.

Karen no longer cared about Carlson’s fate, but she desperately hoped that the Holmes family would spare her son in exchange for the information she provided.

That night, Horizon Tower was particularly lively. From the outside, its towering Yuresland–style structure glowed with gold accents, exuding a sense of grandeur and dominance.

There was probably an auction taking place that evening, drawing in even more people than usual.

Fearing she might be recognized if she got out now, Karen discreetly gave the driver 70 dollars and told him to find a discreet spot nearby where they could wait for an hour.

Karen stayed in the car the entire time, keeping an eye on the entrance. Only when the crowd outside Horizon Tower started to thin did she finally pull on a hat, lower her head, and make her way over.

Karen did not know about other places, but she knew that Horizon Tower belonged to the Holmes family and was the most accessible place for her.

As Karen reached the entrance, an attendant stopped her. “Excuse me, may I see your invitation?”

Every auction at Horizon Tower was invitation–only. If someone did not receive an invite, it was a clear indication that they were not among the selected guests.

Simply put, without an invitation, there was no way in.

Karen did not have an invitation. She pulled her hat down a little, kept her head low, and murmured, “I’m not here for the auction. I need to speak to your manager—I have something important to discuss.”

The attendant had heard this line countless times before and did not take it seriously. Most of these people were simply looking to have their belongings appraised for auction, and they often dressed similarly–wrapped up tightly, as if trying to avoid being recognized.

The attendant assumed Karen was just another person looking for an appraisal and said politely, “Please p go to Everbliss Hall if you need an appraisal

Karen knew the attendant had misunderstood her. She shook her head, her voice tightening slightly. Considering she was already at the door of Horizon Tower, Karen figured she might as well introduce herself.

After stating her identity, she said earnestly. “This is truly an urgent matter. Please pass the message along and mention that it concerns Ms. Holmes.

The attendant frowned after hearing that.

He had been specifically told by his superiors to treat any matter regarding Yvonne as a priority, regardless of whether it was

True or not.

He briefly informed his colleague, then guided Karen through a side entrance and into a waiting room before rushing to find the nearest manager.

At that moment, Wilson was in his office, his computer screen filled with a jumble of financial data that was so

1/3

14:38 Fr, 11 Apr

Chapter 280.

overwhelming it made his head spin.

He sighed, thinking that paper records were much easier to handle for someone of his age.

With the auction taking place downstairs, Wilson knew he would be working overtime tonight.

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It was actually not a big issue. What was troubling Wilson more was the fact that he had already met Tinley’s target KPI for the year. With today’s auction added to the total, it would count as an overachievement.

Given that there were still two months left in the year and the expected revenue from those months, it was clear—he had far surpassed Tinley’s expectations.

Having exceeded the target by so much this year meant that next year, Tinley would set an even higher goal, adding to the pressure.

This was what Wilson was wrestling with. He could shift the end–of–year auction to after the New Year, but he would need a valid reason. If he could not convince Tinley, he would likely be scolded.

Wilson anxiously ran his hands through his hair, pulling out his phone to consult his closest friend, Henry.

However, he quickly recalled that Henry’s entertainment company had been losing money for years, always performing poorly and receiving the harshest criticism from Tinley. Hence, Henry’s opinion was not worth considering.

Wilson sighed. Making too much money really comes with its own worries! he thought.

Wilson felt that Henry would likely never understand the kind of dilemma he was facing

Just as Wilson was planning how to appease Tinley, the phone on his desk rang

He answered the call and heard his subordinate’s voice.

“We need you to come down boss—there’s something that needs your attention”

Wilson quickly ended the call and powered down his computer. After which, he locked his office door and headed downstairs to locate the room his subordinate had mentioned.

Ten minutes later, Wilson emerged from the room with a grim expression, as if he had heard something truly dreadful. His steps seemed a bit unsteady.

Wilson called out to Lexia, telling her to get the car ready, and headed straight to the Holmes residence.

It was already past seven, and the roads were congested, so by the time they arrived, it was almost eight.

Without wasting a moment, Wilson grabbed his phone and rushed to find Tinley

He had been paying close attention along the way, but Yvonne was nowhere in sight.

Wilson assumed Yvonne would be by Tinley’s side, but even after stepping inside, Yvonne was still nowhere to be found. His unease deepened.

Even someone as seasoned as Wilson was visibly shaken, highlighting the severity of the situation.

Lexia waited outside. After half an hour, the door finally opened. Wilson and Wendy stepped out.

Lexia hurried over and whispered, “What did Madam Tinley say? Where’s Ms. Holmes?”

“Madam Tinley asked us to return first. Ms. Holmes is fine. Ms. Holmes spent the afternoon drinking coffee with Richard, and after all that coffee, she couldn’t sleep, so she went out to have some fun,” Wilson said.

2/3

14:38 Fri, 11 Apr ▲ A.

Chapter 280

Lexia let out a sigh of relief.

It had been too frightening. Upon hearing the news earlier, they had come over, only to find Yvonne gone. Lexia almost thought something bad had happened to Yvonne.