

Abandoned Super Cutie Adopted by Billionaire Clan

Chapter 98

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After dinner, when they got back, Kelvin slipped the watch Wendy had sent onto Yvonne's wrist.

It fit perfectly, no surprise, since it was custom-made for her.

The little girl stared at the dial for a long time. She had no clue how to read it, but that didn't matter, the design alone had completely won her over.

"Dad, look!" She held up her wrist, her fair little face glowing with excitement.

Her joy was infectious, and Kelvin's lips curved into a smile. "Ms. Holmes sent this for you," he said. Til show you how to use it."

Yvonne was more curious about the sender than the watch itself. She paused for a second, then turned to Kelvin. Is she here too?"

"No, she had someone else bring it over, Kelvin said with a shake of his head.

"Oh." Yvonne's excitement dimmed just a little. She hadn't seen Wendy in days and wondered how she was doing

Still, the fact that Wendy had thought of her, had gone out of her way to send such a beautiful watch, made her heart feel warm and sweet.

Her mood brightened again, and she grinned, stretching out her hand toward Kelvin. Then teach me, Dadr

Kelvin held her wrist gently, his voice low and patient, a smile in his tone as he explained.

Yvonne barely remembered anything he said. All she knew was that she could call Dad with it and, oh yeah, it could take videos.

When they pulled up to the house, Kelvin carried her out, and they headed toward the back door to wait for Taylor.

Standing in front of the towering vermilion doors, Ian let out a deep sigh. "Man, I haven't properly set foot in the Adler house in ages."

The last time he was here, years ago, he ha been chased off by the family's giant Tibetan mastiffs.

Now, glancing at Kelvin, he asked warily, "Your grandpa doesn't still keep weird pets, does he?"

Kelvin pressed his lips together like he was thinking. "Hmm," he said casually, "he did bring in a venomous pit viper a couple of days ago. You still wanna in?"

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Hearing those words, Ian's face darkened. Richard was still just as reckless as ever.

As soon as Taylor got out of the car, Kelvin led him inside, leaving Ian and his bodyguard behind.

Ian took a few steps toward the entrance but hesitated again when he reached the door.

Yvonne was already nestled on Kelvin's shoulder, her tiny voice full of confusion. "Mr. Holmes, aren't you coming in?"

Kelvin turned back, amused by Ian's hesitation.

Seeing him standing there like that, he lost interest and carried Yvonne inside.

As he walked off, he casually tossed over his shoulder. "Mr. Holmes is probably too scared to come in."

Yvonne, completely unbothered, just nodded. "Oh, okay."

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Ian stood there, staring at their retreating figures, feeling utterly defeated. 'Is Yvonne really looking down on me right now?

Determined not to let that happen, he clenched his jaw and rushed after them. "Hey, wait for me!"

By the time they reached the backyard, Taylor had slowed his pace.

The sky was still clear, and the soft scent of osmanthus filled the air.

He glanced around at the well-maintained garden and nodded in approval. "These flowers are thriving. Someone's been taking really good care of them."

A nice environment always put people in a good mood.

Kelvin, however, frowned slightly. He had noticed something unusual, everywhere Yvonne stayed for a while, the plants flourished.

Since they hadn't been at the Adler estate for long, the flowers here weren't as vibrant as they could be, but they still looked healthier than usual.

After admiring the garden for a moment, Taylor suddenly had a thought.

He turned to Kelvin with curiosity in his eyes. "Speaking of which, your family is loaded. Why did you pick me to be Yvonne's teacher?"

He rubbed his chin, mumbling to himself. "My field of study is so niche. It's not like I can teach her anything useful."

Kelvin just stared at him, at a loss for words. The mentorship had been settled, yet only now was he asking this.

Seemed like choosing Taylor had definitely been the right call. He and Yvonne were both oblivious in the most ridiculous ways.

Ian, who had just caught up, overheard the conversation and quickly connected the dots. Thinking about Yvonne's natural way with plants, he immediately understood why Kelvin had chosen Taylor.

With a smirk, Ian casually teased, "Honestly, isn't it better this way? No lessons mean more time for your experiments. Besides, she's smart and adorable, having her around is a win."

Taylor thought about it for a second and realized Ian had a point.

This really did feel more like raising a granddaughter than taking on an apprentice.

Now completely unbothered, he grinned and ruffled Yvonne's hair.

Meanwhile, Richard, who had been watching from the corridor, was far less amused.

The butler leaned in and muttered, "Sir, I don't think he's just some regular gardener. Look at his clothes."

Richard's expression turned sour as he eyed the trio, who looked oddly like a happy little family.

He scoffed, "I don't care how skilled he is, at the end of the day, he's just

His tone dripped with bitterness, but the butler wisely kept quiet.

a guy who grows flowers."

Just then, Laura walked by and spotted them lurking. Curious, she strolled over and peered over Richard's sho'er. "Grandpa, what are you staring at?"

Following their gaze, she saw the small group standing nearby. At first, she barely paid attention, but then her eyes landed on Taylor.

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That old man looked really familiar. She squinted, trying to place him, and then, it hit her.

She had seen his photo in a group chat just this morning.

Her heart skipped a beat. She blinked, frozen for a second, before whipping around to face Richard. "Oh my God! That's Taylor Johnson!"

Richard and the butler exchanged blank looks. "Who?" Richard frowned. "That name rings a bell..."

Laura practically clung to the pillar next to her, buzzing with excitement. "Grandpa, you seriously forgot? I just told you two days ago, he's the reason those flower deliveries stopped!"

Richard finally remembered. "Oh... The guy behind that potted flower thing?" His voice was full of mixed emotions.

"Yes! Yes!" Laura nearly shrieked. "He's a freaking legend! What is he doing in our house?!"

Laura's face was flushed, her eyes shining with admiration. She looked like a total fangirl and didn't notice Richard's expression at all.

When she saw Taylor being led into the living room, she couldn't hold back.

She turned to Richard and said, "Grandpa, I'm gonna go say hi to Mr. Johnson. It's chilly out here, hang out for a bit if you want, but let the butler take you inside when you're done, okay?"

Before he could respond, she was already gone.

A cold gust of wind swept through the corridor, making Richard's already stooped figure seem even smaller, even more alone.

The wind was biting, but it didn't sting nearly as much as the feeling in his chest.

The butler opened his mouth like he wanted to say something, but after a moment, he just let out a quiet sigh.

In the end, he simply stood there beside Richard, keeping him company in the cold silence of the porch.

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There weren't many people at the dinner, just a small group.

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When Taylor arrived, he wondered if it was a bit of a waste to prepare so much food for just a few people. But as soon as he stepped into ...

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2800 Total/Month

1400 Coins

+500 Vouchers

700 Coins 10%

+70 Vouchers

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Coins/Vouchers

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